

Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 851

Chapter 851 Serious This Time

When Amelia and her family arrived at the Clinton residence, they saw Carol and Olivia conversing. To be exact, Carol was the one who kept talking while Olivia listened quietly. From time to time, she would nod in agreement.

Knowing that Amelia was rather unwilling to meet the Walkers, Oscar took her hand and squeezed it lightly. Amelia immediately gave him a smile to reassure him that she was okay.

Stephanie was now the daughter-in-law of the Walker family. Whether Amelia liked it or not, she would have to engage with the Walker family eventually.

Right after they entered, Tony wiggled out of Amelia's arms and dashed to Olivia. He wrapped his arms around the latter's neck sweetly and said, "Grandma, I missed you so much."

As Olivia embraced him, she felt as if her heart was about to melt.

"My little sweet baby, you must be hungry. I'll ask the housekeeper to serve the food right away. We can't let you starve!" she said with a smile.

A vicious glint fled across Carol's eyes as she watched the two interact with each other. She just couldn't bring herself to like Tony. After all, she had suffered a lot because of him.

Just then, Tony glanced at Carol. "Grandma, I don't like having outsiders with us while we eat together. Why do you always invite outsiders? It's making me upset," he whined to Olivia.

Carol's expression stiffened at that.

Olivia hurriedly flashed her an apologetic smile. "Mrs. Walker, please don't take it to heart. I've spoiled this child too much."

Recomposing herself, Carol smiled gently and said, "Don't worry about it. Tony is a lovely child. I can't imagine anyone ever disliking him! Mrs. Clinton, you're so lucky to have him. I could only hope that my grandchild would be half as adorable as Tony."

Olivia was pleased to hear those words. To her, Tony was the best boy in this world.

She asked the housekeeper to serve the dishes before instructing someone to bring Isabella downstairs.

Soon, everyone settled into their seats and began eating. When Olivia noticed that Isabella only ate the mashed potato on her own plate, she asked, "What's wrong, Isabella? Are you feeling unwell? You should try the side dishes."

"Aunt Olivia, I will. Just take care of Tony. Don't worry about me; I'm a grown-up now," Isabella said, smiling politely.

Nevertheless, Olivia made the housekeeper place some food on Isabella's plate. "Just treat this place like your home and feel free to eat up. Are you still feeling shy about what happened yesterday? It's normal to date someone at your age. Stop overthinking now."

"All right, Aunt Olivia." Isabella nodded.

She glanced at the side dishes on her plate and forked some into her mouth. After chewing for a while, she wiped her mouth and took the chance to spit the food into the napkin. Then she continued to eat the mashed potato nonchalantly.

At the same time, she stealthily observed Oscar, who filled up Amelia's and Tony's plates before digging in.

Her lips curled up sinisterly. That's right, Oscar. Eat as much as you can. When you're done, we can visit Professor Zabinski.

The dinner went on for almost an hour.

Isabella had finished the mashed potato on her plate, but the side dishes remained almost untouched. "Isabella, are you really feeling unwell? You barely touched the side dishes. Do you not like them?" Olivia asked out of concern as she dabbed her lips with a napkin.

"Aunt Olivia, the food is great, and I enjoyed them. It's just that I have some sores in my mouth, and it stings when I eat other food. That's why I only ate the potato. I'll have to apply some medicine later when I go home," explained Isabella.

"I see. If it hurts too bad, you should go see a doctor. Don't just endure the pain. Mouth sores are the worst," Olivia remarked.

Isabella bobbed her head in response.

Since dinner was over, everyone moved to the living room. Isabella purposefully approached Oscar while turning the watch on her wrist. As her faint scent wafted into Oscar's nose, his eyes glazed over.

In a voice only the two of them could hear, Isabella told him, "Oscar, drive me home later."

Oscar nodded.

Isabella and Carol then sat on the couch next to each other, while Oscar, Amelia, and Tony sat across from them. Olivia, on the other hand, sat on the single couch on one side.

Olivia began, "Mrs. Walker, Isabella, it's getting late. You guys should just stay over. I have asked the housekeeper to prepare the guest room for you."

While fiddling with her watch, Isabella voiced somehow anxiously, "Will Oscar and his family stay here too?"

"Oscar has to go to work tomorrow, so they won't be staying," Olivia answered.

The next second, Oscar's stiff voice sounded. "We're staying."

Upon hearing that, Olivia and Amelia turned to him, but he looked at Isabella instead. "If Isabella stays, I'll stay too," he added mechanically.

Olivia's and Amelia's faces fell.

"Oscar, what are you saying?" Amelia asked, forcing a smile.

Olivia also chimed in, "It seems that you're learning to be funny now, Oscar. Jokes aside, didn't you say you have to go to work tomorrow? Hurry and bring Amelia and Tony home before it gets too dark. Night driving isn't so safe after all."

However, Oscar simply glanced at Olivia before insisting, "Mom, I'm sleeping here tonight."

Worried that the others might sense something amiss, Isabella prompted, "Aunt Olivia, I think Oscar is just worried about their safety since it's so late already. Am I right, Oscar?"

Oscar looked at her and gave a nod.

Left with no choice, Olivia could only order someone to prepare the bedding in the master bedroom.

After making the Walkers head upstairs, she turned to Oscar and questioned, "Oscar, what was that about? Did you even consider Amelia's feelings when you said that? What's wrong with you? You were acting fine during dinner."

Without a word, Oscar stared at Olivia coldly. She couldn't help but feel shivers down her spine when she saw the look in his eyes.

At that moment, Amelia spoke up. "Mom, you should go to sleep first. Oscar has been busy with work these days, so he must be tired. I'll talk to him. Don't worry."

Olivia gave it a thought and finally nodded.

Passing Tony to Olivia, Amelia said, "I'll leave Tony to you tonight, then."

Olivia took Tony into her arms. As she ascended the stairs and walked into her room, she gently coaxed the boy to sleep.

Meanwhile, Amelia raised her head and looked at the standoffish Oscar. She already had a hunch that this was Isabella's doing. No wonder Isabella didn't eat the side dishes earlier. There must be something wrong with the food. Why did I put my guard down? I should have been more alert.

Tentatively, she reached out to hold Oscar's hand. To her relief, he did not shake her hand off.

"Oscar, shall we head upstairs and go to bed?" she asked in a soft voice.

Oscar's eyes flickered, and he lowered his head to meet Amelia's gaze. When Amelia saw something soften in his eyes, her heart skipped with excitement.

"Oscar, you know me, right?"

To her dismay, Oscar responded by brushing her hand off and going upstairs. He walked straight into his own room before shutting and locking the door.

A pang of pain hit Amelia's heart as she stared at her empty hands. Since the time they had confirmed their feelings for each other, this was the first time he had shaken her hand off and left her behind. She had a feeling that she would lose Oscar before long.

Amelia was helpless. When Oscar had had a check-up in the hospital, the doctor had claimed he was very healthy. She had no idea what she should do about Oscar's change of behavior.

Feeling at a loss, she stood there for a long time. When she finally gathered her senses, she exited the mansion and gave Jolin a call.

Although Jolin did not answer, she soon appeared before Amelia.

"What's wrong, Mrs. Clinton?"

Amelia looked at her dazedly and stated, "Oscar has been drugged again. He doesn't even know me now. Can you sneak in and force Isabella to tell you what she did to him?"

Jolin knitted her brows. "Please calm down, Mrs. Clinton. I'll do that right away. That woman is too evil. Instead of waiting until now, we should have captured her and interrogated her when we noticed something off about Mr. Clinton."

"Go now," Amelia urged weakly.

Jolin nodded and left swiftly.

After locating the guest room Isabella was staying in, Jolin scaled the pipe nimbly and reached the window in no time. She opened it with little effort, but just as she was about to climb in, she was startled to see Oscar standing there.

"Boss, what are you doing here?" she gasped.

Oscar only stared at her indifferently.

At that moment, Isabella walked over in a thin nightgown.

"Oscar, she's super annoying. Teach her a lesson for me," she commanded coldly.

The look in Oscar's eyes hardened, and he reached out to grab Jolin. Fortunately, the latter was quick to dodge. Without further delay, she scrambled down the pipe.

When she finally reached the ground, she heaved a loud sigh of relief and wiped off the cold sweat on her forehead.

"Mrs. Clinton," she called out dejectedly as she returned to Amelia with her head hung low.

Amelia glanced at her and questioned, "Where is she?"

Looking at Amelia, Jolin couldn't bring herself to tell her that Oscar was in Isabella's room.

If Mrs. Clinton finds out, she may get hurt and overthink. Mr. Clinton's behavior is way too strange. What in the world did Isabella do to him? He turned into a completely different person for no reason. This is so eerie.

"Mrs. Clinton, she's not in her room. Since I couldn't enter the rooms to search, I came back down. Why don't you head back first? I'll ask Hugo and Kurt to help me find her," Jolin said.

Amelia nodded quietly before walking back to the mansion. As Jolin watched her back, she couldn't help but sympathize with her.

Upon returning inside, Amelia was alarmed to discover that Oscar was nowhere to be seen. She immediately walked to Isabella's room and knocked on the door.

Isabella opened the door and demanded, "What do you want, Amelia?"

"Where is Oscar?" Amelia snapped in return.

Snickering, Isabella said, "This is ridiculous. He's your husband. You can't even keep watch over him properly, and you're asking me where he is?"

Without another word, Amelia shoved Isabella aside and stormed into the room, but she could not find Oscar anywhere.

She then shot Isabella a glare before walking back to the door. The latter stood in her way and scoffed, "Amelia, didn't you claim that you and Oscar have an unbreakable bond that no one else can break? Yet now, you're suspecting him for having feelings for me. Is your relationship that fragile?"

"Isabella, I don't care about what you did to Oscar. Just keep in mind that love won't last long when it is obtained using underhanded ways," Amelia enunciated as she looked Isabella straight in the eye.

"That's none of your business. If I can make Oscar fall for me, I can also have him under my control for life," Isabella claimed smugly. "So what if I won his heart with tricks? As long as he wants me, then I'm the winner here."

Amelia raised her hand and slapped Isabella's cheek. "You're despicable."

With that, she turned around and left. Isabella remained in her spot, holding her sore cheek. "Hit me all you want, Amelia. You might not be able to do that anymore in the future."

She strolled over to the closet and opened it, revealing Oscar.

"Let's go, Oscar. You need to go somewhere with me. By the time you truly belong to me, I will stop drugging you. We will be a sweet couple, and I'll be your dutiful wife." She took Oscar's hand gently and led him to the window. "Oscar, can you bring me down from here?"

Oscar nodded at her before carrying her and climbing down the pipe.

With her arms hooked around his neck, Isabella stared at his side profile obsessively. She was utterly mesmerized by him.

I went through so much trouble and spent so much money to get near him. Soon, he will be mine and only mine.

She curled her lips, feeling extremely pleased.

When they reached the ground, Isabella voiced, "Oscar, the bodyguards who are protecting you in secret are so annoying. Can you make them leave?"

Immediately, Oscar tightened his grip around her and began sprinting. In just a few minutes, they reached the car. This was Isabella's first time being carried by someone running at full speed, and it was a thrilling experience.

"You're so amazing, Oscar. I admire you so much," she praised.

After setting her down in the front passenger seat, Oscar walked to the other side and got into the driver's seat.

The moment he slammed on the gas pedal, the car turned around in the same spot before zooming forward at full speed. Since Oscar did not fasten Isabella's seatbelt for her, she plunged forward and almost hit the windshield.

"Oscar, slow down! I haven't fastened my seatbelt yet," she exclaimed.

Oscar slowed down a little, but he continued to speed forward. Upon seeing the scene, the bodyguards who were hiding in the dark rushed to their car in the forest and chased after Oscar.

Hugo and Kurt also trailed behind them. "What's wrong with Mr. Clinton?" The former couldn't help wondering out loud.

Kurt stayed silent, but his face was grim.

Watching the car far ahead of them, Hugo sighed in his heart.

He felt that Oscar was really serious this time. His change was way beyond everyone's expectations.

Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 852

Chapter 852 Successful Hypnosis

While Kurt and Hugo were in hot pursuit of Oscar, Jolin gave Amelia a call to update her.

No sooner had Amelia dashed out while still being on the line than Jolin stopped her car right in front and opened the door.

Upon getting in, Amelia asked, "Jolin, did Oscar really drive Isabella away?"

“Mrs. Clinton, that’s what everyone saw. Something must have happened for Isabella to leave with Boss in the middle of the night. Tonight is the key. If she manages to escape, I’m afraid tomorrow... Don’t worry just yet. Hugo and Kurt are on their tail. I’m confident that they’ll find Boss,” Jolin said, knowing Amelia’s concerns.

If Oscar weren’t located that night, he might not be able to recognize her and Tony anymore.

The situation was truly ironic. Even though they spent most of the time together, Oscar was still taken away from her right under her nose.

Throwing Amelia a glance, Jolin reassured her, “Don’t worry, Mrs. Clinton. We’ll definitely rescue Boss. As someone who controls Clinton Corporations and leads a myriad of other organizations, he won’t be easily manipulated by Isabella.”

Amelia let out a wry laugh. “Jolin, if Oscar no longer knows who I am and insists on a divorce, I hope you’ll take good care of him. Whenever he’s caught up with work, remind him to have regular meals or his gastric pain would act up. Even though I know that someone will replace me by his side, I’m still worried about him being too engrossed with work and stressed out when he sleeps. Anyway, please keep an eye on him for me. He may look strong on the outside but is actually fragile inside. Since fate has forced us to become strangers, there’s little I can do. But one day, I’ll return stronger and take him back. I’ll never abandon him. Take care of him while I’m gone.”

Feeling a squeeze in her heart, Jolin floored the accelerator as they sped out of the mansion. When the guard at the door saw so many cars leaving in a short time, he decided to report it to Olivia.

On the road, Jolin said, “Mrs. Clinton, don’t let your pessimism get the better of yourself. Someone as kind as Boss will never forget you. Tomorrow, he’ll be back, and all this might be nothing but a prank of his.”

Shaking her head, Amelia replied softly, “He will never fool around with our relationship. He can’t bear to see me sad.” When he looked at me as if I was a stranger and threw my hand aside, I knew in that instant he no longer remembers who I am.

As of then, she was worried about the kind of black magic Isabella seemed to have cast upon Oscar, as there was still plenty she didn’t know about.

Right then, Jolin’s phone rang, and Kurt’s voice rang out after she answered the phone. “We have lost track of Boss. How is Amelia doing? You didn’t tell her that Isabella left with Boss, did you?”

The question caused Jolin to glance at Amelia. “Mrs. Clinton is right beside me.”

After a brief silence, Kurt asked, “Is she doing okay?”

“Yes. Where are you now? I’ll meet up with you guys,” Jolin replied.

Kurt provided an address.

“All right. We’ll be there in half an hour.” Upon ending the call, Jolin racked her brain on how to break the news to Amelia.

However, Amelia preempted her. “Did they lose them?”

Jolin nodded but quickly added, “Don’t worry, Mrs. Clinton. We’ll figure out another way to locate Boss.”

Amelia changed the topic. “Didn’t you mention meeting up with them? Let’s go.”

Jolin gave her a concerned look.

Amelia decided to close her eyes and pretend to be asleep.

Seeing that, Jolin drove both of them to the agreed meeting point to reunite with Hugo and Kurt.

The moment she alighted and only saw two of them, she asked, “Where are the rest?”

“They’re still giving chase,” Hugo answered.

Kurt’s eyes fell upon Amelia. She swiftly averted his gaze as she said, “Let’s go back. There’s no way we can catch up given how fast Oscar drives. Let’s take a break. I’m sure everyone is exhausted by now.”

When she walked toward the car, Kurt grabbed her hand by reflex.

Turning her head around, Amelia looked at his hand that was on hers before looking up at him. “Kurt, what’s wrong?”

He gave her a thoughtful look, and his eyes failed to hide his concern for her. “Amelia, are you really all right? Don’t worry. I have dirt on Isabella. If she dares to get close to Boss, I’ll expose all of it. The resulting backlash online will prevent her from ever joining the Clinton family.”

Amelia laughed bitterly. “Kurt, you don’t think that Oscar loves me anymore too, do you?”

Tightening his grip on her hand, Kurt frantically clarified, “Amelia, I’m sorry. That’s not what I meant. I was just trying to say that you’re the only person Boss cares about and Isabella is nothing to him. You shouldn’t let your thoughts get carried away.”

“Kurt, thank you for your concern. I understand you mean well. It’s just that you’re bad at consoling others. You can’t be so clumsy with your words when you get a girlfriend next time.”

Kurt opened his mouth, wanting to speak, but no words escaped his lips.

Hugo patted Kurt on his shoulder, cueing him to let Amelia’s hand go. At the end of the day, it would be inappropriate for him to cross the line in their relationship as employer and employee.

Kurt released her reluctantly.

Expressionlessly, Amelia said, “Let’s go.”

Left without a choice, Jolin drove Amelia back. However, Amelia got her to stop the car when they were half a kilometer away from the Clinton residence.

Jolin stopped the car and asked, “Mrs. Clinton, what is it?”

“Can you drive us inside? I want to wait for Oscar to come home,” Amelia said flatly, her eyes exceedingly calm.

Jolin obeyed her orders and drove the car into the woods by the side, where they could see the bushes flattened into a track.

Hugo, who was driving behind them, followed them in his car.

When he wound down the window, Jolin did the same and explained, “Mrs. Clinton wants to look at the scenery here.”

Hugo nodded to indicate his acknowledgment before winding the window back up.

It was then that Kurt said abruptly, “I should have killed that woman, and all this wouldn’t have happened.”

Hugo threw him a glance. “Kurt, don’t do anything reckless. This is Tayhaven. If you kidnap her and something untoward happens, there’s no way you can escape the long arm of the law. I know you feel bad for Mrs. Clinton, but it isn’t a reason to act hastily. In fact, this is the second time Boss divorced her in the middle of the night, and none of us have any idea what she has done to him. Boss would definitely not tolerate it if you were to act unilaterally.”

