

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 271

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Chapter 271 Do You Want To Divorce Me That Badly

Damn... Cassie sure is a lot more honest and bolder than I am; I'll give her that. At least she has the courage to pursue the love that she wants. Heck, she shamelessly came all the way here even though Oscar no longer loves her! While it probably isn't the right thing to do, her persistence is indeed admirable. Unfortunately for me, her level of shamelessness is something that I lack. Had I been a little more shameless and a little less egotistical, Oscar and I would still be happily together right now... Amelia thought to herself as she watched the drama from the balcony.

She returned to the nursery when nobody was looking and played with Tony absent-mindedly while Kurt watched from the side.

Noticing that he was about to voice his thoughts, Amelia looked up at him and said, "I know what you want to tell me, Kurt, but could you please not say a word? I want to be left alone right now."

Kurt nodded and held his tongue obediently.

"Thank you, Kurt!" she added gratefully.

Kurt felt his heart ache but simply shook his head in response.

Amelia is completely different from all the other women from wealthy families. She dresses fashionably but not extravagantly; she looks sexy but isn't promiscuous; she has a kind heart despite having all this money and power, and she's friendly even though she gives off an air of superiority... It's almost impossible for a guy to spend so much time around her without falling in love with her! Most would assume she's an unfaithful woman at first glance, but those who know her personally will see that she's both adorable and sexy. It is precisely because she has so many interesting sides to her that men find themselves attracted to her!

With that in mind, Kurt decided to ignore his feelings and said fairly, "Boss is a good and loving man. He spent tons of money just to help you find a suitable cornea donor. There is really no need for you to divorce him."

Amelia let out a wry chuckle and asked softly, "You know about it?"

"Tiffany told me."

Amelia shot him a glance as she asked, "You think what I'm doing is really stupid too, don't you? Most people will never give up on the wealth and luxury provided by the Clinton family, and yet here I am doing the complete opposite like an idiot."

Kurt shook his head and replied fairly, "You must have your reasons for doing this."

Amelia had conflicted feelings in her heart as she continued playing with Tony on the bed. It hurts me the most to set Oscar up like that. Given his resources, it's highly possible for him to eventually find out that I'm the one behind all this. I bet he'll hate me to death then.

"Kurt, are you going to tell Oscar that I set him up?" she asked in a seemingly casual manner.

"I answer only to you. Don't worry, I've already destroyed all evidence from last night. Tiffany and the two of us are the only ones who will know about this. Boss won't be able to find anything even if he tries to. You can trust me on that!" Kurt replied, expressing his loyalty to her.

Amelia chuckled upon hearing that and said ambiguously, "Out of all the people I've met, you're the most difficult one to read, Kurt. You've been working for Oscar for so many years, and yet you switched sides and swore absolute loyalty to me right after he tasked you with protecting me? What happens if I have you return to Oscar later on? Are you going to tell him about everything I've done?"

"No," Kurt replied with a frown.

Amelia shrugged with a hint of sadness in her eyes. "I don't understand the rules that you bodyguards go by, but I do trust you to keep our secret safe. You're the kind of guy who makes people feel safe around you."

A faint glint appeared in Kurt's eyes when he heard that.

Amelia glanced at Tony, who was lying on the bed, as she continued, "Kurt, I have a selfish request to make. If I am unable to gain custody over Tony after divorcing Oscar, I want you to look after him for me."

"Boss is a very righteous man. He loves you very much; I'm sure he won't make things difficult for you," Kurt said confidently.

Amelia, on the other hand, wasn't all that confident about it.

Oh, I sure hope so... Tony is the first grandson of the Clinton family. Even if Oscar agreed to let me have custody over him, Olivia and Owen probably wouldn't. Given their resources, there's no way I could possibly win against them. If they really decide to fight for Tony's custody, then I'm bound to lose that battle.

"Ma'am... I mean, Amelia, hear me out here. I think it's best if you remain in the Clinton family. Should you actually go blind, it'd be a lot easier for them to find you a suitable cornea donor with their power and resources. It would also benefit you greatly during your recovery," Kurt stated his opinion after a brief moment of hesitation.

Amelia let out a wry chuckle in response.

"Please, don't get the wrong idea. I'm just voicing my analysis from a realistic point of view. I'll stop if you don't like to hear it."

Amelia shook her head.

"Of course, I'll help you out with anything you need."

"All you have to do is take good care of Tony for me. I don't want you getting involved in my personal affairs with the Clintons. I'll try my best to gain custody over Tony, no matter how slim my chances are," Amelia replied as she got up from the bed, only to have her vision go black all of a sudden.

She tried shaking her head profusely, but nothing happened.

Kurt instinctively tried to hold her steady but stopped himself before his hand reached her.

"What's wrong?" he asked worriedly.

"Nothing, I just lost my vision all of a sudden. As you can see, I'm going to be blind soon. Do you really think a blind woman like me is worthy of being Oscar's wife?"

Kurt fell silent as he knew just how strict wealthy families were.

They would definitely not approve of Oscar having a blind woman for a wife!

Amelia felt her way back toward the bed and sat down. "Kurt, I hope you won't tell Oscar that I'm going blind. All I want right now is a peaceful divorce and custody over Tony; nothing more."

Kurt was about to say something when a knock was heard on the door.

Amelia panicked a little and waved her hands frantically as she said, "Don't open it!" She had yet to regain her vision, so she didn't want anyone to come in and find out about her going blind.

Kurt wanted to reach out and hold her hands but stopped himself halfway through.

Olivia's voice was heard from outside the door. "Amelia? Are you in there? I'm coming in now, okay?"

Kurt quickly stepped forward and locked the door from the inside so she couldn't get in.

"Amelia? Why did you lock the door? I know Oscar has wronged you. You're not mad at me too, are you?" Olivia called out to her from outside.

"I'm just a little tired, Mom. I'm going to sleep with Tony for a bit, okay?" Amelia replied.

"All right, you get some rest, then. I'll come see you later."

Amelia breathed a sigh of relief when she heard Olivia leave, but her vision was still pitch black.

"I think you should get your eyes checked at the hospital. Your condition looks pretty bad," Kurt suggested when he saw her trying to act as though she was fine.

Amelia shook her head. "I'm fine. I'll be okay after a while."

Her vision loss lasted for a whole thirty minutes this time. "Kurt, could you look after Tony? I need to head out for a bit," she said after fully regaining her sense of sight.

Kurt nodded and asked when she got to the door, "Are you really okay?"

Amelia simply nodded her head and walked out the door immediately after.

Oscar was already inside the bedroom by the time she got there. Neither of them knew what to say when their eyes met.

"Oh, you're here?" Amelia was the first to break the silence.

After taking a moment to regain his composure, Oscar walked toward her and pinned her against the wall as he said, "Amelia, I will give you some time to calm down. However, I hope that things will be back to normal between us by the time I return. Cassie and I are never going to be together, okay? You are the only person I love."

Amelia maintained a calm expression as she replied, "I've already called a lawyer, Oscar. We'll be able to get the divorce papers signed in a few days. I'm tired of being stuck in this love triangle between you and Cassie. It's exhausting to always be on guard in case she tries to come after me and Tony. You may be really powerful and excellent, but women can get really crazy when desperate. I used to think that your love was all that I needed, but after seeing that little scene Cassie caused earlier, I realized she's a much more suitable woman for you. I don't have that kind of resolve to act so boldly in the name of love."

The look on Oscar's face turned gloomy instantly.

"It's clear that you haven't calmed down yet, Amelia. How about we live separately for a few days before having this discussion?"

With tears in her eyes, Amelia shoved Oscar away and knelt down before him.

“Please just let me go, Oscar! I won’t ask for any of your money! All I want is to take Tony with me!”

I’m sorry, Oscar. Please forgive me for doing this... I’m going blind very soon, and I really don’t want you to see me in that state! Will you please grant me my wish when I can still see?

Oscar had a conflicted look in his eyes when he saw Amelia on her knees like that, and his heart felt as though it was being stabbed repeatedly with a knife.

In just two days, their relationship had gotten to the point of divorce.

Having dominated the corporate world for so many years, he could easily tell that Amelia was serious about divorcing him.

I know I’ve wronged her, but is my mistake really that serious? Is divorce truly the only option?

“Do you wish to divorce me that badly?” Oscar asked bitterly while trying his best to suppress the sadness in his eyes.

Amelia nodded and replied with tears flowing down her cheeks, “I can’t bring myself to forget how you and Cassie were all over each other in bed. I never want to experience a betrayal like that ever again. You’re an excellent man desired by tons of women out there. Let’s get this divorce over with so you can marry a rich woman just as how Dad wanted you to. We’re simply not meant to be together.”

“Give me a reason why you want a divorce. Is it because you’ve fallen in love with another man?” Oscar asked coldly, his fists clenched.

Amelia looked up at him in surprise but instinctively lowered her gaze when she saw the pained look in his eyes.

“No, I just got sick of how unstable our relationship is! All I want is a loving husband who will treat me well and take care of the family, but you’re far too excellent for me. Even without Cassie, there will always be others like Isabella or Rachel. I can’t stand having a husband who attracts women wherever he goes, so let’s just get a divorce. I don’t want to keep this exhausting marriage going any further,” she said while shaking her head profusely.

Her excuse was so hilarious that even Oscar burst out laughing after hearing it. He then jabbed a finger at her and asked, “You’re seriously asking for a divorce over such a ridiculous reason?”

Amelia’s lips twitched slightly in response.

“I’m tired, Oscar. Please just let me leave. It’s really stressful being your wife here in the Clinton family. In fact, I barely had a good night’s sleep throughout

the past few years. You cheating on me with Cassie just happens to be the final straw for me, that's all. I'm an ordinary woman, Oscar. I can't get used to the lifestyle you wealthy people lead. I'm done having to deal with those admirers of yours.

"I don't know if you're aware of this, but at least one woman will approach me and tell me I'm unworthy of being with you. They're all heirs of wealthy families, and all I have is a pretty face since my social status and academic background are nothing compared to yours. I've had enough of their ridicule and mockery, Oscar. Let's just get a divorce and put an end to all this."

Oscar broke into a smile and clenched his fists so tightly that his veins bulged like crazy in his arms.

"You really want to divorce me that badly, huh? Not even going to leave me any room for negotiation?"

Amelia kept her head low and said softly, "I'm sorry, Oscar."

"Lift your head and look at me!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. Seconds later, he took a deep breath to suppress his pain and anger as he continued, "Sorry for scaring you."

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Chapter 272 Give It A Break

Amelia shook her head in response.

Oscar bent down to help her to her feet, but she pulled away from him instead. The look in his eyes changed instantly, and he slammed his fist against the wall, inches away from her. The impact was so hard that it broke his skin and caused his fist to start bleeding on the spot.

Olivia and the others came running over the moment they heard him bellow in pain. "Calm down and talk it out, Oscar! You'll scare Amelia like this!" she shouted while banging on his bedroom door.

Oscar took a deep breath and said, "We're fine, Mom. You guys can head back downstairs."

Olivia was still worried. "Open the door, Oscar! I'm sure there's been a misunderstanding! How about you two stay separately for a few days and talk things out when you have both calmed down?"

Oscar tugged at his hair in frustration and accidentally raised his voice as he shouted, "We're fine, Mom! Could you please let us talk in peace?"

When he didn't hear a response from Olivia, Oscar realized he had acted out of place and quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean it that way. I just need you to give us some space."

"All right, then. You two talk it out peacefully, okay? No more fighting," Olivia said helplessly before leaving with the others.

Amelia had a conflicted look in her eyes as she watched Oscar undo his necktie irritably, his loosened collar giving him some "bad boy" vibes.

