

Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

Chapter 307

For the next month, Oscar's men searched around for Amelia, but she was nowhere to be found. It was as if she had fallen off the face of the world, and there was no sign of her anywhere.

His initial confidence gradually turned to anxiety. Tuning all his uncertainty into his work, he became a workaholic who toiled day and night. As a result, his employees had no choice but to increase their workload. It hence did not come as a surprise that Clinton Corporations' performance increased by leaps and bounds. The results showed that they had outperformed last month by twenty percent, but no one was pleased by that. If this were to go on, they'd scrape themselves dry during their time of youth.

Jerry knocked on the door with the report in her arms. After Oscar granted her entry, she headed in and greeted, "Mr. Clinton."

Without looking up, Oscar focused on dealing with the documents on his desk and asked coolly, "What is it?"

"This is the performance of the Sales Department this month. Please take a look at it." Jerry handed the report to him.

"Leave it on the desk."

Jerry left the report on the desk as instructed. She gazed at Oscar, who was working hard more than ever. A hint of doubt flashed across her gaze. A month had since passed, and everyone in the company knew that Amelia and Oscar were divorced. Amelia also left the city with the Clintons' eldest grandson and disappeared into thin air. No one knew where they were. Though the Clinton family was influential and had connections, they couldn't unearth any clue about Amelia's whereabouts. Thus, Oscar poured all his time into work and made life hard for his employees.

As their superior was working hard, it was clear that they couldn't do their jobs perfunctorily, right? They didn't work poorly, to begin with, for Clinton Corporations was a huge company that wouldn't hire inefficient employees. However, their workload was much heavier now, and they would definitely collapse out of exhaustion one day.

Sensing her gaze, Oscar finally looked up. He frowned and cast her an icy look. "Anything else?"

A chill ran down Jerry's back, for it felt like Oscar was a soulless working machine that barred anyone from coming close to him.

After making up her mind, Jerry said, "Mr. Clinton, I think you should take care of your health. Work is important, but your health is too. Working nonstop will only bring you down."

Oscar glanced at her before looking away. "You can leave now."

Jerry fell silent for a minute before going all out. "Mr. Clinton, if Mrs. Clinton was still around, she wouldn't want you to disregard your health. Previously, she told me to remind you not to work nonstop and take your meals on time no matter what. Mr. Clinton, you didn't have your meals regularly and even skipped meals occasionally for the past month. It'll take a toll on your health. I believe Mrs. Clinton will worry about you," she uttered.

Finally, Oscar reacted to her words. He raised his head, looking a little lost.

"If I get sick, will she worry about me?" he mumbled. It was unclear if he was talking to Jerry or to himself.

Jerry couldn't help but sigh out loud. Though Oscar was aloof, he was a loyal man. Amelia had left and taken his soul with her. Compared to the pain he suffered when Cassie left back then, it was obvious his condition was more serious now.

Back when Cassie left him, Oscar buried himself in work for around six days and returned to his normal self on day seven. However, he was now the prime example of a lifeless working machine. If he kept working this hard, the stress would eventually take its toll.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm certain Mrs. Clinton will worry about you. She loves you and wishes you well," Jerry stated firmly.

Glancing at her, Oscar asked, "If she does love me, why did she leave? It has been a month, but she's still missing."

Jerry parted her lips, but words failed her.

A gleam of malice shone in his eyes as he warned, "Jerry, you don't even have an explanation for that. How dare you claim she loves me? Just because I promoted you to be the manager of the Sales Department doesn't mean that you have the right to interfere in my business. Get out."

Jerry jumped in fright, but she didn't leave at once and seemed to hesitate.

"Why? Didn't I make myself clear? Or are you refusing to heed my order? Then you shall cease to be the Sales Department's manager. Hand in your resignation and scram!"

Taking a deep breath, Jerry stared at him doggedly and said, "Mr. Clinton, I don't know if I should say this."

Oscar massaged his temples in exasperation. He knew he had lost control of his emotions earlier. Mixing business with private matters wasn't what a superior should do.

"Say it," he commanded in a deep voice.

"Mr. Clinton, I have no right to butt into your private affairs, but besides affecting your own health, you're also petrifying your subordinates. They worked overtime for over a month and are on the verge of collapsing anytime. Some who are married or in a relationship had to spend less time with their family and other halves because of work. Eventually, problems will arise."

Jerry made herself clear, and her points were well-organized. "As your employee, I need to risk being reprimanded and let you know the truth. Besides, I've worked with you for years and viewed you as a friend. As a friend, I have to give you a piece of my mind. Of course, if you think I'm not worthy to be your friend, I have no comment on that. I promised Mrs. Clinton to remind you not to overwork yourself. In fact, there is something she said that I haven't told you."