Kurt’s eyes narrowed, a murderous glint in them as he declared through gritted teeth, “For Amelia’s sake, I’m not afraid of anything.”

“Even then, you cannot ignore how she feels. If anything happens to you, do you think she won’t feel guilty? You need to calm down. If you fail to think rationally, you’ll just end up losing your life.”

Taking a deep breath, Kurt decided to close his eyes.

Helpless against Kurt, Hugo had no choice but to let him be. Nonetheless, he couldn’t help but worry that the former’s unilateral actions might cross Oscar’s threshold. As of now, no one knew what had gotten into Oscar for him to grow close to Isabella all of a sudden. It was a development that none of them had foreseen.

Meanwhile, the atmosphere was tense as Isabella waited anxiously outside after bringing Oscar to see Bernard. This was one of the rare opportunities for her to get close to him. If she did not succeed this time, the bodyguards in the shadows would protect him and death would be what awaited her. Just like that particular night, if Oscar hadn’t appeared in time, Jolin would have likely ended her life.

The professional bodyguards hired by Oscar were no strangers to killing.

As Isabella paced back and forth, mumbling to herself, Bernard emerged, looking all pale.

Isabella supported him as she asked, “Professor Zabinski, how is it?”

“I’ve tried my best, but his willpower is just too strong, thwarting me from reaching the depths of his mind with my hypnosis. Even if his memories have been switched, he can recover them anytime. You have to be prepared and not come crying to me later,” Bernard explained in a weak voice. This time, his subject was the most stubborn he had ever encountered, dealing a devastating blow to his research.

With her brows tightly knitted, Isabella asked, “Professor Zabinski, if I bring him here frequently for hypnosis, will he love me forever?”

“If you plan to turn him into a useless retard, you’re most welcome to do so,” Bernard answered, causing Isabella to purse her lips.

When Bernard ordered his assistant to help him to his room to rest, Isabella frantically grabbed his hand.

“Professor Zabinski, as long as you can make him love me, I’ll continue funding your lab. Isn’t that what you’ve always dreamed of? With my support, you can fully focus on your research,” Isabella promised.

A glint flashed across Bernard’s eyes as he pondered briefly. “I’ll do my best.”

A smile tugged at Isabella’s face. “In that case, I’ll be leaving the matter in your hands.”

After having someone bring Oscar to the car, she put on his seatbelt for him before circling over to the driver's seat.

Swooning over him, she reached out to stroke his face as she murmured, "Oscar, I did all of this for you, and I swear I'll love you more than Amelia does. You won't disappoint me, will you?"

She then leaned in to give him a passionate kiss. Once their lips parted, she stared at him closely, her eyes burning with madness.

Her love for Oscar knew no bounds.

If he was willing, she would stay by his side even if he had lost everything he possessed.

"Oscar, you're perfect and exceptional. I fell in love at first sight. If only you had treated me better, I wouldn't have needed to drug you. It was you who forced my hand. But don't you worry. Even though the drug has its side effects, you'll be fine as long as you recuperate properly." Isabella spoke in an affectionate tone while Oscar slept in the car seat.

With her head placed against his shoulder, sleep took over her before she knew it.

The next day, the first thing she did upon opening her eyes was to look at Oscar.

Seeing that he still hadn't woken up, she gently slapped his face as she called out, "Oscar, wake up."

Suddenly, he opened his eyes and shot her a sharp glare before grabbing her hand without warning.

Jolted by his reaction, Isabella asked uneasily, "Oscar, do you know who I am to you?"

The next second, the look in Oscar's eyes softened as he let go of her hand. "You're my lover, silly. Did you disturb me from my sleep just to pull a prank on me?"

Isabella's eyes sparkled with elation while excitement coursed through her veins. "Oscar, what did you just say? You said I was your lover, didn't you? Can you say that again?" A sudden burst of happiness overwhelmed her although she was mentally prepared for it.

Oscar flicked his finger on her forehead and said affectionately, "You do love playing tricks on me."

At once, Isabella threw herself into his arms and kissed him unreservedly.

Her reaction briefly stunned Oscar. When his lips came into contact with hers, the first sensation he felt wasn't pleasure but repulsion.

Curious about the sensation, he decided to push her away in the end.

"Oscar, what's wrong?" Isabella asked, baffled.

Although he was equally clueless, Oscar cooked up a random excuse. "My mouth smells."

Only then did Isabella laugh out loud and commented, "Oscar, you were never like this before."

As the repulsion within him intensified, he gave Isabella a suspicious look.

Although she felt her heart sink, Isabella said in a sweet voice, "Why? Do you not like it? But what choice do I have when I just love kissing you?"

Oscar smiled at her affectionately. "Whatever you wish. All that matters is that you're happy."

Although he said that, he could not dismiss the niggling suspicion and repulsion in his heart.

Isabella wrapped her arms around his and suggested, "Oscar, shall we have breakfast together? You've been so busy at work that we haven't had the opportunity to do so in a while. I really miss doing so."

Oscar nodded and said, "Let's go and pick Tony up. The three of us can have breakfast together."

"Tony?" Isabella's heart skipped a beat. "Oscar, you still remember Tony?"

Lowering his head to look at her, Oscar let out a chuckle. "There you go again with your jokes. He's our son. It would be terrible if I didn't remember who he was."

The smile on Isabella's face gradually stiffened.

"What's wrong? You don't like Tony being the third wheel? It wasn't a problem for you before." Oscar's smile faded slightly.

At that moment, it dawned upon Isabella that Bernard must have switched her role with that of Amelia in Oscar's mind. Not only has Amelia become the woman he hates the most and I the one he loves, but Tony will also be mine. This is great. I'll be able to push Amelia to the brink!

“Oscar, I just love kidding with you. Who in the world will ever see their child as a third wheel?” Isabella patted him on the shoulder and laughed. “Let’s go home and pick him up. He must be worried. We’ve been out all day.”

Only then did Oscar brighten up.

“I was just joking with you, silly. I prefer for both of us to have some privacy.” Oscar gave her nose a cheeky scratch before settling into the driver’s seat. After she put on her own seatbelt, both of them set off.

Along the journey, Isabella probed, “Oscar, you used to help me put on my seatbelt. Why didn’t you do it this time?”

Oscar glanced at her and said matter-of-factly, “I feel that something as trivial as that shouldn’t be a problem for you.” Despite his words, Oscar felt irritated at Isabella’s need to be pampered. Although a voice in his head kept telling him that she was the woman he loved, he just couldn’t bring himself to turn it into action.

While they were having breakfast, chaos erupted at the Clinton residence.

Olivia tried to call Oscar, but she couldn’t get through because his phone had been turned off.

It wasn’t until she tried calling Amelia repeatedly that she finally got through.

Right off the bat, she snapped, “Amelia, I’ve been calling Oscar and you all day. Why did you only answer now? I was worried sick, especially after what happened yesterday. Tell me, is there something wrong going on between the two of you? Whatever it is, just come back first. Tony is already crying his eyes out.”

Feeling guilty, Amelia replied softly, “Mom, I’m on my way and will be home soon. But Oscar isn’t with me, and I have no idea where he is.”

After a brief silence, Olivia said, “Just come home first. We’ll talk when you’re back.”

Upon hanging up, Amelia slumped into her seat dejectedly and said, “Jolin, let’s head back.”

“Mrs. Clinton, do you not want to wait anymore?”

“No. We don’t know when they’ll be back. Also, I figure Oscar will be a different man from the one I know when he returns,” Amelia murmured, her eyes filled with sorrow and despair.

“Mrs. Clinton...”

"I'm fine. Let's go."

Jolin nodded in response.

The moment Amelia stepped into the living room, Tony immediately stopped crying and ran toward her.

"Mommy." He wrapped his hands around her thigh.

Carrying him in her arms, Amelia pecked him twice on the cheeks before teasing him in a gentle tone, "What a crybaby you are. It's embarrassing for you to cry now that you're such a big boy."

Raising his hand to wipe his tears away, Tony insisted, "Mommy, I'm not crying. I just miss you a lot."

"There, there, don't cry. I know you're a strong boy," Amelia replied with a smile.

Tony buried his face in the curve of Amelia's neck. "Mommy, where's Daddy?"

Enduring the sudden squeeze in her heart, Amelia replied, "He'll be back soon. Why? Are you missing him already even when he hasn't been gone long? Didn't you used to call him Big Meanie?"

"Since you like him, I like him too. I won't call him Big Meanie anymore. We're all one family now." At a sensitive age still, Tony was emotionally affected after being jolted awake last night and overhearing some nasty stories from the housekeepers.

As the smile on Amelia's face grew increasingly bitter, she hugged Tony even tighter.

"Don't worry, Tony. He will always be your daddy. The blood ties between both of you will never change," Amelia reassured him.

Tony responded with a tighter hug.

With Tony in her arms, Amelia approached Olivia with an apologetic expression. "Mom, I'm sorry to have made you worry."

Olivia looked at her and asked grimly, "Amelia, be honest with me. What happened between you and Oscar? Why did he leave with Isabella in the middle of the night? Did both of you get into a fight or a conflict?"

"Mom, I'm just as clueless as you are. I'll take Tony upstairs to bed first. Whatever it is, we'll talk when Oscar comes back."

The sight of Amelia's eye bags caused Olivia to hold her tongue despite the burning questions she had.

"You should get some rest too," she said instead.

"Thank you, Mom. I'll head up with Tony, then."

Olivia nodded in response.

Amelia carried Tony into the bedroom. As she tucked him in, he stared at her with his big, bright eyes. "Mommy, are you upset? Did Daddy get on your nerves again?"

Amelia stroked his head and comforted him, "Don't worry, Tony. Everything is fine. No matter what happens between me and Daddy, his love for you is permanent. You cannot misbehave in front of him, do you hear me?"

Tony didn't fully comprehend the meaning of her words, but he nodded obediently.

When Amelia saw how much her son resembled Oscar, a glint of sorrow flashed across her eyes.

After all they had been through, they might end up back at square one—when they divorced a few years ago.

Just when she thought bliss was all that awaited her, her marriage was thrown a curveball with the abrupt change in Oscar's character.

The realization elicited a wry smile from her face.

With his hand stroking her cheek, Tony remarked in his childish voice, "Mommy, you look unhappy."

Cupping his hand with her own, Amelia consoled him, "I'm not. Come, let me sleep with you."

She lay down by his side and held Tony in her arms.

The latter, who was all curled up, murmured, "Mommy, I'll protect you."

"Thank you, Tony. I look forward to that."

Before she knew it, Tony was already asleep, but she remained restless in bed.

It wasn't until Oscar entered the living room holding Isabella's hand that chaos descended upon the space.

Olivia stared at their intertwined hands and questioned, "Oscar, what are you doing?"

After throwing Olivia a glance, Oscar replied matter-of-factly, "Mom, she's my lover. Have you forgotten? Why does everyone like to crack jokes with me today?"

Her mouth agape, Olivia wondered if she was hallucinating.

"Oscar, even you have learned how to pull my legs." Recovering from her shock, Olivia put on a magnanimous front. "Enough of this. I know that Amelia and you are arguing, but you still can't spite her like this. Where are you going to find a wife who's as good as her if she leaves you in anger?"

The mention of Amelia's name jolted Oscar as if he had heard it somewhere before.

Sensing his distraction, Isabella swiftly tugged at his hand and flashed a sweet smile when he turned around to face her.

Oscar reciprocated with a grin of his own.

Amelia was greeted by the sight of them locking gazes when she came downstairs. It was so jarring that she felt as if her heart had been pierced by countless arrows. It hurt so much that she was ultimately numbed by the pain.

Thereafter, an icy sensation took over her feet, and she could no longer hear Jolin's voice over the phone she was holding in her hand.

All she felt was her world collapsing now that her worst fears had come true.

As she stood transfixed by the sight of Oscar, the latter, noticing her presence, looked up in her direction. The moment their eyes met, he felt in his gut that she was the one for him.

Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 853

Chapter 853 Inviting Trouble

Startled, Oscar instinctively wanted to soothe the sorrow in Amelia's eyes. He had already stepped forward, but unexpectedly, someone pulled his arm in the next second.

"Oscar, what are you trying to do?" Isabella asked pitifully. Oscar regained his senses and smiled at her before replying, "Nothing."

Olivia looked at the interaction between the duo, then at Amelia, who stood at the stairs and seemed hesitant to come down. A cold glint flashed across her eyes as she chastised, "Oscar, what in the world are you doing? Amelia is your wife, yet you used Isabella to upset her. Are you trying to humiliate her? Before this, I was angry with

Amelia for leaving with Tony, but you insisted on remarrying her, so I gave in. The three of you should now be living a happy life together as a family, so what's the meaning of this? Are you trying to send me to an early grave because you think I'm too healthy?"

Oscar's expression turned grim, yet a doubtful glint flashed in his eyes. Subconsciously, he turned to look at Isabella, who gave him an innocent look before uttering softly, "Oscar, you won't leave me, right?"

Concealing the puzzlement in his eyes, Oscar wrapped his arm around her waist and claimed, "Mom, Isabella is the woman I love. Regardless of what you think about her, I'll never break up with her."

Hearing that, Olivia scoffed in anger.

"You're saying the woman you love is Isabella?" To Olivia, his words were an absurd assertion. "Who is Amelia to you, then? Oscar, even if you want to agitate Amelia, you shouldn't make up a story like that. Do you know how hurtful that is?"

Oscar frowned and answered, "Who is Amelia? Mom, why do you keep bringing her up? There isn't anything between her and me."

When she heard his response, Olivia's knees weakened, and her expression turned gloomy. It was only then she realized the seriousness of the situation. She knew Oscar wouldn't possibly joke about such a thing childishly. Everything was fine yesterday, but now he's acting as though he's lost his memory. Of course, it'll arouse anyone's suspicion to hear that.

Olivia glanced at Isabella calmly, an indescribable glint flashing in her eyes. Clenching her fists, she suppressed the bewilderment in her chest before she beckoned to Amelia, who was still standing at the staircase.

"Amelia, hurry and come downstairs. Don't fight with your husband. You know my heart can't handle the stress," Olivia suggested in a gentle voice. She acted as if she did not notice the change in Oscar's emotions.

After hesitating for a moment, Amelia took a deep breath and walked down.

She went straight to Oscar, ignoring that he was holding Isabella's hand tightly. "Oscar, do you truly not know me?" she questioned calmly.

Inadvertently, many scenes crossed Oscar's mind when he stared intently at her. His heart suddenly softened, and he had the urge to reach out to touch the woman in front of him. Moreover, a niggling sensation at the back of his mind kept telling him the woman looked very familiar.

Meanwhile, Isabella gripped his hand tightly while shooting daggers at Amelia. “Ms. Winters, I’m the one Oscar loves. I hope that you won’t disturb our life.” Her tone sounded like she was staking her claim on Oscar. With that, she raised her head to look at Oscar before she uttered pitifully, “Oscar, didn’t you hate her in the past? Since you claim that you despise her, there’s no way that you can’t remember her.” Professor Zabinski told me he switched Oscar’s memories of me with Amelia. But why can’t he recall her now? After the effects of the medication and deep hypnosis, Oscar should hate Amelia, so why is this happening?

Oscar lowered his head to look at her and queried, “Should I hate her?”

Immediately, Isabella’s heart sank before she responded awkwardly, “Oscar, don’t tell me you like her?”

Oscar lifted his hand to tap her forehead and said gently, “Don’t overthink. You’re the only one I love.” Despite saying so, there was not much warmth within his eyes.

Compared to Isabella, he could not bring himself to be ruthless to Amelia. Instead, he kept feeling as though he had known the latter for a long time.

As he switched his gaze to Amelia, she met his eyes. “Oscar, have you truly forgotten me? If you’re just kidding, I’m willing to wait for you, no matter how long it takes for the joke to end. You promised to keep me company until we grow old, and then we’ll visit all the beautiful places in the country together. Besides that, you also mentioned we’ll build a classical bamboo building at the beach when we’re older, where we could wake up hearing the sound of the ocean. I’ll never forget all the promises you’ve made, and I’ll wait until the day you snap back to your senses. Don’t let me wait for too long, okay?” she asked with her lips curled slightly.

Upon hearing her words, Oscar felt a twinge in his heart. Suddenly, it was as though a part of his heart had become empty.

Cradling his head, he slowly crouched down and roared lowly. For a moment, he even doubted his own identity. He could remember everything, but Amelia was not in any of his memories. Nevertheless, he found her exceptionally familiar when he looked at her. It was as if they had known each other for years and gone through a lot together. Even though Isabella was the love of his life, he could not find the same feelings with her. On the contrary, he even felt a sense of dissonance between them.

Just as Amelia was about to squat down to check on Oscar, Isabella pushed her away.

“Go away! Oscar was clear in his rejection of you and already claimed he didn’t love you. Why are you still clinging to him like a burr?” Isabella cried.

Since she had gone to great lengths to make Oscar fall in love with her, she could not bear to let all her efforts go to waste.

As a result of being pushed, Amelia stumbled a few steps back and almost toppled to the ground.

Olivia held Amelia steady before she pulled Isabella up and howled, "Isabella, what have you done to Oscar? I accepted you as my goddaughter but not for you to take advantage of the Clinton family! You can't do whatever you want in the Clintons' territory. No matter what, Amelia is the Clinton family's daughter-in-law and the real mistress of the house. You're not allowed to be presumptuous!"

Isabella shook off Olivia's hand and ran toward Oscar to hide behind him right away. "Oscar, help me! I'm scared," she uttered in a piteous tone.

Instinctively, Oscar shielded her before getting to his feet. He looked at Olivia with a stoic expression while radiating a powerful presence. "Mom, you can vent your anger on me. Just don't give Isabella a hard time."

Olivia was so exasperated that she laughed.

Waving her hand, she replied, "Fine, I won't get angry. I just want to reason with the Walker family."

Meanwhile, Carol rushed over and grabbed Isabella. "Isabella, what the heck are you trying to do this time? Let me tell you, here isn't the place for you to cause a ruckus. Come on, go back with me. Don't annoy Mrs. Clinton any further, or I'll skin you alive," she chided.

