

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 33

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Amelia gave an OK sign and said, "Don't worry. I'll call you if anything happens. Rest assured that I'll treat my sweetheart well."

Then, she stepped into the lift and went downstairs.

Amelia hailed a cab and returned to her apartment in the city. She took the elevator to her floor and headed to her door. Just as she unlocked her door with her keys, someone pulled her in with great force from inside. Before she knew it, she was pulled into a tight embrace and even bumped her nose against the person's rock-hard chest.

It almost made her tear up in pain.

She tolerated it and looked up at the man. Giving him a smile, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, you're oddly passionate today. Did you miss me?"

Oscar lifted her chin forcefully and queried in a demanding manner, "Who was the man who ate with you today?"

The woman burst into a chuckle as her cheeks flushed in happiness. "Mr. Clinton, are you jealous?"

The man's eyes flashed ominously at this question. He warned her sternly, "Don't beat around the bush. You should know what's going to happen if you betray me."

"Mr. Clinton, you're like the thief that steals a horse but doesn't allow another to look over the hedge. Don't forget Ms. Yard is already back, which means that we won't be husband and wife soon. It's not your business as to who I was with."

Oscar lowered his head and bit her lips in frustration, causing her to cry out in pain.

After he let go, Amelia brushed a finger against her lips and saw blood. She scoffed and remarked, "I didn't know that you liked biting so much, Mr. Clinton."

"You're still mine since we're not divorced yet. If you ever betray me and flirt with other men, I won't go easy on you. Don't blame me if I disregard our status as husband and wife."

"Did you ever care in the first place? You hung out with your ex-girlfriend in my presence and said that I wasn't related to you. Did you ever care about how I felt?" Amelia questioned.

The man narrowed his eyes. "Are you protesting now?"

She looked up and stared deep into his eyes as she asked, "What do you think, Mr. Clinton?"

"Amelia, don't forget that our relationship is purely contractual."

She nodded and retorted, "That's exactly what I wanted to say. When we signed the contract, it was made clear that you would not interfere in any of my matters as long as I carried out my duties. That's the extent of our relationship. Did you forget, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar's expression turned even darker. "So, is that man your boyfriend now?"

"Don't make it sound so bad, Mr. Clinton. Don't worry. I won't have any boyfriends during this period of time. You know, not everyone can have so many partners at once like you. You must be having such a good time."

Oscar really hated this defiant side of her. He wanted Amelia to be as obedient as a pet. Right now, she was behaving so defensively and rebelliously.

"Amelia, what are you trying to do? Rebel?"

"No, sir. You're my source of income! Why would I rebel against you? I'm just unhappy that you're so quick to doubt me."

He frowned very deeply and questioned, "Is there something wrong with you today?"

In response, she wrapped her arms around Oscar's neck and seemingly reverted to her normal shy, obedient self. With a gentle smile, she replied, "Mr. Clinton, I was wrong earlier. Please don't take my words to heart?"

He just looked at her indifferently.

However, Amelia was not afraid and asked him, "Mr. Clinton, isn't Ms. Yard already back? Aren't you going to spend more time with her?"

"She's busy with her piano concert." Oscar provided a simple explanation.

She nodded. "No wonder you have time to be here."

In one swift movement, he picked her up and walked upstairs into the bedroom. Just as he was about to toss her onto the bed, she hurriedly stopped him. "Mr. Clinton, my body has been aching the past few days. Please don't use so much force when you put me down."

Oscar conceded and placed her on the bed gently. Then, he shot her a sharp look as his gaze darted to her belly. His brows furrowed together as he asked, "Why does your belly look bigger?"

Amelia's heart skipped a beat. She let out a nervous laugh and returned the question, "Are you saying that I got fatter?"

"I was only away for a month. How could your belly get so big?" Oscar's frown got even deeper now.

The woman sat up on the bed and smiled. "Mr. Clinton, have you ever heard of a stress-free life? I had such a great time eating and hanging out with my friends when you were away. Tiff is getting better too. I stopped dieting because I was so happy. Maybe that's why I got plumper."

