

Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

Chapter 320

While Amelia was running away from the sudden admiration she received from Kurt, the man she had been missing did not fall short of admirers too. Unbothered by Oscar's indifference, Isabella still headed to the office to send him the packed lunch she had specially prepared.

"Linda, is Mr. Clinton inside?" she asked, smiling politely.

Looking at her, Linda appeared slightly courteous yet aloof as she said, "Ms. Walker, Mr. Clinton is still busy with work. I think you should take your leave first."

Isabella raised the lunchbox in her hand. "I've prepared lunch for Mr. Clinton. No one can function well on an empty stomach. Look, it's almost one. He'll get sick if he doesn't take his meals on time." Finishing her words, she strode past Linda and opened the door without knocking on it.

"Ms. Walker, you can't..." Linda followed behind in an attempt to stop Isabella but to no avail since the latter was moving too quickly.

"Oscar, I've brought lunch for you—" In high spirits, Isabella lifted the lunchbox in her hand, but before she could finish speaking, a gold pen came flying toward her. It would have hit her if she were not agile enough to dodge the incoming object.

Stunned, she gulped and looked toward the direction of the man, who was casting death glares at her.

Similarly, Linda's face was white with shock. She was distressed at the thought of how her livelihood would be at stake if Oscar blamed her for Isabella's reckless behavior.

Undoubtedly, there was a possibility that Oscar would act that way. Ever since he turned into a workaholic, his life had only revolved around work to the point that he was no longer even as lenient to his subordinates. His frighteningly fearsome appearance was similar to that of Lucifer.

"Mr. Clinton, Ms. Walker insisted on walking in. I couldn't stop her... I-I..." Linda cautiously tried to explain herself. She was panic-stricken that Oscar would blow his top should she say anything inadequate.

Oscar shot her a glance and uttered, "Linda, if you're lacking the capability to restrict people from barging into my office without my permission, then I guess there's no need for you to be working as my secretary anymore."

Feeling an increasing amount of uneasiness and panic within her, she immediately stuttered, "Mr. Clinton, I-I'm sorry. I apologize for my incompetence this time."

"Get out."

Linda heaved a sigh of relief at Oscar's order. She would not have known what to do if he had chosen to take immediate actions against her.

In truth, she hated Isabella for acting that way. Does she have no brains? It's enough if she gets herself into Mr. Clinton's bad books, but why must she drag me along? Just because she looks pretty and has a good family background, she thinks every man will fall for her? She's thinking too highly of herself! Ugh, she should know her place! Does she really believe that Mr. Clinton will fall for someone like her? Even a fool knows that would never happen! Such a brainless woman! Get hated by Mr. Clinton alone; don't get others involved!

Indignation raged within her. She could not believe that she was implicated and, as a result, suffered several rounds of reprimands from Oscar just because of Isabella's actions.

A woman like her deserves to be taught a lesson so that she'll know that not all men would fall for her pretense! She shouldn't act as she pleases just because she has a privileged background!

The extremely aggrieved Linda had a lot of grumbles inside her, yet there was nothing she could do except glower at Isabella and close the door behind her after leaving the room.

Meanwhile, Isabella was feeling delighted internally at Oscar's differential treatment. Her smile broadened as she assumed she had a special place in his heart.

"Oscar, I've prepared lunch for you. Dig in before you continue with your work." Still holding onto the lunchbox she specially prepared at home, she walked over to him excitedly.

However, Oscar merely regarded her coldly. "Isabella, if you think Clinton Corporations isn't a great fit for you, you can always leave now. The company hires you in hopes that you can bring us benefits instead of doing your job perfunctorily. We don't want to hire a freeloader."

The smile on Isabella faded. Looking at him resentfully and aggrievedly, she stretched her hand out. "Oscar, all I want is for you to eat what I've specially cooked for you. Look at the number of blisters I got from the oil spatters while learning to cook for you. Please eat some? I've put in a lot of effort to make them."

Oscar's gaze only grew colder.

He pointed toward the door and ordered, "Get out. Don't make me repeat myself. And in the future, don't enter my office without my permission."

Tears welled up in Isabella's eyes at once. She inched toward Oscar and carefully placed the lunchbox on his desk before she said in a pitiful tone, "Oscar, this is my gesture of goodwill. Eat a bit, will you? On the account that I've hurt myself while learning to cook for you, eat some of it. Otherwise, I'll cry before you now."

Had it been any other man, Isabella's coquettish and meek acting would have long softened their hearts. Their relationship would perhaps even have gotten to the next level. That said, it was a pity Oscar only had one woman in his heart. Therefore, her behavior could only prompt him to see her as a pretentious woman.

With a cold expression on his face, Oscar said, "Isabella, don't force me to go against my principles of not hitting women. The way you're acting now disgusts me. Take your lunchbox with you and leave. Also, head to the finance department to get your salary sorted. You don't have to return for work from tomorrow onward."

Taken aback by the man's words, Isabella froze.

"Oscar, what did you just say?"

"Isabella, you should learn to have some dignity. I don't like clingy women like you. Besides, your actions are affecting my work and life. You've succeeded in making me feel disgusted. Take it that I'm pleading you; please take your leave now," Oscar uttered impassively.

Unable to believe what the man had just said, she stared at him with reddened eyes. Then, in a petulant tone, she voiced, "Oscar, you're cruel. Too bad I've fallen head over heels with you. Trust me—you'll fall in love with me one day. Anyway, I've put in lots of effort to prepare this lunchbox, so show some appreciation and eat it even if you don't like it. I'll take my leave and head back to work now. And I'll prove to you that I'm not a useless employee to this company."

