

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 357

Meanwhile, Oscar and Carter bumped into each other in the washroom. "Mr. Clinton, I think Amelia chose to divorce you because she's in love with me," Carter said.

"Carter, one should know where he stands. I applaud you for being confident, but being arrogant, now that's a whole different story! Your conceitedness is irking me, Carter. Why are you dwelling on a minor disagreement between me and my wife? Have you been single for way too long? Is that why you can't think straight? Go home. Perhaps you'll come to your senses tomorrow." Oscar smirked.

Without giving Carter another look, Oscar elegantly wiped his hands dry with a paper towel and walked toward the exit. But before he could leave, he was violently pushed against the wall.

Carter gritted his teeth and glared at Oscar viciously. "Stop fooling yourself, Oscar! How could you say that Amelia is still yours when she has gone missing ever since she divorced you? You have no idea how long I've waited for this. Now that she's single, I won't let her get back with you again!"

The scuffle had messed up Oscar's suit. He then casually shook off Carter's hands and smoothed out the creases on his clothes. "Get your hands off my suit, Carter."

At that, Carter's fists clenched up in anger.

Before Oscar left the washroom, he turned back and glanced at Carter. "I have a friendly piece of advice for you, Carter—stop going after married women. Since you already have someone who loves you, appreciate her instead. Otherwise, you'd end up being alone."

After Oscar left, Carter was left alone in the washroom.

"Mr. Scott, you've been to the washroom for a good half an hour! What got you distracted? Was it a pretty lady?" someone teased when Carter walked back into the private room.

Carter sat down on the sofa without any response. Seeing that he was being ignored, the man felt a little awkward.

Derrick then took a glance at Carter and said, "Let's drink, Mr. Scott!"

Perhaps he was still troubled by what Oscar said to him earlier, Carter started drinking uncontrollably. However, Oscar and Derrick just watched him drink like a fish without intending to stop him.

Initially, Carter meant to get himself wasted. But, somehow the more he drank, the more clear-headed he became!

Suddenly, Oscar stood up and declared to those who were singing, "Something came up, so I shall make a move. Enjoy yourselves, everyone. Tonight is on me."

"It's not even twelve yet, Mr. Clinton! Why are you in such a rush? Stay with us through the night!" a drunk man blurted.

Upon seeing that, Oscar shot Derrick a look before he left. Some friends you got here. They can't even drink responsibly!

Derrick rubbed his nose and looked away embarrassingly.

Carter left soon after as well. Just like that, the singing crowd seemed to have lost interest after two of the prominent characters left.

Derrick downed two glasses of wine before he stood up and said to the others, "Enjoy yourselves, everyone. The wine is getting to me. I'll excuse myself."

Everyone turned toward him. "You're leaving as well, Mr. Hisson? How could you leave us? You're the host!"

"I'm sorry, guys. But I'm getting tipsy from the drinks. As a punishment, I'll down another three glasses before I leave! Since it's such a rare occasion to gather everyone, the rest of you should stay and make the most out of tonight." Derrick smiled.

The crowd cheered and watched as he downed three glasses of wine before he left. "That's awesome, Mr. Hisson!"

"All right then, I shall leave now." Derrick left.

He then bumped into Oscar and Carter at the entrance. Huh? Here I am, thinking the night has ended when there's still a show to watch. Well, well, how very exciting!

"Oh, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Scott, you're both still here?" Derrick walked toward them with a provocative smirk on his face.

Upon hearing his voice, both Oscar and Carter gazed toward Derrick.

Derrick then waved his hands and said, "Hey, stop staring, you two. Since it's not even twelve yet, how about we continue drinking somewhere else?"

Oscar pursed his lips tightly as his expression hardened. "No. I'm leaving."

Before Oscar got into his car, he glanced toward Derrick and said, "Don't invite me to such gathering ever again, Mr. Hisson."

With that, he got into his car and drove off.

Carter, too, looked at Derrick and said, "Stay out of what's going on between Jennifer and me, Mr. Hisson." After that, Carter drove off as well.

He rubbed his chin subconsciously. "I was just doing someone a favor."

The moment Carter returned to his apartment, he felt a sense of loneliness. Perhaps the alcohol was beginning to set in, gloominess suddenly took over him.

