

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 46

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in order to defeat one's opponents and reach the coveted spot.

After chatting for a while, Carter stood up. "Come on, I'll introduce you to your colleagues. Get to know them now so it'll be easier to ask them for help in the future. I'll get your training in Saspiuburg planned as soon as possible. I'll also rent an apartment there so you can get enough rest, especially now that you're pregnant."

Amelia was thoroughly moved. "Thank you, Mr. Scott. I'm truly grateful for all your help. I'll definitely return this favor once my baby is born."

"Oh, come on now. We're friends, aren't we? There's no need to return favors. But if you really want to show your appreciation, perhaps you could let me be your child's godfather?"

"It's not enough to rely on our parents in this day and age; we'd also need godparents. My child is so fortunate to have you already asking to be his godfather. With your generosity and support, I'm sure he'd be more than set for life," Amelia teased.

Carter gazed longingly at Amelia, mesmerized by her smile. "Amelia, if you do get that divorce, will you give me a chance to stay by your side?"

Amelia was stunned silent.

Carter held her hand. "I've been in love with you for a long time now. You have no idea how happy I was when you came to me in your moment of need, even though I knew you were married. But when you said you wanted to attend the training in Saspiuburg despite being pregnant, I guessed things between you and your husband weren't as rosy as I thought they would be. I really hope to be given a chance if you do get that divorce," he said sincerely.

Amelia pulled her hand back in shock. "Mr. Scott, may I remind you that we're at work. I don't think it's appropriate to talk about this here. If there's nothing else, I'd like to go back to work now."

Without any hesitation, Carter grabbed her arm again. "Please, Amelia, don't be scared. I really love you. I've felt like that since the first time I laid eyes on you. Even after you got married, I still couldn't get you out of my mind. And please, as long as you agree to be with me, I promise to care for your child as my own."

"You're my friend, Mr. Scott, and I appreciate your kindness." Amelia turned and stared coldly at him. "However, I'm still married. I hope our relationship can maintain its status quo. But if you don't think we can remain as friends, I'll have to resign and cut all ties with you."

Seeing the indignant look plastered on Amelia's face, Carter sighed deeply. "I'm very sorry, Amelia. I was too impulsive. Please don't be mad at me."

"You've helped me a lot, and I'm really grateful to have you as a friend. You're handsome, rich, and capable; surely there are scores of women lining up to date you. I'll take what you said earlier as another one of your jokes. No matter what the outcome of my marriage may be, as long as I'm still legally married, I will not think of other men. Just so you know, I do cherish this marriage very much. I'll do whatever it takes to get my husband back."

Carter saw the fire in her eyes as she said that, and it hurt him deeply. "Even if you knew he had another woman outside, you'd still turn a blind eye to that?"

Amelia shot daggers at him. "You investigated me?"

"No, it wasn't that. I just wanted to find out how you were doing," Carter pleaded. "I never thought you'd marry the heir to the Clinton Corporations. It's not easy for any woman to marry into a family as powerful as the Clintons. I was concerned about you, so I investigated Oscar Clinton. It was only then I realized he was having an affair with the daughter of the Yard family. But you already knew that, didn't you?"

"Thank you for your concern, Mr. Scott. But you don't have to worry about my family matters."

"Have I pissed you off?"

"If you were to find out that someone had investigated you and dug out everything about your family, wouldn't you be mad too?"

"I'm sorry! I meant no harm. I just wanted to make sure you were happy," Carter apologized profusely.

Amelia sighed, calming herself down. "I may also have been too harsh toward you. I'm sorry, Mr. Scott."

"Does that mean we're even?"

Amelia nodded and smiled.

Carter led Amelia out and introduced her to his other employees. Even though his company was relatively new, they'd experienced impressive growth. They had almost fifty employees to date, all of whom were talented in their own rights. Some had graduated from Ivy League schools, others had studied abroad, and some even had design awards under their belt.

Just this month alone, besides Amelia, they'd also hired four other employees who hailed from Ivy League universities. Two of them were handsome and charismatic men, while the other two bespectacled women were young and pretty.

Having noticed Carter with Amelia, everyone stood up and focused their attention on her. It was a mixed bag of reactions. Some were curious, some were checking her out, some envied her, and as always, some were jealous of her.

Amelia tried to ignore their looks while she stood quietly beside Carter.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your new colleague in the design department. She and I go way back, so I don't want anyone bullying her. She used to be a top design student, and I had to put in a great deal of effort to get her to join us. Now, let's put our hands together to give Amelia a warm welcome!"

A huge round of applause followed.

Amelia flashed a smile and took a bow. "Hello everyone, I'm Amelia Winters. I'm probably older than most of you here. What Mr. Scott said earlier about me being a top design student was an exaggeration. I do have a few years of design experience, but due to some reasons, I've not done any design work for almost four years now. I'm not sure if I'd be able to catch up with you, so I'm going to need all your help from here on out."

Once she finished her speech, she was greeted by another round of applause.

The male employees were smitten by Amelia's beauty and humility. One of them boldly asked, "Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Why? Is that supposed to be work-related?" Amelia teased.

Everyone laughed in response.

The same male colleague continued, "We should be counting our lucky stars that someone as beautiful as you has joined our department. I think we can all agree that you're the ultimate goddess. We know we're out of

your league, but watching you work your design magic would be a great motivation for us.”

All the other ladies in the design department shot him a death stare. “Are you asking for a beating, Dave?”

Dave merely shrugged. “All of you ought to learn from Amelia. She’s beautiful and refined, a true work of art.”

“Oh, you... you’ll get it from us after work!” the ladies exclaimed.

Carter clapped his hands to call for silence. “All right, all right. Settle down. I’ll leave Amelia in your good hands. Just remember that she’s an old friend of mine. If I hear about anyone bullying her, I will not be nice about it.”

Dave jumped in again. “Don’t worry, Mr. Scott. No one will bully the goddess. We’re curious though. When are the two of you getting married? And when you do, please invite all of us!”

