

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 86

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

The doctor said, "She's fine for the time being. It's just that her mood swings aren't good for the development of the fetus. You should try to keep her in a good mood. Otherwise, she may lose the baby."

Hearing that, Tiffany's heart was instantly in her mouth. "Are Amelia, and her baby really fine, doc?"

"As long as she doesn't get too emotional, she and her baby will be fine. She's pregnant now, so it's best to keep her in a good mood. Otherwise, it'll lead to miscarriage," the doctor reminded.

Tiffany hurriedly nodded.

"We will be sending the patient to a general ward in a while. It's best if her family members can keep her in a good mood."

Tiffany nodded again.

When Amelia was sent to the general ward, Tiffany and Oscar followed. Standing by the bed, Tiffany pointed at Amelia, who was on the bed, and said, "Oscar, did you see this? The woman you described as promiscuous is lying here now, while the child in her belly almost died because of your cruelty."

Oscar looked at Amelia in silence.

"Oscar, if you had had a tiny bit of affection for her, you wouldn't have treated her like this. Forget it. You're not the man who will stay with her till the end. It's good that you separate now. It also doesn't matter even if you have many misunderstandings about her. You don't love her anyway," Tiffany sighed and concluded in a low voice.

"I will not divorce her for the time being," Oscar finally spoke. After which, he left.

Tiffany pulled the chair out and sat down. Brushing the bangs on Amelia's forehead, she whispered, "Amelia, don't you worry. Even if Oscar doesn't want you, I'll raise the child with you. We can't give him a life of luxury, but we can provide him everything he needs."

Amelia, who was still unconscious, naturally did not give her any response.

Amelia only came round early the next morning. Looking at Tiffany, who was sleeping by the bed, she nudged her while saying, "Tiff, wake up."

After Tiffany woke up from her sleep and saw that Amelia had woken up, she immediately grabbed her hand emotionally and said, "Babe, you're awake. Did you know that you gave me the fright of my life last night when you suddenly fainted? I'll go and get a doctor to check you."

Then, she ran out and called the doctor. After the check-up, the doctor said, "Don't worry, Ms. Winters, the patient's basically recovered. If you're still worried, she can stay here for another day. Otherwise, it's okay to go home at noon."

Tiffany nodded. "We'll stay here for another day then."

After the doctor left, Tiffany poured Amelia a glass of water. "Here, Amelia, have some water. It's still too early. I'll buy you some food later."

After drinking the water, Amelia asked after a moment of hesitation, "Tiff, where is he?"

Of course, Amelia was referring to Oscar.

Tiffany grabbed her hand and asked, "Tell me honestly, Amelia, what happened between you and Oscar yesterday? Haven't the two of you been getting along fine?"

"He's seen the photo," replied Amelia, feeling down and dejected.

Tiffany's eyes widened as she finally knew why Oscar was so angry. Any man who sees it will be furious. But Oscar was still able to send Amelia to the hospital and listen to my chatter for so long last night. If I were him, I'd have been sent into a rage.

"Is it Jennifer's doing?"

Amelia nodded.

"That b\*\*\*\*. We've been tolerant, but she thinks we're easy meat. I swear I'll teach her a lesson this time."

Amelia shook her head at her.

"Don't do anything rash, Tiff. Jennifer comes from a rich family. If you're found plotting against her, I'm afraid your writing career will be suspended."

"Well, I'm not afraid. After so many years, I've experienced a lot of things. What else do I have to be afraid of? We've been relying on each other for all these years. You're like my family now. So I can't just watch you get bullied," snarled Tiffany.

"I'll take care of this. You don't need to worry about it."

"I think you're gonna take a long time to solve this. Amelia, being too kind will only allow people to bully you, you know."

"Tiff, it's not that I'm kind. It's just that I was caught off guard by the photo incident. Don't worry. I'll talk to her," assured Amelia after heaving a sigh.

"Will you really take care of it?" asked Tiffany skeptically as she glanced at her.

Amelia simply gave her a nod.

"Fine. I won't intervene since you don't want me to. But don't suffer in silence. You can always depend on me," added Tiffany.

"Thank you, Tiff, for always standing by my side no matter what happens to me," Amelia said sincerely while holding Tiffany's hand.

Tiffany rolled her eyes at her. "Silly girl, now you're being sappy. What you should do now is to rest well and give birth to the little sweetheart in your belly safely. Remember, no one can hurt you except yourself. If the Clintons drive you out, I'll always welcome you in my humble dwelling, and I'll also help you raise Sweetheart."

Amelia was touched and felt contented that she was still able to have such a sincere friend by her side, even after being misunderstood by so many people.

"Tiff, help me sign the discharge papers later. I still need to go to work. As a newcomer, I shouldn't keep taking leave as my colleagues will be displeased."

Tiffany looked at her in disbelief. "Are you out of your mind, Amelia?"

Amelia gave her a feeble smile.

"Tiff, I'm fine now. I won't risk the health of my sweetheart. Since I'm fine, I shouldn't take leave. Otherwise, others will think I'm too delicate."

"No, I won't let you. Carter is the reason you're like this. I think you'd better quit your job. The pay is so little and nearly ruined your family." Tiffany was seething at the mention of Amelia's job at Carter's company. "Imma call them now and tell them you quit."

"Don't be ridiculous, Tiff."

"Ridiculous?" Tiffany got mad. "Amelia, I don't know why you must cling to your shitty job. Or you actually haven't gotten over Carter Scott, that hoodoo, have you?"

"Tiff." Amelia gave Tiffany a pleading look. "I really like this design job, so don't doubt me like Oscar does, okay?"

Tiffany sighed and finally relented. "Alright, I'll stop, but you have to take the day off, or I'll call Carter directly and tell him that you quit. His phone number is still the same anyway."

After giving it some thought, Amelia nodded.

Therefore, Tiffany went out and made a call to help Amelia take a leave of absence. After coming back with the food she bought downstairs, she said, "Here you go, Babe, it's not too hot anymore."

As Amelia was eating, Tiffany told her, "I've helped you ask for leave, Babe. That jinx asked me about you, so I told him that his new lover caused you to be hospitalized. He wanted to visit you, but I turned him down."

