

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 51

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Amelia looked at Oscar and asked, "Mr. Clinton, what's wrong?"

Oscar replied, "There's too many people here."

Amelia took his hand and started swinging it like a love-struck idiot. She laughingly commented, "Mr. Clinton, you negotiate with people every day and handles accounts in the millions. I didn't know you'd be scared of crowds."

"I'm not scared of crowds; I just don't like them. It's noisy."

Amelia held his hand more firmly and laughed. "Mr. Clinton, I'm sorry you have to suffer through the crowds today, but I'm the birthday girl and you promised to spend the whole day with me."

Oscar pinched her nose lightly. "I've been neglecting you all this while; I'm making it up to you now for my past actions."

Amelia chuckled. Though she knew Oscar's affectionate behavior was but a temporary change, she was willing to indulge herself in his attentiveness.

"Mr. Clinton, thank you for today. This is the first time in our four years of marriage that you've acted like a real husband."

Oscar glanced at her and asked in a puzzled tone, "Did I not treat you well in the past? I've been giving you a sizable allowance and I've always asked my secretary to buy you anything that you fancy. I'm not too sure if other rich men would be so kind to their toys."

Amelia pursed her lips. "Mr. Clinton, like you said, you've treated me like a toy in the past. Today though, you're treating me like a wife. And as a wife, of course, I'm happy when you're being a romantic."

Oscar pondered her words.

Amelia lifted her head and glanced at him. "It's okay, Mr. Clinton. Just take my words with a pinch of salt. After tonight, we'll be back to being contractors in a transactional relationship. There will be nothing more to it."

Displeasure flashed across Oscar's eyes.

"Amelia, do you not trust me?"

"Mr. Clinton, this is not a matter of trust. Your heart belongs to someone else"—as if to make her point, she pointed to his heart—"and no amount of effort is going to let me change that. It's much easier if we just treat this as a contract."

Oscar fell silent.

He appraised Amelia's unusually calm demeanor, an indescribable emotion taking hold of him—an impulsive urge to pull her into his arms and say that he would not divorce her. But just as he lifted his arms, an image of Cassie flashed across his mind, washing away that feeling.

At that moment, Amelia's phone started ringing. It was Tiffany.

"Tiff," Amelia answered.

"Happy birthday, Babe! I was rushing a deadline yesterday and I almost forgot to send you a wish on your birthday. Come over, I've prepared a birthday cake for you." Tiffany's cheerful voice came through the receiver.

Amelia smiled. "Okay, I'll be over in a jiff."

Tiffany continued talking for a while, with Amelia voicing her agreement several times.

Hanging up the phone, Amelia looked at Oscar and said smilingly, "Mr. Clinton, thank you for the surprise you've prepared for me today. I really liked it. Tiff's prepared a cake for me as well and I'd like to go visit her. Do you wanna head home first? Or you can go visit Cassie if you like."

Oscar grabbed her hand, much to Amelia's shock. "Didn't you say you're the birthday girl and I'm not to leave your side the entire day? Let's go then."

Amelia's smile was radiant. "Okay, let's go."

Oscar drove them to Tiffany's neighborhood. He parked the car and together they went up to her place.

When Tiffany opened the door, she froze at the sight of Oscar standing next to Amelia. Amelia merely smiled and said, "I'll tell you inside."

Tiffany let them into her place.

After closing the door, Tiffany folded her arms and addressed Oscar, "Mr. Clinton, I hope you don't mind my humble digs or I'll have to invite you out."

Oscar was nonplussed at Tiffany's sarcasm as he surveyed her modest home.

Amelia tugged on Tiffany's sleeve. "Tiff, it's my birthday today. Please don't make any funny comments for my sake."

Though she looked displeased, she quickly brightened up and said, "I wonder what momentous occasion has brought you all the way to my house, Mr. Clinton. Please don't tell me that you actually remembered Amelia's birthday."

Amelia tugged on her sleeves again and changed the topic. "Tiff, didn't you say you got me a birthday cake and presents? Where are they?"

Tiffany eyed Amelia and said, "They're in the living room."

Amelia walked into the living room and saw a two-tier cake on the table. It wasn't a big cake but the design was incredibly intricate. There was a photo of her on the cake along with a message that read: Happy birthday, Amelia! Stay elegant and pretty always!

The cake was decorated with a variety of fruits as well.

"Babe, your birthday will be over in two more hours. Make a wish, quick."

Amelia nodded.

That year, Amelia had spent her birthday with both Tiffany and Oscar. This is the simplest birthday party I've ever joined. Oscar stared at Amelia as she made her birthday wish, her features illuminated by the candles. He felt his chest tighten.

As the only son of the Clintons, I've always spent my birthday under the limelight. I've lost count of the number of businessmen who've tried to establish work connections during my birthday galas. Every guest is either a businessman or a celebrity, and the prices of the gifts are astronomical. I've been married to this woman for four years yet I've never once put in the effort to celebrate her birthday with her. If I happened to be in a good mood, I would only get my secretary to get her a branded handbag or some cosmetics. A house maybe, with the title deed under her name. I really don't remember what else I've done for her.

I've always treated her like a toy. I play with her when I'm happy and throw her aside when I'm not. Every gift I've given her is something my secretary prepared. I called her a gold-digger who's obsessed with branded goods, but I don't even really know what she loves.

Looking at the woman in front of him who seemed so happy at the sight of a small cake, Oscar doubted if he'd ever truly understood Amelia. She claims to love money and branded goods, but is that who she really is ?

Oscar felt uncertain.

"Mr. Clinton, it's Amelia's birthday today. I wonder what gift a wealthy man like you has prepared for her." Tiffany's sarcastic voice brought him out of his reverie.

Before he could reply, she continued, "Let me guess. For someone as rich as you, the gift must surely be a diamond ring or a branded handbag. Jeez, what an utterly unimaginative present for someone with such wealth. I bet you don't even know what Amelia really likes."

Oscar's face clouded over. "What do you mean?"

