

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 41

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“You called me?”

Cassie nodded as she made herself look even more innocent and pitiful. “I called you, but Ms. Winters said that you were in the shower. She was the one to say that too. Oz, I don’t mean to ruin your marriage. I just love you too much. If you think that I’m a homewrecker, I’ll go back to Erihal.”

Oscar narrowed his eyes, but his gaze remained fixed on the road. “I’ll deal with Amelia, so don’t overthink it.”

Cassie mumbled, “Oz, are you mad at me?”

He shook his head and reassured, “Why would I? But you’ll have to minimize your visits to bars. It’s fine if you want to go there, but you’ll have to call me along. You’re too pretty, and I’m afraid others might do something to you.”

Cassie nodded. “Oz, I’m sorry. I won’t do it again.”

“You must have gotten a fright from that. I’ll send you home first.”

“Oz, send me to the hotel from earlier.”

“You’re not going back to Yard Manor?”

“It’s too late. I’ll only wake my parents and worry them if I go back now,” Cassie replied.

Oscar nodded in understanding and drove to the hotel instead.

After taking the elevator to the twentieth floor and sending her to the room, Oscar said, “Cassie, rest well. I’ll take a trip back first.”

Promptly, Cassie hugged him from behind and sobbed, “Oz, don’t leave me. I was nearly molested by a bunch of gangsters earlier. I’m scared. Can you stay with me?”

As she expected, Oscar relented.

He led Cassie to the couch before boiling some water. Then, he poured her a glass of hot water and placed it on the table. “Drink when it’s cooler.”

Cassie wrapped her arms around his waist and mumbled, "Oz, I was so scared just now. I was so afraid that they'll violate me, and I won't be able to be with you anymore. I'm so glad you came in time."

He patted her back and consoled, "Silly, even if anything does happen, I'll still love you like before. To me, it's nothing. Don't get stressed over it."

Cassie paled, but still, she shamelessly continued, "Oz, you always said that I'm innocent, so I wanted to save myself for you. I only have one man, and that's you. Regardless of whether we marry or not, I just want to save myself for you."

Oscar was a man, and a man loves it when a woman saves herself for him.

Since ancient times, men were always the ones who could flirt around, but women were not allowed to do the same.

"Cassie, you're too good. I'll never do you wrong."

A cunning look flashed past her eyes, but she whined, "Oz, at the end of the day, you're still married. No matter how good or bad your relationship with Ms. Winters is, I'll still be the mistress who'll ruin your marriage. Those who don't know what's going on will say that I'm a shameless woman. That's something I mind. If I were more sensible when I was younger, I wouldn't have abandoned you for my future and left for Erihal. Now that I'm back, I only have myself to blame that you now have a wife."

"You're my woman. Who dares to talk bad about you?" Oscar whispered as his heart ached, hugging her tightly.

Cassie's eyes turned bloodshot as she croaked, "But I'm still the third wheel of your relationship. Oz, I'll really have nothing left if you abandon me in the future."

Holding her tighter, Oscar coaxed, "Silly, I'll marry you. Don't mind Amelia's words. I'll deal with her soon. I won't let her intervene in our relationship."

Cassie leaned into his arms. "Oz, if I'm putting you in a tight spot, I'll go back to Erihal. I'm fine staying in Erihal."

Oscar insisted, "You're not allowed to say you're going to leave me anymore. I let you leave once, but I won't let you leave again. Even if you were to go back to Erihal, I'll go there and bring you back."

A victorious smile crept upon Cassie's smile as she uttered words that seemed considerate. "Oz, don't blame Amelia for picking up my call for you. I don't want to be the reason for you to fight with her."

Patting her head, Oscar sighed. "You're too kind, but I won't let her off the hook so easily this time. If I were to come any second later, I don't know where those gangsters would bring you to. No one will know what will happen to you."

Cassie stared into his eyes and consoled, "Oz, I'm fine."

"Amelia should feel glad that you're fine, or else I'm going to kill her," Oscar said through gritted teeth.

"Oz, don't get mad. Ms. Winters didn't know that something would happen to me either. I was too reckless; if I had stayed at home, this wouldn't have happened. I wouldn't have troubled you to come all the way here to save me. Oz, am I too difficult? I've been troubling you a lot," Cassie said quietly as she stared at him with wide, distressed eyes.

Hunching over to lift her into his arms, Oscar carried her to the bed and tucked her into the blanket. Softly, he said, "Sleep. I'll stay with you."

Cassie gave him a sweet smile, then patted at the empty spot beside her. "Oz, it's getting late. You should sleep too."

Instead of rejecting her, Oscar climbed onto the bed and held her in his arms. "Sleep."

She nodded.

Just then, his phone rang. When Oscar picked up his phone, he realized it was a call from Amelia.

Oscar instantly declined the call, and Cassie asked, "Oz, who's that?"

With a grave look on his face, Oscar responded, "Amelia."

Cassie gasped, "Oz, you should take the call. I'm sure Ms. Winters is worried since you came out in the middle of the night."

Oscar simply switched off his phone and placed it on the bedside table. "Sleep."

Burying herself in his arms, Cassie cooed, "Oz, will Ms. Winters fight with you tomorrow if you don't pick up the call?"

He only patted the back of her hand and repeated, "Sleep. I'll know what to do about Amelia."

Cassie closed her eyes and mumbled under her breath, "Oz, you have to tell me if Ms. Winters gets into a fight with you. I don't want to keep causing troubles for you."

The next morning at eight, Cassie woke up. When she realized that Oscar had yet to wake up, she smiled and leaned down to kiss him.