Having said that, she covered her face and left hurriedly. However, once she was out of Oscar's office, her countenance did a one-eighty. Gone was the pitiful expression, and what replaced it was a grim one. The resentment and anger in her eyes could barely be concealed.

Looking at the lunchbox left on the table, Oscar called Linda in and ordered, "Throw that out immediately."

Linda nodded in acknowledgment and picked it up from the table. "Mr. Clinton, is there anything else you need?"

"Do not let Isabella get anywhere near my office in the future, Linda. I don't see the need for you to remain in the company if such a situation ever arises again. Do you understand?"

Linda politely replied, "Yes, Mr. Clinton. I'll be wary in the future and strive not to disappoint you."

"You may leave first."

Nodding at him, she replied, "Then I'll get back to work, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar only gave a light nod as a reply.

Such a trivial episode did not seem to affect Oscar for the least bit. He soon got back on track and drowned himself in work for several hours, which only came to a stop when the ringtone from his phone broke his train of thought. Whipping out his phone, he realized it was Olivia.

At once, he knitted his brows. He felt somewhat a little repulsed by Olivia's random calls as it had disrupted his otherwise peaceful and quiet day.

As much as he did not want to pick up the call, he was left with no other choice because Olivia was way more persistent than he would have expected. She had dialed over ten consecutive calls, leaving him with a seemingly ceaseless ringtone that ultimately led him to pick up the call.

"Hey, Mom," Oscar muttered as he massaged his throbbing head.

"Have you gotten off work? Come straight to the Clinton residence. I have something to tell you." Olivia sounded extremely assertive over the phone.

"Mom, I still need to wrap up some matters, so I don't think I can head back anytime soon. I'll find some time to visit after I clear my work. If it's anything urgent, you can tell me through the phone; I'll be listening."

"Come back here, right now."

Getting visibly annoyed, he suppressed his anger and answered, "Mom, stop it. I'm not lying; I'm still busy with work. Actually, I won't head back tonight. I'll just spend my night at the apartment."

"Oscar, are you trying to get out of this by giving me excuses? Come back here immediately. Otherwise, I can't guarantee what might happen to me." Olivia was getting increasingly irked.

"Mom, you've misunderstood. I've always respected you. As such, I hope I can receive your love and blessings."

"Then come back now. Or else don't call me 'Mom' from now on."

With no other options, Oscar eventually compromised. He was afraid that Olivia would put her threats to action and hurt herself. Thus, after packing the necessary items he needed for work, he rushed to the parking lot and drove back home at once.

"Dad, Mom." Upon stepping foot into the living room at the residence, he greeted his parents, completely neglecting the existence of Isabella and Stephanie, who were both sitting at one side.

Olivia pointed at the sofa seat right next to her. "Oscar, have a seat here."

He did as instructed.

"Oscar, Isabella cares so much about you and has even expressed her admiration toward you. Can't you treat her better at the company?" She looked at him and went straight to the point.

"Isabella and I are just strangers, Mom. I hope you won't try to set us up as that'll only bring me troubles." Oscar furrowed his brows and patiently added, "Besides, she isn't doing her job well at the company. Her performance is not on par with the standards of a graduate from a renowned university. A person like her isn't a good fit for the company, and it's unfair to the other employees who actually have a talent. Thus, I've dismissed her. She doesn't have to report for work from tomorrow onward."

Sneering, she snapped, "Oscar, it seems like you've got everything planned out, huh? To think you even had the audacity to come up with such an excuse. Isabella's doing a great job at work. I've called the Sales Department to ask about her performance, and everyone is full of praises for her. What exactly are you dissatisfied with her?"

Feeling frustrated, Oscar abruptly stood up. "Mom, I still have some unfinished work. I'll excuse myself first."

"Stop right there," Olivia firmly called out.

At once, he stopped in his tracks.

"Could it be that you still can't forget Amelia?" Olivia glared at him.

"Mom, she's my wife. And she's the only one who is fit to be my wife." Oscar was firm with his answer.

"You rascal! Did you forget how she had wrecked our family? I haven't seen my precious grandson even till now. Yet you still have that vile woman in your mind? Will you only be contented if I die before your eyes?" she berated.

Oscar was instantly overwhelmed with mixed emotions.

"Mom, I love and respect you. Never have I ever hoped for anything untoward to happen to you. My yearning for Amelia would never affect how I treat you," he solemnly explained.

"You can only choose one—either me or her." Olivia, on the other hand, remained stubborn. "She's no longer the daughter-in-law of the Clintons ever since she left with Tony wordlessly."

Growing impatient, Oscar took a deep breath. "Mom, can you stop acting this way? I'm sick of all of this. I've been trying to appease you while looking for Amelia all this while. I

honestly have had enough of everything. Let me take a breather, will you? Your tantrums are making you less gentle and thoughtful, and I'm gradually losing the good impression I have of you. I don't wish for you to grow into a horrible figure in my heart."

An ugly scowl appeared on Olivia's otherwise beautiful face.

Owen quietly held her in his arms and consoled her.

"Oscar, apologize to your mom. She's doing this for your own good." With a frown, he tried to ease the tension.

Nevertheless, Oscar stayed silent. He was tired and did not want to give in any longer.

Seeing his reaction, Olivia could not hold her tears back anymore as an inexplicable sadness arose within her. "I'm too mortified to live on. Everything I've done was for our family's sake, yet my son doesn't understand me and even claims that I'm acting unreasonably. I'm really heartbroken."

At that, Oscar's face darkened even further.

"Oscar, apologize to your mom. I don't think you'll want to see anything happen to her either, right?" Owen cautioned.