

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 16

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“What’s wrong with you today? Why are you so angry?” Oscar asked with knitted brows.

Amelia sniggered. “Why? Are you saying that I should greet you with a smile every day?”

Oscar marched toward Amelia, grabbed her by the shoulders, and spun her around. Looking deep into her eyes, he asked, “Tell me, why are you angry with me?”

Amelia returned his gaze absently. “Mr. Clinton, I’m just a little tired. I’m not mad at you.”

“Yes, you are,” Oscar retorted. “You’re throwing a tantrum.”

Amelia laughed bitterly as she tried to think of an excuse. “Mr. Clinton, women are generally harder to understand. I’m just feeling a little emotional right now. That’s all.”

To her relief, Oscar believed her.

“You’re impossible to deal with,” he muttered.

Amelia only nodded half-heartedly.

He continued, “Well, since you aren’t feeling well, make sure you rest early tonight then. As for our divorce papers, I’ll get the lawyer to call you once they’re ready to be signed.”

Amelia stiffened a little. She wasn’t in a mood to ask any more questions, so she simply nodded her head.

“I still have work to do. You can go to bed first. I’ll just sleep in the study if it gets too late,” the man added. As he slowly turned to walk away, he suddenly felt a tug at his sleeve.

“Wait,” Amelia exclaimed as she reached for his hand.

Oscar turned around and locked eyes with Amelia. It melted his heart to see her looking so fragile at that moment.

“What is it?” he asked gently.

“Mr. Clinton,” Amelia whispered, fighting the dull ache in her heart. “Can you please stay?”

Oscar frowned. “Seriously, what’s wrong with you? You haven’t been yourself today.”

“Mr. Clinton, I want you to stay with me. Can’t you leave your work aside for a while?” Amelia replied matter-of-factly.

Oscar held her hopeful gaze, his heart fluttering. “Do you really want me to stay?”

Amelia nodded gingerly.

“Well,” Oscar hesitated. “All right then. Why don’t you head to bed first while I take a bath?”

He then grabbed a set of clean clothes and headed for the bathroom.

After a nice long bath, Oscar finally stepped out of the bathroom, only to see Amelia still reading in bed. “Why aren’t you sleeping yet?”

She pulled down the quilt on his side of the bed. “I’m waiting for you. I’m so used to sleeping with your arms around me that I can’t sleep without you around.”

Oscar removed his bathrobe without a word and changed into the pajamas Amelia had prepared for him.

Amelia grabbed a hairdryer and beckoned him to sit beside her. “Here, let me blow-dry your hair.”

Oscar did as he was told.

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As Amelia carefully blow-dried Oscar’s hair, running her hand through it, she was hit by a bout of nostalgia. After all, this was their routine in the first two years of their marriage. Sadly, such interactions had become hard to come by in the last two years.

Amelia did cherish these little, tender moments. However, she couldn't look past the fact that Oscar had fallen for someone else. Despite her continued efforts, he just didn't seem to care.

"Mr. Clinton, I've heard that men with coarse hair dote on their wives. What a lucky woman Ms. Yard would be when you marry her," Amelia remarked.

Oscar, who had been enjoying being pampered, simply asked, "Why would you say that?"

"It was just a passing thought." Amelia chuckled.

"Are you jealous?"

Amelia placed the hairdryer down and wrapped herself around Oscar's neck, taking in his scent. "Do I have the right to be jealous?"

"What do you think?" Oscar asked, lifting her chin.

Tears immediately welled up in Amelia's eyes. "You only have eyes for Ms. Yard now. Even if I said I was jealous, you'd probably find me a nuisance, wouldn't you?"

Oscar promptly let go of her chin and pushed her away. The coldness returned to his eyes. "I'm glad you understand. As long as you don't cause any trouble, I promise you your rightful share after our divorce."

Amelia lay in bed and smiled. "Mr. Clinton, you're far too generous with your money. No wonder so many women have come and gone, and yet, no one has had any complaints. Money really makes the world go round."

Oscar shot her a look. "Let's just sleep."