Tiffany cut a slice of cake and smiled, though the smile didn't reach her eyes. "Mr. Clinton, for someone with two doctorates and exemplary academic results, do you really not understand what I'm saying?"

Amelia glanced at Tiffany and said softly, "Tiff, that's too much. I'm going to be angry if you keep doing this."

Tiffany looked at her briefly before continuing in an exasperated tone, "Babe, can't you see I'm standing up for you?"

Amelia's eyes were gloomy, though a smile was plastered on her face. "Mr. Clinton and I are merely in a contractual marriage; how can you expect him to treat me like a real husband? Also, who says I don't like branded handbags and clothes? They're such lavish items; other women would kill for them. I'm happy with what I have, so don't go scaring my rich man away or we'll need to have words."

Tiffany appeared even more exasperated, while Oscar seemed deep in thought.

"Did you not like the diamond ring and necklace I got for you?" Oscar asked.

Amelia choked on the piece of cake she was swallowing and started coughing. Both Oscar and Tiffany were overcome with worry.

Tiffany quickly poured her a glass of water. "Here, take a sip."

It wasn't until Amelia took the glass of water and took a big sip did she manage to suppress her cough.

Tiffany patted her back gently and chided her, "How could you choke on a piece of cake? You've always been so careless it's worrisome."

Oscar pursed his lips and asked uncomfortably, "Feeling better now?"

Amelia waved off his concern. "I'm okay. It just got stuck for a bit."

Oscar replied coldly, "Make sure you eat carefully."

Amelia nodded her head.

As the birthday party was slightly awkward due to Oscar's presence, it ended prematurely before midnight.

Tiffany sent them to the door. "Babe, I've sent your present to your house. Security signed for it. You just need to get it from them when you're home."

Amelia hugged Tiffany and laughed. "Tiff, I'm really happy today. I hope you'll be with me for every single one of my birthdays. We shall be best friends forever."

Tiffany patted her face fondly and replied teasingly, "Don't be so cringy. I can't stand it. It's late. You should go home now."

Amelia nodded.

They took the elevator down and walked to the parking lot. Once they were in the car, Oscar asked, "Does Tiffany have some misconception about me?"

"Mr. Clinton, you don't bother to know my friends but you're worried about her misconceptions toward you?" Amelia glanced at him with a faint smile on her face.

Oscar slowly reversed the car out of the spot. "She's quite pretty but she behaves like a firecracker. I'm not sure how many men can stand her behavior; you're much cuter."

"Mr. Clinton, is that a compliment I hear?"

"You're my wife. Can't I give you a compliment?"

“Well, do you treat me like your wife?”

This silenced Oscar.

Amelia shrugged.

The atmosphere in the car became cold and silent.

After some time, Amelia spoiled the mood even further. “Mr. Clinton, I’m going to Saspiuburg for training in a couple of days. Since Ms. Yard isn’t going back to Erihal anymore, how do you plan to settle our contract? Are we getting a divorce? Or are we not? I think you need to give Ms. Yard an answer; I don’t want her to approach me behind your back again.”

Oscar scrunched his brows. “She looked for you?”

“She visited me this afternoon and told me she may be carrying your child,” Amelia replied calmly. What I really wanted to say is that this mistress of yours is overstepping the line! She’s clearly the homewrecker in this scenario but she acts like she’s the victim, and now I look like I’m the horrid being standing in the way of true love.

Oscar frowned.

These two women have given me more trouble than those exorbitant business contracts!

Oscar avoided the elephant in the room. “Are you really planning to go to Saspiuburg?”

Amelia nodded. “It’s a work thing; I’m just following the management’s orders. Plus, I really like the work I’m doing now and the benefits are great.”

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“I believe the allowance I give you is more than what you earn from your job,” remarked Oscar.

Amelia nodded.

Oscar took a deep breath in an attempt to suppress his annoyance. "Quit your job, and I'll give you thirty grand per month. I'll buy you whatever you want too. How about that?"

Amelia cast him an odd look. "I thought we've reached a consensus regarding work, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar turned the wheel and stopped the car upon reaching a traffic light.

"You're allowed to work, but I didn't say we could live separately just because of your job. I'm your patron, so I have the right to order you to remain by my side."

"And what if I insist on going to Saspiuburg, Mr. Clinton?"

"I'll divorce you right away."

Amelia pursed her lips while glaring at him. After a long while, she spoke up with much difficulty. "Do you really mean it, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar nodded.

Amelia smiled bitterly as she thought back to the romantic moments they had earlier, which now seemed like nothing but an illusion.

"Well, if you want to divorce me, so be it," Amelia responded coldly.

Oscar stared at her in disbelief, but the woman kept her eyes on the traffic light that had turned green. "The light's green now, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar breathed deeply, suppressing all the rage within him.

Then, he floored the gas, and the car sped ahead. With that, their hour-long journey became reduced to one that took only twenty minutes. Oscar entered the neighborhood, parked the vehicle, and turned to Amelia, only to realize how pale the woman looked. All the anger within him dissipated in an instant. "What's wrong? Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously. "I'll take you to the hospital right away."

Amelia heaved a sigh and responded weakly, "I'm fine, Mr. Clinton. It's just that you drove too fast, so I'm feeling a little dizzy. I'll be fine soon."

Feeling rather sorry, Oscar helped the woman unbuckle her seatbelt and wiped away the sweat on her forehead. Despite saying that she was like a toy to him, the man had a soft spot for her whenever she felt unwell.

Even so, his excuse was that she was his toy; no one aside from him was allowed to pick on her.

“Are you feeling better?” Oscar asked as he saw the color on her face return gradually.

Amelia glanced at him before attempting to exit the car on her own, only to be stopped.

“Is something the matter, Mr. Clinton?” she asked frostily.

“Are you mad?”

Amelia shook her head. “No. I’m just feeling a little sick.”

“Is it serious? I can take you to the hospital.”

“It’s fine. I’ll be okay soon enough.”

