

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 105

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“Go on.”

“What do you take Amelia for? A wife? A contract partner?”

Oscar glanced at her for a split second. Then he uttered two simple words, “A wife.”

“Good. Then have you ever thought about growing old with her?”

“No.”

Tiffany scowled. This jerk! He really doesn't beat around the bush, huh... but his straightforwardness makes me want to choke him to death.

“You're an honest man, Mr. Clinton. But why do I feel like strangling you to death?” Tiffany asked through gritted teeth.

“That's your problem, not mine.”

Tiffany's jaw clenched harder. How can this man be so despicable?

She rolled her eyes and retorted, “I guess Amelia can finally give an explanation to Mrs. Scott since you've made your stance clear. Mrs. Scott called me today and said she misses Amelia. She also asked if Amelia and Carter have any chance of getting together. At first, I didn't give a sure answer because you're still in the picture. But based on your answer just now, I'll tell Mrs. Scott that Carter can go ahead and pursue Amelia.”

Something dark suddenly flickered in Oscar's eyes.

“What did you say?”

“I'm sure you've heard what I said. I see no need to repeat myself.” Tiffany shrugged. “Don't say I didn't warn you, Mr. Clinton, but Amelia is still very popular among the elderly. Although Mrs. Scott initially misunderstood Amelia, she apologized for it afterward. And now she's trying to mend hers and Amelia's relationship, especially since she has witnessed Carter's devotion to Amelia. I'm telling you. If you don't take Amelia seriously, someone else will. You're not the only man that desires her in this world.”

“She's mine. Everyone else can forget about pursuing her.”

"But she won't be yours if you get divorced. Amelia can behave in however way she pleases with other men. She's free to flirt and be cared for by others... unless you decide to keep your marriage."

Oscar's fists coiled taut, but his face remained relaxed in a calm manner.

"Mr. Clinton. I personally think that your and Amelia's divorce would be a good decision. She'd be better off in a more reliable relationship with Carter than if she stayed with you. At least he doesn't have a messy history with other women, and he'll never cause her emotional pain," Tiffany spat. She wanted to spark jealousy in Oscar.

Oscar looked at her with an empty stare. "Tiffany, do you know what becomes of those who provoke me?"

"What? You'll kill off my career in this city, so I can't make a living?"

"No. I'll ensure that you'll never leave this city. Then I'll make your life here a living hell, making you wish that you were dead. Do you believe that I'm capable of this?"

A chill swelled in Tiffany's chest, prickling her with gooseflesh down her arms. Sure enough, it wasn't easy to dance with the devil; one wrong move and she would end up being tortured in hell eternally, not a single piece of her would escape unscathed.

Tiffany believed every word Oscar said. She believed that he told the truth and that he was more than capable of making her life in this city a living hell.

There was no need to ask her why. This was the difference between the rich and the average. As the saying goes, money talks, and anything or anyone could be bought over with money.

"Tiffany, I can overlook your provocations because you are Amelia's friend. But if you continue to say that she is someone else's woman, then don't blame me for taking impolite measures."

Tiffany sucked in a deep breath. Although she was terrified, she wasn't going to give in so quickly.

"You're an odd man, Mr. Clinton. You seem to have a traditionally hegemonic belief. Despite sharing a marriage contract with Amelia, you have exclusive rights over her feelings, whilst she doesn't get a single say in yours. So why put on an act of concern for her now? Don't you think that's a little hypocritical of you?"

Oscar simply stared straight at her in response.

Tiffany gulped, sensing an oppressive force behind Oscar's stare. She felt like she was no longer in control of their conversation.

"Let me see if the noodles are ready." Tiffany shot up from her seat. She wanted to escape from the tense situation. Unfortunately, Oscar stopped her. He pointed at her seat and said, "Sit down."

Threatened into submission by Oscar's brisk, commanding voice, she sat down obediently.

"Are you still in touch with Mrs. Scott?" Oscar asked nonchalantly.

Tiffany gulped and intentionally challenged back at him, "Mr. Clinton, you're not going to monitor all my friendships too, are you? I'm not Amelia. I won't obey you blindly for the sake of being a good wife."

"I don't care who you're friends with, but don't encourage Amelia to mix in with your crowd. She's still mine. Even if we get divorced, she's still my woman."