"Come on, Tiff. The whole thing actually has nothing much to do with him," Amelia protested.

Tiffany rolled her eyes at her. "So you think I'm a busybody now?"

Amelia smiled in resignation. "Tiff, you know what I mean."

"I think that is what you mean. You always jump to Carter's defense. Hasn't he caused you enough troubles?" Tiffany pointed out, feeling a little angry.

Amelia fell silent.

Fixing her gaze on her, Tiffany asked in a serious tone, "Babe, tell me honestly, you still haven't gotten over him, right?"

Amelia smiled bitterly. "Don't imagine things, Tiff. My feelings for him have ceased four years ago. We couldn't be together back then, and neither will we get together in the future. We're just too different."

Tiffany pierced her with her eyes while Amelia flashed a smile at her, playing weak.

The sight of her pale face made Tiffany's heart soften, so Tiffany changed the subject. "You don't look well. You should rest first, and I'll be here by your side."

Amelia nodded. Then, she stared at the ceiling in a trance while lying on the bed.

Seeing her like this, Tiffany felt distressed and grabbed her hand, asking, "Babe, what's wrong?"

"I'm wondering if this will put an end to my relationship with the Clintons," replied Amelia, feeling down.

"You're sad to leave them?"

"After being in the family for four years, it's not easy to leave them. Mrs. Clinton has been very good to me and treats me like her daughter. If she sees the photo, I'm afraid she'll be very disappointed in me. In fact, I don't want her to be sad because of me."

Tiffany held her hand tightly in silence.

She knew that Amelia valued family ties and treated the elderly politely. In addition, Olivia did treat her like a daughter, so it was self-evident how big the impact this photo incident had on her.

Tiffany began to hate Jennifer, who did anything she wanted, just because she came from a rich family. This time, she sent someone to stalk Amelia and took photos that she now used to bend the truth, possibly driving a wedge between Amelia and Oscar.

People had always been advised against ruining others' relationships, and yet Jennifer did the exact opposite. Therefore, Tiffany was determined to get back at her as she could not turn the other cheek.

Amelia would always refrain from resorting to violence, but Tiffany was the exact opposite of her. Since Jennifer was so insensible, she wanted to let her know that they were no easy meat despite having come from ordinary families.

"Babe, don't worry too much. Mrs. Clinton is benevolent, so I believe she'll understand you," Tiffany consoled.

"I hope so."

“Have some rest. I’ll wake you up at noon.”

Amelia closed her eyes and soon fell asleep.

Looking at her sleeping face, Tiffany could not help but sigh. She did not expect that a woman, who was once cheerful and optimistic, could become like this in just four years. Although the latter now owned branded belongings and had various cosmetics that made her look increasingly attractive, Tiffany could feel that she was not as happy as before and that she began keeping to herself.

Even though she did not have much money in the past, she lived a carefree life. Carter and Oscar were the only men who appeared in her life. She really liked them, but things did not end well with either of them.

Alas. What a tough love life she has.

Tiffany took out her phone and called her editor, saying she won’t be able to submit her work these few days. The editor got so mad that she kept yelling into the phone, so Tiffany immediately hung up the phone.

Putting her phone into her bag, Tiffany muttered to herself, “As expected, women on their periods can’t be messed with. She’s as angry as a bull.”

If she had stood in her editor’s shoes, she would have known that the readers kept bombarding the publisher with calls due to the popularity of her novel, which was driving her editor crazy. In fact, her editor was being very kind as she did not come banging at the door of Tiffany, who was so unreliable at meeting deadlines.

While Tiffany was taking care of Amelia at the hospital, the Clintons were in chaos.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 87**

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

In the living room of Clinton Residence, Stephanie pointed at the photos on the table and said angrily, “Dad, Mom, Oscar, did you see that? Your so-called good daughter-in-law cheated on Oscar with the son of the owner of Scott Group. This shameless woman doesn’t deserve to be Oscar’s wife.”

Oscar looked at the photos on the table with a grim expression as he slowly clenched his fists.

Olivia also wore a gloomy look on her face, but she did not want to believe that Amelia was that kind of person. After all, she treated her like her daughter.

“Oscar, what the hell is going on?” she asked while looking at Oscar.

With his eyes fixed on the photos, Oscar said nothing.

“Mom, isn’t it clear what these photos mean? Obviously, this woman has cheated and cuckolded your son,” Stephanie chimed in, displeased.

Olivia’s face fell.

“Steph, watch your words. She’s your sister-in-law. You can’t be so disrespectful,” Olivia reproved her in a low voice.

“Mom, the evidence is staring at you in the face, but you still don’t want to believe it. Will you only believe that your daughter-in-law has cheated when you see the photos of her sleeping with another man?” protested Stephanie, feeling wronged.

Olivia glanced at Oscar before saying, “Shut up. She’s Oscar’s wife nonetheless. You’re only embarrassing him by saying so.”

Knowing that no man liked being cuckolded, Stephanie realized that she had said something she should not, so she gave Oscar an apologetic look and apologized, “I’m sorry, Oscar. I didn’t mean it. I just wanted all of you to see the true colors of this woman.”

Then, Oscar pointed at the photos. “Where did these come from?”

“They were delivered to me by a courier,” replied Stephanie.

“They are all fake,” stated Oscar.

“Oscar, are you still trying to defend her?” snapped Stephanie as she looked at him in disbelief.

Standing up, Oscar shot her a stern look and asserted, “I said they’re fake, so they are.”

Stephanie also got up and yelled in anger, “Oscar, I got someone to check these photos, and I was told they’re all authentic, which is why I showed

them all to you. How can they be fake? Have you really fallen in love with that kind of woman, Oscar? Don't forget that Cassie is pregnant with your child. You behaving like this will get her nowhere. Oscar, I've never expected you to be such a fickle man."

Oscar's face clouded over.

"You don't need to worry about my marital problems, Steph. If you've got nothing to do, I'll enroll you in an Arts class so that you won't be screaming all day and become more ladylike."

Stephanie's chest heaved with anger, and she let out a sardonic chuckle.

"Oscar, I just don't want to see you get cheated by that woman, but you're actually blaming me now for my good intentions."