Carter glanced at him and stated matter-of-factly, “I remember you still have a design to submit to me. When can I expect your submission?”

“Sorry, Mr. Scott. I shouldn’t have crossed the line,” Dave replied sheepishly.

Carter looked really terrifying when he got angry. “I’m giving you till this afternoon. If the design you submit is still not to my liking, I’m sure you know what to do.”

Dave was now all flustered. He quickly looked to Amelia for help. “My fair maiden, please have pity on me. Help me put in a good word with Mr. Scott, would you?”

Even though they were a little rowdy, Amelia did like the camaraderie in the design department.

She looked to Carter and said, “I’ll take it from here, Mr. Scott. Thank you.”

With a nod, Carter once again reminded everyone to treat Amelia well and walked out.

Once he was out of earshot, the ladies in the department immediately crowded around Amelia. “Please tell us! What’s the relationship between you and Mr. Scott? Are you two dating?”

Amelia waved her hand in the air to show the sparkly diamond ring on her finger. "See, I'm already married. Mr. Scott and I are merely old friends. I only got this job because of my connections with him. So I'm not particularly proud of it. I hope you won't mind either."

No one had ever been this honest about using their personal connections to get into any company, so this revelation took everyone by surprise. "Don't think like that, Amelia. Mr. Scott wouldn't have assigned you to the design department if you didn't have the talent for it."

Another colleague piped up, "I remember Mr. Scott said he was planning on getting himself an assistant. Amelia, how did you end up joining the design department?"

"That was the initial plan he had because the design department was full then. But later he said he had already hired an assistant, so he decided to put me here instead," Amelia replied politely.

"Lucky for us then! Having you here immediately increases the attractiveness of our department."

"Excuse me, Dave? Are you insinuating that the rest of us ladies are unattractive?"

"Oh, those are your words, not mine. But you aren't wrong, so kudos to you lot for knowing that about yourselves." Dave smirked.

"Dave, you're such an ass! Give up already, Amelia's married!"

Dave clutched his chest and pretended to be in pain. "Amelia, my fair maiden, how I wish we had met earlier. Perhaps then I wouldn't be the single, lonely bachelor that I am today."

The only response that Dave got from that was a loud boo from his colleagues.

Her new colleagues were such a fun bunch to be around that Amelia was starting to feel better after that phone call with Cassie.

Time seemed to fly by when one was hard at work. Very soon, it had come to the end of the workday.

Amelia had just made her way down when a car drove up to her. She was still wondering if someone had made a mistake when the window rolled down and Carter stuck his head out.

"Get in, Amelia. I'll drive you home."

She was about to turn him down when Carter continued, "I know you didn't drive here today. Don't worry. My only intention is to get you home safe."

It wouldn't have been nice if she continued to reject his good intentions, so Amelia accepted the offer and got into the car. "Thank you for the ride home, Mr. Scott."

"Please, Amelia, we aren't at work now. Don't be a stranger," Carter remarked as he started the car.

Amelia finally broke out into a merry laugh. "All right, Carter. By the way, I didn't see you leave the office earlier. When did you get here?"

"I left the office at four to meet a client. I drove back after the meeting and just so happened to bump into you at the entrance."

"That's quite the coincidence."

Having come to a stop at a red light, Carter asked, "Assigning you to the design department was a last-minute decision. How are you doing so far?"

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Amelia shook her head. "They're all easy-going, and I feel comfortable working with them."

"That's good to hear. I wanted you to be my assistant, but I thought that would seem like I'm degrading you, so I sent you to the design department instead and transferred one of the talented employees there to the headquarters," Carter explained.

Sincerely, Amelia expressed her gratitude. "Carter, thank you for giving me this opportunity. I haven't designed for four years. Now that I get to design again, I'm thrilled. At least I know I still love design as much I did in the past."

Carter shook his head and muttered, "I was the one who wronged you and Tiffany. If not for me back then, you wouldn't have left. I should be the one to apologize to you."

Hearing that, Amelia waved dismissively. "Let's not talk about the past anymore. I don't blame you for that. Back then, Tiff and I were too young; that's why we were tricked. You're too courteous to want to apologize."

"All right, let's talk about something else now."

Carter sent her to the entrance of her residential area. Just as she stepped out of the car, Oscar also stopped his car.

The two of them came out of their respective vehicles at the same time. Oscar first glanced at Carter, who had come out as well, before turning to Amelia with a gloomy look.

"Amelia, didn't you say you were at Tiffany's?" Oscar gritted out.

Instead of answering him, Amelia turned to Carter and said, "Carter, thank you for sending me back. You can go ahead first. I'll ride in with my husband."

Carter nodded and gently reminded her, "Call me if there's anything."

She nodded.

After Carter left, Oscar's expression turned as dark as ink. His next words sounded as though they had been squeezed through his teeth.

"Get on."

Obediently, she boarded. The mood in the car was tense. Oscar was gloomy and Amelia was silent as she ruminated about Cassie's words. Even after the two entered the house, they remained quiet and tense.

As he gave a rough pull at his tie, he glared at her and asked, "Shouldn't you give me an explanation about Carter?"

With an insincere smile, Amelia replied, "Mr. Clinton, you didn't give me an explanation about your night with Ms. Yard, either. My boss sent me home out of his kind heart. There's nothing for me to explain about that."

At that, Oscar gnashed his teeth. "You sent someone to follow me?"

She shrugged. "Mr. Clinton, there's no way I would be interested to do that. Your sweetheart was simply afraid that my existence will threaten her place in your heart, so after sleeping with you, she used your phone to call me. In fact, she even told me she's carrying your baby. Mr. Clinton, congratulations! You're going to be a father soon. However, I won't be

visiting her when she gives birth to the baby. After all, it's not appropriate for your ex-wife to visit her, is it?"

Snapping his brows together, Oscar hissed in disbelief, "Cassie called you?"

"You don't believe me? I have call records." Amelia then handed her phone to Oscar. On it was his number, showing that the call took place at almost nine in the morning. That was around the time they woke up.

