

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 1

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Amelia, I'm back. Oscar's mine now. As long as you leave him, I'll pay you twenty million in compensation.

Amelia smirked upon reading the message on her phone. Apparently, the message was sent by the woman Oscar loved the most. And she who had left four years ago had given Amelia the "honor" of becoming her substitute.

Amelia walked into the bedroom with the phone and gazed at the tall man standing in front of the window longingly. Standing fixedly for a while, she then strode over briskly and the pining look in her eyes faded. Wrapping her arms around his waist, she whispered, "Mr. Clinton, Ms. Yard has sent me another message. Should I call her and explain our relationship?"

"There's no need for that," replied Oscar in an aloof manner. "I've already instructed the lawyer to draft the divorce contract. All you've got to do is to sign it."

Feigning sadness, Amelia lamented, "That's such a pity. I was planning to make things difficult for her. Well, congratulations, Mr. Clinton, for winning your love back."

Even without glancing at her expression, Oscar could still tell the light-heartedness from her voice.

If this woman is capable of feeling sad, it'll be a miracle.

Amelia withdrew her hands and was about to leave when the man grabbed her and tugged her toward him, causing her to bump against his broad chest.

Leaning obediently in his arms, she raised her chin and responded to his passionate kisses.

Panting slightly after the long kiss, she rested against him and said sweetly, "Ms. Yard, the woman whom you've always loved, is finally back. Aren't you afraid that she'll be jealous if we do this?"

"You're still Mrs. Clinton." In other words, as long as they were not divorced, Amelia still had to fulfill her obligations as his wife.

He forcefully raised her chin before kissing her passionately again.

If he had to be honest, he actually liked Amelia. Other than her uncanny resemblance to the woman he loved, he adored her figure too.

Men are all visual creatures. Unless they genuinely love a woman, they would only like a woman's looks. Compared to older and uglier women, they prefer beautiful young ladies with curvaceous figures.

"Mr. Clinton, I've just returned home and I'm all sweaty. Let me take a bath first," said Amelia alluringly as she broke out of his embrace.

Oscar shot her an ambiguous look and suggested, "Why don't we do it together?"

Amelia threw him a flirtatious wink and strode into the bathroom. She poked her head out and said, "Mr. Clinton, I prefer bathing alone." With that, she closed the door unhesitatingly.

The look in Oscar's eyes changed. He liked it when she played hard to get. It was as if she was a natural seductress.

The woman he loved had left four years ago because of a minor misunderstanding and had abandoned their wedding. Hence, he had found a woman similar to her as her substitute. Although he got married as expected, everyone was flabbergasted by the fact that his bride was not the heiress of the Yard family.

Everyone had accused him of betraying Cassie. Yet, only the two families knew that she was the one who had ran away from the wedding. The Yard family felt guilty toward Oscar, but out of his undying love for Cassie, Oscar did not take revenge on them. Instead, he had found a materialistic woman to take her place.

That woman, whom everyone said had shot up to riches, was none other than Amelia.

In the end, Amelia was so tired that she could barely move her fingers. She slept until seven at night before waking up.

After taking a shower in the bathroom, she changed into a newly bought dress before heading downstairs.

She strode to Oscar, who was still eating dinner, and planted a quick kiss on his cheek. Grinning, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, why didn't you call me for dinner too?"

"I couldn't bear to wake you up when I saw you sleeping so soundly," replied Oscar as he munched on the food on his plate.

Amelia kissed his cheek again before calling out toward the kitchen, "Molly, I'm hungry."

A chubby and amiable-looking woman soon walked out with a few dishes. "Mr. Clinton said that you're tired and might need to sleep for a little longer, so he told me to keep the food first. I didn't expect you to wake up so early!"

Amelia sat down with a smile. When she saw that those dishes were her favorite, she praised sweetly, "Molly, you're the best. You've prepared all of my favorite dishes!"

"Eat up, Mrs. Clinton. You looked skinnier after you came back from your trip. Now that you've returned, I shall prepare delicious food for you every day," replied Molly as she chuckled.

"Thank you, Molly."