Oscar let go of Amelia before quickly alighting the vehicle and walking over to her side. Then, he proceeded to carry her like a princess, which made her astonished and embarrassed. “Put me down, Mr. Clinton. I can walk on my own.”

Oscar saw through her. “It’s the middle of the night. There aren’t many people in the neighborhood now,” he replied with a rare hint of gentleness.

Amelia buried herself in his embrace like an obedient little kitten.

Oscar’s lips curled into a smile. As expected, he preferred it when Amelia behaved herself and listened to him. But if she were to head to Saspiuburg, that would be no different from her leaving the palm of his hand. The thought of this made him feel powerless and frustrated.

Upon entering the house, Oscar placed Amelia on the couch before getting down on one knee in front of her to meet her gaze. “Do you still feel uncomfortable anywhere else?”

Amelia looked into his eyes, her heart racing and her cheeks burning.

“Why is your face red? Did I scare you by driving too fast?”

Amelia gave Oscar’s chest a light shove, confusing the latter.

“I’m okay, Mr. Clinton. I’m just not used to seeing you this kind.”

Oscar put on a serious face, pretending to be furious. "You don't like me being nice?"

Amelia shook her head. "That's not it. We're husband and wife, so of course, I'd want you to be nice to me. I just find your kindness a little too out of the blue, and I'm worried that all of this would turn out to be nothing but a dream. What if I wake up and you're back to being the same old Mr. Clinton?"

"Stop trying to sound smart. I was just being nice to you because it's your birthday today. I didn't think I'd end up frightening you instead," Oscar replied calmly.

Then, he got up, sat next to her, and pulled her into an embrace. "Don't go to Saspiuburg, okay, Amelia?"

An array of emotions swept through Amelia and she couldn't understand why Oscar was behaving this way. Is it because he can't bear to part with me, or does he just want to keep me caged up next to him like an animal?

"Why won't you let me go to Saspiuburg? Is it because you can't stand not being able to see me?" Amelia asked tentatively.

"Don't get ahead of yourself. Just promise me you won't go to Saspiuburg," Oscar replied, avoiding her question.

Amelia sighed internally.

"I'm pretty tired now, Mr. Clinton. Let's talk about this tomorrow."

Yet, Oscar held onto her and murmured into her ear in a deep, alluring tone, "Promise me you won't go to Saspiuburg, okay?"

Hearing his enchanting voice, Amelia nearly agreed to his request.

Fortunately, her last bit of reasoning pulled her back to reality. She grabbed Oscar's face and leaned over to kiss him.

Then gazing at him enticingly, she said, "It's getting late, Mr. Clinton. Let's go to sleep."

One gaze was enough to ignite a fire within Oscar, and it was only after taking a deep breath that he managed to control himself.

He gently smacked her rear end and remarked hoarsely, "You must have been a vamp in your past life. You're such a seductress that you could bleed me of everything I have."

"Is that a compliment toward my body, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia glanced at him suggestively and smiled.

Oscar instinctively took another deep breath. This woman IS a seductress. Just one smile and she can charm any man she wants. If it weren't for his self-control, he wouldn't have been able to resist her.

Despite constantly saying that he loved Cassie, Oscar never felt the same urges when it came to the latter woman. The only explanation he could give himself was that Cassie was too pure and that he didn't wish to sully her before they got married.

Yet, the man failed to consider this: if he truly loved Cassie, why didn't he ever feel such passion toward her the way he did toward Amelia? Instead, he had continued to behave like a gentleman even during their most intense honeymoon phase. Truth be told, Oscar was never a gentleman; he was a devil who couldn't care less about being modest.

"Watch your words, or I'll make sure you can't leave the bed tonight," Oscar warned.

Amelia deliberately puffed out her chest. "Well, Mr. Clinton, you celebrated my birthday today, so everything about me belongs to you tonight. You can do whatever you want with me, but you won't get another chance like this after today," she said alluringly.

Oscar's gaze darkened. He looked like he could eat Amelia alive.

He coughed lightly and held onto Amelia's waist with his right hand. "Listen to me and don't go to Saspiuburg, and I'll give you what you want right away."

In return, Amelia wrapped her arms around his neck and remarked seductively, "What's with all the rambling, Mr. Clinton? You're being so indecisive. Or could it be that you're... incapable now?"

"Stop playing with fire, woman. You wouldn't be able to handle me."

Amelia merely chuckled. She was like a vixen at night. There was something so dangerous about her beauty that one couldn't keep their eyes off her, and those who weren't good enough for her could only look down in shame.

The look in Oscar's eyes changed as he gulped.

His hands began to unbutton Amelia's outfit, thus revealing her flawless body. Then, his eyes instantly fell on the woman's ample bosom.

"Am I pretty, Mr. Clinton?" asked Amelia.

Oscar quickly snapped back to reality and put Amelia's clothes back on for her under the woman's surprised gaze.

"Mr. Clinton, you're not actually incapable, are you?" Amelia blurted out.

Oscar cast her a glance. "You'll find out soon enough. But for now, we have some matters to take care of."

"What matters?" Amelia grew skeptical.

"What do you think?"

With that, Amelia crawled off his body and became serious too. "Let's do that, then. I'm listening."

"Don't go to Saspiuburg. That's my bottom line. If it's money you need, I can increase your allowance."

Oscar expressed his demands seriously.

"But Mr. Clinton, the contract says we're not supposed to interfere with each other's work and private lives. You haven't forgotten that, have you?"

"I haven't. I have no intention of interfering with your work, but the contract does state that I have the right to bring up requests that are deemed reasonable. I believe asking you to stay is fairly reasonable."

Amelia gazed at him in puzzlement and frowned. "Give me a reason, Mr. Clinton, or I will go to Saspiuburg."

"Are you going there just because of Carter Scott? How much money did he give you to make you fall head over heels for him?"

"Carter and I are just friends, Mr. Clinton. Talk nicely, and I'll listen. I'll be going to bed if you don't," Amelia answered as she stood up.

"Sit down."

The woman complied. "So you're going to start talking nicely now?"