By now, his brows were drawn together so tightly that a fly could be crushed in between.

"Mr. Clinton, if you remember your own number, you'll believe me, right?" Amelia mocked. "I'm afraid your innocent Ms. Yard isn't as innocent as you think she is. You're a great businessman, but it's quite embarrassing if an innocent-looking girl gets to fool you."

"Amelia, can you stop talking in this tone?" Oscar grounded out. "Cassie isn't someone like this. She must have called you for something else. Amelia, you can't slander her because of me. I won't hold you accountable this time, but the next time you do this, don't blame me for doing something about this."

By now, Amelia was already used to him hurting her, so she reacted little to his words. Instead, she said, "Since you don't like to hear me talk about Cassie, I'll stop. That way, I can avoid making you think that I'm trying to sow discord between the two of you."

After looking at her for a long time, he muttered, "Did Cassie really call you and say those things?"

Amelia shrugged. "If you want to believe me, I'd say yes. If you don't, just think of me as spouting nonsense."

Oscar responded, "You're not that kind of person. That's something I'm sure of."

A corner of Amelia's tugged upward as she nonchalantly replied, "Should I thank you for your trust, Mr. Clinton?"

"You won't sow discord between others, but I don't believe Cassie is that kind of person, either." That was Oscar's response.

Amelia rolled her eyes. He might as well save his breath by not saying the last few sentences.

"As a genius in the corporate world, you can well decipher whether a person is good or bad. If you paid more attention, you'd surely realize what kind of person Ms. Yard is. All that's left is whether you believe it or not."

Shooting her a displeased look, Oscar uttered, "Cassie's my future partner. She's my beloved and whom I have to cherish and protect. No matter who she is, I'll love her."

Oscar did not know whether those words were meant for Amelia or himself.

Feeling she had been struck by a bolt of lightning, Amelia found her entire body numb from the pain. She plastered on a smile and chuckled, "Congratulations, Mr. Clinton, on your happily ever after. It's time for me, the pretend wife, to make my grand exit. Don't send me your wedding invitation; I'd like to save on the wedding gift."

Oscar's frown deepened. "Who's Carter to you?"

Sitting down on the other end of the couch, Amelia wondered, "Mr. Clinton, you're already divorcing me. Why do you want to know who Carter is to me?"

He shot her a sharp look and uttered, "Amelia, you'd better remember that you're still my wife."

"You've already forgotten that you're a married man, so why should I remember that?" Amelia retorted.

She wanted Oscar to know that she was no doormat. She could pretend to be blind to his relationship with Cassie, but there was no way she would take it lying down when the mistress was trying to show off their affair with the wife.

"Amelia, you're crossing the line."

"Mr. Clinton, we're husband and wife. Even if we have a marital agreement, we're legally married. You love Ms. Yard, don't you? Then take out the divorce papers and I'll sign them right away. However, I will not accept any less than I deserve. I'm sure you don't want Ms. Yard to become a homewrecker, do you? She's the daughter of the Yard family. For her to be the third wheel, I'm afraid..."

Amelia did not continue but she knew Oscar understood her meaning.

Upset, Oscar hissed, "Amelia, you have no right to intervene in my matters. Don't you forget that I'm your patron. If you divorce me, the contract states that you'll have to pay a hundred million as compensation. If you sleep with other men during this marriage, you won't get a cent. Your eagerness to get together with Carter will leave you with nothing."

Amelia laughed boisterously.

"Mr. Clinton, are you done?"

Oscar pursed his lips and glared at Amelia. He realized that this woman could always infuriate him.

"Mr. Clinton, if there isn't anything else, I'm going upstairs first. I've been working the whole day and I'm so tired." Amelia then stood up and stretched inelegantly.

Striding toward her, Oscar pulled her into his arms and growled, "Amelia, for how long are you going to throw this tantrum?"

His words only made Amelia feel the urge to laugh. She realized she was losing her ability to comprehend Oscar's thoughts. He was the one to mention the divorce, but he was also the one to refuse to divorce. If she were to challenge him with words, he would say that she was unreasonable. Now that she wanted to keep a distance away, he accused her of not caring for him.

Even men in andropause don't have such severe mood swings!

"Mr. Clinton, I just want to take a shower before eating," Amelia mumbled as she stayed still in his arms.

"Speak clearer."

Once again, Amelia could not help but roll her eyes.

"What do you wish to know?"

"How did you hook up with Carter? How much money did he give you?"

There were no changes to Amelia's expression as she listened to his words.

"When you divorce me, maybe he'll pay me a hefty sum to take me in as a kept woman."

The moment Oscar heard her response, he looked as if he wanted to strangle her there and then.

“Amelia, do you have to be such a depraved woman?”

“Mr. Clinton, don’t you remember I married you back then for money? At most, we only have a professional relationship. Once this business deal is over, naturally, I’ll have to find my next backer. You can’t possibly tell me I have to pretend to be all innocent after doing this, right?”

His brows snapped together as he questioned, “Amelia, must you make it sound that horrible?”

Amelia laughed until she had to hunch over.

“I’m only speaking the truth. But if you think my words are too tough to listen to, I’ll keep quiet.” Amelia offered with a shrug.

“How much do you want? State a price. My term is for you to cut all ties with Carter.”

At that, Amelia spent a long while staring at him.

Just as Oscar thought she would never answer him, she voiced out, “I’m sorry, Mr. Clinton. I can’t do that.”

The wrath in Oscar dissipated bit by bit until he finally said calmly, “Give me a reason.”

“I’m working at his company right now and he’s my boss. It’s impossible for me to cut ties with him even if I wanted to.”

“Quit your job. I’ll find another job for you.”

“I’m sorry. I like my current working environment; my colleagues are all enthusiastic and nice.”

Oscar gritted out, “Do you like him that much?”

“Whatever you say, Mr. Clinton.”

“Amelia, can you not be such a lowly woman?”

