

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 35

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

Cassie's seemingly invulnerable façade began to falter. Feigning concern, Olivia continued, "Amelia, how should I put this? Cassie's decision to study overseas was all for the sake of her career. It's just a pity my son couldn't accompany her. Then again, I did hear that Cassie had a new pianist boyfriend who went with her. I wonder if they're married now?"

Olivia still held a grudge towards Cassie. My son was such a catch! Simply the cream of his crop! Yet Cassie had the audacity to run off with another man, and right before the wedding at that! What an insult to our family! Why, we were the laughing stock of the upper classes! Our families may look friendly now, but I'll never forget what Cassie did to my son!

Charlie and Elizabeth's expressions were awkward, while Cassie appeared chagrined as she looked at Olivia. "Mrs. Clinton, I used to be your favorite. I know my decision to study overseas hurt Oscar's feelings, but I truly love him. There was no one else with me when I went overseas, much less another man. You must not fall for baseless rumors."

Olivia smiled patronizingly at Cassie. "Cassie, of course I was very fond of you back then. The fiasco between you and Oscar happened so long ago; I won't hold you to it forever. I also want you to be happy."

Cassie returned a gentle smile. "Mrs. Clinton, I've been single the whole time I was overseas. I didn't come back just for the concert; I also wanted to see Oscar."

"Are you going back overseas after this?" asked Olivia.

Nodding, Cassie answered, "Yes, I'm going back in a few days."

Olivia's smile suddenly took on a lot more sincerity. "You're such a renowned pianist these days. Now that you're successful career-wise, isn't it time to start thinking about settling down? After all, it's good for us women to have a family to return to at the end of the day."

Cassie replied demurely, "I realized during my time overseas that Oscar is the best man I've ever known. I should've appreciated him more when we were together; now that I'm thinking of rekindling our relationship, he's already married." As if realizing her words were somewhat inappropriate, she turned towards Amelia sheepishly. "Ms. Winters, I hope you don't mind my words. I didn't mean anything by them."

"Don't worry, I know that Oscar's a pretty good catch. It's normal for other women to be hung up on him. I'd be exhausted if I threw a fit of jealousy at every woman who had feelings for him," Amelia replied, completely unperturbed.

Olivia added, "That's a great mentality to have, Amelia. So open-minded! Not like those women who throw tantrums all the time. Men tend to be busy with their work, so it wouldn't do for us to make a big fuss over these matters all the time. What a sensible woman she is; that's why I like her so much."

Olivia's words seemed to imply something more.

Amelia's expression changed.

Mrs. Clinton doesn't seem to like Cassie very much. I guess it's understandable considering she betrayed Oscar once before.

Olivia patted Amelia's hand. "Amelia, can you check on Oscar? Why is he taking so long to change?"

Amelia stood up. "Mr. and Mrs. Yard, please make yourselves at home. I'll go upstairs and check on Oscar."

Once Amelia had gone upstairs, Olivia took a sip of her tea gracefully. "These two kids, they've been married for four years but they're still such a lovey-dovey couple. They're practically joined at the hips! Even an elder like me can't stand them sometimes. I hope it doesn't bother you too much."

Charlie and Elizabeth appeared uncomfortable.

Olivia pretended not to notice and continued on, "Cassie, you're not a young woman anymore. Did you date anyone when you were in Erihal?"

"Mrs. Clinton, I've been busy with work. I traveled all over the world to perform, and I couldn't settle for long in any location. But I think I'll return to Chanaea after another couple of months and settle down for good."

"You'll have so much more opportunities and make a better living if you stay in Erihal. There are so many impressive men in Erihal as well. Why wouldn't you want to build your future in Erihal?" asked Olivia. "You're lucky I didn't ask you straight out to remain in Erihal and stay far, far away from my son!"

If Cassie was affected by her words, nothing showed in her expression. "No matter how excellent the conditions are overseas, the people I miss

are not there. My heart feels empty all the same, and I'd rather come home and chase my dreams here."

Olivia poured a cup of tea for Owen. "Owen, why are you so quiet? Visits from Charlie and his family are so rare, you should at least say something to our guests."

