

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 56

/ [Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Carter stood up abruptly, announcing, "Granddad, if you insist on being like this, then I see no point in carrying on with this conversation."

"Stop right there!" Abel roared.

Carter stood stock still.

"Carter, you've grown up. You're your own man now. I don't wish to resort to the same forceful tactics I employed when you were a child. I hope you can show a little maturity and prove that my decision to entrust Scott Group into your hands was a wise one," Abel said in a gentler tone.

Carter turned and faced Abel squarely. "Granddad, with all due respect, I would like to make my own decisions when it comes to love."

Resigned, Abel replied, "Fine. I won't force you then. It's getting late. It's about time for dinner."

Carter quickly said, "Granddad, there are some business matters that I've yet to deal with..."

Abel eyed Carter with disapproval. "Carter, look at you! You're trying to fool me with the same tired, old excuses even at this age."

Having been exposed, Carter said, "Granddad, now that I come to think of it, it's all been settled. Let's head downstairs for dinner."

Only then did Abel beam. The two of them then proceeded down the stairs.

Over the lavish meal set for seven, Faye eagerly kept an eye out for every opportunity to nudge Carter and Jennifer closer. However, Carter would smoothly evade each pointed question, rendering Faye's efforts futile.

Faye eyed her son haplessly, then said, "Carter, Jennifer just got home. There's a lot of things for her to catch up on. You're familiar with the place; you should bring her around for a few days."

Carter replied, "Mom, I'll be busy with work for the next few days. Our collaboration with Radcliff Corporation is about to commence in a few days. I won't have the time to accompany Ms. Larson. Why don't you bring

the Larsons around instead, Mom? Just put all of their expenses on my tab.”

Faye gave him another look, saying, “The Larsons are our family friends. There’s no need to be so formal around them. You and Jennifer played together as children. You even said that you were going to marry Jennifer when you grew up! Have you forgotten all about that?”

Carter skillfully deflected the question, “Mom, I’ve forgotten quite a bit of my younger days.”

Faye looked at Jennifer and said kindly, “That’s all right. I suppose one could still say that the two of you are childhood sweethearts. How about bringing Jennifer to the office with you to take a look around tomorrow? She’s still unfamiliar with much of how we do things here. You can take her under your wing if she goes to work at your company.”

“Mom, I remember you saying that Ms. Larson graduated with a Master’s degree from Logan University. It would be a waste of her intellect to work at our company,” Carter said with a patient smile. He looked as if he was genuinely concerned about the utilization of Jennifer’s talents.

Jennifer finally spoke. Her voice was gentle and soothing to the ear. “Carter, my parents have been praising you to the skies, making me very curious about you. If you don’t mind, I’d like to work at your company. It just so happens that I’m rather interested in design as well.”

Carter fixed his eyes on Jennifer.

“Carter, it’s rare that you’ll receive an application from such a highly-educated girl like Jennifer, who doesn’t despise your small company. Now that she’s expressed her interest, there’s no excuse for you to refuse,” Faye warned.

“Well then. Since Ms. Larson has spoken, I shall not pass up on such a talent indeed. However, my company is rather strict about observing proper hiring procedures. I’d have to take a look at Ms. Larson’s resume first if she doesn’t mind.”

Jennifer laughed. “Of course I don’t mind! I’ll personally deliver my resume to your company tomorrow. I’ll need to trouble Carter to guide me when I start work then.”

With a crafty look, Faye added, “Carter, Jennifer has been living overseas since she was young, but she hasn’t been exposed to any of those dirty tricks that they play at the office. You must watch out for her when she goes to work at your company and not let others take advantage of her.”

Carter nodded robotically. "Yes, Mom."

After dinner, Carter once again tried to excuse himself on account of unfinished business at work. However, he was halted in his tracks by Faye's urging. "Carter, Jennifer just came back today and hasn't been around. Why don't you take her out?"

Before Carter could refuse, Jennifer immediately broke in. Smiling, she said, "Carter, I don't know this place very well. Do you mind taking me out for a little tour?"

Carter had no choice but to swallow his objections. "Mr. and Mrs. Larson, perhaps the rest of your family can join us as well."

The Larsons shook their head immediately. "You two go ahead. Young people have their own things to talk about. We don't want to be a wet blanket."

Faye joined in gleefully, "You young people should be spending more time together! Carter, be sure not to bully Jennifer."

Carter nodded.

After they got into the car, Jennifer dropped her air of bashfulness and openly demanded, "You don't like me, do you, Carter?"

Carter frowned, feeling rather displeased with Jennifer's sudden about-turn in attitude.

"You're overthinking, Ms. Larson. It's our first meeting after all. You're a family friend, and I feel totally neutral toward you," Carter replied evenly. Without their parents around, Carter saw no need to keep up his facade.

Jennifer laughed. "Carter, you rejected Scott Group and came out to establish your own business. From the five people you had at the beginning to the present ever-expanding pool of employees, you've developed your company with a remarkable boldness that I admire greatly. I'm fascinated with you. Today was, in truth, a matchmaking session, which I'm sure you've managed to perceive as well. If you don't mind, we can try dating for a bit."

"I mind," Carter said simply.

Dumbfounded, Jennifer looked at him. "Why? What's the reason for it? Am I not pretty enough for you?"

Carter shook his head. "No. You're gorgeous actually, Ms. Larson. However, I'm already in love with someone else. Her looks and family background may not be as well off as yours, but I'm not interested in anyone else besides her."

Jennifer laughed haughtily. "Is she your girlfriend?"

"No, I'm still pursuing her."

"That means I still have a chance then."

"Ms. Larson, you're really a completely different person from that demure girl you were pretending to be just now. I didn't expect you to be such a confident, modern young lady," Carter said, skirting around the topic.

Jennifer tossed her head in disdain. "My parents like it when I'm demure."

Carter laughed. "I see you're quite the dutiful child."