Oscar simply glanced at her in silence.

Meanwhile, Olivia waved her hands and stepped in, "What's wrong with the two of you? Sit down now."

Only then did Oscar and Stephanie sit down.

Olivia took a deep breath, feeling calmer than earlier.

"Tell me honestly, Oscar, have you seen these photos before?" Olivia rightly put her finger on it. As a mother, she understood her son very well to know that he would not have been so calm if he had not seen these photos.

Oscar nodded.

"Yes, yesterday. Amelia explained to me as well. This is just a misunderstanding." For some reason, Oscar covered Amelia.

Perhaps deep down, he did not want his parents to misunderstand Amelia. Despite having said so many hurtful things the day before, he still could not bear to see something happen to Amelia.

Stephanie's eyes widened with anger.

"Oscar, these photos are hard evidence. You can't go soft on her just because of her words."

Olivia glanced at her and ordered, "Be quiet Steph. Let Oscar speak."

Stephanie punched the sofa and crossed her arms grumpily.

Then, Olivia said calmly, "Oscar, tell me frankly, what do you think of these photos?"

"Mom, I was just as angry as you all when I saw these photos, but I've been married to Amelia for several years now, so I believe that she's not such a person."

Olivia nodded in approval. "Oscar, I'm rather satisfied with the way you handled this matter. You didn't act rash, nor did you lose your temper. In my opinion, you've become more responsible."

"Thank you, Mom."

"Mom, what were you thinking? How can you still be so calm when your son is being cuckolded? Is Oscar your son, or is Amelia your daughter? Why must you defend her like this?" Stephanie lashed out while looking at Olivia with saucer eyes.

"You can't talk to Mom like this, Steph."

Stephanie rose to her feet and began to weep. "Dad, I didn't mean to criticize Mom, but she's so partial to that woman that she's lost her principle. That's why I suspect Amelia is her daughter instead."

Hearing that, Olivia glanced at her, while Owen fell silent.

"Steph, I didn't favor Amelia on purpose. It's just that she's pregnant now, and we can't possibly disregard our grandchild. Even if she's cheated, we'll need to resolve it after she gives birth to the child. I really hope you can calm down."

"Mom, she's so promiscuous. We can't even be sure who the father of the child is," said Stephanie disdainfully, curling her lips.

"Steph, how could you say that?" A look of anger flashed across Olivia's eyes.

"Mom, isn't it true? That woman is so unfaithful. We don't even know how many men she's been with. Can you guarantee that the baby she's pregnant with belongs to Oscar?"

Unexpectedly, Olivia replied asserted firmly, "Yes, I can. I treat her as my own daughter. I believe in my judgment about people."

Stephanie puffed and blew at her response.

"Mom, you—"

But Olivia looked at Oscar and said, "Oscar, do you plan to divorce Amelia? If you do, I won't interfere as it's a matter between the two of you. I just hope that you can think it through."

"Mom, I don't want to divorce her yet," replied Oscar after a brief silence.

"Okay, as long as you've figured out." Olivia was obviously relieved.

After a brief pause, she added, "Where's Amelia? Call her to come over. Since you've seen the photos, I think she knew that the person who sent these photos over is apparently ill-intentioned and may have planned it for a long time. I believe someone's on to her. Since she's still a member of our family, we can't just let her be bullied."

Oscar balled his hands into fists. "She's gone to work. I'll get her to come over at night."

Olivia did not push it and simply reminded, "Tell Amelia not to think too much. It's not good for her now that she's pregnant."

Oscar gave a slight nod.

"I'm tired. I'm going to rest upstairs with your dad. Ask Amelia to come home for dinner," added Olivia with a look of fatigue on her face.

"If she's not busy at work, I'll get her to come with me for dinner." Oscar gave a vague answer.

Without saying anything else, Olivia went upstairs with Owen.

After going into their room, Owen's face clouded over. "Olivia, after Amelia gives birth to the child, I'll get her to divorce Oscar. She doesn't deserve him."

Sighing, Olivia wrapped her arms around his waist from behind and asked, "Dear, can you not do it for my sake?"

"I can tolerate it when she kept her nose clean previously. But if this kind of photo gets out, it'll make both Oscar and our family look bad."

"You know very well that I'm very fond of her, but you still say things like this. You're breaking my heart," Olivia said with a sigh.

Turning around, Owen pulled her into his arms and whispered, "Be reasonable, Olivia. This woman is really unsuitable for Oscar and can't help him at all judging from her family background, education qualifications, and capability. She isn't the best woman to be Oscar's wife."

"We don't need external things like this to be the icing on the cake of our already huge business, do we?"

"But in order for us to venture into foreign markets, Oscar needs to marry a woman with a comparable family background."

"Do you treat Oscar as a son or as a machine to expand Clinton Corporations? I'm telling you, even if he divorces Amelia, I won't agree to Cassie marrying into our family. It's either me or her. Your choice," warned Olivia with an impenetrable look in her eyes.

Owen sighed helplessly and hugged her tighter.

"Don't get so worked up, Olivia. I didn't say that Oscar must marry Cassie, but you have to consider what he wants too. After photos like these were taken, Amelia can no longer be our daughter-in-law. As for Cassie, she's pregnant with Oscar's child. No matter what, Oscar should take responsibility for it. After all, the Yards and our family have been friends for many years. We can't have a falling-out with them."

Olivia pushed him away as she threatened, "We don't know yet who's child Cassie is pregnant with. If you insist on letting Oscar marry her, I'll leave."

Owen had no choice but to compromise.

"I'm just saying, Olivia, don't be mad. Your heart is weak, and Robert also said that you can't be too emotional. I'm sorry that I said the wrong thing."

Only then did Olivia calm down.

"Dear, I hope you don't mind me talking back, but Cassie is really not suitable to be our daughter-in-law."

"Alright, alright, you call the shots. We should let Oscar handle his own relationship problems. If he insists on marrying her, I hope you can accept it with an open mind. You don't want your kids to grow estranged from you, do you?"

Heaving a sigh, Olivia did not say anything else.

Meanwhile, Stephanie went up to Oscar downstairs and asked, "Oscar, what are you thinking? Are you really going to tolerate such a promiscuous woman?"