Right as she was about to part his lips, he opened his eyes and stopped her. "Cassie, don't."

Cassie frowned as she looked at Oscar, disappointed. "Oz, you said you don't want to touch me for now, but not even for a kiss?"

Oscar ran his fingers through her hair and answered, "Cassie, I'm scared that if I touch your lips, my body will respond to it. I don't want to take you before marrying you."

Cassie eagerly replied, "Oz, I've grown up. I want to give myself to you."

Immediately, he turned gloomy. "Cassie, I'll send you back to Yard Manor first. I'll be going back home in a bit."

It was only an excuse that Oscar did not want to have sex with her before marriage. Although he said he loved Cassie, he did not want her as much as he wanted Amelia. Every time he looked at Amelia, his mind was full of those thoughts. On the other hand, when he looked at Cassie, there was a strict line between them that forced him to stay on his side and to treat Cassie rationally.

Abruptly taking off her pajamas, Cassie lunged toward Oscar and seductively whispered, "Oz, does my body look good?"

Oscar stared at her fair skin and calmly put her pajamas back on. "The temperature is quite low in the room. Don't catch a cold."

Panic exploded in her mind as she grabbed Oscar's hand. "Oz, do I not look pretty?"

Oscar gazed at her serenely. "Cassie, don't overthink it. I just want us to have the perfect memory for our first time."

Cassie returned his gaze woefully. "Oz, is that what you'll do to Amelia? Will you put on her clothes calmly like this too?"

His mood darkened, and he uttered, "Cassie, you had a frightful experience last night, so I'll pretend you never said that. Don't say them anymore."

"Oz, I'm sorry." Cassie put on her gentle facade again. "I was too rash just now. I'm scared that Ms. Winters will take you away from me. She looks so beautiful and so much like me. I'm scared that you'll project your feelings for me onto her instead. I'm really afraid."

"All right, cease your thoughts. I'll send you back first," Oscar consoled, patting her back.

She nodded.

When they arrived at Yard Manor, Cassie unbuckled her safety belt and turned to Oscar. "Oz, come in for a while. My parents have been talking about you to me. They'll be thrilled to see you."

However, Oscar shook his head. "I'm good. There are some things I have to settle at home first."

"All right, I'll go in by myself then. Remember to give me a call when you reach home, okay?" Cassie replied easily as if she did not mind his words.

He nodded.

"Cassie, don't think about it, okay? My heart is yours."

A bright smile grew on her face, and she beamed, "Oz, stay safe on the road. Call me when you reach home."

He nodded again.

After Cassie alighted from the car, Oscar drove straight to the Clinton residence.

Stepping into the living room, he instantly saw Amelia peeling an apple while sitting beside Olivia, his mother. Oscar had originally returned with anger burning bright in him, but when he was greeted by the sight of Amelia and his mother spending a joyful time together, his anger dissipated.

Olivia was the first to notice Oscar's return. The moment she did, her expression turned grim. "You're back?"

"Mom," Oscar greeted as he walked over.

Olivia looked daggers at Oscar and uttered, "Oscar, you're getting more and more unruly. You won't even listen to me anymore. I know I can't change your thoughts, but I'll tell you now—the only daughter-in-law I'll accept is Amelia. If you choose someone else, you can forget about calling me your mom anymore."

Oscar gave Amelia a perplexed look. "Mom, what are you talking about? I respect you the most; why would I not heed your words?"

"You know I don't like Cassie, but you ignored my words and went to her. Are you trying to piss me off?"

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Oscar glanced at Amelia again and Olivia added, "Why are you looking at her? You've been her husband for four years. Don't you know that she's not someone who will talk behind others' back? I rarely intervene in your matters, but you're still my son. I still know what you've done. Now that you have a wife, I hope you'll stop flirting around and ignore the women who you should not bother yourself with."

Oscar's expression turned grim. "Mom, I heard Dad say that he booked two tickets to Caspardion. Enjoy your trip with him. I'll pay for all the expenses."

Olivia waved dismissively. "Oscar, I told you I won't intervene in your matters, but I hope you'll realize who actually treats you well and who's the woman who should be the most important to you. Don't regret it."

Oscar was her son, and it was impossible for Olivia not to realize that he had some feelings for Amelia. She knew that he might not even notice it, and she was afraid that he would assume that his love was for the traitorous Cassie instead of Amelia, who had been with him for four years.

That is how men sometimes are. They do not cherish what they have, and they would yearn for the one who hurt them. It is because they could not get the latter, and that is why the latter seems exceptionally precious. However, once the man has spent some time with the woman who hurt him, he would realize that what he had for that woman is not love but his unwillingness to admit defeat.

"Mom, have you had your breakfast?" Oscar said instead, sitting down.

"I'm too furious to have an appetite." It seemed like Olivia was truly angry this time, for her tone was glacial.

Amelia then handed Olivia an apple with a smile. "Mom, Oscar only went to the office for his work. You're his mother, so he won't say anything even if you reprimand him. However, it won't be the same for me, who is his wife. So, Mom, please let Oscar off the hook this time for my sake."

Her words amused Olivia, and she chuckled.

"Don't you know that I'm trying to stand up for you?"

"Mom, you're the best mother-in-law I've ever seen. For my sake, don't be mad at Oscar anymore."

Finally, Olivia's mood seemed to improve.

Staring at Oscar, Olivia advised, "Oscar, I won't stick my nose into your marriage affairs, but I hope you'll pay attention and figure out who's the one who treats you best. Don't make any rash decisions only to regret them in the end."

