

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 6

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Amelia's heart ached terribly as if someone had just slashed it with a dagger.

Taking a deep breath, she tried to suppress the bitter feeling rising within her. She opened her eyes and gazed at Oscar playfully. "Mr. Clinton, are you that afraid of me falling in love with you?"

Oscar flipped the blanket away and got out of the bed, revealing his muscular body.

He dressed himself up meticulously and gazed down at Amelia, who was still lying on the bed. "Amelia, you shouldn't fall in love with me. Hide your so-called love, or I'll consider ending our marriage earlier."

Amelia got off the bed and walked up to Oscar, wrapping her arms around his strong waist.

"Mr. Clinton, don't you think that you're being too ruthless? No matter what, I'm still your wife. Can't you just lie to me for a while?" she asked, sounding like she was on the verge of crying. Oscar paused in the middle of buttoning his shirt, thinking that Amelia, who was usually unfazed by everything, had actually cried.

He suddenly felt a bit bad. Yet, when he lifted her chin, all he saw was her bright smile. She did not look sad at all.

Pinching her chin, he said, "As long as you remain obedient and not have ulterior thoughts, I'll let you be Mrs. Clinton for a longer while. With regards to money, I'll definitely treat you well."

Amelia leaned over and bit his chin gently. "Mr. Clinton, don't worry. You're not someone whom I can aim for. I was just joking with you earlier."

"Good that you know," replied Oscar.

He liked Amelia's uncompetitive personality. It was because she looked like Cassie that he chose to marry her. And secondly, she was a money-grubber. Materialistic women like her were the easiest to deal with, which was why he had married her without any concerns. For the past four years, her obedience had satisfied him the most.

Still pinching her chin, he said, “Be a good girl. I’ve already asked the lawyer to draft the divorce contract. You just need to head over to the office and sign it next week. I’ll compensate you generously after our divorce.”

Amelia grinned. “Well, thank you in advance then, Mr. Clinton.”

He kissed her lips.

After everything ended, Amelia snuggled in Oscar’s arms and whined, “Mr. Clinton, carry me to the bathroom for a shower, will you?”

Although Oscar was stroking her back and looking like he was enjoying it a lot, he refused coldly, “I’m a bit tired. You can shower when you wake up tomorrow morning. Just sleep for now.”

A flash of disappointment appeared in her eyes. She had known Oscar for four years, and to him, she was never his wife but a tool.

Oscar couldn’t care less about Amelia’s thoughts as he fell asleep shortly after.

Amelia went to the bathroom and had a long bath. Washing away her fatigue, she wrapped a towel around herself and walked out of the bathroom.

She stood at the side of the bed, gazing at Oscar with complicated emotions flashing across her face.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 7

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Amelia removed the towel and changed into her dress. After leaving a note on the bedside table, she left the luxurious presidential suite unhesitatingly.

The next morning, Amelia was woken up by the ringing of her phone. Still bleary-eyed, she glanced at it and realized that it was a call from Oscar.

“What’s the matter, Mr. Clinton?” she drawled, sounding like she had just woken up.

“Why did you leave first?” Oscar’s tone sounded hostile.

However, Amelia was the best at consoling him.

"I can't fall asleep last night. Since you were sleeping so soundly, I left so I won't disturb your sleep. What's wrong? Do you miss me already?" she asked with a yawn.

"Come to Clinton Corporations this afternoon. Let's have a meal together," instructed Oscar.

She chuckled. "You miss me already after being separated from me for such a short while."

"Drive to the company in the afternoon and let's eat together," he repeated coldly before hanging up.

Amelia tossed her phone onto the bed, stood up, and chose the clothes and shoes that she was going to wear. In the end, she chose a yellow dress and a pair of high heels. After changing into them, she applied some light make-up, scrutinized herself in the mirror, and snapped her fingers in satisfaction.

"Perfect! You're gorgeous, Amelia," she said to the mirror.

Amelia was already very pretty, to begin with. In fact, she was a rare beauty. Her charming eyes were alluring and her face was in a classic oval shape. In addition to her tiny nose, rosy lips, and tall figure, she looked exceptionally seductive. Perhaps Oscar had chosen her to be his wife not only because she looked like Cassie, but also because of her flawless appearance.

After all, men love beautiful women. Since he was going to marry a woman whom he did not love, he might as well choose a pretty and obedient one.

With the latest Louis Vuitton bag slung over her shoulders, she strutted out and sat into her new Audi. She drove out of the neighborhood and headed to the Clinton Corporations, easily finding her way to the parking lot.

After parking her car, she strode into the building with the keys twirling around her finger. When the receptionist saw her, she said politely, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Clinton."

"Miley, your makeup today is fabulous and your skin looks better too! Did you use the cosmetic products which I recommended to you?" asked Amelia with a smile.

