

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 93

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Amelia once again shook her head. "Mr. Clinton, please leave if there's something you need to do. After I get discharged tomorrow, I will head over to Carter's to turn in my resignation. Our relationship is purely contractual, so it's only right that I follow the rules. And since you don't like me hanging around other men, I'll make it a point to keep my distance from them."

Oscar took a long, hard look at Amelia while he contemplated the situation. "Are you throwing a tantrum because of the phone call I just had?"

The more he probed, the more annoyed Amelia felt. Is there any point in dragging this further?

"Your lover would be the one throwing the tantrum if you don't leave now," she snapped.

Oscar was still gazing at her when he suddenly placed his hand on the back of her head and pulled her in for a kiss. The kiss was intense, and they were momentarily lost in each other.

Amelia was left in a daze when they finally pulled away, her cheeks flushed from their kiss.

"Still angry with me?" Oscar asked, his forehead resting gently against hers.

Amelia looked at him in bewilderment. "Mr. Clinton, why are you doing this? Am I just a pet to you? One that you play with when you're happy but gets tossed aside when you aren't?"

"Go to sleep. I'll leave now and come back in two hours," Oscar said while patting her head.

Amelia was silent as she lay back in bed and hid under the covers.

Oscar watched over her for the longest time. But once he realized she had no intention of coming out from under the covers, he left.

When the door closed behind him, Amelia finally pulled the covers back down. She stared at the ceiling, crestfallen. "Oscar Clinton," she muttered. "Is there still a future for us?"

The silence in the ward was deafening.

Oscar got in his car after having taken the elevator down and smacked the steering wheel before driving off.

The drive to Cassie's took almost thirty minutes. The door opened almost immediately after he rang the bell, and Cassie threw herself into his arms. Oscar caught her and had to half-drag her back into the house.

Cassie snuggled against Oscar's chest and whimpered, "Oz, I thought you weren't going to come."

Oscar remained stoic as he let her hug him.

Cassie felt the reluctance in him and looked up. "Oz, are you not happy to see me?"

Oscar reassured her with a hug. "Stop imagining things. I wouldn't be here if I weren't happy about it."

Cassie buried her face into his chest. "Oz, I know I threw a tantrum at you earlier, but I hope you won't be angry with me," she said softly. "You know how it is with pregnant women. We just become so much more sensitive about everything. The doctor told me this was prenatal depression, but as long as you spend more time with me, my mood will definitely improve."

Oscar only held her in his arms as he coaxed her. "Don't think too much about it. I'll spend more time with you in the future, now be good and go to bed."

Cassie clung to him like a koala bear with no intention of letting go. "Oz, I'm not sleepy yet. Why don't you chat with me? We haven't had a chat like this for a while now," she pleaded.

"Sure."

Cassie gently rubbed his chest like a cat kneading away. "Do you still remember where we had our first kiss?"

Oscar was taken aback by her question. He genuinely couldn't remember where they had first kissed. Even though he claimed that he loved Cassie, the memories he had with her were few and far between.

Cassie pouted her lips and stared at Oscar angrily. "Oz, do you not remember at all?"

Oscar planted a brief kiss on her lips before turning on his charm. "The past is history. From now on, just remember that I'll be showering you with kisses every minute and every second."

Disappointment flashed in Cassie's eyes. "Oz, can you promise to kiss me and only me from now?" she asked as she touched his lips.

Oscar moved her hand away. "Has the baby been behaving well today?" he asked gently, changing the subject.

Cassie stared at him while her heart began to race. "Why did you change the subject, Oz?" she asked, panic-stricken. "Have you fallen for Amelia? Even after those compromising photos of her, you still refuse to leave her?"

Oscar's eyes flashed with annoyance. He was starting to lose his patience with Cassie. "Cassie, I took precious time out to be with you, and here you are, interrogating me?"

"Oz, I'm not interrogating you." Cassie snapped. "You used to be so warm and tender towards me. But recently, you've been acting hot and cold, and I can't help but wonder if you still love me. I'm a woman, and it's only normal that I get worried. I worry that you're back with Amelia. I know I've been badgering you, but I only did it so that you won't forget me. Is that so wrong?"