Oscar listened in silence and seeing that, Olivia could only sigh.

After lunch at the Clinton residence, Oscar and Amelia then went back to their apartment located in the city center. Upon entering the apartment, Oscar sat down on the couch and gazed at Amelia gloomily.

With a smile, Amelia walked over and asked, "Mr. Clinton, are you angry with me?"

His voice was low as he questioned, "Did Cassie call me yesterday?"

Instead of hiding it from him, Amelia nodded honestly. "Yes. What's the matter? Did Ms. Yard tattletale on me?"

Oscar's expression turned even grimmer. "I see you're getting bolder, Amelia. Not only did you pick up my call without telling me, but you even deleted the call history. If something happened to her last night, I would never forgive you."

The smile remained on Amelia's face as she replied to him, "Mr. Clinton, I'd like you to find out the truth before you point fingers. Ms. Yard called last night, so I told her that you were showering and to call again after your shower. She then ended the call without saying anything else. I don't know what else she said to you."

Oscar's brows knitted. "Is that really all you said?"

"Mr. Clinton, what else were you expecting me to say?"

The way Oscar kept staring at her made her panic.

"You left the Clinton residence in a rush last night. When I called you, you didn't pick up. I hope Ms. Yard has a place in your heart, but as your legal wife, couldn't you at least pick up my call?"

"A group of gangsters tried to take Cassie away yesterday. If I were a minute too late, she could have been..." Oscar trailed off.

The corner of Amelia's lips curled as she mocked, "So you had been in a rush last night to save the damsel in distress. As most stories go, you must have slept with the damsel. Are you going to talk to me about the divorce next?"

"Amelia, watch your words," Oscar huffed.

She dropped the smile and gravely said, "I'll shut my mouth then."

Oscar stood up to lean closer to her. Then gripping her chin, he said, "Amelia, it's best that you know your place. Stop yearning for things that don't belong to you. From now on, you're not allowed to pick up Cassie's call, and don't you dare delete my call history. Or else..."

Amelia's heart writhed in pain, but she still smiled. "How ruthless you are, Mr. Clinton. Regardless of everything, we're still married for four years. Although it's a marriage with a contract, even if you raise a pet, you'll have feelings for it. I never thought you would be such a heartless person, Mr. Clinton. Since you're drawing a line between us, I won't intervene in your matters from now on. I'm feeling a little down, so I'll be going out for a walk. I won't be coming back tonight."

With that said, Amelia took her bag and walked toward the main door. However, in the next second, Oscar grabbed her wrist.

"Where are you going?"

"Since it seems like you don't want to see me around, I'll remove myself from your line of sight," Amelia replied without turning around.

"Come back."

She hesitated for a moment, but still turned around and returned. She sat on the couch and folded her arms.

Still standing, Oscar looked downward at her and uttered, "Amelia, your temper is worsening. All I do is to say a few words, and you'd be throwing a tantrum."

"How dare I feel angry at you, Mr. Clinton?"

"What is this if not anger?"

Amelia fell silent.

"Stay here and think about what you've done. I'll go upstairs to take a shower first." Oscar was about to head to the stairs, but little did he expect Amelia to speak. "Mr. Clinton, let's get a divorce. I don't want your terms anymore."

At that, he halted in his tracks and turned to stare at her.

"Say that again."

Rising to her feet, Amelia fearlessly looked at him and enunciated, "Mr. Clinton, ever since Ms. Yard came back, it's as if you've changed. Although we're married with a contract, we're still legal husband and wife. If you can't even believe your own wife, I don't think there's any need for us to stay married."

To her surprise, Oscar stepped forward to grab her chin and snarled, "Amelia, you have no right to mention the divorce. So you want a divorce? It's not impossible, but speak to me again when you have a hundred million. Otherwise, you have no say about when this marriage will end."

Grinning, Amelia asked, "Mr. Clinton, you don't love me, so why are you insisting to keep me by your side?"

Oscar sneered, "Amelia, you married me for money back then, but you're now talking about love? Don't you find yourself a hypocrite?"

At that, she froze as her rationality returned.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm sorry. I lost control earlier."

This time, it was Oscar's turn to be stunned.

Amelia walked over to sit on the couch, saying sincerely, "Mr. Clinton, I'm very sorry about picking up Ms. Yard's call last night. I won't pick up any calls for you nor go through your phone without your permission from now on."

Amelia's apologies left Oscar at a loss for what to do.

She continued, "Mr. Clinton, may I help you with anything else? I'm just a working woman, and you're my client. I won't dare to offend you."

Frowning, Oscar muttered, "You're not allowed to speak to me in such a sarcastic way."

Amelia immediately schooled her features into a gentler look. "Mr. Clinton, I'll take note of it. Don't worry. I won't let myself have hope in the future. I'll definitely play the role you've given me well."

Hearing those words of hers did not lift Oscar's mood; instead, his mood worsened.

Amelia then stood up and walked toward him with a smile. "Mr. Clinton, I've already changed my methods. Are you still not satisfied?"

He took her head and said, "Cassie is back for now, but she'll be leaving in a few days; she won't affect your position in the Clinton family. You don't need to worry and don't tattletale to Mom. Mom loves you, but you can't use her love for you as a weapon."

Amelia calmly stated, "Mr. Clinton, you might have misunderstood the situation. I didn't say anything to Mom. In this family, the only one who can make me feel at home is Mom. Even if I were to go against all my morals, I won't use her. You can rest assured about that."

It was only with that reassurance then did Oscar's complexion lighten up.