Oscar knitted his brows and pulled Isabella over before responding, "Mom, Isabella is my woman now. Please don't boss her around."

Carol's jaw dropped open at his response.

"O-Oscar, w-what did you call me?" she gibbered.

"Isabella is my wife, so how is it wrong for me to call you Mom?" Frowning, Oscar felt that everyone on that day was acting strange as they appeared astonished by his actions.

In fact, his unusual behavior was indeed a complete surprise.

Carol gulped at how things were spiraling out of control. If I don't deal with this issue properly, the Walkers and the Clintons might become enemies. After all, Oscar is acting strangely, as though he's possessed. Moreover, my daughter is the instigator of this incident. Mrs. Clinton is no fool. She'll never tolerate a woman who caused her son to become like this by marrying into her family.

Being too scheming was taboo in prominent families.

One could strategize, but they were not allowed to have designs on others' marriages blatantly, as it was a big no-no. Such behavior was unacceptable and despicable in high society. Furthermore, people who behaved in that way would come under severe censure.

"Isabella, hurry up and come here. Stop fooling around," Carol begged with a worried expression.

Isabella hid behind Oscar while pretending to be weak. "Oscar, you'll protect me, right?"

Pulling her into his arms, Oscar coldly swept his gaze over Carol, which made Carol's legs nearly become jelly.

Although Amelia was heartbroken at the scene, a smile appeared on her face. Because of her reaction, everyone turned to look at her.

A hint of doubt flashed across Oscar's eyes.

"You all can continue. I'll head upstairs first." Amelia's gaze fell on Olivia before she said, "Mom, I shall bring Tony home for the time being. I don't want him to witness such a farce because I'm worried he might get the wrong idea."

Olivia nodded in response after thinking about it.

Amelia went upstairs without turning back. Soon after, she came down with the sleeping Tony in her arms.

Oscar rushed over to stop her. "Give Tony to me," he demanded.

Staring at him, Amelia hoped that he had recovered his memory of her and they were still a happy family of three. But in the next moment, her fantasy shattered into pieces.

Oscar's stiff voice sounded, "Tony is my son with Isabella. I can carry him."

Amelia smiled faintly and replied bitterly, "You're saying Tony is Isabella's and your child?" To her, that statement was the funniest joke she had ever heard.

When Oscar stretched out his hands to try and take Tony forcefully, Amelia avoided him.

Olivia hurried over to stop Oscar. "Oscar, stop this nonsense. Don't let Tony notice the change in you, or he'll be sad," she uttered under her breath.

Oscar looked at Olivia with a conflicted expression. He knitted his eyebrows and responded, "Mom, what happened to you? Isabella is your daughter-in-law and Tony's mother. Why would you say otherwise?"

Furrowing her brows, Olivia claimed, "Oscar, you're not in your right mind currently. Let's talk when you've regained your senses. For now, everyone should head back to their own homes. Let's make things clear later at night when everyone is here."

Oscar frowned, seemingly in deep thought.

Meanwhile, Isabella walked over and carefully said, "Oscar, you won't leave me, right?"

While glaring at her, Olivia thundered, "Isabella, that's enough! Go home with your mother. Be thankful you're still my goddaughter. Otherwise, you can't blame me for what I might do. No one can mess with the Clinton family as they please. You are but one woman, so you're no match for the Clinton family."

Her words made a chill run down Isabella's spine. The latter cautiously inched toward Oscar.

Oscar wrapped his arm around her shoulder and uttered in frustration, "Mom, you've lost your cool. I'll bring Isabella over when you've calmed down."

As soon as he finished his sentence, he held Isabella and left. When he passed by Amelia, he shot her a glance before turning sideways to walk away. He even paid no heed to Tony.

Stunned, Amelia froze on the spot with Tony in her embrace. She tightened her grip subconsciously while inhaling the milky scent of Tony's body so that she could feel that Tony still belonged to her.

Everything had happened too quickly, and she could barely cope with it.

Olivia approached Amelia and wanted to take Tony from the latter, but the latter evaded her. Hanging her head low. Amelia said, "Mom, I'm bringing Tony home now."

"Where are you heading? Now that Oscar firmly believes that Isabella is his wife, they must have returned to your condominium. If you go back now, the situation will be awkward." Olivia went straight to the point.

Amelia gazed at Olivia with a lost look in her eyes as she asked softly, "Mom, I don't have a home now, do I?"

Upon hearing her question, Olivia felt a twinge in her heart. "It's all right. This place is also your home. As long as I'm here, I'll never allow anyone to mess with you," she comforted.

Amelia could only squeeze out a smile.

Meanwhile, Carol leaned in closer and uttered with an apologetic smile, “My apologies, Mrs. Clinton. It never occurred to me that Isabella would do such things. I’m going to teach her a lesson when I go back.”

Olivia’s expression turned cold, and the look in her eyes was less friendly compared to before when she glanced at Carol. “Mrs. Walker, my family became in-laws with the Walker family because we trust you, not because we wanted to invite trouble and let your daughter take advantage of my son. Owen and I are still alive, yet she has made her move on Oscar. Does she think we’re pushovers?” she replied icily.

Carol paled upon hearing that. She promptly answered, “Mrs. Clinton, what are you talking about? I’ll chastise Isabella and send Oscar back to you untouched. I guarantee that he won’t suffer from any side effects.”

“I certainly hope so. Otherwise, I’ll have Stephanie and Noah get a divorce. Their child can stay with the Clintons as we’re more than able to take care of the kid.”

“No, please don’t! It’s just my daughter throwing a tantrum. It has nothing to do with Noah and Stephanie.” Carol added anxiously, “I’ll ask Isabella’s dad to give Isabella a lecture. Don’t worry.”

Olivia snorted in response as Carol scurried out of the Clinton residence.

After that, Olivia led Amelia to sit down on the couch before asking, “Amelia, didn’t you find anything suspicious about Oscar’s behavior before?”

Heaving a sigh, Amelia answered, “Mom, I did have doubts in the past, but Isabella was very careful in how she drugged him. Plus, you adored her, and Stephanie defended her. Even if I wanted to do anything, I couldn’t. Besides that, I had Oscar do a check-up at the hospital before, and the results showed no problem at all. Hence, I let go of all my suspicion. You know everything that happened after that. I really have no idea what she has done to Oscar. Now, I’m only afraid that she had cast some kind of black magic upon him.”

Olivia’s expression darkened, and she uttered solemnly, “What an ungrateful person! I doted on her and treated her with affection, but she became an ingrate instead.”

Amelia lowered her gaze as she caressed Tony’s face, but a glint of worry lingered in her eyes.

Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 854

After taking care of Amelia and Tony, Olivia gave Isabella a call. "Isabella, what will it take for you to leave Oscar?" she asked straightforwardly the moment Isabella answered the phone.

"My love for Oscar is true, Aunt Olivia. Don't worry; I promise I'll love him even more than Amelia ever could!" Isabella said submissively.

"Nonsense! Do you really think I'd approve of you dating my son after what you've done to him? Leave him right now, and I'll pretend this never happened!" Olivia yelled angrily.

After a brief moment of silence, Isabella said coldly, "I'll be honest with you, Aunt Olivia. There's no turning back after everything I've done. I won't ask you to understand my actions, but I hope you'll stay out of this. Otherwise, I'll make Oscar hate you forever. As you know, I have cast a spell on him, so I'm the only one who can remove it. You can take him to all the doctors in the world, but it wouldn't do him any good. Unless you want your precious son to hate you, I suggest you leave us alone."

"Are you threatening me?" Olivia asked with a sneer.

"It is what you make of it," Isabella replied nonchalantly.

Olivia hung up the phone with a terrifyingly gloomy look on her face.

"What's wrong, Dearest? Why are you so angry?" Owen asked with a smile as he came in through the door with his assistant.

Olivia broke down in tears the moment she saw her pillar of support. "Owen, how are you able to smile when someone has cast a spell on your son? He doesn't even recognize Amelia anymore!"

The expression on Owen's face grew solemn the moment he heard that. He quickly sat her down on the couch and said, "Calm down and tell me what happened."

Olivia proceeded to tell him everything.

"What? Isabella has gone way too far! Let's go talk to Matthew and the others about this. If they can't stop her, then we'll take matters into our own hands. Oscar may be in charge of Clinton Corporations at the moment, but I'm still the chairman. A mere girl like Isabella doesn't stand a chance against me!" Owen exclaimed angrily.

"Owen, I'm worried about Oscar. What if he doesn't recover from this? I don't want him to just lose his memories like this! Honestly, I wish I could strangle Isabella to death! I shouldn't have treated her so well before!" Olivia said with a worried expression.

"Don't overthink it, Dearest. There's no problem money can't solve. I'm sure there's a doctor out there who's able to treat Oscar!" Owen reassured her.

Although extremely worried, Olivia could only nod helplessly in response.

Later that night, Owen invited Oscar, Isabella, Matthew, and Carol over for a talk.

“Mom, Dad, Isabella has told me everything. I know I’m still married to Amelia, but Isabella is the one I love. Hence, I’m going to divorce Amelia and marry Isabella instead. I won’t let Isabella suffer ever again,” Oscar said the moment he sat down on the couch.

Owen simply shot him a glance without saying anything.

Matthew and Carol, on the other hand, were incredibly anxious and fidgeted in their seats.

Oscar may be determined to marry Isabella, but Owen is the head of the Clinton family, so he’s the one calling the shots here. Our family will be in for a bad time if we anger him! Why did Isabella have to go as far as casting a spell on Oscar? Is she trying to get us all in trouble?

“Isabella! Come here!” Matthew yelled anxiously.

Isabella gripped Oscar’s hand tightly and flashed him a worried look.

Oscar squeezed her and motioned for her to stay calm.

“Please calm down, Mr. Walker. I love Isabella, and I promise to treat her right. I may not remember why I married Amelia back then, but I will put an end to this mistake as soon as possible. I will divorce Amelia and marry Isabella,” Oscar said solemnly.

Matthew shook his head. “Don’t do anything rash, Oscar. I’m glad that you love Isabella, but she really isn’t suitable for you.”

Oscar frowned in response.

He was about to say something when Olivia clapped her hands to draw everyone’s attention.

“Oscar, if you still insist on marrying that woman after watching this video, then I will not object to your decision any further,” she said while playing a video on her phone.

Isabella went pale the moment she saw herself having a great time in the video. She lunged forward and tried to snatch the phone out of Olivia’s hand, but Olivia was quicker and pulled her hand out of the way.

Isabella then turned to look at Oscar and yelled, “This isn’t what it looks like, Oscar! I can explain!”

Oscar's expression grew cold as he walked up to Olivia and held his hand out. "Can I have a look at that video, Mom?"

Olivia handed the phone over to him, and the look in his eyes grew terrifyingly dark when he saw Isabella's obscene acts.

"Would you care to explain yourself, Isabella?" she asked.

Isabella bit down on her lip and burst out crying on the spot.

The gaze Oscar leveled on her was icy. Despite that, he wasn't particularly angry.

"If you want to know the truth, then go ask your bodyguard, Oscar. Kurt abducted me and gave me some kind of drug so he could record that video! I felt so horrible that I thought about committing suicide, but I didn't want you to get upset over my death. If you think I'm unclean, then I'll leave you alone and jump to my death!" Isabella exclaimed with tears flowing down her cheeks.

Oscar's eyes went wide the instant he heard that. "Kurt did this?"

"Feel free to question him if you don't believe me!" Isabella replied.

Oscar then gave Kurt a call and told him to come over immediately.

"Hello, Boss!" Kurt greeted him casually when he arrived about ten minutes later.

Oscar held the phone in his face and said, "Kurt, I want you to tell me what this video is all about. Do not lie to me."

Kurt glanced at the video being played and replied honestly, "I was the one who recorded it."

Those words had barely left his mouth when Oscar sent him flying backward with a kick to the stomach.

Before Kurt even realized what was going on, Oscar stepped forward and stomped hard on his chest. "Didn't I tell you to protect her with your life?"

Kurt looked away and coughed up a mouthful of blood before shifting his gaze back to Oscar. "I only received orders to protect Mrs. Clinton and Mr. Anthony! Isabella is a horrible piece of trash! Don't let her fool you, Boss! Mrs. Clinton is the one you love!"

Oscar pressed down even harder on Kurt's chest, causing the latter's face to turn red from the immense pain.

"That's enough, Oscar!" Owen yelled.

Oscar shot Owen a glance and lifted his foot from Kurt's chest.

As Kurt struggled to get back on his feet, Oscar turned around and sent him flying with another kick to the side. Kurt coughed up yet another mouthful of blood as he crashed into a bunch of furniture in the corner.

This time, he was so badly hurt that he couldn't even get up on his own.

"Godpa!" Tony cried out from upstairs, drawing everyone's attention to him in an instant.

Tony then ran down the stairs and attacked Oscar with punches and kicks while screaming angrily, "You big meanie! I hate you! I don't know you anymore!"

Oscar simply stood there and watched as Tony continued hitting him.

Amelia shot him a conflicted gaze as she came down the stairs moments later. She then walked up to Kurt and helped him back to his feet.

"Are you okay?" she asked worriedly while wiping his mouth with a handkerchief.

Kurt coughed a few times and shook his head as he attempted to steady himself. "I'm fine, Amelia. Don't worry about me."

"You're badly injured, Kurt. Come on, I'll have Hugo send you to the hospital," Amelia said.

Fearing they would hurt Amelia, Kurt insisted stubbornly, "That won't be necessary. I'm really fine, Amelia. I'll stay here and keep you safe."

Oscar frowned in displeasure when he saw how intimate they were with each other.

"See? I was telling the truth, Oscar! That bodyguard of yours is the one Ms. Winters truly loves! She tricked you into having sex with her and then later got pregnant with Tony. That's why you agreed to marry her, but her goal has always been to get closer to Kurt. You were mad at being cheated on and went to a banquet, which is where you met me. The two of them fled to Beshya after that. It wasn't until two years later that you found them and brought them back. You can ask Aunt Olivia if you don't believe me. I have no reason to lie to you at all," Isabella added in an attempt to fuel his jealousy, twisting almost every aspect of the story.

Oscar clenched his fists tightly as he felt the pain in his chest. Although he had lost the memories of him and Amelia, the mere thought of her loving another man made him extremely uncomfortable. It got so bad that he even felt the urge to kill Kurt on the spot.

I don't know why I'm getting so worked up, but seeing Amelia get intimate with other men drives me insane with jealousy. This is not a good sign...

“Mom, did she really spend two years in Beshya with Kurt?” he asked.

“It’s not what you think. You and Amelia went through a lot before finally getting back together, Oscar. She’s the one you truly love. Don’t let Isabella’s words drive a wedge between you two,” Olivia replied after giving it some thought.

“I asked you a question, Mom. Was it true that she went to Beshya with Kurt?” Oscar pressed.

“Yes, it’s true,” Amelia answered his question before Olivia could say anything.

Oscar glared at her and muttered through clenched teeth, “So, you really are cheating on me as Isabella said!”

Amelia’s lips curled into a wry smile as she took a few steps back.

Oscar then shifted his gaze toward Kurt as he continued, “I trusted you so much, Kurt. How dare you sleep with my wife? I’ll kill you!”

Amelia stepped in front of Kurt and said, “Believe it or not, Kurt and I have nothing going on between us!”

Oscar took a deep breath to calm himself down before asking, “Is Tony really my son, or is he the product of you cheating on me?”

After hearing Isabella’s words and seeing for himself Amelia wipe the blood off Kurt’s mouth, Oscar was starting to believe her twisted story.

I can’t believe I married a f*cking cheater! Why am I so unlucky? I may not remember anything about marrying her, but I most certainly feel like I’ve been toyed with! As a man, this is something I will not put up with!

Amelia felt like her heart had been stabbed by a knife when she heard that. “Oscar, could you say that again?”

“Is Tony really my son, or is he your bastard with Kurt?” Oscar asked coldly.

Amelia let out a bitter chuckle. “Did you just call your son a bastard child?”

Olivia got up from the couch and scooped Tony up as she yelled, “What the heck are you saying, Oscar? Tony is your son! Amelia nearly died giving birth to him after a horrifying car accident! You two went through a lot before finally reuniting with each other! How could you say such hurtful things to her? Are you trying to drive her away again?”

“Stay out of this, Mom. I came here to divorce her today. I will not tolerate my wife cheating on me while the woman I love remains a mistress. I must’ve lost my mind back then!” Oscar said coldly with his fists clenched.

“You didn’t before, but you sure have now!” Olivia shouted angrily.

Her hand was clutching her chest as it throbbed from her fury.

Owen quickly reached out to hold her steady as he chastised Oscar, “Stop it, Oscar! Tony is our grandson! That is an undeniable fact!”

Pursing his lips, Oscar felt his anger subside a little when he looked at Tony’s face and saw some resemblance between them.

“All right, I’ll acknowledge that Tony is my son. However, I am still going to get divorced today. There’s no way I’m staying with a cheating woman. I’ve brought my lawyer with me. He’ll negotiate the terms for the division of property with her,” he said stubbornly.

Isabella’s eyes lit up with glee when she heard that, and she shot a triumphant look at Amelia.

Amelia took a deep breath and tried to appear calm as she stared at Oscar. “Are you really that determined to divorce me? Is there no room for discussion at all?”

“That’s right,” Oscar replied without even looking at her.

Amelia walked up to him and asked gently, “Could you at least look at me when you say that?”

Oscar hesitated for a bit but turned to look her in the eyes at last.

As the two of them locked eyes with each other, Oscar felt as though he was being drawn to the affection in her eyes.

“Oscar, I don’t know what she has done to you, but has it truly made you forget every single memory that we shared?” Amelia asked softly.

Oscar swallowed hard as a voice in his head kept telling him to kiss her.

Right as he was about to lean in for a kiss, Isabella dragged him aside and asked, “Oscar, have you forgotten about her betrayal?”

Oscar froze upon hearing that, and the dazed look in his eyes faded instantly.

