

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

## Chapter 321

Oscar pursed his lips tightly as his expression hardened.

His silence only served as proof to Olivia that her life did not matter to him. Naturally, she was crestfallen. I've suffered all sorts of hardships to raise him and have pinned high hopes on him. Yet, I'm nowhere comparable to the woman he loves.

Indeed, Olivia had realistically depicted the knotty relationship between a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law—whether a man should value his wife or his mother more.

Tears began rolling down her cheeks uncontrollably as she cried, "I've given birth to that rascal for nothing. To think I've given him the best of everything, yet I'm nothing compared to a woman. It used to be Cassie, and now it's Amelia. It's getting out of hand. He even has the intention to throw me aside for a woman who stole my precious grandson from me."

At that point, Owen's expression turned more grim.

"Oscar, are you still not going to apologize? Do you want your mom to get admitted into the hospital again?" he yelled.

Exasperated, Oscar glanced at Olivia and finally gave in. "Mom, I'm sorry."

Olivia did not respond, leaning against Owen.

Right then, Isabella stood up and went over to sit beside Olivia. "Mrs. Clinton, Oscar is a filial son. If there's anything, you two should sit down and talk it out nicely. Don't be mad at Oscar anymore, or else it'll hurt your relationship."

The elder woman glanced at her, then stretched her hand out to give Isabella a few light pats on the back of her hand. "Isabella, I know you're a nice and caring child. Fret not; I'll be on your side."

Isabella smiled. "Mrs. Clinton, I'm not here to cause an argument between you and Oscar. I'd feel uneasy if you two get into a conflict because of me."

Olivia propped herself up from Owen's embrace and held onto Isabella's hand tightly. "Isabella, I know you've suffered a lot while staying beside Oscar. Don't worry; I won't let you suffer any injustice. But we aren't in a great mood today. I think you should go home first in case we frighten you in any way."

Isabella knew Olivia was trying to send her away with some random excuse.

After pondering over it, she smiled. "I shall return now then, Mrs. Clinton. I'll visit you tomorrow if I'm free."

"I'll let the butler see you out."

"Thank you, Mrs. Clinton."

The moment Isabella left, Olivia's face fell in displeasure as she uttered, "Let's have dinner."

"Mom, I still need to finish up some work, so I'll skip dinner. You and Dad can go ahead." Oscar rejected her straightforwardly.

Olivia pushed herself up from the sofa and came before him. "Oscar, are you intending to distance yourself from your dad and me too?"

Oscar was dumbfounded.

"Mom, that's not what I meant."

"Then sit down and have dinner. I won't make it difficult for you anymore. I don't wish to strain our relationship because of a woman."

Figuring that Olivia was trying to make peace with him, Oscar relaxed slightly and sat down at the dining table.

As soon as the family of four settled down, Olivia requested the housekeepers to serve the dishes. Oscar stared at the table, finding it strikingly spacious since his beloved woman, who supposedly should be sitting beside him, was missing in attendance.

Unlike earlier, Olivia's behavior took a one-eighty. She scooped some meat on Oscar's plate and said, "Oscar, I know my attitude hasn't been great toward you and has put you in a difficult position. I'm sorry. Here, have some of these."

Oscar glanced at his plate and her before lowering his head and eating his meal wordlessly.

Contented, Olivia smiled. "That's my son."

After taking a bite of her food, she swiveled her eyes around and said, "Oscar, I won't stop you from looking for Amelia anymore. Your dad has informed the police chief in the city, who has promised to contact every police station to keep a close eye on Amelia's whereabouts. I believe they will find Tony soon, so there's no need to worry about this matter. On the other hand, you should pay more attention to your love life. I think Isabella is a great lady. She's not only pretty and has a good educational background, but she's from a wealthy family too. Most importantly, she adores you. I think you should try to accept her."

Hearing that, Oscar immediately put down the fork in his hand and declared impassively, "Mom, I'm full. I'll make my way upstairs first."

The smile on Olivia's face faded at once.

"Oscar, are you only happy when you drive me mad?" she hissed with displeasure.

Oscar did not want to continue wasting his breath on that matter.

"Mom, I don't mean that."

"Then promise me that you'll get along well with Isabella. Both of you have a similar family background; I'm sure you guys are a perfect match for each other."

Oscar could feel his temples throbbing relentlessly.

"Mom, let's not talk about this anymore today, lest you get angry again. I'll head to my room first. We'll chat again when you've calmed down." Finishing that, he strode away.