"Mr. Clinton, if you have nothing else, I'd like to go to Tiff's. I won't come back tonight."

Oscar's expression turned dark again.

"Amelia, stop throwing a tantrum. I have limited patience."

"Mr. Clinton, you might have misunderstood me; I'm not throwing a tantrum. Tiff's been having nightmares recently, and she's scared of being alone, so she's asked me to keep her company. I wanted to tell you about it yesterday, but you went out, so I couldn't."

"Spend lesser time with that woman in the future. I don't want her to change you for the worse."

“Mr. Clinton, she’s my friend, and I hope that you can respect her instead of slandering her,” came Amelia’s earnest reply.

“I won’t do anything to her as long as she watches her mouth in front of you.”

“What are you so afraid of, Mr. Clinton? Are you afraid she’ll say that you’re still spending time with your ex even though you got a wife?”

Oscar spared her one last glance before he headed upstairs.

Staring at his retreating figure, Amelia sighed. I was acting too rashly today. If this continues, Oscar and I will have a falling out one day.

She then spent some time sitting on the couch before finally going upstairs. Although she did not see any signs of him in the bedroom, she heard the sounds of running water coming from the bathroom. Walking over to twist the knob, she realized the door was unlocked. The moment she entered, she saw Oscar standing under the showerhead, letting the water run down his body.

Greedily taking in his perfect body shape, Amelia tiptoed in and hugged him from behind. She whispered, “Darling, are you angry?”

Not turning around, Oscar turned off the faucet and asked, “Why did you come in?”

Hugging him tighter, Amelia whispered seductively, “Darling, I was wrong. I shouldn’t have talked back to you. All I had was a woman’s natural possessiveness. I know you love Ms. Yard, but I was the one who accompanied you through happy and sad times. For a woman to suddenly appear and steal all your attention away from me, I’d definitely feel upset. This has nothing to do with love. I’m just upset, that’s all. So don’t be angry at me anymore, okay?”

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Oscar turned around to examine Amelia’s now wet body, her dress clinging to her skin, highlighting her figure. His pupils dilated and he let out a low growl. He could feel the blood rushing to his nether regions.

Amelia noticed the change in his eyes. She smiled confidently and said, “Darling, you may not like me as a person, but you can’t seem to resist my body.”

Oscar took her in his arms and kissed her, pinning her against the wall. As their bodies melded into one, the pair then let their desires get the better of them.

An hour later, Oscar carried Amelia out of the shower and placed her gently onto the bed. He looked at her uncovered protruding belly and frowned. "Amelia, let's go to the hospital."

Amelia, who was already dozing off, was awakened by Oscar's words. She looked at him. "Darling, what do you mean?"

"Why does your belly seem to be getting bigger? We should go get it checked." Oscar was not stupid. He had been suspicious of her growing belly.

Amelia's heart skipped a beat. She smiled at him seductively. "Are you suspecting that I'm with child, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar nodded.

"If I am really pregnant, will you insist on an abortion?"

Oscar hesitated. As Amelia's heart began to sink, he replied, "You can give birth to the child, but if we do get a divorce in the future, the child stays with the Clintons."

Amelia was taken aback. She smiled and said, "If I give birth to a son for your family, do I get more benefits when we get a divorce?"

Oscar said, "If you give birth to a son, I'll give you an extra ten million when we get divorced. It will be your compensation for severing all ties with the child."

Amelia was unfazed. She simply walked over to the cupboard, put on a dress, and went back to the bed. She looked at Oscar and smiled. "Mr. Clinton, you've always been generous to your women. I'm heartened and thankful that you're still willing to treat your possible ex-wife so well. It's a pity that I'm really not pregnant. But if you're really worried, we can go to the hospital."

Oscar still had his doubts. "Are you really not pregnant?"

"If you don't believe me, we can just get it checked to quell your suspicions."

Oscar shook his head. "I'll take your word for it."

Amelia laughed. "If there's nothing else, I'll be heading over to Tiff's and may not be back tonight."

Amelia pecked him on the cheek. "Bye, Mr. Clinton. I've satisfied your needs, so don't miss me too much tonight. Well, if you can't take it, feel free to meet Ms. Yard, although I just have one condition. Please don't bring her back here. I don't want the smell of other women in our house."

Oscar grabbed her as she was about to leave. "Are you really not coming back tonight?"

She shook her head. "Be a good boy and don't miss me too much."

She then freed herself from his grasp and drove straight to Tiffany's place.

Over at Tiffany's, Amelia made herself at home and got herself a drink from the fridge. She barely took a sip when the drink was taken away.

Amelia looked at Tiffany strangely. "What's wrong, Tiff?"

Tiffany handed her a glass of warm milk. "You're pregnant, drink this instead. You shouldn't be drinking cold drinks anymore."

Amelia took the cup and sat on the couch, looking troubled.

Tiffany sat beside her. "What's the matter?"

Amelia took a sip of the milk then replied softly, "The Clintons are suspecting that I'm pregnant."

Tiffany was not surprised. She replied calmly, "You're almost five months pregnant and your belly is already showing. Even though your skinny frame makes it less obvious, only a fool can't tell that you're pregnant. The fact that the Clintons haven't actually brought you to the hospital yet shows how much they trust you."

Amelia fell silent. Of course, she knew that.

Tiffany continued, "You won't be able to hide your belly anymore in another month. When the time comes, you'll only have two choices. You can either give birth to the child, wait for the divorce and lose custody of the child, or you can go for an abortion. You won't like the outcome no matter what. Just make a choice now. You've been talking about the divorce for the past two months but nothing has happened until now."