Owen finally lifted his head. Oscar was almost a spitting image of Owen, though the latter's gaze was much softer than that of his son's. Donning a pair of glasses, he looked more like an intelligent scholar than the wealthy businessman he actually was.

"Charlie, I bought a lovely chess set the other day. We should have a go at it after lunch."

Charlie smiled. "Owen, I've been itching to play some chess lately. Thank you for the invitation; I'd love to play a few rounds with you. You've always beaten me at chess, but I'm going to turn the tables today."

Owen nodded. "Good, then let's play a few rounds after lunch."

Olivia laughed. "At your age, other people are already enjoying their retirement at home; only you would insist on spending your twilight years working at the company. And you have no other hobbies besides playing chess either. I'd be so happy if you got a new hobby!"

Owen listened silently to his wife.

Cassie laughed at her impassioned words. "Mrs. Clinton, I think Mr. Clinton's hobby is great. It's great for keeping the mind sharp and building patience. All those years spent playing chess with my Dad also turned them into lifelong friends."

Olivia could only smile at her reply.

Just then, Stephanie strode into the house. She wore sky-high stilettos and had an LV purse on her arm. At the sight of Cassie sitting on the sofa, her eyes widened. She hurried over and cried, "Cassie, you're back?"

Cassie stood up and opened her arms, welcoming Stephanie into her embrace. "Cassie, when did you get back? Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Cassie laughingly replied, "I just got back two days ago. I've been buried in preparation works for the concert and only had a spot of free time today to come visit Mr. and Mrs. Clinton with my parents."

Stephanie sat down next to Cassie before asking, "Have you met Oscar yet?"

Cassie nodded.

Stephanie did not miss a beat as she asked without a hint of subtlety, "Then when are you getting back together with my brother?"

The words left her mouth just as Oscar and Amelia were about to come downstairs. They heard her question loud and clear, while Olivia frowned. "Steph, why do you always speak without thinking? Your brother and Amelia have been married for four years! Don't you think other people will misunderstand when they hear your question?"

Stephanie pouted. "Mom, you call that a perfect sister-in-law? She has no status or money, and Oscar probably only married her for some secret reason he hasn't told us. I bet she's after our family's wealth. I've never recognized her as my sister-in-law; you're the only one who's been treating her like your biological daughter."

"What nonsense are you spouting? When have I ever taught you to judge your relatives like this?" Olivia's expression darkened.

Stephanie looked at Cassie as if she was the one who'd been wronged. "Cassie, Amelia must have cast some spell on my Mom if she loves Amelia more than me."

Something flashed across Cassie's eyes, though a gentle smile remained on her face. "Steph, Mrs. Clinton has always been fair to everyone. If she loves Amelia so much, it must be because Amelia has some endearing traits."

Stephanie opened her mouth to speak, but Amelia cut her off by announcing, "Dad, Mom. Oscar and I are coming down now."

She hooked her arm through the crook of Oscar's elbow. Strangely enough, he didn't shake off her arm but merely glanced at her.

After coming downstairs, Amelia and Oscar sat together on another sofa. Stephanie shot Amelia a disdainful look and spoke loud enough for everyone to hear. "A substitute is still just a substitute. The only thing they can do is step aside when the real deal is back."

Amelia pretended she didn't understand her words, though Olivia chided, "Steph, if you're going to continue spouting nonsense, you can head upstairs right now."

This effectively shut Stephanie up.

Olivia looked at Amelia lovingly. "Amelia, have you and Oscar eaten breakfast yet?"

"Mom, we already ate on the way here."

Olivia nodded. "If you haven't eaten, I'll have Maggie whip up something for you."

"Mom, we've already eaten. Please don't trouble yourself."

Olivia smiled and nodded once more.

Time seemed to fly as they chatted idly about nothing in particular. Soon it was time for lunch.

Amelia sat to the right of Oscar at the dining table. Intentionally or not, Cassie ended up on his left. Olivia sat to Amelia's left and tapped her hands. "Don't worry, Amelia, you're the Clintons' official daughter-in-law. All these other women are merely fleeting visitors in Oscar's life."