Oscar lowered his gaze at her. "Cassie, you never used to be this unreasonable."

Cassie angrily wriggled out of his embrace. "As you said, that was all in the past. The old you pampered me with love. Whenever I had a problem, you'd put everything down and come to my rescue. But now? No matter how much I plead or beg, you still might not show up. How can I not be angry?" she retorted. "The man I love has had a change of heart. If I still don't do anything to change that, I'd be the biggest idiot in the world!"

Oscar stood up suddenly, his face darkened. "Cassie, you're being emotional right now, so I won't argue with you. We'll talk again when you're feeling better. Have a good rest. I'll be leaving now."

Cassie ran up to him and hugged him from the back. There was a note of panic in her voice as she pleaded, "Oz, don't go. I really love you! If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have come back. Please don't leave me."

Oscar stood his ground, not saying anything.

Cassie continued sobbing. "Oz, don't go. I really love you. I'm even carrying your child now. I'd go mad if you no longer want me."

At that moment, Oscar felt sorry for her. He turned around and hugged her tight. "There, there, stop crying. Let's not ruin that pretty face of yours," he said softly, wiping her tears away.

"It's all your fault. I wouldn't be crying if it weren't for you," Cassie whined as she lightly hit his chest. "I want you to make it up to me by staying here tonight. If you don't, I'll abort the baby. Since you aren't going to marry me, it'd be difficult for me to remarry in the future if I had a child in tow."

Oscar's face fell again.

"Cassie, if you're only joking about the abortion, I can overlook that. But if you're serious about it, I'm going to be furious."

Cassie caressed his face, a glint in her eyes. "Oz, do you really care about my baby?"

"He's my child, why wouldn't I care about him?"

"Then do you prefer our child or Amelia's child?"

"Stop it, Cassie. They're both my children, and I love them equally. Stop asking these unreasonable questions."

Eyes downcast, Cassie replied, "Oz, I'm just jealous. I was the one who knew you first, so that makes me the bona fide girlfriend. But you so quickly married another, and now I've become the mistress. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't upset, especially now that I'm pregnant. Every night I have the fear that you'd leave me for Amelia. Tell me, Oz, what should I do? I'm so afraid of losing you."

Oscar swept her up wordlessly, carried her into the bedroom, and laid her down in bed. "Sleep. I'll be here with you."

Cassie buried her head into his chest, her lips curled into a smirk.

"Oz, tell me a story. I'm in the mood for one."

Oscar patted her head and said, "Be good and sleep."

"No, Oz, I want to listen to a story," Cassie whined. "From the time we dated, separated, and finally reunited, it's been so long since you've told me a bedtime story. I want one, and our baby wants it too. Can't you grant me this little request?"

Oscar gave in and started narrating, "Once upon a time, there were three little bears who lived in the forest. They were Papa Bear, Mama Bear, and Little Bear..."

Cassie interrupted before he could finish his sentence. "Oz, that's such a childish story. Let's have another."

Oscar did as he was told. "Once upon a time, there was a maiden so fair..."

"Oz, your stories are boring. Can't you come up with something more interesting? Oh, I know! Why don't you tell me a story in Erihalese? You always look so sexy when you do, and it makes my heart flutter."

Cassie had interrupted him again.

Oscar wasn't pleased with that. He hated it when he got interrupted mid-sentence. It was just plain rude.

Cassie noticed the change in his expression and immediately put on that saccharine voice of hers. "Oz, I really enjoy listening to you speak Erihalese. You look super cool when you do. Remember that time when I visited you at college, and you spoke it in front of your Erihalese professor? You were so charming, and everyone was smitten by your magnetic voice. Will you do it again for me? Please?"

Men loved women who knew when to put on their charms for them, and Oscar was no exception. He felt a little better after what Cassie said.

Cassie stared at him with puppy eyes as he recited a monologue in Erihalese. "You ooze so much charm when speaking Erihalese. You truly are my superhero, and I love you so much." She added, "I always wonder how I landed myself such a perfect man, and now I'm even carrying his baby. The thought of the three of us living happily ever after just overwhelms me with joy."