He walked toward the window and stared at the opposite building. Where are you now? You're supposed to be looking right back at me, my love. I've moved in here just so that I could be closer to you. Who would've thought you could just disappear into thin air after your divorce?

Carter had been jumping for joy when he heard about Amelia's divorce. At that moment, he thought he would finally have a chance with her. He had even gone to the extent of planning his way of expressing his love for Amelia Winters. However, Oscar's words were like a powerful blow to his ambitions.

After Amelia left with Anthony, Carter did everything he could to try to locate them. After numerous unanswered calls and visits to her apartment, he found out that she had gone to Saspiuburg. He then used his connections in Saspiuburg to try to find her. After a lengthy search, she was still nowhere to be found.

"Amelia, how can you be so heartless? Why can't you just give me a chance?" Carter muttered to himself.

When Amelia left without a trace, Carter was as anxious as Oscar was. Besides, his efforts to locate her were on par with Oscar's.

He searched through the records of all the means of transportation Amelia could've used to get into Saspiuburg. Furthermore, he had even stationed his men to wait for her at places such as train stations and airports. Still, it was as though Amelia had never set foot in Saspiuburg.

After a few months of rigorous search, his patience had eventually run out. He showed his frustration by letting out his anger on the people who helped with his search. Not only that, but he also treated Jennifer badly when she tried to get close to him.

The more he thought about that, the more he lost track of his emotions. He then took out a bottle of fine wine to his bed and drowned his sorrows.

Suddenly, Jennifer walked in and saw Carter drinking sorrowfully.

She furrowed her brows as a hint of sadness appeared in her eyes.

She took a deep breath before walking toward him and snatching the bottle of wine away. "Are you trying to kill yourself, Carter?" she thundered with her arms folded. "Didn't you just get yourself into the hospital because of gastric perforation? The doctor told you to cut your alcohol consumption and rest more. Have you forgotten about that?"

Carter reached out his hand to grab the bottle, but Jennifer turned and avoided it. He was infuriated at that. In his drunken state, he said, "Give it to me! You've been on my nerves for a while now, Jennifer. I don't want to lose my temper with you. Just get out of my life!"

Jennifer smiled, but she couldn't hide her sadness upon hearing those hurtful words. "All you do is drink, Carter! Is that woman even worth it? Is she so important that you could just abandon your career and the people who love you? You're getting nowhere, Carter. Have a good look at yourself. You are pathetic!"

Carter glared at her coldly. Though he was drunk, he answered Jennifer with a surprisingly well-mannered tone, "Thank you for your concern, Jennifer. But could you please just stay out of my way? Please act more well-behaved as a lady should, would you?"

She looked at him and forced her tears back down. "You really wish to drink so badly, Carter? Fine, I'll drink with you."

She gave the bottle back to Carter and went to take another bottle for herself. After that, she started drinking as well.

Carter looked at her with mixed emotions and started hesitating on his words.

"Didn't you want to drink? Drink then, Carter. Or are you afraid that I can beat you in drinking?" Jennifer teased.

Upon hearing that, Carter started chugging down. Gradually, the tension between them vanished. Instead of bickering, they were drinking as though they had been friends for ages.

Under the influence of alcohol, Carter looked at Jennifer with his droopy eyes and said, "You're a smart and beautiful lady, Jennifer. I bet there are a lot of guys who'd dreamed to have a girl like you. Unfortunately for me, I'm already in love with someone else. Hence, I'd like to apologize to you for the pain I've caused you."

When Jennifer heard that, anguish and grief welled up within her. I've done so much for you in hopes that you'd open up to me. Yet, it seems like those efforts are meaningless because all it took was just a drinking session with you.

"Stop b*tching and drink like a man, Carter! Let's drink till we're drunk!" Jennifer blurted.

"All right, let's drink."

After several bottles, Carter was utterly smashed. He glanced at Jennifer and pulled her in by her waist. They were so near to each other that she could feel his drunken breath on her cheeks.

"Amelia," Carter muttered softly. "You came back, Amelia. You're so beautiful. I've missed you so much."

Jennifer was equally intoxicated. Seeing how near Carter was to her, she couldn't help but kiss him on his lips. "Carter, I love you so much. Kiss me back, would you?"

With the help of alcohol, it didn't take much to get both of them into the mood. Carter grabbed her nearer and started kissing her aggressively. Jennifer wanted him badly as well.

