

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 76

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“Oscar Clinton, how shameless can you be?” Carter sarcastically asked.

“What is causing you such great angst, Mr. Scott? Sex between a married couple can’t possibly be called shameful, can it? Don’t tell me a grown man like you is still a virgin!” Oscar teased.

Carter took a sip of alcohol to mask his sorrow.

“Mr. Scott, this bar is famous for its beauties. All it takes is a snap of your fingers, and they will flock to you.” Oscar continued to push him.

Carter just quietly drank his liquor, lost in thoughts.

Oscar lifted his glass and started drinking too. For a rare moment, a sense of peace prevailed.

Finally, Carter broke the silence. “Mr. Clinton, please treat Amelia well. She had a hard life. Outwardly, she may seem to be fearless, but she has a really kind and gentle soul. If you are the one she loves, I am willing to retreat and watch over her from a distance.”

Oscar was tickled. “Mr. Scott, are you playing the role of a melodramatic second male lead?”

Carter was not disturbed by Oscar’s comment. “The male lead usually has affairs with different women while the second male lead is destined to watch over the heroine. If Amelia is meant to be the female lead of this drama, then I will willingly take the supporting role. I will do anything so long as she can be happy.”

Oscar laughed out loud. “What a passionate man you are, Mr. Scott. Unfortunately, this act does not sit well with me. You should be grateful I am not bashing you up for eyeing my woman.”

Carter can only put on a miserable smile. He composed himself and said, “Mr. Clinton, how about we reconcile and enjoy a drink together?”

“Reconcile? Were we ever in conflict, Mr. Scott?” Oscar questioned.

Carter was caught off guard. “No. No conflict at all. Everything happens for a reason. Let’s drink to our acquaintance!” He laughed it off.

Oscar summoned the servers and asked for the best booze they have. He mixed the different booze, creating a potent cocktail. "The whole idea of drinking is to get high. You wouldn't mind this, would you?" He challenged Carter.

One can never show any sign of weakness in the face of their competitor. Carter took a glass of the cocktail and downed it. "Impressive! Come, have another," Oscar urged.

"Shouldn't Mr. Clinton have one yourself?" Carter countered.

Oscar took a glass and did a bottoms-up too.

"Well done, Mr. Clinton," Carter reciprocated.

And with that, they took turns to down glass after glass and finished the few bottles in no time. They held their drinks well and were amazingly sober.

"Mr. Scott, you sure can hold your liquor," Oscar praised.

"Not too bad yourself." Carter returned the compliment.

"Good to meet an impressive drinking partner. Shall we do an all-nighter, Mr. Scott?" Oscar started pouring for Carter again.

Carter nodded, and just as the two raised their glasses to toast, Oscar's phone rang. He picked the call, but before he can utter a word, Cassie can be heard beseeching, "Oz, I miss you. Our baby misses you too. Please come visit us at the Yard Manor."

"Cassie, I can't hear you well. Can you repeat that?" The room was too noisy, and Oscar was straining to hear her.

"Oz, where are you? Why is there so much noise in the background?" Cassie questioned.

"I am in a bar," Oscar replied truthfully.

"Oz, the baby and I miss you. Would you come by to spend time with us?" Cassie pleaded.

"Cassie dear, I am with some clients now. It is also getting late. Don't wait up. I will visit you and the baby tomorrow," Oscar said after a moment of hesitation.

Cassie wasn't pleased with that. "Do you not love me anymore? Before I got pregnant, you said you will treat me well. No matter where you are, you will come running to me when I need you. Now you use work as an excuse to brush me off. Are you having second thoughts about marrying me?" she woefully asked.

Oscar seemed flustered. Maybe the liquor was taking effect on him. "Cassie, stop this fuss and go to bed. I will visit you and the baby tomorrow." He was curt.

Cassie went silent for a moment, then she sobbed, "Oz, you don't love me anymore."

"Cassie dear, I am with my business associates. You wouldn't want to distract me from work, would you?" Oscar tried to keep his cool and coaxed her.

"So I am still the love of your life?" Cassie sought his assurance.

Oscar fiddled with his tie fretfully but made the effort to sweet-talk Cassie. "Of course I still love you, Cassie. Now, go to bed, and I'll see you and the baby tomorrow."

Oscar finally managed to pacify Cassie. As he ended the call, his face was splashed with liquor. Once he recovered from the shock, he glared at Carter as he wiped his face dry. "You better have a good reason for doing this, Mr. Scott. Otherwise, I will come after not only you but your entire family."

"Two-timer scumbag, I think you deserved that," Carter responded indifferently, leisurely sipping his drink as he spoke.

Oscar nodded. "Well, yes. But who are you to interfere in my personal affairs?"

"Just the one who loves Amelia and would not want to see her get hurt," Carter avowed.

Now, that hit a raw nerve. Oscar pounced on Carter, waving his fist right into Carter's face. Carter was taken aback momentarily but recovered swiftly and fought back with a vengeance. The bar's security staff struggled to separate the two furious men. The fight ended with a trip to the police station.

As both Oscar and Carter were influential bigwigs, the police did not make things difficult for them. They were allowed to summon their lawyers to assist in settling the case. In the meantime, Amelia got a call from an old acquaintance,

a policewoman, who informed her of Oscar's incident.

A heavily pregnant Amelia came to the police station. She was surprised to see Oscar and Carter together. She could not figure out how the paths of these two men crossed and why they ended up injured in a fight.

Amelia crossed her arms and showed no sympathy for these two men. "The two of you fought?" she asked, looking down at the pathetic men.

Oscar looked up to her and complained, "Your husband was bashed. Can't you comfort me?"

"Serves you right! Two grown men fighting. Aren't you embarrassed?" Amelia sounded harsh but was still gently examining the wound on his mouth. "How did you get hurt so badly?" she lamented when Oscar let out a painful whimper.