Even after Cassie said that, nothing stirred in Oscar's heart. He simply patted her arm and once again coaxed her to sleep.

Cassie closed her eyes and mumbled, "Oz, I want bacon for breakfast, can you make some for me?"

Oscar remained silent for a while before he said, "I will personally make you breakfast tomorrow. Now, be good and sleep."

With that said, Cassie finally drifted off to sleep.

Once she was sound asleep, Oscar crept silently out of the house and drove off.

When he got back to the hospital, Oscar paced outside Amelia's ward for a bit before he finally went in. He had thought Amelia would be asleep, but there she was, standing alone by the window with her back towards him.

Oscar was pained at how lonely she looked. He briskly walked over and hugged her tightly from the back. Amelia, who had been in a daze, was taken aback by this sudden gesture. She yelped and started to fight back, not knowing who was behind her.

Oscar whispered into her ear, "Don't be scared. It's just me."

Upon hearing his voice, Amelia started to calm down. She turned around and looked at Oscar in disbelief. "Mr. Clinton, why are you back?"

Oscar pinched her nose and pretended to be angry. "Do you not want to see me?"

Amelia shook her head. "I knew you had gone to placate your lover. Which probably meant that you wouldn't be able to return this early. It was even possible that you wouldn't return at all. I really didn't expect you to make it back in two hours," she answered, a hint of sarcasm in her voice.

"With words like that, one can't help but smell the jealousy wafting off of you. Been jealous, haven't you?" Oscar teased.

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Amelia pouted as she tried to leave Oscar's embrace, only to be held even more tightly. "Don't move. Let me hold you for a while. I feel like I haven't done this for a long time."

The woman obeyed and kept still.

"What are you doing by the window at this hour? It's cold at night. You might catch a cold."

"Would it even upset you if I caught a cold, Mr. Clinton?"

"Why wouldn't I? You're my woman."

"You have plenty of women. I'm probably not the only one you'd feel upset for," Amelia continued calmly.

"You sound so bitter. You're actually jealous, huh?"

Amelia remained in his arms, saying nothing more.

All of a sudden, Oscar felt especially upset to see the usually cheerful and captivating Amelia Winters behave this way.

Amelia was usually so strong and independent that it seemed as though she could face everything even without a man by her side. Yet, the woman now looked so fragile. Perhaps, she was not as strong as one thought. Despite always performing well, she still needed a man's shoulder to lean on in the face of crisis.

Oscar bent over to pick her up and placed her on the bed. "It's late. Let's go to sleep."

Amelia grabbed him by the hand. "Please, Mr. Clinton. If you're not serious about me, don't treat me so well. If you do, I might not want to leave by the time we get divorced."

Oscar merely stared at her.

The woman instinctively avoided his gaze. "I'm serious, Mr. Clinton. If you have no intention of marrying me, please don't be kind to me. This is for both our sake."

"And what if I want to?"

Amelia gazed at him in confusion.

Oscar then covered her eyes with his hand. "Sleep. Don't think too much. As long as you remain as my woman even for another day, I'll make sure you don't suffer."

But you're the one making me suffer the most, Amelia lamented internally.

Still, she fell asleep quickly, perhaps because Oscar was by her side.

By the time Amelia woke up the next day, Oscar had already left. The woman couldn't deny that she was disappointed, but she quickly kept her feelings away.

She walked into the bathroom and did some packing, thinking of leaving the hospital on her own. Yet, Tiffany suddenly entered and was instantly livid to find Amelia on her own. "Babe! Where is he?"

Amelia didn't know how to respond for a moment. "Who?"

"Who else? That sh*tty husband of yours, of course! Didn't he come over yesterday? Was he just putting on a show in front of Mrs. Clinton? Did he leave right after she did?"

Amelia shook her head and chuckled. "Stop being so biased against him. I told him to leave because I knew you were coming. I didn't want the two of you getting into another fight. He's such a macho that there's no way he'd let a woman lecture him. If he really got mad and decided to get back at you, I don't think any publisher would want to work with you anymore."

