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Jennifer slapped his hand away. "Move your hand away and stop it."

After a slight pause, she continued, "Bring it to me. I'd like to check it."

The person who came laughed heartily and said, "It's been ages since we've met, and you've become so much prettier, Jennifer. However, your temper seems to be becoming worse, huh? Tsk... But it's fine. I like girls with a hot temper."

Snorting, Jennifer scoffed, "I bet that I'm not even as important as a few bills to you, right?"

He snapped his fingers and smiled. "Bingo! You know me the best, Jennifer. However, I love both money and beautiful ladies. If you sleep with me for one night, I can give you a little discount. How's that?"

"Cut the crap and give it to me," snapped Jennifer unhappily as she frowned.

He did not make any further comments and tossed the envelope on the table. "This is what you want."

When Jennifer took the item out, her expression changed drastically. Fury was written all over her face.

He asked, "How's that? These are probably what you want, right?"

Suppressing her anger, Jennifer snarled, "It's been years since I've last met you, but you are still as skillful at secretly filming people as before. I'll transfer the amount we agreed on to your bank account. Give me the films."

He passed them to her before smiling. "Jennifer, the only benefit of collaborating with you is how generous you are. I like generous clients like you. If there's more work that's as profitable as this, remember to hit me up!"

Jennifer kept the films, stood up, and said, "Stop calling me for no reason anymore. I don't want to see you at all."

With that, she left directly.

The person sat on the chair leisurely, an indifferent smile playing on his lips. "Jennifer, you may act all mighty now, but there'll be one day where you'll come looking for me. When that day comes, I'll be yearning for your hot body instead of money."

Jennifer could not be bothered about what the man sitting in the café was thinking about. Holding the envelope, she sat into her car and tossed it aside angrily. Through gritted teeth, she growled, "Amelia, we're enemies now. Despite being married to the heir of the Clinton Corporations, you're still seducing Carter like a greedy temptress. If that's the case, I'll not let you get any of them."

Seething with anger, she slammed the steering wheel and screamed like a trapped beast. She snarled in a deep voice, "Amelia, Carter's mine, regardless of whether he loves me or not. If you dare to steal him away from me, I'll make you lose everything that you have."

After venting her anger, she quickly drove back to the office and stomped to Carter's office. She took a deep breath and waited for her rationality to return before knocking on the door. Carter called out from within, "Come in."

Jennifer entered and closed the door behind her.

When Carter raised his head and saw that it was her, an impatient look flashed across his eyes inconspicuously. However, he quickly resumed his normal expression and asked, "What's the matter, Ms. Larson?"

Jennifer pulled the chair aside and sat down. "Mr. Scott, I'd like to talk to you about something."

Gesturing for her to speak, he said, "Go ahead, I'm all ears."

She tossed the envelope on the table and said curtly, "Mr. Scott, take a look at this."

After taking the envelope, Carter hesitated for a while and did not open it. A slight smirk appeared on Jennifer's lips as she asked, "Are you scared, Mr. Scott?"

Carter replied, "Before I look at it, shouldn't I have the right to know what's inside?"

Crossing her arms over her chest, Jennifer declared authoritatively, "You'll know when you look at it. I'm sure that you'll be interested in it."

Carter eventually opened the envelope. When he saw the photos enclosed inside, his face instantly clouded over. "Did you stalk me?"

Jennifer replied, "I only want to understand the lifestyle of the man I love. I just didn't expect that person to snap such an exciting scene. Mr. Scott, do you feel a sense of accomplishment when having an affair with a married woman?"

Shooting her a cold glance, he demanded, "Jennifer, do you know that what you're doing now is very despicable?"

She shook her head and retorted, "To get the man I love, it's understandable for me to resort to unscrupulous methods sometimes, right?"

Laughing out of fury, Carter uttered, "I think that you're mad, Jennifer."

She smiled. "Thank you for your compliment, Mr. Scott. You're just so exceptional that I can't help but want you for my own. As long as you promise me that you won't interact with Amelia anymore, I won't send these photos to the Clintons."

Carter crossed his arms over his chest and remarked indifferently, "Jennifer, I think you're ridiculous. I actually hope that you'll send these photos to the Clintons. If Oscar misunderstands Amelia, I'll have a higher chance of winning her over, right? In that case, I'll have to thank you for that."

Jennifer burst out laughing. "You won't, Mr. Scott. You love Amelia so much that you can't bear to let her leave the Clintons so pathetically. Even if you want her, you won't do that through underhanded means. That's because you're a gentleman."

Tossing the envelope on the table, Carter replied, "But you also said that one can resort to unscrupulous methods for love. For her, I can do the same."

Jennifer's expression changed slightly. "Are you saying that these photos can't convince you to relent?"

Carter spread his hands apart and remarked nonchalantly, "Whatever. But I must tell you something, Jennifer. You mustn't be too harsh with your actions sometimes. If you use such despicable methods on Amelia, I'll destroy you one day and leave you with nothing."

Jennifer stared at him fixedly. "Are you threatening me, Mr. Scott?"

He nodded.

Crossing her arms, she asked, "Is it worth it to do all these for a woman?"

"I'm the one to decide that. If it's for her, I can give up all my assets without any hesitation."

Jennifer's expression twisted in fury for a second.

"Carter, you're so ruthless. However, since I spent so much money to buy these photos, won't it be such a waste if I don't send them to Oscar?" Jennifer stood up and declared, "Since we can't reach a compromise, let's forget it. I'm sure that some people will still be interested in these photos."

She raised her head high. Her arrogant personality forbade her from admitting defeat in front of Carter. Just like what she had said earlier, she did not mind resorting to unscrupulous methods because she loved him.

Just when Jennifer reached the entrance, Carter called out solemnly, "Wait."

Jennifer spun around and glanced at him proudly. "Mr. Scott, so you've thought it through?"

He said, "Give me the films and tell me how much money you want."

Jennifer's expression changed as she snapped through gritted teeth, "Do you think that I lack money, Mr. Scott?"

"I don't love you, so I'll never be together with you. But if you want money, I can give it to you." Carter tried to negotiate with her.