Carter's heart sank when he noticed Amelia only had eyes for Oscar. "I am sorry, Amelia. I was too hot-headed and picked a fight with Mr. Clinton. I am to be blamed," he apologized.

It was only then that Amelia became aware of Carter's injuries. They were as bad, if not worse, than Oscar's. She frowned slightly as she looked over his bruises. "Carter, your injuries look bad too. Does it hurt a lot?"

Carter was consoled by her concern. "It's no big deal," he assured her with a smile.

Suddenly, Oscar cupped his mouth and yelped in pain. "Os-Oscar, what's wrong?" Amelia immediately turned her attention back to him.

Oscar took the opportunity to grab her and bury himself in her, whining, "My mouth hurts. My head hurts. I am hurting all over my body. Let me lean on you for a while, Amelia."

Amelia was pleasantly surprised by Oscar's act, and her lips curled into a gentle smile. That look of bliss stabbed Carter deeply in the heart. He instinctively knew that Amelia had fallen for Oscar. She could try to hide her feelings, but she was not able to conceal the look of affection in her eyes.

Amelia gently caressed Oscar's hair. It felt stubby. "Such childish behavior from a grown man. Carter is here. You will be a subject of ridicule," Amelia teased.

Oscar rested his head on her tummy and said, "You are my wife. What is so ridiculous about us? Is our son a good boy? Is he giving Mommy any trouble?"

"Maybe he could sense his daddy is in trouble, so he is putting on his best behavior," Amelia happily quipped.

Oscar buried his face in her tummy but suddenly looked up in astonishment. "Honey, our little fella just kicked me!" he exclaimed.

Amelia was beaming with joy. "That is fetal movement. Our little fella knows daddy is interacting with him, so he is saying hi to you too."

That scene of marital bliss tore Carter's heart out.

"Amelia," he called out, his voice thick with sadness.

That reminded Amelia of his presence. She pushed Oscar's head aside and looked apologetically at Carter. "I'm sorry. I almost forgot you are here, Carter."

That apology was even more gut-wrenching for Carter.

"Amelia, that would have been better left unspoken." Carter smiled feebly.

"Carter, I am sorry. I..." Amelia was at a loss for words.

Carter stood up, smiled at her adoringly, and brushed it aside. "Silly girl! You did nothing wrong. Why the apology?"

Amelia subconsciously rubbed her nose again, obviously embarrassed. Oscar was agitated and solemnly said, "Mr. Scott, I am capable of adoring my woman. Mind your behavior, lest it causes misunderstanding."

"Mr. Clinton, I am more than happy to indulge her. Whatever she wants, I will oblige. Unlike the man who acts lovey-dovey with her, and then turn to whisper sweet nothings to another woman the next moment." Carter was in a provocative mood.

However, he quickly realized he should not have said that. He turned around to find Amelia's smile frozen in place.

"No, no, no. I was only kidding, Amelia." Carter tried to salvage the situation.

Amelia shook her head and asked, "Is the case settled? Can we leave the police station now?"

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"The lawyers are dealing with it now. We should be able to leave soon," Carter assured her.

Oscar stood next to Amelia, hugged her by the waist, and confessed shamelessly, "Yes, Cassie did call to say she and her baby missed me and wanted me to spend time with them. I did not have a chance to go because your so-called friend bashed me up."

Amelia was stumped for a moment. Then she chuckled and asked, "So that is how the fight started? I am curious to know how the two of you met in the first place."

Carter gave her a brief recount.

Amelia glanced towards Oscar and jested, "Mr. Clinton, aren't you busy at work with some business associates? How did you end up fighting instead?"

Oscar self-consciously touched his nose, embarrassed by her jibe.

Thankfully, the two lawyers walked in, saving Oscar from the awkward situation.

"Mr. Clinton, we can leave now." Oscar's lawyer said to him.

"Mr. Carter, you are free to leave," Carter's lawyer reported.

The five of them walked out of the police station. "Carter, remember to apply some medication on your wounds. It won't be good to show up at work tomorrow with such nasty bruises," Amelia nagged with concern.

"I will. Have a safe trip home. Call me when you get home." Carter reassured her gently.

Oscar was irate. He arrogantly wrapped his arms around Amelia and said, "Mr. Scott, you don't have to worry a thing about my woman. Move along. It is getting late. Amelia and I will leave now."

With that, he bundled Amelia into the car, and together with their lawyer, they drove away.

"Mr. Carter, let's go. I will give you a ride home," Mr. Denzel Yancey, Carter's lawyer, offered. "I have arranged for someone to drive your car back from the bar," he added.

Carter nodded and the two got into the car.

Denzel was Carter's peer. They both graduated from the same college, just different faculty. Denzel studied Law while Carter studied Business, so they technically had a senior-junior relationship.

Since Carter started his own business, the two had worked closely together. They were partners at work but buddies off-work.

"She's the one you love, right?" Denzel asked.

"How did you figure that out?" Carter muttered as he loosened his tie and slouched into the passenger seat.

"Your eyes never left her! Isn't that obvious enough?" Denzel was observant.

Carter kept quiet. That was as good as an affirmation for Denzel.

"So you are really doomed. I have never seen you in this state," Denzel uttered. "Ms. Winters is indeed a beauty, a man's dream girl. The problem is she is married! Do you have to get yourself into this entanglement?"

Carter looked at him and just said, "She is very fine."

Denzel gave up. "All right. I was nosy. My apologies. Still, I think the two of you ain't a good match."

Carter was ruffled. "I am aware," he said.

"You are? And yet you let yourself get into this predicament? I don't know you as being so irrational." Denzel was puzzled.