Tiffany snorted in anger. She had never encountered such an overbearing, jerk of a man before; they were getting divorced, yet he still wanted her all to himself. He really is a classic scumbag.

"Mr. Clinton, don't you think that's a bit too greedy of you?"

"Is it?"

He is a wealthy heir, she thought to herself. One of high social standing, with good looks, good education, and had admirable work capabilities. He's an exceptional man; I'll give him that. Such a man is definitely qualified to have a woman on each of his shoulders. No one would dare say anything even if he dated an entire harem of women at the same time.

Tiffany inhaled deeply before saying, "Mr. Clinton, do you know the kind of life that Amelia wants?"

Not a word came from Oscar's lips.

"You probably don't know this, Mr. Clinton, but Amelia is often misunderstood as being a vixen because of her glamorous appearance. People think that she's too frivolous and immoral to have as a wife, that whoever marries her will surely feel uneasy. Little do they know, she's actually well-behaved and has never stepped foot in a nightclub or a bar.

Her lifelong dream has always been to have a family of her own, but it's a pity because you'll never be the beloved husband she dreams of."

Tiffany stood up again. She spoke with a meaningful weight behind her words. "Mr. Clinton. If you truly care, then you should really cherish her more. Losing her will mean losing everything that's good and pure in this world, I promise you that."

She picked up her bag and continued, "Please treat Amelia better. I'm heading off now. Do let Amelia know when she gets back."

With that, Tiffany left. She didn't want to be the third wheel between them.

Shortly after, Amelia returned with bowls of noodles on a tray. She noticed that Tiffany was nowhere to be found and asked, "Where's Tiff?"

"She left to attend to some matters," Oscar responded.

Amelia eyed him. She then placed the noodles before him and said, "Tiff is my best friend, Mr. Clinton. Can't you be a bit friendlier to her?"

"Am I not friendly enough toward her?"

Fair enough, he had been reasonably respectful the whole time. Tiffany was never one to mince her words. And given Oscar's temperament, it was a miracle that he hadn't rudely retorted back at her straightforward comments.

Amelia decided to drop the topic. She handed him the silverware and said, "Here, try some and tell me what you think of the taste. I haven't cooked in a while, so I'm not sure if this is to your liking."

After accepting the silverware from her, Oscar chowed down on the noodles. His actions pleased Amelia greatly; she no longer cared about how the noodles tasted. All that mattered was that he enjoyed them.

Once he emptied his bowl, Amelia offered, "There's still more in the pot. Would you like seconds, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar shook his head.

Amelia collected their dishes and brought them into the kitchen for washing. When she was done, she dried off her hands before walking back out.

There, Oscar patted the spot next to him. "Come, sit."

Amelia walked over and sat down obediently.

Oscar glanced at her and questioned straightforwardly, "Are you still in touch with the Scotts?"

Amelia eyed him sideways. Pretending to be calm, she asked, "Why do you ask, Mr. Clinton?"

"It's just something that Tiffany mentioned in our conversation earlier."

Amelia felt clueless as to what Tiffany had told him. She believed that Tiffany knew her limits and would never talk nonsense. But at the same time, she feared that Tiffany had deliberately portrayed the Scotts as villains in an attempt to defend her honor. She worried that Oscar now saw them as enemies.

"What did she say?"

"She just said something about you and the Scotts." Oscar probed further into the matter. He asked, "You seem nervous, why's that? Is there some unspeakable thing going on between you and the Scotts?"

Careful thoughts surged through Amelia as she mentally prepared herself to face him head-on. After all, Oscar was a man of many faces. He was exceptionally skilled at getting others to say what he wanted them to; hidden underneath his youthful appearance was a cunning man. He was an incredibly sly old fox at heart.

"I'm sure that if you wanted to, you'd be able to find out if there's anything between me and the Scotts, Mr. Clinton. So why bother asking me?" Amelia asked, turning the tables against him.

Their gazes met as he declared, "I won't tolerate letting anyone take advantage of my woman."

Amelia's heart shivered at this, but she kept on smiling. "Tiff was only looking out for me. Granted, she may have exaggerated a little, but you shouldn't take her words to heart, Mr. Clinton. I'll deal with mine and the Scotts' affair. There's no need for you to fuss over a group of irrelevant people."

Oscar's gaze intensified. There was something immeasurable in the way he looked at her.

"Tiffany only said that she still kept in contact with Mrs. Scott. She didn't mention you at all, though. Unless... you've been in contact with them this whole time?"