Amelia scooted into his embrace, just like how they used to be when they were a real couple.

Oscar patted her on her shoulders and muttered, "Sleep now. Stop worrying yourself sick."

Oscar drifted off to sleep very easily, but Amelia remained wide awake. She looked up at him and whispered, "As long as you still have an ounce of love for me, I will not willingly bow out of this crazy love triangle. I am clearly your wife, and yet I have to make way for this other woman who has hurt you in the past? How magnanimous must you be to think she's completely innocent?"

Oscar continued to snore away.

Amelia closed her eyes. Oscar Clinton, Cassie Yard isn't as innocent as you think. I'd hate to see you get hurt by her again. But no matter what I say, nothing will get through to you.

If Oscar had become a thorn in Amelia's side, that would make Cassie the deadly poppy to Oscar. The deadlier the poison, the sweeter it was, and Oscar was there to lap it all up.

At the end of the day, Cassie won him over because she was better at pretending to be weak and pitiful.

The next morning, Amelia was up before seven. She padded over to the bathroom for a quick shower before donning on a shirt. Molly had gone back to visit her son and grandson, so Amelia was in charge of making today's breakfast.

She cooked some oatmeal, fried up two sunny-side-up eggs, and prepared two other side dishes. What a lovely breakfast to look forward to.

Having been with Oscar for four years, Amelia knew his food preferences very well. He enjoyed various cuisines, but nothing could beat the taste of a home-cooked meal. He'd frequent classy, fine dining restaurants for work, but he'd bring her to family-style restaurants when he was with her. She used to tease Oscar for having such contrasting sides to him. He was the heir to Clinton Corporations, for crying out loud! No one would dare to mock him even if they knew he frequented family restaurants. And besides, there was nothing wrong with these restaurants. Family restaurants serve delicious and affordable foods. Everyone should be so happy to have a taste of them.

Oscar had once explained, "It isn't about the food. It's a style that the rich and accomplished adopt."

She remembered rolling her eyes at that. The more successful they are, the more insufferable they become.

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Amelia had only just set the breakfast table when Oscar sauntered down, all washed and dressed. She smiled. "Such precise timing, Mr. Clinton. Breakfast is ready. Eat up."

Oscar hesitated a little but still sat down anyway.

Like the doting wife she was, Amelia set his breakfast in front of him. Oscar took a few bites and savored the familiar taste of a home-cooked meal. This was what he enjoyed the most, though he had no choice but to go for fine dining when he was out socializing.

On his second bowl of oatmeal, Oscar looked up at Amelia. "I've gotten the lawyer to draft a new set of divorce papers. Once you've signed them at the law firm, I'll transfer the money into your account. The amount should be good to set you up for life."

Amelia froze, her appetite all gone.

"Okay," she whispered.

Oscar's face fell. "What is it? Do you not want a divorce?"

Amelia's grip around her spoon tightened momentarily. But she soon recovered and put on a coy smile. "Don't be silly. I just thought this was all going too fast."

Amelia knew she had lost. She didn't want any more drama, and neither did she want to lose even more.

"Let me just wish you and Ms. Yard a blissful marriage in advance. May your family live happily ever after," Amelia said. She took a bite of the egg and smiled even sweeter. "Don't worry about inviting me to your wedding. I doubt it'd be appropriate to have your ex-wife present on your happy day. Also, Ms. Yard is still overseas, isn't she? You might want to check on her and see what she's been up to these last four years. After all, four years is a long time and time can bring about drastic changes."

Oscar set his spoon down curtly. "I'll be off to work now. I won't be coming home for dinner. You can eat alone."

A look of disappointment flashed across Amelia's face.

She fought back her tears, stood up, and straightened Oscar's suit. "Have a good day."

Oscar only gave her a quick glance before walking away.

Once he was out of sight, Amelia's smile faded. She fell against the wall, tears pouring down her face uncontrollably.

After a good cry, Amelia picked herself up, cleared the breakfast table, and went up to the bedroom. She put on full makeup and was very pleased with what she saw in the mirror. Perfect!