Oscar glanced at her.

"Tell me. Why do you want to go to Saspiuburg?"

"It's been arranged by the company, Mr. Clinton. You can get someone to look into this if you don't believe me. This job means a lot to me. I studied design while I was in university, and every piece of drawing I create gives me a sense of achievement. That's why I don't want to lose this job."

"If you enjoy designing, I can have you work at Clinton Corporations. I'm sure such a place would provide plenty of opportunities for you to use your talent."

Amelia fell silent.

"What's wrong? Is such a huge company like Clinton Corporations still not good enough for you?"

Amelia shook her head. "Don't get me wrong, Mr. Clinton. Being able to work at Clinton Corporations is something many people dream of, but there are too many amazing talents in there. I'm just a designer who graduated from an ordinary university, so there's no way someone with my credentials could ever make it into the company."

Oscar's lips curled into a smirk. "If that's what you're worried about, beg me, and I'll make sure you get hired."

Amelia couldn't hide her smile.

Yet, just as Oscar thought she would accept his offer, the woman quickly turned him down. "I think I still prefer my current workplace, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar's face immediately fell. "You're turning me down?"

"There's no denying that you're my patron, Mr. Clinton. But apart from pretending to be your wife and fulfilling your needs, the contract clearly doesn't say anything about me having to get a different job."

"So you're saying that you're going to Saspiuburg no matter what?"

Amelia nodded.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 53**

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"Don't ask for a mile just because you get an inch, Amelia, or you'll end up with nothing when I divorce you."

Amelia gazed at him calmly. "You said so yourself that we're divorcing soon, Mr. Clinton. If I were to work at the Clinton Corporations, do I have to stay and watch everyone point fingers at me after the divorce, or would I have to get the hell out of the company?"

"You can stay if you want."

"You're saying you want everyone at work to put me down?"

"Work and personal affairs are two separate matters; this is a rule that Clinton Corporations addresses strictly. Everyone who works there knows what not to say, so you don't have to worry."

"You're the president, Mr. Clinton, so it's a given that no one will say nasty things about you. But I'm not like you. I'd be nothing if I weren't Mrs. Clinton! I might not even last five days if people were to start gossiping about me."

"It's not like you're a modest woman in the first place."

Amelia clammed up.

After a long while, she spoke up. "I may be brazen and shameless, Mr. Clinton, but that doesn't mean I enjoy being made a circus of."

Oscar rose to his feet. "If you insist on going to Saspiuburg, sure, but we'll sign the divorce papers before you leave. I don't like to raise a pet that doesn't obey my commands."

Amelia's expression changed before she wrapped herself around Oscar's neck. "But Mr. Clinton, can you really bear to leave me?"

Oscar's gaze darkened for a brief moment. Then, he gently squeezed the woman's waist with his right arm. "As long as you obey me, you'll still be Mrs. Clinton."

"But I'll only be in Saspiuburg for a few months," Amelia said coquettishly. "I'll be back right after my training, so can we not get divorced yet?"

"Well, who's the one who wanted to get a divorce while we were on the road?"

"Hmm? Who was it? There's no way any woman would ever let go of a big fish like you, Mr. Clinton. You're just too amazing."

"Big fish?"

"You're rich and handsome, and you come from such a good family. A man like you is a rare gem! I'd never let go of you so easily, Mr. Clinton. You know how much I love money," Amelia explained enthusiastically.

Oscar kept his hand on her waist. "If you're so afraid of someone else snatching me away, why would you still choose to go to Saspiuburg?"

"That's because I've been asked to by my company. Besides, now that your true love has returned, I'd rather not stay here."

Oscar gave her nose a light pinch. "Go to bed. I'll think about this whole Saspiuburg issue."

With that, Oscar let go of Amelia and headed straight upstairs.

Amelia gazed at his back as her mind fell into a mess. She had no idea what Oscar was up to.

Oscar had always been a tough nut to crack. Apart from giving all the little kindness that he had to Cassie, the man was always cold to every other woman. But today, he had celebrated her birthday with her and even prepared her a gift. Although Amelia received such gifts every year, this time, Oscar had specifically ordered someone to make the necklace and had their initials carved on it. Wasn't this a token of his love, then?

Amelia headed upstairs too, only to realize that the door had been locked as she attempted to enter the bedroom. Seriously, how childish could he be?

"Open the door, Mr. Clinton!" she called out while banging on the door.

Yet, the door remained locked despite her shouting numerous times.

Amelia stared at the tightly shut door in distress. Aren't women usually the ones who would behave this way? I can't believe he locked me out! Did I do something to piss him off?

She continued to pound on the door, but the man inside refused to open it. Thus, she had no other choice but to use the guest room. Fortunately, Tiffany often slept in there, so Amelia didn't have to worry about not having any pillows and blankets. Then, she brought the pajamas she had prepared for Tiffany to the bathroom, took a hot bath, and got into bed. Suddenly, a knock came on the door.

Amelia opened it and found Oscar standing outside in his pajamas.

"Come back and sleep."

"Didn't you lock me out, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia asked with a smile that didn't reach her ears.

"I didn't hear you knocking. I was taking a shower."

Amelia merely smiled and chose not to expose his childish antics.

As they returned to the master bedroom, Amelia crawled into bed and waited for Oscar to join her. Then, she cuddled up into his arms ever so naturally.

"Were you throwing a tantrum, Mr. Clinton?" the woman asked with a smile.

"Cut those ridiculous thoughts. I did no such thing." Oscar held onto her, and the two looked like a real couple.

"Let's sleep."

Lying peacefully in his arms, the woman quickly fell into a slumber.

Amelia woke up early the next morning and gazed at a sleeping Oscar in satisfaction. Then, she brazenly planted a kiss on his chin. But just as she was about to move away, the woman felt her body being raised as Oscar engulfed her lips in his.

The man proceeded to French kiss her. After separating, Amelia panted slightly while grinning at him. "You're awake, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar pinched her nose lightly. "Don't you have to go to work? Hurry up and get out of bed. I'll take you to work after breakfast."