Stroking her face, Miley replied, "You've got such a keen eye, Mrs. Clinton! After using those cosmetic products, my skin became much better." Then, she beckoned at Amelia and whispered, "Mrs. Clinton, you should be more careful. Ms. Bailey's here again."

Georgia Bailey was the daughter of Henry Bailey, a prominent figure in the entertainment industry. Not only did she have a slender figure, but she was also very capable. She was in charge of the recent collaboration between the Baileys and the Clintons. Everyone in the company had spread rumors about whether Georgia was going to replace Amelia's position as Mrs. Clinton, but only she knew that Georgia was in a steady relationship with another man whom Henry disapproved of.

Amelia continued grinning. "That's great! I haven't eaten with Georgia in ages, so this is an amazing coincidence. I'll take my leave first!"

After waving goodbye, Amelia strutted into the private elevator proudly and confidently like a beautiful peacock.

She pressed the button to the twentieth floor and the elevator arrived there in an instant. When Lisa saw her walking out of the elevator, she went up to welcome her and said, "You've arrived, Mrs. Clinton. Mr. Clinton and Ms. Bailey are inside... Do you want to wait for a while before entering?"

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 8

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Lisa had said it ambiguously on purpose. If it was any other woman, Amelia would definitely misunderstand. However, since it was Georgia, she believed that they were only discussing official matters.

Amelia smiled and said, "Ms. Bailey's my friend too. Also, since the Baileys and the Clintons are collaborating on a project, she's only here to talk about business. As the secretary, you're spreading rumors instead of denouncing them. Do you want to get fired?"

Shocked, Lisa quickly clarified, "Mrs. Clinton, that's not what I meant..."

"All right, go back to your work. I don't want to hear such rumors again, understood?"

"Yes," mumbled Lisa before slipping away.

Amelia knocked on the door and called out, "Darling, it's me."

Oscar's voice only sounded after half a minute. "Come in."

When Amelia entered, she saw Georgia and Oscar talking about work intensely. Hence, she sat on the couch at the side and waited for their discussion to end.

It wasn't until half an hour later did their discussion end. Georgia stood up and smiled at Amelia. "You're here, Amelia."

Georgia was the classic example of a modern working woman with an independent personality and mindset. Furthermore, she was also financially independent. In addition to her slender figure, pretty looks, and rich family background, it was no wonder that those rumors would spread in the company.

Amelia walked over and embraced her in a friendly manner. She grinned and asked, "It's been a month since we've met, Georgia. Did you miss me?"

Georgia returned her embrace and replied, "I'm glad that you're back. I still have work to do in my office, so you go ahead with Mr. Clinton. Let's have a meal together next time."

Amelia tried to hold her back. "Stay here and eat with us."

Gathering the reports strewn across the table, Georgia smiled. "It's fine. I have a lot of work to settle. Let's go shopping during the weekends! It's been ages since we've hung out. I'll leave first and both of you can go on with your date."

After Georgia left, Oscar beckoned her and said, "Sit here!"

Amelia walked over, kissed his lips and sat down beside him.

"I miss you, Darling," she said sweetly.

Oscar glanced at her, took out a stack of documents, and placed it in front of her. It was none other than the property transfer letter.

Amelia sighed inconspicuously. She was afraid that Oscar would whip out the divorce contract right in front of Cassie. Although she knew that her contract marriage with Oscar would end one day, she did not want to be defeated in front of Cassie, for it would make her feel inferior.

Grabbing the property transfer letter, Amelia glanced through it. Oscar had transferred two villas in the countryside and an apartment in the city

center to her. She knew that those two villas add up to at least a hundred million, while the apartment in the city center cost around four million. In other words, she would become a multimillionaire just by having these properties transferred to her.

Although Oscar did not love her, he was generous with the splitting of his assets.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 9

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“If you don’t have any objections to this contract, just sign it. When you sign the divorce contract next week, they will truly belong to you,” explained Oscar.

Amelia placed the contract down and smiled. “You’re so generous, Mr. Clinton. Being your wife is quite a happy thing. Don’t worry. I’ll definitely sign the divorce contract next week.”

“That’s good,” replied Oscar.

Amelia grinned brightly. “Thank you, Mr. Clinton.”

“I still have a meeting later, so I can’t eat with you. Here’s a card. Just get whatever you want to eat,” said Oscar as he fished out a card.

Amelia stood up, grabbed the card, and laughed heartily. “I’ll take my leave then. Are you coming back for dinner? I’ll tell Molly to prepare some food that you like.”

“I have a business meeting at night.”

She understood and said, “Okay. I shall leave now.”

With that, she strode out of the office confidently in her high heels.

Oscar, who was sitting on the couch, stared at Amelia with a complex gaze. Even after the door closed, he did not avert his gaze as if he was deep in thought.

Amelia left the office. Although everyone was glancing at her gloatingly, she left Clinton Corporations without even flinching.