I knew it. This sly old fox used this whole conversation to lure me into admitting what he wanted to hear.

Fine... might as well cut to the chase. She boldly met his gaze and stated, "If there's anything you'd like to know, Mr. Clinton, you may ask me directly."

Oscar stilled for a moment.

"You want to know if Carter and I have completely cut ties, isn't that right, Mr. Clinton? I know that you secretly hired someone to investigate his and my relationship after those intimate photos resurfaced. But just like your investigator reported, Carter and I met in university. There were fleeting moments of affection between us, but for various reasons, we never got together. Then, I married you right after that. So in almost five years of our marriage, I have never once done anything to betray you. Is there anything else you'd like to know, Mr. Clinton?"

Amelia's words were direct and frank, but a piercing sadness lingered in her voice.

Oscar looked at her. He could see the stubbornness in her gaze.

This silly woman... Did she really think I would blame her for such trivial things from her past?

I'm a grown man. I understand that everyone has a past; Those who latch onto their significant others' dating histories are pathetically childish. A mature man would never do that. He'd treat his woman well and secure a position as the only man in her life.

Oscar's arm snaked around Amelia's waist and pulled forcefully. He moved so quickly that Amelia landed into his arms before she could finish yelping.

He tapped her nose and teased affectionately, "Did you really think I was criticizing your past?"

Amelia pouted. "Weren't you?"

"You silly woman. If I cared about your past, then I wouldn't have married you in the first place."

Amelia scoffed to herself. You speak as if we got married for love.

You don't care about my past because we are united by a marriage contract, nothing more.

Oscar lowered his head closer to hers. He nipped at her lip and asked, "You don't believe me?"

Amelia shook her head. "I believe every word you say is the truth."

Oscar placed a hand on her back, scooping her up before moving toward the sofa. He placed her down and was careful not to press onto her stomach as they kissed.

Amelia fell victim to his skillful tongue; she was so enthralled by the kiss that she hardly had time to think straight. Her thoughts jumbled up in knots.

When their lips separated, Amelia's vision had become clouded. It took a while for her eyes to settle on the man before her.

She panted, taking in multiple breaths of air before patting her limp hand on his chest.

Oscar grabbed her hand and nibbled on the back of it. She felt his teeth grazing gently against her delicate skin.

A bright red blush burned across Amelia's cheeks. In the heat of the moment, she couldn't help but let her thoughts run wild. At some point, she wondered if Oscar had shared this same heated moment with many other women, given his extraordinary kissing skills.

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"Be honest with me, Mr. Clinton. How many women have you kissed?" Amelia interrogated. Simmering with jealousy, she looked him boldly in the eye.

Oscar held a straight face. He leaned into her ear and chuckled suggestively, "Are you being jealous?"

A chill crawled up Amelia's spine, making her head shake furiously. He's got a nasty habit of getting on my nerves.

"Mr. Clinton, can you be more serious?" Amelia spoke irritably and patted his chest again.

He focused his gaze on her. "Will you believe me if I said that you're the only woman I've kissed so affectionately?"

Amelia gazed into the depths of his eyes; people often said that eyes were the windows to one's soul, that a person's eyes reveal whether or not they are sincere.

From the intensity in Oscar's eyes, Amelia believed that his words were true.

Oscar was a man of few words, but his every word brimmed with sincerity.

"Weren't you like this with your beloved?"

"I've told you. I was too busy with work back when I dated Cassie. Plus, Cassie was wilder then. She'd spend more than half a year on travels and shopping trips. We'd barely get a few days to spend time with each other, and when we did, she would cut our time short to be with her girlfriends. So while I was fond of her, I never touched her intimately."

Amelia's eyes widened at him. "So, you and Ms. Yard lived as celibates when you were together?"

Oscar shot a glare her way. He tapped her nose and sighed, "Do you have to ruin the mood?"

Amelia chuckled. Her laughter was light and airy, like her happy disposition.

Her heart swelled with joy when she heard that Oscar wasn't physically intimate with Cassie. At least I have an advantage over Cassie when it comes to physical touch.

Oscar leaned in for another kiss. Before he could take things to the next level, however, his phone rang untimely.

He pulled out his phone and saw his secretary's name on the caller id.

He answered and said, "Hello?"

Their exchange on the phone wasn't audible to Amelia.