"Why haven't you been spending time with Ms. Yard for the past two days, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia asked as she walked into the bathroom with Oscar following after.

"She went back to Erihal with her team yesterday afternoon," Oscar responded blandly.

Amelia froze for a moment while holding her toothbrush. "So your woman's gone. That explains why you have so much time on your hands."

Oscar glanced at her. "Are you jealous?"

"How could I ever be, Mr. Clinton? You're too mighty of a figure."

“Seriously... You’re like a sly fox that can talk your way into getting anything you want sometimes, but other times, you’re like a lazy kitten whose thoughts can never be understood.”

“Is that a compliment, Mr. Clinton?”

Oscar hugged her from behind. “As long as you keep being a good girl, I’ll give you everything a woman could ever dream of before we’re divorced.”

So at the end of the day, he just thinks of me as his plaything, huh?

After rinsing her mouth, Amelia gave him a kiss on the cheek. “You should wash up, Mr. Clinton. I’ll be heading down for breakfast now. I won’t wait up if you’re late, because unlike you, I’m just a regular employee at work.”

“Wait for me. I’ll take you to work.”

Amelia glanced at him before nodding and heading downstairs.

After eating the breakfast Molly had prepared, the two headed down to the basement for the car, and Oscar took Amelia straight to her workplace.

As he stopped by the roadside, Oscar unbuckled his seatbelt and planted a kiss on the woman’s forehead. “I’ll come to pick you up for lunch at noon.”

Amelia cast him an odd glance. “You’re being unusually attentive, Mr. Clinton.”

“Isn’t it a husband’s duty to treat his wife to meals?” Oscar responded matter-of-factly.

Amelia smiled sweetly at him. “So you do treat me as your wife.”

The man gave her forehead a flick. “Well, what else would you be?”

“That’s a question I should be asking you, Mr. Clinton,” Amelia replied cheekily before opening the door and exiting the car.

Oscar broke into a smile and his mood instantly brightened.

He whipped out his phone and dialed an unsaved number. “Is this Carter Scott?” he asked the moment the call connected.

Over the phone, Carter froze for a brief moment before answering, “Yes. Who is this?”

"I'm Oscar Clinton. We just met yesterday; have you already forgotten about me?"

Carter grew even more perplexed. "May I know why you're calling, Mr. Clinton?"

"Are you free right now? Let's have a cup of coffee. I have something I need to talk to you about," Oscar replied without a hint of hesitation.

Carter froze temporarily before answering, "Okay. What time?"

"How about now?" Oscar proceeded to give him an address.

Upon arrival at the hotel where they had arranged to meet, Oscar then ordered two Western breakfast platters.

Carter arrived shortly. Unsurprised to see breakfast on the table, he casually took his seat across Oscar. Both men looked incredibly attractive and dressed well, so they immediately became quite a sight for others who were there.

"You must have called me here for a reason, Mr. Clinton. Say, what can I do for you?" Carter picked up a bun and ate it elegantly.

Oscar picked up his coffee and sipped on it, not intending to answer Carter's question hastily. Like old friends who were finally meeting up again, the two continued to eat and drink in silence, but the atmosphere remained tense.

After finishing his breakfast, Carter wiped his mouth with a napkin and spoke again. "Can we talk about it now, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar went straight to the point. "Forget about letting Amelia go to Saspiuburg. I'd like you to take her name off the list."

Carter remained smiling. "Is this Amelia's decision? Or is it yours, Mr. Clinton?"

"I'm her husband, so I naturally have the right to make decisions for her," Oscar answered while glancing at the man before him.

Carter shrugged. "I'm afraid I can't say yes if this isn't of Amelia's own will, Mr. Clinton. Amelia's human; she's not a toy or an animal. She has the right to make her own decisions. I know she's married to you, but that doesn't mean she shouldn't have her personal space. Don't you think you're going too far by intervening in her work?"

Oscar let out a scoff. "Do you like her?"

Carter nodded, his expression remaining unchanged. "I do. I've liked her ever since we first met. She was a sophomore when we first met. I remember how simple her clothes were, but she looked so innocently beautiful. I couldn't take my eyes off her."

Carter began to reminisce about the past. "She's pure and beautiful, and she was every guy's dream girl. I couldn't believe that such beauty existed at that time. I would've pursued her if my family hadn't pestered me to leave the country. When I came back, I was ecstatic to learn that she had come to work at one of my family's companies, and I quickly decided to go after her. But before I could make her my girlfriend, she ran into trouble. At the same time, my family had forced me to leave the country again, and they even kept a hold of my passport. Sadly, Amelia was gone when I returned once again. I could never find her—until she suddenly found me not long ago and asked me for a job. That's when I knew my chance had finally come. I don't care if she's married or not; I want to remain by her side."

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 54

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Oscar's gaze turned frosty. "Don't you think you're flattering yourself a little too much, Mr. Scott? I can look after my own woman just fine. There's no need for you to meddle in our affairs."

"If you were truly serious about Amelia, I wouldn't have even thought about meddling, Mr. Clinton. But you already have another woman to care for. Don't you know the true reason Amelia wants to go to Saspiuburg?"

Oscar froze slightly. He immediately guessed what was happening, for he was no fool. "She's avoiding me?"

"I didn't say that, but if that's what you think, sure. I've like Amelia for many years now, and I'm not going to let her stay with a scumbag."

Oscar crossed his arms. "Who do you think you are to say that?"

Carter's face froze slightly as a hint of frustration flashed in his eyes for a brief moment. Then, the man quickly returned to his usual graceful self.

"I'm her friend, but it won't be long until I become her husband. As for you, Mr. Clinton, your true love has come back, so stop telling your woman how much you love her while pretending like you can't let Amelia go. You

might enjoy putting on such an act, but I'm getting pretty tired of watching it."

"You looked me up?" Oscar asked calmly.

