

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 231

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Chapter 231 Unforgettable Nightmare

Hugging Amelia into his embrace, Oscar was heartbroken. "If you're not happy, let's leave here. Don't worry. I'll explain to Dad and Mom. I'm your husband, and you can trust me. There's no need to bear it on your own."

Amelia leaned silently on him, with her expression decadent.

At that moment, Oscar felt as though a thousand needles were stabbing through his heart.

"Come on. Smile at me. I'm by your side, and you can rely on me." Oscar held her chin gently. "My woman should be happy. I'll never let anyone hurt you."

A warmth slowly filled up Amelia's heart, and she began to feel she might have been overreacting with her sorrow. Regardless of what Oscar said was sincere or fake, he had expressed his stand firmly.

"Oscar, I'm fine. Don't worry." Amelia finally let out a faint smile.

Right then, she lifted her hands and touched Oscar's cheek. "You also smile at me, please. You look scary when you don't smile."

Oscar stared at her closely, trying to observe if she was truly fine.

A moment later, he touched her nose teasingly. "You must tell me if you don't feel like living here. Maybe Mom will complain a little, but I bet she would understand our decision too."

Amelia shook her head firmly. "Let's stay here for the moment. I'll tell you if I'm not happy. Don't worry too much about me. I'm a grown woman who knows how to take care of myself. I promise I won't hide my feelings from you."

Oscar was still gazing at her suspiciously.

Amelia displayed a casual smile. "I'm totally fine. I'm not that weak. I was just a little moody, but now I'm fine already."

She said all this merely because she did not want Oscar to be troubled. She knew that the most difficult choice for a man was to choose between his mother and his wife. Only a foolish woman would put her man in such a situation.

No matter which side Oscar chose, it would hurt the other party hugely.

Oscar lowered his head and left a gentle kiss on Amelia's forehead while caressing her hair affectionately. "Honey, thanks. I'm grateful that you never left me despite all that had happened."

At that moment, tears uncontrollably dropped down Amelia's face. She felt it was the first time that Oscar ever thanked her so sincerely. With that, she felt all the forbearance and grievance that she had gone through these years were worthy. She started to think that Oscar was not only fond of her body, but their spirit had truly got connected.

This is what united in spirit feels like.

Oscar wiped the tears on her face gently. "Silly girl. Why're you crying?"

Amelia evaded his hand shyly. "It's nothing. It's just a mosquito flying into my eyes."

Oscar did not know how to respond to this, as he fell in more profound love with this sexy and fragile woman.

When a man's heart started worrying about a woman, he would pay any price to protect her.

It was such an irony that their hearts had gotten closer to each other due to Stephanie's doing.

However, the closer a relationship, the more vulnerable it became.

Little did Amelia expect that as she finally tasted true love, her marriage with Oscar was about to be put to a test.

As Stephanie had come back to the family, Amelia tried to keep her distance from her. Hence, a few days passed peacefully without any unexpected episode.

It was eight in the morning while Oscar finished his breakfast and headed to work. On the other hand, Olivia and Owen received a call from their friend inviting them to go fishing. With that, they left after the call.

Before leaving, Olivia concernedly reminded, "Stephanie, please listen to Amelia while we're away. Don't piss her off. Or else we'll give you a job after this."

Stephanie had been behaving extraordinarily well these few days. And she seemed not offended at all by Olivia's advice. "Mom, don't worry. I'll be a good girl and listen to Amelia."

Olivia nodded with satisfaction and turned to Amelia. "Amelia, call me if there's anything. If Stephanie doesn't listen, tell me, and I'll punish her."

Amelia let out a smile. "Mom, you go have fun with Dad and your friends. There are many maids here, and Kurt is looking after Tony; so, I'll be fine."

"Alright. Then we will leave now. Remember to call me if you need anything." Olivia reminded once again before leaving the house.

The house became deserted right away, leaving Amelia and Stephanie alone.

The smile on Amelia's face faded instantly, and she walked upstairs without hesitation.

Gazing at Amelia's back figure, Stephanie's eyes displayed a slight hatred and resentment.

A moment later, she displayed a fake smile while catching up with Amelia's pace. She grabbed Amelia's arm genuinely and said with a sweet voice, "Amelia, do you want some tea? I've learned how to make a nice tea recently. Why don't you try some? What do you think?"

Amelia's eyes flashed with a warning while pulling her arm away. "Stephanie, what are you trying to do. I'm busy and have no mood to play the game with you."

Stephanie blinked her eyes innocently, still smiling.

"Amelia, I merely want to fix our relationship. I have no other motive. Please don't look at me like an enemy." Stephanie stretched her arms apart, acting all naive.

Amelia stared at Stephanie and could not wrap her head around it. The old Stephanie, though arrogant, showed all her thoughts on her face. But the current Stephanie seemed utterly cunning, and Amelia failed to read her mind whatsoever.

"I'm a little tired, and I want to rest. If you're bored, you can invite your friends to go shopping or go watch a movie," Amelia spoke with disdain.

Stephanie's eyes twitched a little but soon resumed to her fake smile.

"Amelia, don't be like this. I truly want to mend our relationship. I've done so many wrong things. But since none of them was irreparable, why don't you give me one more chance?"

Amelia looked at her defensively.

"Stephanie, what exactly are you planning? No one's here. You can speak your mind." Amelia's gesture was relatively indifferent.

"Amelia, you have misunderstood. I have no other intention. I've stayed out for more than a month, and I realized how arrogant I was and how much hurt I've caused you. Thus, I want to make it up to you, and I want to treat Tony well."

Such an irony. I wanted you to treat me well, but you did not comply. And now you're treating me nicely; yet, I feel so disgusted.

"I'm tired. I'm going to sleep now." Amelia left abruptly after giving an excuse.

She walked right into her own bedroom, without going to check on Tony.

A second later, Stephanie's smile vanished as her face turned ugly from anger. "Amelia, one day I'll make you beg me."

Upon murmuring to herself, Stephanie made her way to another room.

Entering the room, Amelia lay down in her bed and stared at the ceiling. She could not figure out what Stephanie was thinking, but she was sure the latter was scheming some evil plan. Amelia was not worried about herself, but she feared the latter would go after Tony.