Amelia glanced at Cassie and replied softly, "Mom, you shouldn't overthink as well. They're our guests; as the daughter-in-law of the Clintons, I will do my best to help you entertain them."

Olivia's fondness for Amelia grew. "What a good child you are. Tell me if Oscar ever bullies you; I'll teach him a lesson!"

"Oscar's busy with work on most days, but he's very caring towards me. Recently I got bored and found a job. When I told him, he didn't seem to mind," Amelia uttered with a smile.

Furrowing her brows, Olivia questioned, "Why are you thinking of working? Is Oscar's allowance not enough?"

"Mom, don't misunderstand. I just got bored at home and wanted to look for a job to kill time. I studied design back in university, so I got a job at a design company," Amelia explained patiently.

"Young people should be out and about, not bogged down by heavy workloads or difficult bosses. Just resign and I'll have Oscar arrange a sinecure for you in Clinton Corporations."

"Thanks for your kind intentions, Mom. But if the company is too hard on me, I can always join the family business later on."

Olivia nodded.

Stephanie cast a disdainful glance at Amelia and snarked, "Apparently someone graduated university, though I'm pretty sure it's some third-rate institution. No wonder you're living off of our family."

Olivia gave Stephanie a warning look. "Steph, how can you be so rude towards your own sister-in-law! And in front of guests nonetheless! Do you want me to tell you off in front of them?"

Pouting, Stephanie whined, "Mom, I really wonder what sort of spell she has you under. Dad, Oscar and I aren't particularly fond of her, yet you're always defending her."

"Talking back to me again? Are you trying to cut your lunch short? Such improper and disrespectful behavior for a young lady of your age! All the etiquette I've drilled into you must have gone down the drain. I want you to write an apology letter after lunch."

Stephanie set down her silverware in a fit of injustice. "Mom, why are you defending her over your own daughter? Who do you think of as your real daughter anyway? You're always taking her side!"

Oscar placed his silverware down and stared at Stephanie intently. "Steph, apologize to Mom."

Stephanie was evidently scared of her brother as she immediately deflated at his words. "Mom, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to argue with you."

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 36**

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

Olivia's face was calm as she said, "Let's eat. There're guests around today. Let's not make a fool of ourselves in front of them."

Due to Stephanie's fit of temper, the Yard family trio left swiftly after the meal. As Owen's earlier proposal wasn't taken seriously in the end, he didn't ask them to stay either.

After the guests left, Owen turned to look at his daughter. "Steph, you're getting out of hand. Your mom is an elder. How could you talk back to her?"

Stephanie shot a vicious glare at Amelia and said, "Dad, I wasn't talking back to Mom. I simply cannot stand a particular person, that's all."

"Steph, no matter what, Amelia's your sister-in-law. To shoot your mouth off in the presence of outsiders not only embarrasses her, but it embarrasses your brother as well. If the Yards were to gossip about this with others, how do you suppose others would look at our family? The Clintons have been made enough of a joke in society because of the Yards. How are you still so ignorant?"

Stephanie was visibly upset. "Dad, are you lecturing me?"

Amelia, being the peacekeeper of the house, chimed in, "Dad, this matter aroused because of me. My family's background is unworthy of Oscar. It's only natural for Stephanie to dislike me."

Oscar frowned, disliking how self-deprecating Amelia was behaving. He uttered coldly, "Stephanie, apologize to Amelia."

Stephanie stared at Oscar in disbelief, her face flushing red in rage. "All of you are too much! You're all bullying your own family for an outsider"—she stood up—"you expect me to apologize to her? Dream on! I detest her!"

She then stormed upstairs before anyone could stop her.

Olivia held onto Amelia's hands and tried to smooth things over. "Amelia, Steph is temperamental and mischievous. Please don't take her words to heart."

Amelia chuckled. "Mom, don't worry. Steph's my sister-in-law. I won't mind whatever she says. I'm only looking forward to being with Oscar for a long time. I won't fret about irrelevant matters."

Olivia patted her hand in content and praised, "You're a sensible child."

Standing at the side, Oscar uttered, "Mom, there are still matters to handle at the company. I'll return before dinner."

"It's the weekend. What matters could there be?"

