

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 196

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“Stephanie, am I a good brother to you?” Oscar asked out of nowhere.

As Stephanie met Oscar’s knowing gaze, her heart began racing. Something told her that if she couldn’t offer a good explanation, her brother might cut ties with her.

She swallowed nervously and racked her brains for a suitable explanation. Ugh, stupid Cassie. If she hadn’t planted that thought in my mind, I wouldn’t have hired someone to hit Amelia. I’ve underestimated how important Amelia is to Oscar.

I wouldn’t have made that reckless decision if I knew Oscar would spend so much effort to find the culprit. Instead, I would make sure to perfect my plan before carrying it out.

“Er, you’re a great brother,” Stephanie gulped and mumbled.

Oscar shot her a disappointing glare and gritted out, “Stephanie, if I’m a good brother, why did you hire a hitman to harm my wife and son?”

Stephanie panicked instantly. She hurriedly waved her hand. “Oscar, he’s lying! I’ve never seen him before, let alone hire him to hit Amelia. It’s true that I don’t like her, but I’m not crazy enough to harm her and my unborn nephew!”

Upon hearing Stephanie’s denial, the man struggled to sit up and declared, “Ms. Stephanie, you liar. I still have the money you gave me in my account. After giving half to someone else, I withdrew a few hundred thousand to pay for my wife’s medical bills. The rest are still in my account. The money can be traced back to you.”

In response, Stephanie glowered and kicked the man repeatedly to vent her anger. “Nonsense! How dare you accuse me? Die!”

Oscar knitted his brows. “Stop her.”

The two bodyguards went up and dragged Stephanie away at his order.

Stephanie couldn’t contain her rage. “Let me go! I’m going to beat that b\*stard to death! He’ll find out that I’m no pushover. He can’t frame me as he likes!”

Nevertheless, the bodyguards didn’t release her.

She shot daggers at them and demanded, "Are you deaf? Release me! Otherwise, you'll be in deep trouble!"

Oscar rose to his feet and commented, "Oh? Deep trouble, you say?"

Stephanie took one look at him and promptly returned to her obedient self.

He glared at her before turning to Kurt. "Kurt, get me her account statement. I want to see where she spent her money for the past month."

Kurt nodded and spun on his heels to leave.

At once, Stephanie grabbed Kurt's arm in a state of panic and pleaded, "Oscar, don't tell me you really believe this man's nonsense?"

"If it wasn't you, why would you be afraid?" Oscar returned coolly.

Stephanie was at a loss for words.

Thus, Oscar urged, "Go now, Kurt!"

Kurt pried Stephanie's hand off his arm and left without looking back.

As the door opened and slammed shut behind him, Stephanie wrung her hands helplessly. Her mind was in a jumbled mess.

It was clear what she had done.

Still, Oscar refused to believe his sister was capable of doing something this cruel. He had to admit that she was a willful person. That her upbringing gave her the time and resources to seek excitement and deviate against the norm. However, never in his wildest dreams did he expect to see her hiring a hitman to harm his wife.

It was unbelievable. No matter how cruel he was, he would never take someone's life. His conscience would berate him and plague him with nightmares every night.

However, his willful but kind sister, or so he thought, had hired a hitman to kill his family.

Right now, Oscar was overwhelmed by mixed feelings. The truth was too dreadful. Compared to his peers, he might've been an experienced businessman that could withstand anything that come his way, but this still came as a shocking piece of news to him.

Why did my sister have the urge to kill my family? That's ridiculous! I adore her so much. So why did she break my heart?

Sensing the disappointment in Oscar's gaze, Stephanie grew increasingly nervous. She spoke carefully. "Oscar, don't listen to him. I did nothing of the sort. You need to trust me."

Oscar shot her a look and returned to his seat quietly.

Instantly, Stephanie felt her heart sinking in despair. She immediately vented her anger on the man lying on the ground.

"Just you wait. I'll make sure you pay for badmouthing me in front of Oscar!"

The man's face turned ashen.

He couldn't afford to offend both Oscar and Stephanie.

It took Kurt around half an hour to get what Oscar wanted. When he returned, he went straight to Oscar and whispered something in the latter's ear.

An array of emotions flashed across Oscar's face before he managed to calm himself down.

He pointed at the man. "Take him away and cripple him. You know what to do."

The bodyguards nodded. They hauled the man up without hesitation. Kurt covered the man's lips so he wouldn't get to utter a sound before dragging him out.

Standing up, Oscar strode toward Stephanie. As she gave him a perplexed look, he raised his hand and gave her a forceful slap.

Stephanie's head swiveled sideways from the impact. She covered her cheek in disbelief as tears welled up in her eyes. "Oscar, why did you slap me?"

Clenching his fists, Oscar declared, "Stephanie, I thought you're just a willful young woman who was bored with your life and ended up seeking excitement. I never knew you were brutal enough to harm your sister-in-law and nephew. I won't do anything else other than that slap I gave you. I won't interfere in your business anymore. I'll also tell Mom and Dad about what you did. It's up to them to punish you."

In that instant, Stephanie felt as if her blood was draining from her body. Her hands and feet grew clammy.

"Oscar, that's not it. That man framed me!" Stephanie blamed everything on that man in desperation.

Disappointment shone in Oscar's gaze as he said, "You've let me down, Stephanie. I adore you, but you tried to kill my wife and son. From today onward, we're no longer siblings. Even if we meet at home, I'll pretend not to see you."

Stephanie grabbed his arm, dumbfounded.

“Oscar, it was Cassie who convinced me to hire a hitman to hit Amelia. I didn’t plan to do so. It was her orders. Trust me. She told me to do it!” Seeing how Oscar refused to budge, she pushed the blame onto Cassie.

The disappointment in Oscar’s heart heightened. He thought she would feel guilty for what she had done and apologize to Amelia. Instead, she kept pushing the blame onto someone else. It didn’t even occur to her how serious her mistake was.

If he handed the evidence to the court, she would have to go to jail for hiring a hitman to kill someone else. For an offense as serious as this, she might get a life sentence or the death penalty.

“Stephanie, you didn’t even realize what you had done was wrong, huh?” Oscar queried calmly.