"Know your enemy, and you'll never be defeated—that's how the saying goes, right?" Carter readily acknowledged. "Of course I have to look into whoever Amelia's married to. I won't interfere with her marriage if she's truly happy, but I'll take her away if she isn't."

Oscar snorted. "Quite the romantic, aren't you, Mr. Scott? To think that the son of the prominent Scott family would willingly be a third wheel in someone else's marriage! Don't you think you're embarrassing your own family?"

Carter's expression remained unchanged.

He picked up his coffee and took two sips. "Amelia and I are just friends, and I won't do anything dishonorable with her until she leaves her marriage. Besides, Amelia isn't that kind of woman. She may look stunning, but she would never be unfaithful. The fact that you don't know this truly makes me wonder how you even got to be her husband."

Putting on an enlightened face, he continued, "Oh, I get it. You only care about your past love, whereas Amelia's just an ornament. It's no wonder you don't know how pure she actually is."

Oscar's fingers moved slightly.

"What's the point in saying all this, Mr. Scott? At the end of the day, I'm the one Amelia loves. In fact, she loves me even she knows I have someone else," Oscar declared confidently.

The look on Carter's face changed slightly as he cast Oscar a profound gaze. "You put so much effort in establishing trust at work, but who would've thought you're such a despicable man when it comes to your personal affairs? Aren't you worried about losing who you truly love one day?"

"If I could get two women to love me, I'm sure I can make sure they get along with each other. You don't have to worry about this, Mr. Scott."

Carter finally lost his cool, and he gritted his teeth. "Don't you think you're being such a scumbag, Mr. Clinton?"

"Well, whether or not I'm a scumbag has nothing to do with you, Mr. Scott. I came here only to ask you to cancel Amelia's training in Saspiuburg, or I'll

personally give Mr. Abel Scott a call. I'm sure he'd do what he can to appease me."

Carter narrowed his eyes. "You're threatening me?"

Oscar shrugged. "I'm a businessman. Whatever I can't get the proper way, I'll get using other methods. You may have started out your own company, but you're still a member of the Scotts. I remember how obedient you are toward your grandfather; you're not going to go against him, are you?"

"Are you threatening me?"

"I'd do whatever it takes to get what I want."

"Well, you're bound to be disappointed, Mr. Clinton. Amelia's training in Saspiuburg has been arranged by the company. Every newcomer has to attend it. You can look into this if you don't believe me. This is a company requirement, so I suggest you stop trying to interfere."

"I don't care if it's a policy. Let Amelia stay, or I'll come looking for your grandfather."

Carter clenched his teeth. "Don't you think you're being a little too vile and shameless, Mr. Clinton?"

"It doesn't matter as long as I achieve my goals."

Carter rose to his feet. "Thank you for the breakfast, Mr. Clinton. As for your request, I'm afraid I can't agree to it. The company has its rules in place, and I can't break them just because you ask me to."

Oscar stood up too. "Very well. In that case, pretend that we've never met today."

With that, Oscar strode out of the hotel.

Carter's gaze darkened as he sat on the couch and fell deep into his thoughts.

It was only after his phone rang that he snapped back to reality. Realizing that his secretary was calling, he answered it and quickly made his way to work. "Linda, get Amelia to wait for me in my office," he instructed on his way.

Then, he hung up.

Upon returning to work, Linda immediately walked up to him. "Good morning, Mr. Scott. Amelia from the design department is waiting for you inside your office. Here's the report for the first quarter. Please have a look."

Carter retrieved the documents. "Okay. I won't be seeing any visitors for the next half hour. If anyone drops by, take them to the guest lounge."

"Yes, Mr. Scott."

Carter opened the door to his office and found Amelia waiting for him inside. The woman looked especially charming and mature in her workplace attire.

Carter couldn't help but space out while gazing at her.

He had met all kinds of beauties throughout his life due to his family's influence, and that included countless celebrity models who looked much more stunning than Amelia did. Even so, none of them could make Carter feel the way he did about Amelia, and that was how he knew he loved her.

If only I weren't such a pompous little brat back then, maybe we would've had a good start. Maybe we would've even been married by now.

Unfortunately, everyone was in the hands of fate.

"What are you thinking about, Mr. Scott? I've called out to you three times, but you haven't answered me!" Amelia stood in front of Carter with a chuckle.

Carter returned to his senses and gazed at the woman in front of him, nearly giving in to his desire to touch her face.

He quickly shook off all his bizarre thoughts. "Have a seat."

Amelia sat down as Carter turned his office chair around to face her.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Scott?" Amelia spoke up.

Carter glanced at her as his lips twitched slightly, not knowing where to begin.

"Is there something you want to tell me?" Amelia asked, seemingly having read the situation.

Carter coughed awkwardly. "Amelia, do you really have to go to Saspiuburg for the training?"

Amelia was a smart woman, and she swiftly understood why Carter had asked such a question. The only person who was capable of driving the man to a corner like this and had something to do with her was Oscar Clinton.

Hence, she went straight to the point. "Did Oscar come looking for you, Mr. Scott?"

Carter froze briefly before responding, "You're smart as always, Amelia. He specifically asked to meet me today and said he doesn't want you to go to Saspiuburg. What are your thoughts on this?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Scott?"

"I'm saying that if you want to go to Saspiuburg, I'll do everything I can to make that happen."

"You know the situation I'm in, Mr. Scott. Oscar and I don't get along too well. In any case, I have to go to Saspiuburg. I don't want the Clintons to find out about the child for now."

Carter nodded. "Okay, leave this to me."

"I'm really sorry for all the trouble, Mr. Scott. If the Clintons give you too much of a hard time, I can always resign," Amelia said sincerely.

Carter merely smiled. "We're friends, Amelia. And I stand by what I've said—if you ever get divorced, I hope you'll leave me a spot next to you. I'd do anything for you."

"I appreciate the feelings you have for me, Mr. Scott, but I'm already married. No matter how things between Oscar and me turn out, I'd prefer not to have too many disruptions in my marriage."

This was her way of subtly turning down Carter's courtship.