He was about to say something when Alex and the others arrived.

“Hello, Mr. Clinton,” Alex greeted him politely while making his way over.

“You deal with her, Mr. Feltham. She can have anything she wants as long as her request isn’t too unreasonable,” Oscar said generously as he sat down on the couch with Isabella in his arms.

As Alex and the others had witnessed his love and affection for Amelia in the past, they were all shocked when they saw him divorcing her for another woman. Even so, they had seen lots of crazy situations throughout their many years working in this field, so they were quite used to it by then.

Alex looked at Amelia and said solemnly, “Mrs. Clinton, these are some property settlement agreements that we have drafted according to Mr. Clinton’s properties. Please have a look at them and voice out your concerns or disputes, if any. We will then discuss them with Mr. Clinton and modify these documents accordingly.”

Amelia felt her heart sink when she heard that. And here I thought Oscar would still have some feelings for me regardless of how much he has changed... Looks like I’ve overestimated our love for each other and underestimated Isabella’s capabilities.

“So, you insist on divorcing me no matter what, huh? Very well, then. I have only one condition—I want custody over Tony.”

Those words had barely left Amelia’s mouth when Olivia hugged Tony tightly and protested, “No! You two are not getting a divorce!”

“All right, you can have Tony,” Oscar replied a few seconds later.

He was starting to dislike Tony after hearing Isabella’s convincing story. As he believed that Isabella was his true love, he didn’t want to keep Tony around because it would upset her. Oscar was willing to give up his son for Isabella’s sake.

“Tony is my grandson! I’ll fight anyone who dares take him away from me!” Olivia yelled furiously.

“Will you please stop this nonsense, Mom?” Oscar exclaimed with an exasperated frown.

“That’s my line, Oscar! Amelia is the one you love! This woman is feeding you with nothing but lies! Stop listening to her!” Olivia snapped back at him.

Oscar clenched his fists tightly as he said, “What I know is the truth, Mom! I don’t remember when I married Amelia, but I know for a fact that Isabella is the one I love. I won’t let her suffer any longer!”

“Oscar, don’t you find most of her explanations riddled with holes? You don’t remember marrying Amelia even though you retain your memories of everyone else. Don’t you find it odd? Doesn’t this feel like a conspiracy to make you forget about Amelia? Have you never questioned how suspicious and unreal this situation is? Snap out of it, Oscar!” Olivia reminded him.

For a brief moment, Oscar started to waver a little.

Isabella gave his hand a tight squeeze while leaning against him in an insecure manner, and whatever feelings of doubt he had were gone a second later.

“I trust Isabella, Mom. There’s no way she’d ever lie to me,” Oscar said confidently.

Olivia shot Isabella a vicious glare in response.

Matthew and Carol quickly stepped forward and urged her anxiously, “Stop this nonsense and come home with us, Isabella!”

Oscar shielded Isabella behind him and told them, “Mr. Walker, Mrs. Walker, I know you two are trying to stop her because you value your relationship with my family. Don’t worry, though. I promise that Isabella and I will get married.”

At that, Matthew and Carol exchanged glances with each other as calculating looks appeared in their eyes.

They were both hoping to have Oscar as their son-in-law, but they didn’t dare make their intentions obvious for fear of offending Owen and Olivia. That was why they pretended to be against the marriage even though they wanted it to happen.

“Listen to us, Oscar. You are a married man, and Isabella is just fooling around. Please stop this nonsense, okay?” Carol pleaded.

Oscar wrapped an arm around Isabella’s shoulder and replied, “We’re not fooling around. I’ve always loved Isabella with all my heart.”

He then turned toward Alex as he continued, “Mr. Feltham, please hurry up and get this divorce over with. I don’t want to drag this out any longer.”

Alex nodded and walked up to Amelia.

“Please sign these papers, Mrs. Clinton. Not only will you receive all the properties listed on this document, but you will also gain custody over your son.”

As Amelia read through the property settlement agreement, she noticed that the contents were similar to the one she signed when they divorced the first time. Although

Oscar no longer remembered her, he was still as generous as before when it came to his assets.

Her hand began to tremble as she picked up the pen and got ready to sign.

Suddenly, Owen grabbed her by the hand and shook his head.

“Oscar, I’m not sure why you insist on getting a divorce, but I believe you’re not in the right state of mind at the moment. We’ll discuss this again when you’re able to think straight,” he said authoritatively.

Oscar stared him in the eye as he replied firmly, “I’ve let Isabella wait far too long, Dad. I’m not going to make her wait any longer. I will get divorced today no matter what. Amelia has occupied the position of my wife for long enough.”

“You used to be a lot more mature than this, Oscar,” Owen said calmly.

Isabella tightened her grip on Oscar’s hand.

“Don’t worry; I’m here with you,” Oscar comforted her.

It was unclear what Isabella had told him throughout the afternoon, but she most certainly had painted herself in such a way that he would take pity on her. At that very moment, Oscar truly believed it would be a sin for him to marry anyone other than Isabella.

Owen motioned at Amelia to bring Tony upstairs.

“Dad, I need to have someone bring Kurt to a hospital first. He is my friend, after all,” Amelia said while carrying Tony in her arms.

Owen simply nodded in response.

Amelia walked up to Kurt and asked, “Can you walk?”

“Yeah,” Kurt replied.

The look in Oscar’s eyes grew icy-cold as he watched the three of them leave. They look just like a family of three! I can’t believe I have to put up with this crap! This is so humiliating!

“Mom, Dad, do you two seriously want me to accept that cheating woman as my wife?” he asked with a defiant snort.

Owen stared deeply at him for a few seconds before shifting his gaze toward Isabella. “Isabella, I don’t care what happened between you and Oscar, but we’re having a family

meeting right now. Please go home with your parents. Don't think we're powerless against you just because you've got Oscar backing you up. If you truly believe that, then you are a lot more naïve than I thought," he said solemnly.

The look on Isabella's face changed the moment she heard that. Because she had tricked Oscar, she was somewhat afraid of the Clintons coming after her for revenge.

"I'll get going now, Oscar," she whispered.

Oscar agreed to it after giving it some thought.

"I'll have someone send you home."

"That won't be necessary, Oscar. Your bodyguards only take orders from that woman. They might try to kill me on the way home," Isabella replied.

"They wouldn't dare. I'll order them to only listen to you in the future," Oscar promised.

Isabella let out a chuckle. "Thanks for being so kind to me, Oscar. I truly am the luckiest woman in the world!"

The look in Oscar's eyes turned gentle as he said, "Things are only going to get even better in the future. Now, go on home with your parents. I promise I'll marry you soon."

He then personally escorted Isabella out the front door and ordered his bodyguards to follow Isabella's orders the same way they followed his. Those who refused to comply would be kicked out of the organization forever.

Amelia, who was standing nearby, shuddered when she heard that.

With her fists tightly clenched, Jolin stood up for Amelia by saying, "Hey, Boss! We've all seen how much you loved Amelia back then. You treated her like she meant the world to you! Have you forgotten all of that? Is your love really that cheap?"

Oscar shot her an icy-cold glare and asked, "Are you disobeying my orders, Jolin?"

Jolin shuddered, but the anger in her eyes was still burning brightly. For the first time ever, she decided to talk back to Oscar and protested, "I wouldn't dare disobey your orders, but I feel really bad for Mrs. Clinton. You used to love her so much that you'd be upset all day if she so much as cut her finger! What the heck did this woman do to make you forget only Mrs. Clinton?"

"That's enough, Jolin! Question my decisions again, and you will be the first to get kicked out of this organization!" Oscar yelled.

Livid with rage, Jolin was about to say she would rather leave than serve a woman like Isabella, but Amelia stopped her in time by clamping a hand over her mouth.

“Thanks for protecting me all this while, Jolin. I’m glad to have had you by my side, and I will never forget what you’ve done for me. Remember what I told you last night and help take good care of him while I’m gone. I’ll reclaim what is rightfully mine when I return someday,” Amelia said.

Naturally, Jolin knew who she was referring to.

Honestly, I feel really bad for Amelia. She’s still worried about Oscar’s well-being even after all the horrible things he said earlier. Words cannot describe how much I hate Isabella right now! Amelia and Oscar wouldn’t be getting divorced if it weren’t for her manipulating him! If I knew this was going to happen, I’d have killed that woman long ago!

“Jolin, would you please get Kurt examined at a hospital? Give me a call about his condition regardless of whether he’s all right. I’ll be fine, so you don’t have to worry about me,” Amelia said with a smile.

Jolin flashed her a concerned look but did as told and helped Kurt toward the car anyway.

Amelia turned to look at Oscar as she continued, “Oscar, I don’t know what Isabella has told you, but nothing is going on between me and Kurt. You can divorce me if you want, but please don’t hurt those who are innocent.”

For some reason, Oscar found himself unable to refuse her request when he saw her sincere expression.

“All right, I won’t harm Kurt as long as you agree to divorce me. I’m sure you know full well what I’m capable of.”

“You have my word.”

Oscar then escorted the Walkers to their car and saw them off before returning to the house.

Amelia was still standing there waiting for him. “Oscar, you still want to marry her even after you’ve seen that indecent footage of her?” she asked when he passed her by.

Oscar shot her a glance and replied, “That’s none of your business.”

“Yeah, you’re right. It is none of my business,” Amelia said with a wry smile before heading into the house without looking back.

Oscar simply stood there and stared at her with a conflicted look in his eyes. Even he did not know why he was feeling so.

Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 855

Chapter 855 Suspicion

Because Isabella constantly brought up how aggrieved she was in front of Oscar, the latter insisted on divorcing Amelia. There was no persuading him. Amelia could only agree to the divorce.

Olivia hugged Tony tightly as she said, "Amelia, I know Oscar has done wrong by you, but I can't let you take Tony. He is my most precious treasure. Without him, I cannot eat well, nor can I sleep peacefully. Please don't blame me for this."

Sucking in a long breath, Amelia promised, "Mom, I promise you I will bring Tony back safely. My divorce from Oscar is only a temporary measure. I love him too much to let him be manipulated by such a sinister and cunning woman. I will make him recall who I am. Give me a year. I will return to Oscar with a brand-new appearance."

Olivia stared at her doubtfully. "But Amelia, where will you go?"

"Mr. Rice invited me overseas to further my studies, and I plan to agree to his request. I will improve myself so I have more opportunities to get closer to Oscar," Amelia replied.

Olivia pondered for a moment before suggesting, "Why don't you leave Tony here with me? I promise no one will harm him with me by his side."

"Mom, Tony is a bright and sensitive child. Oscar's change in attitude is drastic. If I go overseas without taking him with me, perhaps Tony won't recognize me when I return. Being abandoned again will likely leave scars on his heart. You love him the most. Are you really willing for him to become so unhappy at such a young age?" Amelia was aware that Olivia cared about Tony the most. She knew that if she approached the subject this way, Olivia was bound to give in.

As expected, Olivia fell silent.

Stroking Tony's head, Olivia asked gently, "Tony, do you really plan to follow your mother overseas and not see me for a long time?"

Tony lifted his head and declared, "Don't worry, Grandma. I'll think of you and call you daily. Wait for our return. We'll chase away the vixen clinging to Big Meanie then."

Olivia caressed his cheek sadly, her heart aching.

Tony was so very young, yet he had undergone so much already. He was involved in a life-or-death car accident before he was even born. Following that, his parents divorced, and he was brought to Beshya. And now, Isabella had done something to his father, forcing Tony to have to leave the country once more.

My dear grandchild, how can someone be so ill-fated?

“Okay, I’ll agree to it. But you must come back in a year, or I’ll miss you too much,” Olivia compromised.

Amelia watched the exchange between the grandparent and grandchild, a smile on her lips. However, her mind was clouded with worry. I so confidently declared that I would take back Oscar when I returned in a year, but so much could change within that period. The most crucial thing is, what if Oscar really fails to remember me? Also, what if he got Isabella pregnant?

If Isabella bore a child, her relationship with Oscar would become even messier. If that happened, Amelia was not sure she would be able to snatch Oscar back.

Amelia was terrified that she would eventually be left with nothing.

Leaving Tony with Olivia, Amelia proceeded to negotiate the divorce terms with Alex. She was not planning to say that she did not want anything like when they first divorced. Instead, she accepted everything Oscar allocated to her and even added a condition of her own—she wanted to have custody of Tony.

Alex nodded. “Mrs. Clinton, as long as it’s not too absurd a request and you’re willing to sign the divorce agreement, Mr. Clinton told us to agree to your conditions.”

Amelia looked at the divorce agreement placed before her in a daze.

Seeing that, Alex prompted her, “Mrs. Clinton, please sign here.”

That snapped Amelia back to her senses, and she hesitated for a brief moment before signing her name.

She then handed the agreement over to Alex. “Mr. Feltham, I’ll leave it to you. Please help me pass a message to Oscar. Tell him to take good care of himself. He mustn’t neglect his meals even if he’s busy with work.”

Alex could not help but sigh silently upon hearing Amelia’s words. He had once been optimistic that they were a dynamic power couple, but they ended up fighting and divorced within such a short period.

Perhaps true love did not exist between people from prominent families.

Amelia was unaware of the extent of Alex's pity toward her. Standing up, she said, "Mr. Feltham, I'll be on my way if we're done here."

Alex also got to his feet. "Goodbye, Mrs. Clinton."

"I'm no longer Mrs. Clinton; just call me Amelia." Amelia laughed faintly.

Smiling in response, Alex saw her to the door.

Amelia departed from the lawyers' office and called Tiffany.

"Tiff, are you home?" Amelia asked as soon as the call connected.

"Yeah, I'm home. I just finished my manuscript and planned to take a nap. What's up? Are you calling me to invite me for a meal?" Tiffany yawned.

"I'm heading to your place. Cook something for me, will you? I haven't tasted your cooking in ages," Amelia replied moodily.

Tiffany's perceptive senses told her something was off with Amelia. Concerned, she asked, "What's wrong? Are you unhappy?"

"I'll fill you in when I arrive."

After ending the call, Amelia drove to Tiffany's place.

"What? You and Oscar are divorced? When did this happen? Weren't you happy together?" Tiffany was beyond agitated.

Furrowing her brows, Amelia replied helplessly, "Tiff, keep it down. You're giving me a headache."

Tiffany was furious when she saw the state Amelia was in.

"You'd better explain yourself. What's going on? You guys were getting along well. Why did you suddenly divorce? Did Oscar do something unforgivable?" Tiffany demanded angrily.

Sighing, Amelia proceeded to explain everything that had happened.

Tiffany's face contorted with rage when she heard the story.

"Isabella, that d*mned woman! How could she do something as shameless as breaking up someone else's marriage? She'll get what she deserves someday," Tiffany scolded. When she saw Amelia's dismal mood, she asked softly, "Babe, did Oscar really not recognize you?"

Amelia nodded and bowed her head. The next second, a tear rolled down her cheek. It was followed by a second, then a third as she began to cry soundlessly.

Tiffany was shocked. She hurriedly lifted Amelia's head before hugging her when she saw the latter's tear-drenched face. "There, there. I'm here for you. Look at me, all fine after my own divorce. You divorced Oscar a few years ago. This time, you got to spend a year with him. I'd say this is a win for you."

Amelia continued to weep soundlessly.

At a loss for what to do, Tiffany did not have the words to comfort her friend.

"Babe, don't be like this. I don't know what to do when you cry like this," Tiffany consoled her clumsily.

Despite that, Amelia continued to cry silently as she had kept it all bottled up till now. Oscar was like an entirely different person, which broke her heart to pieces. Nonetheless, she had been unable to reveal her feelings in front of Olivia and the others. Tiffany was the only person that Amelia was comfortable with showing her vulnerability.

Tiffany grew angrier as she watched the tears flow non-stop. "Babe, I'll kill those two for you. I reckon Oscar isn't really under a spell by Isabella. He's probably acting because he wants to abandon you and your son. I can't believe they'd come up with such a wicked trick. I'll expose them if that's the last thing I do!"

The more infuriated Tiffany was, the more certain she became that she spoke the truth. It was the twenty-first century—the age of science. She did not believe in sorcery or black magic. While she did enjoy ready fantasy and suspense novels, in reality, she did not believe in such hocus-pocus.

Still, Amelia sobbed.

Tiffany propped Amelia on the sofa and stood up to leave, ready to confront Oscar. Grabbing her hand, Amelia said, "Tiff, don't. I'm okay."

"How can you be okay when you're practically bawling your eyes out?" Tiffany was exasperated. Suddenly, she remembered Tony. "Where's Tony? Please don't tell me you gave up custody for him when you signed the divorce agreement."

Tiffany started pacing in the same spot as she went on, "No, I have to bring him back here. We're both divorcees, so there's no way we can trust men anytime soon. Since they're unreliable, we can't lose Tony too."

Amelia grabbed Tiffany's hand and said, "I have custody of Tony. I'm just letting Olivia watch over him for now."

“Are you daft? Olivia has always treasured Tony. What if she finds some excuse to hide him away since you left him with her?” Tiffany grew even more agitated. Countless child abduction scenarios began to play in her mind. “Come on! Let’s hurry to the Clinton residence and bring him back. You’re truly hopeless. You kept quiet and endured being bullied for so many years.”

A warm feeling rose within Amelia’s heart. After all that had happened, at the very least, she still had a staunch, true friend. If they relied on each other, they could overcome any difficulties.

Amelia laughed. “Tiff, calm down. Tony’s custody was given to me after I signed the agreement. We can go to court if Oscar decides to go back on his word. Moreover, you know how much Olivia loves Tony. She’ll always put him first, so she won’t let him lose both his parents. While she may be a selfish person, she won’t do something bad to him. Don’t misunderstand her.”

Tiffany glared at Amelia in frustration.

In the end, Amelia was still dragged to the Clinton residence by Tiffany.

When they stepped into the house, they witnessed Isabella peeling grapes for Oscar. Tiffany immediately flew into a rage.

“Well, well, if it isn’t the professional mistress who shamelessly wrecked a marriage. They haven’t even divorced, but I see you’ve already made yourself at home.” Tiffany sneered, crossing her arms before her chest.