Amelia was equally distraught. She said, "It was Oscar who brought up the divorce back then, but now he's the one saying he doesn't want a divorce

anymore. We've been married for four years but I still don't know what's on his mind. His way of thinking is really strange, even I can't figure him out."

"What do you think then?"

"As long as he actually has feelings for me, I'm willing to do anything to deal with Cassie. Unfortunately... I think it's not worth it to change myself for a man who doesn't love me back."

Tiffany moved closer. "So, what then?"

Amelia shook her head helplessly. "I don't know."

"What do the Clintons have to say?"

"Mrs. Clinton has already suspected that I'm pregnant. As someone with experience, she definitely can tell; she just chose to trust my lie. Out of everyone in the Clinton family, she treats me the best. If I could, I would never lie to her. It's such a pity..."

Tiffany asked, "Amelia, have you become soft-hearted?"

Amelia smiled bitterly. "Now that I've experienced maternal love from the Clintons for four years, I couldn't really bear to leave them. Unfortunately, Oscar still hasn't opened his heart to me. Instead of seeing me for who I am, he simply regards me as a gold-digger and thinks that any issue can be resolved with money. It's pretty upsetting sometimes."

Tiffany poked her in the forehead. "Being together with Oscar has really lowered your IQ. He is determined to divorce you. Do you seriously want to abort my godchild or give them to the Clintons without being able to see them ever again?"

Amelia glanced at her and kept a straight face. She then changed the topic. "Tiff, do you know why I chose to work in Carter's company?"

Tiffany gave her a strange look. Amelia continued, "Newcomers in his company will have to go to Saspiuburg for eight months of training. Aside from being able to call home, employees are prohibited from meeting their friends and family until after the eight months."

Tiffany frowned. "That's really twisted."

Amelia nodded in reply.

Tiffany continued, "Carter's indeed twisted. No wonder his company's rules are so messed up."

Amelia was distressed. That was clearly not the main point.

Tiffany sneered at Carter then got back to her point. "Are you saying that you plan to take advantage of this training period to give birth at Saspiuburg?"

Amelia nodded.

Tiffany looked at her in admiration. "Not bad, Babe. I thought you'd been so blinded by your love for Oscar that you lost your brains. I didn't expect that you already had everything planned out. I applaud you. I was right to make friends with you after all."

Amelia smiled helplessly. "Don't flatter me like that. I'm no strategist. If I were that smart, I would never have given my heart to a man who doesn't love me back."

Tiffany snorted, "That's not a big issue. Just go get your heart back."

Amelia hugged a cushion and said, "Tiff, if my heart was so easy to get back, I wouldn't be here acting like an idiot right now, thinking that having his child would be enough to make him mine."

Tiffany looked at her and hesitated. She said, "Amelia, what do you mean by this?"

"I mean that I once thought of using my child and Olivia's support to make Oscar stay by my side. But after thinking about it again, I realized that I'm pretty good-looking, so why force myself to endure such a tiring thing?"

Tiffany glanced at Amelia. "When are you going to Saspiuburg?"

"Carter told me that as long as I report to work tomorrow, I'll be employed right away and I'll be heading to Saspiuburg in five days."

"That soon?"

Amelia hugged the cushion tighter. "Yeah, but I requested for that. According to normal procedures, the others would have to do a three-month internship before they get assessed on their design skills and become full-time employees. Only after another month of work will they then go over to Saspiuburg for the training. I managed to get this job because of my connections, so Carter has allowed me to skip the internship and begin full-time immediately."

“He’s finally doing something good with the power that he has. But this is okay too. You can avoid the Clintons finding out about your pregnancy while trying to let go of your feelings for Oscar.”

Amelia replied with a smile, “Tiff, don’t worry about me. I love Oscar, but not to the point that I don’t know what I’m doing. I still know what’s best for myself. I’m not sure why Oscar suddenly doesn’t want a divorce, but I won’t let him harm my child.”

Tiffany nodded. Her eyes widened as she stared at Amelia. Confused, Amelia asked, “Tiff, what’s with that look?”

Tiffany laughed. “I’ll go to Saspiuburg with you.”

“I’m going to work. Why are you going there?”

Tiffany replied defiantly, “I’m going there to take care of you, of course. Don’t forget that I’m the child’s godmother. Godmothers are mothers too, so I have a duty to take care of my child.”

Amelia did not know what to do with her.

“Tiff, stop joking around. Didn’t your editor pressure you to submit your manuscript just a few days ago? Are you sure your editor won’t chase after you if you follow me to Saspiuburg just like that?”

Tiffany suddenly pulled her hair and lay down on the couch.

Amelia got a shock. “Tiff, what are you doing?”

“Babe, I was trying to avoid thinking about it. Why did you have to bring it up?”

Amelia laughed. “Out of ideas again?”

Tiffany thrashed around in annoyance, looking like a mess after she composed herself.

“Babe, you don’t understand. I’m stuck at the ending of the fantasy novel I’m writing now. I don’t know if I should make it a happy ending or a sad ending. I want to write a sad ending but I have a feeling that my readers will kick up a fuss if I give them another sad ending.”

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"Babe, do you know every word written by a great novelist comes from deep within his or her soul? I will be devastated if my novel is ruined because of a badly written finale. I cannot allow that!" Tiffany mourned in despair, hands clasping her head.

Bemused, Amelia asked, "Is it that bad?"

"How could you ask such a dumb question? I thought you knew me best," grumbled Tiffany.

"Let me read the manuscript of your latest fantasy novel. I will give you some feedback," Amelia offered.