"I'm their only child, so I can't disappoint them. It's not too fun playing the role of the demure girl forever, though."

Then, as if struck by something, she added, "Carter, what type of girls do you like?"

Carter retorted, "Not girls like you, for sure."

The smile on Jennifer's face faded. "Carter, that's rather ungentlemanly of you. I've no lack of suitors, but I've really taken a liking to you. The more unapproachable you make yourself out to be, the more interested I am in you. Oh, just you wait. I'm going to pursue you."

"Has anyone ever told you that men dislike aggressive women? Men want to dominate, not to be dominated. Do you understand?" Carter snapped.

Just as Jennifer was about to retaliate, Carter turned the steering wheel sharply. "Carter, what in the world are you doing?"

Carter leaped out of the car and dashed toward a woman walking by.

"Amelia, what happened to you? You're all wet." Carter anxiously took in Amelia's thoroughly soaked figure. "Are you hurt anywhere?"

Amelia gaped at Carter. "Carter, why are you here?"

"Answer me! What happened to you? Are you hurt?"

Amelia nonchalantly ran her fingers through her dripping locks and said, "I'm fine. I was just mistaken for a mistress by a crazy b*tch, who proceeded to douse me with water. That woman literally belongs in a mental institution! She escaped from there, and it was just my luck to have run into her. That's how I ended up like this."

Carter was impressed by her ability to make light of things even in her unfortunate situation. "Why didn't you give me a call? Are you hurt anywhere else? Is your baby okay? Let me take you to the hospital."

Amelia dismissed Carter's concern with a wave of her hand. "I'm fine. I just wandered here to ponder something else. I'll head back soon when I've thought things through."

Then catching sight of Jennifer, who had walked over and was now standing behind Carter, she asked jokingly, "Carter, aren't you going to introduce her? Is she your girlfriend?"

As if terrified of her misunderstanding, Carter hastily corrected Amelia, "She's the daughter of a family friend, Jennifer Larson."

Amelia stuck her hand out and said pleasantly, "How do you do, Ms. Larson? I'm Amelia Winters, but you can call me Amelia."

Jennifer took in Amelia from head to toe. A look of fury flashed across her eyes, and she ignored Amelia's outstretched hand. Turning to Carter, she wailed, "Carter, did you almost get us into an accident just because of this woman?"

Stunned, Amelia gazed at Carter and asked, "Carter, what's going on?"

Carter shot Jennifer a threatening look. "Ms. Larson, I'm terribly sorry for what happened today. You may be a friend of the family, but today's still our first time meeting, after all. I really hope that you can treat my friends with a little more respect."

Jennifer yielded, "Fine, it's my fault. I was just upset at you for driving so recklessly just because of a woman. Are you aware of how dangerous that was? We could have lost our lives!"

Carter replied evenly, "I'm very sorry. I see that you've suffered a terrible shock; I'll get a taxi to send you home."

Jennifer was incensed. Biting back her rage, she said, "Carter, your family invited me over as a guest. Don't you think you're treating me a little too rudely?"

Carter was just about to hail a taxi when Amelia grabbed hold of him. "Carter, Ms. Larson is clearly upset. Isn't it rather ungentlemanly of you to send her off on a taxi just like that? Go and comfort her! If I were her, I'd be just as furious. I don't like this unchivalrous manner of yours."

"Ms. Larson, I'm truly sorry," Carter said through gritted teeth.

Jennifer looked at Carter contemptuously. "Carter, are you apologizing to me because of this woman?"

Carter frowned. He was evidently on the verge of an eruption.

"Ms. Larson, we don't know each other all that well. If you're gonna keep this up, I won't hesitate to call a taxi to send you home," Carter said, his face thunderous.

Jennifer pouted, then replied sulkily, "I'm sorry I was being rude."

Amelia shrugged. "Carter, you'd better send Ms. Larson back. I've already called someone to pick me up."

Carter obstinately remained by her side, insisting, "Let me send you home. You're thoroughly soaked, and I can't leave you shivering here alone. Take a shower when you get back, and drink some hot tea. Don't catch a cold! Remember you have to take care of someone else besides yourself now." Carter said the last sentence almost in a whisper.

Amelia laughed in amusement. "Don't worry about me. I'm fine. Go ahead and send Ms. Larson back. Oscar will be here soon."

Carter said wilfully, "I can't leave you here alone. Let me accompany you until he comes. I'll send Ms. Larson back afterward."

Carter was stubborn as a mule in all matters concerning Amelia.

"Ms. Larson, I'm very sorry that I can't drive you around today. Let me call a taxi to send you back," Carter repeated.

Jennifer was surprisingly good-natured for once. Smiling, she replied, "I'll accompany you as well then. Ms. Winters is such an attractive woman, and I hear that there are many bad characters in this area. We shouldn't risk anything happening to Ms. Winters."

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 57

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Having said that, Jennifer looked at Amelia's belly subconsciously. "Are you perhaps pregnant, Ms. Winters? It looks like you are."

Amelia's expression stiffened a little. Then smiling, she said, "It's just that I've been overindulging myself recently and have gained some weight."

Jennifer grinned. "I'm sorry. But from the look of your belly, it seems that you're pregnant."

Amelia replied, "What keen eyes you have, Ms. Larson. I've tried to disguise it with loose-fitting clothes, but I didn't expect you to notice it."

Jennifer grinned.

Amelia added, "Carter, Ms. Larson is your friend anyway. You should send her home first. I will take a walk alone."

Carter wanted to take her hand, but he put his hand down on second thought. "Let me take you home, Amelia. You're all wet."

Amelia noticed the other lady's unpleasant expression, but she nodded and said, "Let's go."

Carter could not hide his grin and his mood seemed to have brightened a little.

Upon arrival at the neighborhood where she lived, Amelia opened the car door and said, "Thanks for the ride, Carter."

