

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 545

As soon as Jolin stepped outside the condominium, Oscar called her. Immediately, she explained every detail to him, "Boss, Mrs. Clinton is safely back in the condominium. She felt fine and wasn't frightened at all. I've already instructed Andre and Max to protect Mrs. Clinton in secret. She'll be fine, I promise. Yes, I'll return to the organization headquarters now."

After she hung up the call, Jolin hurriedly drove her car and left the neighborhood.

When she arrived at the organization headquarters, Jolin asked, "Has Boss arrived?"

"Not yet."

Jolin heaved a sigh of relief and said, "What about the man that was sent here today? Is everything all right with him? Remember, Boss explicitly requested to see him, so nothing should happen to him before Boss gets any information from him, okay? Otherwise, we'd be skinned alive."

"Don't worry. He's safe and sound inside the room. We wouldn't dare to let anything happen to somebody who has been specifically wanted by Boss."

"That's good, then."

Half an hour after Jolin had arrived at the headquarters, Oscar finally appeared.

The men formed two straight rows and greeted him, "Welcome, Boss!"

He then walked toward the small room, with Jolin following behind him as she instructed her men to drag the lawless man into the room.

The man, who was brought in, was thrown directly on the cold and hard floor.

Oscar looked down at him and said in a cold voice, "Lift your head."

The man did as he was told. As soon as his gaze met Oscar's dark and unfathomable eyes, the man could not help but shudder in fear.

"M-Mr. Clinton," the man said in a trembling voice.

"You know who I am?" Oscar said in a threatening voice as he narrowed his eyes.

"I promise I won't do it again, Mr. Clinton. I just wanted to earn some quick cash, that's all. I have no intentions of harming Mrs. Clinton, and it was because someone paid me to teach her a lesson. I won't dare to do it anymore. Please, forgive me this time," the man pleaded as he trembled in fear, breaking into a cold sweat all over his body.

"You want me to forgive you?"

The man nodded vigorously.

"I can forgive you, but you'll have to tell me the person who paid you to scare my woman."

The man fell silent immediately.

"You're not talking, aren't you? Sure, I have plenty of ways to make you talk."

Beads of cold sweat formed on the man's forehead.

"I really can't tell you anything, Mr. Clinton. If I tell you the truth, I will lose my life."

"If you don't spill the truth today, I can have you dead instantly."

There was a hint of hesitation and struggle in the man's eyes while beads of cold sweat continued to form on his forehead.

"I'll talk, Mr. Clinton! It was someone of an average height who came to look for me. However, I'm not quite sure what he looked like. He only asked me whether I

had the guts to mess with the woman from Clinton Corporations and offered to pay me one million only to scare Mrs. Clinton with my car. Since I happened to lose quite a lot of money in my business some time ago, I was sorely tempted by the huge amount of money, thinking I could take a risk and make a quick fortune out of it since I was only tasked to scare that person without causing any casualties. So I took the deal and really just did what I was told to by driving that car to intimidate Mrs. Clinton. I swear I wouldn't dare to do anything else other than that," the man on the floor finally confessed everything.

Oscar cast a signal toward Jolin, who took the hint immediately. She then went up to the man and stepped on his hands. A bloodcurdling scream ripped through the air inside the room.

Jolin grabbed the man's chin tightly, and his scream came to an abrupt halt.

"Are you going to talk or not?" Jolin asked.

The man was profusely sweating as he lay exhausted on the floor, looking at Oscar with a terrified expression.

"M-Mr. Clinton, I really don't know anything else than that! I just wanted to earn some money to cover my business losses. Moreover, that person never wanted me to harm Mrs. Clinton in any way. Please, just believe me!"

Leaning against the chair, Oscar said, "Give him a piece of paper, Jolin."

Jolin nodded and brought a piece of paper, placed it in front of the man, and said, "Draw out the man's facial features on this paper."

The man took the pen and said in a trembling voice, "But I don't know how to draw."

"You don't know how to draw? Then I guess there's no need for you to keep both your hands now."

"Y-Yes, I'll draw it right away."

After waiting for nearly half an hour, an indistinguishable shape appeared on the piece of paper.

The man lifted his head and said awkwardly, "I'm really sorry, Mr. Clinton. I just don't know how to draw at all."

Jolin raised her leg and gave him a hard kick. "Loser! You can't even draw properly! I don't think you should keep your hands at all. They're just taking up space."

The man quickly hid his arms under his body and replied anxiously, "Have mercy, Mr. Clinton! I know that person's phone number! He asked me to call him after the job was done, and I was supposed to meet him at a warehouse in the suburbs so he would pay me the rest of the half a million in cash directly. I can call him right now and ask to meet him. By then, you'll be able to send someone to catch him."

Oscar merely pretended to close his eyes and remain silent.

Jolin stepped on the man's back and said, "Lie to us, and I'll show you how the end of your life will be."

"N-No! I won't!"