Tiffany's eyes lit up immediately. She snapped her fingers and exclaimed, "Babe, you are the best!"

Amelia read through Tiffany's manuscript. She could see that the latter had a natural flair for writing. The novel was well crafted, with a captivating plot. It was no surprise that her books were always snapped up once they hit the stores, allowing her to become a best-selling author.

"Tiff, I think this fantasy novel is amazing! However, as a reader, I would prefer a happy ending. All your previous novels had sad endings. Readers may get tired of that. Moreover, the male and female leads went through so much together. Your readers and I will protest if you let the female lead be annihilated. I demand a happy ending for this novel. Otherwise, you're annihilating our decades of friendship as well!" Amelia threatened.

"Babe, is that threat necessary? It's just a novel's ending. Well, since you've asked for a happy ending, you'll get a happy ending," Tiffany promised.

Satisfied, Amelia nodded and leaned back lazily on the couch. "Tiff, I'm spending the night with you and I will head to the office from here tomorrow morning."

"Why, welcome home, Babe. This is your home too. You can stay here anytime you want," Tiffany said.

The two gals spent the night chatting in bed till midnight before nodding off. On the other hand, Oscar found himself alone in bed and was having trouble falling asleep. He took out his phone and started writing: Woman, where are you? Do come back soon. I need to talk to you.

Yet upon consideration, he deleted the message without sending it.

It was then his phone rang. He looked at his phone excitedly but seeing the caller ID, his smile faded. Composing himself, he answered the call. "Hello, Cassie."

"Oz, did I wake you?" Cassie's soft voice was heard from the other end of the line.

"No issue. For you, anytime," Oscar assured her.

Cassie was elated to hear that. "Oz, you are the best! I hope Ms. Winters is not woken up by my call at this hour."

"She's not in today. I'm here by myself, so no worries," Oscar reassured gently.

That was followed by prolonged silence.

"Cassie, are you still there?" Oscar was baffled that she suddenly went silent over the line.

"Yes, I'm here." Cassie finally spoke again. "Since Ms. Winters is not in, can I go visit you? I'm a little scared of being alone in the hotel. I wish you're here with me."

Oscar cast aside that proposal and offered to go over to her place instead.

"Oz, you haven't invited me to your place since I came back. You kept saying you love me, yet you're reluctant to let me visit you at home," Cassie whined in an aggrieved tone.

Oscar kept to his stance and repeated his question, "Where are you, Cassie? I will go over to you."

"Oz, Ms. Winters is not home. It's the perfect opportunity for me to tour your new home. Or maybe you never wanted me to visit you in the first place..." Cassie wilfully pushed for it.

Oscar frowned a little but kept his cool and cajoled her, "Cassie, be a good girl. Tell me where you are and I will go over to you."

Cassie stubbornly wanted her way. "Oz, I insist on visiting you at your home. If you love me, then don't give me any more excuses. It's either I go over tonight or I'll head back to Erihal immediately. Who cares about being Mrs. Clinton."

Oscar's face fell. He loved Cassie and was an indulgent lover. However, there was a limit to how much he could tolerate unreasonable demands. Cross that line and he would not hesitate to rein her in.

"Cassie, you have crossed the line," Oscar said sullenly.

After a bout of silence, Cassie asked, "You don't love me anymore, do you?"

Oscar softened his voice and comforted her, "That is not true. Let me know where you are and I will be there."

Cassie persisted, "Oz, all I wanted is to take a look at your house. You have always acceded to all my requests in the past."

"Cassie, stop this nonsense. Tell me where you are, now," Oscar said impatiently.

"No, Oz. You don't love me. You have never loved me. If you do, you will not reject my simple request to visit you at home repeatedly," Cassie cried. "I had a bright future in Erihal but I gave it all up to come back to you. Between music and you, I chose you. And this is how you repay my sacrifices!"

Oscar tensed up and clenched his phone. He disliked unreasonable women. If not for his love for Cassie, he would have hung up on her. "Cassie, you know my feelings for you. But if you insist on being wilful, then I can only choose to let you go back to Erihal. Four years ago, you did not spare a thought for me and left me on the eve of our wedding. I took it as a sign that it was all over between us."

Noticing her silence, he continued, "It's getting late. Do have an early rest. We'll chat again when you are more rational after a good sleep."

Cassie panicked. "Hang on, Oz! I know I was being wilful. I am just so jealous that Ms. Winters gets to sleep by your side while I have to stay in a hotel. I had a few drinks and jealousy got the better of me. Please... could you keep me company? I am staying at Hotel Van Hutton."

Her confession melted Oscar's heart. He truly loved her. Even if that love had somewhat diminished with time, she still had a special place in his heart. He could not bear to disappoint her.

Oscar drove to Hotel Van Hutton. Her room was on the twenty-first floor. The door opened immediately after he rang the bell. Cassie, dressed in a bathrobe, flung herself into his arms. "Oz, you are not angry anymore, are you?"

Oscar was amazingly collected. He lumbered into the room with Cassie still clung to him. He closed the door, held her slightly apart, and said, "The AC is set so low. You should have put on thicker clothes lest you catch a cold."

"Oz, you were so harsh over the phone. I was terrified! I was so afraid you would leave me because of my wilfulness. Thank goodness you came," Cassie cried out in anguish.

Oscar saw her half-exposed shoulder and persuaded, "Go get dressed before you catch a cold."

Cassie obediently got dressed, looking sweet in a pink dress. She took a bottle of 1982 vintage wine and two glasses and walked toward Oscar. "Mind having a drink with me?"