Oscar was almost done eating by the time Molly left. He wiped his mouth and instructed, "Return to the Clinton residence and accompany my mom. My dad's on a business trip, so she's probably bored at home."

"Sure."

Amelia was still smiling sweetly. Gazing at her smile, Oscar fell into a momentary daze. Although he knew that she looked similar to Cassie, he did not expect the resemblance to be so great when she smiled. Yet, when compared to Cassie, Amelia had her own unique flair.

"Be good and listen to her, okay?"

"Yes, Mr. Clinton."

When Oscar stood up, she rose too. She pointed at her cheek and said, "Mr. Clinton, how about a goodnight kiss?"

He glanced at her and walked over before pecking her right cheek lightly.

"Go on with your dinner. I have to settle some unfinished work."

"Okay."

They were like a couple who had lived together for decades, having known each other's habits by heart. Although they did not act in an excessively

affectionate manner, it was obvious from their interactions how compatible they were. No one would expect that they were going to end their contract marriage soon.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 2

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After sending Oscar to work the next day, Amelia drove to the Clinton residence. The butler, Peter, welcomed her and said, "Welcome back, Ms. Amelia. Mrs. Clinton has been talking a lot about you."

Amelia got out of the car and replied with a smile, "How is she doing? I miss her food a lot after being away for a month. That's why I rushed back here."

Peter chuckled. "She's doing fine. However, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Oscar are so busy with work that she feels bored alone."

"Well, she won't be now that I'm here."

Amelia strode into the house in her high heels.

The Clinton residence was located halfway up a hill. It was a villa that was a hundred thousand square meters large. However, the Clinton family was quite small. Olivia had a son, Oscar, and a daughter, Stephanie. Due to her wealthy lifestyle and amazing skincare routine, she looked only forty despite being sixty years old.

Amongst the Clintons, only Stephanie had a prejudice against Amelia. Oscar's parents treated her extremely well, especially Olivia who doted on her as if she was her own daughter. Even till now, she was still kept in the dark, completely oblivious to the fact that the marriage between her son and Amelia was only a contract marriage.

The person whom Amelia would be most reluctant to part with after her divorce was probably Olivia.

She was not as arrogant as other wealthy women. Instead, she was very easy-going and modest. It was a pleasure to chat with her.

"Mom!" said Amelia sweetly to the lady on the couch, who had done up her makeup exquisitely.

Olivia smiled fondly when she spotted her. "You're back? Come take a seat next to me."

Amelia walked over and sat next to her. Olivia scrutinized her from head to toe before saying, "Have you lost weight?"

"I've been starving because I didn't get to eat the food you cooked."

Pleased by her words, Olivia said, "I'll whip up some delicious food for you later so that you can gain back the weight you've lost."

"You're the best, Mom!" said Amelia sweetly like an affectionate daughter.

"Why are you acting like a child despite being so old? Don't you find it disgusting?" An annoying female voice sounded. Amelia didn't have to raise her head to know who it was.

"Steph, how could you be so rude? Amelia's your sister-in-law! You should greet her when you see her!" reprimanded Olivia as she frowned.

Stephanie snorted coldly and snapped, "I don't care! She's just a woman who married Oscar for his money."

Olivia's face fell. "Not another word or you'll feel my wrath."

Stephanie sat down and remained silent.

Not furious at all, Amelia smiled and asked, "Steph, I heard from Oscar that you went to Pillere for a trip. When did you come back?"

As Olivia was there, Stephanie had no choice but to reply reluctantly, "The day before yesterday." After she spoke, her face lit up as if remembering something happy. She asked gloatingly, "Amelia, do you know who I bumped into in Pillere?"

Amelia started to become wary, for Stephanie was often up to no good when she spoke in that tone.

"Your friend?" she asked tentatively.

"I met Cassie. You know her, right?" asked Stephanie excitedly. "No, you probably don't know her. She's Oscar's—"

"Steph, what nonsense are you talking about?" Olivia interrupted, glaring at her.

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 3

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Stephanie shrugged and said, "Mom, I'm going out for a while. Someone here's stinking the air up."

With that, she walked out without a care in the world.

Olivia sighed. "Don't mind her, Amelia. We've spoiled her too much."