"She's your sister-in-law."

"After what she's done, she doesn't deserve to be one."

"I have to go back to work. See you."

Stephanie grabbed Oscar by the arm to stop him as she questioned anxiously, "Oscar, what does Cassie mean to you now? Previously, you claimed that you love her, and yet you have a change of heart so soon?"

Oscar furrowed his brow. "Steph, if you've got nothing better to do, you should sign up for some art classes to mold your character into a better one."

Stephanie hit the roof. "Don't try to change the subject, Oscar. You can remain so calm after being cuckolded. Are you a coward?"

Without taking another glance at her, Oscar walked past her and left.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 88**

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

Stephanie paced back and forth in exasperation as she warned through her gritted teeth, "You'll all regret when that woman really cheats."

Ignoring her, Oscar continued to head outside. Then, he received a call from Cassie. Initially, he did not want to answer it, but she kept calling, so he had no choice but to accept the call.

"Oscar, I've just received some photos. Can you come over?"

The look in Oscar's eyes changed into one filled with murderous intent.

"Wait for me. I'm coming over." After that, Oscar hung up the phone and drove to Cassie's place.

Cassie did not stay with the Clintons. Instead, she bought a big and cozy three-bedroom apartment in a neighborhood not far away from Oscar's in the city center.

Taking the elevator, Oscar went to her unit and rang the doorbell. She soon opened the door and enthusiastically wrapped her arms around his neck. She tried to kiss him on the lips, but the latter dodged her, much to her surprise.

"What's wrong, Oz?"

"Let's talk inside." Oscar went inside the apartment with her and shut the door behind him.

Cassie pinned him against the wall and looked at him with dreamy eyes, saying, "Oz, it's been a few days since you last came. Our baby and I miss you a lot."

After kissing her lips perfunctorily, Oscar patiently assured, "I'll talk to the baby later. You told me over the phone that you received some photos. Where are they?"

Cassie gave him an aggrieved look.

"Oz, you wouldn't have come over if I hadn't mentioned the photos, would you? I gave up my bright future in another country for you, but your attitude toward me has grown cold. Don't you love me anymore?" asked Cassie persistently, feeling wronged.

Oscar was slowly losing his patience as he had never thought that Cassie's constant chatter would be so annoying.

Holding her in his arms, he tried to keep his cool while coaxing her, "You know that I only love you, Cassie. Don't be ridiculous, and be a good girl, okay?"

Leaning into him, Cassie bit her lips with a glint in her eye and explained in an aggrieved tone, "I just love you too much, Oscar. My parents keep asking when I'll marry you, and put a lot of pressure on me. I also feel very uneasy as you don't give me an answer as well even though I'm already pregnant."

"Don't overthink it. You should know how I feel about you," assured Oscar gently, his heart softening.

"I trust you, Oz."

"That's my girl!"

Pulling away, Cassie said, "Come with me, Oz. Let me show you some photos delivered to me this morning. There's no sender's name, so I don't know whom they're from."

Oscar sat on the sofa with her.

Cassie then took out a yellow manila envelope from the room and sat next to him, saying, "Oz, you'll probably get mad when you see the photos

inside, but you must believe that I'll always be by your side and will never do something that will hurt you."

Seeing the manila envelope in her hand, Oscar was vexed.

"Take a look, Oz." Cassie handed him the envelope.

Opening the envelope, Oscar emptied it and saw the photos, which, as expected, were of Amelia and Carter.

Although he had a gloomy expression, he did not blow his top as Cassie had imagined.

"Aren't you mad, Oz?" asked Cassie while giving him a puzzled look.

"Do you want me to?" Oscar asked instead.

Cassie gently took his arm and explained, "You're my man, so of course, I hope that you'll only feel every emotion for me. However, Ms. Winters is going overboard. She's your legal wife no matter what, so shouldn't she have some decency? If these photos are exposed, you'll be ridiculed by people in high society. I'm just indignant about what will happen to you."

Pulling her into his arms, Oscar changed the subject, "I'm happy as long as I have you. What this woman does has nothing to do with me. We're going to divorce soon, so she can't threaten your status."

Cassie smirked, feeling pleased.

"Oz, are you really not mad that she cheated on you? I feel sorry for you as you treat her so well, but she still hooks up with another man. Do you want me to help you teach her a lesson?"

"Don't mind her. She's nothing but an insignificant woman. You should just take good care of yourself and the baby. After divorcing her, I'll hold a grand wedding with you and make you the prettiest bride in the world."

Smiling sweetly, Cassie leaned into his arms. "I'm relieved to hear you say so, Oz. I was afraid that you'd really fall in love with Amelia and was going to dump me."

"Cassie, did you hire someone to take these photos?" Oscar asked in a seemingly nonchalant tone while holding her.

"Are you suspecting me, Oz?" Cassie looked up at him with a slightly hurtful expression.

Patting her on the head, Oscar replied in a gentle voice, "Silly girl, you're the last person I'll suspect. I'm just asking. It's good if you're not the one behind it. But if you are, it's fine too. No matter what you do, you're the most adorable to me."

Cassie flashed him a sweet smile. "Oz, it really wasn't me. I thought of getting someone to take photos of Ms. Winters too, but it remained a thought as I didn't want to be misunderstood by you. Those photos were really delivered to me by a courier. I don't know who the sender is, nor what purpose they have."

After a brief pause, she added, "Oz, other than showing you the photos, I ask you to come over because I want you to find out the person who took the photos and their purpose in doing so. I think you should look into whether they're targeting Ms. Winters or the Clintons."

Bopping her on the nose, Oscar chuckled and asked, "You're trying to be a good wife already even when you haven't become my wife, eh?"

Cassie smiled shyly as she replied, "I'm just concerned about you. Do you not want me to do so?"

"You're imagining things again, aren't you? You're my woman. Who else do you want to show your concern for if not me?" The affection in his eyes deepened.

Hitting his chest, Cassie refuted coquettishly, "Who are you calling your woman? You haven't proposed to me yet, so I'm still considering whether to marry you."

Oscar pinched her nose and said with a smile, "Who else do you want to marry if not me?"