Carter quickly unfastened his seat belt, got out of the car, and said, "Amelia, wait up."

Amelia paused in her track, then turned her head to glance at Carter who was walking toward her. "Carter, what's the matter?"

Carter took off his suit jacket. "Put this on. Be careful not to catch a cold. Call me if anything happens."

Amelia wanted to take off the suit, but Carter grabbed her hand and insisted, "Amelia, put it on."

"You should leave your suit for your lady. Save the courtesy toward my wife, please." Oscar's voice was heard from afar. Amelia traced the voice and discovered the former leaning against the car.

Amelia's eyes twinkled. She took off Carter's suit and gave it back to him, saying, "It's getting late, Carter. You should go and send Ms. Larson back."

Carter nodded and returned to his car.

"Just a second, Mr. Scott. I am not finished," Oscar piped up.

Carter paused and turned around. "How may I help you, Mr. Clinton?"

"Amelia is my wife. Her well-being is my responsibility, so you need not worry about her. She only treats you as a friend. You wouldn't want our marriage to fall apart because of you, would you?"

Carter smirked and said, "If only you were more concerned about your wife, perhaps I wouldn't have to trouble myself to care about her."

"Just remember your place, Mr. Scott," Oscar said. "Oh, by the way, I think you're a perfect match with the lady next to you. You should probably propose to her and get married soon, lest the lady overthink."

Carter wanted to respond, but Amelia stepped forth and interrupted, "Just go on your way now, Carter. I appreciate what you've done for me today."

Carter nodded. He then went around the car to the driver's seat and revved up the engine before driving out of the neighborhood. Jennifer, who was sitting in the passenger seat, chuckled and said, "I didn't expect you to have a thing for married women. You have such good qualities. Are you sure you want to downgrade your own status?"

Carter shot her a look. "We don't know each other very well, Ms. Larson. Maybe you should mind your own business. Amelia and I are both innocent so please watch your mouth."

Jennifer leisurely leaned back in the passenger seat. "When I first saw you, I was like—how could there be such a perfect-looking guy in this country? And since my parents have been praising you all the time, I thought they were finally right this time."

Jennifer continued, "But now it seems that your look is your only gift. Your shortcoming is that your taste in women is too bad. You shouldn't have fallen for a married woman no matter what. I see that man is not easy to mess with."

Carter steered the wheel and stopped the car directly on the side of the road. He uttered coldly, "Get out."

Jennifer glanced at the road where only a few vehicles were passing by. She then pointed at herself and questioned in disbelief, "Are you seriously asking me to get down from here?"

Carter nodded without emotion.

Jennifer tittered. "You're not that petty, right, Carter?"

"Yes, I am," Carter admitted without much care.

"I don't know the way around here. How are you going to explain to our parents if something were to happen to me?" Jennifer pouted.

"Out," Carter repeated coldly.

Jennifer sat unmoving. "If you're gonna chase me out of the car today, I'll tell the whole world that you're a scumbag."

Carter gazed at her unconcernedly. "You have overstepped your boundaries, Ms. Larson. If that's what you want, I'm happy to oblige; I'll show you what a real scumbag looks like."

Jennifer was a little intimidated now. All the men she had met could never resist her innocent and charming appearance, but this man in front of her seemed different.

Why? Clearly, I am prettier than her. Yes, I admit she's lovely and sexy, but I am way better than her. What is it about a married woman that makes Carter fall head over heels for her? He wouldn't even spare me a glance.

Jennifer dialed Faye's number. Carter snatched her phone away and saw that she was about to call his mother.

He switched off her phone and said, "Ms. Larson, quit using my mother to get what you want. I took you around out of respect for my family, but I didn't expect you to be so uneducated. Shame on your reputation as a top student."

Jennifer's lips twitched at what he said. But for some reason, she was not offended. Ripples of admiration arose in her heart instead, and the emotions in her eyes changed when she gazed at Carter.

The initial curiosity she had about him had now turned into affection.

She felt that only this kind of man was able to subdue her.

In a softer tone, she said, "Carter, it was my fault just now; I apologize. I was jealous of seeing you treating another woman so nicely. I feel insecure at her beauty when I first met her, so I might have come off rude. If you think I was too over, I can apologize to her. Please don't chase me out of the car."

Carter observed her with confusion. Are all girls so fickle-minded? If that was true, he dared not marry such a girl.

He revved up the engine again and sent the lady home.

"You know, I thought you were a gentleman at first sight, who knew you have such a big ego. You're rude when you're angry, but I like it," Jennifer confessed straightforwardly.

Carter's eyes remained fixed on the road. "Thank you, Ms. Larson, for your admiration, but I don't deserve it."

Ignoring that statement, Jennifer said, "Carter, I will go to work at your company tomorrow. I believe you will fall in love with me someday."

Carter directly rejected her, "Ms. Larson, let me be frank with you—since you're highly educated, I'm afraid you'll be a mismatched graduate for the job that my small company can offer. You should continue working in your own company."

Jennifer pretended not to understand him as she said, "Small companies have their own strengths too. Besides, your company has dozens of people to be considered small. One day there will be hundreds of employees. I like working in a small company; it's challenging. To witness a small company evolving to a large company will indeed be gratifying."

"Our company treats everyone equally, regardless of your academic qualifications. I am afraid you will need to start as a clerk. Won't that be a little insulting to your status?"

Jennifer smiled disapprovingly. "Carter, the strong will eventually survive. I like the atmosphere of your company. Don't worry. I will climb to the position I want within a year. I have the ability, so I am not concerned."

Carter had to admit that Jennifer was indeed a mature and confident woman. Not only did she have high self-esteem, but she was also full of confidence, stylish, competent, and beautiful. In other words, it is such a woman that causes men to have an inferiority complex in society nowadays.