Something glinted in Oscar's gaze.

Jerry continued calmly, "Mrs. Clinton said that if she were to leave, you shouldn't pour all your time into work. She'll be praying for you somewhere else so you'll live a long life."

As though he was a wounded wolf, Oscar demanded harshly, "Why did you keep it until now?" If she told me about it previously, I would've realized Amelia had the intention of leaving the city. We wouldn't have missed each other.

Shocked, Jerry retreated a few steps and hung her head low to avoid meeting Oscar's horrifying gaze. "Mr. Clinton, I'm really sorry. I didn't know Mrs. Clinton would..."

Oscar deflated like a balloon and slumped in his chair. He gave a dismissive wave and said weakly, "You can leave now."

Jerry gazed at him and plucked up her courage to say, "Mr. Clinton, as both your subordinate and your friend, I don't think you should continue this unhealthy lifestyle."

Oscar glanced at her before saying, "Jerry, you're overstepping the line. Just do your job and stay out of my private affairs. Otherwise, I shall take action regardless of our past relationship."

Jerry hung her head low and replied, "I'm sorry for that."

"You may leave now."

With a weak nod, Jerry left as instructed.

Oscar promptly returned to his work, but the words before him just didn't register in his head. He looked up in a daze and mumbled, "Amelia, you're thoughtful enough to ask another woman to give me words of advice, but why didn't you do it yourself? How heartless of you! You're even more cruel than me! We've been married for five years, and I did ignore you for the first four years, but I never let go of you. However, you're heartless enough to leave me in the lurch without leaving a trace."

Oscar had suffered greatly for the past month. He had no idea missing someone would hurt this badly. As long as he had free time, he'd feel his heart ache. Left with no choice, he poured all his time into work to numb his feelings. Only when exhaustion took over him, he'd fall asleep in bed slowly. His sleep quality had deteriorated the past month. Sometimes, he was drained and sleepy, but just couldn't fall asleep no matter what. He even got into the habit of hugging Amelia's pillow before he could fall asleep. If nothing else worked, he would resort to taking sleeping pills to get some rest.

A month had passed since Amelia's departure, and Oscar realized he was no longer the same man he used to be. He wished he could work all day, and his mood often fluctuated to dangerous levels. He knew this wasn't a good change. Eventually, this would cost his health and Clinton Corporations' development.

Oscar let out a sigh. It was time for him to adjust his schedule. Otherwise, his health would suffer, and Clinton Corporations would peak and go downhill from there. That wasn't what he wanted.

As the head of a company, it was bad to be emotional, for it would affect his ability to make a sound judgment.

Oscar tugged at his hair irritably. He got up and grabbed his suit jacket before striding out of his office.

"Mr. Clinton, you have a conference call with the chairman of Larson Group at three in the afternoon. You..." Linda stood up and reminded Oscar, for he seemed like he was about to head out.

"Tell the chairman that I'm feeling unwell and adjourn the meeting to tomorrow at the same time," Oscar instructed and left without looking back.

"Yes, Mr. Clinton," came Linda's reply.

Oscar took the elevator and went downstairs. Before he could leave the building, a woman's voice rang out behind him. "Oscar!"

He didn't bother stopping.

Isabella ran after him and tried to walk side by side with him. Breathless, she offered, "Oscar, wait up. I asked my chef to prepare some chicken soup. It has just been delivered, so it's still warm. I heard the other employees say that you haven't eaten today. Have some soup so you won't get sick."

Without sparing her a glance, Oscar replied frostily, "I don't like chicken soup."

Isabella didn't get mad at his reply and kept her pace. "Oscar, I asked my maid to prepare this. Please accept my kind intention. I only wish the best for you."

Oscar finally came to a stop and glanced at her. "Ms. Walker, following a man shamelessly will only degrade your status. You're a socialite, but the others might think you're selling your body. Never mind if you wish to downgrade yourself to be a social butterfly. Don't assume everyone else is as wicked as you. Also, Clinton Corporations don't hire employees

who love slacking off. If you don't have the intention to work here, please leave as soon as possible," he declared.

Isabella's smile faltered as she gazed at him in frustration.

"Oscar, I was just showing my concern. Do you have to be that cruel?" she asked in a pitiful manner.

Another man might've taken pity on her, but alas, Oscar was a ruthless wolf who had fallen in love with Amelia. He didn't have the space for any other women in his heart.