To his surprise, Stephanie retorted, “Oscar, it was Cassie who egged me to do it. It was all her fault!”

At her twisted words, Oscar’s rage morphed into incredulous laughter. I never knew my sister is this good at making excuses. I feel ashamed of her.

“Stephanie, I’m disappointed and heartbroken. Since young, I’ve tried my best to take care of you. I might be a man of few words, but I’d offer help whenever you got into trouble. Even when you made things difficult for Amelia, I turned a blind eye. We were too lenient with you. In the end, you made a huge mistake by hiring a hitman to kill someone else. Do you know it’s a serious offense?”

Stephanie’s eyes widened in fear and disbelief. “Oscar, are you going to send me to jail?”

Oscar’s fists coiled taut as his expression turned icier.

“If you’re not my sister, I would have a thousand ways to torture you,” he announced coolly. “I won’t send you to jail, but I won’t have anything to do with you from now on. Mom and Dad will find out that you hired a hitman to kill your sister-in-law. That’s it.”

Panic gripped Stephanie.

She dashed over to Oscar. “Oscar, please don’t tell Dad and Mom. Mom dotes on Amelia, if she finds out I paid a hitman to kill Amelia, she’ll disown me” Her voice sounded flustered.

“Stephanie, you need to bear the consequences of your action. No one will keep clearing your mess. This is a lesson for you. Even if you’re a socialite, when you make a mistake, someone will make sure you pay for your mistake.”

With that, Oscar walked past her.

As Stephanie went numb in despair, she suddenly spotted an open window nearby. In a moment of rashness, she ran over to the window and climbed up.

“Oscar, if you tell Mom about what I did, I’ll jump!” Stephanie exclaimed, pointing out the window.

Oscar turned at his shoulder to cast a calm look at her.

“You’re going to jump off the building?”

Stephanie looked out the window and felt her legs turning wobbly. She couldn’t stop herself from trembling in fear.

Turns out, she had a fear of heights.

“Oscar, I don’t want to jump off the building. Please don’t tell Mom and Dad that I hired a hitman to kill Amelia. I mean, she’s fine now and even gave birth to your son safely. It’s a happy ending, right? So why must you insist on digging up the past?”

The corners of Oscar’s mouth turned up into a smirk.

“Stephanie, if you jump, I’ll consider keeping it a secret from Dad and Mom,” he uttered.

Stephanie’s eyes went wide with disbelief.

“Oscar, you want me to jump?”

“No, it’s not me who wants you to jump. You were the one who threatened to jump off the building, right? Otherwise, why would you climb up there in the first place?” Oscar folded his arms and shot her a frosty glare.

At this, Stephanie’s legs wobbled even more.

Her lips quivered as she said, “Oscar, are you seriously leaving me to die?”

“Stephanie, I’m so done with you. I can’t bring myself to forgive someone who tried to harm my wife and son.”

“But isn’t she just a toy to you?”

Oscar was stunned. Am I the reason why Stephanie became this ignorant fool? In other words, did I indirectly harm Amelia?

Stephanie kept her accusations coming. “Oscar, if you didn’t blow hot and cold, I wouldn’t dare to harm her. You’re the indirect accomplice! I only dared to take

action because of your indifferent attitude. I thought you didn't care about her and her baby, so I hired someone to dispose of them. Was I wrong?"

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Chapter 197 Never Mess With A Woman

Oscar's expression contorted as he slowly clenched his fists.

Stephanie immediately zipped her mouth shut.

Gazing at her, Oscar left his last words. "You'd better watch out."

With that, he spun on his heels and stalked out.

Stephanie was left alone standing at the window. She happened to look down and immediately grabbed the wall in fear. "Oscar, come back! I'm afraid of heights!" Alas, there was no reply.

In the end, she had to climb down herself in humiliation.

When Stephanie finally reached the ground, she let out a relieved sigh. Sweat dotted her forehead, making her a disheveled mess.

Lying on the ground, she couldn't stop a chill from running down her spine. She didn't even know when she got up and left the building.

Oscar had already left a while ago. He entered his car and dialed a number. "Kurt, is it done?"

"Mr. Clinton, it's all sorted out. What about his family?"

"Leave them alone, but cut off all their financial resources. His children are adults now and can support themselves."

"Got it, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar told him an address. "Since it's done, come drink with me here."

He went to the biggest karaoke in the city and paid for a private room. There, he ordered a few bottles of whiskey.

Soon, the two bodyguards arrived.

They entered the private room and greeted him, "Mr. Clinton."

Oscar sipped on his whiskey and gestured for them to take their seats.

Kurt and Donnie sat down as Oscar poured them drinks.

They were both overwhelmed by his action. To them, Oscar was a god-like existence who was good at making money, controlling interest, and martial arts. He was even good at shooting, so they found him invincible.

"Thank you, Mr. Clinton," they said in unison.

Oscar raised his glass, so they followed suit.

After Oscar finished the contents of his glass in one gulp, Kurt noticed two empty whiskey bottles on the table.

Concerned, he said, "Mr. Clinton, you should stop lest your gastric pain strikes again."

Oscar smiled bitterly and asked, "Be honest with me. Am I a good husband?"

The two bodyguards exchanged glances.

Kurt figured that Stephanie must've said something to provoke Oscar. Otherwise, the latter wouldn't have asked that question.

After a brief deliberation, Kurt replied, "Mr. Clinton, you might be stern, but you treat your employees well and pay us handsomely. Of course, you never mistreated Mrs. Clinton. At the very least, you never stopped giving her an allowance."

Oscar refilled his glass and gulped it down.

Bitterness spread in his heart. Looks like everyone knows how I only provided for her financially. I've never shown any concern to her. No wonder my sister was bold enough to hire a hitman to harm her. It was all my fault.

Without realizing it, Oscar had done many things to harm Amelia.

Previously, he didn't know his true feelings and could carry on with his life easily. But now that he finally realized how he felt about Amelia, he couldn't help but regret being an indifferent and arrogant man back then.

I used to be a self-righteous man, but Amelia fell in love with me, anyway. I'm proud of her. Still, I can't help but feel sorry and guilty. I'm a b\*stard for ignoring her for the past five years.