Carter was not into complacent women. She and Amelia were not the same type of women, even though both of them were attractive. Although she looked naive and weak in appearance, she was rather proud inside. She only honored those who were of the same status as her and she was too arrogant to even spare the lower-class people a glance. On the other hand, though Amelia might be a little aggressive sometimes, she never looked down on the poor and her respect for the elderly was undeniable.

By comparison, he knew why he liked Amelia so much.

Amelia was gorgeous and, at the same time, had a heart of gold. Although most people might assume her to be difficult to get along with based on her appearance, time would tell how she was.

“Carter, what are you thinking about?” Jennifer was somewhat dissatisfied with his silence.

Carter responded without much thought, “I was thinking—Amelia and you are both beautiful, yet the difference is so significant. She is gentle, kind, dedicated; but you, apart from your look, you’re less than impressive.”

It wasn’t until he had finished his sentences did he come back to his senses and realized he had offended her by accident.

Jennifer fluffed up her lengthy hair, trying to hide her discontent. “Carter, we only met today. Isn’t it a bit unkind for you to define me like this?”

Carter said insincerely, “Sorry.”

“If you feel sorry,” Jennifer responded timely, “then let me go to work in your company tomorrow.”

Carter did not reply.

Jennifer continued, “Carter, give me a chance, and I will prove to you that I am just as capable as the others are. I can guarantee that I am a professional employee. And I will never take things personally at the workplace.”

After a moment, she continued, “Unless you’re the one who’s being unprofessional here.”

“Tomorrow at nine o’clock, bring your resume. I will look at it and decide if you’re a suitable candidate for the company. Otherwise, I’m sorry but I have to let you go.”

“Okay! I am certain that we will be good partners in the future.” Jennifer smiled confidently. “You can rest assured that I will show my full sincerity and not disappoint you.”

Carter held his tongue. Upon arrival in front of a villa, he said, “Ms. Larson, is this the place?”

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 58

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

“Yes, it’s here. Although our family only comes back once a year, we hire people to take care of the house. The villa is quite clean. Why don’t you come in and sit for a while? My parents treat you like their own son, you know,” Jennifer invited him.

Carter glanced at her placidly. “Ms. Larson, I still don’t know you very well, so stop making this kind of joke. Not everyone is extroverted like you.”

Jennifer’s expression darkened a little. She unfastened her seat belt and got out of the car. Then lowering her head and leaning in, she said, “Has anyone ever told you that you are not a gentleman? But that is what attracts me. The more indifferent you are toward me, the more determined I am to have you. Just you wait. I will make you mine sooner or later.”

“Please close the door. Thank you,” Carter said without looking at her.

Jennifer closed the door and Carter sped off mercilessly.

Jennifer stared into the void for a moment and finally returned to the villa, enraged.

Mr. and Mrs. Larson had yet to sleep and they were somewhat astonished at their daughter’s return. “Jennifer, why didn’t you hang out with Carter for a little longer? Why did you come back so early?”

Jennifer sat next to her parents and transformed into that obedient girl again. “Mom, Dad, Carter and I have just met. Although I have good feelings for him, I can’t just disturb him for too long, can’t I? You were the one who taught me to be reserved with men, so I’ve asked him to send me back.”

Mrs. Larson agreed and smiled. "Jennifer, you are doing the right thing. Instead of holding on to a man tightly, you should treat him with reverse psychology."

"Mom, I am aware of that. Your daughter is beautiful, and she can get any man she wishes for."

"You are right. You are our only daughter. Of course, we want the best for you. The Larsons have a big business and you will be the owner of the family business in the future. I think Carter's character, family background, and appearance are all pretty reliable. You have to grasp this opportunity."

"Mom, don't worry. Carter will eventually be mine. We will at least have a few children and there will be an heir for our business."

"Now, that's my girl."

On the other side, Amelia followed Oscar back to the apartment. Upon arrival, the man closed the door and shoved the woman against the wall. He aggressively held her chin and confronted her in a low voice, "Amelia, what have I been telling you all this time? I told you to stay away from Carter, but you keep asking him to send you back. Are you trying to make me wear the horns of a cuckold?"

Amelia did not seem to be fearful at all. She wrapped her arms around his neck and uttered with a smile, "Mr. Clinton, are you jealous?"

Oscar unceremoniously twisted her waist. Amelia moaned in pain and stared at him aggrievedly. "Mr. Clinton, you are so ruthless."

"Don't act like a baby. The matter between us has yet to settle."

Amelia leaned forward and kissed his lips. "Mr. Clinton, my man, please don't be mad. You see, my whole body is wet. I know you are anxious to have me, but if I don't change my clothes, I'll catch a cold later."

Oscar looked at her compassionately. He then scooped her up and headed for the stairs, taking large strides.

"I didn't know you're that desperate," Amelia said, provoking the man again.

Oscar looked down at her beautiful face. "Shut up!"

Amelia closed her mouth obediently, but her hands started to draw circles on his chest. Oscar looked down at her again and whispered a warning, "Amelia, if you don't want me to do it in the bathroom, you stay still now."

Amelia could not stop grinning. "Your endurance has become stronger recently. Bravo, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar kicked the bedroom door open. Amelia laughed. "You are so brutal! If you break the door, it will be troublesome to find someone to fix it."

Oscar placed her down and smacked her gently on her hip. "Go ahead and take a bath. We still have unfinished business to talk about."

Amelia went to get the clothes and gave Oscar a wink. "Mr. Clinton, do you want to shower together?"

Oscar's eyes wavered but immediately resumed to normal. "You do it alone and come out in ten minutes. I have something to tell you."

Amelia cast another wink at him before grabbing her nightdress into the bathroom.

When she came out, she made a seductive posture in front of the man. "Mr. Clinton, do I look good now?"

Oscar studied the alluring lady and almost lunged at her like a wolf, but he swiftly recovered his calm.

"Put on a jacket and come sit." Oscar patted the seat beside him.