"As far as I know, you're not the type to fatten easily. Also, you only gained weight in your belly and not elsewhere. Are you pregnant?" Oscar got straight to the point.

Amelia trembled slightly at his question. However, she kept smiling and avoided answering it. "What makes you say that, Mr. Clinton?"

His gaze turned sharp once more as he repeated his question, "Are you pregnant?"

"If I say yes, will you ask me to abort it?"

"Yes," he spat.

Her expression changed slightly. She managed a smile and told him, "I never knew that you were this ruthless, Mr. Clinton. You're even willing to abort your own child?"

"So you're really pregnant then?"

"I would have already asked for a big sum of money from you if I was really pregnant. I wouldn't wait till now, would I? If you don't believe me, you can get the family doctor to do a check-up. I will head to the hospital for an abortion right away if I'm really pregnant."

Oscar got up from the bed and dialed a number. After he finished the call, he glanced at Amelia and told her, "I already called Mr. Lancaster. He'll be here shortly to do a check-up on you."

Amelia could no longer keep her cool. She got up from the bed too and looked at him coldly. "Oscar, I've never met someone as ruthless and cold-hearted as you. Let's get a divorce. I don't want your money. In fact, I would rather leave this marriage penniless. You don't have to worry about me being a threat to you and Cassie even if I'm pregnant."

After she finished, she walked past Oscar and prepared to leave.

However, Oscar grabbed her hand and stopped her. His tone was carefully neutral as he questioned, "Are you really pregnant? For how many months?"

She turned her head and scoffed. "Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Clinton, but I'm not pregnant. I just ate slightly more these few weeks and got fat. I can't do anything more to make you believe me."

Oscar immediately recomposed himself and replied, "Amelia, only I have the right to say no in this marriage. If you breach this contract unilaterally, you'll have to pay a hundred million. Don't forget that."

Smiling sweetly, she adjusted his shirt for him. "Mr. Clinton, there's nothing to be angry about. I remember all of that. But I suppose we're getting a divorce really soon, aren't we?"

He swept her up into his arms and was ready to throw her on the bed once more. However, something struck him and he changed his mind. Instead, he placed her on the bed gently and pinned her body down.

He lifted her chin and told her calmly, "Amelia, don't forget that you're just one of my pets. Don't even think about trying to make me angry. Otherwise, you'll suffer the consequences. Pets always behave in a certain way, understood?"

She tugged at his tie and blinked her large eyes as she asked, "Have you ever seen such a beautiful pet, Mr. Clinton?"

"Cassie is headed back to Erihal in a few days. We won't be getting a divorce so soon."

With what seemed like a smile, Amelia stared at him and queried, "Should I be thankful for that?"

"You should just behave as you should. Be good and obedient."

Using some force, Amelia pulled the man closer to her. Their lips were just inches apart as she asked, "Mr. Clinton, can a pet like me sleep with you and do things which were previously forbidden?"

Oscar's gaze went dark as he felt the adrenaline rush through his body. Gritting his teeth, he warned, "Don't seduce me!"

Amelia still persisted. "Mr. Clinton, don't you want to fulfill your needs? You invested so much money in me after all."

After a short pause, she continued, "In fact, I'm surprised that you aren't ravishing Ms. Yard now that she's back. Aren't you afraid that she'll be unsatisfied?"

The man's face darkened menacingly. He lowered his voice and said to her, "Amelia, you better watch your mouth. Cassie has always been a pure and innocent girl. Don't impose your dirty thoughts onto her."

"Are we talking about the same person? If she's really that pure and innocent, she wouldn't have gotten my number while she was far away in Erihal. She even threatened me over the phone, mind you. However, I suppose she does look quite pure and innocent. No wonder you pine for her. All men like women like Ms. Yard."

Oscar was quite annoyed at this. He glared at her and spat, "Amelia, I thought that you knew your boundaries, but it seems like I was wrong. You're such a despicable person."

"Mr. Clinton, what do you mean?" Amelia burst out in laughter.

Oscar got off the bed and adjusted his shirt. Without turning back, he told her, "You better not try anything funny with Cassie. I'll let you know when's the right time to get divorced. Cassie prefers to stay overseas now, so you would have to continue being my partner for a while until she decides to return. I'll give you your freedom then."