"Amelia, what happened last night was my fault, and I apologize for it. If you don't like me being around other women, I can replace all my female secretaries and assistants with male ones. If you don't like me socializing with women from wealthy families, I can promise to stay far away from them. I can try my best to change anything you don't like, so just tell me what you need and I'll get it done."

For Amelia's sake, Oscar was willing to go against his own principles, which he would never compromise before.

Amelia didn't feel good about the whole situation at all.

"You don't have to do this for me, Oscar. I don't deserve it at all. I think we should give each other some space for a couple of days. I'll bring Tony over to Tiffany's for a few days and then we'll talk about our divorce." Amelia had to muster every ounce of willpower and strength she had just to force those words out of her mouth.

Oscar stared long and hard at her before agreeing reluctantly, "All right..."

Amelia then wasted no time packing some of her clothes and quickly carried Tony downstairs.

Olivia stopped her the moment she got to the bottom of the stairs. "Where are you going, Amelia? I'll help punish Oscar for hurting you, so please don't act rashly, okay?" she asked anxiously when she saw her carrying a bag in one hand and Tony in the other.

"I'm bringing Tony over to Tiff's for a few days. I'll come back after I've thought things through. I'm in a lot of pain right now, so I need some time to myself. Will you please grant me this request?" Amelia said apologetically while glancing at Tony.

Although Olivia didn't agree with her request, she made sure to ease up on her tone as she said, "Amelia, it's normal for married couples to argue every now and then, but you should always resolve your conflicts by talking it out. Running off to Tiffany's the moment you have an argument might lead her into thinking we're mistreating you or something."

"I doubt she even gives a damn about our family, Mom! Always running off to Tiffany's place whenever she feels like it... You let her do that a few more times

and she probably won't even respect you as an elder anymore!" Stephanie butted into their conversation nosily.

Oscar came down the stairs and shot Stephanie a warning glare as he explained, "I'm the one who told her to stay over at Tiffany's for a few days, Mom. I'll be going on a business trip tomorrow, so she's taking Tony there to keep her company."

"What on earth is going on between you two? After everything that has happened, she's going to her friend's place, and you're going on a business trip? Are you two trying to cause more trouble for our family?" Olivia shouted.

Amelia lowered her head in response.

"I'll take care of things between us, Mom. Don't worry about it."

"Amelia is my daughter-in-law, and Tony is my grandson! How can I possibly not worry? I rarely had to worry about you two in the past, but now you two are stressing the hell out of me! Is it too much to ask for some peace of mind around here?"

Amelia felt a little guilty when she heard that. "I'm sorry, Mom."

"Amelia, you know I'm not asking you for an apology. I just want you to reconcile your relationship and work things out. Oscar is at fault for sleeping with Cassie, so I'll punish him for you. Even if you don't care about yourself, you should at least care about Tony. Do you really want him to lose a parent at such a young age?" Olivia got straight to the point.

Amelia simply glanced at Tony and kept quiet.

Sensing no resistance from her, Olivia grabbed Amelia by the hand and continued to persuade her, "Please don't leave, Amelia. You're my favorite daughter-in-law, and I can't sleep well if Tony's not around. My heart starts aching if I don't get enough sleep. You wouldn't want me to suffer a relapse, would you?"

Amelia stared at her with a conflicted look in her eyes before saying hesitantly, "I need some time to cool off, Mom. You promised you wouldn't force me to do anything I don't like, remember? Don't worry, I haven't forgotten all the things you've done for me. I just need to be alone for a while to process everything, so please don't force me, okay?"

"Then leave Tony with us. He's my only grandson, and I won't be able to sleep well if he's not around. I'll look after him for you instead. It'll be hard for you to think clearly if he keeps crying anyway."

"It's fine, Mom. Tony is still too little to be separated from me. I'll just carry him if he starts crying!" Amelia stood her ground firmly.

Olivia's expression turned gloomy upon hearing that.

Oscar quickly pulled Amelia behind him and said, "She's just staying there for a few days, Mom. It's not like she's never coming back. She's your favorite daughter-in-law, isn't she? Can't you make an exception?"

As a fellow woman, Olivia was extremely sensitive to the changes in Amelia's behavior and knew that the incident with Oscar and Cassie wouldn't just end like this. Amelia may seem like an easy-going person, but she can be extremely stubborn when she decides to stand firm on her decision!

With that in mind, Olivia shot him a glare and said, "I'm doing this because I feel bad for her, Oscar. She wouldn't be running off with Tony if you didn't mess things up! As a man, you should drop your ego and apologize to her properly!"

Oscar couldn't understand why Olivia, who was usually very understanding, insisted on interfering in their affairs instead of giving them some personal space.

Oscar lost control of his emotions and yelled, "As I said, I'll handle this, Mom! I'm stressed out badly enough as is, so please stop sticking your nose into this!"

Olivia looked hurt when she heard that. "Are you blaming me for this, Oscar?"

Oscar lowered his head and apologized, "I'm sorry for being rude, Mom. I just want you to give us some personal space. I don't want anyone to interfere in our affairs. I'm an adult. I know how to handle this myself."

Noticing that Olivia did not look well, Amelia quickly apologized as well, "I'm sorry for causing you so much trouble, Mom."

"Whatever... I'm too old to be getting involved in your affairs anyway. Just go ahead to Tiffany's if you want," Olivia said while waving helplessly.

She then sat down on the couch and watched as Amelia left with Tony in her arms.

"I'll be heading over to the office soon. I won't be having dinner at home tonight," Oscar said before heading upstairs.

Stephanie waited until he had entered the bedroom before whispering in Olivia's ear, "Mom, I think they're respecting you less and less these days. I mean, Amelia could leave with Tony as she pleased simply because he let her! If they do end up getting divorced, there's a chance that Oscar will let her have custody of Tony! I know you don't like me saying this, but she clearly has him wrapped around her finger! He doesn't even respect you as his mom anymore!"

Noticing that Olivia was in deep thought, Stephanie added, "You'd better be prepared, Mom. Tony is the eldest grandson of this household and will have to inherit our family property eventually."

A vicious glint appeared in Olivia's eyes, but it disappeared a second later.

“Give it a break, will you? Amelia isn’t like that. She and Oscar are practically stuck like glue, so they’re not going to get a divorce. It’s normal for a woman to get a little angry about her husband being with other women. She’ll come back after her anger subsides!” Olivia said confidently. There’s no way anyone will give up on our family’s wealth, not even Amelia. Countless women dream of marrying into the Clinton family so that they could eventually become the lady of the house and live a life of luxury. I mean, being able to afford all the designer handbags, clothes, and shoes that you want? Having private doctors who provide you with skincare products tailored to your needs? No woman can resist such a temptation!

It was easy going from poor to rich, but not the other way round. Olivia didn’t think Amelia could give up on these luxuries after enjoying them for five years, so her insistence on getting divorced struck Olivia like a bolt from the blue.

“I don’t think Amelia will give up on this luxurious lifestyle either, but Oscar did have sex with Cassie! Do you really believe that he has no feelings for her? Knowing Oscar, no one will be able to even get close to him unless he allows them to! I think their marriage is done for, Mom. You’d better prepare for it before it’s too late!” Stephanie argued.

“

Although Olivia had her suspicions, she didn’t want Stephanie to get involved in this incident. “All right, that’s enough. Oscar and Amelia have a very strong relationship, so they’re not going to get a divorce. If you’ve got so much free time on your hands, then go out with Noah and spend more time with him. It’s about time you get married and move out of your parents’ house.”

Stephanie got annoyed when she heard that. “Why would you bring this up again, Mom?”

“Look, all I’m asking is for you to stay out of this. There’s not much I can do to protect you if you anger your brother again!”

Having no other choice, Stephanie could only pout angrily in silence.

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Chapter 273 Tormenting Each Other

No one knew if it was because of the high levels of stress, immense guilt from setting Oscar up, or her reluctance to divorce him, but Amelia developed a fever the night she moved in with Tiffany. Her temperature got so high that she lost consciousness, so Tiffany and Kurt had to rush her to the hospital immediately.

It took the doctors and nurses a whole night just to stabilize her condition, and even then, she still remained unconscious.

"I love you so much, Oscar... I don't want to divorce you..." Amelia mumbled while she was unconscious.

Moments later, she became more agitated as she said, "No, I want to divorce you... I don't want people mocking you for having a blind wife! I don't want to be a burden to you! I know you're strong and don't care about what others say, but I do! I love you, so I can't stand anyone insulting you!"

The next thing they knew, Amelia began convulsing violently and sobbing uncontrollably.

It pained Tiffany to see her so upset even when she was dreaming. She held Amelia's flailing hands and comforted her by saying, "It's all right, Babe. We're here with you. You're not going to divorce Oscar; trust me."

To her surprise, Amelia's convulsions grew even more violent as she mumbled, "No, I want to divorce him! I don't want to be a burden to him! Help me, Tiff!"

Tiffany's eyes reddened.

"Why must you do this, Amelia? Don't divorce him if you love him! Why torture yourself like this? Your eyes will get better once you find a suitable donor!"

"No! Help me, Tiff!"

Tiffany took a deep breath. "All right, I'll help you..."

Amelia finally calmed down after hearing that, only to start mumbling again several minutes later, "I'm sorry for divorcing you, Oscar..."

She kept repeating that phrase as if it was the only way to reassure herself that they weren't meant to be together, that getting divorced was the ideal solution for them both.

Tiffany couldn't understand why Amelia insisted on tormenting both herself and Oscar like this. Maybe this is what happens when you love someone really deeply. You just can't stand being imperfect in their eyes...

She then walked up to Amelia, who was still mumbling, and whispered in her ear, "Get a good night's sleep, Amelia. You need to recover before you can discuss your divorce with Oscar."

Amelia finally fell silent after that.

Tiffany checked the time on her phone and saw that it was already two in the morning.

"Kurt, you should head back and check on Tony. I'm worried about having Martha look after him alone," she said while massaging her forehead.

"I've already tasked two of my friends with protecting Tony in secret, so he'll be fine," Kurt replied.

Tiffany simply shot him a glance before shifting her gaze back to Amelia, who was lying on the bed. "Kurt, could you go buy us some beers? I'm stressed as hell right now and could really use a drink..." she said in a somewhat depressed tone.

Kurt nodded and left the ward, returning about half an hour later with two bags in his hands.

He handed Tiffany one of the bags and said, "I figured you're probably hungry after having such an eventful night, so I bought you some soup too. You should never drink on an empty stomach."

Tiffany felt a warm sensation in her heart as she took the bag over and forced a smile. "You seem cold on the outside, but you sure are surprisingly thoughtful and caring on the inside."

Kurt simply kept quiet.

As Tiffany was indeed hungry at the time, she wasted no time wolfing down the soup.

Amelia was truly blessed to have a great friend like her who would go out of her way and do everything in her power to help out.

After finishing the soup, Tiffany cracked open a cold one and clinked bottles with Kurt as she said, "Drink up!"

"Don't drink so much. It's unladylike to drink like a fish," Kurt advised when he saw her gulping it down aggressively.

Tiffany simply shrugged and continued chugging it down. "I can't help it. I had no one to rely on when I started working a few years ago, so I had to train myself to be a strong and independent woman. Time went by, and... Well, I just ended up like this. Honestly, I used to be a lot worse back then. Now, I only drink occasionally, either when attending social events or meeting with publishers. Amelia and I used to drink a lot when we first stepped into society and attended all sorts of events. Things were really rough at that time, but it slowly got better."

She then took another sip of her beer and continued after a brief pause, "A lot of people wonder why I'm so nice to Amelia. It's because she was there for me during my toughest times. They say a friend in need is a friend indeed, and Amelia certainly is a true friend."

Kurt took a sip of his beer. "She's a good woman."