Amelia was stunned for a moment. Then she gave Oscar a strange look and joked provocatively, "Mr. Clinton, you're not incapable, are you?"

Oscar glared at her. "You will know whether I am capable or not soon enough."

Amelia clammed up, then went to the wardrobe to find a coat and put it on.

"Mr. Clinton, say what you want to say. I am all ears." Amelia sat on the couch dutifully like a student who had broken a school rule.

Seeing her acting like this, Oscar almost burst into laughter.

"Amelia, can you be a little more serious?" Oscar said, repressing his laughter.

Amelia blinked at him innocently. "Mr. Clinton, I'm being very serious. Can't you tell?"

Oscar glared at her and confessed straightforwardly, "I went to see Carter today. I told him to remove your name for the training in Saspiuburg, so you don't have to go anymore."

Amelia looked at him and said, "Sorry, Mr. Clinton, my boss didn't tell me that the training in Saspiuburg has been canceled, so I am still going."

After a pause, her tone turned solemn as she said, "Mr. Clinton, you are a busy person; you need not trouble yourself over such trifles."

Oscar squinted his eyes. "Trifles?"

"Yes, it seems to me that what you're doing is just a pointless act. If you still treat me as your wife, please respect me a little." For the first time, Amelia spoke to Oscar in such a stern manner.

Oscar stood up, approached her, and looked at her condescendingly. "Amelia, do you really think you are my wife?"

"I think so, but you only treat me as a toy, and I can't do anything about this."

Oscar looked down at her. "Let me ask you again. Do you insist on going to Saspiuburg?"

Amelia hesitated but finally nodded.

"I gave you a chance, Amelia, but you don't know how to appreciate it. I won't stop you, but our marriage will be over."

Amelia was startled. "Do you have to be so mean?"

"This marriage should have ended before Cassie came back. I just didn't want to end it with you so abruptly, so I postponed it. But I didn't expect you to be so ignorant."

Amelia was shattering inside. "Since you've already decided, let it be then. I am nothing but a toy in your heart anyway."

She was about to walk over to the bed when a mighty force pulled her back. Her face undeviatingly hit Oscar's stonelike chest and she could hear his bitter voice from above her. "Is that man so important to you?"

Amelia was in pain and she could not react for a while. Her silence seemed to Oscar as tacit consent. Heartbroken, he picked her up abruptly like a madman and threw her on the bed. He jumped above her and started tearing her clothes like a beast out of control.

Looking at Oscar's fiery eyes, Amelia was flustered. "Mr. Clinton, don't do this. Let's talk properly."

However, Oscar was so riled up this time that he had lost all his senses. All he could think of was to engulf her, leaving her no room to think of another man.

Amelia's nightdress was torn into pieces in the blink of an eye. Her fair body was now exposed in front of Oscar.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she felt humiliated. Although she still loved Oscar, she could not tolerate this kind of treatment. If he were to force it against her, she would never forgive him for life.

Amelia did not struggle at all but stated coldly, "Mr. Clinton, if you touch me today, it will be totally over between us. I will leave once and for all and you won't be able to find me for the rest of your life."

The rage in Oscar's eyes faded, and he subsequently calmed down. He observed Amelia's disheveled look and realized how uncivilized he had been. He got down from her and sat on the floor, blaming himself in frustration.

Unlike his usual self, he had become entirely out of control because of Amelia's words.

"Sorry, I was out of my mind," Oscar said in a hoarse voice.

Weeping, Amelia drew the quilt to cover her body.

Oscar became more and more upset, and his heart ached. He wanted to hug Amelia, but she avoided him harshly. Suppressing his rage, he said, "I'm sorry. Don't cry. I was wrong."

Amelia sobbed for a while. Still buried under the quilt, she said in a trembling voice, "Mr. Clinton, even if you don't love me, I've always held on to the thought that you're a gentleman who respects women; I didn't expect you to be such an animal."

Oscar stretched out his hand and forcibly hugged her with the quilt in his arms. "I was wrong. I'm terribly sorry. Don't cry, okay? My heart is in turmoil when you cry."

Amelia raised her hand and hammered his chest. "If you had really forced it on me, I won't ever forgive you, Mr. Clinton. I'm a woman of my words and you know that. Be grateful that you didn't go wild, or I won't ever see you again."

A panic fear seized Oscar's heart, but he remained stubborn. "I wouldn't have behaved like an animal if you didn't insist on leaving me."

Amelia responded, "So it's my fault now? Who was the one out of control just now? The heir of the dignified Clinton Corporations tried to abuse his wife. What will the world think of this if words got out?"

Oscar pinched her cheek gently. "Okay, it was my fault just now, I apologize. Don't be mad, okay?"

Amelia calmed down and said, "Sure, but on one condition."

"Anything except for the training in Saspiuburg."

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 59

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Amelia gave him a sidelong glance and remarked, "Mr. Clinton, looks like we'll never reach a compromise in this negotiation."

Oscar forcefully turned her chin so that she was facing him. With a rare look of sincerity, he said, "As long as you stay, I'll increase your allowance."

Amelia flashed him a charming smile. "No."

"Can't you be more obedient and stop worrying me?" Oscar pinched her cheeks.

Slapping his hands away, she snuggled under the blankets and lay on the bed. Then, she evicted him out of the room. "Mr. Clinton, I'm shocked by what you did earlier. Spend the night in the guest room today. Good night."

Oscar stared straight at her. "Move over. I'll sleep with you."

"I'll go to the guest room then if you prefer to sleep here."

Forcefully pinning her to the bed, Oscar insisted, "There's gotta be a limit to your tantrum. Sleep now. I won't touch you for the night. Be a good girl and sleep, okay?"

"Mr. Clinton, you changed your mind at the very last minute when you said you were going to divorce me; and now you're forbidding me from going to Saspiuburg. Are you perhaps in love with me?" Amelia glanced at him from the corner of her eyes, asking a question that had been on her mind for a while now.