However, Jennifer laughed. "I'm sorry, I'd rather give these photos to people who'd like to see them." With that, she pushed the door open and was about to leave when Carter strode over. He slammed the door shut and pinned her against the wall.

"What do you want, Jennifer?" Carter glared at her menacingly.

A smile played on Jennifer's lips as she stared back at him smugly. "As long as you agree to be together with me, I promise that I won't target Amelia anymore."

Carter gripped her neck with his right hand and snarled, "Jennifer, do you know what I hate the most? When others threaten me! Do you believe that I can strangle you dead just by exerting a little more force?"

Although Jennifer was scared by the wild look in his eyes, she was not the type to back down. Raising her head, she replied defiantly, "Mr. Scott, it's a crime to kill someone. But if I can still be married to you in hell, I won't mind if you kill me."

Carter released her and whispered beside her ear, "Jennifer, you disgust me."

Her face paled.

"Even if Amelia's not in the picture, I'll never fall in love with you," said Carter, dealing her a more brutal blow.

Jennifer's expression turned even more unpleasant. She suddenly raised her hand and slapped him forcefully, her eyes turning red. "Carter, you've crossed a line."

With that, she shoved Carter away and ran out of the office, leaving him standing in front of the wall alone. His face was clouded over as he sunk into deep thought.

After a long while, he punched the wall so forcefully that his knuckles bled.

He took a deep breath to calm himself down. Only then did he ask his secretary to summon Amelia over.

Amelia reached the office quickly. Standing in front of the table, she asked, "Are you looking for me, Mr. Scott?"

He pointed at the chair and said, "Take a seat first, Amelia."

She sat down. When she noticed the grim expression on his face, she hurriedly asked, "Mr. Scott, did something happen? Does it have something to do with me?"

"Amelia, regardless of what I show you later, I hope that you can remain calm. After all, you're pregnant now," said Carter as he stared into her eyes.

Her heart skipped a beat. However, she smiled brightly soon later. "Mr. Scott, there's always a way out of any problems. Just tell me what happened. You don't have to be too concerned about my feelings."

He took out the envelope and said, "Take a look at this."

Amelia hesitated for a while before taking it. When she took out the photos inside and saw the people on it, her face changed drastically.

She stared at him in disbelief as a hurtful look flashed across her eyes. "Carter, what's..." She thought that he had hired someone to take them.

Having thought that Carter was a gentleman, she never expected him to do something as shameless as this.

When he noticed her gaze, he naturally knew what was on her mind. Hence, he quickly clarified, "Jennifer sent them to me this morning. She's the one who hired someone to snap pictures of us secretly. I'm letting you see them now because I hope that you'll be mentally prepared. I'm afraid that she'll show them to Oscar. But don't you worry, I'll stop her to the best of my abilities. Still, I want you to be prepared beforehand."

Amelia's hands shook as she held the photos. However, she broke out into a smile.

Carter looked at her, feeling puzzled. He asked worriedly, "Are you alright, Amelia?"

She shook her head, her emotions indecipherable from her tone as she said, "I just think that I'm a failure. Cassie wants to steal my husband, and Jennifer sent someone to stalk me just for you. Thinking about it, I might actually be a seductress. Otherwise, why would the other women hate my guts so much?"

Carter's heart ached when he heard that. He stood up, walked behind Amelia, and wanted to hug her from behind. However, when he reached his arms out, he forcefully retracted them. In the end, he patted her shoulders and assured her, "Don't be like this, Amelia. I promise that I'll settle this well."

Amelia stood up and replied, "Mr. Scott, can you give these photos to me?"

"If you like it, take it. However, can you leave a few photos for me? I'll just save them as keepsakes. After all, we barely have any photos together. The only one is from when we were in college. After you started working, you never took a photo with me."

Amelia refused politely, "If you want photos with me, I'll take one with you another day. I'd rather take these photos away with me."

Carter did not force her either. "You can go out and work first. I'll settle the issue with the photos."

“Thank you, Mr. Scott. But if those photos eventually end up in Oscar’s hands, I won’t blame you either. A lot of this mess occurred because of my face. If I’m a bit uglier, things won’t end up like this,” commented Amelia calmly.

Carter felt his heart aching as he said, “Amelia, you...”

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Amelia cut him off. “Mr. Scott, if you have nothing else for me, I’m heading back to work.”

Carter could only nod.

Amelia headed back to the design department with the envelope in her hands. As if sensing her unhappy mood, Jessica didn’t pounce on Amelia for gossip but instead showed her a gesture of encouragement.

At noon, Jessica said spontaneously, “Amelia, lunch today is on me instead of your treat; I’ll call for delivery, and we can have lunch in the office. What do you think?”

This millennial is pretty caring, after all. I mean, she gossips a bit too much and knows way too many things for her own good. Plus, she tends to blurt out anything on her mind. But it’s moments of kindness like these that really touch my heart.

“Thank you, Jessica.”

“Let’s skip these formalities, shall we? Sometimes I feel like I’m the older sister taking care of you even though you’re a few years older than me.” Jessica ordered delivery and plonked herself down in front of Amelia to chat.

“Amelia, are you ok? You look kind of absent-minded the whole morning,” asked Jessica softly.

Amelia shook her head and laughed humorlessly. “I’m ok. What a rare occasion it is to see our Jessica all grown-up and showing concern towards others.”

Jessica flung her hand away lightly and pouted. “Amelia, I’m really worried about you. If you’re going to patronize me like this, I’m going to be angry.”

Amelia made a gesture of surrender. "I know you mean well, but I'm really ok. I'm just having some problems at home; I'm sure they'll be settled soon."

Jessica grabbed her hand and said suddenly, "Amelia, I think you're actually having a hard time. You're so beautiful, yet the sadness that clouds over your gaze can't fool anyone."

Amelia was stunned for a moment before she recovered with a laugh. "You sweet little thing! Just out of school, and you're suddenly a relationship expert like everyone else? I'm grateful for your concern, but as I said, I'm really ok. I'm busy thanks to my baby; when my son's born, I'll make you his god aunt."

"Amelia, why are you so biased? I should at least get to be the godmother."

"I'm sorry, but someone else has reserved that honor, so you can only have the next best option."