"I will arrive in half an hour," Oscar said before ending the call. Then, he nibbled on Amelia's lips and promised, "I'll deal with you later tonight."

Amelia hopped off the sofa. She helped put on his suit and tie as a virtuous wife would.

Following this, Amelia saw him off at the door. "Drive safely, Mr. Clinton. Are you coming back for dinner tonight? I'll have Molly prepare some lobster, your favorite."

"I'll come home as soon as the meeting ends," Oscar promised. This was an unusual sight as he rarely made promises to get home early for dinner.

Amelia chuckled, "Alright. Take care, Mr. Clinton. I'll wait up to have dinner with you."

Oscar nodded.

Once he left, Amelia retired for a nap.

She slept till four in the afternoon before she freshened up and went out with Molly for some groceries.

"You didn't have to accompany me, Mrs. Clinton." Molly continued worryingly, "The farmer's market can be a bit crowded, and it can smell a bit odd at times. What if someone accidentally bumps into you while we're walking?"

"Come now, Molly, I'm not that delicate. The doctor says I'm perfectly healthy. Plus, I haven't cooked in a while. I thought I'd surprise Oscar by cooking him a meal tonight."

"You're a good lady Mrs. Clinton," Molly said endearingly. "Mr. Clinton is blessed to have you for a wife. Seeing the two of you being lovey-dovey makes me happy. I've worked for the Clintons for many years, and I've watched Mr. Clinton grow up before my very eyes, so he's like a son to me; I really hope that the two of you can live happily. Maybe because I grew up poor, but I can see that only you are worthy of Mr. Clinton. Any other heiress could never be as devoted to him as you are."

Amelia held Molly's hand and smiled softly. "Oscar and I see you as our parent too, Molly. Your hopes for us are kind. We'll do our best to make it come true."

"Good, good."

When they arrived, almost every vendor at the farmer's market greeted Molly. One of them asked excitedly at the sight of her, "Molly, is this your daughter or your daughter-in-law? What a pretty girl. How long has she been pregnant? Not many youngins are willing to accompany their elders out for grocery these days."

Molly beamed from ear to ear. "She's my employer's daughter-in-law. She happened to have some time today, so she's joining me on a grocery run."

Amelia flashed a honeyed smile at the vendor. "Ma'am, seeing that it's my first time here, are there any deals that I can get for these vegetables? Molly has always praised that your vegetables are the best."

This brightened the vendor's mood immediately. She answered with a chirpy smile, "You flatter me, dear! Alright. I'll let you have this cabbage at two-fifty for a pound. As for the bean sprouts, that'll be one for each pound. The cauliflower is three-fifty. If Molly buys them all today, I'll add another twenty percent off."

Molly bought a fairly large amount of vegetables from this stall. As they continued their grocery shopping, everyone complimented Amelia every step of the way.

After all, it wasn't every day that a stunning and celebrity-like woman was seen at the farmer's market.

They shopped for nearly an hour at the market before returning with arms full of grocery bags. They bought some chicken and half a pound of pork ribs, as well as other vegetables.

Upon returning to their residence, Molly suggested, "You go take a rest, Mrs. Clinton. You can start in the kitchen after I prepare the ingredients."

"Can't I join you, Molly? It's more fun to cook together anyways."

Molly gave in and agreed to her request.

Whilst working in the kitchen, Amelia felt curious about Molly's life. She asked, "Molly, are you living with your eldest son and his wife now?"

"Yeah. I originally wanted to live with my youngest son, but my eldest and my daughter-in-law insisted on me moving in with them. They're really devoted children, so I couldn't help but agree."

Amelia laughed softly, "You're so blessed, Molly. All your sons are so filial. The man that previously came over... was that your youngest son? He seemed like a fine young man. I wonder if his life achievements are equally as promising?"

A proud grin spread across Molly's face. "He passed his civil service exam three months ago. He worked as a manager in a private company previously. Now, he's a member of the civil service. While he's not earning

large sums, his current job is more stable, and the added benefits are pretty good too.”

Amelia smiled but asked worryingly, “Being a civil service member isn’t too shabby. However, I heard that the salary is low and it’ll be hard to achieve a well-off life, but it’s not entirely impossible. Molly, why don’t you let him work at Clinton Corporations?”