Amelia knew her feelings well. Despite giving others the image of her being a gold digger, she was always loyal to the one she loved. Everything seemed so contradictory; the woman looked charming, seductive, and liberal on the outside, so it was no surprise for people to assume that she had many past flings. Even so, Carter believed that the only man in her heart was Oscar.

She was such a paradoxical woman. Despite being a stunning and enticing beauty, she was extremely conservative deep down and had loved only one man.

Yet, such a perfect woman had to end up in the hands of a rich and frivolous man like Oscar. Was she considered lucky or unlucky?

"I have no intention of getting in the way of your marriage, Amelia. I just hope that you can make room for me if you're not happy being with Oscar."

Amelia caressed her long, flowing hair with a smile. "I'd prefer not to talk about my personal affairs at work, Mr. Scott. I'll be sure to talk to Oscar about what happened today. I'm really sorry that he bothered you."

Carter felt slightly defeated.

"You know that's not what I meant, Amelia. You—"

"I know you mean well and I really appreciate it. But I don't wish to delve into my love life while I'm at work, so I hope you understand," Amelia stressed.

With that, there wasn't much else Carter could say.

"Don't you think you're being a little too cold toward me?" Carter asked blandly.

Amelia maintained a grin. "But you're the boss, Mr. Scott. I'm just a regular employee here. I wouldn't dare crack jokes with you."

"You know I see you as an equal, Amelia. If you don't like working in the design department, I can always make you the vice president of the company."

"Oh, please, Mr. Scott, I love working in design. That's my field, after all, and I do think I have a knack for drawing. Don't make such jokes with me!" Amelia responded with a rare hint of cheekiness. "Well, if you have nothing else to tell me, I'll be taking my leave."

Carter nodded.

As soon as the woman left, he received a phone call from his mother. "Carter, your grandfather wants you to come home tonight. There's something he wants to talk to you about."

Oscar was acting much more quickly than he had expected.

"I got it, Mom. I'll be back tonight."

The woman over the phone fell silent for a moment before asking gently, "Carter, you're not getting close to that woman again, are you?"

Aware that his mother was referring to Amelia, Carter chose not to hide anything. "Mom, you set her up relentlessly just to make me give up on her back then. If you still think of me as your son, you'll stop meddling in my affairs this time, or else, I'll no longer be part of the family."

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 55

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"How could you threaten your mother for a woman, Carter? Is that how you're going to treat me after all that I've done for you?"

"Mom, we can discuss this when I get back. I'm working now," Carter replied, doing his best to change the subject.

"Fine. I'll be waiting for you to come back. The Larsons' eldest daughter is back from overseas. She'll be coming over to visit us today, so you'd better be polite." Having said her piece, Faye immediately hung up.

Carter scratched his head in irritation. He strode over to the window and stared out of it glumly, lost in thought.

That night, he drove over to the Scott residence.

The Scotts ranked prominently among the wealthy elites in the city. Their place of residence was a sprawling villa situated just behind an unending stretch of trees. The entire landscape was fastidiously spruced and trimmed.

Carter parked his car and sauntered toward the entrance of the villa. A middle-aged man greeted him reverently, saying, "Welcome home, Mr. Carter. Mrs. Scott and her guests are waiting for you inside."

Warmly, Carter replied, "Raymond, it's been a while since I've met you. How are you doing?"

"Thank you for your concern, Mr. Carter. I'm still going strong. Mrs. Scott has greatly missed you in the month that you were gone from home," Raymond informed him.

"Got it, Raymond. I'm just about to head in and make it all up to her," Carter declared.

Besides Jack and Faye Scott, present in the living room were another middle-aged couple and a beautiful, fashionable young lady.

Carter furrowed his brows slightly. It was quickly wiped away, however, leaving Carter once again looking every bit the perfect gentleman.

He walked over and courteously greeted his parents, "Mom, Dad."

Brimming with pride for his son, Jack replied, "Welcome home, son."

Carter was evidently the apple of Faye's eye, too. She sprung up and fussed over him, taking over the jacket from his hands. "You've been busy working all day, Carter. Are you tired?"

Carter shook his head. He turned toward the couple seated next to his parents and remarked, "Mom, are these our guests? I don't think I've met them before."

Faye swatted her head. "Look at me! I was too caught up in my delight at seeing you that I totally forgot all about the Larsons." Faye proceeded to introduce them. "This is Mr. and Mrs. Larson and their daughter, Jennifer. They're old family friends. Mrs. Larson used to carry you in her arms when you were still a baby. They migrated overseas when you were just five, so it's no wonder you don't remember having meeting them."

Carter smiled and greeted them jovially, "Pleasure to meet you."

He would usually present a mild-mannered front to outsiders. The smile on his face belied the thoughts that festered inside. Thus, no matter the catastrophe, no one had ever witnessed the full extent of his fury. The matter with Amelia was the only incident that had shown a glimpse of the predator lurking within him.

His thoughts were therefore uncommonly profound. The woman that he chose to love, however, would be immensely fortunate.

The Larsons clearly found Carter impressive. "So this is Carter? He's even more handsome than what he looked like in the photographs. Jennifer, you haven't met Carter before, have you? You used to hang around him when you were two."

Jennifer was a demure girl, who looked gorgeous with her small face, rosebud mouth, and fair skin. She was the epitome of classical beauty. Along with her immaculate sense of style, her appearance was practically flawless.

"Hello, Carter," Jessica said coyly.

Carter appraised her. From a purely visual perspective, she was indeed a great beauty. She was even lovelier than Amelia, with her charming air of innocence which could stir men's hearts to defend her. Amelia, however, gave off an aggressiveness that conversely incited men to overcome and consequently overwhelm her.

"No need to be shy around me," Carter asserted.

Jennifer replied him with a sweet smile.

Carter took a seat beside Faye, casually asking, "Mom, where's Granddad?"

"He's working on his computer in the study and will only be joining us for dinner. You can go and look for him first. He has something to tell you," Faye said.