"Technical issues. I'll be back soon."

Olivia glanced at him in disapproval and chided, "You should be spending the weekends with your wife. Don't be like your father and become a workaholic."

Amelia wrapped her arm around Olivia's, playing her part as an understanding spouse. "Mom, the Clinton Corporations has thousands of employees. There's a lot of pressure on Oscar. Working on weekends is normal with the amount of workload he has. Don't blame him."

"Oscar, you should be satisfied having married such an understanding wife. No matter how busy work is, you ought to find time to spend with her. Don't think about unnecessary thoughts as soon as someone has returned. Though Amelia doesn't blame you, I as your mother won't let you off easy. I may not have a job, but I'm not a fool. If you're going out with Cassie Yard, you can forget about ever calling me your mom. The Clintons will not accept anyone with the last name Yard," Olivia declared sternly.

Oscar's expression clouded over as he shot an unknown look at Amelia. Noticing that, Olivia immediately rebutted, "What are you looking at Amelia for? Didn't you say you have business at the company? What are you waiting for?"

Oscar simply nodded and turned around to leave.

"The kids have grown up now. You should leave them to it. Oscar's capable and he handles the matters at work very well. He'll be able to handle his own relationship matters. Quit getting involved," Owen said to his wife.

Olivia turned toward Amelia. "It's late. Why don't you go take a nap?"

Amelia nodded in agreement.

As soon as Amelia had gone upstairs, Olivia went to take a seat next to her husband and muttered, "Are you still thinking about separating Amelia and Oscar?"

Owen flipped open his newspaper, his eyes brightening as if he was drawn into it. In one swift move, Olivia removed them from his hands and grumbled, "Owen Clinton, stop pretending that you can't hear me and say something. I'm telling you—the only daughter-in-law I'll accept is Amelia. The others, especially Cassie Yard, will not be considered. I will rightly refuse her if she aims to be married into the Clintons."

Owen glanced at her curiously. "What's so great about Amelia? She's merely a pitiful child. You should be clearer than anyone else why Oscar married her in the first place. Cassie had done Oscar wrong previously, but now that she's back and even personally came to visit, what are you still bearing a grudge for? I recall you used to treat her nicely. What's changed?"

"Owen Clinton, as it turns out, you have such a big heart. You could turn a blind eye to everything Cassie Yard did. Fleeing the wedding aside, she

had even escaped with her new boyfriend. What did she treat Oscar and the Clintons as? She's completely naive if she thinks she would be forgiven with a mere apology."

Olivia was typically calm and composed on usual days, but should anything be met with her ire, it would not be a matter easily forgotten. How strongly she had once liked Cassie was how strongly her dislike had grown for her.

Owen reached for the newspapers once again, saying in a soothing tone, "Stop worrying about it. It's Oscar's marriage and he's a man now. He'll handle his own relationship problems. However, I think he's still hung up on Cassie. You should just stay out of it, lest you create any unnecessary trouble."

"Owen Clinton, are you saying I'm a busybody?"

Embracing his wife, Owen gently coaxed, "I'll hand the work on-hand to Oscar in a few days and take you to Caspardion for a holiday. An old friend has recommended a small town with an exceptional view. You'll love it when you see it."

Olivia's face gradually lightened up.

"Not mad anymore?"

"Given that you're standing on my side, I'll quit being angry. But you can't turn a blind eye to Oscar's matters. I know you're not wholly accepting of Amelia's family background, but she's already married into the family. The Clintons are not one to be hypocritical. Your dad only had one wife, and you only have me, hence Oscar must only have one too with no exceptions."

Owen looked nonplussed. "Dearest, aren't you being too authoritative? If the marriage is failing, divorce is unavoidable. What's the point of forcing them to be together?"

Olivia glared at him. "So what you mean to say is that you're supportive of him and Cassie getting back together?"

"Dearest, you're thinking too much. Since when did I make such a claim?" Owen sighed and coaxed, "The younger generations will be all right on their own. You're right. I'm not very satisfied with Amelia's family background, but I won't help outsiders go against our daughter-in-law. Let's not dwell on these frustrating things. In a few days, we'll go to Caspardion for a big vacation and only return when you're feeling better, all right?"

