

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 21

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It took Oscar over two hours before he returned from the meeting. The moment he opened the door, he saw Amelia huddled up on the couch, sleeping like a child. The photo frame on her seemed like it was going to fall. His heart melted when he saw this adorable sight of her. He strode over to put the photo frame away, but his actions woke her instead.

When Amelia opened her eyes to see that it was Oscar, her hands naturally circled around his neck. Then rubbing her face against his, she mumbled, “When did you come back?”

It seemed that Oscar enjoyed her intimate actions. He chuckled. “I just came back. You were sleeping like a kitten, so I didn’t want to wake you. I wanted to carry you inside to sleep, but since you’re awake now, I won’t.”

Still smiling, Amelia buried her head in the crook of his neck. “When did you learn how to be nice to others, Mr. Clinton?”

Oscar did not ask her to move away to her surprise; instead, he let her continue for a while before voicing, “Have a meal with me later, okay?”

Snapping her head up, she cast a curious glance at him. “Mr. Clinton, you never bring me to any gathering.”

“Why can’t the meal be only the two of us?”

Lightly tapping her head, Amelia laughed. “Look at me. I’ve forgotten about that. However, I have to ask—why are you in such a good mood today? Are you seriously inviting me just for a meal?”

“Well, aren’t we husband and wife?”

Amelia’s heart skipped a beat, shocked at those words.

“Mr. Clinton, do you really see me as my wife?” Amelia stared at him solemnly, trying to find the truth in his eyes.

“Well, aren’t you my wife?”

Amelia was moved by his words, up until he sent her to hell with the next words he uttered. “But we’re divorcing soon.”

Swallowing the bitterness away, Amelia smiled. "Mr. Clinton, you've asked me to come for a meal and to sign the divorce papers at the law firm, am I right?"

"We're just having a meal with a few friends," Oscar said. "As for the divorce papers, a lawyer will call you next week."

Amelia sighed. She knew that signing the divorce papers was a matter of time, but she was not mentally prepared to sign them today.

Lifting her chin to look at her with a sharp gaze, Oscar asked, "Are you that eager to divorce me?"

Is this what it means by the guilty is the first to complain?

Amused, Amelia continued holding onto Oscar's neck as she muttered, "Mr. Clinton, aren't you accusing me of it even though you're the guilty party?"

Oscar lowered his head to look at her and replied, "I'm the only one who can ask for a divorce. As for you, don't even think about it."

Barking out a laugh in her fury, Amelia uttered, "Mr. Clinton, are you telling me to do as you say but not as you do?"

Oscar held onto her waist, picked her up, and placed her to the side. "Come on. Let's go."

Amelia was still smiling, not at all feeling angry about Oscar's rough action. Instead, she trailed behind him into the elevator. Only when she was buckling her seatbelt in the car then did she utter, "Mr. Clinton, who's going to be there?"

"Some of my friends. They're quite outgoing, so you don't need to feel reserved."

Shock flashed past her eyes as she queried, "Mr. Clinton, aren't you trying to get me to stay away from your friends?"

"They want to meet you." In other words, Oscar was telling her that it had not been his choice; his friends were the ones who wanted to meet her.

Regardless, Amelia still felt happy about it.

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Oscar parked his car outside a farmstay on the outskirts. It wasn't until Amelia got down from the car did she notice the name of the place—Happy Farmstay.

The corner of Amelia's mouth twitched. What a simple name.

"This place belongs to one of my friends. Let's head inside," Oscar informed, walking toward her.

As soon as they entered, a fancily dressed server walked over and bowed with a smile. "Mr. Clinton? They are already waiting inside."

Oscar hummed in reply.

"Mr. Clinton, this way, please." The server then motioned them toward the inside.

On the way to their destination, Amelia had sighed in awe of how luxurious the farmstay looked. She had thought that it was an ordinary farmstay, but the farmstay had some vintage elements added to it, so it now looked elegant and lavish. Moreover, the farmstay seemed spacious—Amelia was sure that the owner must have invested a hefty sum in it.

Oscar's friends were either rich or powerful. Even the ones who were not born into wealthy families had earned their wealth themselves.

Upon entering the room, Amelia realized there were around six to seven people inside.

They exchanged glances, with most of them being curious at who this lady was.

As they were all men, the gathering was not as unwelcoming as she thought it would be.

Amelia could recognize two men from her wedding four years ago, but not the other five.

"Oscar, you're finally here. It was tough trying to get you to introduce your wife to us and now I finally know why. You're the kind to keep your precious wife at home, aren't you? If I were to have a wife as pretty as she is, I'd have kept her away from your eyes too." The one speaking looked as though he was in his mid-twenties. He had a gentle-looking face and had a pair of gold-rimmed glasses on.

Oscar then explained to Amelia, "He's my childhood friend. There are government officials in his family. You can call him Chubs."

A laugh nearly escaped her.

The man named Chubs gave Oscar a smack. Then turning to Amelia, he enthusiastically introduced himself, "Hello, I'm Jacques Ford. It's a pleasure to meet you. You're much prettier than I imagined. It's a shame that you've married Oscar."