Cassie smiled sweetly, but she didn't realize that there was a cold glint in Oscar's eyes behind his smile.

"Oz, let's go grocery shopping later. I'll make you some good food," Cassie proposed coyly as she held his hand.

"I have some work to do at the company, and I'll get someone to send you some nutritious food at noon. If you need to go to the team, don't get too busy," replied Oscar gently.

"Can you keep me company today, Oz?" Cassie asked, disappointed that he was leaving.

Oscar stroked her face and explained with adoration, "Be good. I need to be present for a discussion on a collaborative project. Listen, I'll take a few days off from work to accompany you when I'm not so busy."

"I'm going for a prenatal checkup later in the afternoon. Aren't you going with me?" Cassie asked meekly, still feeling upset.

"Your checkup is this afternoon?" Oscar tried to keep cool.

Cassie nodded.

After thinking for a while, Oscar suggested, "I'll come to you after I've gotten things done at the company, okay?"

Cassie stubbornly held his hand as she continued to persuade, "I don't want you to go, Oz. Our baby is very well-behaved every time you're here, so I think he misses you. Living alone in such a big apartment makes me feel lonely too sometimes, and I've turned down many jobs ever since I've gotten pregnant. I just want you to spend some time with me. Can't you even do this?"

Getting irritable deep down, Oscar repeated patiently, "Be good, Cassie. I'll come back and go for the checkup with you in the afternoon."

Left with no choice, Cassie could only agree to it.

After walking Oscar to the door, she reminded him like a good wife would, "Oz, although you're busy, don't forget to have lunch. Skipping meals will hurt your stomach."

"Alright. You should go back in. Take good care of yourself and the baby. I'll get someone to send you lunch," Oscar replied affectionately.

Cassie flashed him a sweet smile.

After walking out of the elevator, Oscar got into the car and made a call. After the call was picked up, he instructed coldly, "Sam, check a parcel for me. I'll send you the tracking number in a moment. I want to know who the sender is."

After the person on the other end of the phone gave him a reply, he said, "That's it for now. Email me after you've found the sender, and I'll transfer the payment to your account."

Then, he hung up the phone and drove to his company. When he reached, his secretary greeted him, "Mr. Clinton, the delegation from Jardin Technologies has arrived and is waiting for you in the reception room."

Nodding, Oscar walked quickly to the reception room.

When he entered the room, the delegation from Jardin Technologies stood up and greeted, "Mr. Clinton."

Then, Oscar sat down at the head of the table with an expressionless face and said, "Take a seat."

Afterward, the senior executives of Clinton Corporations and the main person in charge of Jardin Technologies enter into negotiations. As both sides refused to compromise, the negotiations went on for several hours and had not even finished although it was nearly two in the afternoon. Therefore, Oscar's secretary went up to him and suggested, "Mr. Clinton, it's almost two. Why don't we continue after lunch?"

Glancing at his watch, he realized that it was ten to two, so he nodded in agreement. "Everyone, let's continue after lunch."

The delegation from Jardin Technologies got up, whereas Oscar's secretary announced with a graceful smile, "Everyone, please come with me. I've asked the cafeteria to prepare food for you. It won't take you too much to grab a bite before continuing with the discussion."

After everyone from Jardin Technologies left the room, Oscar took out his phone and called Cassie.

After the call was answered, he asked, "Have you eaten, Cassie?"

"Oz, didn't you say that you'll send me food? I only had a few biscuits at noon," replied Cassie in an aggrieved tone.

Frowning, Oscar patiently coaxed, "Sorry, I forgot about that as I was in a meeting just now. You should order food delivery and eat first. Don't starve yourself. I'll go for the checkup with you in the afternoon and then take you to have some nice food."

"Okay. I'll eat after this. Don't overwork yourself, and remember to eat," responded Cassie obediently.

"Okay. Take a nap after you eat. Don't tire yourself out."

After some small talk, Oscar hung up the phone.

Holding his phone, he walked to the window with a gloomy look on his face and stared out at the scenery, seemingly lost in thought.

His secretary walked in, holding a lunch box in her hand, and said, "Mr. Clinton, I've prepared some food for you. You should eat some."

He turned around and replied, "Leave it there. I'll eat it in a bit."

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 89

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

With a nod of her head, his secretary put down the lunchbox and left, closing the door behind her.

Sitting down, Oscar opened the lunchbox and saw that it was filled with his favorite food. When he was about to take a bite, his phone rang.

After picking up the call, a man was heard saying, "Mr. Clinton, I've found out who the sender is. The parcel was sent by a middle-aged man in his forties. I found this man, and he told me that a young woman paid him to send the parcel. He doesn't know that woman, but I drew a portrait based on his descriptions and looked into it. I found out that she's the daughter of the Larsons. Her details have been emailed to you."

"Alright. I'll get someone to transfer the payment to you in a while," replied Oscar.

"Mr. Clinton, it's nice to work with you as you're generous with the pay. Remember to find me whenever you need."

"Sure. I'm hanging up."

"Bye."

After the phone call, Oscar no longer had the appetite to eat. Returning to his office, he turned on his computer and logged into his email. As he looked through the information that was sent to him, the look in his eyes changed. "Jennifer Larson?" he muttered to himself.

He had never met Jennifer, nor did he hear of Larson Group. Larson Group did not have much presence in the domestic market as their main business was abroad, where they were one of the biggest family-owned businesses.

However, Larson Group had never had any conflict of interest with Clinton Corporations, so Oscar did not understand why Jennifer would hire someone to take photos of Amelia. He began to wonder if it was purely a prank or a move targeting Clinton Corporations.

Taking out his phone, he called Sam and said, "Sam, get me the phone number of Jennifer Larson."

"Mr. Clinton, have you fallen for this beautiful girl? I have to admit that she's gorgeous, but you have a wife already, so you shouldn't be such a playboy."

"Cut the nonsense, Sam. Just tell me if you can do that. If you can't, I'll get someone else to do it. I don't like talking to a piece of trash."

"Alright, alright. You want her phone number, right? Gimme ten minutes. I can surely get it for you, but you have to pay me more, or else I won't do it. After all, I run the risk of being discovered by Amelia. If she found out, don't tell her that I give you the number."

