

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

## Chapter 306

The next day, Oscar woke up as pain squeezed his head. He slapped his head hard and groaned helplessly.

"I prepared some chamomile tea for you. Have a sip." A steaming cup appeared before Oscar. He looked up to see Julian towering above him.

Oscar took the cup from him. Blowing on it gently, he chugged it down.

Returning the cup to Julian, he asked, "Why am I at your house?"

They were both in Julian's apartment in the city. Before Oscar got married, he had spent a few nights here. Hence, he immediately recognized the surroundings.

"Why else? You were drunk last night and vomited all over me. I don't have your apartment keys, and there was no way I would send you back to the Clinton residence, so I had to bring you back to my place," Julian explained.

Oscar felt his head throb even more. "I'm sorry," he rasped.

"Stop apologizing to me. Are you all right? Do you want to go back to bed?" Julian asked.

Shaking his head, Oscar got up from bed. He looked really exhausted and haggard.

"What time it is?" he asked while patting his head.

"It's nine in the morning," Julian answered. As Oscar's gaze landed on his hand before reaching into his pockets as though he was looking for something, Julian inquired, "What are you looking for?"

"My ring," came Oscar's answer. His voice seemed a little deflated.

"Ring?" Julian was confused. "Isn't it on your finger?"

Oscar's expression soured. He entered the bathroom to wash himself up swiftly. When he exited the bathroom, Julian urged, "Did you find it?"

Shaking his head, Oscar said, "I'll look around the bar and the beach. I'll take my leave now."

Julian trotted behind him. "Why don't you leave after having breakfast? You got drunk last night on an empty stomach. That isn't good for your health."

"No need." Oscar gave his shoulder a reassuring pat. "It wasn't your fault about what happened to me and Amelia. I'm sorry for lashing out at you last night. Don't take it to heart. We're still friends."

Julian shrugged and grinned. "I didn't take your punches to heart. Don't worry, we're still friends. I'll do my best to find where Amelia is. Should I come with you to find the ring?"

Oscar rejected his offer. "No need. I can do that alone. I need to go back home later and explain the entire situation to my parents. All right, I need to go. See you later."

They chatted briefly before Oscar left with his suit jacket.

The smile on Julian's lips faded away. He combed through his hair irritably. It was because of him that his friend's marriage came to an end.

He would be lying to claim that he didn't feel guilty at all.

Oscar had no idea what was going on in Julian's mind. He was focused on getting the ring back. After all, Amelia and he had only custom-made the rings a while ago, and it meant a lot to him. As it was the only connection he had with Amelia after she left with Tony, he couldn't afford to lose it.

He soon arrived at the beach. The beer bottles they had emptied last night were still there.

Oscar ran over to the bottles and searched around for the ring, but it was nowhere to be found. He searched the entire area thoroughly, but it was as if it had disappeared into thin air. He tugged at his hair in frustration as dejection flashed across his gaze.

Shortly after, he returned to his car and drove to the bar. Alas, the bar was closed, as it still hadn't opened for business yet. He gave the bar owner a call, and a bar employee who lived nearby soon showed up with the key. "Mr. Clinton," he greeted Oscar politely.

"Open the door."

The employee unlocked the door as instructed, and Oscar promptly went to the sofa he occupied last night. He made sure to look everywhere, but the ring wasn't found.

"Did you see a ring when you were cleaning up last night?" he queried icily.

The employee gave it some thought before answering, "No, Mr. Clinton. Normally, we'll hand any items our customers left behind to our manager. If no one handed in anything last night, that means we didn't find your ring here."

At that instant, Oscar's face clouded over.

"Remember, if anyone spots the ring, give me a call. I'll reward him handsomely," Oscar announced.

"Sure. If someone finds your ring, we'll give you a call at once," the employee answered swiftly.

Without hesitation, Oscar left the bar with a grave expression and entered his car.

Suddenly, his phone rang and broke the silence. He immediately whipped it out earnestly, but the caller ID flashing on the screen made him hunch his shoulders.

He didn't answer his phone and allowed it to ring incessantly. As the caller refused to give up, he finally gave in and answered the call.

"Hello, Mom."

Olivia's stern voice rang out. "Oscar, where are you? Come back this instant."

"Got it, Mom. I'll head back now," Oscar replied readily. He could guess why Olivia summoned him home hastily. It was most likely something concerning Amelia.

Sighing in exasperation, he started the engine and drove back home to the Clinton residence.

Back in the Clinton residence, Oscar parked his car and entered the house. Olivia, Owen, and Stephanie were waiting for him on the sofa.

"Mom, Dad, I'm back," Oscar greeted them.

