

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 9

Chapter 9

"If you don't have any objections to this contract, just sign it. When you sign the divorce contract next week, they will truly belong to you," explained Oscar. Amelia placed the contract down and smiled. "You're so generous, Mr. Clinton. Being your wife is quite a happy thing. Don't worry. I'll definitely sign the divorce contract next week." "That's good," replied Oscar. Amelia grinned brightly. "Thank you, Mr. Clinton." "I still have a meeting later, so I can't eat with you. Here's a card. Just get whatever you want to eat," said Oscar as he fished out a card. Amelia stood up, grabbed the card, and laughed heartily. "I'll take my leave then. Are you coming back for dinner? I'll tell Molly to prepare some food that you like." "I have a business meeting at night." She understood and said, "Okay. I shall leave now." With that, she strode out of the office confidently in her high heels. Oscar, who was sitting on the couch, stared at Amelia with a complex gaze. Even after the door closed, he did not avert his gaze as if he was deep in thought. Amelia left the office. Although everyone was glancing at her gloatingly, she left Clinton Corporations without even flinching. It was only after she sat in her car that her facade of strength disappeared. She rested her head against the steering wheel and sobbed. After five minutes, she wiped her tears away resentfully and said through gritted teeth, "Oscar, even though all you've given me are falsity and insincere affection, I can still lie to myself that you love me." After a long while, Amelia drove out of the parking lot. She stopped in front of an apartment that looked slightly old and parked the car. Then, she grabbed the car keys and took the elevator up. Stopping outside unit number 908, she knocked on the door. "Are you there, Tiff?" A moment later, the door opened. A bleary-eyed woman, wearing cartoon pajamas, with disheveled hair appeared in front of Amelia. "Amelia, I was rushing to complete my draft till three in the morning. I only slept at four! Must you come so early? I'm exhausted." The woman, whom Amelia called Tiff, was actually named Tiffany Winters. Despite sharing the same last name, they were not related at all. Amelia walked into the house and changed into her slippers. When she saw the mess inside, her mouth twitched. "Tiff, no matter how lazy you are, you should still tidy your house. Can you even walk in this mess?" Tiffany strode into the bedroom nonchalantly, collapsed on the bed, and fell asleep. Amelia shook her head, having no choice but to clean up this house that was so messy that it looked like a garbage dump. She only finished tidying up after an hour. Wiping the sweat away from her forehead, she lamented, "Tiffany, you're so annoying. Why are you so lazy?" She tossed the rag into the dustbin, washed her hands, and entered the bedroom. "Wake up, Tiff. Stop sleeping! I've already ordered some takeaways and two cartons of beer. Drink with me," said Amelia. Tiffany had no choice but to open her eyes. Still sleepy, she gazed at Amelia and snapped in annoyance, "What happened between you and Oscar again?"