"Has anyone ever told you that you're noisy, Sam?" After that, Oscar directly hung up the phone.

After about ten minutes, his phone vibrated. Taking a look at the phone, he saw the phone number sent by Sam, followed by a message that read: Mr. Clinton, big news. Amelia and this woman work in the same company. You need to be careful while screwing around. Don't let Amelia catch you red-handed.

The look in Oscar's eyes changed as he muttered, "The same company?"

Smirking, he added, "It seems that I really need to meet this Jennifer Larson."

He called the number he had just obtained. When the call was answered, he asked, "May I speak to Ms. Jennifer Larson?"

Finding it strange, Jennifer took a look at the unknown number before replying, "Speaking. May I know who this is?"

"You actually have no idea who I am after having sent the photos to me?"

Jennifer's heart was instantly in her mouth as she did not expect that Oscar Clinton would be able to find her in such a short time.

"Is this some kind of joke? I don't know you, Sir, and I don't know what photos you're talking about. If there is nothing else, I'll hang up now."

"Ms. Larson, I'll get straight to the point. I don't like people who play games with me. Are you free tonight? I'd like to meet with you to talk about why you wanted to take photos of my wife. Although we the Clintons aren't the richest in the world, we still have the ability to make a

company go bankrupt. The main business of you Larsons is abroad, so you're basically like a dead lion here," said Oscar.

Jennifer stopped playing dumb and replied, "Oh, it's Mr. Clinton. Shouldn't you thank me after I got someone to take such interesting photos?"

"Only I can bully my woman. No outsider can frame her."

"It seems that the relationship between you and your wife isn't as bad as rumored."

"Starry Sky Restaurant at six in the evening. I hope that you can come, Ms. Larson. Otherwise, I don't mind making it hard for the Larsons to survive here."

Jennifer knew that they could not beat a local powerful family as the root of their business was not in Chanaea. If she really offended the Clintons, her family would probably have to leave Chanaea.

"Since you have extended an invitation to me, of course, I have to go. I'll arrive on time at six. Hopefully, you won't stand me up, Mr. Clinton," replied Jennifer.

"Just remember, Ms. Larson, I don't like to be kept waiting."

"Well, me too. I hope you can also be there on time. Men should act like a gentleman."

Oscar responded by hanging up the phone.

After fiddling with his phone for a while, he left the office and said to one of the secretaries, "Linda, go to unit 601 of block B in the Pinnacle Garden later, and go for a prenatal checkup with Ms. Yard. Tell her that I can't go with her because I'm still in a meeting. Report the result of the checkup to me when you come back."

Linda gave him a strange look and asked, "Boss, may I know who this Ms. Yard is?"

"Linda, you are a smart person. You'll know what you should know. As for those you shouldn't know, you should stay out of it," warned Oscar.

Horrified, Linda hurriedly apologized, "I'm sorry for prying, Boss."

Oscar nodded.

"You'll go there to take her to the hospital at three o'clock. Just tell her I can't go because I'm still in a meeting. Do you understand?"

"Don't worry, Boss. I promise to complete the task properly and not let you down."

Oscar then went into the reception room, where the delegation was already seated. Taking his seat, he declared, "Let's start the meeting."

Both sides soon entered into negotiations. After several hours of talks, they finally compromised and reached an agreement.

The general representative of Jardin Technologies rose to his feet and extended his hand, saying, "Mr. Clinton, we're pleased to work with you and Clinton Corporations. I'm very much looking forward to our upcoming collaboration."

"You flatter me, Mr. Jones. I'm also looking forward to working together with your company, which is the best in the industry in this city," replied Oscar.

They continued to chat for a while before the people from Jardin Technologies left the reception room. After getting his staff to send them downstairs, he headed to his office and checked his phone; there were two missed calls from Olivia.

He returned her call, and she soon picked it up. "Mom, Amelia and I haven't finished our work, so I won't be going over for dinner tonight. I'll take her back tomorrow," said Oscar.

Olivia was apparently angry as she asked, "Oscar, why didn't you tell me that Amelia is in the hospital?"

"How did you find out, Mom?" asked Oscar after a momentary silence.

"If I hadn't called Amelia, would you have planned to hide it from me?"

"Calm down, Mom. I didn't mean to hide it from you. I just didn't want you to be too worried."

"Oscar, I know that Amelia did something wrong in the photo incident, but you're her husband, so you can't leave her alone in the hospital," Olivia said in an accusing tone. "It's quite lonely for her to stay in the hospital alone. You need to come here right now, or I'll really get mad."

"I have a dinner appointment with a client. I'll go over after that."

Olivia instantly lost her temper. "Oscar Clinton, if you still want to be my son, come over immediately. Otherwise, don't call me 'Mom' anymore."

"Mom, I've already made an appointment with someone, and I can't cancel it. You can take care of Amelia first. I'll go over at night. Besides, I don't really want to see her now due to the photos." Oscar knitted his brows.

Olivia fell silent.

"Mom, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to disobey you, but I've really made an appointment with the customer, so please take care of Amelia first."

Olivia softened her tone as she said earnestly, "Alright. Come over after you're done. Amelia is feeling quite down. It's not good for the development of the fetus when the mother has mood swings,"

"I understand, Mom. I'll go over as fast as I can."

After hanging up the phone, Oscar furrowed his brow and drove to the restaurant.

The moment he walked into the restaurant, a young waiter greeted, "Mr. Clinton, the room you reserved is ready. This way, please."

Oscar nodded.

He followed the waiter into the room, and the latter poured him a glass of water, asking, "Mr. Clinton, would you like to order now or after your company comes?"

"After she comes. You can leave first."

"Okay. You can ring the bell when you need me." The waiter left the room.

After waiting in the room for about ten minutes, Oscar saw the door open, and the waiter came in, followed by Jennifer.

Jennifer walked up to Oscar and extended her hand, saying, "Hi, Mr. Clinton, my name is Jennifer Larson. You can call me Jennifer."

After glancing at her, Oscar simply took a sip of water from his glass, ignoring her outstretched hand.