"It's a shame that fate doesn't like her having a good life." Tiffany downed the remaining beer in the bottle before continuing angrily, "I was the one who stayed

by Amelia's side all these years. Everyone else only sees the glamour of her marrying into the Clinton family. They don't know the suffering she goes through living in that household. Because of her ordinary family background, Amelia is destined to be viewed as inferior by those in the Clinton family. She didn't know anything about proper etiquette at first. In order not to make a fool out of herself, she secretly hired a teacher to educate her on it. She finally developed the elegance and grace required after a while, but I've rarely seen her smile happily ever since. If it were possible, I wish she could stay carefree and happy-go-lucky forever. Unfortunately, her marrying into the Clinton family has taken her innocence away forever."

Kurt went into deep thought after hearing that.

Feeling bitter, Tiffany opened another bottle as she asked, "Kurt, am I being too talkative?"

Kurt shook his head.

"You're a really quiet guy, but that actually makes you a good listener. At least you don't interrupt people when they're rambling on and on," Tiffany said after taking another sip of her beer.

Kurt gulped down his beer with a frown on his face.

"You can continue talking. I like to listen."

Tiffany shot him a meaningful glance and asked all of a sudden, "Kurt, do you like Amelia?"

Kurt paused for a brief second before replying indifferently, "What makes you say that?"

"You seem exceptionally concerned about her. Being a freelance author, I pay a lot of attention to detail when it comes to romance. You have feelings for Amelia, don't you?"

"It hurts seeing her like this." Kurt had indirectly admitted to it.

Tiffany broke into a smile and took a sip of her beer as she said, "Amelia is a very charming woman, so it's perfectly normal for you to fall for her. Maybe fate decided she had way too much of an advantage and decided to make things fair by taking away what matters most to her."

"She'll get better."

"Of that, I have no doubt"—Tiffany downed the rest of the beer in her bottle—"but Amelia doesn't see it that way. She thinks she'll be a burden to Oscar once she goes blind. I think she's really stupid, tormenting herself like this for Oscar's sake. Well, I haven't experienced a powerful romance like this myself, so I

probably wouldn't understand it anyway. Maybe this is just how people who are deeply in love think."

"Boss won't mind if she's blind."

Tiffany was about to open the third bottle, but Kurt stopped her from doing so.

"He may not mind at first, but how do you know for sure if he'll stay that way as time goes on? He may be able to promise her the world when she's fine and healthy, but is he truly able to look after a disabled woman without complaint for the rest of their lives? I know he's a loyal man, but he's so excellent that I can't predict his behavior at all. He used to love Cassie a lot, but look at how quickly he replaced her with Amelia. How can you guarantee that he won't love someone else in the future?"

"I don't think anyone can guarantee anything about the future," Kurt replied as he took another sip from his bottle.

Tiffany smiled in response and gazed at the stars outside the window. "Perhaps. Since this is Amelia's choice to make, we have no choice but to stand on her side."

Kurt simply looked out the window in silence as well.

"It's really late. You should try to get some sleep," Tiffany said.

Kurt shook his head. "You can go ahead and sleep if you want. I'll keep watch."

Tiffany didn't bother arguing and lay down on the recliner. As she closed her eyes, she heard Kurt saying, "Don't overthink it. With a friend like you, I'm sure Amelia will make it through all this."

With a smile on her face, Tiffany pulled the thin blanket over herself and slowly drifted off to sleep.

Tiffany got a call from Oscar the next morning. She didn't want to answer the phone at first, but she recalled how Amelia was mumbling about him in her sleep last night and knew she missed him greatly. Not wanting them to get divorced, Tiffany decided to help Oscar out and answered the phone.

"Oscar, Amelia is in Provincial Hospital right now. You'd better hurry up if you want to see her," she said straightforwardly and hung up the phone after that.

As expected, Oscar showed up at the ward in less than half an hour. He was sweating all over and panting heavily as he rushed to Amelia's side.

"Amelia? Amelia!" he called out to her while holding her hand tightly.

Amelia opened her eyes all of a sudden and stared drowsily at Oscar. "Let's get a divorce, Oscar."

She then closed her eyes again and repeatedly muttered the same sentence in her sleep.

Oscar tightened his grip on her hand slightly as a glint of pain flashed in his eyes. "Amelia, do you really want to divorce me that badly?" Even when you're asleep, you keep saying that same thing over and over again... Do you have any idea how much it hurts me to hear it?

Tiffany grew anxious as she watched from the side. Damn it, Amelia! You kept talking in your sleep about how much you missed him when he wasn't here, and now you're asking him to divorce you when he's actually here?

Amelia opened her eyes again and said, "Let's get a divorce, Oscar."

Oscar's eyes reddened as he tried his best to suppress his raging emotions.

"Amelia, you're not thinking straight right now because of your fever. Be a good girl and rest well. I'll bring you home once you're all better. Don't worry, we're not going to get divorced," he said with a forced smile.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 274

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 274 A Love Too Deep

"Water... Water..." Amelia muttered in a hoarse voice after waking up as her throat felt really dry.

Oscar quickly handed her a glass of water, only to see her staring blankly at him in confusion.

"I thought you were thirsty," Oscar said gently while looking at her affectionately.

Amelia's lips twitched slightly as she drank the water obediently.

"What are you doing here?" she asked while staring at Oscar when her throat was feeling a little better.

The look in Oscar's eyes changed for a split second, but he was quick to hide it. He gently caressed her hair as he said, "How can a husband not visit his wife when she's in the hospital?"

Hearing that made Amelia feel conflicted instantly.

Please don't be so nice to me, Oscar... The nicer you are to me, the harder it will be for me to leave you... It'll make me feel stupid about everything I've done!

Oscar felt his heart throb when he saw her go silent.

"I'm sorry, Amelia. Will you please stop torturing me like this? You're the only woman I want to spend the rest of my life with. I really love you, Amelia. I promise I won't look at any other women in the future, so please stop saying you want to divorce me. It really hurts my heart..." he said, placing her hand on his chest.

Amelia was so moved that she was about to say yes, only to be snapped out of it when her vision went black all of a sudden.

She quickly pulled her hand back and tried to appear calm as she replied, "I'm tired, Oscar. Can you please leave for now?"

Oscar stared deeply at her with a hint of pain in his eyes.

"Honey, you're still—"

"Please leave, Oscar! I'm really tired!" Amelia raised her voice in her state of panic.

Oscar is way too smart! I need to get rid of him fast or he'll notice for sure!

"Do you really hate to see me that much?"

Amelia closed her eyes and turned her body to the other side of the bed. "Just leave, Oscar. You promised you'd give me some personal space for a few days. You're not going back on your promise, are you?" she voiced while fighting her tears back.

Instead of leaving, Oscar simply stood there and stared at her in silence.

"Oscar? Oscar?" Amelia tried calling out to him when she didn't hear anything after a while.

Oscar didn't respond and continued observing her without making a sound.

Thinking he had left, Amelia couldn't help feeling disappointed as tears flowed down her cheeks.

Not being able to see made the silent hospital ward feel terrifyingly empty, and she began sobbing softly out of helplessness.

The sound of her crying tugged at Oscar's heartstrings. Unable to hold himself back any longer, he stepped forward and carefully pulled her into his embrace. "Why are you crying?"

Amelia was so shocked that she instinctively struggled with all of her might.

"Stop struggling! Let me hug you!" Oscar pleaded.

Amelia stopped struggling after that and leaned obediently against his chest. With her heart filled with sadness and her vision shrouded in darkness, she only had his shoulder to lean on at that time.

"I'm sorry, Honey. You can punish me in any way you like, just don't bring up divorce so easily. It hurts me really badly whenever I hear it. Let's make up. I'll accept any and all of your punishments for the rest of my life," Oscar said submissively.

Amelia closed her eyes and forcefully suppressed her tears.

By the time she opened her eyes again, the look of sadness on her face had vanished. "Can you let go of me first?" she asked calmly.

Oscar froze and stared at her in disbelief.

She's being so cold to me that it almost feels like we're complete strangers! I don't understand... She claimed to love me so much a few days ago... How did she change so drastically in such a short period of time? Did me having sex with Cassie hurt her that much? Well, now that I think about it... If our roles were switched, I would probably get so mad that I would want to kill the guy. Regardless, my love for her would never allow me to divorce her! But even if I chose to forgive her in the end, it would still haunt me for the rest of my life.

Amelia broke free from his embrace when he was distracted and lay back in bed. "Leave, Oscar. Go now or I'll get myself discharged from the hospital," she said firmly.

Oscar stared at her for a while but gave in to her request eventually.

"All right, I'll go. I'll come see you tomorrow."

Amelia deliberately put on a cold look as she rejected him, "Don't bother. I need some time alone."

Oscar slowly clenched his fists. After a while, he said, "Okay, sure. I'll be on my way now."

This time, he actually left the ward.

Tiffany and Kurt waited until he was gone before entering the ward. "Why do you have to be like this, Amelia?" Tiffany asked when she saw her lying on the bed.

"You promised you'd help me, Tiff," Amelia said indifferently.

Tiffany scratched her head in frustration. "Amelia, you—"

"If you truly are on my side, then don't invite Oscar to come over without my consent. I know you're doing this for my own good, but I'm the only one who knows my condition best. I don't want to become a burden to him in the future."

"My bad, I'm sorry."

"I'm not blaming you or anything, Tiff. I'm just a little tired. I'm going to take a nap," Amelia replied and closed her eyes.

"All right, you sleep well now. Kurt and I will watch over you."

It didn't take long before Amelia fell asleep.

A doctor came in to take her temperature about ten minutes later. "Ms. Winters, Dr. Leonard would like to see you in her office," he told Tiffany.

Tiffany nodded and waited until the doctor left before whispering to Kurt, "Stay here and watch over her for me. I need to head over to Dr. Leonard's office for a bit."

Kurt nodded.

Tiffany then left the ward and made her way toward Maria's office.

She knocked on the door and waited until she heard a response before entering. "Dr. Leonard?" Tiffany called out to her as she closed the door behind her.

"Please have a seat, Ms. Winters."

Tiffany sat down and got straight to the point. "You can just call me Tiffany. Did you summon me to discuss Amelia's condition?"

Maria nodded. "The doctors have discussed this and agreed that now isn't a good time to surgically remove the blood clot. It's too close to a lot of her nerves, so the risks are simply too high. The slightest mistake could result in death, so I suggest we stick to conservative management for the time being."

Tiffany tensed up and asked anxiously, "But, Dr. Leonard... This wasn't what you told me two days ago, so why are you—"

Maria let out a deep sigh and replied with a stern look on her face, "Calm down, Tiffany. Ms. Winters' condition is a lot worse than we imagined. This high fever of hers is actually caused by the blood clot in her brain. Please be prepared as it may reoccur many times in the days to come. Also, she runs the risk of entering a comatose state if the blood clot isn't removed in time."

Tiffany was really starting to panic at that point.

"Dr. Leonard, you have to treat her with the best doctors and equipment you have available! Money isn't an issue for us! I know we aren't filthy rich, but we can afford to pay up to millions if needed. If local doctors aren't capable of treating her, then hire some from overseas!"

"You may feel free to seek treatment in Anglandur if you don't have faith in this hospital, Tiffany. They have the best doctors and medical technology in the world, so they may be able to save Ms. Winters," Maria replied after giving it some thought.

Tiffany took a moment to regain her composure. "I'll have to discuss this with her, Dr. Leonard."

"Sure."

Amelia had already woken up and regained her vision by the time Tiffany returned to her ward.

She looked at Kurt and said, "Kurt, will you please step outside for a moment? I need to have a word with Amelia."

Kurt walked right out the door without asking any questions.

Tiffany knelt down beside Amelia's bed and held her hand as she said seriously, "Babe, listen to me very carefully. Your condition is a lot worse than we expected. I think you should tell Oscar the truth. With their wealth and resources, I'm sure they'll be able to find you the best doctors."