She even dared to hire someone to knock me down while I was pregnant. There's nothing she won't do.

Regardless of what, Stephanie was a pure devil in Amelia's heart.

Rubbing her forehead stressfully, Amelia shut her eyes, trying to get some sleep. But she could not seem to collect her worries as she eventually got up and went to Tony's room.

The moment she opened the door, her heart almost fell out when she spotted Stephanie playing with Tony happily.

Hurrying her pace towards them, she stood between Stephanie and Tony. "Stephanie, what're you doing to Tony?"

Stephanie's face turned displeased for a second but immediately changed to an indignant look. "Amelia, Tony's about two-month-old now. And I haven't got the chance to play with him. Please don't see me as a bad person. I've truly repented."

Amelia realized she might have overreacted. But once bitten, twice shy. The car accident had become a trauma for her, with Stephanie as the culprit. Whenever she saw Stephanie, it would remind her of that unforgettable nightmare.

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Chapter 232 I Am His Aunt

Amelia glanced at Kurt with a distressed look on her face before she said, "Kurt, didn't I tell you before that you shouldn't let anyone approach Mr. Anthony without my permission?"

Chagrined of himself, Kurt bowed to Amelia solemnly. "It's my fault. I'll be more cautious next time."

Stephanie on the other hand was tired of feigning amiability.

"Amelia, how could you say that? I'm Tony's aunt. Is it wrong for me to visit him and play with him?" Stephanie felt aggrieved.

After hearing Stephanie's statement, Amelia gazed at Stephanie with gravitas and replied, "Stephanie, do you really think that a person who has attempted to murder Tony before should still be considered a family to him?"

Stephanie was reticent for a while before she answered, "I realize what I did was wrong, Amelia. I've already knelt down to apologize to you. What else do you want me to do? Mom always said that you are a kind and empathetic person. So, tell me. Why are you acting so cold toward me? Have you ever truly accepted me as your sister-in-law?"

Amelia was rather amused by Stephanie's words. It's impressive how she always manages to portray herself as the victim in any situation. If she keeps on doing this, she'll never be able to acknowledge and reflect upon all the unforgivable deeds that she's done.

"Stephanie, whether or not I see you as my sister-in-law doesn't really matter now, does it?" With her arms crossed, Amelia was exuding a menacing aura. I've had enough of your bullsh*t, Stephanie!

Even if I came from a lesser family, I won't tolerate your disdain toward me anymore.

Glaring at the serious look on Amelia's face, Stephanie was stupefied. I can't believe I'm being retorted by her right now. Stephanie felt ashamed of herself.

Stephanie let out a few coughs before responding, "Amelia, I'm just trying to mend the relationship between us. If you keep on treating me coldly, don't you think that Mom will get upset?"

Fed up with Stephanie's attitude, Amelia ignored her. She then turned her head toward Kurt and uttered, "Kurt, make sure you take good care of Mr. Anthony. Besides Oscar, Dad, Mom, Tiffany and me, no one else is allowed near him."

"Yes," replied Kurt.

"Amelia, what do you think you're doing?" Stephanie had a sullen expression on her face.

Amelia glanced at her and sighed. "Stephanie, I'm sick of you pretending to be nice to me. It's just abhorrent to me now. It's honestly fine that you don't like me, I couldn't care less anyway. With that said, let's just stop seeing each other from now on, okay?"

Stephanie gritted her teeth and faked a smile.

Amelia then turned her attention toward Kurt. "Take care of Mr. Anthony, Kurt. I'm heading outside for a while."

"Yes."

Seeing as Amelia was leaving the room, Stephanie followed after her. Ignoring me huh? Let me see how long can you keep this up.

"Amelia, where are you going?" Stephanie was being a nudnik to Amelia in order to annoy her.

Enraged, the veins on Amelia's forehead were popping out as she clenched her fists.

"Amelia, I've discovered a new type of scented tea that is actually quite pleasant. Do you want to try it?"

Amelia kept on walking forward.

"Amelia, if you dislike tea, I'll make you a latte instead. How does that sound?" Stephanie's voice was getting louder.

Meanwhile, Amelia was getting more and more infuriated.

Stephanie added, "If latte doesn't sound good to you either, how about a cake? I'll make you a cake using the recipe that I've learned from an acquaintance of mine who's a chef."

Amelia stopped in her tracks and glared at Stephanie with a perplexed look on her face. "What exactly are you up to, Stephanie?"

Stephanie shrugged her shoulders and replied in an innocent manner, "Nothing. I'm just trying to cheer you up."

With her teeth clenched, Amelia uttered, "Stephanie, I don't know what you're playing at but whatever it is, I strongly advise you to stop it."

Having said that, Amelia turned around and left.

After Amelia left, Stephanie let out a mischievous smile. She then proceeded to pull out a phone from her pocket.

"Amelia, you don't want me to pester you right? Well, too bad! I'll make sure to show up in front of you every day to irritate you."

She entered a four-digit passcode into the phone and was surprised to see the phone unlocked. With her lips pursed, she uttered, "Oh Amelia, I can't believe

your passcode is still the same as what you told me the day I borrowed your phone. I thought you'll be smarter than this. Guess I have overestimated you huh? Well, whatever. This makes things easier for me anyway. I'll make sure you stay out of our family for good this time."

Stephanie opened Carter's contact number and typed in the following message, "Carter, I can't take it anymore. I can't believe the car accident was all just part of Stephanie's plan. The worst thing is, she didn't even get the punishment she deserves. I seriously can't bear to live with the Clintons any longer. It'll be really nice if I can marry someone like you, then I won't be as miserable as I am now. Would you come and save me?"

After she was done typing, she immediately sent the message.

She then continued on to write another one, "Carter, the reason why I wanted to divorce Oscar was that he has always prioritized Stephanie over me and Tony. I just can't stand that behavior of his anymore. If you truly do love me, I need you to come and help me right now."

This message was also sent over to Carter once she was done typing it.

After that, Stephanie blacklisted Carter on Amelia's phone and deleted the two messages that she had sent.

She then returned the phone back to Amelia and Oscar's bedroom as if nothing happened.