Molly shook her head, declining with a gentle smile. “Clinton Corporations is full of talented people. All of them are graduates from prestigious universities... even the lowest degree holder owns a master’s degree. And let’s not even talk about the foreign doctoral students. I don’t think it’s wise for my son to be a part of such an elite group. After all, he graduated with only a bachelor’s degree. It would embarrass the Thayers’ family name.”

“Molly, those things don’t matter. Although Clinton Corporations do look at an individual’s education levels, it doesn’t mean that higher degree levels are valued above all. Those are just pieces of paper. If someone has a degree but is incapable of work, then they’re basically crippled. I believe that Elijah is a man of stable temperament, as well as refined and scholarly intellect. If he’s ever free in the future, have him come over more often. We’re all family here,” Amelia said heartily.

“You really are a kind person, Mrs. Clinton. I’ve worked here for decades, and I’ve met other housekeepers from wealthy families; they say that some employers are snobbish. They don’t care about us, housekeepers. Sometimes, employers even drastically deduct wages when they’re in a bad mood.”

Amelia cast a warm smile, “You took care of Oscar as he grew up. You’re already family at this point. I can’t even begin to express how much I respect you; how could I ever look down on you? Besides, only obnoxious people think they’re more superior than everyone else.”

Molly smiled back. An endearing warmth hummed in her curved eyes.

Amelia washed and sorted the vegetables that she bought. Molly tittered next to her, “Mr. Clinton will certainly be touched if he knew that you personally made all these dishes for him. The man looks so tough and unfeeling on the outside, but deep down, he’s a softie. He will remember dearly what a woman has done for him. Even if he doesn’t necessarily say he will.”

If she was being honest, Amelia was equally excited about their candlelight dinner that night.

These past few days, Oscar's keen attitude toward her has reignited her expectations for this marriage.

She even wondered whether their lives would turn out differently if they hadn't married for money.

The meal took roughly three hours to make. By the time all the dishes were ready, her phone showed that it was already six-thirty in the evening.

Molly had helped place the food out on the dining table and was taking off her apron. She chuckled. "I'll be off now, Mrs. Clinton. I don't want to disturb yours and Mr. Clinton's romantic night together."

Amelia's cheeks warmed into a soft pink. She shushed, "Molly! Quit teasing me."

Molly radiated the warmth of a loving elderly woman as she wished them, "I really hope the two of you continue through life as a loved-up couple. Alright, it's late now. I won't stay and third-wheel any longer."

Once Molly left, Amelia showered and put on some light makeup. She then checked herself in the mirror. She was still as beautiful as ever, the only difference was the fact that there was now an added pregnancy glow on her.

"You got this, Amelia. You're the best! Go get em!" Amelia cheered her reflection on.

After going downstairs, Amelia sent a text to Oscar. But five minutes passed, and there was still no response. She tried to call him only to find that his phone had been turned off.

He had answered her earlier call at six o'clock. He said that work was ending soon and that he would be back. Yet now, his phone was unexpectedly switched off. This made Amelia's stomach churn with worry.

She called for the seventh and eighth time, but he was still unreachable.

Amelia called again at seven-thirty. This time her call went through, but a woman had picked up.

"Who are you?" Amelia frowned and asked.

"Hello. May I know your relationship with the owner of this phone? The owner was involved in a car accident. He's now in the surgical room to get some bandaging done. His phone had run out of battery, so he asked me to

find a charging spot. Hence, I answered the phone," the woman at the other end of the call explained.

Amelia froze at this. She stilled before frantically asking, "Is he badly injured? What's the name of your hospital? I'll head over now."

Once the woman told her the hospital's address, Amelia yanked her bag and rushed out the door in a frenzy.

As Amelia drove, her blood was icy cold as her stiff fingers clutched onto the steering wheel.

She pursed her lips tightly. Biting down on her lower lip, she drew blood and prayed hard. "Oscar, please be okay... As long as you're not hurt, I'll do anything you say from now onwards."

Although the after-work rush hours had passed, the road was still congested. On top of that, Amelia kept getting stalled at multiple red lights before ending up in a traffic jam. She was already anxious enough, and this made her blood boil.

The commute would have taken half an hour. However, Amelia took one hour to reach the hospital. When she got there, she immediately phoned the woman who answered Oscar's phone earlier. It didn't take long before the woman rushed over to her. Only then did Amelia realize that it was a nurse from the hospital.

"Are you Mrs. Clinton?" the nurse asked.