Amelia’s heart skipped a beat but she forced a nonchalant smile. “You know I love money. Why else would I marry you like a lowly woman if not for money? Now that we’re about to divorce, why won’t you let me find my next client?”

“Who said I’ll be divorcing you?” Oscar glowered.

“Ms. Yard’s already pregnant. If you’re not in a rush to marry her, I wonder if you’re planning to be a heartless man. Will you let others laugh at your kid for being a bastard?”

“When did Cassie...” Get pregnant?

Instead, he swallowed his words and continued, “Regardless of everything, you have to stay away from that man. Also, you have no right to stick your nose into my business. In this marriage of ours, I’m the only one who can announce the end of it.”

In a tranquil tone, Amelia muttered, “Mr. Clinton, I won’t be able to agree to it.”

“Amelia Winters. You just want to go against me, don’t you?”

“I’m afraid you don’t misunderstand my words. I just want to say that I’ll be going to Saspiuburg for an eight-month-long training. It’s arranged by the company. If you want a divorce, it’s best to get it within these few days; otherwise, you’ll have to wait until eight months later.”

“You’re not allowed to go.”

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Casting an odd look at him, Amelia stated, “Mr. Clinton, you’re crossing the line. We agreed on not interfering in each other’s work matters.”

“Your training in Saspiuburg must be just an excuse. What you actually want to do is to spend all day with that man. Amelia, do you think I’m stupid?”

Gazing at him coldly, Amelia said, “I love money but I’m not as lowly as you think I am. Please watch your words.”

“Amelia, you’re just a woman selling your body. Why are you putting yourself on the moral high ground?”

Hearing his words, Amelia paled.

“Since you think of me like that, why are you getting angry? If there isn’t anything else, I’ll shower first. I need to get rid of all this sweat.” With that said, Amelia spun around and went upstairs.

Oscar stared at her with frustration flashing past his eyes.

They used to be on good terms but he did not know when their relationship had turned as tense as this.

After Amelia entered the bedroom, she collapsed against the door as her legs weakened. For a moment, she thought she would be unable to support her pregnant body.

After leaning against the door for five minutes, Amelia finally took out a change of clothes and entered the bathroom. Once she was done with her hot shower, she felt more refreshed, and the gloominess in her heart slowly faded away.

Raising her hand to touch her belly, she lovingly muttered, "Sweetheart, don't be scared. Even if your daddy doesn't want us anymore, I'll raise you into an adorable prince or a sweet princess. I'll never let anyone hurt you."

Abruptly, someone knocked thrice on the bathroom door. Oscar's voice came from behind the door. "Are you done?"

After recollecting herself, Amelia opened the door and smiled at him. "Mr. Clinton, are you using the bathroom?"

Instead of replying to her question, Oscar looked at her and asked, "You're not angry anymore?"

Amelia's grin widened. "Was I ever angry?"

When he raised his hand to childishly pinched her face roughly, she yelped in pain.

Holding onto her cheek, she was sure that her face must have bruised. He must be some stray dog in his past life to be acting so rough.

"Are you a dog?" Amelia glared at him.

"If I were a dog, the first person I'll bite to death would be you."

"Mr. Clinton, regardless of everything, we're still husband and wife. You don't need to be that ruthless, do you?"

The only response from Oscar was a roll of his eyes.

Walking over to hug his waist from behind, Amelia mumbled, "Mr. Clinton, let's not fight anymore, okay?"

Oscar replied, "As long as you stay good, naturally, I won't fight with you."

Rolling her eyes at that, Amelia muttered sweetly, "You're paying me for this; I wish I could shower you with the sweetest words. Why would I dare to make you mad?"

Oscar's mood suddenly lifted. "Quit your current job. I'll arrange something else for you. The salary and benefits will be much better than what you have now."

Those were words that Amelia would believe in.

However, she uttered, "Mr. Clinton, it's stated on the contract that we won't intervene in each other's private affairs and work matters. You can't tell me otherwise now."

When Oscar turned to look at her, his stare made Amelia's heart skip a beat. She actually felt a little guilty.

"What did Carter promise you? Or are you hiding something from me?"

"Mr. Clinton, you're overthinking this. I don't want to quit my job because I just like it. Back then, I was the one asking him to keep an eye out for job openings on my behalf. It's awkward for me to now tell him that I want to quit."

Prying her hands away from him, Oscar sat on the couch and scrutinized her keenly.

"Speak. What price did Carter give you?"

Amelia stood rigid for a moment before she realized what he meant.

A shudder ran down her spine, but soon, she regained her calmness. "Carter is born with a golden spoon. Although the Scotts are incomparable to the Clintons, he won't offer an extremely low price. Moreover, as he does have some feelings for me, he might be even more generous than you."

By now, Oscar's eyes were blazed with wrath.

"Amelia, could you be any more immoral than this?"

"It's normal for people to die for money, so what's wrong with me wanting some? Mr. Clinton, why should you be angry with that?"

"Amelia, you're the most shameless woman I've ever seen." Oscar rose to his feet and left the house.

Standing transfixed, Amelia bitterly laughed. I've always loved money. Why should he be mad at me for looking for my next client? Besides, I'm not even doing that. I'm just waiting for you to change your mind. What a pity my heart is nothing but a pebble for you to kick around.

Just as Amelia was in a daze, her phone rang. Picking it up, she realized it was an unfamiliar number.

Frowning, she accepted the call, fearing that it might be one of her colleagues. "Hello, may I ask who you're looking for?"

"Amelia, it's me. Can we meet?" It was Cassie.

Falling silent for a moment, Amelia finally muttered, "Okay. You decide on the venue and text me the address."

After ending the call, Amelia sat on the bed and fell deep in her thoughts again. Soon, her phone made a noise. It was Cassie messaging her with the time and address.

The next day, Amelia went out to meet Cassie during her lunch break.

Just as she sat down, Cassie pushed the menu toward her. "The set meals here are quite good. Order a set; we'll talk as we eat."