After realizing that she forgot her phone, Amelia went back to her bedroom to find it. Upon entering her room, she saw that her phone was just lying on the table. She was rather confused. I'm pretty sure that my phone was in my pocket the whole time though. I don't remember taking it out whatsoever. Hmm, maybe I just took it out subconsciously at some point.

Having found her phone, Amelia didn't feel like going out anymore. Instead, she went into Tony's room and spent some time with him. Half an hour later, the maid suddenly knocked on the door. "Ms. Amelia, there's someone here to see you."

Amelia opened the door and queried, "Who is it?"

"Mr. Carter. He said it's urgent."

Baffled, Amelia let out a frown. Why did Carter go out of his way to come here just to see me? He could've just given me a call.

Without pondering too much about it, Amelia headed downstairs to greet Carter.

"Carter, what brings you here today?"

Carter lifted his head up to gaze at Amelia. His eyes were filled with emotion and fervor.

Staring into his fervent eyes, Amelia's heart was racing. I have a bad feeling about this.

For whatever reason, Amelia felt like running away from Carter at that moment.

Something about him doesn't feel right. I hope it's just my imagination...

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Chapter 233 Friendship Over If You Keep This Up

Carter walked toward Amelia in a surge of emotions. His hands were clasped tightly together as his bottom lip quivered for a long while before he found his voice. "Amelia, is what you said true?"

Carter had never lost his nerve like this before. Amelia's text imploring him for help had made him happier than the prospect of signing deals worth several hundred million. Though his excitement was so intense that it made his hands shake, he found it slightly overwhelming as he drove all the way over to the Clintons' residence just to hear to answer from her.

Amelia looked worried. "Carter, what're you saying? Is what true?"

Out of the corner of his eye, Carter noticed the maid eavesdropping on them as she pretended to look busy. His eyes widened in revelation as he became aware of the suddenness of his question.

With a fake hacking cough, he attempted to reinstate his calm demeanor.

"Amelia, I have several questions for you. Could you come out with me for a little while?" Carter spoke with as much sincerity as he could muster.

Amelia glanced furtively at him as the suspicion within her grew.

"Carter, just say whatever it is you need to say. I'm now a wife and mother. If I were to be alone with you, I'm afraid that Oscar might get the wrong idea. Though there's nothing going on between us, I do not wish for him to overthink and feel awful about it." Amelia decided against accepting Carter's invitation after giving it a thought.

However, Carter construed Amelia's reluctance as Oscar mistreating his wife to such a degree that she felt guilty for being alone with another man. This had only served to affirm his decision to take her away from the Clintons.

Perhaps the two texts that he had received had clouded Carter's judgment. He remained stubborn in his belief that the aloofness on Amelia's face was in fact pity. It was, to his observation, a silent plea to take her far away from the Clintons to spare her the pain and indignity she suffered in their hands.

Carter leveraged the two texts to construct a fantasy for himself, in which he was the protagonist. As the knight in shining armor in the story he penned, he had arrived at the side of the princess after innumerable obstacles to rescue her from the clutches of her imprisoners.

"Don't be afraid, Amelia," said Carter as he gazed at her in earnest. "I just want to speak to you alone, just like old times. Is it wrong for an old friend to buy you a cup of coffee to ask for your help?"

Faced with the overwhelming sincerity of Carter, Amelia felt the rejection that had risen to her lips fall away in spite of herself.

As Carter had pointed out, they had not been lovers for five years, opting to remain as friends. Before, she had given birth to Tony in secret with Carter's help. Since she and Oscar had confessed to one another, it would seem unreasonable for him to force Amelia to cut Carter completely out of her life.

"Fine, but I'm going upstairs to check on Tony for a bit. Wait for me," Amelia said. After some intense introspection, her attitude toward Carter had become more obliging.

Carter smiled widely. "I'll come with you. The last time I came to see you, Tiffany was the one who had brought me to see Tony. I haven't seen the little man in a long time."

Amelia nodded her assent.

The two of them ascended the stairs together and made their way into the nursery. Carter had not expected a man to be in there, especially one whose large body brimmed with strength and masculinity. The two attractive men stared at one another in a fierce contest.

Carter's eyes swept up and down of Kurt as a sense of foreboding tingled within him. Kurt return his stare, though his expression was not as tense as Carter's.

"Amelia, who is this man?" Carter asked, turning to address her.

"This is Kurt," Amelia answered. "He is the bodyguard assigned to me by Oscar. It's a waste of his talent to be devoting all his time to Tony who is still so young." Turning to the other man, she said, "Kurt, this is an old friend of mine, Carter Scott, who is the owner of Scott Group."

Kurt nodded tersely at the introduction, while Carter's hostility dissipated. However, he still remained slightly suspicious.

Amelia paid no attention to Carter's feelings toward Kurt. Walking over to the cot, she gazed down tenderly at Tony who was fast asleep before turning to face Carter. "Here's Tony."

Carter glanced down at Tony as conflicting emotions engulfed him. He was forced to admit that Tony was a good-looking child despite being less than two months old. His eyes being fully opened, he looked better than the last time Carter had seen him. His skin had become fairer as well as if he had obtained the best traits of both Oscar and Amelia. His nose looked like Oscar's but his lips more closely resembled Amelia's. With a mop of soft hair cascading around Tony's ears, he looked like an exquisite doll.

Carter could not help feeling envious of Oscar. Not only did he get to marry Amelia, but she had also willingly given him a child. It was the sort of envy that had the potential to go on to become a jealous rage.

Carter regretted not having been more proactive and capable five years ago. Perhaps things could have gone differently between him and Amelia. If he had resisted the circumstances with more vigor, Tony might even have been his son.

Carter felt his heart being squeezed painfully by an invisible hand. The woman whom he had loved for so long had ultimately become the wife of another man and the mother of his child. Being a spectator to their happiness was more than Carter could bear.

It was a good thing that things were coming to an end. The woman that he loved was not truly in love with Oscar as she had personally sent him a text to ask him to rescue her. They would be able to pick up where they left off five years ago once she was out of the Clintons' house. They would be able to get married and Tony would be his son.

Carter's love for Amelia was so deep that he would treat Tony as his own. He loved Amelia and was willing to live his entire life without a child of his own blood for her sake. Tony being their only child was more than enough.

"Tony is a very handsome boy," Carter exclaimed in earnest praise. "What's his given name?"