"Kurt, Donnie, you've been working for me for some time. Tell me. Am I a good husband to Amelia?"

Both Kurt and Donnie looked at each other again. Mr. Clinton is acting strangely today.

This time, it was still Kurt who offered a reply. He coughed lightly before stating, "Mr. Clinton, it's your fifth wedding anniversary in a month's time. No matter what, you've been together for a long while, right? If you think you can do better, then you can just treat Mrs. Clinton better from now on. What use is there in you dwelling in the past?"

Oscar stilled for a moment before he broke into a smile.

He raised his glass and gradually relaxed.

"You're right. It's that simple, but I got into a dead end. Indeed, the onlooker sees most of the game. I'm glad you're here to give me advice." Oscar took another sip of his drink.

At that, Kurt and Donnie allowed themselves to breathe a sigh of relief.

It seemed that not only were they responsible for protecting Oscar, but they also had to resolve his dilemma in love.

It wasn't easy to be a bodyguard nowadays. Besides having fighting skills, one would also require a smart and adapting brain to advise one's employer whenever needed.

"Kurt, you'll protect Amelia in secret from now on. Donnie will stay with me," Oscar announced after finishing his drink.

Surprise flashed across Kurt's gaze. He straightened his back and responded, "Mr. Clinton, I—"

"Kurt Alfsen, this is an order. From today onward, Amelia will be your master. You'll have to protect her. There's no need to report back to me regarding her whereabouts and connections. Just stay loyal to her and ignore my orders, got it?" Oscar's voice was solemn.

Kurt quickly snapped back to his senses and stood up. "Understood, Mr. Clinton."

in the near future, Oscar would come to Kurt and ask about Amelia's whereabouts, but the latter would refuse to say anything because of Oscar's order today.

When Oscar tried to threaten Kurt, the latter reminded him of what he said back then. "Mr. Clinton, my master is now Mrs. Clinton. I only have to listen to her orders. Back then, you told me to swear on my life to not betray her, even when I'm in danger. I'm just sticking to my promise. Sorry about that."

Oscar was rendered speechless by his former bodyguard.

He never knew his plan would backfire this way.

But of course, that would only happen further into the future.

Right now, Oscar stood up and patted his suit. "How do I look now?"

Donnie and Kurt didn't even flinch at his unusual actions by now.

"You look great no matter what." It was rare to hear two solemn-looking bodyguards praise him.

Instantly, Oscar felt his mood lifting.

"Let's go."

After leaving the karaoke, Donnie drove Oscar back while Kurt went to drive another car.

Oscar got into the backseat and closed his eyes. He didn't say a word until he reached the hospital.

Upon arriving at the hospital, he told Donnie, "Drive the car back home. I'll be fine with Kurt here."

Donnie nodded obligingly. "Yes, Mr. Clinton."

After Oscar got off from the car, Donnie sped away.

Kurt followed Oscar to Amelia's ward.

Amelia was sleeping in her bed while Tiffany was resting on the sofa. The latter opened her eyes instantly when Oscar and Kurt stepped in. She only relaxed when she realized it was Oscar.

Rising to her feet, she took one look at the stranger and asked, "Mr. Clinton, is this your friend?"

"My bodyguard," came Oscar's nonchalant reply.

Tiffany was taken aback by his answer. She gave Kurt a once-over and remarked, "I thought bodyguards are supposed to be ugly and stone-faced, but your bodyguard is a hunk. He's tall and handsome! Mr. Clinton, I think he's even hotter than you!"

Kurt's lips twitched in disbelief. She must've said that on purpose. Is she trying to get me fired?

Oscar shot Tiffany a look, and she shrugged in response.

Clearly, she didn't care about his reaction.

Stretching her hand out with a smile, she introduced herself. "Hello there, handsome. My name's Tiffany Winters. Nice to meet you. What is your name?"

Kurt hesitated, trying to keep his cool.

Tiffany blinked innocently and started dissing Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, your bodyguard looks exactly like you! I told you not to be so aloof, right? Look, your bodyguard got that from you. What a waste of his handsome face."

The ends of Kurt's lips twitched vigorously at her words.

Inwardly, he couldn't help but admire Tiffany's courage. No one has ever dissed Mr. Clinton in front of him. She must be the first woman to do so! Is she impetuous? Or is she a fool?

She must be a fool, he decided.

That was Kurt's evaluation of Tiffany from his first impression. She's a bold fool.

If Tiffany knew Kurt labeled her as a fool, she would have taken off her sneakers right then without hesitation and throw them at him.

Although Kurt's impression of Tiffany wasn't a good one, he still stuck his hand out to shake the woman's hand.

"Hello, my name is Kurt Alfsen," he introduced himself politely.

After shaking his hand, Tiffany made a thumbs-up gesture and praised, "Kurt Alfsen, right? You're so much better than Mr. Clinton. I'm sure Amelia will like you."

Kurt was at a loss for words now. When he saw how Oscar scowled in displeasure at Tiffany's revengeful remark, his stress elevated to a new height.

When Oscar glared at Tiffany, the latter shrugged and continued, "Mr. Clinton, don't look at me that way. I'm just telling the truth. Your bodyguard is way cuter than you, and Amelia adores adorable guys."

Kurt could feel his back sweating profusely.

Never mess with a woman, indeed.

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Oscar couldn't be bothered to come up with a retort, so he walked directly to the side of the bed. His gaze turned loving as he stared at the still-slumbering Amelia. He asked, "How long has she been sleeping?"

"About two hours," answered Tiffany. She instinctively lowered her voice because she was worried about waking Amelia up.

Kurt was staring at Amelia as well. That was the first time he had ever seen her from such a close distance. Naturally, he had seen her before, but he had always only stared from a distance. His impression of Amelia was that she was beautiful and sexy. He didn't like anything else about her. [Get new chapters update on](#)

Kurt was a man, so he couldn't deny that Amelia was a fatal attraction to most men. A beautiful and sexy woman like her often turned out to be another man's accessories, and she seemed like a splendid choice for a mistress.

The truth was that both he and Donnie weren't happy when they first heard about how Oscar wanted to marry Amelia. They thought that Amelia was nothing but a vixen and a promiscuous one at that. Most men would instinctively prevent women like that from being their wives. Their first impression and action would be to see those women as playthings.