Amelia responded, "It's fine, Ms. Yard. With the relationship we have, I'm afraid I might not be able to eat anything. Why don't you just get straight to the point?"

After a snap of her fingers, Cassie uttered proudly, "I already have Oz's kid, so I'm here to ask you to leave him. Tell me what you need."

"Ms. Yard, are you really pregnant? How many months it has been? Speaking of which, how long have you come back here for? Could it be that you're pregnant with someone else's baby?"

Cassie paled momentarily but she soon sneered, "Sharp-tongued, I see. Ms. Winters, it's true that I'm lying to you when I said I'm pregnant, but I've already been intimate with Oz. I'm sure our love is already in the making inside my body."

All Amelia did was quietly listen to her.

I'm afraid Cassie's the only one who can be so proud to be a mistress. She's from a wealthy family and she's had an excellent education. Yet, she's so conceited and has such a terrible personality. Oscar's a weirdo among weirdoes to fall in love with her and treat her as his precious.

"I can also say I have his baby, too. The law states that the husband and wife aren't allowed to divorce while the wife is pregnant. Ms. Yard, do you really want to be the mistress who ruins someone else's family? You're well educated. I don't think you'll pull such an indecent act," Amelia refuted.

Hearing that, Cassie glared daggers at her.

"Amelia, if you have some shame and wits left in you, get lost. Stop clinging to the Clintons for their status and wealth. Don't you think you're like a clown?"

"Ms. Yard, those are the words I was going to say to you," Amelia answered. "Aren't you a mistress trying to gain wealth and status? However, unlike me, you come from a wealthy family. Aren't you afraid that you'll humiliate your family?"

It seemed like Amelia had hit her sore point as Cassie snarled, "Amelia, stop calling me a mistress! I was the first to know Oz and we were nearly married. You're the third wheel in our relationship!"

Amelia scoffed, "You're a pianist, Ms. Yard. You're famous, talented, and sophisticated, but you don't filter your words. I'm starting to wonder if you know the law. Oscar and I have a marriage certificate, and a married couple's assets are protected by the law. Why am I suddenly the third wheel? Ms. Yard, why don't you explain to me?"

Giving her a stony look, Cassie warned, "Stop pushing your luck, Amelia Winters."

At that, a loud laugh escaped Amelia.

"You are hilarious. I'm pushing my luck? It's more like you're pushing your luck." Folding her arms, Amelia continued, "A question for you, Ms. Yard. You chose to ditch the wedding back then. Why are you back now? What do you love about Oscar?"

Amelia's questions stumped Cassie.

"Another question for you. If the Clinton Corporations encounter a financial crisis, will you go through the tough times with him? You seem like a delicate flower."

Cassie froze for a second. "You need not worry about that for me. Didn't you marry Oz because of money back then? The Clintons and the Yards are families of equal status. Even if the Clintons have a financial crisis, the Yards will lend a helping hand. My parents only have one daughter; they can't bear to see me suffer. That's why your hypothetical situation will never come true."

Shrugging, Amelia responded, "You can think of it as me being too worried. But you haven't answered this: what is your aim for clinging to Oscar after your abrupt return? Don't tell me it's because of love. Oscar only believes in that answer because he's in love with you. On the other hand, I'm not stupid."

"I'm back because I love him. He loves me, too. You've been Mrs. Clinton for too long now; isn't it time for you to leave the title behind?"

"What if I say no?"

Cassie confidently laughed. "I'm afraid this isn't up to you. Oz promised me yesterday that he'll divorce you as soon as possible, and he never lies to me."

"I'm afraid I have to disappoint you, Ms. Yard. Just a moment ago, I asked him if he's going to divorce me, and he told me that he hasn't made up his mind. So I'm still Mrs. Clinton while you can only be a mistress," Amelia crowed.

With colors draining from her face, Cassie seethed, "That's impossible. Oz loves me! If he tells me he's marrying me, he will."

Amelia raised her brows and shrugged. "Maybe he was completely captivated by you four years ago, but your escape from your marriage turned him into the laughingstock of the upper-class society. Do you think a man can bear with that humiliation? If I were he, I would be kind just by not taking revenge on you. Hence, let me advise you—don't think too highly of yourself."

Hearing her words, Cassie began to tremble from agitation.

"I did it for my future back then, and Oz will understand it. Otherwise, he wouldn't have waited for me for four years."

"Ms. Yard, are you sure that Oscar waited for you for four years? Why am I his wife, then?"

Glancing at her, Cassie suddenly returned to a calm state and uttered, "He's a man. A great man like Oz has physical needs when I'm not around

him. It's fine for him to have a woman to deal with his needs while I'm absent."

If Cassie had not been a daughter of a prominent family, Amelia would be shocked by those words. That explanation was not something an ordinary person could begin to understand.

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However, Amelia only smiled at her. "Ms. Yard, if there isn't anything else, I'll be taking my leave. I still need to work in the afternoon; I do have an office job. I can't possibly have as much time as a great pianist like you."

Staring at her, Cassie commanded, "You haven't said what your terms are for leaving Oz. You're not allowed to leave."

Giving Cassie a look she would give to an idiot, Amelia replied, "Ms. Yard, you've got the looks, the body, a good family, and a fantastic career. You're almost perfect. Are you telling me you're afraid of a woman like me, who's utterly unaccomplished?"

Cassie choked on Amelia's words before she huffed, "I'm not scared of you. I just don't want Oz to be around a depraved woman like you."

Amelia grinned. "You're Oscar's beloved. He'll listen to you, so tell him to divorce me. If he shows me the divorce papers, I'll sign them right away. I won't hesitate at all."

With that said, Amelia took her bag and left with her head high.

Glaring at Amelia's retreating figure, Cassie hissed, "Don't be too proud of yourself, Amelia Winters."

A week later, Carter summoned Amelia to his office.

"Mr. Scott, are you looking for me?"