Amelia's expression grew cold immediately as she shook her head.

"Babe, you really need to stop being so stubborn. If you don't get treated soon, not only will you lose your sense of sight, but also your life! Even if you don't care about your life, you should still care about Tony! Do you really want him to lose his mom at such a young age?"

Amelia lowered her gaze and kept quiet.

"What the hell are you thinking, Amelia? Is your so-called ego more important than your eyesight and your life?" Tiffany shouted anxiously.

Unfortunately, Amelia was as stubborn as an ox. She refused to change her mind. "That's enough, Tiff. If you tell Oscar about me going blind, then we will no longer be friends."

Tiffany got so mad that her arms were trembling like crazy. "You—"

"I've been tolerant with pretty much everything life threw at me all these years, but this is something I must insist on. Just let me have it my way this once, Tiff."

"But your condition..."

Amelia had already made plans for the worst-case scenario. "I'll be fine with you and Tony by my side. If anything happens to me, then it probably is fated to happen anyway. If I die, I want you to send Tony back to the Clintons and tell

them I got sick and tired of raising him. They can think of me as a heartless woman for all I care.”

Tiffany took a deep breath and asked with reddened eyes, “Are you sure you don’t want to tell the Clintons the truth?”

Amelia shook her head and replied calmly, “You know me, Tiff. I wouldn’t have done all this if I wanted to tell them the truth. I know about my blood clot better than you, and I have considered the possibility of me dying from it. However, death doesn’t scare me as much as Oscar having to see me undergo surgery. He said he never wanted to see me on the operating table again, and I love him too much to let him suffer because of me. That’s why I’m going to make this decision for him instead.”

Tiffany stared wide-eyed at her in shock.

I thought she was only doing this because of her ego, but she actually thought so much about it! Still, her decision is based solely on what she thinks is the best way to protect Oscar. She never considered if this was what Oscar would want.

“Is it really worth going this far, Amelia?” she asked bitterly.

Amelia flashed her a faint smile. “I love him, so everything is worth it. He might call me an idiot when he found out eventually, but I can’t help it. I just love him so much that I would rather die than be a burden to him.”

Tiffany fell silent after hearing that.

Such a deep and profound form of love was something she could not comprehend any time soon.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 275

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 275 Court Her After The Divorce

Still feeling tense after leaving the hospital, Oscar booked a luxurious room at a karaoke bar, ordered dozens of bottles of whiskey, and called up some friends that he had known for over twenty years.

Julian Hayes arched an eyebrow when he opened the door and saw the empty bottles of whiskey lying on the table. As Oscar was about to continue chugging on another bottle, he stepped forward and snatched it out of his hand.

Julian then placed it on the table before sitting down with his legs crossed. “She must be a real charmer if the great Mr. Clinton is drinking his sorrows away in the middle of the day!” he said lazily.

Oscar simply shot him a glance and reached for the next bottle of whiskey, but Julian was quicker as he stopped him in time.

"Julian, you can either drink with me as a friend or get the f*ck out of here," Oscar said coldly.

With a carefree smile on his face, Julian took the bottle from him with ease. "I don't mind drinking with you, but can you at least tell me why you're doing this? I don't fancy getting crazy drunk with you for no reason."

Oscar snatched the bottle of whiskey back from him and chugged it down.

Realizing that Oscar was really depressed, Julian stopped messing around with him and said in a more serious tone, "All right, out with it. What happened? I've never seen you like this before."

Oscar wiped the traces of whiskey off the corner of his mouth as he said, "Amelia wants to divorce me."

Shock and disbelief filled Julian's eyes instantly.

"This isn't April Fool's, Oscar. It's not funny to joke about something like this! Anyone who has known you as long as I do can tell that she truly loves you. Sure, you've been really cold to her and all, but you changed your ways ever since she got into that car accident. Why would she suddenly want to divorce you? Did you do something to upset her?"

Oscar simply shot him a glance through the corner of his eye before reaching for the whiskey again.

Julian stopped him and said, "You need to slow down on the drinking to enjoy the taste of the whiskey. Chugging it barbarically like this is just a waste of good booze."

He then handed Oscar a glass of whiskey that he had just poured as he continued, "Come on, tell me what's going on. Amelia seems to love you deeply, so there's no way she'd ask for a divorce unless she has no other choice. Even if she didn't love you, I doubt any woman would willingly give up on your family's wealth!"

It's easy going from poor to rich, but not the other way round. No sane person will trade a luxurious life for a poor one!

Julian was born into a prominent family. He possessed a devilishly handsome appearance. Despite having attracted countless women over the years, he was never committed to a single one of them.

Because of his cold and indifferent attitude toward relationships, he could analyze Oscar's problem much more effectively.

Oscar raised the glass and downed his drink in one go with a wry smile on his face.

"I probably wouldn't be drinking here right now if she was that kind of woman!" he said meaningfully. If Amelia were a gold digger, Oscar would only have desired her body without any emotional attachments. It was precisely because she was different from the others that he ended up falling head over heels for her.

Julian shot him a suspicious glance as he asked, "Oscar, have you actually fallen in love with her?"

Oscar kept quiet, but Julian knew that was his way of saying yes.

"Why would she insist on divorcing you, though? She must have a reason for it. I need to know what that reason is if I am to help you come up with a solution!"

Oscar told him everything that had happened between them.

"You may not like what I'm about to say, but I'm saying this for the sake of both of you. I think it's actually pretty good for you two to get a divorce," Julian said after giving it some thought.

Oscar's expression darkened.

Julian quickly added, "Don't get the wrong idea, Oscar! Hear me out! The first reason I agree with you two getting divorced is that your marriage was a mistake to begin with. What you two had was a marriage of convenience. You may genuinely love her now, but it doesn't change the fact that you two got together without any feelings of love. The second reason is that you now have Cassie in the way, and don't even try to tell me you don't have any feelings for her. You loved Cassie for five years, and you claim that you've completely gotten over her in just a few months? I know I sure as hell won't believe you, let alone Amelia! These two reasons alone are more than enough for me to agree with the divorce. Now, here's the kicker. There's nothing stopping you from courting Amelia after the divorce. You can try to woo her again and touch her heart with your love. That way, you'll be able to have her marry you willingly and start your relationship with a clean slate. Isn't a win-win situation like this a lot better?"

Oscar had a deep frown on his face as he listened on.

"I remember you once told me that a crisis might actually be an opportunity in disguise. This looks like a perfect opportunity for you two to resolve your conflict if you ask me. Still, your affair with Cassie seems really suspicious. You're always super cautious and alert, and yet this happens to you right when you're supposed to have a great night with Amelia. Have you never considered the possibility that Amelia might just be the one who—"

Oscar cut him off, "No, she won't do such a thing."

Julian shrugged and said with an ambiguous smile, "Given your level of intellect, you should be able to see the truth behind all this with a bit of thinking."

"She will never," Oscar said and shot Julian a warning glare.

Jeez... Oscar has hopelessly fallen in love with a woman whom he once couldn't give two sh*ts about!

"Fine, I won't go there, then." Julian waved at him as he continued, "Despite her sexy appearance, she's a very considerate and smart woman, so I'm not surprised that you fell in love with her. I am, however, surprised that it took you five years to do so. I thought it would've only taken you two years, but you ended up waiting five years for a woman whom you don't even love. It's no wonder Amelia isn't really confident in your love for her!"

Oscar simply continued drinking in silence.

"Cheers, man! It's boring to just drink by yourself like that!" Julian said while holding his glass up, prompting Oscar to clink glasses with him.

He then slowly took a sip of his whiskey to enjoy its flavor and said, "Oscar, I think you should really reevaluate your marriage with Amelia. Honestly, this whole incident could just be her pulling a prank on you. As generous as she might be, she wouldn't just willingly hand her husband over to another woman. Regardless, given your affair with Cassie and your past feelings for her, Amelia does indeed have a justifiable reason for divorcing you. I suggest you agree to the divorce and then start courting her. This will ensure that your relationship is based on pure love instead of financial benefits."

The two of them then continued drinking for a little while longer.

"Thank you, Julian," Oscar said solemnly.

"I'm just glad you don't think badly of my suggestions," Julian replied, clinking glasses with him.

"No, you reminded me of something important. Everyone thinks I'm a genius because of my success in the corporate world, but I'm actually clueless when it comes to women. I'm neither romantic nor gentle. Cassie leaving me back then left a huge impact on me, which was why I decided to buy myself a marriage in such a hurry. You're right. Amelia and I got together for the wrong reasons in the beginning. Even if I have finally realized how much she means to me, the damage I've done to her in the past is still there. Perhaps the end of this relationship is actually going to be the start of a new and better one!" Oscar said, waving his glass.

Julian's advice had opened his eyes and inspired him to court Amelia properly so that she would remarry him willingly. He was determined to love, protect, and treasure her no matter how challenging it would be.

However, little did Oscar know that the next time he saw Amelia after their divorce would be two years later. Due to his overconfidence in himself, those two years felt exceptionally difficult for him. He was practically living like a zombie as he coped with it by keeping himself busy with work.

He was so absorbed in his fantasies of winning Amelia back that he never once considered the possibility that she would leave the city, let alone the fact that Tiffany and Kurt would help keep her whereabouts a secret. The pain of losing her would prove to be so agonizing that Oscar practically became a machine at work.

Julian raised his glass. "I wish you all the best in winning her back, Oscar! She'll definitely come back to you if you show her your sincerity! I hereby congratulate you in advance for having another child so that Tony will have a sibling!"

Oscar broke into a smile and seemed to be in a much better mood.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 276

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 276 Electrocuted

With a plan worked out, Oscar started working on how he'd court Amelia and get her back after they divorced. He wanted the two of them to get back together as soon as possible, so he even put aside his pride and consulted his men. That caused most of his subordinates to stare strangely at him, as if they had just seen a ghost.

Oscar tapped the desk with his pen and demanded, "I asked you boys what you do when you court women. Is that question really that difficult to answer?"

The men came around immediately after.

They interrupted each other as they answered the question, but in general, it was the same few pieces of advice.

Firstly, a guy had to buy breakfast and personally deliver it to the girl's place every morning. He was to have breakfast with her, then accompany her to her workplace.

Secondly, the guy had to show up in front of the girl every single day and be adaptable to the situation. For example, if someone were to bully the girl, the guy must exact revenge on the girl's behalf.

Thirdly, the guy had to be prepared and okay with being the girl's fallback guy.

Fourthly, the guy had to treat the girl well. It was imperative to do so much for her that she became used to it and became unreasonably spoiled. Every other guy wouldn't be able to handle that temper, and she'd naturally turn to the guy who spoiled her in the first place.

Fifthly, the guy had to love everything the girl loved. He also had to be kind to her family and friends.

Sixthly, it was vital the guy remember every occasion. Valentine's Day, dating anniversaries, the day they first kissed, wedding anniversaries... Any occasion involving any gesture of love must be celebrated.

As Oscar listened, he noted everything down on a piece of paper as though he were a student preparing for an exam.

His subordinates' eyes bulged in astonishment as they watched him write away. They then turned to one another and saw the same curiosity reflected in each other's eyes.

Daniel had been working as Oscar's assistant for quite some time by then. He rubbed his hands together before asking, "Uh, Mr. Clinton? Why are you asking this question?"

"To court and get my wife back. Do you guys think this will work?" asked Oscar grimly. He had a straight face on, but everyone else took his words as a joke.

Daniel grinned and replied, "Oh, that's so funny, Mr. Clinton! You and your wife are on such good terms, and the two of you have a son together. There's no need for you to court her."

"What makes you think that we're on good terms?" asked Oscar as he rested both his hands on his desk. There was an unreadable expression on his face.