The hand that was holding the grape froze before Isabella stared at Oscar beseechingly.

Oscar swept a glance at Isabella and ordered the butler, “Send this rabid dog outside. Do not let stray animals enter in the future.”

Tiffany scoffed in response.

“What a sharp tongue you have, Oscar. Then again, you’re able to suddenly change your mind and divorce the wife you once cherished so deeply. It’s no wonder you’re not holding back when it comes to an outsider like me,” Tiffany mocked. The next moment, the expression on her face changed as she said angrily, “Even if you’ve forgotten Amelia, you’ve left so many traces at your little love nest. Are you blind? You have so many photos together. Can’t you see how deeply you love her from them? Your condominium was also renovated to her tastes. Everything in there is to her preferences. Doesn’t that seem suspicious to you? Are you going to say that you haven’t seen the photos and that you don’t remember what she likes? All right. I have a ton of photos on my phone and hers. With so much evidence before you, if you still

refuse to believe us and prefer to trust a woman you hate to the core, maybe there's something wrong with your brain."

When Oscar heard Tiffany's words, something glimmered in his eyes.

Panic flashed across Isabella's eyes, and she subconsciously gripped Oscar's arm.

"Oscar, Amelia forced you to take those photos. She said if you refused to take them with her, she was going to abort the baby. Don't trust that woman's words!" Isabella insisted.

"Bullsh*t!" Tiffany cursed. "Oscar is in charge of thousands of employees at Clinton Corporations. Every day, he deals with projects that are worth millions. He has a stronger resolve than most people. Do you think someone like him could be threatened by Amelia? I don't know what you did to him, but you'd better not venture out alone. I'll beat you up each time I see you. That'll teach you to come between a married couple. You're disgusting!"

Oscar had initially been slightly doubtful, but when he heard Tiffany's rude words, his expression darkened. "Shut up."

Tiffany instinctively closed her mouth.

"What are you still standing around for? Send them out!" Oscar ordered the butler.

Standing in front of Tiffany protectively, Amelia told the butler, "Please step away. Tiffany is a guest I brought over."

The butler was torn.

"Go on. I'll handle the repercussions," Amelia said softly.

The butler hesitated for a moment before nodding at Amelia. Turning to Oscar, he said, "Mr. Clinton, I'll be taking my leave."

Oscar said nothing in response.

"Oscar, I apologize. Tiff was only looking out for me. You can go back to whatever you were doing with Ms. Walker. We're going upstairs to see Tony." Amelia nodded politely at him before pulling Tiffany upstairs.

Once they stepped onto the second floor, Tiffany shouted down angrily, "Oscar, I think you should check your phone. It contains many pictures of you and Amelia. If you still think the woman beside you is your true love after seeing those photos, I can only say you really are blind."

Amelia tugged at Tiffany. Only then did the latter reluctantly close her mouth and follow Amelia into the room.

Oscar lowered his gaze, seemingly deep in thought.

Isabella looked at him worriedly, afraid that he would begin to suspect something. The relationship she had schemed and stolen was one rife with many uncertainties. Thus, she was terrified that something unexpected would occur.

When Oscar pulled out his phone, she stared at it intently, her eyes wide.

She hurriedly looked away after he glanced at her, muttering, "Oscar, do you believe what Tiffany said? That I'm lying to you?"

Oscar patted her face and laughed. "Don't overthink it. I'm only checking to see what's on my phone."

"Let me help you!" Isabelle offered.

Oscar looked at her with an unfathomable expression.

With that, Isabelle realized she had been too hasty. It was as Tiffany claimed. Isabella had gotten someone to hypnotize Oscar. However, she was not able to erase the traces of his life with Amelia. Their love nest was filled with vestiges of Amelia. There were also a lot of photos of the couple on their phones, WhatsApp, and other messaging apps. Only a blind person would not be able to see how much the two loved each other. Isabella, as someone who stole his love, could never measure up.

"Oscar, I'm worried. You say that you love me, but you don't trust my words. You'd rather trust the photos. Have you fallen for Amelia?" Isabella implored with reddened eyes.

Oscar's face darkened. "Isabella, is there something you're worried about?"

Isabella's expression froze. She could not even bring herself to cry.

Even after being hypnotized, he did not treat her with affection. When she desperately tried to seduce him at night, he shrugged her off, claiming that he had work to finish.

Their love was fabricated. Hence, Isabella felt guilty and would feel afraid whenever Oscar treated her coldly.

"I'll only take a brief look." Oscar hid the unlock passcode from Isabella and tapped on the phone's photo album. It was filled with photos of him and Amelia—intimate ones. In each one, he was staring at Amelia devotedly while the latter smiled sweetly. There

were also several family photos. There was no hint of reluctance on his face in any of the pictures.

Oscar furrowed his brows as he realized there was a discrepancy within his memories. The photos were obviously not edited, so why did he have no recollection of taking these with Amelia? Instead, the woman in his memories was Isabella.

From what he could remember, he and Isabella were very loving. He admitted that he loved her. However, he did not feel a burning passion when he was with her.

So, what's going on?

A feeling of unease rose in Isabella's heart when she saw Oscar frowning while appearing to be in deep thought.

"Oscar..." she murmured.

Oscar shot her a glance and sighed. "Isabella, are you hiding something from me?"

As her heart plummeted to her feet, Isabella pretended to be clueless. "What are you talking about?"

Oscar observed her, gauging her inwardly.

Seeing that, Isabella started to panic. "Oscar, do you regret divorcing her?"

Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 856

Chapter 856 Venting Anger

Oscar took the phone and helped Isabella clean it. "Silly girl, you're the love of my life. Have you seen a man who will give up on his beloved just because of a few pictures?" he asked with a loving look.

Isabella gazed at Oscar, her eyes red. She couldn't tell whether he was being sincere. As she felt guilty, she would be skeptical of things many times, afraid that he would remember clues about his past.

"Are you really afraid that I will live the rest of my life with a woman I don't remember?" Amused, Oscar tapped her nose. "Stop crying. If not, you'll look ugly. I don't remember you being such a crybaby. In my memories, you're a very strong woman. I recall when you were on the brink of death after you got into that car accident. When you woke up, even I cried. Yet, you were still trying to comfort me by saying you were not in pain. Why are you crying so easily now?" Oscar asked casually, but there was a hint of probing in his voice.

Isabella's heart inadvertently skipped a beat.

She quickly wiped her tears and explained, "Oscar, I just love you too much. I'll be okay as long as you don't leave me."

Oscar's gaze darkened. Although he smiled gently at Isabella, there was not a sliver of warmth in his eyes.

I'm starting to get suspicious of Isabella, but there are still many things I'm not sure of, so I can't take action recklessly. I must gradually investigate everything and find out why despite not remembering Amelia, I have many pictures of us on my phone. I want to know whether losing my memories is part of a scheme or if my memories changed unconsciously.

Seeing him deep in thought, Isabella clenched her hands subconsciously. The next moment, she hurriedly grabbed some grapes and said, "Oscar, I'll peel some grapes for you."

Regaining his senses, Oscar smirked. "Isabella, have you forgotten? I don't like grapes."

Isabella's hand froze, and a look of embarrassment crossed her face.

Glancing at him, she asked awkwardly, "Really? You never told me before, Oscar. You always ate it when I gave it to you."

Seeing Oscar deep in thought, Isabella felt her heart pound.

Suddenly, Oscar chuckled and declared, "I was lying, silly girl."

However, Isabella was not amused, as she felt that Oscar sensed something.

"Oscar, I kept something from you," she mumbled, lowering her head.

A glint flashed in Oscar's eyes before turning into a warm look. "What's it?"

"Actually, I've been seeing a psychiatrist lately. My psychiatrist told me I was under too much stress, so my memories were all jumbled up. That was why the things I said were very different from reality. Why don't you see my psychiatrist with me? I was very jealous when I saw you living happily with Amelia and was afraid you would forget me. But now, I'm so happy you're finally by my side again, so why don't you go to the psychiatrist with me? I don't want to be mentally ill. I don't want to become a patient."

Oscar stared at her intently.

Raising her head, Isabella gazed at him adoringly and continued, "Oscar, I feel quite guilty for making you divorce Amelia, but I'm selfish when it comes to love. I feel very

conflicted. When I remember how you two were so happy previously, I was afraid you really fell in love with her. Thankfully, the person you love is me. I'm overjoyed that you divorced her for me, so why don't you see my psychiatrist with me? I want a complete version of me to stay by your side."

Oscar's resolve wavered. As he recalled his past with Isabella, his suspicions about her were replaced by guilt.

"Okay, let's go for your peace of mind. Why didn't you tell me you were seeing a psychiatrist?" Oscar asked, embracing her.

"It's my fault. I don't want you to feel guilty because of me," Isabella replied tenderly.

Oscar stroked her head as his gaze darkened. Although he was still bothered by the pictures of him with Amelia, he decided to investigate in secret. After all, it was Isabella he should be concerned with now.

The first thing that Amelia saw when she came downstairs with Tony in her arms and Tiffany following behind was the two locked in an embrace.

Raising her hand, Amelia covered Tony's eyes and shook her head at Tiffany, signaling her friend not to get angry and shout. Since Oscar did not recognize Amelia anymore, starting a ruckus would only make her look bad.

Tiffany could only hold in her fury and follow Amelia downstairs. When she passed by Oscar and Isabella, she purposely declared, "Ms. Walker, you'd better keep a good watch over your man. If a mistress as cunning and evil as you appear, you might lose your position."

Isabella stiffened when she heard that.

As for Oscar, he simply gazed at Amelia musingly as he watched her leave with Tony.

When Amelia and Tiffany left the building, he suddenly pushed Isabella aside before running out and grabbing Amelia's hands.

Just when Amelia was looking at him in confusion, he declared in a firm tone, "Let her carry Tony. I have something to ask you."

The light in Amelia's eyes immediately dimmed.

I thought he had run out because he remembered something. I can't believe he just did it to say this.

Amelia sighed internally, but she handed Tony to Tiffany anyway and replied, "Let's talk over there."

The two walked aside while Tiffany, with Tony in her arms, blocked Isabella who also ran out.

“Ms. Walker, stop being so shameless. The love you schemed to get will not last long. Once your lies get exposed, all you have now will vanish,” Tiffany sneered, gazing coldly at Isabella.

Isabella also stared at Tiffany with equal coldness and chuckled. “I bet you’re just jealous of me, Tiffany. No matter what, I’m the one by Oscar’s side now, while Amelia can only be kicked out of the house. I’m the winner while she’s just the loser, and just like you, she ended up divorced.”

Tiffany’s face turned thunderous.

Feeling smug, Isabella continued, “So what if Tony is the only grandson of the Clinton family? He still got chased out of the family by me. When I marry Oscar and have kids, who will even remember Tony? When that time comes, the Clinton family will be under my control.”

Enraged by her smug look, Tiffany kicked at her abdomen.

Not expecting that kick, Isabella fell to the ground, but before she could scream, Tiffany placed Tony down before she went and pinned Isabella on the ground by sitting on her. Then, she covered Isabella’s mouth and started hitting her.

“Tony, help me grab her legs. I’m going to show you how to teach this shameless woman a lesson!” Tiffany ordered, not even trying to hide this scene from Tony.

A glint of excitement flashed in Tony’s eyes, and he ran over to sit behind Tiffany before starting to bounce on Isabella.

Every time he bounced, Isabella’s face turned paler. She tried to scream in pain but to no avail. The bodyguards who were protecting Oscar in secret also looked on indifferently. No one planned on helping Isabella.

Jolin, who was hiding in the shadows, asked excitedly, “Hugo, can I help Mr. Anthony? I want to help Mrs. Clinton and Kurt to vent some anger. Because of this woman, Kurt’s chest still hurts whenever he talks.”

“Go, but don’t cross the line. Hurry up and come back before our boss returns. Make sure not to leave any wounds on her,” Hugo replied.

“Don’t worry. She’ll only get internal injuries from my beating.” Jolin jumped down the tree and ran over eagerly.

Meanwhile, Amelia had led Oscar to the lake, and naturally, Oscar had no idea that someone dared to beat Isabella up right under his nose.

“What’s with this?” Oscar asked, showing the picture on his phone to Amelia.

Pain pierced Amelia’s heart when she saw the pictures on the phone. She tried to look at Oscar calmly before replying bitterly, “Oscar, even though there’s evidence right before you, you still don’t believe we were in love before?”

Frowning, he replied, “I only trust what’s in my head. What means did you use to get such pictures on my phone?”

Amelia could not help but laugh.

“Oscar, you’re a smart man, yet you’re asking me such a dumb question now. Is it because you don’t want to admit it, or do you really believe Isabella is your true love? If that’s the case, you won’t believe me no matter what I say.” Taking a deep breath, she continued, “Since you don’t believe me, why are you still asking me?”

Lowering her gaze, she turned to leave.

Oscar reached out to grab her hand on reflex.

“Why do I not remember you?” he asked, confusion stark in his eyes.

Amelia laughed bitterly as her heart wrenched in pain.

“I, too, would like to know why you became like this. Just a few days ago, you were planning our lives together as a family of three, but suddenly, you forgot about me. I want to know what happened. I also want that husband who loves and treats me well to return,” she declared softly.

Oscar was moved by her words, and when he saw the tears in her eyes, his heart twisted.

He wanted to raise his hand to wipe away her tears, but he retracted to hands midway for some reason.

“I’ll get to the bottom of this matter. If I find out you’re the mastermind, don’t blame me for being heartless and cruel,” Oscar warned coldly.

Amelia stared longingly at him before lowering her head. “Take care of yourself when I’m not here. Don’t forget your meals,” she mumbled.

Oscar’s heart skipped a beat.

However, he repressed the strange feeling he felt and replied, "Don't say these sugar-coated words to me. I hate them."

With that, he turned to leave.

Staring at his retreating figure, Amelia could not help but sigh.

Oscar, when can you remember and realize everything is part of Isabella's scheme? Do I still have a chance to get you back?

Heavy thoughts occupied Amelia's mind, weighing her down. To be honest, I have no confidence at all. I had confidence in him because he loved me, but now... I wonder if I become a stronger person, Oscar will see how great of a person I am and thus remember our moments together.

Seeing Oscar return, the bodyguards in hiding informed Jolin and the rest, so Jolin went back to his tree. Tiffany also ran back to the house with Tony and handed the boy over to Olivia for protection.

When Oscar saw Isabella lying on the ground, and after she told him it was Tiffany and the others who had beaten her up, he helped her into the house to question her further. However, it was Olivia who dealt with the matter.

"Isabella, I thought you were a nice girl, but I didn't expect you would even accuse my grandson of such a thing. Now that you managed to cling to Oscar, you treat me as if I'm dead! Will you only be satisfied when the father and son are on bad terms?" Olivia shouted.

Rubbing her aching abdomen, Isabella replied aggrievedly, "Aunt Olivia, it was really Tiffany and Tony who hit me."

"Don't call me Aunt Olivia. From the moment you did such a shameless thing to my son, I'm no longer your godmother. You'll have to get through me first if you want to destroy their father-and-son relationship!" Olivia replied contemptuously, waving her hands.

Isabella stared pitifully at Oscar.

"Mom," Oscar uttered, vexed.

"Are you that blind and unable to distinguish between right and wrong that you actually think your son hit her? Only fools will believe such rubbish! She wants to sow discord between you and Tony! How can you believe her words?" Olivia shrieked, losing all her usual elegance.

After all, Isabella was accusing Olivia's precious grandson. There was no way Olivia could stay calm after that. Isabella is simply looking for trouble!

Isabella's expression changed, and she pretended to compromise by saying, "Oscar, I'm fine. Don't be angry with Aunt Olivia."

"No, don't call me Aunt Olivia. I don't want to hear it," Olivia answered irritably, waving her hands. You haven't even married Oscar yet, and you're already sowing discord between him and Tony. If you really marry into our family, there will be no place for my grandson in this family. Let me make myself clear. Regardless of who Oscar marries in the future and how many kids he has, the grandchild I love the most will always be Tony. My husband's and my wealth can only be inherited by Tony. If he is met with an accident, the money will be donated to an orphanage. I will never allow my grandson to be treated unfairly."

Isabella lowered her gaze as a menacing glint crossed her eyes.

Hatred for Olivia welled up within Isabella. She said such nice things to me back then. But now that I have a chance to become her daughter-in-law, she keeps getting in my way as if I'm a hot potato.

With a darkened expression, Oscar turned to leave while hugging Isabella.

"Mrs. Clinton, you're so cool!" Tiffany praised, satisfied to see Isabella defeated.

Olivia smirked. "She's still too young to go against me."

After a pause, she continued in a worried tone, "I don't know what that woman did to Oscar. Things will be tough if she really cast black magic from Southeast Aploth on him."

Tiffany also felt deflated. Only after seeing Oscar that day did she finally believe Amelia and realize she had underestimated Isabella.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton. Why don't you take Oscar to the hospital to get a check-up first?" Tiffany suggested.

Olivia sighed. "Of course, we'd like to do that. However, Oscar only listens to Isabella now. If we really bring him to the hospital, he will fight with us. Moreover, he has a mind of his own. His dad and I can't force him to do anything."

"Why don't you find a psychiatrist to hypnotize him and see what happened to him?" Tiffany suggested another stupid idea.

Olivia sighed again.

Tiffany scratched her nose awkwardly upon realizing how bad her idea was.

Just then, Amelia walked into the house, glanced at Tiffany, and asked, "Did you and Tony beat Isabella up?"

"Yes, to help you get your revenge. Tony was so amazing. He bounced on Isabella so much that she almost puked out bile," Tiffany declared gleefully.

"Tiff, you're too reckless. If you really made Oscar angry, he has thousands of ways to mess with you. Besides, your actions could have dragged the bodyguards who were protecting Isabella in secret into this issue. Don't be so reckless in the future, and I hope Jolin doesn't get involved in this."

Tiffany rubbed her nose awkwardly again. Indeed, she was too reckless, but she didn't regret it.