Tiffany huffed. "Like I'd be scared of him! If my current publisher doesn't want me, there'd be other companies waiting to work with me! That's how popular my books are. If no one here wants to sign me, I know other cities' publishers do. It's not like Clinton Corporations has power over every publisher in the country, right?"

"Okay, okay. I know you're amazing. But please stop clashing with him for my sake. Nothing good will come out of it."

Tiffany gazed at Amelia skeptically. "Babe, be honest with me. Are you saying that because you care about me, or do you just not want me to yell at him?"

"What do you think?"

Tiffany grinned. "I know just how much you love me, Babe. Okay, then. I'll try not to pick a fight with him for your sake. But if he ever treats you like sh*t, I won't hesitate to cuss him out."

Amelia couldn't help but laugh.

After taking care of the discharge procedures, the two women got into Tiffany's car. "Could you drop me off at work, Tiff? I have to talk to Carter personally about my resignation."

"You're quitting? But why? Didn't you say you love your job? I don't like that jinx, but if you enjoy working there, you should keep doing it."

"I don't want Oscar to misunderstand anything. Besides, there's no guarantee that Jennifer won't send those photos to everyone else in the

company. If that happens, I don't think Carter or even I will be able to live with it. I may as well end everything before other people find out."

Tiffany smacked the steering wheel in exasperation, causing Amelia to jump in fright. "Calm down, Tiff. I don't want to get into an accident this early in the morning."

Tiffany cast her glance. "You underestimate me, Babe. I may not drive often, but that doesn't mean I can't drive at all. In fact, I'm a pretty good driver! I won't do anything to put you and the baby's lives in danger, so don't worry."

Hearing that, Amelia leaned back into her seat at peace.

"Are you really going to quit your job, Babe?"

"Don't you hate Carter's guts? Shouldn't you be happy that I'm quitting?"

"Cut that out. It's not like you ever listened to me after all the times I tried talking you out of working for him. Besides, you're thinking of quitting just to avoid all that trouble. I don't think Carter will let you quit, though."

"Whether or not he agrees, I have to leave."

"Well, it's fine if you've made up your mind. But I do hope you can give it a second thought. This is about you, after all."

Amelia nodded and said nothing more.

They soon arrived at Carter's company building. "We're here," said Tiffany. "Go on, then. Do you want me to wait here?"

"It's fine," Amelia replied. "You can head back. I'll be dropping by the Clintons' after I'm done with this. I have to talk to them about the photos."

Tiffany nodded. "Be careful, then. Remember to call me if you're sad or upset. Don't put up with everything on your own like an idiot."

Amelia unbuckled her seatbelt and gave Tiffany a hug. "Thank you, Tiff," she said earnestly. "You've always been by my side no matter what happens. I'm so grateful to have such a good friend like you. Having you and the child is more than I can ever ask for."

Tiffany patted her on the back before responding, "Oh, stop being so cheesy. Get out of here and go to work! You're giving me goosebumps."

With a laugh, Amelia opened the car door and got down.

Upon entering the building, Amelia headed to the design department, and her coworkers immediately surrounded her. "Are you okay, Amelia?" asked Jessica. "I heard from Mr. Scott that you were hospitalized. Please be more careful, especially since you're carrying a child now."

The other coworkers chimed in, "She's right, Amelia! You have to take good care of yourself now that you're pregnant. We've heard about what happened. Ms. Larson's gone too far this time. Otherwise, you wouldn't have had to be hospitalized in the first place."

Amelia was slightly perplexed.

Jessica continued, "Ms. Larson really shouldn't have done all that. We're on your side, Amelia. Mr. Scott even nearly fired Ms. Larson over what happened, but in the end, Mr. Scott's mother intervened."

Amelia remained confused. "My hospitalization doesn't have much to do with Ms. Larson, so I hope you guys won't make any wild guesses. But still, I really appreciate your concern."

"You got walked all over because you're too kind, Amelia. I would've already slapped that woman to kingdom come if I were you!" said Jessica.

"Don't make assumptions like that, guys. My stay at the hospital really had nothing to do with Ms. Larson. Anyway, carry on with your work. I have to drop by Mr. Scott's office."