Amelia was the kind of person who would never let an ounce of sadness be reflected on her face, no matter how much she was suffering. She would always doll herself up, and make sure she looked the best in any crowd she was in.

As she put on her heels and picked up her LV handbag, her phone in the bag started ringing. It was from an unknown number.

“Hello?”

The voice on the other end of the call sounded very young and tender. “Is that Amelia Winters? I just wanted to tell you that I’m pregnant with Oscar’s child.”

“You should be telling Mr. Clinton that yourself. If you don’t have his number, I’ll text it to you.”

The other lady replied, “I think you’ve misunderstood me. I don’t want this child, but I also don’t want to not get anything out of this situation. I was hoping you could meet up with me.”

A corner of Amelia’s mouth twitched. So it was just someone asking for money. She was in a bad mood anyway, so why not meet up with the woman whom Oscar impregnated? How much worse could it get?

Honestly, Oscar was a heartless scumbag. He claimed to love Cassie with all his heart, yet rumors about him dating famous actresses and supermodels kept swirling about. Even Amelia had to speak out for him to clean up his mess.

What a mess this relationship was.

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Amelia had initially thought the lady who claimed to be pregnant just sounded young. To her surprise, she really was very young. In fact, she was an underage girl.

Amelia was thoroughly ashamed of Oscar. How could he do this to underage girls?

However, Amelia also knew that this was no ordinary girl. Even though she looked to be only fifteen or sixteen, she was also a member of the popular group, "Sweet Girl". As for her name, Amelia had no clue.

The girl looked so young and innocent and yet was dressed sexily. She checked Amelia out from head to toe. "You don't look too bad. Just a little old."

Amelia chuckled. She was only thirty, but in front of this fifteen-year-old girl, she did seem old.

After sitting down and ordering a latte, she asked, "All right, pretty lady. If you're here to talk terms with me, shouldn't you at least tell me your name first?"

"Keira Shaw," the young lady replied with her arms folded.

Amelia leaned back on her chair and unceremoniously shifted her gaze to Keira's stomach. "Go on then. When did you get together with Oscar, and how far along are you?"

Keira's face darkened a little. "No wonder Oscar called you a vulgar person who only wanted money. Need you be so direct and crude?" she hummed disdainfully.

Amelia picked at her manicured nails and smiled. "Ms. Shaw, I was referring to the normal relationship between a man and a woman. How is that crude? Oh, I forgot. You're only fifteen years old, aren't you? That puts you in high school. With that soft and innocent face of yours, you can probably get away with anything. And no matter how you dress, you'll still give off that air of purity and innocence. I feel so old in comparison."

Keira gave her a death stare. "You're so crude!"

Amelia gave a nonchalant shrug. "Can't help it. I'm no longer young like you. If I don't show a little toughness and be a little crude, how would I get any money? After all, Mr. Clinton is usually more generous with the younger ladies."

"Don't you dare shame Oscar like that! A woman like you isn't fit to be with him," Keira replied coldly.

Amelia stirred her coffee and took a sip. "The coffee here is pretty good."

Keira continued to stare coldly at her.

Amelia knew for certain that Keira was not Oscar's type. She might look pretty but she was far too young and rash. Oscar was a flirt, but even he wouldn't casually get himself caught up with someone like her. Why else did he marry Amelia in the first place? He needed someone strong, someone to speak out for him when needed.

"Amelia Winters, I did not ask you out to talk about coffee. Since I'm now with Oscar's child, don't you think you should back out of this relationship?" Keira spat.

Amelia looked bemused. "What? Have you changed your mind? Are you saying you want to keep the child and become Mrs. Clinton?"

Keira snarled at her, "Well, initially, I only wanted to see what Oscar's wife looked like, and hopefully get some money out of it. Unfortunately, other than that pretty face, everything else about you is ugly. I can't possibly let someone like you stay with Oscar."

"Well said! I'm with you on that." Amelia clapped in agreement.

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"But if not for a crude woman like me keeping him company, who'd be sleeping with Mr. Clinton? You've got to know that he'll be uncomfortable if he doesn't get to work on those desires somewhere. You're not a man, so you won't understand what it feels like." Amelia chuckled as she took a sip of her coffee.