Oscar lowered his head and kissed her. It wasn't until Amelia felt like she was running out of breath did the man release her. "Stop your wild imagination and sleep."

A look of disappointment flashed across her eyes. If Oscar were to say that he prohibited her from going because he could not bear to part with her, she would still stay despite the risk that he might discover that she was pregnant. Unfortunately, he did not even want to make that promise to her.

Closing her eyes, she said, "Ms. Yard is coming back soon. I could move aside for the both of you if I were to go to Saspiuburg. If you insist on me staying here, it'll be really awkward for the three of us."

He pulled her into his arms and assured her, "I'll settle this issue, so don't you worry."

"Can you tell me how you're going to do that? Are you going to make me your ex-wife and Ms. Yard your wife? In that case, we won't have anything to do with each other anymore. Or are you going to make me your mistress while Ms. Yard becomes your wife?" asked Amelia mockingly.

Oscar gazed at her broodingly. "Amelia, you're crossing the line."

Pouting, she retorted, "Mr. Clinton, you're abusing your authority because you don't know how to rebuke me."

"I know a lot of things. Do you want to test it out?"

As he spoke, he pressed his body against hers.

Naturally, she could feel the change in his body and her face clouded over. God, I thought we were having a serious discussion. How could his mind wander off to somewhere else?

She was utterly speechless.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm saying this again—I must attend the training in Saspiuburg."

"I dare you to do that. Otherwise, your new lover's company shall be my first target. Go ahead to Saspiuburg if you don't mind me destroying his company."

Oscar did not want to use his authority to oppress her, but he had no other choice if that was what it takes to control her.

She gazed at him, her thoughts evident through her gaze. Oscar, can you be even more despicable and shameless than this?

"Amelia, don't blame me for using such underhanded methods. I'm a businessman, so I'll never do anything that'll incur losses. Just admit that you've lost," persuaded Oscar as he stroked her face.

Amelia stared at him fixedly and asked, "Mr. Clinton, can you tell me what exactly you want?"

Kissing her forehead, Oscar replied, "Nothing. I just want to hug you to sleep."

Suddenly remembering something, he continued, "Oh, right, here's another reminder—if you're gonna leave, it'll all boil down to Carter's abilities to sustain his company. There are not a lot of people in this city who dare to offend the Clintons."

"Don't try to scare me, Mr. Clinton. The Scotts are just as powerful as the Clintons. With distant relatives in politics as well and a vast network of relationships, they don't pale in comparison to the Clintons at all. I'm sure Abel will not watch idly by as his grandson gets trampled by others," retorted Amelia.

"Seems like you know the Scotts quite well. You've spent quite some effort to win the favor of your new lover, huh?"

Oscar's tone was indifferent, his emotions unreadable from his voice.

"Amelia, you may understand the Scotts well, but do you know that Abel has always wanted his grandson to take over the family's business? He never hoped for this company, which Carter has spent so much effort founding, to even exist. If you don't want me to give him a helping hand, don't go to Saspiuburg. Otherwise, I'm sure Abel will be pleased to see me destroy Carter's company. I'm not even scared of going up against the Scott Group, let alone his tiny company."

Amelia cast her gaze downward and remained silent.

Kissing her hair, Oscar whispered, "Don't be scared of me, Amelia. I'm doing this for your sake."

She closed her eyes and said faintly, "Let's sleep."

Oscar held his tongue.

While Amelia fell asleep slowly in his embrace, he gazed at her with an obsessed look. He mumbled, "You foolish woman. I don't know how I feel about you, but I just don't want you to suddenly leave my grasp."

Oscar gradually drifted to sleep.

When he woke up the next day, Amelia was not in bed anymore. He peered into the bathroom, but she was nowhere to be seen. Upon leaving the bedroom, he saw her eating breakfast and chatting with Molly.

Molly was the first to spot Oscar, who was standing upstairs. She grinned and said, "You're awake, Mr. Clinton. Come down for breakfast."

He replied, "I'll eat after I brush my teeth."

With that, he returned to the bedroom.

Molly chuckled. "Mrs. Clinton, did you argue with Mr. Clinton?"

After taking a sip of milk, Amelia assured her, "Don't worry, Molly. We didn't."

"Mrs. Clinton, you might call me a busybody, but Mr. Clinton has been pampered since young. It's inevitable for him to be slightly arrogant. However, his character is decent. Just talk to him more and he'll fall head over heels for you soon."

"Okay, Molly." Amelia smiled faintly. "Your breakfast is still as delicious as always. I haven't gotten tired of it even after four years. I'll miss your food if I don't get to eat it one day."

It was evident that Molly had misinterpreted her words as she said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton. When I'm too old to cook, I'll send my daughter-in-law over. Although she's an illiterate woman from the countryside, she's amazing at cooking. In fact, she's better than the chefs from those high-class restaurants! I guarantee that you'll be impressed when you eat it."

"I'm sure your daughter-in-law is a great chef since you yourself are one. I crave her food just by thinking about it," replied Amelia with a laugh.

"If you crave for it, I'll tell her to cook something and send it over tonight. Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton. Although she's from the countryside, she has stayed in the city for years. She's no longer as unsophisticated as those in the countryside, so she won't offend you in any way."

Amelia took a bite of the bread before protesting, "Molly, I'll be angry if you keep this up! You've worked for us for so many years that I treat you as part of my family. I've never looked down on you. What you said has really hurt me!"

Molly smiled. "Don't get me wrong, Mrs. Clinton. You're a gorgeous woman with such a high status. I'm afraid that others might offend you."

Amelia laughed out loud.

"What's so funny? Did Molly make a joke?" remarked Oscar as he walked down the stairs.