With that, Amelia immediately left for Carter's office.

I probably won't be seeing them anymore after today.

As Amelia arrived outside Carter's office, a secretary stood up and greeted her. "Are you here to see Mr. Scott, Amelia? He's gone to the bathroom. Why don't you head in and wait for him?"

Amelia hesitated. "I don't think that's too appropriate. I guess I'll just come back later."

"Don't worry about it, Amelia. Mr. Scott has said that you're welcome to drop by his office whenever you like."

Thus, Amelia walked into his office.

After waiting about ten minutes, the secretary's voice rang out from outside the door. "Amelia's waiting for you inside, Mr. Scott."

Then, the door was pushed open from the outside.

“Amelia! Why didn’t you tell me that you were coming back to work?”

Amelia rose to her feet. “Mr. Scott, I came over to thank you for taking such good care of me, and also to let you know that I’m resigning.”

Carter’s face immediately fell, and he hastily walked over to grab Amelia by the arm. “Why are you quitting? Is it because of the photos?”

“Could you calm down a little, Mr. Scott? We won’t be able to talk things out this way.”

“I won’t allow it.”

“We’d still be friends even if I leave,” Amelia remarked helplessly. She had expected this to happen, but she didn’t think Carter would get so worked up.

The man stood in place like a stranded beast. “Don’t leave, Amelia. I’m begging you,” he growled.

Amelia jumped in shock, for she certainly didn’t expect him to behave this way.

Then, she took a deep breath and spoke slowly. “Calm down, Carter. Let’s talk about it.”

Suddenly, the man hugged her tightly. “I don’t want to talk,” he said desperately. “You have no idea how long I’ve waited to have you by my side, even if I’m your boss and you’re my employee. Just getting to see you every day at work makes me happy.”

Amelia tried to break free, but she dared not struggle too much in fear of harming her child.

“Don’t do this, Carter. I don’t want such photos of us being taken again.”

Yet, Carter continued to hold onto her, and his eyes seemed to blaze with obsession.

He then caught a whiff of the fragrance coming from Amelia’s hair. “You smell so good, Amelia. I want to keep being this close to you so I can smell you forever. Your scent drives me crazy.”

A shiver ran down Amelia’s spine, and she began to grow furious too. “Don’t make me hate you, Carter. Keep doing this, and we won’t even get to be friends anymore,” she said calmly.

Carter suddenly froze.

“Do you hate me that much, Amelia?” he asked while leaning on her shoulder, sounding slightly hurt.

“Carter, you have to understand that those photos are affecting my family and life. And as you wanted, I got into a fight with Oscar. I got so worked up that I passed out and ended up being hospitalized for a day. But still, I don’t want to divorce him, so I can’t continue working here. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t do this, Amelia,” Carter immediately responded. “I promise those photos will never appear again, and I won’t touch you in any way. Please, just stay in this company. I’ll be your fallback; you can just think of me whenever you’re not happy.”

“Please don’t say that, Carter. I don’t deserve to be treated that way. You’re such an incredible guy, and I know there are many other women out there who are worthy of you,” Amelia insisted in frustration.

“You know exactly how I feel about you, Amelia.”

Amelia took two steps back. “You promised not to give me any pressure, Carter. You can’t go back on your word.”

“I never thought about giving you any pressure. I just want you to keep working here. I’ve told you that I won’t interfere with your marriage, but I want to keep watching over you from a close distance. Can’t you grant me this little wish of mine?”

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Amelia gazed at him apologetically. “I’m sorry, but I choose family over work. I can’t stay here anymore.”

“I won’t allow that.”

“I’m really sorry, Carter, but I can’t keep working here. I’m really happy that I got to work with you for a while, and I do hope that we can work together again someday. But for now, none of this is possible. I suppose I won’t need to write you a resignation letter. I’m sorry.” After apologizing sincerely, Amelia headed toward the door.

Yet, Carter grabbed her by the hand. "Please don't go, Amelia," he pleaded.

Amelia's gaze remained apologetic. "I'm really sorry I let you down, Carter. We can work together again next time."