"Who is she? Bring her here and I'll fight her for the spot."

Amelia's mood improved immensely after that chat. With someone as cheerful as Jessica, it's pretty hard to stay upset.

After suffering through the day of work, Amelia began packing her things to leave. As she exited the design department, she bumped into Jennifer. Possibly due to the photos, Amelia felt a grudge towards Jennifer. You scheming witch! The things you'd do to fulfill your wishes disgust me.

Jennifer stopped in front of her and said softly, "Amelia, your charisma must be out-of-this-world. Does it make you feel exceptionally accomplished to be leading two men on a merry chase?"

Amelia stared at her calmly. "Ms. Larson, sometimes it's best not to force others into a dead end, or you might find yourself receiving the bad karma you deserve."

Jennifer's lips curved up in a chilling smile. "Look how sharp your words are; I don't understand how so many men are bewitched by you."

Amelia let out an angry laugh. "That is my charm, I suppose. Since you don't have it, I guess you can only bow down and admit defeat."

Jennifer's expression twisted in fury.

"Ms. Larson, if there's nothing more to say, then I'm getting off work. I have dinner plans and won't stay around to entertain you."

Jennifer sneered disdainfully. "You really can't tear yourself away from men, can you?"

Amelia merely glanced at her and walked past her as she left the office.

Jennifer swept her gaze across Amelia. She hmped loudly before stomping away on her heels.

Amelia drove her car out of the basement parking lot.

She answered a call from Tiffany as she drove towards the latter's neighborhood. "Tiff, I'll be there in half an hour."

"Babe, can you get me some cream on your way up? I'm planning to make some white sauce," asked Tiffany.

"Got it."

She hung up the phone and reached Tiffany's neighborhood soon after. She remembered to get a carton of cream before heading up to Tiffany's place.

She took the lift up to Tiffany's floor and knocked on her front door. The door was opened quickly, and she was met with an enthusiastic hug from Tiffany. "Babe, you're here! I prepared a feast for you; your only responsibility is to stuff yourself with food."

Amelia removed her shoes before entering. Laughing, she said, "That's great because I'm starving."

Tiffany closed the door and immediately noticed the envelope in Amelia's hand. "Amelia, what's that in your hand?"

"It's just some photos; I'll show you after dinner."

"Babe, we're best friends. Why wait until after dinner to see the photos? I want to see them now."

Amelia flung the envelope on the sofa and laughed. "Tiff, I'm hungry. Surely you don't want to starve your own godson."

Tiffany's loaded gaze told her that she was only letting Amelia off the hook temporarily. She went into the kitchen and brought out all the food

she'd prepared. Served on the table was a spread of delectable dishes and a pot of beef bourguignon stew. It was a mouthwatering feast.

Amelia smacked her lips and made a huge show of looking like she was starving. "Tiff, your cooking is always so amazing. What if I can't eat anything else but your food next time?"

"Then don't leave. You can come over anytime, and I'll gladly cook for you," replied Tiffany as she ladled a bowl of stew for Amelia. "Have some of this. I cooked it in the pressure cooker for hours. I can guarantee the beef is going to be scrumptious. I bought a ton of meat this morning too, so there's definitely enough for you to eat to your heart's content."

Amelia eyed her suspiciously. "Why are you so hardworking today? Say it, are you planning something?"

Tiffany rolled her eyes. "What could I be scheming? To sell you? To eat you?"

Amelia came up with a cringe-inducing reply. "Maybe you drugged the feast, and you're planning to have your way with me later?"

Tiffany made a show of puking. "Amelia, that's gross."

Amelia just smiled and ate the stew happily.

Though Tiffany was refilling her plate continuously, Amelia managed to finish almost everything Tiffany had taken for her.

The two of them almost finished the entire feast Tiffany had prepared.

Tiffany gave a thumbs-up to Amelia. "Babe, your appetite's really grown. The baby might be shocked at the amount of food you've eaten."

Amelia patted her tummy and laughed. "All the nutrients are going to your precious godson."

Tiffany quickly cleaned up the dining table while saying, "I planned the whole menu to make sure you're replenishing your nutrients properly. It's great that you were able to finish all the food."

After washing the dishes, Tiffany dried her hands and asked, "Can I finally see what's in the envelope?"

Amelia nodded.

Tiffany opened the envelope. Once she recognized the couple in the photos, her expression morphed from one of disbelief into anger. She looked at Amelia and asked, "Amelia, what's going on? That incident five years ago almost landed you in prison; haven't you learned your lesson by now? Why are you still mingling with Carter?"

Amelia gave a brief explanation of the situation.

Tiffany fumed. "What's up with that Jennifer? I could care less about how stuck-up she is, but what gives her the right to send a photographer to follow you? You always get bullied like this because you're too kind. Just wait, I'll get someone to teach her a lesson tomorrow! She needs to know that you have people behind you too."

"Tiff, you need to calm down. I have some thoughts on how to deal with it. She has her own plans, but I'm not a softie who'll just let anyone trample over me."

"If you weren't a softie, you wouldn't be bullied so badly. Watching you like this is bad for my blood pressure."

Amelia just smiled.

Exasperated, Tiffany started massaging her forehead. "You can still smile at a time like this; you must really want my blood to boil over."

"Calm down, prenatal education is really important. If you're spouting crude language, your godson might become a ruffian when he's born."

"Pfft," Tiffany scoffed while rolling her eyes. "Here you are, changing the subject when we're on proper topics. How do you plan to deal with these photos?"

Amelia's smile faded slightly. "I'll burn them."

"She has the originals; what use is it to burn the photos? Maybe you should start worrying about Oscar's reaction when he finds out about them?"

Amelia shrugged and smiled bitterly. "If he knows, he knows. Do you think Oscar cares about these photos?"

Tiffany rolled her eyes again. "Baby, do not underestimate how possessive men can get. You may be in a contractual marriage, but you are still his wife in the eyes of the law. Do you think a man can put up with the discovery of being cheated on?"

Amelia hugged her knees. "Tiff, what should I do?"

“Leniency for those who confess, severity for those who resist,” Tiffany said with a serious face.

Amelia rolled her eyes. “Tiff, you write novels for a living. Can’t your brain come up with something more normal?”