Amelia quickly stopped smiling. Placing the bread down, she did not even spare a second glance at Oscar before saying, "Molly, I'm full. I gotta go now."

She grabbed her bag, wore her heels and left.

Confused, Molly hurried toward her and yelled, "Mrs. Clinton, you barely ate anything! Are you not going to eat anything else?"

"Molly, I'm full. I'll be late for work if I don't go now." Amelia gave a casual response before leaving the house.

Molly frowned and glanced at Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, did you really quarrel with Mrs. Clinton? Your mother is worried about both of you. If you two have a falling out, she'll be so worried that she wouldn't be able to eat or sleep."

Oscar grabbed a slice of bread and ate it leisurely. "Molly, even the gentlest cat will throw a tantrum sometimes. I accidentally pulled her too forcefully yesterday. It's no big deal, so you don't have to worry."

Still frowning, Molly said, "Mr. Clinton, I won't comment any further, but just don't cross the line."

Oscar nodded.

After breakfast, he wore his suit, grabbed his briefcase, and took the elevator down.

As he drove out of the underground garage, he whipped out his phone to give Amelia a call. "Amelia, are you really angry?" he asked gently once the call went through.

Amelia replied coldly, "If there's nothing else, I'll hang up now. There's a lot of cars on the road and I don't want to get into a car accident."

"Let's eat together in the afternoon." Clinton was offering an olive branch, wanting to reconcile with her.

"There's a lunch gathering in the office this afternoon, so I'm afraid I cannot eat with you. Settle lunch yourself, Mr. Clinton," rejected Amelia without the slightest trace of hesitation.

Oscar frowned. Before he could speak, he heard Amelia yelling in surprise.

He was so shocked that he almost dropped his phone.

"What's wrong, Amelia?" asked Oscar anxiously.

However, he heard no response.

He yelled consecutively, but it was still silent on Amelia's end. He hung up and called again but to no response.

His heart pounded frantically as he kept calling her number. After a long time, someone answered the call. However, it was not her voice.

He demanded coldly, "Who are you and what happened to Amelia?"

It was a middle-aged man talking. "Hello, are you this lady's husband? She just got into a car accident and has just been rescued from the car. We're waiting for the ambulance—"

Oscar did not even wait for him to finish his sentence as he bellowed, "Where are you?" Shocked, the middle-aged man told him the address timidly.

Oscar threatened, "Make sure that her phone is reachable. Otherwise, I'll tear you into pieces if I can't find her when I get there."

"Okay, okay."

After hanging up the call, he drove to the address the middle-aged man had reported rapidly. However, in the middle of the journey, the man called him again and said that Amelia was on the way to the Principal General Hospital in an ambulance.

Oscar made a sharp U-turn and drove toward the said hospital.

He personally called the chief of the Principal General Hospital and said solemnly, "Mr. Lancaster, Amelia got into an accident and is on the way to your hospital. Please operate on her personally and ensure that she's all right no matter what."

Before the chief could figure out what Oscar was talking about, the latter continued, "Mr. Lancaster, I'm counting on you."

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 60

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

After hanging up the phone, Oscar floored the accelerator and headed to the hospital, but it was the rush hour and traffic was heavy. Thus, he got out of the car and hailed a motorcycle taxi. With a serious look on his face, he told the driver, "To the Principal General Hospital, please."

Seeing his expression, the driver was too frightened to react. Growing displeased, Oscar growled, "Hurry."

The driver panicked and repeated himself a few times. He then drove as fast as he could and only arrived at the hospital after about thirty minutes.

Upon arrival at the hospital, Oscar asked the nurse, who then told him that Amelia was undergoing an operation in the operating room on the third floor.

He went to the third floor and felt perturbed upon seeing that the surgery was still going on. A middle-aged man standing on the other side saw him and went to him timidly, asking, "A-Are you the husband of the woman?"

Oscar gave him a piercing look, scaring the living daylights out of him.

"You're the one who just called me?" asked Oscar.

The middle-aged man nodded.

"How did my wife get into a car accident? She was fine when I talked to her on the phone," Oscar questioned with a frown.

The middle-aged man flinched as he replied fearfully, "I-I was in a hurry and ran the red light, so the lady swerved—"

Before he could finish speaking, Oscar lifted him off the ground and warned, "If something happens to my wife, I won't let you off."

"Sir, I didn't run the red light on purpose. It's just that I need money for my kids' school, so I was in a hurry to go to work. I didn't expect a car to come out so suddenly—"

Oscar punched him in the face before he could finish his sentence. Two police officers, who happened to come over to ask about the accident, saw Oscar's action and hurriedly rushed up to them. "Sir, you can't just hit people!"

Fuming with anger, Oscar protested, "This man's the reason why my wife is in the operating room. Shouldn't I beat him up? If it weren't for him, Amelia wouldn't have to suffer in the operating room."

The two police officers fell silent.

"Did you run the red light and cause her to have an accident?" the female officer asked.

The middle-aged man became even more frightened as he replied, "I didn't mean it, officer. Can you not put me in jail? I have a family to feed, and the kids still need me. I need to make money for their tuition fees."

"Sir, don't be afraid. We're just taking you back to get some information," the female officer assured gently.

The middle-aged man covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. "I don't want to go to jail. I still have a big family to feed."

"Sir, if you continue to be like this, you'll be obstructing us in performing our official duties, and we'll need to get rough with you." The two officers picked him up.

As Oscar walked up to the middle-aged man, the officers warned, "Sir, hitting people is against the law. We understand how you feel after the unfortunate incident that happened to your wife. But before we find out what has happened, please calm down and stop hitting people."

"I don't hit people. I just want him to give me my wife's phone back," stated Oscar.

With a pale face, the middle-aged man handed the phone to Oscar, who then took the phone and sat on the bench. He wanted to check her phone, but a passcode was required to unlock it. He tried to insert his birthdate and to his surprise, it was the correct passcode. Browsing through her phone, he was surprised to find that it was filled with his photos and posts about her feelings.