Carter took out a file and handed it to her. "Amelia, it's been eight days since you've joined the company, and I've managed to get a place for you for the training in Saspiuburg. If you're interested, sign here. It's rare for any company to have a six-month design training, so it's best that you seize this opportunity."

After reading the document, Amelia beamed, "Thank you, Mr. Scott. I'll be joining the training."

Carter shook his head dismissively and said, "No need to thank me. I've arranged a studio apartment for you and hired a housekeeper as well. Don't worry, she's an honest lady who'll take good care of you."

"Mr. Scott, that won't be necessary. I'll make the arrangements myself," Amelia promptly rejected. She did not want to owe Carter too much, for it was difficult to return a favor.

"Amelia, we're friends, and I'm your kid's godfather. This is something I should do for you. Please just accept it," Carter insisted. "Or do you not see me as your friend?"

"Mr. Scott, I know we're friends, but it's best if we draw lines for certain things. I don't wish to owe you too many favors."

With no choice, Carter relented, "I've asked my friend to look for this housekeeper, so is it all right for you to pay for her services, then?"

Amelia nodded. If she were to reject him too many times, she might make things foul between them.

Putting down his pen, Carter continued, "Amelia, I'm willing to do these for you, so don't feel pressured. You know how I feel about this. If you really get a divorce, I hope you'll give me a chance."

Amelia only spared him a glance before muttering, "Mr. Scott, if there isn't anything else, I'll return to my work."

Carter nodded.

Then, Amelia left with the file in her hands.

The design department was busy as always. Amelia only mulled over the moment for a while before diving back into her work.

When one is busy, time passes quickly. Soon, it was six in the evening.

The best part of the company was that no matter how busy it was, the staff would never work overtime. As long as the staff finished their work, they could leave when working hours were over. Moreover, those who were not done could bring their work home. Hence, the moment the clock struck six, everyone would pack up their things, ready to leave.

When Amelia went down to the office building's main entrance with her bag, she spotted a familiar car parked at the side of the road. She thought she saw the wrong car at first but was dumbfounded when she saw the person coming out of the car.

As Amelia was about to walk over, Carter's voice sounded out behind her. "Amelia, give me a moment. I'll send you back."

Amelia was thus caught between a rock and a hard place. She turned to look at Carter, who was behind her, before turning to Oscar, who was already walking toward her. Never had she ever imagined that Oscar would come to her office.

Have I ever told him where I work?

"No need to trouble you, Mr. Scott. My wife has me." Striding over, Oscar wrapped his arm around Amelia's waist in a domineering fashion.

Carter glanced at Oscar. Sparks flew as the two outstanding men engaged in a staring contest.

"I see. You're Mr. Clinton. A pleasure to meet you," Carter gave Oscar a fake smile and extended his hand.

Oscar, too, reached out, and the two shook hands. "A pleasure to meet you. When we last saw each other, I didn't realize you are Mr. Scott's grandson. I wasn't expecting his grandson to look like this."

Hearing his words, Amelia's face fell, having not expected him to be harsh with his words.

"Thank you for your compliment, Mr. Clinton. I wasn't expecting the heir to the Clinton Corporations to have such an interesting love life other than being a brilliant businessman. I have to express my admiration for you, as I really am incomparable to you in this aspect."

My goodness. Both are equally difficult people.

"Both of you are well-respected people, and this is a public space. Could you two not do this here?"

Lowering his head to look at her, Oscar used his sweetest tone to say, "Honey, shall we go home now?"

Immediately, Amelia's entire body was covered with goosebumps. "Mr. Clinton, y-you-"

Endearingly pinching her nose, Oscar continued, "Aren't you cheeky? I told you to call me 'Darling'. We'll save 'Mr. Clinton' for our exercise tonight. Now, be good and call me 'Darling'."

Staring at Oscar with eyes as wide as saucers, Amelia wondered what he was trying to do again.

Unfazed, Oscar chuckled, "I've reserved a place at the restaurant and I've bought you a gift. I'm sure you'll love it."

Amelia was still stunned and in a daze.

Oscar turned back to Carter. "Mr. Scott, thank you for taking care of Amelia these few days. She and I will treat you to a good meal another day. Since it's our wedding anniversary today, we'll be taking our leave first."

Thus, Amelia muttered apologetically, "Carter, I'll leave with my husband first. We'll talk again tomorrow."

Carter nodded.

He could do nothing but watch as Oscar took Amelia away and opened the car door for her. Like a gentleman, he buckled her seatbelt for her before entering the car from the other side. Finally, he slowly drove off.

Holding onto his chest, Carter felt as if someone had dug a hole in his heart.

In the car, Amelia questioned, "What's the matter with you today, Mr. Clinton?"

"It's our wedding anniversary. What's wrong with me bringing my wife out for a romantic time?" Oscar replied with ease.

Amelia frowned. "Mr. Clinton, if my memory serves me well, our wedding anniversary is on the ninth of July, not today."

"Is that so?" was his only response. Amelia was close to strangling him there and then.

"Mr. Clinton, stop beating around the bush. Just be straightforward with me. Aren't you sick of not getting to the point?"

Glancing at her, Oscar said, "I've got a surprise for you. Do you really think that I'm just joking with you?"

Amelia cast him a look. Is that not what you're doing?

Oscar fell silent and focused on the road again. As it was the evening rush hour, there was a traffic jam.

While the car was in neutral, Oscar said, "Amelia, I'm hoping to compensate you for what I've owed you in the past four years. Will you give me this chance?"

His words stunned Amelia; she did not know what Oscar was up to again.

"Mr. Clinton, if Ms. Yard were to hear that, I wonder how upset she'll be," Amelia noted casually.

"Cassie understands what it means to sacrifice oneself for the greater good. She won't throw a tantrum over this. Moreover, we're husband and wife by law, so no one would dare to say anything about a husband being romantic to his wife."

Amelia shrugged, unable to refute his words.

She had to admit that Oscar was a romantic man. As long as he wanted to, no women could resist his sweet nothings.