Smiling, Amelia replied, "She's only in her mid-twenties, an age where she's just playful. It's expected that she'll blurt out the thoughts on her mind."

Olivia patted her hand, her affection for Amelia increasing. "Amelia, you're a good girl. Don't mind Stephanie's words, okay? As for Cassie, just pretend that she doesn't exist."

Amelia was not foolish enough to ask who Cassie was.

"Mom, we're a family. I won't take her words to heart," replied Amelia, not bothered by it at all. However, she knew that they would not remain as a family for long.

"I've always known that you're a good girl." Olivia liked her even more now.

Amelia chatted with Olivia for the entire afternoon. After lunch, Olivia felt tired and took a nap. Meanwhile, Amelia took a stroll outside while Stephanie trailed behind her.

"Amelia, don't think that you can be the Clintons' daughter-in-law forever just because my mom likes you. My brother still loves Cassie deeply. You should just give up," mocked Stephanie.

Amelia gazed at her politely and smiled. "Steph, I don't know who Cassie is, but you shouldn't forget that I'm your brother's wife. As long as we're not divorced, I'm still your sister-in-law. So please show some respect, will you?"

Stephanie cast a mocking glance at her. "Sister-in-law? I'm sure you'll no longer be my sister-in-law soon. Only my mom is kind enough to treat you, a woman who has nothing under her name, as her daughter-in-law."

After a slight pause, she continued, "Stop pretending to be Cinderella and dreaming of marrying into a wealthy family. Just get a divorce with my brother as soon as possible. Perhaps you could still earn yourself a considerable sum of compensation instead of leaving with nothing in the end."

Amelia smiled even more sweetly.

"Thanks for your reminder. I was going to divorce your brother, but I've changed my mind now." With that, Amelia spun around and walked back.

"You..." Stephanie was seething with fury. "You better not regret it."

"Don't worry. I won't." Amelia entered the house without even sparing her a single glance. When she walked into the bedroom meant for her and Oscar, her face immediately fell. Her heart ached as if someone was gripping it forcefully with a clenched fist.

It was only after she hugged the soft toy on the bed tightly and sniffed it that the pain subsided.

She whipped out a phone and made a call. When the call went through, she put on a bright smile and said cutely, "Darling, I miss you!"

Oscar paused for a while before snapping, "Stop fooling around! I'm in a meeting now. Let's meet at the usual place at nine tonight."

Amelia stared at her phone in a daze as the man hung up.

Even though she had married Oscar for four years, they barely shared their true feelings with each other. In fact, it had never happened.

Oscar had only treated her as a materialistic woman who loved money.

Amelia spent the entire day at the Clinton residence. After eating dinner with Olivia at night, she drove back to her home with Oscar in the city center.

Returning to the apartment, she placed her bag down and meticulously chose her outfit for tonight's date. What Oscar referred to by their usual meeting place was only a five-star hotel they frequently visited.

Although she knew that Oscar did not love her, she did not want to show him her pathetic side.

Amelia arrived punctually at the hotel at nine o'clock. The moment she opened the door of the presidential suite, someone forcefully pinned her

against the wall. Stuck between the wall and a man's broad chest, she sniffed his familiar scent and chuckled.

"Mr. Clinton, aren't you going to ask me if I angered Mom when I visited her?"

Oscar merely glanced at her and replied emotionlessly, "Mom has a good impression of you. She called me earlier and told me to treat you nicely."

"Really? Then how could you bully me all the time?"

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 4

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Oscar gazed at her broodingly before lowering his head and sealing her lips with his.

After the kiss, she pushed him gently and kept a distance from him. She stared at him unblinkingly and said, "You're a real playboy, Mr. Clinton. Despite claiming to love Ms. Yard, you are still in a relationship with me, your wife. Do you enjoy the exhilarating feeling of being a two-timer?"

"We won't have anything to do with each other after our divorce."

Amelia's heart ached, but she grinned defiantly. "Mr. Clinton, are you reminding me that we won't have anything to do with each other soon?"

She raised her arm and traced circles on his chest, her fingers dancing seductively over it. "If that's the case, I think you shouldn't touch me tonight. After all, we'll be going on our separate ways soon."