"Anthony."

"Anthony," repeated Carter. "Like Mark Antony. It's a good name. He is destined to be a capable and outstanding statesman for his country just like his namesake."

Amelia, as with all mothers, was pleased to hear praises being showered upon her child. It delighted her despite the possibility of Carter saying all of it as a courtesy.

"I don't care what he becomes, I just want him to lead a happy life."

"That's not a problem," Kurt replied. "I'm very fond of Tony."

Amelia's lips parted but she understood the futility of further advice. "I'm heading out with Carter for a little while," she said in an effort to change the topic. "Aside from the people who have my permission, nobody else is to get close to Tony. I hope you would not deign it degrading if I asked you to personally handle his feeding and diaper changing, as you are the only one I trust to do so."

"Go on, ma'am," Kurt said with grave professionalism. "I will take good care of Tony."

Amelia nodded with gratitude.

Amelia descended the stairs with Carter. "Maggie, I'm heading out with a friend," she addressed a maid. "If Dad and Mom return before I do, please tell them that I will be right back."

Maggie glanced knowingly at Carter before nodding.

"Mrs. Clinton, will you be returning for lunch? Mr. Clinton had called earlier to inform me that he would be returning to have lunch with you." Maggie seemed to direct her words at Carter though she met Amelia's eyes as she spoke.

Amelia smiled, unaware of Maggie's hostility toward Carter. "Is Oz coming home for lunch? Why didn't he tell me?" she laughed.

"Perhaps Mr. Clinton had intended for it to be a surprise?" Maggie returned Amelia's smile. "Ever since he got married to you, he had become extraordinarily romantic. Those days, all he had on his mind was work. However, after he married you, he would always come home for lunch and dinner with you no matter how busy he became. I think the pair of you are a perfect match."

Amelia shot a startled glance toward Maggie as she was under the impression that her employee was a reticent character. It was uncharacteristic of Maggie to be singing praises about the love between her and Oscar. This, coupled with the hostile way Maggie looked at Carter, only served to increase Amelia's suspicions.

Amelia was bemused. Maggie must have felt threatened by Carter on Oscar's behalf.

Amelia regarded Maggie with a sudden surge of affection.

"Maggie, I'm leaving. See you during lunch." At that, Amelia and Carter left.

As soon as their footsteps died down, Stephanie who had been skulking around a corner on the second floor emerged and ran after them.

At the parking lot, Amelia was adamant about each of them taking their own car but Carter insisted that he gave her a ride.

“Carter, I’ll drive myself while you lead the way,” Amelia suggested as an excuse. “That’ll save you a trip to drop me back later. It’s an hour or two to the city center from here.”

Carter gazed at her and suddenly, seized by an impulse, grabbed and hugged her tightly. “Amelia, you obviously like me, otherwise you wouldn’t have sent me those text messages. Why are you being so distant now? The way you are pushing and pulling me from you is making me anxious.”

Amelia did not expect Carter to lose control of himself and hug her. She was stunned for several seconds before struggling to push him away. With a resounding slap across his face, she broke free.

Amelia’s eyes blazed with fury. “Carter, I don’t think you are mature enough to be having this conversation with me. I don’t think we have anything to talk about. Please go. We’ll talk again when you are better able to control yourself.”

At that, Amelia turned and walked away.

“Amelia, if you do not like me, why did you send me the messages?” Carter muttered to himself. “Do you know how much bravery your two messages had given me? If you did not dare speak out loud in the Clintons’ residence, you still have me. I would fight the entire Clinton family for your sake. I am no longer the pathetic kid five years ago who did not have the power to destroy powerful families. Now, I am capable of protecting you from anything that threatens you. You don’t have to fight this alone anymore with me by your side.”

Amelia stopped in her tracks as her composure recovered.

She turned and faced Carter with suspicion. “What messages?” she asked suspiciously.

Carter laughed bitterly. “Amelia, stop pretending. You can’t have forgotten about the messages you’ve sent out just two hours ago. If you fear the Clintons, you can rely on me. I will fight them for you.”

Amelia was losing her patience. “Stop!” she cried with a wave of her arm. Carter, I have no idea about the messages that you’re referring to. I do not wish for you to offend the Clintons for my sake. I am getting along well with Oz, and the three of us are very happy together. If you really care about me, you’ll drop this matter completely, or I’d be very upset. If you negatively affect my life in any way, there would be no reason for our friendship to continue.”

At Amelia’s words, Carter looked as if he was struck by lightning. He gazed mournfully at her as his heart pounded painfully with uncertainty.

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Chapter 234 Get Lost With Nothing Left

Carter licked his lips nervously. "Amelia," he said in a hoarse voice. "You're obviously unhappy living with the Clintons. Why are you still placing yourself in such a difficult position?"

Amelia was so furious that all she could do was laugh helplessly. She was tired of being surrounded by people who thought they knew better than she did. Cassie had thought that Amelia was not a worthy match for Oscar and had plotted for their divorce. Stephanie had thought the same and strived to ostracize and humiliate her, to the extent of attempting to involve her in an accident when she was pregnant at that time. Just when she thought she was done with all of those, Carter showed up with an idiotic declaration of love for her.

Amelia was contented with her life, as evidenced by the smile that came involuntarily to her face at the mention of her husband. She had no idea why Carter was so sure that she was unhappy being married into the Clinton family. Why do these people see the things they want to see instead of seeing what is actually there? Why are they refusing to believe what is in front of their eyes?

Somehow, her happiness was so repulsive to behold that people were hellbent on destroying her marriage with Oscar.

She hated those who thought they knew better. Under the pretext of doing things for her own good, they had intrusively meddled in her marriage and even tried to make decisions that would impact the future of her marriage on her behalf.

If everyone around her were like Tiffany, her life would not be as difficult as it was now. Amelia's marriage was as precarious as thin ice due to the number of opinions and acts of sabotage by people who thought they knew better than she did. Every day she lived in fear of it cracking, plunging her into the icy depths of solitude within.

"Carter, I do not wish to discuss the matter with you anymore. Whether or not I am happy living with the Clintons is up to me. Your opinion is not required or wanted." Amelia glared at him coldly. "It is possible that you did not have sufficient sleep for you to be spouting off such nonsense. Why don't you go home and get some rest? We'll talk further when you are in better control of yourself."