“Writing novels already requires boundless imagination; did you think my brain could ever come up with something normal?” Tiffany shot back.

Amelia fell silent.

Indeed, I can’t use a layman’s mindset to limit someone like Tiffany.

“Back to the topic,” Tiffany replied seriously. “I think you should meet with Tiffany regarding the photos. She wants Carter, and you’re Oscar’s wife; these things are supposed to be unrelated in the first place. As long as the situation is cleared up, it should be fine.”

Amelia didn’t share Tiffany’s optimism.

Tiffany sat down beside her and tossed the photos on a nearby table. “Amelia, what sort of person is Jennifer? I need to know how she’s like so I can teach her a proper lesson.”

Amelia pondered her question. “Stylish, beautiful, and competent at work. She’s probably a woman who represents the pinnacle of glamour in the 21st century. Then again, it might be because she’s been used to getting what she wants since she was young. She habitually takes anything she wants by force.

Tiffany sneered. “Someone like this can be taught multiple lessons, and she would still deserve what she got.”

Amelia didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. “Tiff, that’s the harsh reality. Heiresses like her will never be punished for anything. She has money, power, and high social status. As long as she’s not too overboard, she will always get what she wants.”

“Well, she’s gone way overboard now. I’m pretty sure bad karma’s coming her way soon.”

Well, I don’t know if bad karma will strike Jennifer, but if these photos end up in front of Oscar, I won’t even know what sort of trouble I’m in for.

I’m well aware of how possessive Oscar is, and these photos could really put me in big trouble.

Tiffany leaned back against the sofa and said, "I'll arrange for someone to get back at Jennifer. You better stay away from Carter in the future, as he's obviously carrying bad luck with him wherever he goes. Years ago, he let you bear his debt for him, and you almost got jailed. Now, this Jennifer has shown up, and the longer this goes on, I'm worried you may find yourself booted out by the Clintons."

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Amelia hugged a pillow and said, "This matter isn't solely Carter Scott's fault."

"You're still trying to defend him! Amelia, don't tell me that you still have feelings for him?" Tiffany exclaimed with wide eyes.

Amelia chuckled lightly. "The feelings I had for him have long dissipated four years ago. We aren't compatible."

"If you were to say you still have feelings for him, I'd break your legs and lock you up right here!"

Amelia tightened her grip on the pillow. "We ended up nowhere back then. Right now, it'll only be even more impossible. His family and career have no correlation to me. We have no future together."

Tiffany saw the flash of sorrow in Amelia's eyes, her mood taking a downturn along with it.

"Amelia, to be honest, have you been unable to move on from Carter all these years? Otherwise, you wouldn't have contacted him and even gone to work in his company."

Amelia shook her head. "Tiff, I know my boundaries. Those years I spent being infatuated with him are long behind me."

Tiffany glanced at the photographs on the table, finding them extremely offensive to the eyes. "Even though you claim you no longer feel that way about him, I doubt he feels the same way," she said.

Tiffany had been by Amelia's side, watching her grow from the sidelines. Naturally, she'd witnessed those years she spent crushing on Carter Scott. Back then, Amelia had been a university student with nothing to her name, while Carter was the ingenious, sophisticated child of a wealthy

entrepreneur. The incomparable difference between their identities had caused her to bury her feelings for him deep inside her heart.

Although both of them had feelings for each other, neither of them tried to tear down the barrier between them. Carter Scott had never found out how she felt about him.

Clutching onto Amelia's hand, Tiffany said, "Amelia, should you decide to divorce Oscar Clinton, perhaps Carter Scott would make a suitable life partner. But I still hope you'll consider it carefully. The wealthy are too complicated. I don't wish for you to be dragged into their mess and be unable to save yourself."

Amelia laughed. "You've thought too much, Tiff. There's nothing between us. Even if I were to divorce Oscar, I wouldn't choose him either. I don't wish to be involved with the rich for a second time. In the future, I'll settle for a financially stable, decent-looking man. As for the rest, I won't think too much about it."

Tiffany quietened down. She knew Amelia hadn't had an easy life. Despite being married into the Clintons, Oscar Clinton had no other fondness for her except for her body. A woman without her husband's love would bound to feel empty inside no matter how much he tried to substitute it with material things.

"Tiff, I'm gonna take a quick nap. Wake me up at nine o'clock so I can go home," Amelia instructed and laid down on the couch.

"Go sleep in the bedroom. The air-conditioner here is too strong. Careful it'll give you a cold."

"It's alright. I'm quite comfortable here. Let me sleep and wake me up when it's time will do." Having said that, Amelia's eyes fluttered shut and dozed off.

Tiffany shook her head resignedly, returning to the bedroom to grab a blanket to cover her. Then, she took out her laptop and started typing at an insane speed.

About an hour later, she was interrupted by a ringing phone. She looked everywhere before realizing it came from Amelia's bag. When she went to retrieve it, it revealed that it was Oscar Clinton calling.

After a short moment of hesitation, she picked it up.

"Amelia Winters, where are you? Come back right away." Tiffany had only just answered the phone when Oscar's impolite voice sounded.

Frowning, she replied in an equally rude manner, "Mr. Clinton, watch your tone. Amelia's your wife, not your slave nor your toy."

Several seconds of silence passed before he responded, "Where's Amelia?"

"She's tired. Hence, she's resting," Tiffany said indifferently. "Mr. Clinton, I know Amelia's in a transactional marriage with you. You fork out the money while she sells her body. But all these years, she's been playing her role as your wife so well. Even if you don't feel romantically for her, please treat her slightly better. She may be glamorous on the outside, but she's a good-natured person. If you could simply be a little nicer to her, she wouldn't have to feel so aggrieved."

Oscar kept quiet once again.

"Mr. Clinton, if you're not listening, then I'll hang up now. She'll go home after she wakes up."

Right as Tiffany was about to hang up the call, Oscar uttered, "I'll go pick her up now."

"What?" Tiffany thought she was hearing things. Before she could ask, though, Oscar hung up without any clarification.

Listening to the automated beeps, Tiffany mumbled under her breath, "What the hell. How rude. If you had been Amelia's real husband, I wouldn't have you let off easy."