Daniel swallowed hard and examined Oscar's expression before chuckling a little. The former then said, "Mr. Clinton, you truly are hilarious. If you and your wife aren't on good terms, how could the two of you stay married for five years? You're handsome and rich, so you can have any woman you want. Staying with your wife for so long shows that you truly love her. Now that the two of you have a son, your family of three will surely be happy and blissful."

Oscar was the kind of man who would lose all rationale when he fell for someone. Others might regard his behavior as being mentally disturbed, but Daniel had spent the last five years observing Oscar. Hence, Daniel knew that Oscar was simply an idiot when it came to matters of the heart.

"Mr. Clinton, are you okay?" asked Daniel nervously. Crap, I didn't say anything wrong, did I? Please don't fire me from this high-paying job with great benefits!

Oscar snapped back to his senses at the question. He waved his hand and ordered, "You guys can leave and go back to work now."

Daniel and the others felt like a weight had been lifted off their chests.

"Okay then, Mr. Clinton. We'll head out now."

The crowd had just reached the door when Oscar said, "By the way, everyone will get a bonus of three thousand this month."

Everyone was delighted to hear that. The economy was terrible nowadays, and the prices of everything were inflated. Having three thousand as a bonus was equivalent to finding a treasure chest.

“Thank you, Mr. Clinton!”

After everyone had left, Oscar dialed a number and had Jerry enter the office.

Jerry, who was wearing a formal outfit, entered the office and politely asked, “Mr. Clinton, you wanted to see me?”

Oscar nodded and cut to the chase by asking, “Jerry, if you were angry at your boyfriend, what would you want him to get you? Flowers? A car? A house? A mansion?”

Jerry was confused. She didn’t understand what that question had to do with her profession, so she looked right at Oscar and asked, “Mr. Clinton, may I know if you’re asking as my employer or as a friend? I’ll need to know that to answer your question.”

“What do you think?” challenged Oscar.

Jerry instantly understood what was going on.

“Mr. Clinton, if I was mad at my boyfriend but we were still in the early stages of our relationship, I would want him to do something romantic for me. For example, he can give me flowers, take me to dinner, or plan a romantic getaway. Almost every woman enjoys romantic gestures, after all. If, however, my boyfriend and I have been together for a while, I’d want him to save some money to buy a car or a house. I’d also want him to plan for our wedding because I’m getting older, and time waits for no one. Still, I’d want him to occasionally do something romantic for me. At the end of the day, the same fact remains—women like romantic gestures.”

After saying all that, Jerry paused for a moment before asking, “Mr. Clinton, are you planning on doing something romantic for your wife?”

Oscar nodded.

Jerry thought about it before suggesting, “Mr. Clinton, I’m sure your wife will be happy to learn that you’re thinking about doing something for her, so I think she’ll feel your sincerity regardless of what you do. All you have to focus on is putting in the effort. Mrs. Clinton isn’t a money-minded woman, so rather than giving her a branded bag or a branded outfit, it’d be better if you free up some time to cook for her. That gesture is more touching than giving her something expensive. Just give her what she lacks.”

Oscar thought about it.

“Jerry, you seem to know Amelia really well.”

Jerry grinned and replied, "Mr. Clinton, your wife is the most important woman in your life, so it's only natural that I learn all about her. I need to be careful when buttering her up, or I may accidentally offend her."

Oscar couldn't help grinning.

"Jerry, you are exceptional at your job and know how to gauge your superior's thoughts. The most important bit, however, is that you're smart enough to steer clear of unwelcomed gestures or vile thoughts. The sales manager is retiring next week, and I'm thinking about promoting you to that position. What's your take on the matter?" asked Oscar.

Jerry's eyes glowed. She never thought that something so great would happen to her.

The Sales Department was the core department within Clinton Corporations because it was responsible for the daily, monthly, and annual profits. All other departments counted on the Sales Department to get their bonuses, and anyone with the right skills could make a fortune.

Many went all out to come up with strategies to enter that department, so Jerry didn't expect something that great to fall right into her lap.

She knew then that Oscar was going to train her, and that opportunity had come because Jerry herself was great at her work. However, Amelia had also played a vital role because she had obviously put in a good word for Jerry every now and then. Sometimes, having the favor of the CEO's wife has its benefits.

"Thank you, Mr. Clinton. I promise I won't disappoint you," replied Jerry excitedly.

"Jerry, do you know why I'm suddenly promoting you to be the manager of the Sales Department?"

Jerry thought about it before replying, "Mr. Clinton, you're a man who values talent. I'm guessing you thought long and hard before deciding that I was the best candidate for the job."

Oscar nodded. He tapped rhythmically on the table with his golden pen, then answered, "You're not wrong about that, but your capabilities are only one of the two reasons I chose to promote you. The other reason is Amelia. She once spoke up for you, and she's the reason I'll train you, so in a way, you're in her debt. If in the future she turns to you for help, I pray that you'll help her, regardless of what it is she needs."

Jerry thought those words were a little strange. Given the power that the Clintons hold, Amelia won't need to come to me for help.

Despite those thoughts, Jerry answered in a firm tone, "I will, Mr. Clinton. If Mrs. Clinton ever asks for my help, I'll go all out to do so."

“Remember what you said today.”

Jerry nodded.

It would be some time before Jerry understood and was impressed by Oscar’s incredible skill at predicting problems and preparing for them. How much did a man have to love a woman to consider that far into the future and plan ahead? All just so that the woman he loved would have an easier life.

“You may leave now,” replied Oscar while waving his hand. “When the manager of the Sales Department retires next month, you’ll be promoted to replace him. I have high hopes for you, and I pray that you’ll lead the elites in the Sales Department to a new height. Don’t let me down.”

Jerry nodded firmly.

Oscar sat on his chair and played with the pen he had with him. His eyes shone with unfaltering determination.

He had been planning for how he would court Amelia and get her back after they had their divorce. That was why he hadn’t been to visit Amelia all this time. Still, he had sent his men to spy on her and was aware of how she was discharged from the hospital on the third day. On top of that, it seemed that she was doing fine, so he felt assured enough to tell his men to stop spying on her.

With Kurt there to protect Amelia, Oscar didn’t want to assign anyone else to her. He worried Amelia would assume that he only had his men spy on her because he didn’t trust her. Hence, out of respect and trust for his partner, Oscar decided that he didn’t need to know about Amelia’s daily routine.

He planned on visiting her on the fifth day of their separation. Amelia, on the other hand, had thought about a lot over the past five days. Oscar hadn’t come to visit her, and at first, she was a little upset about it. Then, she thought about how things were going to end between the two of them, and that made her feel devastated.

She did well at hiding her sadness away, and she would play with Tony whenever she was free. She did her best to smile as much as possible, but her vision would always be gone when she woke up from her afternoon nap. Additionally, her vision at night was getting progressively worse. She couldn’t see anything beyond three meters anymore, and if the lights were off, she would be completely blind.

This caused her to be overwhelmed by panic and anxiety, and she felt miserable. There were times when she thought about doing the extreme, but when she saw Tony smiling, those negative thoughts miraculously faded away.

Despite her fluctuating emotions, Oscar showed up at the front door one day.

When Amelia saw Oscar once more, a complex range of emotions welled in her. Her lips moved, and for a moment there, everything felt so surreal and unfamiliar that she didn't know what to say.

Oscar was staring at her as well. He commented, "You've lost weight."

The grip on Amelia's heart loosened a little.

She shifted her gaze to avoid looking into Oscar's mesmerizing eyes. After that, she said, "Ah, you're here. Come on in."

Oscar entered, his burning gaze entirely focused on Amelia.

Amelia tried her best to stay as far away from Oscar as possible. "Take a seat."

Oscar sat down and looked right at her. He went straight to the point and said, "Amelia, I'm here to take you home. I've thought about it. If you want to get a divorce, then let's talk about it at home. I won't make this difficult for you."

In Oscar's mind, he thought that the faster they got a divorce, the faster he could start courting Amelia again and get her back. He thought that without money or benefits involved, their love would bloom in a purer and more lasting way.

Amelia, however, felt like she had been electrocuted when she heard that.

She gripped the sofa's fabric so tightly that her veins were popping, and her face was turning pale.

She was the one who had asked for a divorce, but seeing how Oscar seemed absolutely okay with the divorce made her feel terrible.

So this is how little Oscar loves me. It only took him a few days to let go of everything between us.

All her previous suffering seemed to have turned into nothing but a joke.

At that moment, she felt as though she was the dumbest person alive. She had assumed that Oscar loved her, but it only took him such a short time to get over her and be okay with the divorce.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 277

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

Chapter 277 She Would Lose All Rights After The Divorce

Oscar noticed that Amelia seemed off, so he nervously asked, "What's wrong? Are you not feeling well again?"

At that, Amelia regained her composure. She adjusted her expression and shook her head before calmly saying, "I'm fine. Didn't you say that you wanted to talk about the divorce? Let's go, then."

Oscar took one long look at her. Perhaps he was too excited about courting her again, but he neglected to analyze the way Amelia was acting out of character. Either that or his IQ had dropped to zero as he immersed himself in the romantic thoughts of how he'd woo Amelia again. Thus, he didn't think much of her strange behavior.

Oscar had never courted anyone before. He and Cassie had known each other their whole lives because their families were close. That was why it felt natural for them to get together.

"I'll go check and see if Tony has woken up," said Amelia. She got up from the sofa and seemed to be trying to flee from Oscar.

"Let me go with you. It's been a while since I last saw Tony, and I miss him," said Oscar.

"There's no need for that. You should just wait here. I'm merely checking to see if he's up. We can head back if he's already awake," replied Amelia.

Oscar didn't insist on tagging along. Instead, he stared dopyly as Amelia practically fled the scene.

Tiffany had been pretending to be busy in the kitchen the entire time. When Amelia entered the nursery, Tiffany walked over to Oscar and stared at him with a complicated expression. She then asked, "Oscar, are the two of you really getting a divorce?"

Oscar shot her a glance. It was hard to tell if he was being serious when he said, "Isn't that what you wanted all along?"

Feeling as though she had been attacked, she glared at him and growled, "Oscar Clinton, it seems that I thought too highly of you. I thought that you would fight for Amelia, but you're worse than all the jerks out there."

At that moment, Tiffany truly felt bad for Amelia. The latter had done so many silly things for Oscar's sake and had put his wellbeing before her own needs. I can't believe that he turned out to be so heartless. He's agreeing to the divorce just like that! Was all the love and remorse he showed in the past nothing but an act? Is he not hurt at all?

Oscar's expression hardened as he answered sternly, "Tiffany, I'm grateful to you for taking care of Amelia, and if you ever need my help, all you have to do is say the word. I'll surely help you. However, don't you think that you're overstepping your boundaries when it comes to matters between Amelia and me?"

Tiffany's lips curved into a mocking grin.

She had put in so many good words for Oscar in front of Amelia. Tiffany never wanted the two of them to get a divorce because she didn't want them to lose each other. Who would've thought that I'd end up being called a busybody?

"Oscar Clinton, you better not regret your decision," said Tiffany. She crossed her arms and decided not to waste her breath anymore. Previously, she had thought that Amelia had finally found true love, but it turned out it was all just a horrible mistake.

"Amelia is my friend, and if you won't treasure her, then I think it's best if the two of you cut ties completely and get a divorce soon. Darn it, I used to think that you're an honorable man. Now, I see that you're just as bad as the others," said Tiffany.

After saying all that, Tiffany entered the nursery in a huff.

Oscar didn't even consider explaining the situation. He wanted to surprise Amelia and assumed that every misunderstanding would dissolve once he and Amelia were back together.

Amelia doesn't believe that I love her, so I'll show her that my love for her will remain strong, with or without a marriage certificate. That was what was running through Oscar's mind.

He never would have thought that everything he did that day would anger his ally, Tiffany, so much that she abandoned him. If she had remained on his side, he would not have needed to suffer as much over the next two years.