Olivia pointed at the sofa right next to hers. "Have a seat."

Oscar made his way over and sat down with his back straight.

"Oscar, your father and I went to Tiffany's neighborhood to visit Amelia and Tony. No one answered the door. I called Amelia, but her number was no longer in service. Can you explain what is going on?" Olivia demanded, fury blazing in her gaze.

Meeting her gaze, Oscar responded, "Mom, calm down. What I'm going to say next will anger you greatly, so please brace yourself."

Olivia took a deep breath as her gaze turned sharp.

"Speak."

After a brief silence, Oscar revealed, "Amelia has left."

Olivia immediately started wheezing, her emotions in turmoil. "What do you mean by Amelia has left? Where has she gone? What about my grandson?"

"She left on a flight at midnight to Saspiuburg together with Tony. That was all I got. I'll use our connections in Saspiuburg to find out where they are. I don't have any other information for now. But I'm sure I'll find them soon," Oscar answered honestly.

"What do you mean by they flew to Saspiuburg? Didn't you say your divorce was an act and that you'll remarry again soon? You promised to bring my grandson back! Why did she leave a few days after your divorce? Do you want me to suffer from a heart attack?" Olivia jumped to her feet and hollered furiously.

"Mom, I'm sorry," Oscar apologized.

That only served to heighten Olivia's fury. "Don't apologize to me. I want my grandson back. If Amelia doesn't return with Tony, I'll sue her in court. No, I'll make a police report so they will arrest her. How dare she leave with my grandson? She shall suffer the consequences!" she exclaimed.

"Mom, calm down. Amelia isn't that kind of person. She must've gone on a trip with Tony as she wasn't in a great mood. She'll be back. I'll make sure that happens. She used to be your beloved daughter-in-law, right? How could you make a police report? Besides, she has Tony's custody. It isn't wrong for a mother to leave with her son." Oscar's expression turned grim as he spoke up for Amelia.

Glaring at him, Olivia retorted, "If she went on a vacation, did she have to cancel her phone number? I'm not a child. It's obvious that Amelia had planned this earlier ahead. She had taken you for a fool! I must've been blind to shower my love on her. Instead of being grateful, she even stopped me from seeing my grandson! I'm old, but I have to suffer the pain of being separated from my dear grandson. How would I forgive her? If you can find her in a month and persuade her to give up on Tony's custody, I'll leave you to it. Otherwise, she'll never get to enter the Clinton family! There, I've said it. Do as you see fit. Don't blame me for being cruel, for you've forced me into a corner."

Oscar pressed his lips together as his heart sank. Indeed, I've expected Mom's reaction.

Olivia was heaving, but she couldn't calm down.

Owen pulled her into his arms and comforted her. "Olivia, calm down. We'll get Tony back. I won't let our grandson wander out there alone."

Olivia merely glowered at him. "Like father, like son. You claimed that Tony wouldn't leave, but look what has happened. Tony's disappeared! I don't know where he is. If Amelia is hiding from us on purpose, I might not get to see him before I die! Ah, I've yearned for a grandson for years. Now, I have to bear the pain of being separated from him," she wailed.

A glimmer of anguish emerged in Oscar's eyes.

Stephanie patted her mother's shoulders and defended Oscar. "Mom, it was all Amelia's fault. Oscar had been kept in the dark. She's really good at putting up an act. Remember how she put on a pitiful act and tricked our family? I told you she isn't a good person. Look, I'm right! Back then, you refused to believe me and chided me for being biased. Now, Tony's missing, and Oscar's being reprimanded. I feel bad for him. Mom, we shouldn't forgive someone as heartless as her. If she had considered about your feelings, she wouldn't have brought Tony away without letting us know."

Her words made sense to Olivia.

"Stephanie, you're right. I might be in my sixties, but I've never even understood her. You knew what she was like from the very beginning. I should've listened to you and insisted on getting Tony's custody," Olivia grumbled.

Oscar shot her a warning look, and she immediately hid behind Olivia's back and said carefully, "Oscar, don't look at me that way. I'm doing this for your sake. That woman doesn't deserve you!"

"That's enough, Stephanie!" Oscar growled.

"Mom..." Stephanie covered behind Olivia's back.

Her expression dark, Olivia hissed, "Oscar, what is going on? Your sister is just telling the truth! I want my grandson back. Locate Amelia as soon as possible. If Tony comes back, I'll forgive her and allow her to be my daughter-in-law once more. Otherwise, she won't be allowed to step into the Clinton residence!"

Oscar's fists balled up as melancholy clouded his features. He could feel his heart sinking to his stomach.