"I don't know what will happen next time. All I know is that once you leave, I won't even have a chance to be close to you anymore. So please don't go. I'll fire Jennifer if you stay."

"Don't you understand, Carter? Even if Jennifer leaves, there'd be other women who would do what she did. I don't want anyone else sabotaging my marriage, so I can't keep working here anymore."

Carter stared at her in agony.

"Amelia, you left me without a word all those years ago, and now you're leaving me again because of another man. When will you ever love me instead?"

"Don't say that, Carter. We're just friends," Amelia replied in slight frustration. "I'll be off now. I don't want to interfere with your work."

Carter's tight grip remained on her hand. "Do you have to be this cruel, Amelia?" he asked drearily.

"I'm sorry, Carter." With that, Amelia shook his hand off, opened the door to his office, and left without turning back.

Carter stood inside his office in a daze, not even noticing that the secretary had walked in. "Are you okay, Mr. Scott?" the woman asked nervously.

Carter merely glanced at her and pointed to the door. "Leave."

"M-Mr. Scott, the president of Lumine Group is here. Do you want to—"

"Tell Mr. Freeman that I'm not feeling well and get the technical department manager to handle the project discussions," Carter instructed after taking a deep breath.

"Yes, Mr. Scott." With that, the secretary quickly left the office, afraid that the man would unleash his wrath on her.

Just as Carter remained in a horrible mood, a knock came on the door, followed by Jennifer's voice. "May I come in, Mr. Scott? I have some work matters to report to you about."

Carter's eyes flashed with rage and hatred as he clenched his fists tightly. "Come in."

Jennifer opened the door and walked in, brimming with confidence. She was dressed in a red suit that perfectly accentuated her figure.

"Hello, Mr. Scott."

Carter glanced at Jennifer coldly before standing up, making his way around his desk, and walking up to her. Then, he slapped the woman across the face without a word.

Jennifer was stunned into silence before clutching her cheek and staring at him in disbelief.

"Are you insane, Carter? Why did you hit me?"

"Amelia just quit her job. Are you happy now?" the man retorted with gritted teeth.

"She quit? Are you for real?" Jennifer clenched her teeth too. "And what does that have to do with me? Why are you taking your anger out on me? Are you not capable of behaving a little more like a gentleman, Carter?"

Carter's expression remained grim. "My company's too small for someone like you. You should leave."

"Are you firing me?" Jennifer asked in astonishment.

"Get your pay calculated at the finance department and leave. You're beautiful and highly capable, so I'm sure there are lots of huge companies that would hire you."

Jennifer glared at him in a fury. "I demand a reason. I won't accept it if you're firing me just because Amelia's leaving. I'm going to tell Mrs. Scott about this, and I know she'll back me up. You'd better not fire me unless you want the Scotts and Larsons to split up."

"I'm the owner of this company. I don't see why I can't fire someone because I don't like them. If you have the slightest bit of shame in you, you'd leave right after getting your pay settled."

Instead, Jennifer sat down and crossed her arms.

"Give me a reason, or I won't leave."

"There isn't a reason. I just don't want to see you," Carter responded without mincing his words.

"Do you hate me that much, Carter?"

"Yes."

The hands Jennifer had placed on top of her thighs moved slightly as her eyes turned red. The woman had never come across a man who could shut her like that without a care in the world. She loved Carter so much that she had cast aside every other man who pursued her. Yet, not only did Carter not love her back, but he even treated her horribly.

"That woman chose to leave because she's too ashamed to stay, but you're blaming it on me. Don't you think you've gone too far?" Jennifer demanded as emotions began to sweep through her. Despite her being a woman who had voluntarily chosen to pursue a man, Carter paid no heed to her, nor did he even consider her feelings at all.

At that very moment, Jennifer began to despise Carter, but not as much as she did Amelia.

Carter lowered his head. "You should leave, Jennifer. I don't want our relationship to worsen to the point where we hate each other."

"No. You're the first man I've fallen for, and you can only be mine. As long as I'm around, you and Amelia will never be."