Perhaps it was because Kurt's impression of Amelia was that she was sexy, but when he saw her lying on the bed like that... Kurt couldn't stop his heart from skipping a beat. She looks so thin and frail, and her pale figure exudes a sweet seduction.

Kurt shook his head and warned himself against having any idea.

Tiffany caught Kurt shaking his head. She thought it was funny and couldn't resist teasing him a little. She said, "Hey Kurt, isn't Amelia the most stunning woman ever? If you'd like, I can introduce you to her."

Sweat dripped from Kurt's head. He could almost imagine Oscar's sharp gaze shooting daggers at him.

"Ms. Winters, please stop joking," requested Kurt as he put on a straight face and pretended to be calm.

Tiffany couldn't help laughing aloud. [Get new chapters update on](#)

"Aw, Kurt. You look so handsome when you act all tough and serious. Keep doing that."

Kurt couldn't stop his lips from twitching. This woman has got to be the weirdest woman I have ever met.

Oscar, however, ignored the annoying Tiffany entirely. He held Amelia's hand and place it on his cheek.

It was as if Amelia could sense his presence, for her eyelids fluttered soon after, and she slowly opened her eyes.

The first thing she saw was Oscar, and that got her gaze to turn sweeter with adoration. She grinned and asked, "You're done with work?"

Oscar replied with a smile, "Yeah. Do you feel any discomfort? Has the doctor given you an examination?"

Amelia shook her head lightly and grinned before saying, "I'm fine. Did I scare you last night when I suddenly develop a fever?"

Oscar kissed the back of her hand and answered, "Your man is not a scaredy-cat, you know? Besides, with me here, neither heaven nor hell will be able to claim your soul."

Tiffany snorted. She couldn't resist dissing, "What a load of nonsense, Mr. Clinton. Do remind me who was it again that got so nervous that he basically turned into a weird jittering alarm clock with no sound when Amelia was being pushed into the operating room yesterday? My gosh, I swear, that had to be a face that comic artists draw inspiration from! The idiot simply enjoys putting on a brave face in front of Amelia and acts all tough. Tsk! Tsk! How embarrassing."

Oscar's expression remained unreadable. He simply acted as if he couldn't hear a word Tiffany said.

Amelia turned to Tiffany in exasperation and chuckled before complaining, "Tiff..."

Tiffany shrugged and replied, "Alright, alright. You two continue being lovey-dovey. Just pretend that we're not here."

We? Hearing that word alerted Amelia to Kurt's presence.

She thought that he looked familiar, but she couldn't quite recall who he was.

"Tiff, is this your friend?" asked Amelia softly.

Tiffany pouted and crossed her arms before saying, "Nah. This handsome hunk is Mr. Clinton's bodyguard. A certain someone is really good at hiding sh\*ts. He even has a bodyguard of his own! That bodyguard had been lurking in the dark all

the while, so we never see him. Not even once! It's a good thing he's a dude. If he had been a beautiful woman, I would've suspected that a certain someone has a mistress."

Kurt got so exasperated that even his lips gave up twitching. He simply stared at the back of Tiffany's head.

Amelia was feeling a little helpless as well. She spoke sweetly to Kurt. "Please don't take her words to heart. Tiff has always been a little too straightforward, but she means no harm."

Kurt was polite and serious when he bowed to Amelia and said, "Ma'am, you are my employer's wife, so please feel free to call me by my name, Kurt. Besides, Boss has already assigned me to you, and your safety is my job now. Hence, I will obey all of your commands from today onwards."

Amelia was genuinely surprised. She wanted to wave her hands, but one of her hands was attached to a bag of saline while Oscar was holding the other.

"Kurt, right? There's no need to be so polite. I feel like we're about the same age, so please refer to me as Amelia. I actually feel awkward hearing you call me ma'am," replied Amelia.

Tiffany was also surprised. She jumped backward and complained, "Yeah, man. What's with the polite act? You're both of the same age, so it's inappropriate to be that polite. Also, it'll bring bad luck to Amelia."

Kurt was at a loss, so he turned to Oscar. Oscar, however, was looking at Amelia and said, "Amelia, I specifically assigned this bodyguard over for you. I was careless previously and thought that those evildoers would know better than attacking you. We live in the same apartment, after all, and I thought that would dissuade them. Turns out, I underestimated their idiocy, and you got hurt because of it. I am so sorry."

He was especially sorry that his sister was the mastermind behind it all.

Amelia gave him an odd look before she suddenly asked, "Is there something troubling you?"

Oscar's heart trembled. He had always been great at hiding his emotions, so he didn't expect Amelia to see through it.

He reached out to ruffle Amelia's hair a little before replying in his deep voice, "What could possibly trouble me? Don't overthink it."

Amelia simply stared quietly at him. It was obvious from her gaze that she didn't believe a word he just said.

Oscar's heart melted so quickly that his mind couldn't keep up. It was at that moment that he realized he didn't want to go against her wishes after seeing her being hurt.

Losing her was like losing the entire reason for his existence, and being ambushed by that pain without any prior warning was something Oscar never wanted to experience again.

"Don't overthink things. I'm alright. I promise. My only wish is that you will recover well, and you won't be ill again. I don't want to see you being pushed into the operating room for the second time. I have neglected you in the past, and there was so much more I should have done. That changes today. I will be nicer to you and make up for all the times I've neglected you," promised Oscar clearly and sincerely as he looked into her eyes.

Their eyes met, and Amelia felt her heart getting all warm and fuzzy.

She giggled a little and joked, "Mr. Clinton, are you professing your love for me?"

Oscar lifted her hand and bit her softly on the back of her hand. "You're supposed to call me darling," he grumbled.

Amelia couldn't help laughing aloud, jostling her wound yet again.

Oscar panicked and asked, "What's wrong? Are you hurt?"

Amelia coughed a little and waited until the sting in her body was gone. After that, she shook her head and promised, "I'm fine. Don't worry."

Oscar sighed a breath of relief.