One of them read: I think I've fallen in love with Oscar. When I first married him, it was only because of money, but now, I've really fallen for him. Unfortunately, he only treats me like a sex toy. I don't know if it's right or wrong to fall in love with him, but I just do. There's no turning back in love.

Another read: Today, he told me that Cassie is coming back soon, so he wanted to divorce me. I had mixed feelings when he said that because I don't want to divorce. I've already paid off my debts. Even if I no longer need money from him, I'm still willing to be with him. Sadly, he only has eyes for Cassie, not me. Hearing him call me a toy or a pet actually upset me. I tried asking him what he would do if I was pregnant, but he wanted me to abort it. Thus, I don't dare to tell him about my pregnancy. This is our baby. Even if we divorce in the future, this child will be all I've left of him. In hindsight, if I had known that I would fall in love with him, I might not have married him, nor would I have let my baby lose his father even before he's born.

The next read: I've been pregnant for three months now. The doctor said that the baby is very healthy. I'm very happy. I can feel the baby growing slowly in my belly. I'm starting to feel not as sad anymore even if Oscar wants to divorce me. As long as the child is born safely, I'll shower him with both motherly love and fatherly love.

A more recent one read: The Clintons have begun to suspect that I'm pregnant. I'm really afraid that they'll find out the truth. My mother-in-law really loves me, but Oscar is too cruel. Once he finds out that I'm really pregnant, he might ask me to abort it. I can't risk losing my child while losing him at the same time. I'm afraid I'll grow to hate him after losing my child. He's the only man I've ever loved and slept with. I don't want to end our relationship with hatred.

The latest read: I want to go to Saspiuburg. In addition to training, I actually want to avoid the Clintons and give birth to the baby safely, but Oscar uncharacteristically wants me to stay. I'm afraid that he's actually found out about my pregnancy and wanted me to abort it. I'm in a very complicated mood now. I don't know how I'm gonna face him when he asks me to abort the baby. He's quite a monster sometimes. He can break the heart of the woman who truly loves him.

Having read those entries, Oscar was struck dumb at the truth that she was pregnant. Upon learning about this, he did not think of abortion. Instead, he developed a sense of fatherhood. However, the trepidation he sensed from Amelia's posts made his heart ache. He realized that he had been treating her badly.

I was the one who wanted an abortion at the time. What a jerk I am. How can I push my own wife into a corner like this? And now she's in the operating room fighting death... He could not imagine losing Amelia and his baby due to the car crash; he did not want anything to happen to them.

It was not until Amelia had entered the operating room that he realized that she was not just a tool for him to vent his desires and that he might have a little affection for her. He did not dare to find out if he had unwittingly fallen in love with her as it made him feel like he had betrayed Cassie.

With his hands supporting his forehead, he was lost in thought.

After some time, the door of the operating room opened and a group of doctors came out. Rising to his feet, Oscar walked over quickly and asked the man leading the group, "Mr. Lancaster, how's Amelia?"

"Don't worry, Oscar. Your wife is fine, but the baby's a little breech. She needs to recuperate," Robert Lancaster, who was also the chief of the hospital, answered with a smile.

Oscar breathed a sigh of relief.

Robert added, "Oscar, you're not young anymore. Now that you finally have a baby with Amelia, you should focus more on your family instead of work. Take good care of your wife. She's already five months into pregnancy. Don't let her get too busy."

"Thank you, Mr. Lancaster. I'll get people to send you the equipment that you wanted soon," replied Oscar, nodding.

"Don't stand on ceremony, Oscar. We're family friends for so many years. Anyway, your parents must be very happy now, right? They have been looking forward to having a grandchild for so long." Robert smiled.

"Yes, they are. Thank you so much, Mr. Lancaster."

"No worries. Amelia will be sent to the ward in a while, so you can visit her later. By the way, since she's pregnant now, it's better that your mom comes and takes care of her. Women are more attentive than men, after all."

With that, Robert left with the other doctors and nurses.

As Amelia was sent to a VIP ward, Oscar followed. Watching her lying unconscious on the bed, he felt a throbbing pain in his heart. He sat on the chair and reached out to touch her but did not after looking at her pale face.

He shifted his gaze to the bump on her belly and complicated emotions flashed across his eyes as he muttered, "Amelia, you're getting so good at lying now, huh? How can you lie to me that you're just gaining weight? But I know it's my fault too. If I hadn't wanted you to abort the baby, you would have told me about your pregnancy happily."

Oscar was having mixed feelings at this moment. He wanted this baby, but the thought of Cassie, who was about to come back, stopped him from having this thought. However, he could not bring himself to tell Amelia to abort the child as well after seeing her lie on the bed looking so haggard.

Even though he acted indifferent and cruel toward Amelia, he knew deep down that he had a soft spot for her.

Upon deliberation, he took out his phone and made a call. After the call was answered, he said dully, "Mom, Amelia's pregnant. She's at the Principal General Hospital now."

After speaking, he hung up the phone before Olivia could ask anything.

Half an hour later, Olivia and Owen rushed to the hospital and were told by Robert that Amelia was five months pregnant and that she had nearly lost the baby in the car accident just now. He also told them that although Amelia and her baby were fine, she needed to rest well, otherwise, it would not do her any good.

Upon learning about Amelia's pregnancy, Olivia was overjoyed, but the mention of the car crash gave her the scare of her life. Grabbing Robert's hand anxiously, she asked, "Robert, are Amelia and her baby really fine? Maybe you should give her another check-up. She's the only daughter-in-law of our family, and the baby she carries is our first grandchild. I don't want anything to happen to them."

"Don't worry. I also treat Amelia like my daughter, so I dote on her too. Both she and her baby are perfectly fine," reassured Robert.

Then, he told them which ward Amelia was staying.