Still displeased, she placed Amelia's phone back into her bag.

It was half an hour later when the doorbell rang. Tiffany had originally wanted to ignore it, but the incessant ringing was giving her a headache. With no alternative, she went to get the door, unsurprisingly seeing Oscar Clinton standing on the other side.

Leaning against the doorframe, Tiffany crossed her arms against her chest with her chin raised. "What an unexpected visit, Mr. Clinton. Your presence brings light to my humble dwelling."

Oscar stared at her coldly. "Where's Amelia?"

Tiffany sneered. "First, why don't you tell me, who is Amelia to you?"

Oscar furrowed his brows. He had always been at odds with Tiffany. Even though she was Amelia's best friend, he still didn't like her. She was like a porcupine. As soon as she opened her mouth, pricks would start flying at others.

"Where's Amelia?" he repeated.

Tiffany sneered once more. "You've yet to answer me, Mr. Clinton. In your heart, what exactly is Amelia to you?"

"My wife. Does that suffice?" Oscar answered in annoyance.

"Oh, I see. So you do know she's your wife. Earlier on the phone, I assumed she was your slave or your toy instead," Tiffany ridiculed.

Oscar looked at her frigidly. "May I enter? Or else we'll disturb your neighbors when we start arguing."

Moving aside, Tiffany allowed him to pass with a welcome gesture. "Mr. Clinton, please. Lest Amelia blames me for not practicing hospitality."

Oscar entered without another word. Pouting, she reached out a hand to shut the door.

They both entered the living room and saw Amelia, who was curled up on the couch. "Mr. Clinton, do you see? The wife you mentioned has always been cheerful in your presence. But have you ever thought about how much stress she was under? Before she got pregnant, whenever you were off traveling for business, she would come to my place for a sleepover. At times, she had to take sleeping pills to go to bed. I remember one time, I heard her saying in her sleep that if there wasn't Cassie Yard between the two of you, she would try to make you fall in love with her."

Glimpsing at Oscar, Tiffany continued, "Mr. Clinton. Such a good woman, do you really not have any feelings for her?"

Staring at the woman who was wrapped cozily in blankets with only her head in view, Oscar's heart skipped a beat. He felt like the Amelia he was seeing looked so fragile.

He approached her and stroked her cheek gently, feeling how cold her skin was with his fingertips. His heart clenched. "How long has she been asleep?"

"Nearly two hours. Mr. Clinton, I'm not going against you on purpose. If you were to treat her better, I'd welcome you with great enthusiasm as well," Tiffany stated in a milder tone.

His gaze never strayed from the sleeping Amelia. "I'll treat my woman well. As long as you stop spouting nonsense in front of her, she wouldn't be led astray."

Tiffany smirked. She had wanted to call a truce, but who knew he had no discernment. He simply had to throw a jab in her face. Sure enough, she and Oscar must have been born as nemeses. There was probably no chance of them ever calling a truce in their lifetime.

“Mr. Clinton, do you have to speak in such a goading tone?” Tiffany questioned, crossing her arms against her chest.

Oscar took a cold glance at her and said, “Despite your passable looks, I simply can’t bring myself to treat you as a woman.”

Her lips twitched. Am I supposed to take this as a compliment?

“Thank you for your praise, Mr. Clinton. I’m unable to treat you as a man either, for I’ve never come across someone as ungentlemanly as you.”

Feigning ignorance, Oscar gently lifted the blanket and attempted to carry Amelia. Tiffany stopped him. “What are you doing?”

“Bringing her home,” he answered bluntly.

“She’s deeply asleep. What if you were to wake her up in the midst?”

“Then so be it.” He spoke like he was an emotionless being.

Chewing her lip, Tiffany said in unhappiness, “Oscar Clinton, can’t you just be a little more considerate to Amelia?”

“The matters between Amelia and I have nothing to do with an outsider like you.”

In disbelief, Tiffany pointed at herself. “Me? An outsider?”

He shot a glance that seemed to say, wasn’t it obvious?

She shrugged. Fine, I’ll admit defeat. I should’ve known Oscar Clinton is an extremely tasteless man.

“If you want to take her home, you’ll have to wait for her to wake up.”

Paying no heed to her words, he carried Amelia in one swift move and headed straight for the exit. Tiffany ran up to stop him, saying, “Oscar Clinton, you’re a grown man. Can’t you learn to respect others?”

“Move out of the way.”

Tiffany's face began to flush red from anger. "Oscar Clinton, you...!" Before she could complete her sentence, Amelia roused awake. It took no time for her to sober up as soon as she realized the predicament she was in.

"When did you get here, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia asked.

He lowered his head to glance at her, speaking in monotone, "You're up?"

She nodded. "Will you put me down first?"

He did as she asked. "Can we go now?"

She nodded once more and turned to Tiffany. "Tiff, I'm going home. Call me if there's anything."

Tiffany glared at Oscar and warned, "Oscar Clinton, I'm putting Amelia in your care. If she even loses a strand of hair, I'll go to war with you."

Amelia was speechless. Why do they have to make it sound so serious? Or did something big happen while I was asleep?

Oscar merely darted a brief glance at Tiffany and muttered, "Busybody." He then took Amelia's hand and left.

Tiffany was so pissed off that her jaw was hurting from clenching it too hard. She followed them to the door and raised her fist threateningly. "Oscar Clinton, just you wait! Someday when you come begging me for matters concerning Amelia, I'll be sure to pay you back doubly the way you treat me!"

At that moment, Tiffany had no idea her words would become prophecy. When that day came, she would become the reason their reconciliation took several detours, but also the one who made Amelia understand which man she should truly be with.

It could be said that Tiffany was the world's best confidante. She had put in a ton of effort for Amelia and her godson's sake. In the end, she managed to find her own happiness too.

Of course, that was to be in the future. They still had a long way to go.

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Ignoring Tiffany's shouting, Oscar took Amelia by her hand to wait for the elevator. Amelia waved to Tiffany and said, "Go in, Tiff. I'll call you once I'm home."

Soon after, Amelia was dragged into the elevator.

Tiffany grumbled to herself, "What a tasteless man. Someday you'll definitely be begging me on your knees."