Staring at the wooden board in the luxurious restaurant on the second floor, she read the words on it—Together forever, Oscar and Amelia. Beside their names was a photo of them, and on the photo was a drawing of a heart with an arrow pierced through it.

Amelia could not help but let out a laugh. It was as if this was their wedding. By the side of the entrance were some pretty women in formal wear. When they saw Oscar and Amelia's arrival, they greeted in unison, "Welcome, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton."

As Amelia was stunned by the way she was addressed, Oscar reached out to hold her hand and gently muttered, "Let's go."

Quietly, she followed him, her heart racing a mile an hour.

Like a gentleman, Oscar pulled her chair back and gestured for her to sit. "Honey, please sit."

After Amelia sat down, Oscar sat down in the other chair. Promptly, two servers walked over and asked, "Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton, we've prepared the dishes. Shall we serve them now?"

Oscar asked, "Honey, are you hungry yet?"

Her heart still thumping loudly, Amelia smiled and replied, "All right."

"Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton, please give us a minute."

After the two servers left, a violinist playing a classical piece walked toward them. Melodious music echoed throughout the floor.

Soon, the main dish was served. One plate was a medium steak and the other was a medium-well steak. He took Amelia's medium-well steak and cut it for her. "Please dig in."

Stunned by his sweet actions, a smile grew on her lips. "Mr. Clinton, why are you so nice to me today?"

"Call me Darling," Oscar insisted.

Amelia gave him an odd look, but she obeyed. "Darling."

Oscar did not seem to be Oscar. He was much gentler than he usually was. Amelia could have drowned in the loving look in his eyes. "Good," he said.

Picking up her fork, Amelia placed a piece of steak in her mouth before chuckling. "Darling, I don't know what made you change your personality, but I'm happy for everything you're doing for me today."

Oscar answered, "If you like it, I'll bring you out for meals whenever I'm free."

Unromantically, Amelia blurted out, "Darling, aren't you going to divorce me?"

Giving her a look, Oscar replied, "This is our private time right now. Let's not talk about those unhappy things."

Amelia nodded.

After the main dish, Oscar asked the servers to clean the table. Swiftly, the servers took the plates away. In the next second, the lights went off, and the dim flame of the candle was the only source of light left.

As Amelia was shocked by the turn of events, a birthday song reverberated throughout the hall. "Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you..."

Turning to the source of the voice, Amelia saw one of the servers pushing a five-tier cake toward them. Then, Oscar stood up and walked over to take the cart and continued pushing it toward Amelia.

"Honey, happy birthday." He could not have sounded more tender.

At that, Amelia covered her mouth as tears brimmed in her eyes. She had been too busy recently and terrible things kept happening one after another, so she had forgotten that it was her birthday today. In the past, Tiffany had always been the one to accompany her on her birthdays; it had never been Oscar. That was why it caught her by surprise that he would celebrate her birthday today.

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Rising to her feet, Amelia asked, "Darling, how do you know it's my birthday today?"

Looking at her gently, Oscar murmured, "Silly, how can I forget about your birthday? I learned to make this cake from a master baker. Although I succeeded with his help, this is still something I've put effort into. Take a look at it. Do you like it?"

Amelia gaped and whispered in disbelief, "You really made this?"

"I made it with the master baker. Do you like it?"

"Of course! I'm already surprised that you'll make me something to eat. Thank you so much, Darling, for giving me such a surprise. I feel so happy today," Amelia said as tears fell uncontrollably.

Her tears shocked Oscar. He never thought that she would cry over something as trivial as this. To him, Amelia was a strange woman who would find all kinds of ways to extort money from him. But even though he gave her loads of pocket money each month, he had never heard her tell him she was happy. In fact, even when he asked his secretary to prepare her a set of jewelry as her gift, Amelia only insincerely told him that she liked it. She had never cried from joy; that was why Oscar was stunned to find her tearing up over a birthday cake.

Taking a step closer to her, Oscar reached out to wipe her tears away. "Why are you crying?"

Amelia shook her head as she sobbed and chuckled at the same time. "It's nothing. I just never thought you'd remember my birthday."

"I've always remembered your birthday."

"But you've never celebrated with me. In the past, I've always spent my birthdays with Tiff alone. We'd get a small cake and would finish it ourselves," Amelia responded in a tone that sounded like she was whining.

Oscar stiffened upon hearing that.

Amelia finally broke into a smile. "Mr. Clinton, I don't know what's gotten into you today to treat me so well, but today's the happiest day I've ever had in my four years of marrying you. I'm telling you the truth. I don't think we'll have many romantic days anymore, but I'll forever remember what you've done for me today."

He felt a squeeze in his heart and mumbled, "Silly, you're spouting nonsense again."

Amelia chuckled. "It's my birthday today, and you have made the rare move of preparing a gift for me. I'll stop talking about sad things now."

Pulling her to sit down in the chair, Oscar instructed, "Close your eyes."

Fluttering her lashes, Amelia asked, "What are you going to do?"

"Be good and close your eyes."

Thus, Amelia did as told.

Abruptly, she felt something cold around her neck. When she finally opened her eyes again, she looked down to see a diamond necklace. Picking up the diamond pendant, she realized there were two letters on it—"O" and "A". Those were hers and Oscar's initials.

"I've asked Jacob Cruise to carve this. Do you like it?"

When Amelia raised her head, she forced her tears away and hid how thrilled she was with a joke, "This necklace must be pricey. Since you've given this to me today, you can't say I'm being greedy later on."

Pinching her nose, Oscar huffed, "I've done so much, so shouldn't you be jumping into my arms and telling me how I'm the best husband in the world?"

Wrapping her arms around his neck, Amelia beamed, "Thank you, Mr. Clinton. I love this necklace. If I'm short of money one day, I'm sure it'll sell for a good price."

Lowering his head to look at her, he bit on her lips as a half-hearted punishment. "I've done so much, but instead of feeling touched, you're saying such things? How heartless of you!"

A giggle escaped Amelia as she looked into his eyes. "Mr. Clinton, are you angry?"

