

# Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 18

Love You Enough to Leave You

## Chapter 18

Amelia had only just set the breakfast table when Oscar sauntered down, all washed and dressed. She smiled. "Such precise timing, Mr. Clinton. Breakfast is ready. Eat

*up.*"

Oscar hesitated a little but still sat down anyway.

Like the doting wife she was, Amelia set his breakfast in front of him. Oscar took a few bites and savored the familiar taste of a home-cooked meal. This was what he enjoyed the most, though he had no choice but to go for fine dining when he was out socializing. Daily latest update

On his second bowl of oatmeal, Oscar looked up at Amelia. "I've gotten the lawyer to draft a new set of divorce papers. Once you've signed them at the law firm, I'll transfer the money into your account. The amount should be good to set you up for life."

Amelia froze, her appetite all gone.

"Okay," she whispered.

Oscar's face fell. "What is it? Do you not want a divorce?"

Amelia's grip around her spoon tightened momentarily. But she soon recovered and put on a coy smile. "Don't be silly. I just thought this was all going too fast."

Amelia knew she had lost. She didn't want any more drama, and neither did she want to lose even more

"Let me just wish you and Ms. Yard a blissful marriage in advance. May your family live happily ever after," Amelia said. She took a bite of the egg and smiled even sweeter. "Don't worry about inviting me to your wedding. I doubt it'd be appropriate to have your ex-wife present on your happy day. Also, Ms. Yard is still overseas, isn't she? You might want to check on her and see what she's been up to these last four years. After all, four years is a long time and time can bring about drastic changes." Daily latest update

Oscar set his spoon down curtly. "I'll be off to work now. I won't be coming home for dinner. You can eat alone."

A look of disappointment flashed across Amelia's face.

She fought back her tears, stood up, and straightened Oscar's suit. "Have a good day."

Oscar only gave her a quick glance before walking away.

Once he was out of sight, Amelia's smile faded. She fell against the wall, tears pouring down her face uncontrollably.

After a good cry, Amelia picked herself up, cleared the breakfast table, and went up to the bedroom. She put on full makeup and was very pleased with what she saw in the mirror. *Perfect!*

Amelia was the kind of person who would never let an ounce of sadness be reflected on her face, no matter how much she was suffering. She would always doll herself up, and make sure she looked the best in any crowd she was in.

As she put on her heels and picked up her LV handbag, her phone in the bag started ringing. It was from an unknown number.

"Hello?"

The voice on the other end of the call sounded very young and tender. "Is that Amelia Winters? I just wanted to tell you that I'm pregnant with Oscar's child."

"You should be telling Mr. Clinton that yourself. If you don't have his number, I'll text it to you."

The other lady replied, "I think you've misunderstood me. I don't want this child, but I also don't want to not get anything out of this situation. I was hoping you could meet up with me."

A corner of Amelia's mouth twitched. So it was just someone asking for money. She was in a bad mood anyway, so why not meet up with the woman whom Oscar impregnated? How much worse could it get?

*Honestly, Oscar was a heartless scumbag. He claimed to love Cassie with all his heart, yet rumors about him dating famous actresses and supermodels kept swirling about. Even Amelia had to speak out for him to clean up his mess.*

What a mess this relationship was.