Inside the elevator, Amelia turned to Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, what's with you today? It's as if you've eaten gunpowder for dinner."

He said nothing, merely staring at her indifferently.

Amelia had a hard time wrapping her head around how hot and cold Oscar was behaving. Why would he come to pick her up yet be so indifferent toward her?

"Mr. Clinton, if you're angry that my friend was unkind to you, I can apologize on her behalf," Amelia suggested.

He took a quick look at her. "What's with those photographs?"

Though her heart skipped, she did a great job pretending to be ignorant. "What photographs?"

"I received a parcel at six o'clock. It was a stack of photographs. I want to hear your explanation."

In an instant, she felt like a large cloud was hovering above her, about to unleash a flood of rain over her head. It felt ominous.

She had never expected Jennifer Larson to be this ruthless. She hadn't even given her enough time to process before she sent the photos to Oscar Clinton.

At that moment, she truly detested Jennifer. She had no animosity toward her. They didn't even have any relation to each other. Yet, Jennifer bore a deep grudge toward her, so much so she was planning to destroy her marriage. Amelia couldn't understand. How did ruining her marriage benefitted Jennifer?

"Are the photographs related to me?" Amelia continued pretending.

Oscar stared at her fervently without a word.

Amelia's heart was racing. Oscar's silence was making her uneasy. She feared Oscar would divorce her, and Olivia, who had always doted on her, would be disappointed if she'd seen the photos.

Amelia truly hated Jennifer then. She and Carter Scott were innocent, yet they had to suffer through such injustice.

"Mr. Clinton, I didn't even get to see those photos. Don't you feel like you've gone overboard for faulting me without finding out the truth?"

"You'll see when you're home," he said simply.

Amelia quietened down, and so did Oscar. The car was filled with a heavy silence.

About half an hour later, Oscar drove into the neighborhood where their condominium was and found a parking spot. He pulled open his door and got out before momentarily recalling Tiffany's words. Amelia hadn't lived an easy life. Even if she was heartbroken, she'd still wear a smile in front of him. Hence, he halted his steps.

"Let's go," he muttered in a rare, gentle voice.

Amelia was shocked, her mouth forming into a grin as she undid her seatbelt and exited the car.

Oscar was walking in the lead while she followed behind gloomily. Abruptly, she clutched her belly and wailed, "Mr. Clinton, my belly hurts! It hurts so much!"

Immediately, Oscar whipped his head around and studied her suspiciously. Amelia looked even more pitifully at him, her voice weakening as she cried, "Mr. Clinton, my belly hurts."

It was then Oscar began to panic, bending down to lift her anxiously. "I'll take you to the hospital."

Amelia suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck flirtatiously, leaning her head against his chest. "Mr. Clinton, you were ignoring me earlier. My heart was hurting, so my belly did too. Now that you're carrying me, it doesn't hurt anymore."

Oscar's face darkened, cryptically lowering his head to look at her. "You were pretending?"

She continued leaning on him unabashedly. “Mr. Clinton, don’t be so cold to me. Every time you do, it hurts here.” She pointed at the left side of her chest.

As soon as Oscar tried to put her down, she clutched onto him like a koala would a tree, whining weakly, “Mr. Clinton, it’s all my fault. I shouldn’t be photographed with anyone else other than you. I shouldn’t have infuriated you. It’s all my fault. Please forgive me.”

Glancing at her briefly, he carried her into the elevator and pressed their floor before proceeding to ignore her.

After they entered the apartment, he placed her down and tugged at his necktie. He then entered the kitchen and poured himself a glass of water, his heart feeling exceptionally frustrated. When he came out, Amelia jumped on him once more with no fear of any consequences. She whined pitifully and coquettishly, “Mr. Clinton, I’m really wrong this time. Please forgive me for this once. Don’t be mad anymore, alright?”

Oscar narrowed his eyes, speaking in a cold voice, “You’ve seen those photos?”

She froze for a second, her face remained unchanging. “It must not be good if it could make you this mad. Therefore, I’ll apologize first.”

The coldness in his eyes deepened. “At least you have some self-awareness.”

“Mr. Clinton, I’ve always been very self-aware.” She attempted to rouse his sympathy by blinking her eyes excessively, feigning cuteness.

Oscar merely turned around and went upstairs. Shortly after, a loud slam sounded from the bedroom door. Like a deflated balloon, Amelia slumped down onto the ground.

Five minutes later, Oscar came downstairs with a manila envelope in hand. Amelia looked at it listlessly. “Mr. Clinton, are the photographs you mentioned in there?”

He threw the envelope on the table and said, “Take a look yourself.”

She hesitated for a second before reaching for the envelope. A stack of photographs fell out the moment she opened it—all of which showed a man and a woman she easily recognized. It was no one else other than Carter Scott and herself.

Jennifer Larson, you’re truly ruthless! Amelia cursed in her heart.

Oscar kept a close eye on her and said, "Aren't you gonna give me an explanation?"

Calming down, she smiled faintly at him. "Mr. Clinton, if I were to say nothing happened between me and Carter Scott, would you believe me?"

"No."

She laughed. "Looking at these photographs, I wouldn't believe me either."

Oscar went forward and bent slightly, leaving only centimeters between them when he raised a hand to pinch her chin. "Amelia Winters, are you that desperate? I've been pleasing you so passionately. Are you still so unsatisfied in bed that you had to look for another man? Couldn't you have been less depraved? You even hooked up with your boss."

Amelia's heart ached for a moment, yet her face remained neutral. "Mr. Clinton, didn't you already know I was such a person?" She laughed. "But these photographs I can explain. Carter Scott and I are innocent. Do you believe me?"

Oscar's grip on her chin increased, retorting, "Do you think I believe you?"

You definitely don't!

She was well aware of his possessiveness. Had these photographs been of Oscar and Cassie, and he had claimed to be innocent, she wouldn't have believed him either.

Oscar moved closer, their lips faintly brushing against each other. The air he exhaled tickled her face.

"Amelia Winters, did I not satisfy you enough, or was the money I gave you insufficient? Was that why you were so eager to hook up with another man before you divorced me? Carter Scott may be handsome and outstanding, but can he satisfy you in bed as I can?"