Oscar had argued with Tiffany on so many occasions for so many years, but he was still unaware of how important Tiffany was to Amelia. That was his biggest mistake. If he had let Tiffany in on his secret that day, Tiffany would've helped him, and his mission to get Amelia back would've been so much easier. He and Amelia wouldn't have been separated for two years. The most heartbreaking bit in all that was that after the events in those two years, it was impossible to go back to that innocent and pure love from before.

People change over time, and it would be difficult for their love to remain the same.

When Tiffany entered the nursery, she saw Amelia sitting numbly at the edge of the bed. The former walked over and asked, "Amelia, are you really going to head over to talk about the divorce?"

Amelia snapped out of her daze and turned to Tiffany. Chuckling bitterly, she asked, "You heard us?"

Tiffany shrugged and pretended to be relaxed when she said, "I have incredible hearing. I didn't want to eavesdrop, but your voices kept rushing into my ears."

Amelia forced a smile on her face.

"You claimed that he loves me and will never agree to sign the divorce papers. I thought the same as well. Who would've thought that we were both wrong, and it only took him five days to become so eager to get a divorce? I was the one who started it all and asked for the divorce, but seeing how eager he is still makes me feel terrible. Seriously, I'm such a contradicting idiot. I want the divorce, but I also wish that he would try to make me stay," Amelia mocked herself.

Tiffany walked over and draped her arm over Amelia's shoulder, comforting, "Don't overthink it. There's a solution for every problem. If Oscar wants a divorce as well, then it proves that the love you share is not strong enough. Given your current condition, it might not be the worst thing to get a divorce now."

Amelia nodded slightly.

"I'm fine, Tiff," she then said as she packed some of Tony's clothes up. "I'll take Tony back with me. Even if Oscar signs the divorce papers, it'll still be a tough legal battle for Tony's custody. My in-laws will not let him go so easily."

"Don't worry about it. Just call me if you need anything. The Clintons might be rich and powerful, but you're not alone either. Worse comes to worst, I'll just go to Mr. Hisson. I've been working for his company for quite a few years now, so it's okay for me to ask him to do me a favor. If it comes down to it, I can even seduce him. His family is just as powerful as the Clintons, and he's been courting me for a while. I'll just use this incident to test the waters with him and see if he passes," replied Tiffany. She pretended to be nonchalant as she spoke. However, she was secretly nervous.

Amelia eyed her for a moment before a genuine smile finally showed up on her face. "So you're finally admitting to liking him?" asked Amelia.

"W-What are you talking about? We haven't even started dating, so how is it even possible for me to like him?"

Seeing how stubborn Tiffany was, Amelia said, "Tiff, don't keep the guy waiting if you're interested in him. The rich aren't as complicated or as dramatic as you think. It's not easy to meet a nice guy who is also in love with you. Don't make it so that you end up in a situation as terrible as mine and have to destroy your own happiness."

Tiffany fell deep into her thoughts at those words.

"Babe, let's not talk about such sad things anymore. I know how to deal with my relationships. I'm just reluctant because I'm not sure if he's the one for me or if we can last forever. Our social statuses are too different, after all. If I act impulsively, I might end up enjoying a moment of love, only to live in pain for the rest of my life. That's not a good deal, and I refuse to engage in something where I'll make a loss," answered Tiffany rationally.

However, the more rational she was, the more it proved that Derrick's courting methods were rather effective. She used to have her guard up against him, but

now she was considering him as a potential suitor. That showed that she was slowly opening up to Derrick.

Amelia shook her head and pointed out, "It's good that you're thinking about it. Just don't be indecisive like I was. You'll end up hurting yourself and others."

Tiffany nodded. She noticed that the atmosphere in the room had turned a little grim, so she changed the topic and said, "Come on, let's not keep frowning like that. Give me a smile. We'll fight like warriors and show the Clintons that we'll lead a life as happy as theirs, regardless of whether we have them on our side."

In response, Amelia forced herself to smile.

Picking Tony up in her arms, she then spoke to Kurt, who was hiding in the shadows. "Kurt, just follow us from afar. I can take care of Tony."

"Understood," replied Kurt. He was still nowhere to be seen, but his voice was crystal clear.

Amelia exited the nursery with Tony after that. Oscar noticed that Kurt was nowhere to be found, so he asked, "Where's Kurt?"

Amelia didn't answer. Instead, she said, "Let's go."

Oscar didn't push for an answer, either. He simply walked to her and reached out his arms before offering, "I can carry Tony."

Amelia handed the baby over.

Tiffany walked everyone to the door and said, "I won't go down with the rest of you then, Amelia."

Amelia nodded.

Without Tiffany there to ease the tension, Amelia and Oscar ended up being utterly quiet in the elevator.

Oscar couldn't help feeling excited when he thought about how he'd court the woman who, at the moment, was still his wife. It was something he had never experienced before because women had always been the ones chasing after him. Now that he was going to try courting his wife, it was a new experience for him. Maybe it was because he had changed his stance, but he found himself feeling nervous when he was around Amelia.

Amelia, on the other hand, was disappointed by Oscar's sudden change in attitude. Feeling despondent, she naturally didn't want to make any small talk to ease things.

This was the first time things were so awkward between them that they had nothing to say to each other.

Both were surprisingly quiet even after they exited the elevator and walked to the car.

When they got into the car, Amelia and Tony took the back seat because she had to hold the baby.

Oscar looked at the mother-son duo via the reflection in the rearview mirror, and that prompted his gaze to turn warmer. He suddenly felt proud of his wife and son.

"Sit tight," said Oscar lovingly.

Amelia nodded.

Oscar was careful as he drove the car steadily out of the neighborhood. As he did so, he asked, "Has Tony been good these past couple of days?"

"He's been great, and he ate as he always has. It's pretty easy to care for him," replied Amelia as she stared at the back of Oscar's head.

"I'm glad to hear that," replied Oscar. He kept his eyes on the road and thought about it before he suddenly said, "Don't worry, Honey. Even if we get a divorce, you'll still have custody of Tony. I'll deal with my parents."

Amelia tightened her hug on Tony. A complex series of emotions rose in her heart, and her gaze at Oscar reflected that.

She wanted to ask him how he had managed to change so much within a few short days. How is he so okay with the divorce and why does he not care about Tony's custody? Does he really not care about our baby at all?

Amelia had dozens of questions, but the words that managed to leave her lips were simple. "Thank you."

Amelia was heartbroken. She never thought that she and Oscar would become this estranged. It was almost like they were strangers.

Oscar checked up on Amelia via the rearview mirror and saw that she looked terrible, so he asked, "What is it? Do you not like the way I'm dealing with the situation?"

Amelia shook her head.

"No, I'm just surprised that you aren't fighting for Tony's custody at all."

"Would you like me to do that?"

Amelia was stunned. For a moment there, she didn't know how to answer that question.

Oscar grinned and answered, "I'm not fighting because I know that Tony means everything to you. I won't make you sad, even if we're getting divorced. It's like I promised. For the rest of my life, I'll do everything I can to make you happy. If you want a divorce, then that's what I'll give you. If you want to keep Tony, then I'll grant you your wish too. At the end of the day, one thing will always remain—you'll always be the woman I love."

Amelia felt worse after she heard that.

Oscar Clinton, if you're going to give Tony and me up, then at least stop saying misleading words like those. I'll just end up drowning in my hopeless fantasy as I wait in solitude for an eternity.

"Don't overthink things. The door to the Clinton residence will always be open to you. I'll wait until you're willing to come home, and if you won't come home, I'll wait forever," said Oscar sweetly.

At that moment, Amelia wanted to ask Oscar how long he really meant when he said forever. A month? A year? Three years?

Still, she knew that she would lose all right to question him once she got the divorce. That was why she chose to keep quiet.

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Chapter 278 Determined

The two of them discussed the matter concerning Tony's custody for a while before they fell silent once more. When they arrived at the Clinton residence, Oscar parked the car. Amelia was going to open the door and hop out of it, but she suddenly recalled something, so she paused.

She turned to Oscar and requested, "Oscar, I think it's best if we don't tell your parents about our divorce until everything is settled."

Oscar turned to her and replied, "Don't worry. I'll deal with everything accordingly."

Amelia trusted Oscar on the matter. He had always been a reliable man when it came to handling matters. No one, not even his parents, could change his mind once he made his decisions.

After they got out of the car, Oscar wrapped his arm around Amelia's waist. She struggled a little, but he whispered into her ear as she did so, "Honey, we haven't gotten the divorce yet, so you're still bound to do your duty as my wife."

Amelia stopped struggling.

They had been apart for quite a few days, and she actually missed him dearly. She often dreamed about the sense of security and the warmth his arms offered, and she felt safe as long as he was with her.

Oscar was happy with how Amelia was being obedient. After the incident with Cassie, Amelia had been repulsed by Oscar's touch. That stung his heart a great deal. Hence, he was practically jumping in delight when the woman he loved settled down quietly in his arms.

When they entered the living room, Olivia, who had originally been talking to Owen, jumped up from the sofa right away. She hurried to Amelia, but she was obviously aiming for Tony, who was in Amelia's arms. All the while, she kept calling out to their precious grandson.

Olivia cradled Tony in her arms, and Owen walked over while staring at the baby. After a while, Owen turned to Amelia and said, "I'm glad you're back. Amelia, it's undeniable that Oscar made a mistake, and I've already reprimanded him as his father. He is at fault, but his mistake doesn't deserve a death sentence. Please, for Tony's sake, forgive him just this once! I promise I won't let him get away with it if he makes the same mistake again!"

Amelia grinned and replied, "Dad, I'm so sorry that the matter between Oscar and me has you and Mom worried. I promise you won't have to worry about it much longer." Once Oscar and I get a divorce, he'll marry someone else with the same social status as him. She'll be someone Owen approves of and someone who can talk about fashion, tea, and high society drama with Olivia. The Clintons will have peace and quiet again. Give them a little more time, and a nobody like me will be erased from everybody's mind. When someone accidentally brings up my name, there will simply be a fleeting conversation of how a woman like me is not worthy of the Clintons and how I was chased out of the house even though I bore an heir.

Amelia believed that was how life was. Some people were simply not destined to lead a peaceful and wealthy life.

A sparrow can never evolve into a phoenix, and I should stop fantasizing.

When Owen heard what Amelia said, he thought that she was over it and had forgiven Oscar. That caused him to shoot an approving look at her.

"I'm glad to hear that. I've already had someone prep a villa in Horbah, and it will be ready in a couple of days. You and Oscar can head over for a holiday. It can be the honeymoon that the two of you never got to have. So much has happened in the past few years, so it's good to head out and relax," suggested Owen.

Amelia shook her head and said, "There's no need for that. Tony is still too young, and I'll worry if I leave him alone. Oscar and I will be fine in a few days, so you don't need to do all that for us. As for the honeymoon, perhaps it's best if that discussion is postponed. Oscar and I have been married for five years, and the honeymoon isn't actually that important to me. Oscar and I will be happy as long as we truly love each other. Every day will feel like a honeymoon then. Don't you agree, Dad?"

Amelia's words were so understanding that even Olivia nodded in satisfaction.

As the latter hugged Tony, she smiled and said, "Amelia, I'm happy to know that everything is all right between you two youngsters. If Oscar ever does anything to hurt you again, I'll teach him a lesson on your behalf. Still, couples argue, and that's inevitable. Promise me that no matter what Oscar does, you won't get a divorce."

Amelia's expression froze.

At the end of the day, Olivia's love for Amelia was mixed with selfish desires. Olivia might claim that she would treat Amelia as though the latter was her daughter, but when it came down to it, Olivia would still side with her biological children. Amelia was still just an outsider.

Oscar chimed in and said, "Mom, Tony was fussy the entire night last night, and Amelia barely got any sleep. I'll take her to the room and let her rest up. Please babysit Tony for the time being."