"I met her in college. It was love at first sight. I just can't get her out of my mind, even after she got married. What can I do?" Carter divulged.

Denzel was stunned! "Carter, I did not expect you to be so besotted! So you are love-struck, got busted, fought with her husband, and ended up in the police station?"

"No!" Carter sulked.

"No?" His reply confused Denzel.

"I just picked on him cos I hated the way he looked. Why? Can't I do that?" Carter retorted wilfully.

"Don't get mad. I am not stopping you. I just never knew you could be so impulsive. Turning rebellious and combative at a ripe old age of 30? You are indeed exceptional!" Denzel shrugged it off with a laugh.

Carter closed his eyes and ignored him. Denzel was not bothered and kept his peace.

On the other side, the atmosphere between Oscar and Amelia was awkward. Not long after his lawyer, Mr. Zeller, drove them away from the police station, Oscar spoke, "Mr. Zeller, could you alight here and grab a cab home? I will return you the car tomorrow."

"Sure, Mr. Clinton. I'll leave you from here. Call me if you need me," Mr. Zeller obliged.

After Mr. Zeller left, Oscar moved into the driver's seat and drove away in silence.

Amelia was puzzled. This man is temperamental. Just earlier, he was lovey-dovey at the police station. Now, he is pulling a long face. Amelia could not figure out which was his true self.

"Mr. Clinton, are you mad?" she inquired.

A reticent Oscar continued to drive on.

"Looks like someone is really mad." Amelia poked her head from the back seat, peeked at Oscar, and teased.

Oscar glimpsed at her, stopped the car, and ordered, "Come sit up front."

"Thank you, Mr. Clinton, but I think it is spacious and comfortable back here. I will stay put." Amelia spurned the idea.

"Move up to the front. Don't make me repeat that," warned Oscar.

Amelia compliantly moved to the passenger seat.

Oscar resumed the journey. Amelia could not hold her curiosity. "Mr. Clinton, why are you angry? Could you enlighten me? It is not fair for me to have to bear with this silent treatment without a proper reason."

"You know what you have done."

"I definitely don't. Why don't Mr. Clinton tell me?"

"What is between Carter Scott and you? He has been constantly coming to your defense. Don't tell me you are just friends."

"So what kind of relationship does Mr. Clinton think Carter and I have?" Amelia tilted her head and waited to hear from Oscar.

"Amelia Winters, don't try to be cheeky." Oscar gave her a dirty look.

Although Amelia maintained a smile on her face, she was feeling a little melancholic. "Mr. Clinton, what do you want to hear from me? Would you believe me if I insist there is nothing between Carter and me?" she asked softly.

"For real?"

Amelia nodded and said, "Mr. Clinton, believe it or not, Carter and I are only friends. We do not have a complex relationship like Ms. Yard and yourself."

She paused a little and continued, "You are interrogating me just because you saw Carter and me being friendly with one another. Am I supposed to make a big fuss when you flirt with Ms. Yard?"

"Amelia Winters, stop this nonsense."

Amelia was dejected. One question from her and that was deemed unreasonable. Oscar flirted openly with Cassie, and they even had a baby together. As a wife, she could only swallow the insult. She felt like a loser.

It was a known fact that marrying into money was never easy. One could enjoy a good life materially, but a disposable plaything could never ask for a sense of security.

"Mr. Clinton, now that Ms. Yard is pregnant, when can we sign our divorce papers?" Amelia stoically asked.

"Why the hurry to divorce? You want to throw yourself into Carter Scott's arms?"

"That was an awakening call, Mr. Clinton. After leaving a rich sugar daddy like you, I would need another financial backer. Carter Scott would be a good choice. I am working for him, so it would be easy for me to try and scheme more off him, right?"

Oscar's face fell, and he sullenly drove on. Amelia leaned back on her seat, pouting away.

The heavy silence continued all the way till they reached their apartment.

Back in their apartment, Oscar pinned Amelia to the wall, looked her in the eye, and grilled her. "What is between Carter Scott and you?"

Amelia pulled him closer by his tie and challenged, "Don't you think it is ridiculous that you are still harping on this, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar clenched her chin and barked, "Don't patronize me. You are my woman. I have the right to know who you hang out with."

Amelia laughed heartily, wrapped her arms around him, and chortled, "Mr. Clinton, you are the most handsome man I have ever met!"

"Don't you try to change the subject." Oscar was perplexed.

"Mr. Clinton, you are the most attractive man I have ever seen. I don't think any woman can resist your charm," she flirted with him.

Oscar got confused. "What are you getting at?"

"The point is, Mr. Clinton, how could I possibly let go of an outstanding man like you? If you don't divorce me, you can rest assured I will never go for another financial backer."

"Even if I divorce you, you are not allowed to have another man."

"Don't you think you are being unreasonable, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia chuckled.

"You belong to me. Even after divorce, you are still mine."

That tickled Amelia. "Mr. Clinton, you just told me the funniest joke."

Oscar quietly stared at her.

Amelia laughed so hard she was tearing up. "Mr. Clinton, you are the top man at Clinton Corps. You know the law better than I do. Divorce frees

both of us from all mutual legal obligations. You can go your way, and I will go mine, ok?"

Oscar held her chin and leaned in to whisper in her ear. "Who said we have nothing to do with one another after divorce? Don't forget, you are carrying my baby. I have the right to look into my son's mommy's business so that he can grow up in a healthy environment. I can't sit back and let you lead him astray, can I?"

Amelia was dumbstruck. When she finally found her voice, she lashed out at him, "How despicable can you get, Oscar Clinton?"

Oscar patted her on her cheek and gloated, "Amelia, you are no match for me. You have a long way to go."

"Mr. Clinton, you sure are a ruthless, scheming businessman. You had it all planned out," grunted Amelia.