Jennifer was a little embarrassed but soon recomposed herself. Flipping her hair seductively, she asked, "You're not a petty man who would be mad with a woman who's late, are you, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar took a sip of his water and stated, "I don't like people who are late, regardless of gender."

"Don't you know that being late is in a woman's nature? Don't you even have the magnanimity to wait for a woman for a few minutes?" asked Jennifer while sitting down.

"Depends on who the woman is. If it's my wife, I have no problem waiting for her for two hours. If it's a woman like you, I'd advise you to be punctual. Otherwise, it'll be very off-putting."

Jennifer's mouth twitched as she commented, "It turns out you're such a petty man, Mr. Clinton. You're actually embarrassing girls so ungentlemanly."

Without even looking at her, Oscar glanced at the waiter, who was standing at the side bewildered, and said, "We're ready to order."

The waiter was relieved and immediately handed over the menu. "Here you go, Mr. Clinton."

"Give it to her."

The waiter immediately gave the menu to Jennifer and said, "Here's the menu, Ms. Larson."

Jennifer casually ordered three dishes before she pushed the menu to Oscar. "Your turn, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar then ordered another three dishes and one appetizer before handed the menu back to the waiter, saying, "That's it. You may leave."

"Please wait for a while, Mr. Clinton, Ms. Larson. Your food will be served soon." The waiter went out.

After the waiter closed the door, Jennifer crossed her arms and asked, "Mr. Clinton, I suppose you don't just want to meet me for dinner, do you?"

"Why did you send me those photos?" asked Oscar straightforwardly.

Jennifer took a sip of water and asked instead, "Don't you like my gift, Mr. Clinton?"

"No man will like it after seeing his own wife cheat on him," retorted Oscar.

"Is that so? You don't seem to be angry, though. Instead, you look like you're having fun. Do you like seeing your woman hook up with her boss? You aren't a coward, are you?" said Jennifer with a smile.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 90

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

Oscar gave her a grim look, saying, "Ms. Larson, you're prettier than I imagined, but I detest your character. I don't like women like you. You're miles behind Amelia."

Jennifer's lovely face turned menacing.

"Jennifer, the reason I called you here today was to warn you not to touch Amelia. I won't permit anyone to interfere with my marriage. Whether she cheats on me or divorces me is my own affair. Mind your own business. The Larsons may have a strong base overseas, but they are nothing compared to the Clintons here. Get this into your head," Oscar threatened.

Jennifer gaped at Oscar incredulously. "Mr. Clinton, what's so good about Amelia? You've seen the photos, yet you're still willing to let her stay by your side?"

"Ms. Larson, that's between Amelia and me. I don't have to explain anything to you," Oscar replied icily.

Jennifer crossed her arms, scoffing, "Who would've thought that a prominent figure, like yourself, would still be tied to your wife's apron strings?"

"You don't have to concern yourself with me," Oscar retorted. "Watch out for yourself. If these photos are leaked, you know what the consequences are."

Jennifer snickered. "Don't worry, Mr. Clinton. I'm not that clueless. But in terms of mutual compatibility, I think Cassie Yard's a more suitable match for you. You've known Cassie for so many years, almost got married, and now she's even carrying your child! Wouldn't you say your destiny is more aligned with Cassie's than Amelia's?"

Oscar's face darkened. "How do you know Cassie?"

Jennifer took a sip of her tea and made as if to speak. Just then, the door opened, and a few handsome waiters swarmed into the room. They quickly filled the table with multiple dishes.

"Mr. Clinton, Ms. Larson, the food you ordered has arrived. Please enjoy your meal," one of the young men said politely.

Oscar picked out a couple of bills from his wallet and handed them to the waiter. "Your tip."

The young man who had spoken received them and thanked Oscar profusely. "Thank you. Mr. Clinton. If there are no other requests, we'll head back downstairs."

Oscar nodded.

After the waiters had made their exit, Jennifer remarked, "Mr. Clinton, you sure are magnanimous towards working-class folk."

"How do you know Cassie?" Like a dog with a bone, Oscar refused to let Jennifer change the subject.

"I don't know Cassie; I merely didn't see what was so fantastic about Amelia, so I went about my own investigation into the matter. I was rather astonished to find out along the way that you're quite the hopeless romantic at heart," Jennifer replied snarkily.

"Don't you dare touch Cassie either, or I'll see that you regret it," Oscar warned.

Jennifer shrugged. "Don't worry, Mr. Clinton. I've got nothing against Ms. Yard. Don't you think that it's a little greedy of you, trying to have the best of both worlds, though? It's rather uncommon to see someone cheat as brazenly as you. However, I suppose it's another trick you men employ to get away with things."

Oscar stood up. "Don't mess with Amelia again. I don't take kindly to others interfering with what belongs to me. I'm the only one who can say no to our marriage," he declared. Having said his piece, Oscar stalked off, leaving Jennifer alone with a table full of untouched dishes.

Jennifer laughed scornfully, then slammed her fist onto the table with a resounding thud. She muttered hatefully, "Amelia, you're an absolute vixen! You've got Carter protecting you, and even after seeing those shameful photos of yours, Oscar has even stepped up his defense of you. Why? Why?"

Jennifer had never imagined that the effort she'd spent humiliating Amelia, and expelling her from the Clintons, would have been so easily negated by Oscar.

Jennifer knew that she couldn't afford to offend Oscar and made sure to tread carefully around him. As Oscar had pointed out, the Larsons were rich but were out of their depth here. Their tremendous power and influence overseas was ultimately no match for the Clintons' home advantage. Jennifer didn't want to risk angering Oscar, who might force the untimely retreat of the Larsons back home with their tails between their legs.

Jennifer liked Carter. She had planned to foster strong connections here, facilitating the import of their company's products and easing their entry into the local market. Before she accomplished that, she had to be wary of displeasing Oscar. Jennifer couldn't let all her efforts thus far go to waste.

"You're lucky, Amelia. However, there is no way I will allow you to steal Carter away from me. He's mine," Jennifer declared emphatically.

She picked up her bag and left. The sumptuous dishes remained on the table, gradually turning cold.