"Go on, then," said Olivia.

Oscar led Amelia up the stairs, but they bumped into Stephanie, who was coincidentally coming down at that moment.

Stephanie pouted and snarked in a surly tone, "So you're back, Amelia. And here I thought that my house is too vile and small for a holy saint like you."

Amelia ignored Stephanie's taunts.

Oscar, however, glared at his sister and warned, "If you can't keep your mouth shut, I'll send you to a place where the people will teach you what basic respect means."

Stephanie seemed a little miffed as she glared over at Amelia. Unfortunately, she didn't dare to act up in front of Oscar.

Wrapping an arm around Amelia's waist, Oscar walked them past Stephanie and right into the bedroom.

Stephanie stomped hard on the floor before she turned around to go to her room as well.

Inside the bedroom, Amelia discreetly moved away from Oscar's embrace and walked to the edge of the bed. Pretending to be calm, she tilted her head up to gaze at him and asked, "When are we going to sign the divorce papers?"

The look in Oscar's eyes changed at those words.

He took a deep breath before walking to a drawer and opening it. Pulling a manila envelope out, he turned around and headed back to Amelia. "Here, you should read through it."

Amelia was a little confused as she took the envelope from him. She asked, "What is this?"

"This is what I had my lawyer write up. The assets you'll receive from this divorce will ensure that you're set for life even after you leave the Clintons," answered Oscar without missing a beat.

When Amelia heard Oscar talking about the divorce, her heart inevitably clenched in pain. She had thought that they would both be suffering for a while when the marriage finally came to an end, but to her surprise, it only took Oscar a few days to regain his footing. He calmly dealt with everything perfectly and was barely giving her time to react.

He's still the same guy I met all those years ago, able to remain unfazed to the point of aloofness regardless of what's going on. It's borderline cruel. Even though he's finally admitted he loves me, his ego still made it impossible for him to ask me to stay.

Amelia couldn't help wondering if Oscar's love for her was real. If he even has a shred of love for me, shouldn't he fight, even a little, and ask me to stay? He didn't do any of that. Instead, he divided the assets and had the divorce papers ready before I even knew what was going on. Is he really that eager to get a divorce and get back together with his ex?

Maybe he saw through my trick ages ago. He is a genius, after all, and my plan is far from being faultless. If he had taken the time to analyze the situation, he would've noticed the countless clues left behind. Yet, he never mentioned anything. It feels as though he had a plan of his own. All he had to do was wait for me to implement my plan, so he could give it a push and get the divorce done quicker.

Amelia didn't want to see Oscar as a heartless man, but he had gotten everything ready within a few days. That made it impossible for her to trust him. She couldn't help thinking that he was actually eager to get a divorce just so he could get back together with Cassie.

Amelia was overwhelmed by her raging emotions, and she was jealous of Cassie. The latter had betrayed Oscar five years ago, and he forgave and took her back in just like that. Amelia, on the other hand, spent the last five years standing by Oscar, and all she got in return was divorce papers.

At that moment, Amelia had all but forgotten that she was the one who asked for the divorce in the first place. Oscar was simply agreeing to her terms.

Women could be rather ridiculous creatures at times. Most wouldn't say what they truly meant, and many were hoping that their man would fight for them when they asked for a divorce.

Little did Oscar know, this plan of his would prompt Amelia to leave the city sooner. He never would have expected that he would be the reason she spent her next two years alone either, suffering the pain of losing her eyesight and also a broken heart from his betrayal.

The truth was that the so-called betrayal was just Oscar trying to get her back. However, the tricks and surprises turned into misunderstandings between them, and that would cause them to lose each other for two years.

People were liable to change greatly in the span of two years. A couple that had been apart for so long would find themselves feeling awkward when they finally reunited.

By then, Amelia, who was still blind, would look especially pitiful when Oscar suddenly showed up in her life again.

"Aren't you going to take a look?" asked Oscar when he saw how Amelia was simply staring dumbly at the manila envelope.

Amelia finally came back to her senses. An indecipherable look shone in her eyes when she turned to Oscar and replied, "There's no need for that. I won't be taking anything with me after the divorce. All I want is Tony. Back when we first married, you helped me out a lot. I'd probably still be in prison if it hadn't been for you, so in a way, I'm indebted to you. Besides, I have a sizeable sum in my bank account because you gave me a lot of spending money over the years. That money is more than what an ordinary person can make in a lifetime, so don't worry. I can take good care of Tony even after I leave."

Oscar's expression darkened a little as he insisted, "Take a look inside. It's what you deserve."

Amelia stopped being too courteous and opened the envelope. Her eyes bulged when she saw the contents.

He was giving her so much more than what she was previously offered. In black and white, it was listed he was giving her ten percent of Clinton Corporations' shares, two apartments in the city, one villa in the suburbs, a luxurious KTV bar, and thirty million in child support. Tony was also getting twenty percent of Clinton Corporations' shares, and he could make a legal claim as soon as he was eighteen.

Amelia shoved the papers back into the envelope and handed it to Oscar to give everything back. She insisted, "Oscar, this is too much, and I can't accept it."

"Just keep it. You'll eventually come back anyway, and Tony is the only heir of the family, so all of these assets will remain within the family," said Oscar in a meaningful tone.

Amelia smiled bitterly when she heard that.

We're getting a divorce, so how can I possibly come back? You'll marry someone else, and she'll give you heirs, so how will Tony, who will live away from the family, be the only heir? I can't believe it! Even when we're getting a divorce, he's still making empty promises that he can never fulfill.

How was Amelia to know that Oscar had never even considered letting her go? That was why he was so confident when he said those words.

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Chapter 279 Strained Relationship

Despite that, Amelia still refused to accept anything. "Oscar, I can't accept this. It's as I said earlier, I won't take a single dollar from the Clintons. All I want is Tony. As for the money in my bank account... Well, that's what you gave me over the years, and if you want it back, you can go ahead and freeze the account. I won't blame you for it."

Oscar's expression instantly turned grim.

"Amelia, we might be getting a divorce, but must you cut things off so cleanly? We've been together for five years. Can you really move on just like that after signing a piece of paper?"

Amelia was stuck.

How was it even possible for her to move on? She had endured a lot of loneliness and neglect over the past five years, but every memory she made with Oscar was carved into her very being. It was likely she would never love someone else as much as she loved him.

In their five years of marriage, she had learned how to love a man and be selfless. She knew that she wouldn't be able to love anyone else even after she got the divorce.

Amelia had already decided that she would treasure her memories with Oscar and live the rest of her life alone. She was convinced that she wouldn't be lonely as long as she had those memories with her.

Oscar reached out and dragged her into his arms. In a deep voice, he practically begged, "Please don't reject this offer. My heart will break if you cut things off so cleanly."

If that's true, why are you so eager to get a divorce?

Amelia wanted to ask that question aloud, but she then realized how they were about to get a divorce already and decided that there was no point in asking.

"Let me go, Oscar. We're getting a divorce, and it's not right to hug like this," said Amelia as she feigned calm.

"You're my wife so long as those papers aren't signed, and it's only normal for a husband to hold his wife. Or... are you repulsed by my touch because I slept with Cassie?" asked Oscar directly. At first, he didn't want to talk about Cassie, but that woman was a thorn in both his and his wife's sides. Oscar was convinced that he needed to talk about the matter, or it would just make things worse. It's like a cut. If we don't treat it, it'll get infected and spread, so we might as well just bite the bullet. If we talk it out, the wall between Amelia and me will slowly crumble.

Amelia's entire body stiffened. She tried to struggle, but that only served to make Oscar hold her even tighter.

Conflicting emotions filled Amelia's heart. Still buried in his arms, she said, "Oscar, what's the point of saying all this now? I know that Ms. Yard is the only one for you, and I know that it doesn't matter how many years I've spent with you because I will always be her replacement. I can't deny that we look rather similar, either. Despite that, I'd like to ask that you see me as I am instead of someone else's replacement. Will you do that?"

Oscar's expression turned even darker after hearing all that.

Cassie's impact on Amelia's heart is worse than I imagined.

"You're not a replacement, because I'm not one to fall for faulty replacements," said Oscar as he held Amelia tightly. His voice was filled with sincerity when he said those words.

Tears started swirling in Amelia's eyes.

She looked up and forced her tears back down. After that, she slowly pushed Oscar away and said, "I'm tired and would like to rest now."

Oscar could feel the emptiness in his arms, and that made him feel down.

He tilted his gaze downward to hide his pain. When he looked up again, he was the loving husband once more. "Rest well, Amelia. Just sign your name on the paper after you've woken up. All those assets will be transferred to you after that."

Amelia glanced at him and replied, "Oscar, I won't accept that money or shares. If I were still the person I was one year ago, I would've definitely taken it, but money is no longer what I want. I don't want our marriage to be so pathetic, and I don't want to taint our relationship with money. Do you understand what I'm trying to say? Our marriage has been a mistake from the very beginning, and I just want to correct that mistake. Will you let me leave the Clintons in peace?"

A strange light flashed past Oscar's eyes.

“Okay, I can wait for you to think it through. You can sign these papers whenever you want to,” answered Oscar as he kept the manila envelope away. To him, the contract was nothing more than printed papers. He was convinced that Amelia was destined to be his wife and that Tony would be the only heir to his empire. Either way, everything the Clintons had would eventually belong to Tony, so it didn’t matter if Amelia signed the papers or not.

Amelia laid down on the bed and pulled her blanket up. Closing her eyes, she murmured, “Oscar, I’m a little tired. Can you leave the room?”

Oscar stared at Amelia, who was curled up into a ball. She seemed so tiny that Oscar’s heart ached for her.

Cassie Yard. She was the reason both Amelia and Oscar tortured themselves subconsciously. The married couple loved each other, but an invisible wall had been built between them and prevented them from being together.

“Sleep well.”

Oscar left the room and walked down the stairs. Olivia, who was still holding Tony, looked over and asked, “Why aren’t you spending more time with Amelia?”

“She fell asleep. Where’s Dad?” said Oscar.

“His friend invited him out on a fishing trip, and Noah asked your sister out, so she’s not home either,” replied Olivia as she played with Tony.

Oscar waved his hand in a signal for all the maids working in the living room to leave the place. After everyone had left, Oscar cleared his throat and informed, “Amelia and I are getting divorced, Mom.”

Olivia was instantly stunned and almost dropped Tony.

Fortunately, Oscar reacted quickly and plucked Tony away from her in time. The baby remained clueless and didn’t cry when his father snatched him over like that. Instead, the little bundle of love used his big, round eyes to stare at Oscar, giggling every now and then.

Oscar’s heart was all warm and fuzzy, and he wanted to brag to everyone that this was his son.

Tony was the first kid Amelia and Oscar had together, so Oscar truly cherished the baby. It wasn’t just because Tony was the kid that Amelia had to go through hell to give birth to, though. It was also because Tony looked a lot like both Amelia and Oscar. The baby had inherited the best parts of his parents, and Oscar was delighted about it.

“Tony, my baby,” cooed Oscar as he smiled like a proud father.

When Olivia saw how her son was interacting with her grandson, her face fell. She ordered, "Oscar, follow me into the study."

Oscar carried Tony and walked up the stairs with Olivia.

Inside the study, Olivia glared over at Oscar and demanded, "Oscar, what did you say earlier?"

"Amelia and I are getting a divorce."

Olivia felt her heart physically aching a little, and she took a deep breath before she said, "Oscar, you're an adult with a promising career, so please don't say something so childish and foolish. My heart cannot bear it, so don't pull a prank like this on me."

Oscar replied, "Mom, I'm only telling you this because I don't want you to make things difficult for Amelia. I'm the one who wants the divorce. There's one thing I can guarantee, though. Amelia will still be your precious daughter-in-law, and her moving out will only be temporary."