"Of course. I would never go into a deal that doesn't benefit me." Oscar was delighted at gaining the upper hand.

Amelia gazed at his face, and her mind wandered. She loved him deeply, more than anything else in this world. Alas, he will never know how much she adored him.

Oscar noticed her intent gaze. "What is with you?"

Amelia could not help herself and pleaded, "Darling, can we forget the divorce? The arrangement we have now is not too bad. Can you... don't throw me out?"

Oscar saw the distress in her eyes and felt remorseful. "Stop spouting nonsense again. When did I say I wish to throw you out?"

Amelia felt frail. Maybe it was due to the long and eventful day. She slumped in Oscar's arms and muttered, "Mr. Clinton, can we forget the divorce?"

"Stop imagining things. It's late. You are expecting, so you need your beauty sleep. If you want to stay in tomorrow, I will call in sick for you." Oscar comforted her as he helped her up to the room.

"You are worried I will pester and give you a hard time, aren't you?" Amelia quipped.

Oscar fixed his gaze on her and said, "No. I believe you are an intelligent woman. You know what the best way forward is. Now, be good and go to

bed. We will continue our discussion tomorrow. I am not done on the matter regarding Carter Scott and you.”

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Amelia hid the disappointment in her eyes and said, “Alright, sleep. Mr. Clinton, do you require special services tonight?”

Oscar’s gaze flickered, wrapping his arm around Amelia’s waist to lift her, and kicked the bedroom door open. With the back of his foot, he kicked the door close after entering the room and speed-walked to the bed, plopping himself over her.

He lowered his head to plant a kiss on her forehead, her nose, before getting to her lips. When he attempted to go lower, her phone—which had been in the discarded bag on the bed—rang.

“Mr. Clinton, the phone,” Amelia said.

Oscar continued with his assault of kisses, confident that the ringing would stop soon. Who knew as soon as the phone stopped ringing, it started ringing again. Amelia struggled against him and repeated, “Mr. Clinton, the phone!”

His eyes flashed with annoyance, and he bit on her neck lightly. “Call me darling, and I’ll go grab it for you.”

She glimpsed at him strangely, which caused his eyebrow to twitch. “You refuse? Then we’ll continue.”

Listening to the unstoppable ringtone, Amelia obediently said what he wanted to hear.

Oscar lifted a hand to lightly spank her before getting up to get her phone. “We’ll get you settled in a bit.”

However, when he glanced at the phone’s display, the smile on his face faltered in an instant, and he quickly rejected the call.

“Who called, Mr. Clinton?”

“Wrong number.”

Amelia didn't seem to care. Oscar originally wanted to place the phone back, but it rang once again. She glanced at him weirdly before reaching for the phone. "Such trivial matter, let me handle it, lest it annoys you."

Oscar took a brief gander at her before accepting the call.

A gentle voice sounded. "Amelia, are you home?"

Oscar squinted. This man indeed hasn't given up. He could woo any woman in this world, and he's decided he wants mine.

"Mr. Scott, if you're so bored, go to sleep. For an unwed man to keep calling my wife, you must know that I have the right to sue you for harassment."

Carter Scott's tone remained unchanged as he responded, "Mr. Clinton, you think too much. If you're all home safe, then I won't bother any longer. I'll hang up now."

"Hold up, Mr. Scott. What's the hurry?" Oscar said deliberately. "Don't you wanna know what Amelia and I are up to?"

Having said that, Oscar planted a deep kiss on Amelia's cheek. The loud sound it produced was certain to have traveled through the phone.

"Mr. Clinton, don't you find this childish?" Carter's voice changed slightly.

"Of course not. Amelia and I are married. This is only natural. If Mr. Scott would like to eavesdrop on us, I wouldn't mind. Aren't you good friends with Amelia? I would love for her to share such matters with her good friends."

"Don't go overboard, Mr. Clinton. Amelia is a person, not a toy. Don't you think you're too hurtful speaking this way?"

"Mr. Scott, you love joking too much. If you're truly considering her feelings, you wouldn't be calling her in the middle of the night. The two of us are living our lives peacefully, yet you're stubbornly trying to get between us. Have you thought about how troubled you've been causing her to be?"

At that, Carter quietened down.

"Mr. Scott, if there's nothing else, I'll hang up first."

"I'd like to speak to Amelia. May I?"

“Mr. Scott, we’re busy right now. I’m sure you’ll understand as a man. It isn’t convenient for her to answer your call right now.” Having said that, Oscar kissed Amelia right on the lips. The latter was resistant in the beginning due to the caller on the other side of the phone, but she was gradually overwhelmed by Oscar’s persistence. The couple indulged against each other’s lips wantonly, neither trying to pull away.

Hearing the ambiguous noises coming from the phone, Carter’s expression turned sour and nearly threw the phone in his hand away.

He knew he should be hanging up, but his hand felt as if it was being controlled by someone else, entirely unmoving.

Oscar made more efforts to please Amelia, familiar with every single sensitive spot on her body.

Unable to hold back any longer, Amelia let out a moan—one that was definitely heard by Carter’s ears.

It was Carter’s first time eavesdropping on such a situation, especially through a phone call. His face was pale as the veins on his hand bulged. The unending scandalous noises from Oscar and Amelia sounded ear-piercing and offensive to his ears.

Carter, as if suffering from obsessive-compulsive disorder, still hadn’t hung up until he heard Oscar’s hoarse voice saying, “Honey, say you love me, and you won’t love anyone else except me.

In the midst of passion, Amelia answered distractedly, “I love you so much, Darling. You’re the only man I love in my life.”

“Such a good girl. Honey, I’ll make you the most blissful woman in this world.”

Carter could no longer handle it and hung up right away.

Oscar glanced at the dimmed screen of the phone with the corner of his eye, his gaze flashing with a touch of pride.