Oscar was about to take the wine from her hand but Cassie cheekily hid it. She smiled flirtatiously. "Oz, why don't you take a shower first? I want to set up a cozy ambience for us."

Oscar was unmoved by the sight of a blushing ever-gorgeous Cassie. Surprisingly, he was even a little upset, feeling that the latter was disgracing herself. The irony that he was not aroused by the seduction of his beautiful lover had not hit home yet.

He stood up, took the wine, and said, "Cassie, be a good girl. You should not be drinking at this late hour. Rest early. I will stay here with you while you sleep."

Cassie was dumbfounded. She had set aside her dignity to seduce him, but what made it worse was his disinterest. That has to be the biggest insult to a woman.

"Oz, you rejected my request to visit your place. Now, you won't even have a drink with me. Do you really love me?" Cassie tearfully asked, deeply hurt.

Cassie believed that a man would always be attracted to a submissive woman who idolized him. That would bring out a man's protective nature and in return, the woman would be pampered. She knew how to act that part and was good at it.

Oscar put the wine down and hugged Cassie. "You got it wrong, Cassie. I meant well. It's late and I want you to get your beauty sleep."

Cassie buried her face in his chest and softly requested, "Oz, just one drink with me and I will go to bed after that, okay?"

Oscar nodded and agreed.

“Then go get a shower while I do the candlelight setting.” Cassie pulled away from Oscar and playfully pushed him into the bathroom. “Have a nice shower. I have a big surprise for you later.” She smiled sweetly at him.

Oscar reluctantly but duly took a shower. When he came out of the bathroom, he found the room bathed in warm flickering candlelights. Cassie, looking even more stunning in this light, walked toward him demurely. “Oz, do you find me beautiful? Let’s make this our wedding night.”

Oscar took a glance at her and nonchalantly said, “Cassie, stop your nonsense. Finish your drink and go to bed. No more mischief from you.”

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 45

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

Cassie’s head drooped and there was a flash in her eyes. When she looked back up, she was back to her innocent, bubbly self.

“Oz, come sit with me. Don’t worry. I’m not going to harm you. Even if something should happen, isn’t it always the woman who’s at a disadvantage? I’m not even afraid, so why should you be?” Cassie sat Oscar down and brought him his glass of wine. “Go ahead and try it. Let me know if you like the taste.”

With a practiced hand, Oscar swirled his wine to release its aromas. He then brought the glass to his lips and took a sip, savoring it slowly. “This wine is good. It’s full-bodied and rich.”

Cassie laughed. “Good, good. You should drink more then.”

The two of them continued to chat and drink through the night. Even though he could usually hold his liquor, Oscar was starting to feel the buzz from the wine. He tried to stand up, only to fall back into his chair.

Concerned, Cassie made her way toward him. “Are you drunk? Let me take you to the bed.”

Oscar wanted to swat her away but found himself too weak to do anything. He gave in and let Cassie lead him to bed. As she reached out to remove his clothes, he suddenly grabbed her hands. “Oz, you’re drunk. I’m taking your clothes off so you can sleep more comfortably,” she said softly.

Oscar stared at her with glassy eyes.

A sly smile lit up Cassie's face. "I'll make you feel even more comfortable in a while. After tonight, I will officially be your woman."

She reached up to caress Oscar's face. "Don't blame me for setting you up, Oz. I was just so afraid of losing you to Amelia. You keep telling me you love me, but you refuse to be intimate with me. You left me no choice but to do things my way. Once this night is over, you're mine forever."

Oscar was still staring at her in his drunken state when he suddenly muttered, "Amelia."

This came like a bolt from the blue and Cassie froze.

"You keep saying you no longer love her, but even in this drunken and drugged state, you're still calling out her name." Cassie felt her rage boiling over and started tearing at Oscar's clothes. "I was going to drug you further, but I held back for fear of side effects. How could you still call out her name? Do you know how much this hurts me?"

Oscar continued muttering, "Amelia, you're home? Let's go to bed then." He was about to sit up and pull Cassie into bed, but he couldn't muster an ounce of energy to do so.

"Amelia, what's wrong with me?" he asked quizzically.

Cassie gathered all her strength to remove Oscar's clothes before stripping herself down. As she straddled him, Oscar pushed her away in frustration. "Go away. You stink."

Cassie was ashamed, embarrassed, and angry. She had people fawning over her since she was a child and never had she ever been shamed like this. And to be humiliated by the man who claimed to love her? This made Cassie even more furious.

She grabbed his face and gave a sultry whisper, "What's the matter, Oz? Don't be such a grump. Let's go to bed."

Oscar snored away, dead to the world.

Cassie's face turned dark. She was not at all amused.

"Oscar Clinton, you keep saying you love me, and yet you've been humiliating me. The more you push me away, the more I want to become yours. Mark my words. I'll make sure I'm the only woman in your life from now on."

Cassie was about to lean down and plant a kiss on Oscar's lips when he suddenly muttered, "Amelia, I don't want a divorce. I think I'm in love with you." He even had on such a dopey smile as he said that, a stark contrast from the cool, authoritative demeanor he always had.

Cassie was seething. She leaned into his ear and whispered, "Oz, I'll make you fall in love with me again."

She got off the bed and took out a packet of human blood from the wardrobe. It was one that she had purchased from the hospital. She tore a small opening and dripped a few drops onto the bed.

She dumped the remaining blood into the toilet and flushed it away.

Cassie then got back into bed and calmly lay on Oscar. "I hope you dream of me tonight."