"Amelia, you can stay in this house with Tony first." Olivia changed the subject.

"Mom, it's all right. I'll stay at Tiff's place with Tony. If you want to see Tony, you can come over. I don't want to see Isabella now," Amelia refused, shaking her head.

Olivia pondered for a moment. Indeed, everything that has happened is very aggravating. There's no need to force Amelia to stay, but I'll miss Tony. It's all because of Isabella, that ungrateful brat. I can't believe we fell into her trap so easily.

Tony circled his arms around Olivia's neck and declared, "Grandma, you must help Mommy protect Big Meanie and make sure that vixen doesn't steal him away. When Mommy and I return, I'll protect you all and give that vixen a good beating."

Upon hearing that, Olivia could not help but laugh. Her love for Tony ran deep, plus the boy's cleverness made people inevitably love him.

"Oh, my obedient grandson. All right, I promise you," she replied.

Tony nodded firmly.

After Tony shared some more words of concern with Olivia, Amelia scooped Tony into her arms and left with Tiffany.

Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 857

Chapter 857 Another Hypnosis Session

When they arrived at Tiffany's house, Amelia decided to cut to the chase. "Tiff, I'm planning to go overseas."

Tiffany shuddered. She was carrying Tony in her arms, so it was fortunate that she recovered very quickly. Otherwise, Tony would have been dropped to the floor.

She put him down carefully on the ground. After calming herself, she said, "Are you going to give up on Oscar?"

"No, because I plan to appear before him once again but with a better identity. Look at me now. Even though he's in trouble, I can't do anything about it. I want to present a new image to attract him. If I have the chance to bring him to the places where we've spent time together, I believe that he will eventually remember me," Amelia uttered with determination.

It was not a surprise that Tiffany hated Isabella so much. The former knew that if it was not because of Isabella, Amelia's marriage would not crumble. If Oscar had really cheated on Amelia during their marriage, then they would gladly not have anything to do with each other after their divorce. However, the reality was that they were very much in love, only that someone had tricked him into forgetting all about her. If they were separated under such circumstances, they would do so with reluctance. They would still constantly be thinking about each other.

Tiffany lowered her gaze and was in deep thought. Then, she ventured, "Babe, have you ever considered that Oscar and Isabella could be putting on a show?"

Amelia flashed her a half smile. "Tiff, do you think that he needs to go so far just to get a divorce?"

Tiffany was rendered speechless. All right. I admit I just can't stand the current Oscar and want to take a jab at him badly.

Subsequently, she sat on the couch as a frown appeared on her face. After thinking it through, she said, "The screenwriters' group has also offered an opportunity to further studies abroad. Where do you want to go? I'll go with you. After all, Derrick and I have divorced. If I had to stay and watch Crystal giving birth to his child, I'd surely be irritated."

Warmth filled Amelia's heart. "Are you sure you want to go with me?"

With a shrug, Tiffany said nonchalantly, "There's nothing that I would miss in this place. Moreover, if I were to go overseas with you, I can see the world and meet other people. But I haven't spoken Erihalese in so long that I don't know if the foreigners will understand me or not."

Her past experience was eerily similar to Amelia's. Thus, when Amelia mentioned that she wanted to further her studies abroad, Tiffany decided to follow her without further thought. After all, Tiffany was already divorced from Derrick, and she did not care about anyone in her family. Therefore, she planned not to come back to the country anymore after she left this time around.

"All right. Let's go overseas together," Amelia replied with a smile.

Tiffany stood up and got ready to pack her stuff. However, Amelia quickly stopped her. "Tiff, there's no need to rush. I need to contact Mr. Rice first. After all, I don't know if he still wants to accept a dispirited student like me."

"If he rejects you, let's become self-funded students."

Amelia shook her head. "No. The reason I want to further my studies abroad is that I want to use him as my stepping stone to boost myself to the top of the design industry. If we become self-funded students, I won't be able to achieve my goal."

Upon hearing that, Tiffany flicked her on the forehead and smiled before saying, "You've become such a cunning woman. But I like it."

Amelia merely chuckled in response.

She had been too merciful toward Isabella previously, leading to the latter doing everything she could to snatch Oscar away from her. Now, Amelia decided to improve herself and appear before him again with a different identity. She wanted to claim back what was rightfully hers from Isabella.

Oscar had become an inseparable part of her. She would never allow anything to occur that could prevent him from being in her future.

"Babe, don't think too much about it. Oscar will definitely remember you," said Tiffany after sitting next to her.

Amelia forced a smile. "Tiff, he didn't lose his memory. Currently, no one knows the method that Isabella used to make him forget the love of his life. To be honest, I'm not worried about anything other than the fact that her method might possibly harm his life."

Tiffany's expression darkened.

"If that's the case, why are you planning to go abroad?"

"Even if I stay here, I can't do anything for Oscar. Furthermore, my presence might make Isabella even warier. I can't imagine what will happen if she decides to harm him again."

As her words sank in, Tiffany finally understood her concerns.

"Babe, are you planning to go abroad to have her let her guard down?"

Amelia frowned. "Yes, that's exactly what I plan to do. I'll also instruct Hugo to keep an eye on her discreetly."

Tiffany nodded.

Afterward, Amelia took out Teddy's business card and dialed the numbers listed on it. No one answered the call at first, but it was answered the second time.

"Hello, is that you, Ms. Winters?" Teddy said excitedly.

"Yes, it's me. Mr. Rice, I've decided to further my studies abroad. Do you still want to take me as your student?" Amelia asked nervously. She had declined Teddy's offer previously without giving it a second thought. This time around, she had called him to tell him that she would go abroad. It was the reason why she was not confident if he still wanted her. After all, he was a famous designer in Erihal. There was no reason for him to keep an interest in a foreigner like her.

Nonetheless, she did not expect him to become so excited.

"Really? That's good news! I've been keeping a position open for you." Then, he added exuberantly, "When will you be here? I can arrange for someone to pick you up."

"Probably in another ten days. Do you think it's too rushed, Mr. Rice?"

"Not at all. I'll get someone to arrange it. I can promise you that you'll become an outstanding designer in one or two years' time." Teddy grinned.

"Thank you for giving me this chance, Mr. Rice," Amelia said sincerely.

"Don't mention it. I chose you because I don't want you to waste your talent. Moreover, I've set my eyes on the huge market in Zarain. When you can stand on your own, I want to appoint you to be the spokesperson for our branch in Zarain." It was what Teddy had planned all along.

Amelia was surprised. She did not expect Teddy to think that highly of her. Nevertheless, it was exactly what she wanted. Previously, she only wanted a place to call home. As for now, she wanted to become stronger so she could have the chance to stand next to the man whom she had always thought of as being outstanding. She did not want to be forced to go away after having her husband snatched from her.

"Mr. Rice, thank you for the appreciation. I'll not let you down. However, I want to ask a question. Why me?" Amelia asked calmly.

At first, Teddy replied solemnly, "Because the company has been looking for someone who can become a spokesperson in Astoria and your image fits the bill. In addition, you have great talent in design. I don't want to let your talent go to waste." The next moment, he changed the topic abruptly. "Ms. Winters, can I ask you a question? What made you change your mind in such a short time? I remember that Oscar is a jealous man and very possessive."

Amelia fell silent.

“What’s the matter? Can’t you talk about it?”

“It’s not that, but it’s my personal matter. I hope that you can understand, Mr. Rice.”

“My apologies. I won’t ask again.”

“Mr. Rice, thank you for being understanding. I’ll give you a call before going there.”

“All right. Let’s talk another time. Goodbye.”

“Goodbye.”

After Amelia ended the call, Tiffany shuffled closer to her and asked, “Did he agree to it?”

“Yes, he did.”

Tiffany was a proactive person. “I’ll go pack my stuff then! All that’s left is to wait for the time to leave.”

This time, Amelia did not stop her.

Instead, she walked toward Tony and leaned down to meet his eyes. With a gentle voice, she said, “Tony, will you be scared that we’ll be going overseas to live?”

“Mommy, I won’t be afraid. I want to help you to win Big Meanie back.”

When she heard his words, she felt sad and pleased at the same time.

The reason for her sadness was that Tony had to witness everything that had happened at such a young age. On the contrary, she was pleased that he never once complained. Moreover, he had never mentioned that he was frightened.

Pulling him into a hug, she continued, “Tony, I’m so thankful that I gave birth to you. You’re my angel. With you by my side, I’m not afraid of anything. I promise that I will get your father back, and we’ll be together once again as a family.”

Tony buried his head in her embrace. He still could not understand the reason for Oscar’s sudden change.

As a matter of fact, he was still worried. “Mommy, will Big Meanie treat me as well as before?”

Despite his young age, he still understood that Oscar had been treating him well.

“Of course. He’s been harmed by a bad person, but he’ll recover soon. You just have to remember that he’s your father and a man who loves you very much.”

Tony nodded.

She picked him up and placed him on her lap. Then, she took out her phone and clicked on the phone album. Pointing at the pictures one by one, she said, “Tony, I know that you’re smart, so no matter what your father does to you in the future, you have to remember that he didn’t mean to do it. You shouldn’t disobey him or be hostile. Instead, you need to try and get closer to him in his current state. Perhaps he’ll recover his memory because of your support.”

“Okay, Mommy.”

There was a sudden flash of determination in her eyes while she was caressing his head.

Meanwhile, the man that they had been talking about, Oscar, was leaving the Clinton residence with Isabella. She had requested to go to Bernard’s office. Before they left, she used the excuse of being injured and informed him that she did not want his bodyguards to follow them. He agreed after looking at her pitiful expression. After all, it was indeed his bodyguards who were at fault.

He instructed Jolin and the others to go back and decided that he would lecture them after he was finished with his business.

Even though Hugo and Jolin were worried, they did not dare to disobey Oscar’s instructions. Thus, they left the place gloomily and headed back to the office.

When Isabella led him to a huge counseling office, Oscar scrutinized it discreetly.

Bernard appeared suddenly. After glancing at Oscar, he looked at Isabella amicably, saying, “Isabella, has your sleep quality gotten any better after such a long time of counseling?”

“Professor Zabinski, I’ve become so much better. Thank you for your counseling sessions. My relationship with Oscar has also improved. Before I met you, I was always paranoid, which put a strain on my relationship with him. Now that I’m getting better, Oscar has decided to get back with me,” Isabella explained politely.

Afterward, Bernard invited the two people to go into his office. Then, he personally poured two cups of coffee for them.

“Oscar, please have a sip. Professor Zabinski makes excellent coffee. You’ll definitely want another cup after finishing with the first.” Isabella smiled.

Oscar glanced at the coffee in front of him. With a darkened gaze, he looked at it quietly. It seemed as if Isabella knew his concerns. Thus, she lifted her cup and took a sip. "Oscar, please have a taste. There's no poison inside."

He looked at her intently. Then, he lifted his cup without any expression and took a sip. He thought that it tasted good and continued with a second sip.

"Oscar, please have more." Isabella finished her coffee in one gulp. "It tastes better when drunk this way. You can try it yourself."

Under Isabella's hopeful gaze, there was nothing that Oscar could do other than follow her movement and finish the coffee in one gulp.

A smile curled the corners of her mouth while she played with the watch in her hand. Soon, Oscar's gaze turned blank.

Gently, she said, "Oscar, please cooperate in doing a test later. We can go back home after it's finished."

He merely nodded blankly.

Bernard said, "Isabella, there are unforeseen side effects that come from consuming too much of the drug and having too many hypnosis sessions. Maybe he might recover his old memories. Perhaps he would become an idiot. Are you sure you want to continue with it?"

Isabella hesitated for a short while. Then, a flash of grim determination appeared in her eyes. She nodded before saying, "Professor Zabinski, please do as I told you before. I want him to hate Amelia completely. I want him to remember her as a vicious woman who would do anything to get what she wants. I also want him to remember me as his beloved woman who Amelia is always hurting. I don't believe that the love he has for her is so strong that he won't be affected by the drug."

Bernard nodded. "As you wish. Regardless, I'll give you a fair warning in advance. When hypnosis is used too much, it will trigger a person's subconscious mind to resist. Moreover, Mr. Clinton here has a very strong will. There's a possibility that he might snap out of it one day. When that happens, he will remember everything that you have done to him."

Hearing that, Isabella frowned. She knew that there was no way out as she had burned so many bridges that it was impossible for her to go back. Thus, she had to keep him by her side, no matter what.

"Professor Zabinski, I can't turn back anymore. Besides, we're currently in the same boat. Do you think that you can get away if he finds out about it? He's the heir to Clinton Corporations. If you don't want him to get revenge, you have to help me."

“No, no. Even if he remembers everything, he won’t come after me. Obviously, I have the means to protect myself. After all, I developed the drug.” Bernard gave a soft chuckle after speaking.

Gritting her teeth, Isabella said, “You’re a despicable person, Professor Zabinski.”

“I have no other choice. After all, everything that I’ve done is for my noble research. It’s getting nearer to becoming a success.”

She glared at him viciously.

“Professor Zabinski, I don’t want to listen to you talking about your dream. I need you to hypnotize him right now.”

Bernard shrugged in response.

With that, she stood up and walked out. She continued to pace around outside the room anxiously.

After two hours had passed, Oscar walked out of the room. His face was pale, and he looked very tired.

Isabella acted as if she had only come out of the restroom. She gave him a hand and said, “Oscar, why did you come out?”

He shook his head before saying, “Where did you go?”

Instead of giving him an answer to his question, she asked cautiously, “Do you still remember Amelia?”

He frowned. “Did she trouble you again?”

Deep inside, she was pleased. She knew from his response that the hypnosis session was a success.

“No. I have you to protect me. No one can bully me so easily,” she answered sweetly.

Forcing out a laugh, he raised his hand and massaged his temples. “That’s good to hear. Let’s go back. My head hurts so much that I want to get some sleep.”

She helped him to walk outside. After they climbed into the car, she massaged his temples for him. “Oscar, why don’t you take a nap while I drive? I’ll wake you up when we reach home.”

He nodded before shutting his eyes obediently. Soon, he was asleep.

She lowered her head to look at him for a moment before moving to sit in the driver's seat. Starting up the engine, she drove slowly and steadily.

When they arrived at the neighborhood where Oscar and Amelia stayed, Isabella did not have the heart to wake him up. Therefore, she climbed out of the car and headed off to one side to call Bernard.

"Professor Zabinski, your hypnosis session was a success. Am I right?"

"So far, it's a success. But his subconscious mind is starting to show signs of resistance. If he has another session, he might recover his memory. You have to be careful," Bernard replied.

Isabella pursed her lips as her expression darkened.

"Understood. Let's talk another time." Having said that, she hung up immediately.

Upon returning to the car, she stared at Oscar quietly, an obsessive and crazed look in her eyes.

"Oscar, please don't blame me. It's just that I love you so much that I can't bear to have you leave me. If you can forget about Amelia, I promise I won't drug you anymore."

However, there was no reply from him other than his breathing growing even steadier.

Isabella knew that he was tired as the drug and hypnosis were enough to exhaust Oscar's energy. Nevertheless, she had no other choice. It was the only way that he could be hers completely. Even though their relationship was one that she had tricked him into and was not based on true feelings, she was still willing to have it. After all, so long as Oscar stayed with her, she knew that she had won.

Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 858

Chapter 858 Decided To Go Abroad

When Oscar woke up and saw Isabella staring at him intently, mirth bubbled within him. "What's wrong? You're looking at me as though I'm going to leave."

Leaning against his shoulder, Isabella whined aggrievedly, "I'm scared Amelia will steal you from me as she's always hounding you. After all, she's beautiful and gave birth to Tony for you. The two of you have a child linking you together while I merely love you silently without any title."

Oscar hugged her close to him, murmuring apologetically, "I'm sorry I made you feel insecure. Don't worry, for I'll take care of everything."

A flash of something dark flittered across Isabella's eyes. Taking things further, she ventured, "Will you marry me, Oscar?"

Oscar instinctively wanted to answer in the affirmative, but Amelia's voice and smile inexplicably flashed across his mind. He shook his head, feeling that he shouldn't be reacting in such a manner.

Isabella's heart clenched. She lifted her head and looked at him before hanging her head. "Do you not want to marry me, Oscar?"

Patting her face, Oscar coaxed, "Don't think so much. Let's go upstairs."

After saying that, he swung open the car door and alighted from the car.

Isabella followed suit. As she gazed at his back ahead of her, the look in her eyes was exceedingly complex. She bit her lip hard.

"What's wrong, Isabella?" Oscar turned and queried, halting in his tracks.

Putting a smile on her face, Isabella quickened her pace and caught up with him. Taking his arm, she fibbed, "I was just studying your back, only to find you exceptionally handsome all of a sudden, so I wondered how I got such a good-looking boyfriend."

In response, Oscar merely chuckled.

When they arrived back at the condominium, he glanced around at the familiar interior design before pinning his eyes on Isabella beside him. He couldn't help asking, "Did you really live here in the past, Isabella?"

In a flash, Isabella's heart lodged in her throat. Jerking her head up, she questioned, "What do you mean by that, Oscar? Does this not look like our love nest?"

Oscar shook his head, explaining, "Don't think too much. I merely feel that you won't like such a cozy design, considering your style. Besides, I can't shake off the feeling that the mistress of this place is someone else."

Isabella's hands balled into fists. But in the next instant, she slowly unclenched them.

"That was really hurtful, Oscar. Could it be that you brought some other woman back here without my knowledge that you're saying the mistress of this place is someone else? Spit it out, quick. Otherwise, I'll be teaching you a lesson."

Trying to scare him, she pretended to bare her teeth and curve her fingers into claws.

Oscar scrutinized her hard, his brows creasing imperceptibly. Verily, he found her all too different from his impression of her in his memories.

“How did you joke around with me in the past, Isabella?” he inquired in a seemingly nonchalant manner.

Again, Isabella’s heart lodged in her throat. She was initially feeling guilty in the first place, afraid that the man would realize something amiss, so she was all panicked following that question.

“Why are you asking, Oscar?” she ventured guiltily.