It was only after she sat in her car that her facade of strength disappeared. She rested her head against the steering wheel and sobbed.

After five minutes, she wiped her tears away resentfully and said through gritted teeth, "Oscar, even though all you've given me are falsity and insincere affection, I can still lie to myself that you love me."

After a long while, Amelia drove out of the parking lot.

She stopped in front of an apartment that looked slightly old and parked the car. Then, she grabbed the car keys and took the elevator up.

Stopping outside unit number 908, she knocked on the door. "Are you there, Tiff?"

A moment later, the door opened. A bleary-eyed woman, wearing cartoon pajamas, with disheveled hair appeared in front of Amelia.

"Amelia, I was rushing to complete my draft till three in the morning. I only slept at four! Must you come so early? I'm exhausted." The woman, whom Amelia called Tiff, was actually named Tiffany Winters. Despite sharing the same last name, they were not related at all.

Amelia walked into the house and changed into her slippers. When she saw the mess inside, her mouth twitched. "Tiff, no matter how lazy you are, you should still tidy your house. Can you even walk in this mess?"

Tiffany strode into the bedroom nonchalantly, collapsed on the bed, and fell asleep.

Amelia shook her head, having no choice but to clean up this house that was so messy that it looked like a garbage dump.

She only finished tidying up after an hour.

Wiping the sweat away from her forehead, she lamented, "Tiffany, you're so annoying. Why are you so lazy?"

She tossed the rag into the dustbin, washed her hands, and entered the bedroom.

"Wake up, Tiff. Stop sleeping! I've already ordered some takeaways and two cartons of beer. Drink with me," said Amelia.

Tiffany had no choice but to open her eyes. Still sleepy, she gazed at Amelia and snapped in annoyance, "What happened between you and Oscar again?"

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 10

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“He is going to divorce me.”

Tiffany suddenly sat up, not feeling sleepy anymore. “How much did you get? Amelia, you’re such a materialistic woman. Please don’t tell me that you fell in love with him and refused the money he offered!”

Amelia’s face clouded over as she asked, “Tiffany, how greedy do you think I am?”

“You’re not greedy; you just adore money,” replied Tiffany seriously. “Tell me quickly! Considering how rich Oscar is, how much would you receive if you get a divorce?”

Amelia kicked her shoes off and sat on the bed. Snuggling under the blankets, she mumbled, “Tiff, what if I actually fell in love with Oscar?”

Surprised, Tiffany exclaimed, “Amelia, you actually fell in love with him? He’s your employer! I thought you were just joking.”

“I don’t want to fall in love with him either, but I can’t control my feelings. It’s too late when I realized my feelings for him. If I ever see him together with the woman he loves, I’ll wish for nothing more than to kill her. But I don’t want him to hate me,” murmured Amelia.

Tiffany resumed her solemn tone. “Are you serious, Amelia?”

Amelia nodded.

Exasperated, Tiffany groaned, “Are you stupid, Amelia? What should I even say to you? Weren’t you the one who declared that you only married Oscar for his money? Why are you suddenly saying that you fell in love with him?”

“If I can control my feelings, I won’t be feeling so troubled now,” replied Amelia in frustration.

Tiffany sat down beside her and persuaded, “I must say, Oscar’s quite hot. But don’t you hate playboys the most? Your relationship with him was nothing but a monetary transaction. He pays you to act as his temporary wife. That’s all! I thought you can differentiate between a mere

transaction and genuine love. Never had I expected you to be blinded by love one day.”

Amelia smiled bitterly.

Just like what she had said earlier, if feelings could be controlled, there would not be so many men and women pathetically in love.

Other than being rich and handsome, there was nothing else to Oscar. He was a playboy constantly rocked by scandals. Yet, many women longed for him despite that. Although they knew how unfathomable that man was, they would still jump into the trap willingly. In the end, those women would only be the victims.

“Tiff, I’m going to sign the divorce contract with him next week. By then, we will have nothing to do with each other,” said Amelia dejectedly.

“What are you going to do? Divorce him or snatch him back from the other women’s grasps?” asked Tiffany, her question hitting the nail on the head.

Shaking her head, Amelia replied helplessly, “Use your imagination as a novelist. How will the plot proceed from here?”

Tiffany glanced at her and rambled on, “Well, according to a novelist’s point of view, both of you will definitely divorce and Oscar will then discover that he genuinely loves you. After that sudden revelation, he’ll try his best to court you back. However, he’ll have to endure the same suffering which you’ve experienced in the past. When both of you reconcile, the second male lead, who had always loved you, will appear. The second and third female lead will then emerge too. There’ll be multiple love triangles, with many parties involved being hurt. Of course, the ending would be a happy one. Those women who had sabotaged the female lead will definitely be hurt by the male lead and second male lead.”

Amelia burst into laughter.