The next day, Oscar woke up to see Cassie still asleep and snuggled against his chest. He saw that they were both naked and guessed as much as to what they might have done. What he didn't understand was why he couldn't remember anything about getting intimate with her.

He hated this feeling. He was even a little disgusted by it. Oscar wondered if Cassie had set him up but promptly ruled that out. She was far too innocent to be this scheming. This was all probably just a misunderstanding.

Oscar was still contemplating it when Cassie stirred. She met his gaze with red, puffy eyes. "Oz, you got so drunk last night you forced me into bed. No matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't snap you out of it. You've promised me you wouldn't hurt me, and yet you were so rough last night. I cried and tried to stop you but you just wouldn't listen."

Having said that, she broke into tears.

Oscar frowned but still hugged her gently. "Now, now, don't cry. It was my fault that I got stupid drunk and did what I did. I promise I'll take full responsibility."

Cassie leaned into his chest. "You were really rough with me last night and it hurt. I won't blame you though. I already knew I was going to save myself for you ever since we started dating. You wanted to wait till we got married and I was fine with that too. Now that you've taken my virginity, I'm officially yours. You can't let me down now."

Oscar's gaze shifted to the drops of blood left on the bed and felt a surge of pity toward Cassie. "Don't worry," he said softly. "I'll take responsibility for this. You're now my woman, and I won't let anyone bully you."

Cassie gave a quick, self-satisfied smile. "I won't force you to divorce either, Oz. But the way you were last night... There wasn't any protection used. What if you got me pregnant? I don't want my baby to be an illegitimate child."

Oscar had a mix of emotions swirling inside him now. To be honest, he had always dreaded the prospect of marrying Cassie. He was aware of how often he professed his love for her but getting married was a whole other deal. He would usually suppress these thoughts and emotions, but now they were boiling over.

He had been in the business world for so long. The fact that he could bring their family business to even greater heights just showed how clever and capable he was. Yet now he had to convince himself that he loved Cassie? Had Cassie tricked him? Had he lost to her?

"Oz? What's wrong? Why aren't you saying anything? Are you disgusted by me now and regret your promise to marry me? You know I'm not that kind of woman, right? If you really don't wish to marry me, I won't force you either. We'll cut all ties, and I'll go back to Erihal. Even if I do have your child, I'll raise him myself."

Before the teary-eyed Cassie could leave the bed, Oscar stopped her and hugged her tight. "You've misunderstood me, Cassie. I was just thinking about stuff earlier. I'll make good on my promise to get the divorce and marry you. You're the woman I've always longed for, and I won't ever let you down again."

"I'm so relieved to hear that," Cassie replied gently. "Why don't you take a shower before going to work? I have to meet my team too. There might be a recital to attend tonight."

Oscar nodded. "This is your first time with a man. If you feel uncomfortable in any way, don't hesitate to tell me, okay?"

"Oz, I know."

When Oscar had gotten into the bathroom, Cassie picked up his phone and dialed Amelia's number. Once the call got through, she said gleefully, "Ms. Winters, it's me. I'm pregnant with Oscar's child, so if you're smart about it, I suggest you quickly get the divorce done. You don't want to humiliate yourself now, do you?"

On the other end of the call, Amelia was cool as a cucumber. "Are you with him now?"

"How else would I be using his phone? He called me over to your house last night after you left. It may not be as grand as the Clinton residence,

but it's still got a nice, homely touch to it. I quite like it, to be honest. Oh, I just can't wait to live there with Oscar and our child! We'll be so happy together!"

Cassie was so good at putting on that saccharine voice of hers, but Amelia remained cool as ever.

"Ms. Yard, are you done? If there's nothing else, I'll be hanging up now. I've still got work to do. I don't have time for your nonsense."

With that, Amelia ended the call.

Cassie grinned at the phone smugly. "Amelia Winters, let's see how long you can put on this brave front. Oz is mine! You're merely a substitute, so scam as far as you can."

The new lover laughs, while the old lover weeps.

Amelia, who was already at work, was still clutching her phone tightly. She was so crestfallen and distracted that she didn't even realize Carter was now standing in front of her.

Carter sat her down on the couch and asked gently, "Amelia, are you okay?"

She snapped back to reality and forced a smile. "I'm fine."

Carter always had such a pleasant smile. He was a true gentleman and Amelia felt comfortable around him.

"Amelia, we've been friends for so long. You can confide in me if you don't mind."

She shook her head. "It's fine, Mr. Scott. It's office hours now, and I'd prefer to keep my personal and professional life separate."

"Don't worry. Have you forgotten that I'm the boss? I can do whatever I like. No one can stop me." Carter chuckled.

Amelia retorted, "All the more you should be leading by example. How else can you expect the company to have faith in you? If there's nothing else, I'd like to get back to work now."

As she prepared to leave, Carter grabbed her hand. "You don't look so well though. Why don't you stay for a bit and let me make you some tea? You can get back to work once you're feeling better. I can't possibly let people think I'm overworking the newcomer."

Amelia couldn't help but break into a smile. "Mr. Scott, you're always such a joker."

Carter made a cup of warm tea and brought it to her. "This is my office, Amelia. You don't have to be so formal. Please, call me Carter."

Amelia accepted the tea from him with a polite smile. "There are still company rules and etiquette to follow. I can't let there be rumors about the newcomer getting special treatment from the boss. It's bad enough that they know I got this job through personal connections. Imagine how much more pissed off they'd be if I acted all arrogant around here."

After all, being in the workforce means having to take extra caution with every word you say and every step you take.