Amelia let out a bitter laugh. Damn. Not only am I Cassie's substitute, now I have to fulfill his biological needs too?

"Aren't you afraid that I'll get angry and refuse to do as told?"

"We signed the papers at the law firm that day. If you want to pay me a hundred million in damages, please feel free to leave."

He only knows how to pressure me with money.

"How can you do this? You're a man of great stature, yet you abuse your power and money. Don't you think that it's a little shameful?"

He turned around and challenged her, "I can be even more shameless than this. Do you want to try me?"

She got down from the bed and walked towards him. Embracing him from behind, she said, "Darling, we've been husband and wife for four years now. Regardless of whether we married because of the contract or because we like each other, I'm sure we don't have to make things difficult for each other when we divorce, right?"

"It's best if you think that way."

"That has always been my plan," Amelia responded sweetly.

After a pause, she continued, "Darling, I'm quite tired of these days where all I do is shop. I got someone to recommend me a job. I'm headed to work on Monday. Are you alright with that?"

He turned and asked, "Are you in need of money?"

She shook her head and laughed. "You give me a lot of pocket money each month. I'm not in need of money. I'm just too bored and want to find a proper job to pass the time."

Oscar nodded. "Sure. Where's your office?"

She informed him of the address.

"It's a good location, but I've never heard of the company. Is it a startup?" he asked.

"It's been around for a few years. The Clinton Corporations is a large company, and you're a busy man. That's probably why you haven't heard of it. So I take it that you're alright with this?"

"Everything was in black and white when we got married. I won't interfere with your social life, nor will I stop you from going to work. Of course, if you flirt with other men in your workplace, you'll suffer the consequences."

She pouted. "What a demanding man."

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"You're my wife. You can only serve my needs. Don't even think about anything else."

"Mr. Clinton, I'm not going to be your wife soon. When that happens, I'll take a leaf out of your book and find two hunks for myself. One shall be a muscular man while the other should be a model with a good figure. That would be the ultimate pleasure in life."

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Oscar's face turned extremely dark upon hearing this.

"Can you not be this shameless, Amelia?"

"Huh?"

Oscar insisted, "I'll break your legs if you find another man."

"Mr. Clinton, aren't you being overbearing now? We aren't going to be related soon."

"Don't even think about leaving when I haven't given you permission to do so! That's not going to happen." After he finished, Oscar left the bedroom and went to the study.

Amelia was left in the bedroom, blinking her eyes innocently. It's getting more and more difficult to read Oscar's thoughts. He was the one who initially professed his love for Cassie and wanted a divorce. But now that Cassie's back, why isn't he in a rush to get back with her? Surprisingly, he's here to spend time with me and doesn't seem to want to leave. What's going on?

Shaking her head, she picked up a sleeping gown and headed to the bathroom for a hot shower. After that, she stepped into the kitchen to make a glass of warm milk and went upstairs to the study. She knocked on the door and entered only after Oscar gave her permission to do so.

"Mr. Clinton, I got you a glass of milk. It's good to have some milk before you sleep." She placed the glass on the desk in front of him. Just then, Oscar looked up and noticed her in the rather revealing sleeping gown. Immediately, his eyes darkened.

On the other hand, Amelia was very satisfied with his reaction. “Mr. Clinton, it’s getting late. Isn’t it time to get some sleep?” It almost seemed like she was trying to seduce him.

Oscar had to admit that Amelia was very good at the art of seduction. She could probably get by even without a job because so many men would willingly court her and spend their money on her. In fact, it was not an exaggeration to say that she would be gifted luxury bags, clothes, shoes, and many more.

She was very good at captivating men’s hearts, which was what made Oscar so enchanted by this woman. The thought that she would belong to another man one day made him really unhappy.

Naturally, his tone went cold as he said, “You better dress more conservatively when you’re meeting other men. Look at you. What are you wearing now?”

Amelia thought this was weird. She glanced at him innocently and replied, “Mr. Clinton, I thought you liked that I dressed like this? If I dressed like a nun, you would have kicked me out of the house already.”