Tiffany couldn't help tearing up a little as she watched from the side. She was glad that Amelia found the right guy to spend the rest of her life with, but Tiffany was still rather worried. The biggest obstacle that Oscar and Amelia had to overcome was Cassie Yard, and that woman was a pest that could outlive a cockroach. It is likely that Cassie won't admit defeat that easily. Moreover, she is from a rich family and is a pianist with a lot of fans. She has been spoiled and admired her entire life, so there is no way she'd accept being dumped.

Tiffany worried that Cassie would do something crazy again.

Women, especially those who were in love but couldn't get their prince, could easily go crazy. They were also way more terrifying than a regular guy.

It was undeniable that Tiffany was someone who would look at both the bigger picture and the smaller details. Unlike Amelia, she wouldn't go all out once she fell in love. She definitely wouldn't do something as stupid as putting on a brave face and bowing out so that the person she loved could have a better life. Tiffany might be a freelance novelist, but she was nothing like the other writers. She didn't let herself get lost in the false romance that her words created.

She was realistic. Tiffany would gauge everything she did and calculate the profit and/or loss before she did anything. The only thing she never bothered calculating was her friendship with Amelia. Everyone and everything else would be scrutinized to determine whether they would be worth it. That didn't mean that Tiffany was a calculative person who saw everything as numbers or money, though. She simply didn't want things to spiral so out of control that it went beyond what she anticipated.

A good example of that was Derrick. Even Tiffany had to admit that he made her feel something that no other man could. Yet, she still kept her guard up. Even when they first met, Tiffany knew that she and Derrick lived in different worlds. She had no idea what would happen if she opened her heart and accepted Derrick's love, nor if they would end up getting married. She was also clueless on whether she wanted to be a part of a rich family and live a life as a wealthy woman.

Tiffany was rational and thought things through. That was why she refused to accept Derrick's courtship. Perhaps some would see her decision as cowardly, but no one could judge her for protecting herself.

Tiffany interrupted, "Babe, you're being too corny with Mr. Clinton. Please take Kurt and my feelings into consideration."

Amelia's cheek burned as she blushed. She was too engrossed in Oscar's eyes and actually forgot about the two other adults in the room.

"Sorry about that," Amelia apologized sincerely.

Tiffany waved dismissively and said in an amicable manner, "It's fine, I guess. After all, women in love all behave this way. I shall be merciful and forgive you this one time for forgetting all about me."

Amelia blushed a little.

When Amelia felt her face burning less, she turned to Kurt and said, "Kurt, is it okay if I call you by your name? The thing is, I'm actually fine. So it's better if you continue staying by Oscar's side and take care of him. He's always busy at work and is often the center of everybody's attention, so he's definitely in more danger than I am. You used to follow him around, right? Just continue doing that. I don't really need a bodyguard."

Oscar held Amelia's hand, and in a non-negotiable yet sweet voice, he said, "Be good, Amelia. Let Kurt be your bodyguard. Only then will my mind be at ease. Kurt is a pretty good fighter, and he has quick reflexes. He will definitely keep you safe when things get dangerous. Not to mention, he is extremely loyal. He will stay true to his employer and will never betray you."

Amelia's lips twitched. It seemed like she had more to say, but Oscar put his finger on her lips to stop her.

Meanwhile, Tiffany pouted and shrugged dismissively before she pointed out, "Mr. Clinton, this guy isn't a good-looking just-for-show bodyguard, is he? Back then, Gary promised that the bodyguards he hired were trained and one of a kind. Remember how that ended? Things went sour on their first day! They were lucky that Amelia was merciful and didn't complain."

Oscar shot a look at Kurt, who instantly understood what he was supposed to do. All they saw next was his figure disappearing into thin air. Before anyone knew it, he was already sitting on the sofa that was at least two meters away.

Tiffany was stunned. She blurted, "Holy cr\*p! Do you know kung fu or something?"

Kurt had a poker face on as he remained silent.

Tiffany instantly turned into a fan. Without any hesitation, she ran over to give him a hug. To her surprise, she ended up hugging the air and falling right onto the sofa.

Amelia saw that, and she couldn't help yelping a little before asking softly, "Tiff, are you alright?"

Tiffany got up from the sofa and grunted.

Amelia couldn't help laughing aloud when she saw the disheveled state Tiffany was in.

Tiffany wasn't angry about it, though. If anything, she admired Kurt even more. She apologized, "Sorry, turns out you are so much more than a pretty face, huh? Please forgive me for my ignorance and misjudgment. I can't believe I didn't realize that you're an expert. I apologize for being impolite earlier."

Kurt's lips started twitching once more. This woman is practically the epitome of what a weirdo is.

Amelia smiled in exasperation. She couldn't help voicing out and reminding, "Tiff, stop messing around."

Tiffany saw the annoyance on Kurt's face, so she reverted to her normal self.

She scratched the back of her head a little before she said, "I was just joking around. Please don't mind me. I am writing an action-themed novel, and meeting you has inspired me greatly. Do you mind being the leading character for my next novel?"

Kurt was a little lost.

Amelia couldn't help but explain, "Tiff is a freelance writer, and her novel is pretty popular. Her ideas and writing are pretty wild and imaginative, so please don't be frightened by her."

Is it okay if I say that it is too late? That I am already traumatized? was what Kurt thought.

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 199

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 199

Tiffany's eyes were gleaming with excitement as she looked at Kurt and asked, "So, what's the verdict? Are you interested in being the leading character of my next novel?"

Kurt averted his gaze and rejected, "I'm not interested."

Tiffany pouted, but she didn't give up. She simply pointed at Amelia and asked, "Amelia is your new employer, right?"

Kurt nodded firmly with a straight face on.

"You will obey her commands, right?" Get new chapters update on

Kurt nodded once more.

"Do you know that I am her best friend?"

Kurt shook his head.

Tiffany wasn't angry at his response. She simply pointed out, "Well, now you know. I am her best friend."

Kurt didn't respond to that.

Still, Tiffany wasn't discouraged. She informed him, "Amelia is the one who asked me to write this novel because she wanted to read something in that genre. Isn't your job, as her bodyguard, to fulfill your employer's wish?"

As expected, Kurt started thinking about it.

Amelia had no choice but to step up because her name was being used to pressure an innocent man. She said, "Tiff, stop messing with the guy. You're on the verge of scaring him away."