Amelia turned to leave. However, Carter grabbed her and pulled her into his invasively tight embrace.

Amelia struggled in vain. "Carter, if you do not let go of me this instant, we will no longer be friends."

Carter grimaced as if trying hard not to cry.

"Amelia, please don't push me away," he begged. "You obviously still have feelings for me, otherwise you wouldn't have sent me those messages. I know that you do love me. Look at what you have sent me."

As he reached for his phone, Amelia took the opportunity to shove him roughly away. "I don't care." Her voice shook with fury. "I have never sent you messages of any kind. You're emotionally unstable right now. I'm going home, and so should you. I do not wish to be seen with you here and for people to get the wrong idea about us. I do not wish for my husband to have any misunderstanding."

Carter forced his phone into her hand. "Look, Amelia. It was a message from you to me. Why do you keep denying it? If you didn't have feelings for me, you wouldn't send me a message like this."

Amelia's curiosity grew at his insistent pleas. Momentarily suppressing the rage within her, she took his phone and examined the messages, the color draining from her face the further along she read.

The message came from her number, as Carter claimed. However, the sultry and suggestive contents were definitely not written by her.

Her hand that grasped Carter's phone shook. With some difficulty, she had managed to regain control of her own voice. "They really weren't sent by me. How did you receive these messages?"

Carter gazed at Amelia, crestfallen. "Amelia, why are you still denying the fact that you have sent those messages to me? You still have me in your heart. Should you intend to pursue vengeance against the Clintons, you can wholly rely on me. Fear not!"

Amelia felt as if she had fallen headfirst into a very deep trap laid by a sinister enemy. With a sudden awareness of having every gesture of hers being watched, she felt the invisible hand of her foe guiding her toward a dead-end of which there was no escape.

Amelia felt dazed, she could hardly believe the cruel intent of the person who seemed to hate her that much that they were willing to go to such lengths to pin her against the wall.

With a shake of her head to regain composure, Amelia instinctively stepped backward with Carter hot on her heels.

"Carter, do not follow me." Amelia was frightened.

Carter halted at her plea, gazing at her with an odd mixture of optimism and pain. "Amelia, I know you still love me."

Amelia was near tears with exasperation. Out of all the people who seemed to think they know better, Carter's behavior had rendered her the most frustrated.

"Carter, we are only friends, and will only ever be just that. If you really cared about me, you wouldn't have done something this silly to let people misunderstand the nature of our relationship." Amelia put on a look of grim determination. "Carter, please leave. I don't think it's a good idea for us to even

talk if there is no need to. I hope that you and Ms. Larson would be very happy together.”

At that, Amelia turned to leave.

Carter gazed frustratedly after Amelia’s departing back before sprinting after her and grabbing her by the arm again. “Amelia, you do love me, otherwise you wouldn’t be sending me a text like that. Why won’t you admit that you love me?”

Amelia looked deranged. “Carter, if you don’t stop this at once I’m calling the guards,” she warned as she flung his hand aside. “I do not wish for us to turn into strangers who would never see each other again till the end of life. I hope that you can respect me and my marriage.”

Carter gazed fixedly at her. “Amelia, you do love me,” he said seriously. “Why couldn’t you open up your heart to that possibility?”

Amelia had had enough. With both hands clutching her head in frustration, she dropped on her knees to the ground.

Carter was taken aback at the suddenness of her movement. He reached out a hand to touch her but Amelia sprang away to avoid his touch as though she was being electrocuted. “Carter, I’m begging you,” she cried. “I love my husband and child, and I love my in-laws. We have been friends for so many years, please leave me alone. Please stop telling me you love me. I do not wish for my marriage to be damaged as a result of your meddling. I do not know how the two messages were sent to you, but they were definitely not sent by me. I love my husband. Please let me lead my married life in peace!”

Carter was stunned as it finally occurred to him that the two messages he had based his entire declaration of love might just be a misunderstanding as Amelia attested.

Carter felt deeply hurt at the realization. He had been feeling so passionate and jubilant as he was driving himself over to the Clinton residence. In contrast, his dreams had been dashed with such abruptness that it felt as if he had fallen from the skies and landed with a heavy thud back onto the dullness of reality.

Carter gazed morosely at Amelia. “I’m sorry,” he mumbled with great reluctance.

Amelia breathed deeply. “Carter, please leave,” she pleaded, keeping a wary distance. “I don’t think we should be communicating with each other for a while.”

Carter grasped his hands. “Amelia,” he said, after a pause. “I think we are both victims to a plot. Somebody must have stolen your phone to send those messages to me. Please calm down, we need to discuss who it could be.”

At his behest, Amelia’s breathing resumed its normal pace.

At the sight of her obliging him, Carter felt more optimistic at the chances of Amelia listening to whatever it was he had to say.

“Amelia, I’m deeply sorry for offending you in such a manner. I was acting under the assumption that you still loved me. Unexpectedly, I was acting under a delusion. Please forgive me for what I had said earlier. I wish the best for you and Oscar. I will not interfere further in your relationship. I will still wait for the day you change your mind about me. If that day never comes, I will die with a clear conscience that I have tried.”

Amelia glanced at him but said nothing.

“Amelia, I wouldn’t defend myself if you blamed me, but I will not allow the possibility of someone around you who wishes to harm you. Think hard, can you think of anybody who has easy access to your phone?”

Amelia furrowed her brow with thought as a face materialized effortlessly in her mind’s eye in response to his question.

Her hands suddenly felt clammy at the only possible conclusion she had arrived at. “Carter,” she mumbled suddenly in a frightened voice. “You should leave now. We’ll grab coffee another day if time permits.”

At that, Amelia turned and hurried away. Carter was about to follow her again but this time Amelia had turned around before he could grab her. “Carter, I beg you not to follow me. Please leave, I can take care of myself. Don’t interfere anymore. My marriage cannot afford to go through another challenge. If you truly loved me, you will stay away from me. Can you do that?”

Carter had wanted to go up to her but found his feet rooted in place.

Amelia ran into the hall and up to the second floor without pausing to draw breath. At the landing, she collided hard with Stephanie who stood there clutching her phone.