Her heart felt like it was being slashed by a knife, hurting tremendously.

Oscar released her chin, his hand slowly moving to her neck. "In the photograph, he was leaning against your neck. He kissed you, am I right? I see that you were enjoying it. You like him, don't you?"

Amelia stiffened, unsure of what to say.

Leaning toward her neck, he bit on it slightly. "Amelia Winters, women like you have the power to drive men crazy. But you're too greedy. You already have me, yet you're still thinking of another. You should've considered it before you tried to steer two boats at once. There's always a possibility of sinking at sea. By then, you'll be left with nothing."

Amelia's heart sank. She was truly afraid that her relationship with Oscar would be over that night with no possibilities to reconcile.

"Would you do anything for money? The child you're carrying, is that someone else's too?" he questioned coldly. His single sentence felt like a knife stabbing into her heart. She looked at him incredulously. "Mr. Clinton, you can call me a slut, but you can't deny your own flesh and blood."

"You've hooked up with so many men. Do you think I'd believe the child is mine?"

Amelia blanched.

Oscar noticed the hurt flashing in her eyes. All of a sudden, he couldn't bear to continue. But at the thought of the photographs, his face became even grimmer. He vented his anger with a single harsh bite on her neck.

"Amelia Winters, am I not good enough to you? Why do you have to look for other men?" That was about all the things he could say.

Amelia's eyes reddened, staring at him with hurt in her eyes. "Mr. Clinton, will you believe me this once?"

"The photographs are here. How do you expect me to believe you?" he said in a lowered voice.

She wanted to stroke his cheek, but he swiftly avoided it as if it irked him. "Don't touch me! I find you really filthy right now."

Her legs trembled slightly, chuckling bitterly. "Since you find me filthy, let's get a divorce."

Hearing that, Oscar's face flushed with indescribable rage. "Amelia Winters, you want a divorce? You're going to Carter Scott after the divorce? How daring of you. Other than love, I could offer you anything else. You wanted money, and I gave you money. I made you my wife, and yet you couldn't even give me your untainted body. The only merit you had has been given to someone else. What else do I need you for?"

This woman has such guts. She's found the next target before even getting a divorce. Did she think I wouldn't do anything to her?

Oscar dropped his head and kissed her wildly, ravaging her. Amelia tried to shove him off with her hands, but the more she did, the angrier he got. He was almost pressing her against the couch, his large stature covering her body, but remained logical enough to avoid her belly.

Five minutes later, Oscar finally released her lips. She resembled a fish who had been washed afloat, her cheeks pink and panting heavily.

He looked in satisfaction at her flushed cheeks. But at the thought that another man could make her look the same way as he just did, his face turned bleak once again.

He reached out a hand to wipe at her kissed-swollen lips and said, "If you could be as obedient as you did today, then I wouldn't have treated you this way."

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Amelia merely looked at him blankly.

Oscar lowered his head and bit her lips to the point it bled. "Or do you prefer this?"

Despair replaced the blankness in her gaze. Her lips moved, yet nothing came out of it in the end.

From Carter Scott to Oscar Clinton, she'd only ever been in love with those two men. Carter had appeared during her innocent years. Back then, he fulfilled her fantasy of a prince charming. At that tender age, which girl wouldn't wish for a prince to rescue her from the abyss of suffering? It was then that Carter Scott appeared.

At that time, she only dared to have a crush on him. Even though Carter had hinted at her several times, she never had the courage to make the first move. The difference between them hadn't been insignificant. Although everyone said they looked compatible with their appearance, the contrast between their family background discouraged her. They hovered around each other for years until her graduation, and she entered the Scott Group with his help. Perhaps without his family's interference, she could've gotten together with him. But what's happened had

happened. Many years passed. She and Carter could no longer return to how they were before.

Even if she were to divorce Oscar, it was impossible between Carter and her. She couldn't get out of that hurdle as too many things had happened. The damage between them was irreparable.

Amelia was feeling complicated inside. To say she wasn't feeling bitter would be lying. She hadn't even reached thirty years old, yet had experienced so many things that people her age hadn't.

If it wasn't for the little one in her belly, she probably would have collapsed. She might also move to an isolated small town and end her life after divorcing Oscar.

In a trance, Amelia's eyes reddened and tears flowed down her cheeks.

Looking at her tears, Oscar's heart ached. But at the thought that she could be crying for the man in the photograph, his heartache turned into irritability and anger.

He wiped the tears with his thumb and said, "Why are you crying?"

Amelia looked at him through her tear-filled eyes, her voice croaking. "Would you feel sorry for me when I cry?"

"No." At least not now.

His words made her feel slightly hopeless. She smiled bitterly. "You're straightforward as always, Mr. Clinton."

Pinching her chin, he said, "Don't change the subject. Be honest. When did you hook up with Carter Scott?"

She glanced at him briefly and decided to go all out. "Mr. Clinton is aware of that fact that I love money, right? Whoever gives me money, I'll give them my body. It just so happens Carter Scott has money. How could I let such a good opportunity slip away?"

Oscar's eyes were burning in rage, his grip on her chin tightening. "Amelia Winters, you're the most repulsive woman I've ever met," he spat out coldly.

"Thank you for your praise."

"If the photos had been sent to my parents, remember to explain to my mom clearly. I don't want you to pollute her ears on top of dirtying her eyes," Oscar ordered, moving away from her body.

Amelia asked in distress, "You sent the photos to them?"

"They're my parents, for God's sake. I'm not that vile. I wouldn't want the whole world to know I've been made a cuckold either."

Amelia knew, if Olivia and Owen were to receive the photographs, it could only be the work of Jennifer Larson.

She dropped her head and concealed the emotions in her eyes. "I'll explain the photographs to your mom."

"In this family, mom is the one who truly dotes on you. Don't upset her."

A trace of guilt flashed in Amelia's eyes. She had the urge to explain herself. She had been misunderstood too many times. She didn't want Oscar to continue misunderstanding her nor Olivia to view her as an unrestrained woman.

If the photographs were sent to the Clintons, she feared it would cause a huge wave.