"As long as we're not divorced, you're still Mrs. Clinton. And you're still obligated to fulfill my desires."

Oscar bent down and pressed his body closer to hers.

Amelia lowered her head and smiled bitterly. However, when she raised her head, a bright grin was plastered on her face. Her eyes were so charming that Oscar fell into a daze when he stared at her.

"You really look like Cassie," he mumbled distractedly.

Amelia's body stiffened before quickly relaxing. Still tracing his chest nonchalantly, she remarked, "Mr. Clinton, I won't be happy if you mention

another woman in front of me. That'll make me think that I'm no longer charming enough for you. I won't like that."

With that, she pulled Oscar's neck toward her and kissed him.

Oscar took control quickly and assumed the position of dominance. He forcefully kissed Amelia, their tongues entangled.

Just when Oscar was about to go to the next base, Amelia pushed him away like a playful child. Smiling wantonly, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, you wouldn't mind some red wine to boost the mood, right?"

Staring at her hungrily like a wolf, he said in a deep voice, "Sure."

He strode away and returned with a bottle of red wine dated from 1982 and two glasses.

After pouring her half a glass of wine, he passed it to her and said, "Cheers!"

"Cheers."

Amelia clinked her glass against his before swirling it gently so that the wine could absorb the oxygen for the aroma to be stronger.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 5

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"Amelia, do you know why I can remain married to you for such a long time?" asked Oscar as he held the glass of red wine.

"Isn't it because I'm only your wife in name?" guessed Amelia with a smile.

"Because other than looking like Cassie, you know how to please me in bed." Oscar did not conceal his strong possessiveness over Amelia.

She shook her head, amused. "Although men claim to love a woman, they can praise another woman without a slight hesitation. Indeed, one must not believe in a man's sweet nothings."

"You're my wife."

Amelia's smile turned bitter. "Yeah, I'm a wife whom you bought with money. It's expected that I should satisfy your desires. However, you are so harsh with your words sometimes. Aren't you afraid that I'll become sad? I'm still your wife, after all."

"You won't because you're a sensible woman. You know that you'll lose your source of income if you lose me. You can't bear to part with the luxuries you already have."

Amelia burst out laughing. As she had drunk some wine, her cheeks flushed slightly, giving her a more alluring look.

"You know me well, Mr. Clinton. You know that I love money the most. It's no wonder that we can become such compatible partners in bed. Here, let's have a toast to celebrate this amazing night," declared Amelia as she raised her glass.

Later, she lay on Oscar's chest, naked. She had to admit that they were extremely compatible in bed even though they did not love each other. In fact, it gave Amelia an illusion that Oscar actually loved her.

Her slender fingers traced circles on Oscar's chest flirtatiously as she said in a seductive tone, "Mr. Clinton, you're a very talented man. It's no wonder that many women yearn for you."

Oscar grabbed her wandering hands and said, "As long as you're not one of them."

Smiling, Amelia looked at Mr. Clinton and asked, "Are you so afraid that I'll pester you?"

He replied coldly, "I don't like melodramatic women who refuse to cut ties cleanly."

Still grinning alluringly, she propped her body up and rested against Oscar's body, her charming eyes brimming with a seductive look.

"Mr. Clinton, aren't you the least bit concerned that you'll make me sad with your ruthlessness?"

Feeling satisfied, Oscar gazed at Amelia, whose charm was irresistible to any man. "You won't."

Smirking, she replied flirtatiously, "That's because I only love the money you give me. Money gives one a greater sense of security than men."

The look in Oscar's eyes changed. "You know how to display your materialism better than any woman."

The smile playing on Amelia's lips faded slightly as a bitter feeling rose within her.

She suddenly lost the energy to seduce Oscar and lay on the bed obediently instead.

Oscar shot her an odd glance. "What's wrong with you?"

Amelia continued closing her eyes.

He turned around and propped his head up with a hand. "I thought we were doing great just a moment ago."

"Mr. Clinton, will you believe me if I say that I've fallen in love with you?" she blurted out.

Oscar was stunned for a while before a cold expression crossed his face. "I've already told you four years ago that you're not allowed to fall in love with me. We're only in a transactional relationship."