"Aren't you one shameless woman?" Keira cursed.

"My, Ms. Shaw. You're hilarious. Mr. Clinton and I are a married couple. What's wrong with us doing things in bed? Is it illegal? However, Ms. Shaw, you're quite young, and I don't think Mr. Clinton would want to destroy a blooming bud like you, so..."

Her words made Keira's face flush bright red, not because she was embarrassed but because she was livid.

Amelia shook her head, thinking, That's all she can do? I've no idea how she managed to cling to Oscar. Regardless, with the kind of person Oscar is, she won't last long with him. I wonder if he's looking for pretentious idiots like her because he's sick of sexy women.

However, I don't think anyone other than Cassie Yard can stay a long time by his side.

Abruptly, she was curious about the type of woman Cassie was to make an apathetic man like Oscar become enamored with her.

"You're beyond shameless, Amelia!" Keira fumed.

"Thank you very much. That's the highest form of praise a woman can ever receive from another woman," Amelia replied nonchalantly. "If I wasn't more shameless than you, I wouldn't have become Mrs. Clinton, wouldn't I?"

"Stop gloating. Oscar told me he'll divorce you eventually," Keira suddenly crowed.

For a moment, Amelia was in a daze. The Oscar she knew would not have said such things to an outsider.

"Even if we were to get a divorce, Ms. Shaw, I'd get more of his assets than you do. Don't be jealous. Just make Mr. Clinton fall for you and marry you if you can. You'll get as much as I do too once you get a divorce with him," Amelia responded with a sweet smile.

"You—"

"Don't be mad. Mr. Clinton doesn't like women who get angry for no reason. He told me that women like that are just ugly sharks to him."

By now, Keira's face was scrunched up in her wrath. "You're ridiculous!" With that said, she grabbed her purse and stormed off.

Amelia then leaned back on her chair and chuckled. "She's leaving after just a few words? I knew it. She's still too young."

After finishing her coffee, she asked for her bill and paid for both coffees. Staring at the untouched cup of coffee opposite her, she shook her head and dramatically sighed. "What a pity. Young people nowadays really don't know how to be frugal. It's no easy feat to earn a living."

When she left the cafe, she received a call from Oscar.

"Come to the office," he said curtly and ended the call.

Amelia stared at her dimmed screen, a bitter smile growing on her lips. In the past, she could have enjoyed lunch with Oscar in the office. Yet the

only reason now for Oscar to ask her to go to the office was to talk about their divorce.

Despite her reluctance, Amelia went over.

Reaching Clinton Corporations, all the staff politely greeted, "Mrs. Clinton." Although she and Oscar were only married by agreement, the wedding they had four years ago was still a grand one. Oscar had not embarrassed her in public and had made known to everyone that she was his wife.

Smiling at them, she then entered Oscar's private elevator.

"Mrs. Clinton," Lauren greeted her with a smile as soon as she exited the elevator. "Mr. Clinton is currently in a meeting. He has asked for you to wait in his office for a while."

Amelia nodded. "Thank you."

After entering the office, Amelia tossed her bag on the couch before flopping into it after taking off her heels.

But she put them back on shortly after when someone came knocking on the door. "Come in."

The door swung open and in came Lauren. She was Oscar's other secretary, a woman who was capable in her work and not one to engage in idle talk.

Lauren had a cup of coffee in her hand as she muttered, "Mrs. Clinton, I've made you a cup of coffee."

Amelia responded with a smile, "Thank you."

Politely, Lauren suggested, "Mrs. Clinton, if you find yourself feeling bored, I can get you a few entertainment magazines to read."

"I'm fine. You should go ahead with your work. I'll just log in to the computer and surf the net if I'm bored."

"All right, I'll take my leave then." Lauren then exited the room.

Picking up the cup of coffee to sip on it, Amelia praised, "She's got the skills for coffee brewing. For a pretty woman like her to be around him, Oscar must be destined for a life full of pretty women."