One wrong step, and she could really be thrown out of the Clintons. It wasn't as if she wanted to cling onto them. She merely didn't want to be kicked out in such a pathetic way.

Having mixed feelings, Amelia stood from up the couch and walked toward Oscar. She wrapped her arms around him from behind and said, "Mr. Clinton, listen to me. It really isn't what you think. Please believe me."

Oscar shook off her hands and pushed her away. He turned around and regarded her coldly. "Amelia Winters, how shameless can you be?"

She froze, her heart bleeding once again. "Do you still refuse to believe me?"

"You could sell yourself for money, how do you expect me to believe you? Amelia Winters, I don't wish to touch you right now because I find you filthy. Heck, I don't even want to be in the same space as you. Tomorrow, if you wish to explain it to my parents, don't expect me to speak up for you." Having said his piece, Oscar turned to go upstairs.

Amelia flopped down on the couch in a dazed manner. An unknown amount of time passed before she reached for her bag shakily, taking a long time to find her phone. Her hands trembled as she dialed a number.

As soon as the call connected, she choked out, "Tiff, my heart hurts, and I don't feel so well. Will you come over?"

"What's wrong with you, Amelia? Give me a while, I'll head over right now."

Amelia hung up the phone, sitting in a daze on the couch.

Tiffany arrived within thirty minutes. Amelia went to answer the door as the doorbell rang incessantly. Seeing how pale Amelia was, Tiffany flinched. "What's wrong?"

Amelia merely smiled before her whole body slumped against Tiffany.

Taken aback, Tiffany asked again, "Amelia, what happened?"

But Amelia gave no response.

Tiffany anxiously yelled, "Oscar Clinton! Oscar Clinton, are you home? Are you home? You better come out! Amelia's fainted!"

Oscar dashed down the stairs with heavy steps. "What happened to her?"

"Are you blind? She's fainted. Hurry and carry her to the hospital. If she or the baby were to have anything happen to them, I'll never let you off!" Tiffany shouted hysterically.

In one swift move, Oscar swept Amelia up and ran to the elevator. Fortunately, it opened the moment he arrived.

The three of them entered and left the elevator very quickly. Oscar carried Amelia into his car and said to Tiffany, "Look after her."

Tiffany rolled her eyes, refusing to give him any response.

Oscar didn't mind her silence, wasting no time to take the driver's seat. He whipped out his phone and dialed. "Robert, it's me. Something happened to Amelia. Please get the hospital to prepare for the best doctor on stand-by."

Having said that, he hung up right away.

As it was late in the night, there were hardly any vehicles on the road. Oscar drove as fast as he could, running through several red lights along the way.

A team of medical personnel was already waiting when they arrived. Oscar stopped the car and went to the backseat to carry Amelia, moving her to the stretcher the hospital had already arranged.

Amelia was taken into the operating theatre. Oscar and Tiffany stood waiting on the outside. Angrily, Tiffany looked at Oscar. "What exactly did you do to Amelia that caused her to faint? If something happens to her, I swear I'll fight you as if my life depends on it!"

Leaning against the wall, Oscar spat out, "Shut up!"

Tiffany was so enraged she almost couldn't catch her breath. She pointed a trembling finger at him. "Are you human, Oscar Clinton? How exactly is she not good enough for you to hurt her repeatedly?"

Oscar remained silent.

Inhaling a deep breath, Tiffany calmed herself down and said, "Oscar Clinton, you're cruel enough. If something happens to Amelia, I wouldn't let you off either."

"You're too noisy. Can you shut up?"

She forced herself to take deep breaths. "Oscar Clinton, can I ask you a question?"

He shot a single glance at her. "Speak."

"Can you tell me, what exactly did you do to Amelia in these short three hours that could cause her to end up in the hospital?" Tiffany's tone had considerably calmed down.

"That's between us."

"Can you be a man for once?" She inhaled another deep breath.

Oscar sat down on the chair, ignoring Tiffany's endless chatter.

She tried again and said, "Oscar Clinton, do you know that Amelia is true to you? If she wasn't, she would have never kept the baby. She told me the baby's the product of your love even though she was well aware you have no feelings for her."

Oscar's heart throbbed.

With her eyes red, Tiffany continued, "Oscar Clinton, the woman in there is your wife. No matter what she did wrong, shouldn't you have been a little more tolerant? Was there a need to cause her to faint? If I hadn't been there in time and something happened to her or the baby, wouldn't you be upset at all?"

She raised her hand to wipe the fallen tears. "But I guess, for an emotionless being like you, how could you possibly understand Amelia? Trust her to try in vain to love you, yet you treated her this way..."

"Stop telling me about her feelings for me!" Oscar abruptly stood up and yelled without restraint.

Tiffany flinched. Seeing the redness in his eyes, she swallowed the words she was about to say.

"Tiffany, on the account that you're her friend, I've been more than tolerant toward you. Stop telling me about her feelings, or else I'll make your life in this city miserable."

"Amelia clearly has feelings for you! Why are you afraid to hear me talk about it?" Tiffany was agitated. "Amelia's been wholehearted to you. She's carrying your child. Is that not enough to prove her love for you?"

"It's not certain whether or not her child belongs to me," Oscar stated with a grim face.

Tiffany was taken aback at first, but fury immediately took over. "Oscar Clinton, have some conscience! If it isn't your child, whose could it be?"

"She loves money that much. It could be anyone's."

Tiffany raised her hand to slap him, but her wrist was caught by him.

Indignant, she glared at him. "Oscar Clinton, for a man to deny your own child, karma will hit you one day!"

"I'll personally arrange a DNA test after she's given birth. If the child's mine, I'll acknowledge it. Otherwise, I won't raise that bastard."

Tiffany's body shook in rage. She forced herself to take deep breaths to calm herself down and said, "Mr. Clinton, do you have any idea how hurtful your words are? Amelia may look like a hussy, but she's devoted in love. You've been married to her for years. Don't you know that well yourself?"

Oscar returned to his seat and kept quiet once again.

Before Tiffany could say another word, the lights above the operating theatre dimmed, and the door opened. She rushed forward, clutching the doctor, and asked worriedly, "Doctor, how is Amelia?"