Stephanie waved her phone with a disdainful but triumphant glare at Amelia. “Hey, Amelia, how does it feel to be sneaking around with another man? You are brazen to be doing such a thing at the Clinton residence! Do you treat Oscar as if he was dead?”

Amelia turned pale at her words, her worst suspicions being confirmed. It was indeed all planned by Stephanie. The trap she had laid had Amelia nicely ensnared within it.

“Stephanie, why would you do such a thing?” Amelia asked, trembling.

Stephanie flourished her phone as she cackled evilly. “I told you that one day you would be leaving the Clinton family in disgrace, didn’t I? That day is coming near. You have no idea how repugnant your face is to look at. I had taken plenty of photos of your little encounter with Mr. Scott. How do you think Oscar will feel when he sees these?”

Amelia's hands were cold with dread.

She inhaled deeply as she willed herself to calm down. It would not do to react rashly to what Stephanie did.

"What do you want, Stephanie?" Amelia said with a voice of forced calmness.

Stephanie looked at her scornfully. "I want you to leave the Clintons with nothing. I want you to never appear before my brother again because you are filthy and disgusting. You are not worthy to be his wife."

Amelia's face turned even paler.

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Chapter 235 Revenge Is A Dish

"Stephanie, you're insane," Amelia shouted. "Your brother and I love each other. How could you subject Tony to live in a broken family that is lacking love at such a young age?" Amelia asked Stephanie resentfully.

Stephanie shrugged. "Amelia, you think too highly of yourself. Whether or not Oscar loves you, I can't tell. What I do know is that you are still clinging to him. Sure, Tony's cute. I love my little nephew too, but it is such a pity for him to have a shameless wh*re for a mother. It's for Oscar and his sake that I'm kicking you out of the Clinton family."

Amelia felt certain that she would never be able to come to a compromise with Stephanie.

"Stephanie, you will pay for the things that you have done one of these days. I don't think the Clintons would be able to protect you your entire life. It would be prudent for you to do a little soul searching and beg for forgiveness while you still can," Amelia advised sincerely.

Stephanie scoffed. "Amelia, you'd better start thinking of how're going to explain yourself to my brother," she jeered. "I've already sent the photos of you and Carter embracing to Oscar. What do you think his reaction will be when he sees them?"

Amelia felt her heart stop for several seconds at Stephanie's threat. The hatred for her sister-in-law had never felt as intense as it did at that moment. Things were only beginning to look slightly better for her and Oscar when Stephanie had stepped in to ensure its demise.

What heinous crime have I committed to cause everybody to sabotage my marriage?

"Stephanie, I hate you. And I never say this lightly." Amelia glared at her through gritted teeth. Without another word, she turned around and descended the stairs.

Amelia extracted her phone and proceeded to call Oscar. Due to anxiety, she had repeatedly dialed the wrong number and was on the verge of tears at each wrong attempt.

At last, she had dialed it correctly. It rang for a long time before she was being directed to leave a voicemail.

Panicking, Amelia hung up and tried again to no avail.

She did not try anymore. Instead, she opted to drive out of the Clinton residence, away from the source of her shame and ridicule.

She drove recklessly as if to leave all of her problems behind. Oscar had returned her call when she was almost in the city.

"Oz, why didn't you pick up earlier?" Amelia demanded. "Are you angry? I'm telling you, the photographs are not what it looks like! I can explain. There's nothing going on between me and Carter."

"Honey, calm down," Oscar said gently. "What photographs? What happened with Carter? Is he clinging on to you again?" Amelia heard the menacing noise of Oscar's teeth gritting against one another.

Amelia was stunned. This was not a reaction that she had been expecting.

"Honey, are you still there?" came Oscar's voice again.

Amelia regained her senses. "You didn't see the photos?" she asked anxiously.

"Did you do something you shouldn't have?" Oscar teased, as he let out a chuckle.

"No," Amelia lied at once. "Definitely not. I'm heading to the office now. Let's have lunch together at noon? Wait for me."

"I have a very important meeting at noon," said Oscar apologetically. "I called you back because I saw that you called me earlier repeatedly. After we hang up, I have to attend the meeting. I'll book a table for us to have a candlelight dinner tonight. How does that sound?"

"That sounds great," Amelia said with forced enthusiasm after a long while.

"See you tonight, then. I'm going to the meeting room now. Don't overexert yourself if you aren't fully recovered. I want you to think of me all day today and not look at other men, or I'd be very jealous. And you mustn't say the names of other men when you're with me, you know how petty I get. Do you understand?" Oscar instructed. Amelia could not tell if he was joking or not.

Amelia was still stunned. Even after hanging up, she remained in a daze.

If it were not for the angry sound of horns behind her, she would have remained all day before the traffic light which had turned green.

She drove on, her mind still occupied with the problem of the photographs. Though it seemed like there was nothing going on at Oscar's end, Amelia still felt suspicious. She was certain that he would have seen the photos, though why he pretended otherwise was beyond her guess.

She would much rather Oscar drop all pretenses and have a proper discussion with her as opposed to pretending that the problem did not exist. Communication should be transparent as they were husband and wife after all. If things were to remain suppressed for long, it would be a much bigger problem down the line when it eventually spills forth in a rage.

Amelia was aware that she would have to trust Oscar and their marriage which was strong enough to withstand the seeds of doubt caused by the photographs.

Amelia treasured their marriage deeply. After her encounter with death, she had a newfound appreciation for life. As a result, she treasured her marriage with Oscar very much. Every second in his company was a blessing. Due to the accident, she had understood the fragility of human life which was so easily extinguishable in the blink of an eye. She did not want there to be any doubt or suspicions between them, as it was the worst problem a married couple could face.

Tapping restlessly on the steering wheel, Amelia was unable to locate an anchor point in the turbulent storm of her emotions. Without realizing it, she had been driving around in circles on autopilot as she succumbed to her thoughts. Finally regaining her senses, she found herself parked across from Clinton Corporations.

At the sight of the intimidating height of the building which housed her husband's company, she felt at that moment too timid to even enter its entrance.

Amelia attributed the dread of seeing Oscar's disappointed gaze upon her as the primary reason for her reluctance.