Meanwhile, Oscar was headed to the hospital. When he arrived outside Amelia's room, peals of laughter drifted out from it. Through the glass, he saw Tiffany dancing comically for Amelia, who was lying on the bed. Olivia sat in a corner preparing fruits, occasionally joining in the fun.

Amelia looked as if she was in better shape than the day before. Watching her, Oscar felt a strange sense of relief. Having seen her collapse unconscious in Tiffany's arms the previous night, Oscar couldn't deny that anxiety had risen unbidden in his throat. At that moment, the only thought that had filled his mind was, I'll willingly put up with a million of those photos, as long as Amelia and the baby are fine!

Transfixed by the scene before him, Oscar did not realize that the corners of his mouth had curled up into a faint smile. He looked happy.

Oscar had only intended to drop by, but he remained at the window staring in for the longest time. All of a sudden, his phone rang shrilly with a call from Olivia. A moment later, the door of the room was wrenched open from the inside.

Olivia stood in the doorway, asking, "Oscar, why didn't you come in? Amelia's waited for you the whole day. Quick, come in."

Oscar felt as though he had been thoroughly exposed. However, his embarrassment was barely indiscernible on his solemn face.

"Mom."

"Come in then! What are you still standing there for?" Olivia demanded, chuckling. Tugging at his arm, she exclaimed, "Amelia, look who's here!"

Oscar and Amelia glanced at each other awkwardly. The photographs from last night had utterly cemented the conflict between them. The initial intimacy of their marriage had entirely evaporated, leaving behind two strangers in its wake.

Tiffany's smile had faded when Oscar entered the room. She picked up her things and said, "Mrs. Clinton, I have some unfinished drafts that my editor is harassing me over. I'll leave to do them. Please take good care of Amelia. If you're busy, give me a call."

Olivia smiled genially. "You've cared for Amelia the whole day and gone to much trouble yourself. When Amelia is discharged, I'll whip up a few dishes to thank you properly."

Tiffany returned her smile. "No need for such courtesies, Mrs. Clinton! Amelia's my good friend, so it's only right that I take care of her. I'll make a move first then."

Olivia nodded.

Tiffany turned to Amelia. "Babe, call me if there's anything, okay? It's not healthy for you to keep everything to yourself, got it?"

"Got it," Amelia replied. "Take care and give me a call when you reach home."

Tiffany gestured "OK" and left without so much as a glance in Oscar's direction.

Olivia spoke. "Oscar, you look like a statue standing there. Amelia's been in the hospital for a whole day, but you've only just arrived. Anyone in her position would have given you a tongue-lashing. Apologize to her right away! Don't let this become a source of unhappiness between you both."

Oscar looked over at Amelia. However, she avoided his gaze, saying, "Mom, you've accompanied me the entire afternoon. Please go home and rest. The nurses will look after me here."

Olivia understood immediately. She said meaningfully, "I'll go home first to prepare some food. I'll be back at ten o'clock later. Oscar, Amelia's pregnant, so you must be sure to take good care of her. I won't forgive you if anything happens to her or the baby."

Oscar nodded obediently.

Olivia turned back to Amelia and said, "Amelia, I'll be off then. Don't think too much about the photographs. I'll deal with that. Your priority now is to take care of yourself and the baby. The Clintons still have the ability to handle a few photographs, I'm sure."

Amelia gratefully replied, "Thank you, Mom."

Olivia patted Amelia on the head fondly, then remarked, "Have a good rest. Don't overthink. I'll be back at ten."

"Take care, Mom. Drive safe," Amelia replied.

After Olivia left, silence descended upon the room at once. Unable to think of anything to say to the other, the air between Oscar and Amelia hung heavy with tension.

Oscar cleared his throat uneasily, then said, "Are you feeling better?"

Amelia looked at him, then said earnestly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Clinton. I really don't know what happened regarding that matter with the photographs, but I can explain. There's absolutely nothing between Carter and me. I see him solely in the capacity of a good friend."

Oscar looked solemn. "Don't worry. I've already dealt with the photographs. Just be more careful not to get caught in the future; I don't like cleaning up after other people."

Amelia looked at Oscar, her expression incomprehensible. After a moment's hesitation, she stammered, "Mr. Clinton, when will we get divorced?"

Oscar's gaze pierced through Amelia. "What, you can't wait to fly back into the arms of your new love?"

Amelia sighed. "Mr. Clinton, seeing as I'm in the hospital, can we discuss this reasonably? I admit that I'm wrong for allowing myself to be photographed in that way, but it was never my intention. I hope that even if we get divorced, you won't doubt that the baby is yours. He's your child. I don't want him to be treated as the product of carelessly-sown wild oats. We can do a DNA test after he's born, but wouldn't that render the past five years of our marriage a complete joke?"

Oscar's expression softened. He replied, "Who said that we were going to get divorced?"

Speechless, Amelia looked at him.

A smile hovered on Oscar's lips. "I've said this before: I'm the only one who can pronounce 'game over' on our marriage. All you have to do is accept my decision. When you're discharged, resign from your job. I don't want you to use work as an excuse to flirt with your supervisor. No man in his right mind can accept that from his wife."

Amelia went silent.

"Are you unwilling to do that?" Oscar demanded.

Amelia briefly hesitated, then nodded her head. "Okay."

Oscar's stern features visibly relaxed.

"I've found out who the photographer was. How exactly did you offend Jennifer? She forked out quite a hefty sum to get compromising photos of you," Oscar asked fascinatedly as he leaned against the back of the chair.

Amelia looked at Oscar with astonishment. "Jennifer? Do you know her, Mr. Clinton?"

Bemused, Oscar returned her look. "She's bullied my wife to such an extent. How could I not find out who she was? Tell me, how did you manage to trigger such wrath in Jennifer within the two short months that you've been to work? It seems that you're rather adept not only at attracting men but also women's attention as well."

Amelia nearly choked. She coughed violently. What exactly did Oscar mean by that?

"Jennifer misunderstood. She thought that I was seeing Carter. That's why she hired someone to stalk me," Amelia answered honestly.

Oscar felt another surge of anger. Hotly, he said, "Amelia, aren't you shameless?"

Amelia took another look at Oscar, then fell silent again.