Before Tiffany could speak up, Kurt turned to Amelia. He remained serious when he asked, "Ma'am, is that your wish?"

Amelia was startled when Kurt regarded her as "Ma'am."

"Please, just call me Amelia. There's no need to be so polite. Also, Tiff was just joking and messing with you earlier," replied Amelia.

Tiffany simply shrugged.

Kurt turned his attention to Oscar. The latter instructed, "If Tiffany wants to write an action-themed novel, then try your best to accommodate her."

Kurt nodded and stood up straight at the side.

Tiffany gave Oscar a thumbs up for that. She was basically saying, Good job, thank you for being so cooperative today, Oscar.

"Alright, that's enough. Amelia is tired, so get out of the room if you guys are going to discuss the plot of the novel," added Oscar. He was basically chasing everyone out.

Tiffany doesn't mind being asked to leave. She went to Kurt right away and grinned brightly before saying, "This way, Kurt. Let's go talk about whether you actually know kung fu."

Kurt felt helpless, but he couldn't disobey a direct order, so he exited the room with Tiffany. The second they got out, Tiffany's excited voice resonated across the space they were in.

"Kurt, you really do know kung fu, don't you? Please, won't you teach me? I admired heroes like you the most. Hell, I see how cool you guys are all the time in action movies!" Get new chapters update on

Hearing their conversation from her bed, all Amelia could do was grin helplessly.

"Seems like Tiff is going to be a little wild today," commented Amelia. She honestly didn't know if she should laugh or cry about the situation.

Oscar gazed at her and held her hand in his palm before he promised, "Don't worry, I won't go after Tiffany. I won't hurt her as long as she didn't do anything to hurt you."

Amelia couldn't help tearing up a little.

Those felt like the most touching words Oscar had ever said to her.

If a man didn't care about a woman, he would not give a sh\*t about her friends. Similarly, if a man was taking care of the woman's friends and family, it would mean that he truly loved the woman and was committed to her.

"Mr. Clinton..."

Oscar squeezed her hand. His tone was a little displeased when he complained, "Did you forget what I said? Why are you still calling me Mr. Clinton?"

Amelia grinned a little. She still looked sickly pale, but her smile was ever so bright.

Oscar felt like he could drown in that beautiful smile.

The two of them stared at each other for a long while before Oscar tilted his head toward her and kissed her lips.

Amelia became a little breathless after the kiss. Oscar gazed at her and asked in a caring tone, "Are you okay?"

Amelia stared shyly at him. Her pale face had since turned a little red from blushing too much.

Oscar loved the way she looked when she was shy and a little coquettish. He reached out to caress her face before he suddenly declared boldly, "I love you."

Amelia was completely stunned. Her eyes bulged, and she stared into his eyes in disbelief.

Oscar smiled lovingly before he ran his fingers through her hair.

"Your eyes are big enough as they are. There's no need for you to make them any bigger," teased Oscar.

Tears swirled inside Amelia's eyes. She couldn't stop them from rolling down her cheeks.

She seemed a little shy when she muttered, "Uh, darling, what did you just say just now? Can you repeat it? I didn't quite catch that last part."

Oscar lovingly helped wipe her tears away and said, "I love you! Marrying you is the best honor I get to have, and I am lucky to be with you. That, my love, is the truth."

Overwhelming surprise and happiness filled Amelia's heart because she knew that Oscar had always seen himself as a being who was above lying. For a moment there, Amelia did not know how to react. She felt like her happiness came at a surprising moment and was completely out of her anticipation. It struck her mind and turned her vocabulary into a bunch of random alphabets.

Amelia smiled, but she cried at the very next second.

Her tears startled Oscar.

He worried that her wild emotions would cause her to tear her own stitches, so he quickly cooed, "Calm down, Amelia. You haven't recovered yet, and you can't afford to be so excited. If you want, I will say those three words to you every day after you've recovered. I promise."

Amelia felt like her heart was riding a rollercoaster. She had been waiting for years, and she finally got to hear Oscar say that he loved her. Cassie might still pose a threat to their love, but at least at that moment, Amelia was the one being loved.

She would go through hell with him so long as his love for her remained strong and firm.

With both their hearts opened to each other, Amelia and Oscar instinctively got closer.

Oscar draped his hand over Amelia's eyes and advised, "Take a nap. Don't wear yourself out."

Amelia didn't complain. She closed her eyes obediently.

Maybe it was because she just had her surgery, but Amelia became sleepy even though she had just woken up. She fell asleep almost immediately after she closed her eyes.

Oscar gazed at her, his heart aching for her.

No one knew how long Oscar stared, but he eventually got his phone out to call Donnie.

"Donnie, tell my parents what my sister did. You know what to do," instructed Oscar without hesitation.

He hung up the call right after.

After getting his instructions, Donnie sent an anonymous message to Olivia to tell her about how Stephanie had hired someone to kill Amelia. Olivia was surprised. She couldn't believe that her daughter would do something like that, but she later calmed down and called Stephanie.

Olivia tried her best to suppress her anger and asked, "Stephanie, where are you?"

Stephani had a guilty conscience and she was worried that Olivia had called to interrogate her. As such, the former quickly lied, "I'm out shopping with my friends. What's up?"

"I've been thinking that it feels like it has been a while since we last chatted, so I whipped up your favorite dishes. I miss you. Will you come home and spend some time with your mom?" asked Olivia sweetly.

Stephanie was obviously tempted, but she was still wary.

"Mom, it's just a meal, right? There's nothing else?"

Olivia refuted, "What else could there be? Or... did you do something?"

Stephanie sighed a breath of relief and promised, "I'll head home now, Mom."

The truth was that Stephanie would always want to hang out with her mother.

When Stephanie got home, the first thing she saw was her parents sitting on the sofa with solemn expressions on. She instinctively backed away because she knew that the worst had happened. Her mother didn't ask her to come home to have a meal together. Shoot, this is a murder trial! D\*rn it. That stupid brother of mine must have told them everything...

Stephanie's limbs turned cold. She didn't know what to do. Her spoilt attitude and fearlessness stemmed from the unconditional love that her family gave her. She would be nothing without the Clintons protecting her.