It was with that thought that she was confined in her car, paralyzed by her insecurity as she stared across the road at Clinton Corporations.

At the moment, at the top floor of the skyscraper, Oscar was feeling far from the cheerful demeanor he had put on while on the phone with his wife earlier. With a stony countenance, his thumb brushed across the screen to ascertain that the characters within the photographs were indeed Carter and Amelia.

Oscar knew perfectly well what the sight of his own wife being embraced so tightly by another man meant. He was convinced of her innocence as he had been extraordinarily tolerant of her since the day of the accident. He would have been able to endure whatever lines she crossed as long as she did not wind up on the operating table again like that time. Only people who had to wrestle with the

possibility of one's loved one departing from this world could truly understand how little importance everything else would be in comparison.

Oscar's mood was foul that day regardless of how he tolerated Amelia. Though he did not blame her for being embraced by another man, he felt resentful as to why she was not prepared when she knew perfectly that she was about to face a man with known intentions toward her. Even worse, she had been embraced at the Clinton residence, of all places. He shuddered to imagine the rumors it would bring if the servants had seen it.

It was Stephanie who had sent him the photos. His sister's distaste for his wife was known to him, he had no doubt that Stephanie would not rest until she had gotten rid of Amelia.

Oscar's eyes shifted as he gazed at the couple in the photo. They were the type of calm that preceded a violent storm. He felt that he had been overly indulgent of Stephanie for her to provoke his patience in this manner.

He deleted the photo from his phone and dialed a number. When the call went through, he spoke immediately. "Stephanie, it's me. Let's meet in Room 209 at the Star Hotel in a bit. I have something to say to you."

At that, he promptly hung up.

A knock came. "Come in," Oscar ordered, rearranging his features back to his usual sternness.

Jerry, the secretary, strode in. "Mr. Clinton, Ms. Yard is here," he announced respectfully.

"Tell her I'm not in," Oscar said without batting an eye.

"Yes," Before Jerry could depart to deliver the message, the door swung open and Cassie strode in uninvited.

"Oz," she purred in the nauseating familiar voice.

Oscar frowned instinctively as displeasure bubbled in his heart. With a wave of his hand, he dismissed Jerry.

Oscar stood up and strode toward the door before finding his way blocked by Cassie. "Oz, we've been fighting for so long. Did you really not miss me?"

"I have matters to attend to." Oscar regarded her with a cold glare. "I must go."

Cassie threw herself onto him and held on for dear life. "Oz, we've fought enough," she whined regretfully. "I know what I did was wrong. Please don't act so cold toward me. I haven't been eating or sleeping well these few days as you were always on my mind. I am unable to go on living without you."

Oscar forcefully threw her hands off of him. "Ms. Yard, please behave yourself. I believe that our relationship had ended a long time ago. You're only humiliating yourself if you continue to act under that delusion."

Before Cassie could respond, the secretary's voice came from beyond the door. "Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Clinton is in a meeting. Would you like me to bring you a cup of tea while you wait out here?"

Oscar regained his senses at the news of Amelia's arrival. Taking advantage of his momentary distraction, Cassie pressed her lips against his as she clung to his frame like a frantic octopus. Before Oscar could disentangle himself from the mass of limbs, the door to his office swung open, searing into Amelia's memory the image of the passionate kiss Cassie and him shared.

With a faint tinkling heard only by her, Amelia's heart was crushed by utter disappointment. She swayed on the spot and turned around only after some time.

Amelia had flung the door shut with a slam in her panic. Oscar threw Cassie off of him in a shock to give chase to his wife. Instead, he found her standing on the other side of the door with a stupefied gaze on her face.

Oscar dragged Amelia into his office. With a furious glare at Cassie who appeared smug with her plan coming to fruition, he ordered, "Get out!"

Cassie did not leave. With a pitiful voice, she said, "Oz, didn't you say that Amelia is not worthy to be your wife for having been involved with Carter? Didn't you tell me that I am the most important person to you? Why did you push me aside when she walked in?"

Amelia failed to suppress a shudder throughout her entire body at Cassie's words.

Oscar's features hardened in a cold fury. "Another word out of your mouth and I will bankrupt Yard Group."

Cassie bit her lip as she was about to open them again. Being well aware of the extent of Clinton Corporation's influence, she did not dare take him up on his challenge. Her family's future was a gamble too large for her to toy with. Cassie left, looking extremely reluctant as she did so. In order to sabotage Amelia, she was willing to go to drastic lengths, though not to the extent of putting Yard Group in jeopardy.

At the sight of Amelia's intense suffering, Cassie was more than pleased.

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Chapter 236 Resolving A Misunderstanding

"Oz, I didn't think that you'd learn to lie just to please a woman who gave birth to your son. You weren't like this before. I was happy when you spoke sweetly to me just now. But forget it, since you don't want to hurt her for now, I'll leave first. But the next time you call me to come here, can you not call her too?" Cassie said as she gave Oscar a disappointed look before leaving.

Yet, even after she left, Amelia still did not move from Oscar's embrace.

Genuinely afraid that she would overthink, he quickly explained, "Don't misunderstand. There's really nothing between the two of us."

However, she still remained silent for a long time.

Thus, he panicked. He was not afraid of getting into a fight with her but was afraid that she would be silent like she was then. Such a response was worse than if she showed her anger. After all, being angry showed that she still subconsciously wanted to be coaxed. However, silence meant she was giving him the cold shoulder.

Unable to stand the silence, he would rather she question him about what was going on.

He then wanted to reach out to lift her chin but did not expect that she would avoid his touch. Fortunately, she broke the silence then. "Let me lean on you for a while."

However, her words made him feel heartbroken.

"It's not what you think between Cassie and me. Really, I can explain," he said gently.

"Carter and I are also not like what you saw in the photos. Your sister purposely did it. She stole my phone and sent flirtatious messages to him. He believed it and thought that you and I were only getting along on the surface. That's why he rushed to the house and said he wanted me to divorce you, then inappropriately hugged me. Your sister took that photo then," she explained muffledly.

Just then, Oscar's gaze changed a little, which made him look oppressive as a result.

He took a deep breath and raised his hand to stroke her back, then whispered, "Didn't I ask you to stay away from him? Why are you so disobedient and keep doing things that make me worried and angry?"