Oscar looked even more annoyed at her reply.

“Mr. Clinton, you look like a really jealous husband right now. Are you in love with me?”

The man was getting frustrated now.

“Go to sleep. I’m not done with my work yet,” he commanded while pointing to the door.

Amelia leaned forward and rested her hands on the table as she spoke flirtatiously, “Mr. Clinton, a pretty lady is right in front of you now, yet you seem to have no reaction. There are only two reasons for that. One, your little one down there isn’t working. Or... you’re not a man at all.”

All of a sudden, the man stood up and stepped around the table. He picked her up swiftly and hissed through gritted teeth, “I’ll show you that I’m a man.” No man wanted their manhood to be doubted—it was like an attack on their pride and ego.

The duo had an intense session for the entire night.

The next morning, Amelia was awakened by her phone ringing. With drowsy eyes, she glanced at the screen and saw that it was a call from Carter. She picked up the call. “Hello?”



Carter's doubtful voice could be heard on the other end of the line. "Are you still sleeping?"

"I just woke up. Is something wrong?"

"Oh, no. I just wanted to ask if you feel better."

"Thanks for asking. I'm fine now. I'll get to work on time the day after."

"Don't worry about coming to work. If you don't feel like coming in, you can start work next week instead."

Amelia responded, "I don't want to be a freeloader. I know that you're rich, but your employees will gossip."

"Alright then. Come to work if you have nothing else to do. Make yourself at home. We are friends, after all. Also, I can help you pay back the few million that you owed previously. As a friend, of course. You can return me the money when you've earned enough."

"Carter, thank you so much. I've already paid back the money though. Tiffany and I are living our best lives now. Everything is good and peaceful. Don't worry."

"All right. I won't disturb you then. Goodbye."

"Bye."

After she hung up and was ready to get off the bed, she realized that Oscar was already awake and staring at her. She jumped in shock upon seeing this. "You're awake?"

Oscar asked, "Is that the man you were eating lunch with?"

She nodded.

"Are you going to work for him?"

She nodded again.

"You can't go," Oscar quickly ordered.

"But Mr. Clinton, you agreed to it yesterday."

"He's obviously interested in you. I don't like the way he looks at you. Don't go."

"Mr. Clinton, do you really think I'm such a loveable person?" Amelia laughed.

"Don't deflect. No means no."

"I already signed the contract and agreed to start work on Monday. Why are you making my life difficult?"

"I'll pay any contractual damages."

Amelia got out of bed and put on the sleeping gown which had been tossed on the floor last night. With what looked like a smile, she looked at Oscar and said, "Mr. Clinton, if you don't give me a good reason, I'll still head to work on Monday. We already agreed not to interfere in each other's work lives. I'm sure you remember that."

The man narrowed her eyes. "Amelia, you're getting more and more rebellious. You even dare to threaten me now?"

She walked into the bathroom with Oscar following right after her. He pulled her into an embrace from behind and looked at their reflections in the mirror. "Don't go to work there. If you need money, I can give you more. Or else, you can come and work at Clinton Corporations."

"Mr. Clinton, I like to design. While his company is not comparable to Clinton Corporations, it gives me the platform to display and showcase my designs. Unfortunately, I do insist on going to work there. Unless you can give me a good reason not to?"

"Are you rejecting me right now?"

"We already agreed not to interfere in each other's work lives when we signed the contract. If you've forgotten, I can show you the exact clause in the contract."

Oscar looked extremely upset at this. "Amelia, you are indeed getting more daring."

Amelia spat out her toothpaste and gargled some water. "Mr. Clinton, I just know how to protect my rights."

"Fine. You can go to work. However, I want you to stay away from that boss. No man can ever come close to you," he asserted.

Putting down her toothbrush, she used a towel to wipe the water off her face. With a smile, her gaze moved to Oscar as she clarified, "Mr. Clinton, can I take it that you're jealous?"

He walked out of the bathroom right away.

Amelia winked to herself in the mirror and began washing up.

After half an hour, she stepped out of the bathroom while Oscar stepped back in.