For a moment, Stephanie had the urge to just turn around and flee.

Unfortunately, she hadn't had a chance to implement her plan before Olivia ordered, "Come over now that you're home."

Stephanie inched over slowly and guiltily.

"Dad, Mom," greeted Stephanie.

Olivia tilted her head up and looked at her daughter before she pointed at the sofa on the opposite side. She instructed, "Take a seat."

Stephanie was rarely that obedient, but she sat down as requested.

"I have a question for you, Stephanie. Are you the mastermind behind Amelia's car accident?" interrogated Olivia directly.

Stephanie's heart skipped a beat, but she put on an oblivious expression and claimed, "Mom, what are you talking about?"

Olivia suddenly slammed her palm on the sofa and scolded, "You're still denying it? I've already learned the truth. Are you insane? How could you do something as vile as hiring someone to kill your own family member? What would you do if something were to happen to Amelia and her unborn baby?"

Stephanie was so scared that she sprung from the sofa.

In a way, she was just a bully who would hurt the weak but fear the strong. She would falter as soon as she met an actual opponent. Everything she had at that

moment was provided by the Clintons. If she got disowned, she would be nothing more than an idiot who couldn't even take care of herself.

Her only ability was to differentiate between a real and a fake branded bag. Even though she graduated from a great university, she could never bring herself to actually start working. She was already used to a luxurious lifestyle, so she wouldn't just accept any random jobs.

Mothers knew everything about their daughters.

Stephanie's reaction told Olivia everything, and the latter's heart gripped as disappointment engulfed her.

"Stephanie, you actually did something so vile?"

Stephanie instantly panicked, and she ended up complaining, "Oscar told you about this, didn't he? Why is everyone siding with that b\*tch, Amelia? Everyone is broken-hearted when her finger got hurt, but no one cared if I was okay. She's just an outsider. I am the real daughter of the Clintons, so what gives her the right to be the center of everybody's attention? You and Oscar had your eyes on her as soon as she showed up! I've always looked up to Oscar and thought that he can do anything. It feels as if anything is possible with him around. Also, I love you, Mom. If possible, I want to be the only one you love, but everything changed when Amelia came into our lives. My position within the family became lower and lower. I never liked her in the first place, and all I feel for her now is hatred. I want nothing more than to watch her die!"

Olivia and Owen were stunned. They couldn't believe that their daughter would actually say something like that.

It was one thing to be spoiled, and that was forgivable. But the intention to commit murder was something else entirely, and that was wrong.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 200

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Chapter 200 Chased Out Of The Clintons

Olivia's finger trembled as she pointed at Stephanie. The former's heart was overflowing with complex emotions. There was anger, fury, and disappointment, but more than anything, Olivia was heartbroken.

She carried Stephanie in her womb for nine months and raised the kid while doing the best she could. Olivia never thought that Stephanie would go as far as hiring someone to cause an accident. Worse still, her target is her own sister-in-law, who is on the verge of giving birth to her brother's baby! If her plan had succeeded, both the mother and the baby would have perish in the accident!

That would have left a devastating impact on any family. Did she even think about any of these before she did something so reckless?

Olivia couldn't believe that her daughter would do something as vile as attempted murder just because of the so-called hatred in her heart. Get new chapters update on

If the news that the Clintons' young daughter plotting to kill her own brother's wife and baby got out, everyone would mock and laugh at the family. They would also point the finger at Olivia and blame her for being such a terrible parent. They would say that she might have given her daughter a plentiful life, but she never taught her daughter right from wrong.

Olivia only thought that her daughter was simply a little spoiled. The former never imagined that the latter would attempt murder.

She was overwhelmed by a plethora of emotions. She thought that she knew her daughter well, but at that moment, she felt like she was staring at a stranger.

Stephanie, however, stubbornly insisted, "Yes, I hired someone to kill Amelia, but she deserves it! Once she's dead, our family will be able to revert back to its warm and peaceful state."

Fury rose up within Olivia at that. She lifted her hand and swung it across Stephanie's face.

Stephanie held her face. She couldn't believe she was slapped twice within a day.

"Mom, did you just... slapped me?" Get new chapters update on

Olivia put her hand over her chest in an attempt to calm the turmoil within. She didn't know what she was feeling anymore. All she knew was the fact that there was a sharp pain stabbing through her heart.

She panted for a while before growling in an uneven tone, "I didn't just want to slap you. I downright prayed that I never gave birth to you! If I had known that you would grow up to be such a despicable person, I would've aborted you back then."

Stephanie was stunned.

Olivia's heart ached physically from the anger she was feeling.

Owen quickly held her in his arms and cooed, "Calm down, Olivia. Let's talk and be civil. You're in no shape to be so agitated."

Olivia leaned in his arms, but she never looked away from Stephanie.

Seeing that prompted Owen to scold, "Stephanie, apologize to your mom right away. Just look at what you've done to her."

Owen was trying to let Stephanie off easy. Despite everything, he still cared about his daughter. He didn't want things to become too bad between his wife and daughter. Some day, he would think back and realized that it was possible that his wife was the only one who was heartbroken at the time.

Stephanie stood there numbly.

Owen sighed internally. He couldn't help putting his foot down and commanding, "Stephanie, what are you still standing around for? Apologize to your mom right now!"

Stephanie's lips trembled. She wanted to apologize, but Olivia's harsh words crushed that thought. Olivia said, "I don't need her to apologize. Since she made a grave mistake, she must be punished for it."

Owen was exasperated when he said, "It was a one-time thing, and Stephanie acted impulsively, Olivia. Let's not remain that agitated. Amelia and the baby are fine, aren't they? Everything is okay. It's not like you want Stephanie to go to jail either, right?"

Olivia glared at Owen in disbelief.

"Even after all this, you're still condoning her behavior? She hired someone to kill for her! It doesn't matter who her target is or if her attempt was successful. This is no longer about honor or morals. She broke the law, and I want her to understand that despite the Clintons' wealth and power, we are not above the law. She made a mistake, and no one will clean her mess up every time she does so!"

Olivia's words were almost identical to the words Oscar said to Stephanie earlier.

Owen shifted his gaze down and started thinking about it.