Olivia became confused, and that angered her even more.

"What nonsense are you talking about? A marriage is a crucial part of life, and it's not something you can joke about. I'll go talk to Amelia about this, and don't you dare stop me! I have a plan of my own, and personally, I don't care what's going on between the two of you or why a divorce is necessary. Whatever it is, I'll never agree to let the two of you get a divorce, and I definitely won't let Amelia take Tony away!" growled Olivia persistently.

"Mom..."

Olivia walked over and took Tony away from Oscar immediately. She had a furious expression on when she scolded, "Not one word! I don't want to hear another word from you, mister. Go take a walk and calm yourself down. I'll talk to Amelia tonight. Seriously, the two of you may be adults, but Tony is just a baby. Has either of you taken his wellbeing into consideration before deciding to get a divorce? My gosh, the older the two of you get, the more ridiculous you two behave. I can't believe you two!"

After saying all that, Olivia left with Tony. Oscar had no choice but to chuckle bitterly on the spot.

He knew that Olivia was currently fuming, so he didn't chase after her to explain the situation. His plan was to wait until she had calmed down a bit before he went to clarify everything to her.

What he didn't know was that his supposed stance on the divorce and his negligence to explain everything right away only caused Olivia to react in the worst way. It turned the relationship between Amelia and Olivia sour and almost made it impossible for them to reconcile.

Olivia left with Tony in her arms. She still felt miffed, and the baby seemed to be able to sense her uneasiness. He pouted, and his eyes became so watery that it looked like he was about to cry. Olivia immediately cooed, "Oh, my sweet grandson, don't you worry. Grandma is here, and I won't let your parents divorce. You're too young, and I can't bear to watch you grow up without either parent."

As though he understood what Olivia was saying, Tony smiled sweetly at her in the very next second.

Olivia felt better after that. She promised, "My dearest grandson, you don't want your parents to get divorced either, do you? Don't worry. I'm here to stop them from doing so. If they insist on getting a divorce, then I'll ensure you won't have to leave us. You're the first of your generation, and you'll inherit the Clintons' legacy in the future. There's no reason for a boy to grow up outside the family."

Deep down, Olivia was rather old-fashioned, and she still believed that men were better than women. She might act like she loved Stephanie, but all she really had planned was to give the latter a nice dowry when the time came. Olivia had never once thought about letting Stephanie inherit Clinton Corporations. That was why Stephanie grew up to be a spoiled woman who only knew to indulge in life and knew nothing about business.

Olivia had deliberately spoiled Stephanie to that extent. The former wanted to prevent the latter from butting in on Clinton Corporations' matters because that would threaten Oscar's claim to the corporation.

That showed just how deeply rooted Olivia's traditional beliefs were. She thought that girls could be spoiled endlessly, but should not be given any real power. That was why Olivia would fight to the death to ensure that the family had custody of Tony. She would not let Amelia take him away. Even if Oscar were there to smooth things over, Olivia still wouldn't back down easily.

Thus, Amelia's quest for Tony's custody after the divorce was destined to be filled with obstacles.

Amelia could never have anticipated it, but it turned out the sweet and kind Olivia could become terrifyingly persistent when it came to Tony's custody.

It seemed that the kinder a person seemed, the more terrifying that person would be when his or her buttons were pushed.

The messy divorce turned Amelia's relationship with Olivia sour, and it almost severed their love for each other entirely.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 280

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 280 Frustration

After dinner, Olivia said to Amelia with a serious expression, "Go with me for a walk outside in a short while, Amelia. It's been a while since we last chatted together. We should talk tonight."

Amelia subconsciously glanced at Oscar.

Catching her look, he placed his silverware down and commented, "Amelia has been taking care of Tony for the past few days, Mom, and she's not feeling very well. You can talk to her anytime, so it doesn't have to be today."

Olivia's expression instantly turned grim as she gave her son a warning look. "I'm merely asking my daughter-in-law to go for a walk. Is there a problem with that? I know that you care about your wife very much, Oscar. What's the matter? Are you afraid that I'll harm her?"

"That's not what I meant, Mom."

"It'd better not be."

"Mom, Oscar didn't mean it like that. He's just worried that my unstable mental state would scare you," Amelia quickly intervened.

"It won't. You're both underestimating me," Olivia replied, seemingly hinting at something.

In the end, Amelia did as she was told to and accompanied Olivia for a walk in the courtyard.

While glancing at her, Olivia spoke directly, "I heard from Oscar that you're both getting a divorce, Amelia. Is this true or just a joke?"

Amelia was stunned for a moment, for she had never expected Oscar to have told Olivia this matter. Furthermore, he did not tell her in advance; thus, she was caught off guard.

Amelia's eyes flashed slightly as she licked her lips, thinking of the words to say next. She finally replied with a slight stutter, "Mom, this is the result of our discussion. I think the divorce will be good for both of us. There is another woman in his heart, and I have always been her substitute due to our similarity in look. Since she has returned, it would be shameless of me to occupy the title of Mrs. Clinton."

Hearing this, Olivia glanced at her. "Do you really mean it?"

Amelia was at a loss for words.

Olivia grabbed her hand and patted it. "Although you're my daughter-in-law, Amelia, I've always treated you as my daughter. I'm older and have more experience in life, so I'm telling you that whoever a man keeps in his heart and whoever he's with are not important. As long as he comes home in the end, that's all that matters. A smart woman wouldn't haggle over her man's flings. Nothing else matters as long as you're the one by his side in the end. Only the stupidest woman would dwell on the man's past mistakes."

Amelia listened without replying, but she could not help feeling forlorn. Never would she have expected the gentle and gracious Olivia to utter such words in encouraging her to turn a blind eye to her husband's infidelity.

Olivia seemed to have sensed her thoughts as she then added, "Don't blame me for these unpleasant words, Amelia. Although the world places great importance on gender equality, it's still mostly biased toward men. Many women would choose to forgive their husband's infidelity. Now that you have Tony, shouldn't you consider his feelings before deciding on the divorce? Aren't you afraid that he'll hate you for making him grow up in a single-parent environment at a young age?"

Amelia's heart lurched upon hearing that.

"Don't deny my words so quickly, Amelia. I can tell that you and Oscar love one another. He merely made a mistake that all men would make at some point. As long as his heart is still with you and he apologizes for his mistake, just forgive him. Don't give him up because of this small mistake," said Olivia, taking advantage of Amelia's hesitance.

Amelia's lips twitched as she felt her throat ran dry.

"Mom, our problem is not as simple as you see it. You may think that it's not unforgivable for a man to cheat, but I can't tolerate my lover's betrayal. You can call me melodramatic or even stubborn. And it's not like I don't care about Oscar having Cassie in his heart, but I've always known that I've no right to ask him, as our statuses aren't equal right from the beginning. Even if you treat me like your daughter, don't you discreetly think that I'm marrying out of my league? Because of that, I should endure Oscar's infidelity without complaint," she said as she glanced at Olivia.

Taken aback, Olivia could not help sparing Amelia a few more looks.

"You're determined to get this divorce, aren't you?"

"I've never had the upper hand in this divorce. I know that if this family is adamant, even if I'm divorced, I would be made to leave in disgrace at the end."

"Why did you insist on the divorce when you're aware of the consequences?"

Amelia could only smile wryly in response.

"You're aware that once you're divorced, not only will you not get a single share of our asset, but you won't get custody of Tony as well," Olivia declared.

Amelia became anxious upon hearing that.

"I don't need anything else, Mom, but I must have Tony. I gave birth to him after much difficulty. I can't live without him."

"He's the first grandchild and legitimate heir of the Clinton family. If you get a divorce, he must remain here," Olivia replied adamantly.

The atmosphere turned cold as soon as she said that.

Feeling gloomy, Amelia immediately thought of changing the topic. "Let's head back, Mom."

Olivia stopped her as she said seriously, "Amelia, I sincerely treat you as if you were my daughter, so don't let me down. Don't blame me for my ruthlessness should you insist on the divorce. Tony is the eldest grandson, so there's no way you can have him. Besides that, you won't be allowed to visit him after the divorce. You need to think carefully and consider whether you're able to bear the consequences."

Amelia stared at Olivia with mixed feelings.

“Must you pressure me like this, Mom?”

“I never wanted this either. I just want this family to be well. I won’t feel good if any of you were having a bad life, so don’t be stubborn. I’ll side with you if you argue with Oscar, but you shouldn’t have thought about divorce. We are a prominent family in this city, and there has never been any case of divorce within this family. The men in our family take relationships very seriously,” Olivia advised earnestly.

Within the family, Olivia was the last person who wanted them to divorce as she truly liked Amelia. However, the divorce involved the custody of her grandson, and she would not allow anyone to take him away.

Amelia was also hurting inside. The pressure she felt from the divorce was already overwhelming. Coupled with the threat by Olivia, it made her realize that it was extremely difficult to obtain custody of Tony.

She clutched her head as she choked out, “Mom, divorce is a matter of two people. If Oscar insists on it, can you please give Tony to me? I’ll be left with nothing except Tony after leaving this family. I don’t wish to leave this place in utter embarrassment.”

Olivia merely stared at her in response.

Seeing this, Amelia began to cry.

“If possible, I also don’t wish to divorce, Mom. It’s just that I’ve been under enough pressure over the years. I don’t want to be someone else’s substitute anymore.”

Olivia grabbed her shoulders to force Amelia to look at her.

“No one will be able to force you to leave if you don’t want to, Amelia. As long as you know your place and remain in this family, you’ll still have your noble status. The wealth and glory you enjoy is surely every woman’s dream. With all of this, so what if you’re a substitute?”

Amelia stared at her in shock.

Olivia took a deep breath before continuing in a harsh tone, “I really like you, Amelia, so don’t force me to act ruthlessly toward you. If you insist on the divorce, Tony must remain in this family. As for you, you can never step into this household again. You must think through this.”

Shocked, Amelia stumbled backward.

Her pale lips parted as she said, “I’m tired, Mom. I want to go back and rest.” She hurriedly left after saying that.

Olivia stared at her back as she ran away and heaved a deep sigh.

If possible, I also wish that I can have a harmonious relationship with Amelia as her mother-in-law. I said those words in the hope that she would be discouraged, forget the thought of filing for divorce, and stay in the Clinton family. I wouldn’t allow her to have Tony otherwise. As the first grandson of the family, he must remain here. In the future, he’ll receive proper education and take over the family business as its qualified successor when he grows up.

Olivia would not give in on matters of principle.

If Amelia would not relent, she would rather not have such a disobedient daughter-in-law.

Amelia rushed into the bedroom. Oscar, who was there changing his clothes, noticed her pale complexion and the panic in her eyes. He quickly went over to her and asked in a worried tone, "What's the matter? Are you feeling ill? Why do you look so pale?"

Amelia shrieked like a frightened rabbit, "Don't come closer. Don't force me." Her voice sounded shrill due to her state of panic.

Oscar's face turned grim as he uttered seriously, "Did Mom say something unpleasant?"

Triggered by those words, Amelia uttered, "I just want a divorce, so why is everyone taking turns to reprimand me? It's as though I've committed a grave sin. You are the one who did the wrong thing and have another woman in your heart. I'm leaving this marriage without taking anything, and I only want Tony. Why are you all still dissatisfied and pushing me to a corner?"

The panic of losing her eyesight, the helplessness in resisting the Clintons, and the fear of losing Tony's custody were all pressing her, and she was suffocating from the stress. Having reached the point of breakdown, she could not help but vent it all out on Oscar.

Hearing this, he pressed his lips together in a thin line.

"Calm down, Amelia. No one can take Tony away. You are his mother. It is only right for him to follow you. No one will take him away from you. I can assure you," Oscar said, softening his tone to comfort her.