Reaching out, Oscar pulled her into his arms and tapped the tip of her nose. “I was merely asking casually, but you’re acting all guilty. Did you do something bad behind my back?”

Isabella felt even guiltier then, but she tried acting coquettish by countering, “I’ll really be heartbroken if you doubt me when I love you so much, Oscar.”

Oscar stroked her hair gently with a smile curving his lips, putting on a front of being in a great mood. However, the sense of dissonance within him intensified. A voice kept telling him that someone else was the mistress of the house. Yet, the woman in his memories was undeniably Isabella.

In his memories, Isabella was sweet, independent, strong, and kind. She would hug him from behind in the red glow of the setting sun and rub her cheek against his back like a lazy kitten, very much adorable.

The Isabella in his arms, though perfectly fine, created a sense of dissonance within him. No matter what, he couldn’t open his heart to her.

He felt a sense of discordance, but he couldn’t exactly put his finger on it.

When Isabella lifted her eyes and met his probing gaze, her heart jolted, fearful that he would notice something off.

An idea occurred to her, upon which she suggested, “Let’s tidy the house together, Oscar.”

Just when they were about to get to their feet, the sound of a key turning in the lock sounded from outside the door. They both swung their gazes over in concert, only to see Molly opening the door and entering the house.

Molly carried a bunch of groceries. Puzzlement swamped her the instant she spotted the woman who shouldn’t be in the house. But still, she commented politely, “Where’s Mrs. Clinton and Mr. Anthony, Mr. Clinton? And why is Ms. Walker here? I remember you didn’t quite welcome her here in the past.”

Isabella shot daggers at her. Argh! I considered everything, but I forgot that there's still Molly, who comes over to help with the chores!

Frowning, Oscar clarified, "Who's Mrs. Clinton, Molly? And didn't Isabella live here in the past?"

As though having heard something utterly incredulous, Molly asked worriedly, "Are you okay, Mr. Clinton? This is your house with Mrs. Clinton, and the renovation was all handled by Mrs. Clinton alone. What has it got to do with Ms. Walker here?"

"How could you twist the truth in front of Oscar when I've been so nice to you, Molly?" Isabella barked.

Molly threw a look at her as though she was a lunatic. Then, she shifted her gaze to Oscar and pressed, "Mr. Clinton, where's Mrs. Clinton? I only went home to visit my grandchild for three days. Why does it seem as though the mistress here has changed? It was your mother who sent me here to serve you both, so I won't do anything to betray Mrs. Clinton."

The furrow of Oscar's brows deepened.

"Molly, Amelia is a scheming woman who's cruel beyond words. Conversely, Isabella treats you incredibly well. Shouldn't you like her more?" he mused in perplexity.

Verily, he couldn't shake off the feeling that the reality was too different from his memories.

"What are you saying, Mr. Clinton? Have you been bewitched?" Molly fretted with her eyes trained on him.

Stepping in front of Oscar, Isabella urged anxiously, "Kick her out, Oscar. Amelia sent her here to drive a wedge in our relationship. Let's not have her serve us. It was because of her that our relationship fractured."

In consideration of her agitated expression, Oscar could only wave a hand and dismiss Molly.

Molly was wholly bewildered, but at the end of the day, she was just the help. Thus, she left after placing the groceries in the refrigerator.

When she had gone downstairs, she gave Amelia a call.

Amelia explained the situation to her before advising her to go back to the Clinton residence to help out first and avoid going to the condominium for the time being.

“Does Mr. Clinton really not remember anything at all, Mrs. Clinton? What are you and Mr. Anthony going to do, then?” Molly queried urgently.

With a bitter smile, Amelia replied, “Don’t worry, Molly. I’m planning to go abroad with Tony. Help me take care of Oscar in the future.”

“Mrs. Clinton, it’s evident that Mr. Clinton got duped by that woman. Are you not planning to bother about him anymore that you’re going abroad at this time?”

“As you saw, Molly, he doesn’t remember me anymore. Staying here will only make me loathsome.” Sighing softly, Amelia entreated, “Please take good care of Oscar while I’m away, Molly. All right, I’ll be hanging up.”

Similarly, Molly soundlessly heaved a sigh after hanging up the phone.

I only went home for a few days, yet everything has changed.

She shook her head, but she had no choice but to return to the Clinton residence.

“What’s wrong, Babe? Who called?” Tiffany inquired as she came over with a cup of milkshake.

“It was Molly. She saw Oscar and Isabella in the house when she returned. That aside, she was even kicked out by the latter. She was at a loss, so she phoned me. I explained the situation to her to save her from being in the dark,” Amelia answered casually. She acted indifferently as though she didn’t care, but a flash of sorrow flashed across her eyes.

Tiffany gritted her teeth. “That woman is really shameless! It’s your house, but she’s openly claiming it for herself. Never had I seen such a brazen-faced woman!”

“Don’t seek justice for me anymore, Tiff. It’s all set in stone now, so no matter how much you kick up a fuss, things can never go back to how it was in the past. Take it easy. Do you want to notify Derrick since we’re going abroad in a few days?” Amelia cajoled.

Tiffany was downright baffled. “Not only does he have another woman in his arms now, but he’s also going to be a father soon. Why should I tell him about me going abroad?”

“All right, never mind, then. Indeed, there’s nothing much to be said,” Amelia relented.

Masking the emotions in her eyes, Tiffany remarked, “I’ve already packed my luggage. I also stacked the new clothes you and Tony bought into the luggage. Which date do you prefer? I want to buy the flight tickets online.”

Amelia gave her a date.

Tiffany ran off to book the flight tickets. Then, she came back to inform her that she had settled everything. It was a flight five days later. In her words, it was best to leave as soon as possible to avoid unnecessary complications.

They initially wanted to leave without alerting anyone, but Derrick suddenly appeared at Tiffany's house two days before their departure and asked directly, "You're going abroad, Tiff?"

Sticking her hands onto her hips, Tiffany reverted to her past bluntness and feistiness. "How did you know that? I didn't tell anyone about it."

"Never mind that. Just tell me whether it's true. Why are you going abroad out of the blue? Will you be coming back in the future? And did you ever consider me before deciding to go abroad?" Derrick demanded, panting heavily.

At that, Tiffany sneered. Jabbing at his chest with a finger, she swiftly fired back, "Don't forget that we're already divorced, Derrick. I've got nothing to do with you. You've already got another woman and will also be having a child soon. Why do you care about where I'm going? I'm planning to go abroad and get myself a foreigner for a boyfriend. If he's good enough, sufficiently thoughtful, and most importantly, promises me fidelity, I'll marry him immediately. Of course, it's even better if he has a child who's old enough in his family. After all, it'll still be great for me to be a stepmother when I can't have kids."

Her words had Derrick stumbling back time and again, pathetic beyond words.

When he was about to hit the wall, he shot his hand out and grabbed hers. Placing her hand over his heart, he pleaded, "I beg you, Tiff. Don't go abroad. I've really missed you a lot. I don't want a child or another woman. I want you alone. As long as you return to my side, I can give up anything."

Finally, Tiffany took a good look at the man. Her only feeling was that he had lost a lot of weight. His cheeks were deeply sunken, and he was unshaven. His past handsome self was all but gone, and he resembled a nobleman who was down on his luck.

Her heart clenched painfully. It would be a lie if she were to claim that she was apathetic toward his sorry state. Although she was still traumatized from her failed marriage, she could still lead a pretty good life on the surface. Derrick, however, was torturing himself. If it were to persist, she really felt that a stiff gust of wind would be able to knock him over.

In the end, her love for him still superseded her reason.

"Have a seat first. You look as though you haven't eaten in days," she huffed, withdrawing her hand.

At once, Derrick's eyes lit up.

“You still care about me, don’t you, Tiff?” he queried urgently.

Tiffany shot him a look, upon which he immediately sat down on the couch obediently.

When Amelia came back with Tony, she was greeted by the sight of Derrick eating heartily on the couch.

Seeing that they had returned, Tiffany picked her ear and explained awkwardly, “I saw that he was so thin that he resembled the refugees from Alendor, so I kindly cooked him something. Don’t overthink.”

In response, Amelia threw her a look that seemingly said Tiffany was the one overthinking.

Pouting, Tiffany beckoned at Tony. The little boy trotted over to her docilely.

“You’re here, Amelia?” Derrick ate another bite of food before snagging a tissue and wiping his mouth, reverting to his usual elegance in front of others. If one were to ignore the stubble on his face, he would look like a refined nobleman.

Sitting on the couch on the other side, Amelia pointed at the remaining food and urged, “Go on and eat first. We’ll talk after you’ve finished eating.”

Without standing on ceremony, Derrick picked up his fork and started stuffing his face again. Only when he was full did he place his fork down.

“You’re full?” Tiffany inquired disdainfully.

“Yes.”

Following that, Tiffany got up to put the dishes away, saying, “You guys talk first.” Then, she went into the kitchen.

Sitting there ramrod straight, Derrick pinned his eyes on Amelia. After a moment’s silence, he asked, “You’re divorced from Mr. Clinton?”

Amelia arched a brow and commented with a chuckle, “You’re quite well-informed.”

“What to do? Tiff is the woman I love, so I pay more attention to things related to her and her friends. Please don’t take offense at me. I’m just afraid that she’ll get hurt,” Derrick admitted.

“Don’t forget that you and Tiff are already divorced. There’s nothing more between the two of you. Even if she gets hurt, I don’t think you’ve got the right to comfort her.” A smile remained on Amelia’s face, but the words out of her mouth cut deep.

Derrick's expression darkened a shade.

"Don't blame me for being harsh with my words, Derrick. You're going to be a father soon, so a relationship is no longer possible between you two. I hope you won't appear before her anymore. That's best for both of you. I don't want her to get hurt for the second time. I trust that you understand that better than anyone else." Amelia leaned forward a fraction, assuming the stance of a negotiation.

A frown marred Derrick's countenance, and a flash of pain flittered across his eyes.

"I love her," he murmured softly. Because he loved her too deeply, he acted like a madman and sent someone to stalk Tiffany in addition to investigating her and her friends. He himself felt that he had already gotten so obsessed that he couldn't extricate himself anymore.

At the sight of his emaciated self, pity welled within Amelia. But at the thought that he already had a child, she had no choice but to harden her heart when continued interaction between him and Tiffany would only end up hurting the latter.

"Derrick, you were the one who cheated on her and got the other woman pregnant. I hope you can take the responsibility a man ought to bear. Love isn't the only thing in a person's life. I don't care whether there are any feelings between you and Ms. Halliwell. Ultimately, the child is innocent. Tiff will never insert herself in that relationship and be a stepmother to the child. When she has really put her feelings for you down, I'll encourage her to date again, then get married. As for you, you're already in the past," she stated bluntly.

Clenching his hands emotionally, Derrick stared at her sharply and snarled through gritted teeth, "She's mine. I'll never allow her to be with another man. Amelia, I admire you greatly but don't blame me for not showing you any mercy if you insist on destroying her relationship with me."

Amelia was taken aback at his terrifying gaze. Nonetheless, her expression turned even more calm and unruffled.

As Tiffany came out with some fruits, she perceptively sensed that the atmosphere between them was off.

Frowning, she placed the fruits on the coffee table and queried, "What's wrong? Both of you are looking grim."

To that, Amelia chortled. "I just advised Derrick not to come here so often and told him about how you are going abroad, and he got mad."

Glaring at Derrick, Tiffany snapped, "What's there for you to be mad about? The two of us divorced ages ago, and you're even going to be a father soon. Why, do you want

others to say that I'm a homewrecker who comes in between your relationship with Ms. Halliwell?"

Derrick's expression stretched tautly, and he replied solemnly, "That's not what I meant, Tiff."

Tiffany waved a dismissive hand. "All right, I don't care whatever it is you meant. You've already eaten, so you should leave now."

However, Derrick continued staring at her intently. In the next second, he backed down and begged, "Don't go abroad, Tiff. Please?"

"I've bought the flight ticket and even contacted the school where I'm going to study. What do you think?"

Derrick's face paled a shade. His hands balled into fists, the veins on his arms popping.

In a hoarse voice, he questioned, "Tiff, can you really give up on our relationship when we've loved each other for so many years?"

Tiffany snorted a bark of laughter.

"Derrick, you were the one who first betrayed me. Oh well, forget it. It's meaningless to pursue the past now." She waved a hand, a trace of weariness showing on her face. "I'm tired, and I no longer don't want to think about whoever was right or wrong back then. Anyway, it's no longer possible between us. You can now be a good father while I go abroad and continue to learn how to be a good screenwriter, both going our separate ways. As for whomever you love and marry, that has nothing to do with me."

Derrick chuckled bitterly several times, finding his throat horribly dry.

"It looks like I'm the only one struggling to restore our relationship, Tiff. I thought you loved me as deeply as I love you, but it turned out that I got ahead of myself. Never mind, I'll only make you hate me if I were to continue pestering you. I'll be leaving." He stood up and left, his back appearing awfully desolate.

Unbidden, Tiffany's heart clenched at the sight of his bleak back. Her eyes grew red-rimmed with tears swimming in them.

She couldn't help wondering whether she had acted too heartless earlier.

"I seem to have been too callous, Babe," she muttered, looking at Amelia.

Getting to her feet, Amelia patted Tiffany on the shoulder. "You did great, Tiff. A relationship is no longer possible between the two of you, so being cruel might be

helpful for you both to extricate yourselves from this failed marriage. Give each other some time, and the excruciating pain of the past will fade.”

Tiffany tugged at her hair, her emotions a jumbled mess. Ugh! I’m going abroad, but there just had to be such a fuss to get me all worked up!

Amelia was aware that matters of the heart were complicated, so she didn’t bother talking reason to her but urged her to think about it herself.

When they had eaten dinner at night, Amelia started, “Tiff, I’ve got an appointment with my mother-in-law tomorrow. I’m counting on your company.”

By then, Tiffany had already shaken off the effect Derrick had on her. “Sure. I’m going to type the script for the ending tonight and send it to the director, then accompany you tomorrow. This is probably my last script in the country. I don’t even know whether I’ll have the chance to collaborate with domestic directors anymore in the future.”

Amelia eyed her curiously. “Are you not planning to continue being a screenwriter in the future?”

Stretching, Tiffany answered, “I don’t know. All of a sudden, I don’t have the enthusiasm to write scripts anymore. Maybe I’ll write novels full-time. I’ve already entrusted the copyrights of my novels to a publishing company in Beshya. If they’re adapted into movies in the future, I’ll have someone else rewrite the script. I don’t plan on writing anymore.”

“Why the sudden decision when everything had been perfectly fine?”

“I’m not sure either. I just suddenly lost my passion for it. Perhaps it’s because I’ve gotten up in years.”

Amelia went silent. In truth, she felt that it was probably related to Tiffany’s failed marriage. At the end of the day, she still can’t forget Derrick. While she claims not to care anymore, she actually cares more than anyone else.

“Babe, regarding our trip abroad this time, I’m thinking of migrating over if possible. I’ll only be facing a mess if I return to the country, so it’s better for me to settle down abroad. There’ll be far fewer problems.”

“You’re sure?”

“That’s my plan, but when you return to the country, I might go back with you if I find it boring abroad. After all, I’m not familiar with the things and people there.”

“Whatever you like. No matter your decision, I’ll support you,” Amelia promised.

“Do you think I’m too willful, Babe?”

“Not at all. Anything goes as long as you’re happy.”

Tiffany laughed exaggeratedly, but still, she couldn’t mask the loneliness in her eyes.

Clocking that, Amelia sighed inwardly. No wonder we’re best friends. Our experiences are surprisingly similar, both embarking on the path of divorce, one after another. As such, neither of us has the right to advise the other.

“Don’t stay up too late to write your manuscript later. Just continue tomorrow if you can’t finish today.”

“Yes, madam! Hurry up and go out. I’ve got to start typing now. I’ll try my best to finish today.”

Amelia was pushed out the door by Tiffany while giggling away.

The next day, Amelia went to meet Olivia with Tony and Tiffany.

The instant they arrived at the private dining room, Olivia quickly took Tony from her and kissed him on the face several times, doting on him endlessly.

“Did you miss me, Tony?”

“Yes. I also miss your baked ribs, Grandma. When I come back from abroad, you must cook it for me,” Tony declared in a juvenile voice.

Olivia’s eyes darkened, and her hands tightened around him.

He’s my only beloved grandson, but he’s going abroad now. Verily, I hate Isabella to the core! If it weren’t for her creating all this trouble, my grandson wouldn’t need to go abroad. I don’t even know when I’ll be able to see him again.

Suppressing the unease within her, she inquired, “When are you leaving?”

“We’re taking a flight at ten o’clock tomorrow morning,” Amelia replied.

Olivia’s brows knitted together, and she murmured reluctantly, “So quickly? Amelia, must you take Tony abroad? If he stays, his grandfather and I can take care of him. I’m afraid he won’t recognize me anymore by the time he returns when he’s going abroad at such a tender age.”

“I’ll have him phone you every day, Mom. Oscar is under Isabella’s control right now. If Tony were to stay within the country, none of us could be sure whether she’d incite Oscar to do something to him. For that reason, I find it safer to bring him abroad. Mom, I

know you don't want to part with Tony, but Oscar is the one managing Clinton Corporations at present. Although Dad is still the chairman, Oscar's authority is greater. Even you and Dad can't do anything about him, no?"

At that, Olivia sighed dejectedly. "You're right. His father nor I can do anything about him now. We're both old. A single misstep might cause Tony to plunge into irrevocable danger. It's good that you're taking him abroad, but you must protect him well. We'll do our best to have someone keep an eye on Oscar. We're his parents, so he'll still listen to us to a certain extent. Unfortunately, we can't do anything about Isabella for the time being. However, we'll make a move against her one day. Since she dared to dupe Oscar, she should be ready to pay the price."

"Don't be angry, Mom. Take things slowly. Most importantly, you and Dad must take good care of yourselves. I promise I'll bring Tony back in a year or two. This is my vow. But while I'm away, please take care of Oscar on my behalf," Amelia remarked.