She looked at him, then slapped his hand away in anger. After breaking free from the embrace, she said, "You blame me, but you did it too, Mr. Clinton. You were acting all lovey-dovey with your former lover here. If I didn't see that Ms. Yard was here when I was downstairs and hurried after her, what else would you two have done in the office?"

Since they had expressed their thoughts to each other, Amelia could finally say things that she wouldn't have dared to before. Moreover, it was evident that they had grown closer to each other then.

Seeing her acting so threateningly, Oscar instead laughed as his mood improved all of a sudden.

As a result, her mood became even more complicated. She glanced at him uneasily and asked, "Are you that happy to have so many women by your side?"

In response, he reached out and domineeringly pulled her into his arms, then tenderly kissed her hair. "Oh my silly girl, you are so silly to the point that I just can't let you go."

However, she was still a little angry. She pushed against his chest and said, "Anyway, I'm not as kind, considerate, and cute as Cassie. You can go after her. She has even carried your child before and took her own life for you. Also, you were even willing to tell her about the thing between me and Carter, which shows how important she is to you. Otherwise, why would she kiss you? If you still love her, that's fine; we'll get a divorce. Anyway, even if that happens, Tony and I can still live a good life."

She was so angry that she was about to lose her mind. Resultantly, she rambled on and did not know what she was saying anymore.

Oscar's face completely fell as he looked at her wordlessly. Then, he suddenly gave off an imposing air.

As he continued to watch her, Amelia soon became a little timid. She subconsciously licked her lips as her previous agitation slowly cooled down.

"Are you planning to marry someone again after you divorce me?" he asked coldly.

She opened her mouth to respond but could not find the words for a while. Thus, she only shook her head in fright.

He then strode forward and grabbed her chin to force her to raise her head. Their eyes met before he said, "Woman, are you planning to marry another man after we get a divorce?"

While she looked into his eyes, her eyes instead slowly reddened.

It was as if her repressed grievances had suddenly found an exit and could finally gush out then.

As she cried, she pounded on his chest. "When did I say I wanted a divorce? You're the one that doesn't want Tony and me. I just got into a car accident and almost died with him. I almost died on the operation table! I haven't even recovered yet, but you're here doing dirty things with your lover in your office. Didn't you say

you were in a meeting? Why did I see you kissing someone else then? Who is the one who wants to marry someone else? If you want to do that, there's no need to pull so many tricks and make your sister carefully plot out the mess between Carter and me. We are just friends, but I don't even know how to face him in the future anymore. No one in the Clinton family is kind. You say you'd treat me well but look at the reality. You're here questioning me, but why isn't there anyone who cares about me?"

He merely watched her as she cried. When the tears and snot caused her makeup to be ruined, he smiled helplessly, then reached out to pull her into his arms. However, she avoided him again.

He shook his head helplessly, then forcefully embraced her again. Ignoring her struggles, he said in a helpless yet pampering tone, "Silly girl. What should I do with you? I've done so much, but do you still not understand my feelings? I only looked at your photos with Carter and deleted them soon after. I also thought that even if you cheated on me, I would forgive you. The thing with Cassie's really a misunderstanding. I didn't ask her to come."

Amelia's heart could not help but tremble a little when she heard that.

She looked up at him with a somewhat distrustful gaze and asked, "Are you lying to me?"

He looked at her, then tapped her nose and frowned a little. "Because of you, I've changed many of my principles again and again. What else do you want me to do?"

Her feelings finally calmed down a little then. However, she was then somewhat embarrassed by her outburst moments ago.

"You're not angry anymore?" he asked in amusement as he pinched her cheek.

She wiped her tears and avoided the question. "Is my makeup smeared? It's probably ugly. They'll laugh at me when I go out later."

He then cupped her face in his hands and said helplessly, "Let me see. Oh dear, what a messy girl but you look so cute."

Amelia felt embarrassed. They were clearly in an argument just moments ago, but how did they become okay so abruptly?

"Let me go. I'll go to the washroom and clean up," she said while patting his hand.

However, he merely held her head in place. "Don't move. I'll wipe it for you."

She then became motionless as he gently wiped away the black spots of eyeliner under her eyes. Unexpectedly, he did such a bad job until it looked as if she had dark circles, making her look like a panda.

Consequently, he could not help but break into a smile.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

He embraced her and replied, "I'll go with you to the washroom. Don't worry, the people outside will only work and won't dare to look at you."

She then instantly understood what happened and shot him an angry look. "Is it ugly?"

Resultantly, he could not help but laugh. Yet, before she could attack him, he put his arms around her waist and said, "Let's go. I'll take you to clean it up."

He then accompanied her to the washroom. Along the way, although the employees pretended to be working, they were all looking at her from the corner of their eyes.

After washing up and while on the way back, Jerry asked to speak to Amelia.

Amelia then said to Oscar, "Go and work first. I'll talk to Jerry."

He nodded then headed back to his office.

"What's going on, Jerry?" she asked.

Jerry gave her a lollipop and replied, "This is for you. Eat it, and don't be angry. There's nothing between Boss and Ms. Yard. She came here uninvited. He still cares about you the most."

Amelia then accepted the lollipop. She did not expect that Jerry, who always had the image of a strong career woman, would have such a cute side to her.

"Thanks. I'm fine. Don't worry," she replied with a smile.

Similarly, Jerry smiled and cheered her on before saying, "Compared to Ms. Yard, I want you to be with him. At least you won't look down on others."

"You're a cute girl, Jerry. I believe it must be very pleasant for Oscar to work with you. I like smart girls. Work hard. With your talents, I believe you'll only become more successful. If I have the chance, I'll speak up for you in front of Oscar. He should have more knowledgeable and smart employees like you, instead of those who don't have much ability but only care about getting higher positions."

After that, they then smiled at each other.

"I like you as my lady boss too."

Amelia raised the lollipop and said, "Thanks for this, Jerry. I'll buy you dinner another time as thanks for your help when Tiffany got into an accident. I

genuinely want to become your friend. I can't help Oscar much with work, so please help him more. I also hope you can occasionally tell me about his whereabouts. I don't doubt him. I just don't want random girls to flock around and bother him."

Jerry nodded. "It'd be my honor to help."