Carter nodded, then stood up. Addressing the Larsons, he said, "Mr. Larson, Mrs. Larson, I'll be heading up first. Please make yourselves comfortable."

The Larsons were even more delighted at his courteous manner and cried, "All right. You go ahead."

Carter ascended the stairs. He knocked on the door and went in upon hearing his grandfather's invitation to enter.

"Granddad," Carter greeted.

Abel Scott was typing away furiously. He typed the last letter with a firm tap of his finger, then looked up. "You're home," he intoned.

Abel was approaching ninety years of age but seemed to have drunk from the fountain of youth. Other than a few stray strands of silver hair, his head was still mostly raven-black. And unlike other seniors, his face wasn't plagued by wrinkles, and his trim, tall figure still looked rather sturdy. In fact, he looked rather regal in his robe.

"May I know what's the reason you asked me to come home this time around?" Carter asked.

"Have you been seeing Amelia?" Abel inquired directly.

Carter calmly replied, "Yes, Granddad. She's an employee at my company."

"I supposed after all that had happened, you'd have the sense to not contact her again," Abel remarked.

"Granddad, she's the woman I love with all my heart. I can't possibly cease all contact with her. Granddad, you knew that she'd married Oscar and yet pretended that you didn't. It was cruel of you to hide that from me."

Abel sneered, "That woman chose to marry Oscar for money, which shows just how unsuitable she is for you. How could I allow such a gold-digger to marry into the Scott family? Since she's now become the Clintons' daughter-in-law, stop getting involved with her. The Scotts have business dealings with the Clintons, and we don't want to offend Oscar. It'd be a shame to ruin our relationship with the Clintons over a woman."

Carter held himself upright and replied coolly, "Granddad, I had no means to resist you when I was younger. But now that I have my own business, I have the right to choose who I want to love. I'll pursue Amelia to the ends of the earth. I missed my chance once, but I won't make the same mistake twice."

Abel directed his piercing gaze straight at Carter. "Carter, are you going to disregard your own grandfather?"

"Granddad, I have nothing but respect for you, and I've learned a lot from you. You taught me that we shouldn't let go of the things we love so easily. You also said that we might have to resort to any means possible to snatch it back. I've always remembered that," Carter declared passionately.

Abel replied, "I did say that, but I never intended for you to apply that to women."

"Granddad, I think it's equally applicable for both business and relationships," Carter remarked.

Abel clapped a hand on Carter's shoulder. "Carter, I hold the highest regard for you among all my grandchildren. Your father has no interest in the company. I'd like you to come back and take over Scott Group."

Carter protested, "Granddad, I have no interest in Scott Group. I've just gotten my own company in order. Why don't you get another one of your sons to take over?"

"Your uncle's pretty good at it, but he's an honest man. He doesn't have the boldness necessary to take the Scott Group to the next level. I've gotten old, and younger, more capable hands should replace mine in managing the company. You're a steady, meticulous, and enterprising young man with powerful business acumen. If you're willing to come back, Scott Group is yours."

Carter helped his grandfather over to the sofa. "Granddad, if you'll consent to me marrying whoever I like, I'll definitely come back to join the Scotts."

"What on earth is so good about her? She flirted with Oscar, got married to the Clintons, and now she's driving you insane, so much so that you're even willing to cut off all ties with the Scotts for her! Do you really like her that much?"

"Granddad, she's the only woman I love."

"Enough," Abel bellowed, his chest heaving with rage. "She's already married to someone else. Forget not being able to let go! Are you going to degrade yourself by becoming a third party? Are you really that desperate? You're driving me insane as well!"

Carter patted his grandfather on the back to soothe him. "Granddad, I'm just friends with Amelia. She has her own family now. I'll keep this love unspoken in my heart."

Abel shot Carter a glance. "If that's the case, then get her out of your company. She's Oscar's wife, and we can't afford to offend the Clintons."

Carter lowered his head and replied apologetically, "Granddad, I'll heed every other word of yours, other than that regarding Amelia."

Abel let out a long sigh. At last, he said, "Carter, you're no longer a child. Others your age have already started families of their own. There's nothing special about that girl apart from her looks. She's not good enough for you. I've already gotten your mom to identify a few eligible young ladies. The Larsons, whom you met downstairs, are primarily based overseas. They're well-known there for their assets. Jennifer is a perfect match for you in terms of her family background, education, and looks."

Carter nodded politely. "You're right, Granddad. Ms. Larson's a lovely woman and very well-mannered, but she's not my type. Please don't do such things anymore. It'll save both our families the embarrassment."

"Carter, I emphasize once again that you're the grandchild I hold the highest regard for. I personally taught you everything when you were young. I have four sons and a daughter, but your dad wants to work on his art, and as I said, your uncle doesn't have the boldness I'm looking for. Another of your uncles wants to be a director, but there's no future in that. As for my youngest son, he wants to teach. Your aunt has a head for business, but I can't count on her not marrying into another family. There's no way around it; you have to take over the Scott Group."

Abel sighed, his face looking rather haggard and drawn. "Carter, I've already got one foot in the grave. Promise me that you'll come back and take over the family business. As for your wife, your mother will find someone eligible. That woman is really unsuitable for you."

Carter felt rather distressed upon hearing his grandfather's words. The elder had practically brought him up, sparing no effort or expense in nurturing him. Compared to his own parents, he felt the disappointment of his grandfather a lot more keenly.

"Granddad, I really have nothing but respect for you. I can promise you anything else but this. Amelia's the only woman I've ever loved. I can't let go of her just like this," Carter explained earnestly. "Granddad, you said that you loved me the most out of all your grandchildren; let me have my way just this once, please."

Abel's eyes flashed. "Enough! Carter, you might be brilliant, but you're setting yourself up for defeat if you're unable to control your affections. To succeed in anything, you can't allow your emotions to get in the way."

"Granddad, my personal and professional life are separate entities that I'll manage on my own," Carter replied.

"Carter, listen to me. That woman is not worthy of you. Forget about her and try to get along with the Larsons' daughter," Abel insisted.