She then stomped a few times on the back of the man, causing him to almost scream in agony. However, the man remembered that Oscar detested people sobbing in front of him, so the man could only hold back his agonizing wails.

After she was done, Jolin lifted the man as if he was a little puppy and said, "Boss, I'm going to bring to catch the mastermind behind this incident. Don't worry, and leave it to me. I'll make sure everything will be handled well. I shall report to you immediately once we've caught the perpetrator."

Oscar merely nodded at her words.

Jolin grabbed the man and turned around to leave the room with him, threatening him menacingly as they walked out, "You better behave nicely. I'll make your life a living hell if you dare to play any dirty tricks on me."

"No! I won't dare to do so!"

Oscar merely stayed there for five minutes before he got up and left.

He then drove back to his condominium in the city. When Molly saw Oscar returning home, she greeted him, "Welcome back, Mr. Clinton."

"Where's Amelia, Molly?"

"She's sleeping upstairs. Mrs. Clinton doesn't look quite good today. I think you should try to make her feel better. I wanted to make some soup for her, but she just said she didn't feel like eating at all. I'm not sure what has gotten into her. Why don't you go up and take a look?" Molly worriedly said as she frowned slightly.

Oscar furrowed his eyebrows heavily upon hearing Molly's words. He nodded and replied, "I'll head upstairs now, Molly."

As Oscar went upstairs, he opened the bedroom door to find Amelia curled up like a small cocoon, with only her head visible as she wrapped herself with a blanket.

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He walked over and sat by the bed, gently stroking her heavily-furrowed eyebrows. His eyes were filled with pity and affection.

He loved the woman so much that he could not bear to let her suffer even the slightest injustice, let alone be mad at her as he had been the day before. Clearly, he only intended to make her feel anxious and let her reflect on whether she was right or wrong.

Eventually, he had guessed it right. At the end of the day, Amelia still cared a lot for him. Nevertheless, for him to conduct such a test had slightly hurt their relationship instead.

After the incident happened, he could not rush over to her side to hug her in his arms, offering her comfort and warmth right away.

Oscar had to admit that he was an incompetent and irresponsible husband.

"I'm so sorry for not being able to rush to your side instantly after it happened, Amelia. Mom was terribly displeased when she held the picture of you having coffee with Kurt just now. I had to stay behind to comfort her. You knew that someone was targeting you behind your back, yet you had to chat and be friendly with other men. I could send people to protect you, but I can't simply restrict your freedom. Why can't you keep your guard up and protect yourself? I'm really worried about you." Oscar sighed gently.

Amelia gently nuzzled against his palm, but her eyebrows were still heavily-furrowed. It was as if she was having a terrible nightmare at that moment.

Oscar raised his hand to gently caress her furrowed brows, but as soon as he did that, Amelia frowned again.

"Oscar!" Amelia shouted as she was jolted awake from her dream.

"I'm here," said Oscar as he pulled her into his embrace and gently patted her back. "It's okay. I'm here. No one's going to harm you right now."

Amelia nuzzled against his chest and calmed herself down a little. She then said in a weak voice, "Oscar, I just had a dream about getting hit by a car. You only came to take a look at me and told me that you didn't love me anymore since my face was disfigured. In the blink of an eye, you fell in love with Isabella, and even Tony refused to acknowledge me as his mother. It shocked me so much that I woke up suddenly."

Oscar was nonplussed after he heard her words.

"Silly girl! Don't you know that dreams are always the opposite of reality? Previously, it seemed like you were the one who didn't want me first, so how could I possibly dare to leave you? It's the same this time since you're the one who ran away from me. Be a good girl, and don't think too much about it," Oscar said while he gently stroked her soft, luscious hair.

Amelia leaned against his chest, taking in the scent of his body, which helped her to calm her nerves gradually.

What happened over the past few days troubled her deeply. First, she was hit by a car, and then she got into a little dispute with Oscar. After all that was weighing on her, she could not relieve the pressure for a while. That was why she had a nightmare.

"Oscar, you're not mad at me anymore?" Amelia said as she shifted slightly in his embrace.

"I've never been mad at you, silly. I was just a bit upset, that's all. You could even say I was jealous as well. Since Mom insisted I stay at the Clinton residence, I was unable to come back and see you. Please don't be angry at me," Oscar said apologetically.

Amelia lowered her gaze as she pondered.

"Have Mom seen those pictures?"

"Since they could send me those photos, it was only natural that mom would receive them, too."

Amelia could not resist smiling bitterly upon his words.

"Does Mom seem particularly appalled at me now?"

"It's okay. Everything's going to be fine once her anger dissipates. Don't worry about it."

Amelia could only nuzzle into his embrace without expressing how afraid she was.

Olivia's growing dislike for Amelia made the latter feel uncomfortable and sad. Amelia had not expected their relationship to turn sour so quickly after they had once been close like mother and daughter. That was something unacceptable to her.

But there was nothing else she could do about it. It was entirely her fault that this had happened, and there was absolutely nothing she could do except to try and salvage the situation.