When it all ended, Amelia laid exhaustedly in Oscar’s embrace. Having calmed down from the passion, her rationale returned as well, eventually recalling that they hadn’t hung up the call while they were doing the deed.

She glared at Oscar angrily. “Mr. Clinton, did you do that on purpose?”

“Someone’s trying to covet my woman. Shouldn’t I do something about it?”

Amelia raised her hand and landed a punch on his chest. "Carter's my boss. How do you suppose I am to face him tomorrow after what you did?"

Grabbing her hand, he lightly bit on it and said, "If you can't stand to be there anymore, you're more than welcomed to Clinton Corporations. You're my wife. It's only natural for you to work in your own family's company."

"When the time comes for us to get divorced, I'll be swept out the door by you then!" Amelia angrily rebutted.

Oscar's broad palm lightly stroked against her back and said, "Be good and sleep. As long as you're willing to come to Clinton Corporations, no matter whether or not we get divorced, I won't chase you away. Even if I don't regard you as my wife, would I possibly let the mother of my child sleep on the streets?"

Amelia rubbed her own belly and said bitterly, "It turns out it's all thanks to my child." Her tone was no longer as gentle as it was before.

"You're talking nonsense again." Oscar flicked against the tip of her nose, speaking in a rare, considerate tone, "Wanna take a shower? I'll carry you."

Amelia glanced at him strangely. "Mr. Clinton, has your conscience changed?"

"I merely fear you'll feel uncomfortable."

Amelia's face flushed unexpectedly, saying in frustration, "Sleep!"

Oscar stared at her with a pampering gaze. "This woman... Since you're tired, let's sleep then."

Amelia snuggled into his embrace. As if she'd found the harbor she could depend on, she fell asleep in a matter of seconds.

When she awoke the next day, she was lying on the bed alone. As soon as she tried to get out of bed, her overly-exerted muscles weakened, causing her to nearly slip and fall.

She picked up the discarded shirt on the floor and headed toward the bathroom, hearing the sound of water flowing with every step she took.

She knocked on the door. "Mr. Clinton, are you in there?"

Swiftly, the door was opened from the inside, and a half-naked Oscar appeared within her sight.

Seeing his well-sculpted figure, Amelia visibly swallowed several times.

“Like what you see?” He smirked.

Scrutinizing him from head to toe, she raised a thumb and praised, “Mr. Clinton, your figure could most definitely rival professional male models.”

He walked forward, capturing her waist, and said teasingly, “So you like it then?”

Boldly, she replied, “Of course. You’re rich, powerful, capable, and handsome; how could I not be pleased? But whether I like it or not is irrelevant. What matters is whether Ms. Yard likes it.”

Oscar’s smirk deepened. “As long as you like it, you don’t have to concern yourself about Cassie.”

In a better mood, Amelia asked the question she’d been thinking of for a while, “Mr. Clinton, can we keep living on like this?”

He flicked her forehead gently and chuckled. “You’re imagining things again. Be good and go wash up. I’ll go grab a change of clothes.”

The smile on Amelia’s face faltered. It had been so long. Why did she still harbor such unrealistic expectations? Especially since Cassie Yard had returned, she and Oscar were destined to go in separate ways.

Shaking off the thoughts in her head, she laughed. “Go change. I’m gonna take a shower. It’s so uncomfortable to feel sticky all over.”

Oscar released her, letting her enter the bathroom before he said, “Amelia, you were great last night. You’ve thoroughly satisfied me.”

Blushing, she shot him a glare before leaving his sight.

Oscar was in a good mood, having just discovered that teasing Amelia occasionally could be so uplifting. Her every smile incited one of his as well.

The feelings he got from Amelia were vastly different from Cassie’s. He could cherish and dote on Cassie. But to Amelia, he was like a beast overcome by lust with inexhaustible energy. Perhaps it might not sound as affectionate, but it was an accurate reflection of his feelings.

Amelia was unaware that Oscar had described himself as a beast. All she wanted was to take a shower like she always did, brush her teeth, and then change into a new set of clothes for work.

Downstairs, Oscar had already begun eating. Molly was coming out of the kitchen with a plate of freshly made toast when she saw Amelia and smiled. "Mrs. Clinton, you're up. Come have breakfast before you go to work."

"Morning, Molly." Amelia smiled. "Last night, I dreamt that you made fried chicken wings. Will you make me some for lunch and deliver it to the company?"

Molly chuckled. "As long as Mrs. Clinton wants it, I'll personally make the trip. It's not a problem at all."

"Molly treats me the best after all." Amelia laughed.

"It's rare that Mrs. Clinton has got cravings ever since you got pregnant. Other than fried chicken wings, is there anything else you'd like?"

"I'm craving chicken nuggets as well. For some reason, I've been craving meat, especially since I got pregnant. Please, make more portions of the two dishes. There's nothing else I want, so you may decide the rest."

Molly smiled and nodded in agreement.

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Molly was carrying the dishes into the kitchen when Oscar wiped his mouth with a clean handkerchief and said, "Eat faster. I'll send you to work."

Amelia looked at him, half-smiling. "You've finally realized your responsibilities as a husband?"

"Hurry up and eat!"

Amelia picked up a piece of toast. Oscar then pointed to the milk next to her and commented, "You're pregnant. Drink more milk. It'll be beneficial for the child."

The hand that was holding the toast froze before she stole a glance at him. She nodded.

In the ambiguous atmosphere, all Amelia could think of was that the breakfast was exceptionally delicious. Everything she ate had been especially sweet.

After breakfast, Amelia changed into her work clothes and grabbed her handbag. "Can we go now, Mr. Clinton?"

He nodded.

She walked toward him and wrapped her arm around his, giggling. "Let's go."