It seems like Jacques and Oscar are really good friends.

"Hello, I'm Amelia Winters. Just call me Amelia. It's a pleasure to meet you too," Amelia greeted as she shook his hands.

"Oh, my heart's melting. Amelia's so polite!" Jacques exclaimed.

Amelia eventually burst into laughter. Because little did she expect Oscar to have friends as jovial as him. Jacques was nothing like his appearance. No wonder they say you can't judge a book by its cover.

The other men, too, came forward to introduce themselves. They were all born in either rich families or powerful families. In other words, none were people anyone could easily cross.

"Amelia, don't mind him. Jacques' mostly out of his mind." Kenrick smiled.

Kenrick Lewis' family was in the real estate and entertainment business. Their family business was major, and he had a company of his own. To sum it up, he was a rich kid who was talented as well.

Amelia responded, "I won't. You're much more interesting than I've imagined. Well, I guess I won't need to feel so stressed about messing up while I'm in your presence."

With Amelia's easy-going attitude leaving a good impression on them, the gathering continued in a merry atmosphere.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 23

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Not only were Oscar's friends rich and powerful, but they were also handsome men. In fact, their looks were on par with Oscar.

Jacques laughed. "Amelia, come here and have a seat. You guys have been married for four years, and if not for our request, he would have continued to keep you away from us. He's a terrible friend. Come, sit with us and leave him alone for today."

Amelia promptly walked over, surprising Jacques and Kenrick, who then let out a hearty laugh. With how they were brought up, they were open with how they did things. They were used to seeing all kinds of beautiful women, and deep down, they still did not like the pretentious ones. Although the delicate ones made them feel pity for them, at the end of the day, they would still be sick of them.

"I can see that you're a carefree person, Amelia. Well, as Oscar's friends, here's a toast to you. And with this drink, I shall call you my friend from now on," Jacques declared as he poured half a glass of wine for her.

A glint flitted across Amelia's eyes as she took the glass from Jacques. Downing it instantly, she chuckled. "Oscar's friends really are agreeable people. I like talking to agreeable and smart people."

Jacques was intrigued by Amelia the more he spoke to her.

On the other hand, Kenrick was looking at Amelia with a complicated expression.

"Amelia," Jacques said with a smile. "Here's another toast. You can come to me whenever Oscar does you wrong. I'll teach him a lesson for you."

Amelia clinked her glass against his, grinning. "I'll keep that in mind. And you'll have to tell me too if he tries to mess around with some other woman."

This was the kind of personality Jacques liked.

"Great, I like that. Don't worry, Amelia. I'll be your spy. If he dares look for someone else, I'll be sure to beat him into shape."

Amelia turned to give Oscar an ambiguous smile. "Darling, did you hear that? Your friend's already changing sides. You've got to be careful from now on."

"Just don't get drunk," Oscar simply replied.

"Got it, Darling," Amelia answered obediently, knowing that she shouldn't tarnish the man's reputation in public.

Kenrick glanced at both Oscar and Amelia.

After a while, Oscar stood up, stating that he was heading to the restroom. Right as Oscar left the room, Kenrick told the others he was going to use the restroom as well.

“When did Kenrick and Oscar get so close?” Jacques huffed as soon as they walked out.

Someone laughed. “You’re already chatty after a few glasses. Be careful, or Oscar and Kenrick might overhear your words and beat you up.”

Jacques laughed boisterously before winking at Amelia cheekily. “Amelia, you won’t tell them, will you?”

Amelia laughed in response.

While the merry atmosphere in the room continued, Kenrick was speaking to Oscar in the restroom. “Oscar, Amelia looks like a good person. Are you really going to divorce her for a woman who once betrayed you?”

“It’s so unlike you to ask me about my private matters, Kenrick,” Oscar said.

Kenrick dried his hands and responded, “I just don’t want you to do anything you’ll regret. Amelia does seem like Cassie, but she’s much more easy-going than her. Are you really not going to reconsider your decision?”

Oscar’s expression instantly turned dark, and his tone turned glacial. “Kenrick, you’re an old friend of mine, so you should know that I’ll never do anything that I’ll regret. Also, I don’t like to hear anyone talking bad about Cassie.”

Hearing that, Kenrick shook his head. “Well, since you’re going to divorce Amelia, I’ll be able to court her then once the two of you have gone through the procedures. If you’re not gonna cherish her, I’ll do it; I’ll be the one to care for her.”

Those were the words that made several emotions flash past Oscar’s face.

“You can’t court a friend’s wife.”

“Well, aren’t you going to divorce her?”

Oscar fell silent.

“Once the two of you are divorced, she’ll be single. If you can abandon her for your old love, why can’t I court her? She’s pretty on the outside and the inside, and I quite like her.”

“What kind of spell does she have you under? You’re putting in a good word for her even if it means that you’ll make me mad.”

Kenrick was amused. “Oscar, we’ve known each other for so many years. Do I look like I’m that kind of person? I just think Amelia’s a good person. She’s single after her divorce from you, and there’s nothing wrong with an unmarried man and woman in a relationship. I’m telling you my plans because I don’t want to lose our friendship over a woman.”