"Don't worry. Isabella won't dare do anything under my watchful eyes," Olivia hissed.

She turned her gaze to Tony with reluctance written clear in her eyes. "Actually, Amelia, you don't need to go abroad. There's still the Clinton family backing you up if you stay."

"Mom, I can't change anything even if I stay. Instead, it'll only intensify Isabella's vigilance. None of us knows what she might do to Oscar in a panic. My temporary departure will have her relaxing her guard. At the very least, Oscar will be safe. In a year or two, I believe the two of you will be able to more or less pinpoint the problem. At that time, you'll also have found a way to cure him."

Olivia mulled it over for a moment. Ultimately, she relented.

Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 859

Chapter 859 Chased Off

Olivia left Tony unwillingly. When she returned home, she saw Oscar sitting on the couch alone, and Isabella was nowhere in sight. Although she was delighted by that, she kept a grim expression.

She walked over and said mockingly, "It seems you still remember you have parents in this household."

Oscar raised his head and replied helplessly, "Mom, you used to like Isabella. Why do you have something against her now? You're ruining the peace for no reason."

This angered Olivia, and she scoffed coldly. "You must be under her spell that you can't even make your own judgment. How can you not even doubt her lies?"

A hint of doubt flitted across Oscar's eyes, but he lowered his gaze to hide it. "Mom, Isabella is the woman I love. I know you have something against her, but I believe time reveals a person's integrity. You will eventually grow to like her."

Olivia's chest was heaving with rage. "Fine! You may continue to be stubborn. Amelia is about to travel abroad soon anyway, so you won't be able to see her after that. You'll be free to continue living with the falsehoods Isabella has told you."

A strange glint flashed across his eyes as he looked at Olivia and asked, "She's going abroad?" However, he immediately realized his words sounded as if he was close to Amelia and added, "She used to live aboard. There's nothing strange with her going overseas now."

When Olivia heard that, she felt that Oscar's impression of Amelia was the same as what he had toward Isabella previously, and she suddenly had an idea.

She asked tentatively, "Oscar, can you tell me why you suddenly hate Amelia?"

Furrowing his brows, he replied, "She keeps pestering me and teamed up with Stephanie to bully Isabella. Shouldn't I hate her? Anyway, I still have work, so I'm heading off to the study."

Olivia instantly grabbed him and said, "Oscar, wait. I have a question."

Oscar turned around and looked at her indifferently.

"Oscar, tell me honestly. What does Amelia's family do?"

"Mom, what's wrong with you? Didn't they come back a few years ago to do business here? I know you're close with her parents, but you can't keep protecting her and even sacrifice my marriage for that. She and I have already divorced, and she has custody of the child. I don't have anything to do with her anymore. Please stop trying to get us together, Mom. Isabella has already suffered a lot by insisting on staying by my side. I hope you don't keep targeting her, or else I'm going to get angry," Oscar said in an annoyed tone as he frowned.

Realization dawned on Olivia as she let go of him.

"You can get back to work. I know what to do," she replied while waving a dismissive hand.

Oscar stared at her briefly before he strode up the stairs.

When he reached the second floor, Olivia shouted, "Oscar, Amelia's flight is at ten in the morning tomorrow. If you still have some regard for her, you should send her off. Otherwise, you won't see her anymore in this lifetime."

Oscar froze, and some indiscernible emotion flitted across his eyes.

However, it was only for a moment before he entered his study without hesitation.

Olivia watched him disappear from sight and sighed deeply. Problems keep coming one after the other in this household. When is it ever going to end?

Entering Stephanie's room, she saw her daughter playing with her grandchild. The gaze she leveled on Stephanie was a complicated one.

As if Stephanie felt Olivia's unusual scrutiny, she raised her head and looked at the latter in confusion. "Mom, why are you looking at me like that?"

Olivia walked toward the bed and sat down, extending her hand to play with her grandchild. After a while, she finally said, "Stephanie, be honest with me. Did you participate in the things Isabella did to your brother?"

Stephanie tried to act innocent and looked at Olivia, replying, "Mom, what are you saying? Isn't Oscar fine?"

At that, Olivia raised her head and retorted, "You're still trying to pretend with me? Do you know Isabella has told me everything? She used your brother's affection for her to push all the blame on you. She said you're the one who instigated everything, and she was only an accomplice. If she were to persuade your brother into transferring all our family's assets under her name, our family is doomed."

As expected, Stephanie took the bait. "What nonsense is she uttering? She's the one who planned everything, yet she dared to blame everything on me? She can go ahead and die! How dare she try to steal our family's assets? I'm going to kill her!"

Stephanie finally realized what she was saying and immediately stopped talking. She turned her head slowly to look at Olivia; sure enough, the latter's expression was grim.

"M-Mom, listen to me. I'm not—" Stephanie stammered as she tried to explain. However, before she could finish her sentence, Olivia gave her a slap which sent her falling onto the bed.

Olivia said coldly, "Stephanie, I'm so disappointed in you. What did we do to you that you must do this to your brother? Do you know how dumb you are? We might never recover from this. Oscar is now under Isabella's control. Do you want me, your dad, and you to be chased out of our own home?"

Although her words were slightly exaggerated, the Clinton family would really be in a problematic situation if Isabella had ill intentions.

Stephanie got up from the bed and said tearfully, "Mom, listen to me. I only wanted to chase Amelia out. I didn't mean to put our family in a difficult situation. I love our family and would never want to bring trouble to you guys."

Olivia cast a complicated glance at her crying daughter. She was tremendously disappointed in the latter. Her earlier words had only been a test, but it turned out she was right. Her daughter had teamed up with an outsider to harm her own brother. It was both ridiculous and foolish.

"Stephanie, I'll ask the housekeeper to pack your things. You should return to the Walker residence. I don't want to see you for a while," Olivia stated icily.

Stephanie raised her head and looked at Olivia as tears streamed down her face.

"Mom, I don't want to return to the Walker residence! Isabella used me. You can't do this to me!" she cried.

Shrugging off Stephanie's hand, Olivia left the room. Stephanie stumbled and ran after her mother, grabbing the latter's hand again. "Mom, you can't do this to me!"

Olivia replied, "Let go."

Everyone heard the commotion and came over to see what the fuss was about.

When Oscar came out of the study and saw the scene, he asked, "Mom, what happened?"

Olivia shook her head and replied, "Oscar, go back in and do your work. I have some things to say to Stephanie."

Stephanie threw herself in front of Oscar, at which point Olivia said coldly, "Stephanie, do you want me to tell Oscar everything you have done?"

Fear appeared on Stephanie's face, and she immediately let go of Oscar's pants.

"Mom, I'll head back in first." Oscar glanced at the crying Stephanie and turned around to return to his study.

Stephanie sat on the ground, defeated. "Mom, I really didn't do anything. Isabella used me. You have to believe me! Please don't kick me out."

Olivia took a deep breath. "Go back to your room. I'll ask the housekeeper to pack your clothes. You're already married, so you should be living with your in-laws."

No matter how much Stephanie begged, Olivia refused to forgive her. In the end, Stephanie had no choice but to return to the Walker residence glumly.

Carol saw her return and asked anxiously, “Stephanie, what’s wrong? Why did you suddenly come back? Weren’t you doing well in the Clinton residence?”

Stephanie glared at Carol and retorted, “You have some nerve to ask me that. It’s all because of your eldest daughter that my parents are angry with me now. They say that they will withdraw their investment in the Walker family business if Isabella doesn’t stop what she’s doing. She has caused unrest in everyone’s lives. You guys can keep dreaming that she will marry into the Clinton family. Let’s see how our lives are ruined then.”

Carol’s expression changed drastically, and she quickly sent the housekeeper to bring Stephanie and her child into their room. Then, she went to find Matthew.

“Matthew, what should we do now? It seems Olivia is serious this time. She even chased her own daughter out of the Clinton residence,” Carol said anxiously.

A grim look took over Matthew’s face. He did not know what to do either.

“Bring Isabella back here first,” he uttered.

Huffing, Carol answered, “If I could call her back, I would have already done so. She doesn’t even listen to me now that Oscar is protecting her and only picks up my calls when she feels like it. In fact, she probably won’t help Noah even when she has the power to do so. Stephanie is better since she cares more about Noah. I don’t think there’s a need for us to offend Olivia and Owen for Isabella.”

Matthew waved his hand and said, “Let’s wait and see. We won’t get any advantage if we take a stance now.”

Carol lowered her gaze and thought about it before saying viciously, “If the Walker family gets into trouble because of her, I’ll strangle her myself! I’ll take it that I don’t have such a disgraceful daughter like her.”

Matthew stayed silent as he fell into deep thought.

Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 860

Chapter 860 A Mutually Beneficial Relationship

The Walkers were a tad unhappy with Isabella as they could not locate her whereabouts. That was why they were willing to leave their eldest daughter in the lurch so that they could be on good terms with Owen and Olivia.

Later in the evening, Matthew and Carol discussed the matter with Noah. Noah advised them not to act in haste, as Oscar was now managing Clinton Corporations and had

mistaken Isabella for someone else. "Perhaps Isabella can put in a good word for us with Oscar. He might be able to help us grow our family business too."

Carol knitted her brows and replied, "Now that Isabella has Oscar on her side, everything I said has fallen on deaf ears. She has been giving me an attitude as if she had forgotten who raised her. Do you think she'll help the Walkers had she married into the Clinton family? She'll probably just rub salt in our wound!"

Noah lowered his eyes and went deep in thought before responding to her remark, "Mom, Isabella is no longer the girl she used to be as she has won Oscar's heart, so you better treat her with respect. Since we're a family, I don't think she would turn a blind eye to the problems you and Dad are going through. Moreover, she'll still need our support if she wishes to marry into the Clinton family. Don't you think?"

Carol kept mum. It was a silent agreement to Noah's words.

Meanwhile, when Isabella returned late at night, she was taken aback by Noah as he was sitting alone in the dark living room. She asked, "Noah, you scare the hell out of me. What are you doing here? Why didn't you turn on the lights?"

Noah stood up, walked toward her, and asked, "Did you have a blast? Are you not tired?"

A corner of Isabella's lips quirked up as if she was giving him a sarcastic smirk. "Do you care? You wouldn't have waited for me for no reason. Is there anything you want to talk to me about?" she asked while shrugging her shoulders.

"Let's go to the top floor. You and I haven't had a chat for a long time," Noah suggested sincerely while looking into her eyes.

Isabella did not turn him down. She went up with him.

"What do you want to talk to me about?" Isabella sat on the chair, crossed her legs, and asked nonchalantly.

Noah gulped before asking in disbelief, "Are you really... together with Oscar?"

Everyone knew Oscar was deeply in love with Amelia, and he would never allow her to feel aggrieved. Yet now, the tables had turned so quickly. Noah could no longer underestimate his sister.

"Yes, we are. But I still remember how you made fun of me and called me a daydreamer." Isabella studied Noah from the corners of her eyes. "Noah, you've always thought of me as a good-for-nothing who only knows how to splurge. You know what? Oscar will listen to everything I say, so I should get him to withdraw his investment from

Walker Group. You guys have always thought of me as an ingrate anyway, so there's no point for me to help this family."

A hard glint flashed across Noah's eyes, and the wine glass in his hand started trembling.

He continued swirling the wine and grinned. "You won't do this to us, Isabella. You're one of the Walkers, and this is where you belong. Without us, you'll have no one to depend on. Do you think you can stand on your own without the support of the Walker family?"

Isabella responded with a cold snort as if she was not bothered by what he said.

"Noah, do you believe I can get Oscar to transfer the ownership of Clinton Corporations to me in no time? Stop doubting me. If I can get him to fall in love with me, I can get him to transfer all his family assets to me too. Yes, I admit to using dirty tricks to get what I want, but they're effective, aren't they?" Isabella said while glaring at the red wine in the glass.

The expression in Noah's eyes changed. He gazed into his sister's eyes.

Isabella chuckled and said, "Noah, do you still think I'm nothing but a daydreamer?"

After remaining silent for a few seconds, Noah burst into laughter. He continued swirling the wine in the glass and said, "Of course not. I always knew you were a capable person. That's why I came to you for help. Can you please say nice things about us in front of Oscar?"

After flashing a gloating grin, Isabella glanced at Noah. You finally acknowledge my capabilities.

Noah smiled in response and said nothing.

"I can help you, Noah, but you have always been rude to me. Shouldn't you apologize to me first before asking me for help?" Isabella questioned while staring at her brother.

Noah froze for a moment. She's getting overboard, but what else can I do? The Walkers still need to rely on Oscar. Though the Walker family could benefit from Noah's relationship with Stephanie, they still hoped to milk the Clinton family for all it's worth.

Isabella looked away. She picked up a wine glass and said, "You don't seem sincere, Noah. I'm going to go to bed now. That day, Oscar asked me if my family treated me well. I'll have to think it through before giving him an answer. After all, Dad and Mom had never treated me as well as how they had looked after you and Rachel."

Noah got up immediately and grabbed Isabella's wrist. He then flashed a smile and said, "Isabella, we're siblings, so it's okay to throw tantrums. But do you expect me to kneel before you and seek your forgiveness?"

Isabella turned around and stared at him, but before she could respond to his question, Stephanie walked out in her nightgown and snorted. "Why aren't you two sleeping at this hour? What are you talking about?"

The expression on Isabella's face changed right away. She plastered a smile on her face, walked over, and held Stephanie's hand. "Stephanie, when did you come back from the Clinton residence? You shouldn't expose yourself to the night breeze since you'd just given birth. We should avoid any untoward repercussions. Come, I'll walk you down."

Stephanie gave Isabella an icy stare but did not stop her from walking her down.

After entering the house, Stephanie swung and pulled her hand away. She said, "Isabella, how dare you frame me? You drugged my brother but told my mom I was the mastermind. What were you thinking? Do you think my mom will believe your story and start hating me? If you try to put me through hell, I'll drag you along!"

Stephanie was at a loss for words. She asked, "Stephanie, what are you talking about?"

Stephanie shot daggers at her and replied, "Save it. Stop acting as if you don't know anything. If it were not for you, my mom wouldn't have known I was a part of it. You're not who I thought you were."

Isabella's face darkened for a moment, but she soon regained her composure. "Stephanie, it's all a misunderstanding. I've been telling Oscar good things about you during dinner and even suggested having dinner with you once you recover so that you two could reconcile. If you don't believe what I said, feel free to ask Oscar about it. And I didn't say anything to Aunt Olivia. She was smart enough to trick you into telling the truth."

Stephanie mulled over it and felt her words made sense. "Did you mean what you said?"

"We're a family, Stephanie. Why should I sell you out? It has nothing to do with me. I wouldn't have said nice things about you to Oscar had I intended to drive a wedge between you two," Isabella said sincerely.

After getting hold of herself, Stephanie asked, "So you're saying Oscar is willing to reconcile with me?"

"He's no longer in love with Amelia, so he doesn't hate you as much as before. Now that I'd also painted you in a good light, Oscar is more than willing to mend his relationship

with you.” Isabella smiled, but deep in her heart, she despised Stephanie. I wouldn’t have bothered to associate myself with this dumb and willful woman had I not needed her help. Not only is she brainless, but she’s also as stubborn as a mule and might even get me into trouble. Anyway, if anything goes south, I can always make her the scapegoat.

“Looks like I’ve wrongly accused you of something you didn’t do. I’m sorry, Isabella. Please forgive me. A woman during confinement can be a little hysterical.” Stephanie immediately responded with a wry smile and asked for Isabella’s forgiveness.

Isabella, too, responded with a grin. “I won’t be mad at you, Stephanie. I told you we’re a family. But I’m afraid Aunt Olivia has misunderstood me. It was my fault, to begin with. I shouldn’t have pushed too hard and aroused her suspicion. Please put in a good word for me with Aunt Olivia, will you?”

“Of course I will. I’ll take care of it, don’t worry. My Mom will not get mad at me.”

“Thank you, Stephanie.”

“Don’t mention it. Like what you’d said just now—we’re a family.”

The two women exchanged glances and smiled at each other. Indeed, birds of a feather flock together.

“You should take a rest now, Stephanie. I’m also getting a little sleepy,” Isabella said after teasing the infant for a bit.

“All right.”

After Isabella had left, Noah sneaked into the room, hugged Stephanie from the back, and whispered affectionately in her ear, “I’ve missed you and our son, Stephanie. I’m glad that you’re back now. It’s inconvenient for me to go to your parents’ place anyway.”

Stephanie pulled herself from him, poked his chest with her finger, and sneered, “You must have wished I was still away so that you could continue to flirt with your assistant or secretary, right? But you’re also kinda useless since you can’t handle your sister, who made you apologize to her. I can’t believe I married a man who’s incapable of running a company and has to depend on a woman to get my brother’s help, not forgetting you’re a cheater too. Besides your good looks, I can’t see any other strong points in you.”

Upon hearing that, Noah instantly darkened his face. He was about to explode with rage.

“Someone’s getting mad, huh?” Stephanie continued poking his chest with her index finger and raised her voice. “You’re mad at me for calling you useless, huh? If you think

you're capable, work hard and prove me and my family wrong! Marrying any young man from the other influential families would have been much better than marrying you."

Noah's gaze darkened. Just when Stephanie thought he was about to throw a fit, Noah leaned forward and gave her a deep kiss to stop her from talking.

A few seconds later, Noah said in a deep voice, "Stephanie, I'm not useless. I love you so much that I wish to get the Clintons' help to bring the Walker family to the next level. I allow you to speak your mind, not because I'm terrified of you but because I want you to be happy. Can't you tell?"

Stephanie narrowed her eyes and stared at him for a moment. Her cheeks started blushing, and she stopped complaining. "Take care of our son tonight. I'm exhausted."

"All right. You sleep well. I'll take care of him."

Stephanie lay on the bed, shut her eyes, and mumbled, "Don't worry. I'll get Isabella to speak to my brother. You might be useless, but you're still my husband. You'll always have my support."

A corner of Noah's lips quirked up as he watched her doze off. A vicious glint flashed across his eyes.