Olivia wasn't an unreasonable person, hence she no longer said much. But suddenly remembering something, she said, "Owen, I noticed Amelia's belly is bulging out. I'm a mother and I'm experienced. It's obvious it isn't weight gain—I think she's pregnant."

Owen's tranquil gaze flickered for a moment. "Are you sure?"

"I've given birth to two kids. Of course, I could differentiate between a chubby woman and a pregnant one. I'm certain—she's got to be pregnant."

"If she's truly pregnant, then it'll be the Clintons' first grandchild. There must not be any mishap," Owen commented.

"Earlier, you were still being indifferent. Now that you hear your daughter-in-law may be pregnant, you're thrilled? Aren't you afraid Amelia will be upset if she finds out?"

Owen had no reaction to being teased and clarified, "Is she really pregnant?"

"Most likely, but we'll still have to get Robert here to take a look. He's treated us for decades. I'm confident in his medical skills."

"I'll give him a call then."

"Let's not be hasty," Olivia stopped him. "Let me have a word with Amelia first. It'll be utterly embarrassing for us both if this is a misunderstanding."

Feeling anxious, Owen urged, "Then go quickly. They've been married for four years and they're still childless."

"Why are you so impatient? I'm going now." Olivia shook her head and went upstairs, knocking on the door until Amelia told her to enter. With one hand, she closed the door behind her as soon as she entered the room.

"What's the matter, Mom?"

"I was worried you'll be bored, so I came to have a chat with you."

Amelia laughed. "Take a seat, Mom."

Olivia's eyes zeroed in on Amelia's belly as soon as she sat down. Confused, Amelia questioned, "Mom, what are you looking at?"

Olivia didn't beat around the bush and went straight to the point. "I see your belly's gotten a little rounder. It doesn't seem like you're gaining weight. Are you pregnant?"

Amelia's heart knotted for a second, her brain hurriedly working to think of a believable excuse. She was aware that if she wanted to keep being the Clintons' daughter-in-law, the only way would be to confess to Olivia that she was pregnant as the elder would never allow her son to divorce her for the sake of her grandchild. But she couldn't delay a divorce for eternity. By the time she'd given birth, Oscar would no longer care about Olivia's objection. By then, all she would be reduced to was a measly sum of alimony. Even her child would be snatched by the Clintons.

That wasn't her intention. She loved the child and was willing to give up everything in exchange for it, hence she made a decision to keep it from Olivia.

Mom, I'm sorry! Amelia apologized silently on the inside.

"Mom, I know you've been wanting a grandchild. I thought I was pregnant too, but after a check-up at the hospital, the doctor said I've been eating too much recently, hence I've gotten slightly bloated. Sorry, I may have to disappoint you."

It would be a lie to say Olivia wasn't disappointed, but she was fully convinced she was right. Hence, she continued, "You've only seen one doctor. Maybe it was misdiagnosed. Why don't I get Mr. Lancaster to take a look? His medical skills are top-notch. He would be able to tell if you're pregnant with a single glance."

Amelia guiltily replied, "Mom, I know you're eager, but my belly is really just fats. I'm very sorry that Oscar and I couldn't give you a grandchild despite our four years of marriage. If you can no longer wait, I'll divorce Oscar. After all, I've always felt ashamed to face you for not getting pregnant too."

Olivia had been dismayed at first but was shocked when she heard Amelia's words. She frantically grabbed Amelia's hand and exclaimed, "What nonsense are you saying, you foolish child? I may be disappointed that you're not pregnant, but there's no need for you to say such brainless things. Hurting Oscar aside, you are also hurting my heart!"

Amelia lowered her head. "Mom, I'm sorry. That wasn't my intention. Oscar and I have been married for four years and we've also seen the doctors. The doctor said that my ovaries are blocked and it would be hard for me to get pregnant. That's why I feel like it's for the best for Oscar and me to get divorced since we've already discussed it."

Olivia anxiously asked, "You two have even talked about divorce? Do you even regard me as your elder? How could you not inform me of such a grave matter? Are you trying to piss me off?"

"Mom, we just didn't want to worry you."