Her phone rang again. It was a call from Olivia. She picked it up and said, "Hello, Mom."

"Amelia, is Oscar with you?" Olivia asked in a benevolent fashion.

"Yes, he is. Are you looking for him? Let me pass him the phone."

"It's alright. Since he's with you, tell him to bring you home for lunch later. We have some guests over," Olivia told her happily.

"All right. We'll head back to the Clinton residence after he's done washing up," Amelia replied courteously.

"Okay. I'll hang up now. See you soon."

"See you."

When Oscar exited the bathroom, Amelia informed him, "Mr. Clinton, Mom asked us to head back to the Clinton residence for lunch."

He nodded.

They got themselves dressed and drove back to the Clinton residence.

After parking the car, they walked to the front doors. The butler welcomed them with a smile. "Mr. Oscar, Ms. Amelia, you're back! Mr. and Mrs. Clinton and the guests are waiting inside."

Oscar nodded at this.

After entering, she was surprised to see that the guests were, in fact, Cassie and her parents.

Cassie was quite happy to see Oscar initially. However, her smile vanished almost instantly after she saw Amelia standing next to him.

Meanwhile, Olivia was happy to see the two's arrival. She waved them over and said, "Amelia, come here."

Amelia approached the older woman with a smile.

Olivia treated Amelia quite well. One could say that she loved Amelia like her own daughter. On the other hand, Owen was a little more indifferent. After all, he had wanted Cassie to be his daughter-in-law, and Amelia did not come from a prestigious family. In fact, the Yards and Clintons argued badly when Cassie went overseas. Luckily, the Yard family apologized after that. With Oscar mediating matters, the two families were finally at peace with each other.

Olivia held Amelia's hand and said, "Charlie, this is Oscar's wife. I suppose you haven't met her because she married Oscar when our two families were still at odds with each other four years ago. My daughter-in-law is such a lovely woman. She's kind and filial, and I really like her. Her presence makes my life so much more fulfilling! Owen and Oscar are always so busy with work, and Steph is always at a party or a gathering. None of them have the time to keep me company. Thankfully, Amelia is always here."

Cassie's parents shifted in their seats uncomfortably at this.

Cassie's mother, Elizabeth, managed a laugh. "Oscar definitely made a good choice. However, why do I feel like she looks so familiar? I can't seem to put my finger on it. Charlie, what do you think?"

Cassie's father, Charlie, chimed in, "Now that you mention it, I think she resembles Cassie a little."

Cassie sat off to the side, acting very docile and feminine. She looked exactly like the dream girl from a novel—obedient, gentle, beautiful, and kind. It was as though she was a compilation of all the aspects one would dream for in a woman.

It was no wonder why Oscar fell head over heels with such a perfect woman.

Amelia observed Oscar, noticing that his gaze never once left Cassie the entire time they were in the room. Disappointment flashed through her eyes. No matter how hard I try, I'll always remain as a substitute for Cassie as long as she's around. Now that she's back, nobody will like a substitute like me anymore. She's the real deal.

Olivia noticed Oscar's behavior too and let out a small cough. "Oscar, take off your suit since you're home. Maybe dress in something a little more comfortable."

Oscar quickly looked away and nodded.

After he went upstairs, Olivia said to Amelia kindly, "Amelia, this is Charlie and Elizabeth Yard. This is Cassie, their daughter who was supposed to be Oscar's fiancée back then. They almost got married, but unfortunately, that did not happen."

Feigning ignorance, Amelia greeted the trio politely, "Mr. Yard, Mrs. Yard, Cassie, it's nice to meet all of you."

Cassie nodded with a gentle smile. "Ms. Winters, hello again. What a pleasure to see you here."

"It's indeed a pleasure. I always thought that the woman who abandoned Oscar and ran off to Erihal must be a very unlikeable person. Today, I realize I was so naive to have thought that back then! Ms. Yard, you're so kind and beautiful. You're definitely not someone to abandon your loved ones, right? There must be some misunderstanding here, but I guess that doesn't matter anymore. I have to thank you for letting such a perfect man come into my life."