Taking another bite on her lips, he muttered, "Call me Darling."

Sweetly, she crooned, "Mr. Clinton, why are you so adamant about me calling you Darling today?"

"I'm supposed to be your darling. Who's going to call me darling if not you?"

"All right, all right. You're my darling. As long as you don't divorce me, I'll forever be your darling," Amelia replied tentatively.

Just as those words left her lips, Oscar turned grim.

At that sight, the delight in Amelia slowly died out. She let go of him and calmly said, "Mr. Clinton, thank you for everything you've done for me. I'm thrilled about this, and I won't ever forget how you've celebrated my birthday for me."

Oscar furrowed his brows, not knowing why the woman had a sudden change of mood.

"Why are you upset?"

"I'm not. Mr. Clinton, do I look upset?" The corners of Amelia's lips tilted upward into a cheeky smile.

"Are you full? I'll bring you to the cruise to enjoy the night view."

Amelia shook her head before looking into his eyes. "Mr. Clinton, I'm glad for everything you've done for me, but our marriage is just a contract. We'll divorce eventually. The more you do for me, the more I might fall for you. I'm scared that if I really do, you'll give me a devastating blow and kick me out of the house. When that happens, I'll hate you."

Knitting his brows, Oscar quietly observed her.

After having a piece of the dessert, Amelia said, "Mr. Clinton, I'm sure you know your charms. If you don't love that woman, you shouldn't give her meaningless hope. Even if that woman loves money, her real hope is to find a man who genuinely loves her."

Seemingly deep in his thoughts, Oscar queried, "Have you fallen in love with me?"

Amelia rolled her eyes at him and winked. "What do you think, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar replied, "I'll allow you to fall in love with me today."

Amused by his response, Amelia asked, "Do you mean I'm not allowed to fall in love with you at times other than today?"

She could not believe he actually nodded to that.

Amelia was speechless. He's truly narcissistic.

Rising to her feet, Amelia looked downward at him and uttered, "Didn't you say you've made other arrangements for me? Let's go. Since you're a generous man, I'm sure the activities you've planned won't disappoint. I look forward to them."

When they left the restaurant, Oscar had wanted to drive Amelia to the cruise. However, Amelia said, "We always go on cruise vacations; it's quite boring. Since I'm the birthday girl, I wonder if you will agree to any of my requests."

"Speak your mind. I'll do anything with you today."

"Thank you in advance, then."

Staring at the crowded street, Oscar frowned before turning to look at the excited Amelia. "I thought you like high-end bars and branded goods, and that you don't like to come to ordinary places like this. These are places that only the poor would visit."

Amelia chuckled, "Someone as high and mighty as you won't come to ordinary places like this, of course. However, before I married you, my place was a shoebox. Other than a bed, a table, and a chair, I have nothing else. I ate whatever I could afford. Although my life was tough, it was interesting."

Holding his hands, she smiled. "It's my day today, so you've got to say yes to anything I ask for."

A trace of fondness flashed past Oscar's eyes without his own knowledge as he followed Amelia into the crowd.

Leading Oscar to a small barbecue restaurant, Amelia said by the counter, "Ma'am, please give me chicken wings, shrimps, and onion rings." After making her swift order, she turned to Oscar and asked, "Mr. Clinton, what else would you like to eat?"

Oscar's frown was deep as he questioned, "You're having these?"

Happily pinching his cheek, Amelia beamed. "Mr. Clinton, I'm sure you've never tried these things in your life. You should try some; they're delicious."

Oscar nodded.

"What would you like to eat, then?"

"You can decide for me."

The owner of the store looked at them and smiled. "Is this your boyfriend?"

Amelia replied, "My husband."

"You're very fortunate. Your husband doesn't look like the average guy. My guess is he's the boss of a big business."

After ordering several other dishes, Amelia crooned, "He's a busy man. He only agreed to come out with me because it's my birthday."

"It's your birthday? Well, happy birthday, young lady. It's nice that you're so sweet with your husband."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

"Would you like to order any desserts?"

"Not yet. Ma'am, could you please give the table and chairs a harder rub? My husband's never had these foods and he's a little germaphobic."

"I understand. I'll clean them right away." The owner was an enthusiastic soul. She promptly cleaned the table and chair for Oscar.

Finally, Amelia pulled Oscar to his seat. "Mr. Clinton, since it's my birthday, please accompany me for the meal."

Looking at the served dishes, Oscar continued frowning. "Are these really edible?"

Amelia rolled her eyes at him. "So many people have eaten these and they're still alive and well. Mr. Clinton, you're only shocked because you've never had these. Maybe you'll fall in love with the flavor. You'll never know."

Pushing the plate of onion rings toward him, Amelia then picked one up and put it near his mouth. "Open your mouth, Mr. Clinton."

It took Oscar a while to mentally prepare himself before he could part his lips and take in the onion ring. Amelia then looked at him in eager anticipation. "So, how's the taste?"

Staring at her bright eyes, Oscar blurted out, "It tastes good."

Amelia smiled in delight. "If you like it, you should have more. Try this chicken wing."

Oscar looked at the chicken wing in front of him, took a deep breath, and finally ate it.

Despite his reluctance, he ate quite a fair bit, making Amelia grin from ear to ear.

The two ate a lot and spent around two hundred. Rubbing her stomach, Amelia commented, "I'm so full I can barely walk."

Looking at her carefree demeanor, Oscar could not help but smile at her. He did not even realize he had been gazing at her tenderly.

"Who told you to eat that much?" Oscar remarked.

With a satisfied look, Amelia explained, "It's been a long time since I've eaten these things. Now that I get to eat them again, I realize they taste amazing. If I weren't too full, I'd have continued eating."

"Can you still walk?"

"I'm too full. Give me a moment."

Oscar then walked by her side as they strolled down the busy street. As both of them were good-looking individuals, they caught many passersby's attention.

Noticing the attention, Oscar frowned. He could barely stand such a noisy place.