Carter cast Jennifer a profound glance. "Don't you realize how ridiculous you look, Jennifer? It's not worth doing all this for a man like me. You may as well give up on me. I'm sure you'll find your other half who can truly belong to you."

"My other half has always been you. Even Mrs. Scott has acknowledged me as the Scotts' daughter-in-law. Marrying me means marrying the entire Larson family, and when that happens, you'll be able to expand your business anywhere in the world. I'm much better than Amelia in every way."

Carter's gaze remained especially calm.

"You're a brilliant woman, Jennifer, but that doesn't change how I feel about you. A guy who wants to spend twenty years less sloughing away might choose you, but I want to pave my career with my own hands. If that doesn't work out, I can always return to Scott Group. I don't think we Scotts are that far off from the Larsons, anyway."

Jennifer glared at him in fury. "So you're ending our relationship no matter what, Carter?"

"We've never even had a relationship, to begin with," Carter remarked, adding salt to Jennifer's wound.

"You're the worst man I've ever met, Carter Scott. Fine, I'll leave. But I'll be back for sure," Jennifer declared haughtily.

"Thanks for the compliment," Carter replied while holding a pen.

With her eyes flashing with rage, the woman turned and left without looking back.

Carter gazed at the documents on his desk. About five minutes later, he took out his phone and dialed a number, only to receive no answer from the person over the line. Then, he began to compose a text message.

I'll leave your position vacant for you, Amelia. Come back whenever you want. My love for you will never change, and I'll always be there for you whenever you need me.

The man sent the message without any hesitation. Unfortunately, he never received a reply despite waiting a long while.

He sighed with a gloomy look in his eyes.

Meanwhile, Amelia sighed as she read Carter's message. Had they still been in university, she would have accepted his love without a doubt. After all, Carter was such an outstanding man who radiated charm wherever he went. He was like a Prince Charming to many women.

Unfortunately, all sorts of things had come between them, and Amelia could no longer return to her days of pure love. That was why she could only apologize to Carter now.

The two were destined to be friends, but never lovers.

Amelia deleted the text message before leaning into her seat at the back.

"Are you okay, Miss?" asked the driver. "You don't look too well."

Amelia opened her eyes. "I'm fine, Sir. I'm just a little tired," she replied cheerlessly.

"It's normal for pregnant women to feel tired easily. Judging from the size of your tummy, I'm guessing you're on your fifth or sixth month. Be careful

not to bump into anything. What is your husband doing anyway, letting you take a cab on your own like this?" the cab driver remarked in disapproval.

"He's busy with work. Well, it's not like he can keep me company all day. If he did, I'd start worrying about how the child and I will get by."

"You have a point there," the driver responded with a hearty laugh. "But judging from your clothes and behavior, you must have married a wealthy man."

Amelia merely smiled. "Well, he earns enough to fill our tummies."

"That can't be. I've had many passengers, but not many of them are as stunning and classy as you are. Only someone who comes from a prominent background would look the way you do."

Amelia could only beam in response.

Still, the driver didn't mind her silence. He continued to chatter away as he pleased, and Amelia began to lighten up.

"We're here, Miss," said the driver as they arrived at the Clinton residence.

Amelia took out a hundred and gave it to the driver. "Keep the change, Sir."

The man took the money and responded, "No matter what happens, Miss, I hope you live every single day in happiness."

Amelia flashed him an earnest smile. "Thank you, Sir. I hope you stay safe and happy too."

After alighting the vehicle, Amelia walked straight into the Clinton residence, and Olivia immediately stood up in astonishment upon seeing her. "Why aren't you at the hospital anymore, Amelia? I was thinking of cooking you a meal and dropping by! Seriously... You just can't stop making me worry about you. You should've talked to me before getting yourself discharged."

Amelia held onto Olivia's hands. "Don't worry, Mom. The doctor allowed me to leave only after making sure I was fine."

Olivia gave her daughter-in-law's hand a light pat before telling the kitchen to prepare some food. Then, she led Amelia to the couch.

"You don't look too good, Amelia. Do you still feel sick?" she asked with concern.

"I'm fine, Mom," Amelia replied with a smile. "Maybe it's because I felt a little carsick on the way here."