As the two of them went out the door, his phone rang. Oscar subconsciously looked at Amelia before he whipped out his phone, seeing the name Cassie Yard flashing on display.

He frowned slightly. Amelia, who had been next to him, naturally saw it too. Her smile faltered as she said snarkily, "Mr. Clinton, your beloved's calling. Aren't you gonna pick up? Otherwise, if something happened, you're gonna blame me for it again."

Oscar glanced at her displeasedly before he softened his tone and picked up the call. "Cassie, what's the matter?"

"Oz, are you at work yet?"

"I'm on the way."

"Oz, are you free to pick me up? My car broke down yesterday. I don't really want to hail a cab. Will you send me to the team? The baby and I miss you," Cassie said coquettishly.

Oscar knitted his brows.

"Are you not willing to, Oz? You're being so cold to me even though I'm carrying your child. Do you not love me anymore?"

Oscar coaxed patiently, "Be good, Cassie. I'll go visit you in the afternoon. All right?"

Unexpectedly, Cassie threw a little tantrum. "Oz, the baby and I miss you. If you don't come right now, I'll return to Erihal right away. As for the baby, I don't want it anymore either!"

Oscar's eyebrows were so furrowed they could trap a housefly. "Cassie, don't be upset. I'll go right now." Even if he was slightly annoyed, he still acceded in the end.

"Then come quick, Oz. We miss you so much." Cassie hung up immediately afterward.

Keeping his phone back into his pocket, Oscar said, "Amelia, go to work on your own. Cassie needs me."

Amelia wore a smile on her face as she replied, "Mr. Clinton, hurry away. I can go to work alone just fine."

"Be careful on the road. Call me if you need me." Oscar leaned closer to give her a peck on her cheek.

She chuckled nonchalantly. "You never used to be so overly careful. It's just going to work. It's not a big deal."

Unsatisfied, Oscar added a couple more instructions before he quickly drove off. As soon as he was gone, the smile on Amelia's face vanished, a lingering gloom appeared between her eyebrows.

She sat in the car and inhaled a sharp breath before driving out of the neighborhood.

While on the road, she received Tiffany's call and picked it up without much thought. "Tiff, why are you awake this early?"

"I wrote for the entire night. I'm calling to ask if you're free tonight? Let's have dinner together. I'm missing the sweetheart in your tummy," Tiffany answered.

Amelia chuckled. "Since you've asked, how could I say no? It's been days since we've had a meal together anyway. Let's get together tonight then."

"Alright. Then I'll go to bed first. See you tonight."

"Rest well. I'll call you in the afternoon to wake you up."

"Babe, don't. My editor has been rushing me for my manuscript so much that all that's in my brain are never-ending plotlines. I haven't slept well in days, so you better not call me. I'll call you when I wake up on my own in the evening."

"Alright, go to sleep then. I'll call you at six o'clock."

After hanging up, Amelia drove to her company. Perhaps it was due to a stroke of luck, the traffic had been smooth on the way.

Having parked the car, she took her bag and headed into the building. There at the entrance was Carter, who seemed like he had been waiting there for a while. Noticing him, her steps halted. She momentarily recalled that when he'd called last night, she and Oscar had been in the middle of heated sex, and Carter had heard them.

With her cheeks flushing, she was caught between moving forward or retreating until Carter made the first move to approach her. Seeing that, she couldn't ignore him and tried to greet him as per normal. To her surprise, Carter grabbed her without warning, causing her to let out a yelp as he dragged her out of the building.

She wanted to shake him off, but his grip was rather strong, and the employees, who were entering the building, were watching them as well. She lowered her voice and said, "Mr. Scott, let go. Everyone's looking."

Carter ignored her, determinedly dragging her elsewhere.

Infuriated, Amelia said, "What are you doing, Mr. Scott? There're plenty of people around."

Finally, Carter stopped and turned to look at her. "Come with me. I need to speak with you."

"What's the matter, Mr. Scott? It's so early in the morning. Who made you mad?"

"Come with me and you'll find out."

With no choice, Amelia followed behind him. Although the atmosphere was pretty harmonious, what they didn't know was that the sight of them being hand-in-hand had been photographed by a car hidden outside the building.

Carter took her to the parking lot and shoved her against a pillar in one swift move. His eyes were dejected and awkward at the same time. "Amelia, did you do that on purpose last night? My feelings for you haven't changed over the last few years. You were well aware of how I felt for you, yet you still did something like that. Is it because Oscar Clinton can satisfy you better in bed?"

Amelia's wrist was hurting from Carter's grip. Seeing the pain and fury in his eyes, she was mildly alarmed as well. She tried shrugging his hand off but to no avail. "What's the matter with you, Mr. Scott?"

"Amelia, do you have a heart? I heard you and Oscar last night. Do you really hate me that much?" He stared at her.

Amelia felt slightly apologetic. Even though she regarded Carter as a platonic friend, having her sexual activity brought up made her really uncomfortable.

“Mr. Scott, what happened yesterday was an accident. I didn’t expect you would call me at that hour. As you know, certain things are hard to stop once they’ve started. Hence...” She glanced at him. “I apologize if what you heard made you uncomfortable.”

“Amelia, do you really not know, or are you trying to use such a cruel method to make me give up on you?”

She glanced at him weirdly. “We’ve known each other for years. Don’t you know clearly what sort of person I am?”

With her hands restrained, Carter was almost pressing against her as their bodies fitted tightly against each other. “You were so passionate under Oscar Clinton. Do you love him that much?”

Her brows bunched up tightly. “What are you trying to say exactly, Mr. Scott?”

His eyes instantly turned as red as burning flames, and his bloodthirsty gaze seemed like it wanted to rip her apart then devour her.