Stephanie howled, "Mom, you're actually going to send me to prison?" Her voice was shrill because she was too nervous.

Olivia had calmed down by quite a bit. She sighed and said, "You are my only daughter. It doesn't matter what mistake you made, I will never want you in prison. That is a mother's selfish wish. Everything we do is for the sake of our children."

Stephanie's eyes glowed with immense surprise.

"Mom, does that mean you've forgiven me?"

Olivia shook her head and replied, "Stephanie, I need you to move out of the family home today. You're getting older, and it's time you learn how to be independent."

Stephanie froze.

“What does that mean, Mom?”

“It means that your dad and I will cut you off financially. You should go look for a job and learn that it is not an easy feat to make ends meet. You can also learn who your true friends are. Some only put on an act to feign kindness,” informed Olivia in a strict tone.

“I will contact your personal friends and our family’s friends after you move out. I will tell them that the Clintons will no longer support you financially, and you can see if any of your so-called friends would lend you a helping hand. It’s time for you to grow up. I have been spoiling you and have turned a blind eye to everything you have done to Amelia. Now, I realize that was a grave mistake. It’ll be good for you to venture out and learn independence. You will inevitably suffer a little, but you will learn just how genuine and kind Amelia had been toward you,” said Olivia.

Stephanie was truly freaking out.

That punishment was worse than being slapped a hundred times over. How will I survive without any financial support? How will I afford all my branded bags and clothes? And how will I live a luxurious life?

“Mom, I made a mistake, and I will apologize to Amelia. So please, don’t cut me off.”

Olivia was heartbroken to hear that.

She didn’t have the energy to say anything else, though, so she simply waved her hand.

Olivia remained in Owen’s arms as she got the maid over. Olivia instructed, “Pack Stephanie’s things up for her and carry her luggage down the stairs after that.”

The maid murmured an affirmative reply before she walked up the stairs.

Stephanie walked over to Olivia and knelt down. The former lowered her stance and begged, “Please don’t do this, Mom. I am your only daughter. Are you really okay with me getting hurt?”

Naturally, Olivia couldn’t bear for that to happen.

The problem was that Olivia truly worried that Stephanie would only become viler if she wasn’t taught a lesson.

A person would not grow until they endured some hardships. They would not be able to see who their true friends were.

Hence, Olivia could only bite down and steel herself. She said, “It’s time you grow up, Stephanie. I am doing this for your own good. Your brother would’ve fallen

apart if anything had happened to Amelia and her unborn baby, and I will never be able to forgive you for it.”

Stephanie never thought that things would become that bad.

She simply assumed that she would rise back up to the top of the Clintons once Amelia was gone. I underestimated Amelia’s power within the family.

She thought that Amelia was just an extra and a nobody. She never expected that it turned out to be the exact opposite.

Stephanie was truly frightened at that moment.

“Mom, I have learned my mistake. I really have. I will apologize to Amelia. Being the kind person that she is, I’m sure she won’t hold a grudge against me.”

Olivia shook her head and said, “You should move out. Amelia is still weak, and I don’t want her to know that you are responsible for the accident. I don’t want her to hate you. I am not proud of lying, but I will do this selfish act because I am a mother. She is the next woman in charge of the Clinton family, and your father and I will inevitably let her take over everything within the family. It doesn’t matter how sympathetic a woman is, Stephanie. There is no way she can forgive someone who threatened her son’s life, so I will lie to her. This will be the last time I protect you.”

The maid walked down the stairs with a huge luggage bag at that moment.

“Mrs. Clinton, these are the clothes and accessories that Ms. Stephanie uses regularly,” reported the maid politely.

“Remove all the accessories and bags that can be sold. Do not let her have anything other than some clothes. Even her credit cards are to be taken out,” instructed Olivia strictly.

The maid murmured a reply before she tilted her head down and opened the luggage. She removed all the branded bags and accessories before she left the cards inside the bags on the floor.

After that, she locked the luggage up once more.

“It’s done, Mrs. Clinton.”

Olivia nodded and waved dismissively before saying, “Okay, you may leave.”

The maid left right away.

Olivia got a card out of her bag and handed it to Stephanie. The former informed, “This card has about fifty thousand in it. That will be your living expenses from now on. Use it sparingly. It should tide you over until you find a job.”

Stephanie accepted the card, but she complained in disbelief, "Mom, this won't even suffice for a single branded bag!"

Olivia couldn't help scoffing at that.

"Stephanie, remember this well. This is all the money you have for now. Neither your father nor I will bank in any more money into that card. Also, you can forget about stealing a credit card or keeping something hidden. I will have your father call the banks later and have them freeze all of your accounts. You are on your own now, and it is all on you to make ends meet. I will not help you even if you ended up being a beggar," said Olivia.

"Dad..." murmured Stephanie as she stared at her father and begged with her eyes.

Owen could only sigh and inform, "Stephanie, your mom has already made up her mind, so just listen to her, okay?"

Stephanie knew then that it was all over.

She held the card Olivia gave her as she struggled one last time, "Mom, Dad, will you really let me fend for myself just like that?"

"Someday, the Clintons' doors will open for you again after you've grown up and understood the magnitude of your mistake," promised Olivia in a complex tone as she stared at Stephanie.

In the end, Stephanie cried as she walked out of the family home.

Olivia fell into Owen's arms.

Owen stroked her back and asked softly, "Are you really going to let her fend for herself?"

Olivia nodded and cried. She said, "It's time she learns her lesson. Back then, all I cared about was making her happy. I never realized that I'd end up doing wrong by her. The way she is now... I am responsible for most of her behavior, and I cannot deny it. I just hope that she can mature up after this."

Owen's gaze turned stoic. No one knew what he was thinking about.

Olivia sighed. She still couldn't let go completely, so she requested, "You better send a few men to protect her from behind the scenes, though. Don't let her fall into the wrong crowd. I want her to learn, but I don't want to push her to her demise."

"Okay, I will make all the necessary arrangements. I will also get someone to give her a job in secret. She will have to blend in and work if she doesn't want to starve. I'm sure she'll learn to let go of the proud stance of being a rich heiress."

Olivia nodded. She didn't say anything else after that. *Get new chapters update on*