Amelia was startled by his gaze and subconsciously pushed against Carter. But to her dismay, the action caused his eyes to turn even more aghast instead.

He restrained her hands harder, pressing her higher against the wall but was rational enough to not put pressure on her belly.

“Amelia, I thought I would be contented staying by your side silently. But last night while you were with him, I realized I couldn’t do it.” He leaned against her shoulder, his voice revealing traces of vulnerability.

Guilt flashed in her eyes. She wanted to push him off but ended up patting him on the back instead.

Still in the same position, Carter said weakly, “Amelia, I’ve been in love with you since the day I first met you. Years ago, when you were framed, I was more anxious than anyone else. I escaped to help you. Who knew you were gone by then. I’ve spent a lot of money looking for you, but it was like you vanished without a trace. Now that I finally found you, you’re married to someone else instead. Don’t I have a chance at all?”

Amelia responded calmly, "Calm down, Mr. Scott. It's working hours. Let's talk after work, shall we?"

Carter lifted his head, staring deeply into her eyes. Clenching his hand into a fist, he threw a brutal punch against the pillar behind her, causing bright red blood to stain his knuckles immediately.

Amelia flinched, hurriedly grasping his fist to take a look. Every knuckle of his was bleeding. If he wasn't careful, he could've easily fractured his hand.

"Mr. Scott, what on Earth are you doing? Let's go. We need to get it checked in the hospital. If the bones are fractured, you could really become handicapped."

Carter's eyes shone with a sliver of hope and intertwined his fingers with hers. "Amelia, you still care about me, don't you?"

As much as Amelia wanted to shrug him off, she couldn't.

While the two of them were caught in entanglement, the camera hidden in the car nearby captured one photograph after another. The person in the vehicle studied the photos with a smirk and remarked, "What excellent pictures. They should sell for a large sum."

The person in the dark didn't linger. Once they'd gotten what they came for, they drove off, leaving only a trail of smoke and the couple behind.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 80

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

"Mr. Scott, will you please let me go first?" Amelia said in an indifferent tone, her expression cold.

Carter stared at her passionately with the urge to caress her cheeks, but his actions didn't go unnoticed. Amelia added frigidly, "If you do this, we can't even be friends from now on. I'll tender my resignation, and there'll be no need for us to meet in the future."

He stared fixedly at her. "Amelia, can you change back into the old you? Although you didn't use to be this poised, you were kind and innocent. You were never cold to me either."

The old Amelia Winters gave him the feeling that he could still retain control. But the new Amelia Winters wore sarcastic smiles on her face and

greeted everyone with proper yet distant etiquette. At times, he felt like tearing away the facade she wore to find out if she was still the same Amelia Winters she was all those years ago.

He missed the old Amelia dearly. Her smile back then had been contagious like an angel of sunshine.

Amelia was taken aback by his words. "Time changes people, Mr. Scott. The old Amelia disappeared the day she was framed. The present Amelia you see before you is a gold digger who's only fond of materialistic things, or else she wouldn't have gotten married to the successor of Clinton Corporations."

Pain flashed in Carter's eyes. As if driven mad, he tried to kiss Amelia's neck, only to be shoved away and received one tight slap in return.

"Are you done, Carter Scott?" Amelia stared coldly at him. "I'm not sure what triggered you today. I can pretend nothing happened earlier. But if this were to repeat itself, then we'll no longer be friends."

The longer he looked at her, the more his heart ached.

"You said you're materialistic. The Scotts' assets aren't inferior to the Clintons. As long as you name the price, I'll give you anything you want. If you could sell yourself to Oscar Clinton, why can't you sell yourself to me?" he questioned in a heavy voice.

"It's working hours right now, Mr. Scott. Can we stop fooling around now?"

"You should know that I don't make jokes. You said Oscar Clinton bought you with his money, then so can I. Name it. No matter how much you want, I'm willing to give, even if it means my entire family's fortune."

She looked at him in slight despair and sighed. "Carter, you're a real friend to me. I never expected to hear this from you someday."

"I have no intention to hurt you, Amelia. But if this is the only way for me to have you, then I'm willing to give up all my assets in exchange," he emphasized, his eyes red.

Amelia felt like her heart was stabbed. She had truly regarded Carter Scott as a friend. Yet, he was viewing her with prejudice.

Though she had mixed feelings inside, she grinned. "How generous of you, Mr. Scott. But to give up your assets for a woman like me, is that worth it?"

There was no hesitation when he answered, "Yes! As long as it's you, it's worth it."

"I never knew I was this valuable."

Whipping out the checkbook he always carried, he tore out a piece and said, "It's an empty check. Fill up the amount as you wish."

"If I were to divorce Oscar Clinton, he would give me ten percent of Clinton Corporations' shares. Do you reckon you could give me more than he could?"

Carter's eyes flashed. Noticing that, Amelia continued, "Didn't you say you were willing to give me all your assets? Why? Are you reconsidering now?"

"I am willing. But I'm not worth as much as Clinton Corporations' ten percent shares right now. If you'll give me two years, I'll definitely grow the company," Carter promised solemnly.

"Then let's shelf this until you've grown the company, Mr. Scott. I'm not a fan of empty promises. After all, you've left the Scotts. Your own capabilities cannot be compared to Oscar Clinton's. Did you think I'd give up such a big financial backer like him for you?"

"You've truly changed, Amelia." Carter stared fixedly at her, no longer recognizing the person before him.

Amelia broke into guffaws for a good minute, unable to stop herself. "I never thought you'd say something so stupid either, Mr. Scott. Many years have passed. I'm not the only one who changed. You have, too. No, I should say, everyone is constantly changing. I feel like the present me is the most authentic."

Carter leaned in to pinch her chin. "Amelia, you'll be with me as long as I could give you ten percent shares of Clinton Corporations?"

She subtly shook off his grasp and said, "If you still regard me as a friend, then please respect me a little so we could both live in peace. Otherwise, if I could manage to vanish for the last few years, I can most certainly do it again."

Reluctantly, he released her, his eyes filled with anguish. "Do you hate me so much, Amelia?"

She shook her head. "No, Mr. Scott. It's because I treat you as a real friend that I do not wish for you to view me that way."

Carter chuckled humorlessly, shaking his head. "If I don't do this, then I'll never have a chance this lifetime."

"Mr. Scott, I promise you. If I were to divorce Oscar Clinton, I'll reserve a position for you, but it's definitely not now. Don't lower yourself to such a state for someone like me. If we're fated, we'll naturally get together in the future. If we're not, I hope you don't force me."

"Are you for real?" He wasn't as hopeless anymore.

She nodded.

Finally, Carter smiled, slightly flustered. "Did I hurt you earlier, Amelia?"

She shook her head in response. "It's working hours. May we return to work now?"

Having returned to his senses, he said apologetically, "I'm sorry. I was too impulsive and wasn't thinking straight."

"I've put it at the back of my head, Mr. Scott. I hope you don't think the worse of me, but I do love money. Back then, your parents tricked me to shoulder the debt and even implicated Tiff. She's the person you should be feeling apologetic toward. If you can, I hope you'll apologize to her on behalf of your parents."

He nodded.

"Then, shall we go back to work?"

Smoothing down his crumpled attire, he apologized again, "Amelia, I'm truly sorry for earlier. It was all due to my impulse."

"I've forgotten it, so stop mentioning it."

"Alright."

The two of them acted as if nothing happened as they left the parking lot. When they got back to the company, Amelia returned to the design department. The colleagues in there merely glanced at her nonchalantly. Subconsciously, Amelia turned to steal a glimpse of Jessica Davis. As an expert gossipmonger, she was now working pretty diligently.

"Amelia, someone witnessed you being dragged out of the building earlier. Did he do anything to you?" Jessica whispered.

Amelia let out a sigh on the inside. Sure enough, there were no secrets in the workplace, especially when it came to the relationship between the boss and the employee. It was already scandalous on its own, but if the employee happened to be married, it was worse.

And Amelia, as the wedded woman, feared that in the eyes of the others, she had become the woman who was in the company purely due to her relationship with the boss.

The workplace was like the battlefield. One mistake, and you could be annihilated.

Amelia replied, "Mr. Scott merely had something to discuss with me. I'm pregnant and have a husband. What relationship do you suppose Mr. Scott and I have?"

Looking at how nonchalant Amelia was, even Jessica was getting anxious. "Amelia, you always said you didn't have any special relationship with the boss. But others don't think that way. Since you're married and pregnant, I think you better be wary, or else your reputation could very easily be ruined by nasty rumors."

Amelia's heart warmed. Although this millennial was gossipy, she was a considerate person.

"I got it, Little Gossipmonger. I'll be careful to keep a distance from the boss. Go back to your seat."

Jessica glanced at her. "Amelia, Ms. Larson already has suspicions of you. You'd better take it seriously instead of always being so indifferent."

Amelia chuckled. "Little Gossipmonger, when have you become a nosy-parker?"

Feigning offense, Jessica pouted. "I was being kind, and you call me a gossipmonger. Trust me to waste my efforts on a wolf like you. I'm washing my hands off!"

Having said her piece, Jessica returned to her desk.

Amelia shook her head and laughed. "Don't be mad, Jessica. I'll treat you to lunch."

Jessica scrunched up her nose haughtily. "On the account of lunch, I'll forgive you this time."

"Then I'll have to be grateful for your big heart."

With a grin, Jessica went back to work.

Amelia, too, abandoned the vexatious matters in her head and devoted herself to her work. While her side of things had calmed down, Jennifer Larson, who had been sitting in her office, received a call. She picked it up only to hear a few sentences uttered from the other side. She then answered, "I'll see you in the cafe later," before hanging up right away.

With her Louis Vuitton bag in hand, Jennifer swiftly strutted out of the office in her fifteen-centimeter heels. She took the elevator down to the parking lot before driving off in record time.

It was no wonder Jessica Davis was named an expert gossipmonger in the office. Jennifer had only left for approximately fifteen minutes, and she had found out, proceeding toward Amelia's table to spread the message. "Amelia, someone saw Ms. Larson leaving hurriedly ten minutes ago. I reckon she definitely has some tricks up her sleeves. You better be careful."

Amelia chuckled, using a pen to knock lightly on Jessica's head. "Sweetie, have you watched too many conspiracy flicks? What great imagination you have. Hurry and go back to work. Otherwise, your perfect attendance award will be revoked if the boss were to catch you."

Jessica pouted. "You have to believe in a woman's sixth sense. Ms. Larson may seem pure, but she has a vicious heart. You'll have to watch your back."

"Hurry and go back to work! Although she's strict concerning work, she wouldn't punish her subordinates for no good reason. I think you're simply jealous of her beauty, aren't you?"

"You're completely putting your own words in my mouth." Jessica pouted even more.

Amelia merely smiled.

Jessica's gossip hadn't caused any waves. Amelia resumed her work normally, while Jennifer, on the other hand, had arrived at the cafe. She took out her sunglasses, strutting into the shop like a high fashion model.

The cafe employee came to greet her. "Welcome, Miss, table for one?"

"Two."

"This way, please."

Jennifer sat at the most obscure seat, never saying a word until the man she was waiting for arrived. "You're late."

"My bad, there was a traffic jam on the way."

Jennifer reached out her hand and said, "Where is it? I have to go back to work soon."

"Jennifer, it's been years since we last met. You're not even going to engage in small talk before asking me for it. Aren't you worried about hurting my feelings?"