With Oscar's departure, Olivia threw her fork on the table angrily. "I'm done eating too. Our family is in a mess now. Why don't we just go our separate ways?"

Infuriated, Olivia left the dining area, leaving Owen and Stephanie behind.

Annoyed, Stephanie stole a glance at her father as she asked, "Dad, so are we still eating?"

Owen could only sigh as he placed his fork down. "Eat by yourself, Stephanie. I'll have a word with your mom."

He then proceeded to walk away from the dining table and brought Olivia upstairs.

Back in their room, Owen asked, "Olivia, you seem to be out of temper recently. What's wrong with you?"

She looked at him and let out a sudden sigh. "I'm sorry."

That made him frown. "Olivia, I'm not asking for an apology. I'm only worried that your health will go downhill if you can't control your temper well. Besides, it'll also damage your relationship with Oscar. Do you really want to corner him till he moves out of this house?"

Olivia let out yet another sigh. Exhaustion was written all over her face by then.

"Dear, I don't want things to turn out this way either, but I can't stop panicking whenever I think about Tony. All of you have been assuring me that you'll find Tony soon, yet it's been almost three months now. I'm getting extremely anxious, constantly worried about his wellbeing. I know Amelia wouldn't mistreat him, but I can't restrain myself from having those bad thoughts. The more I think about it, the more I can't control my emotions. That's why I needed an outlet to vent my frustrations. It's not that I want to torment Oscar, but if not for his indulgence toward Amelia, she wouldn't have taken Tony away from me. That's why I-I..." Olivia held her head as she explained her misery.

As much as she felt guilty toward Oscar, she could not forgive him for indirectly allowing Amelia to take Tony away. That was why she had constantly been taking out her anger on Oscar, thus resulting in a hostile atmosphere enveloping the entire Clintons.

Owen pulled her into his arms.

"Olivia, I know you're graceful and kind. Stop pressurizing the younger ones anymore. Oscar isn't living his life any better; can't you tell that he's gotten a lot thinner and haggard? And he's also a lot quieter than before," Owen explained.

Olivia only kept quiet.

Caressing her head, he continued, "Olivia, stop pressuring yourself and Oscar. Tony will come back to our side. If you don't like Amelia, we'll ensure that she doesn't get close to him. But for now, all you have to do is try to act like your old self. I'll take care of the rest."

After mulling it over, Olivia murmured, "I'll try to control my emotions."

Owen nodded. Just like that, the couple embraced each other quietly.

Meanwhile, Oscar headed to the study to get back to his unfinished work. Seemingly lost in the many thoughts that were racing through his mind, he looked momentarily disconcerted while waiting for his computer to start up, so much that he did not even hear the knocks.

Seeing that there was no reaction, Stephanie pushed open the door and walked in with a tray in her hand. "Oscar."

He shot her a glance before shifting his gaze back to his computer screen.

Stephanie placed the tray full of dishes on his desk. "Oscar, I've brought you some food. I noticed that you didn't eat much earlier, so eat some now. It's bad for your body if you starve yourself this way. You've got a lot skinnier. At this rate, I'm sure your body can't take it any longer."

Without sparing her another glance, Oscar uttered, "I'm not hungry."

Resting her arms on the desk, Stephanie was starting to lose her temper. "Oscar, have you spare a thought about our feelings? You're torturing yourself for a woman that doesn't even care about you. Do you think others will think that you're a sentimental man? Don't be an idiot, will you? You didn't even act this way when Cassie left you back then. This woman is nothing but a lowly wretch. It's not worth it to behave like this for her."

Oscar looked up and threw a cold glare at her as he pointed to the door. "Get out."

"Oscar—"

"Get out. Don't make me repeat myself."

Stephanie took a deep breath and waved her hands to appease him. "Fine, I don't want to pick a fight with you. Finish the food I've brought for you."

"Take it away with you."

"Oscar, it's been so long. Are you still unwilling to forgive me? You only have one sister. Do you really want to break our ties for a woman that couldn't care less about you?"

Oscar only shot her a cold glance as if he was looking at a stranger.

"Stephanie, if you can't be respectful toward Amelia, then get out right now," he snapped while pointing at the door.

Overwhelmed with anger, she clenched her fists tightly. Her lips were even trembling as she said, "Oscar, what's so good about her? Why aren't you willing to forgive your own sister because of her?"

"Everything about her is great," Oscar answered.

Stephanie was seething. "Oscar, your obstinance is indeed scary. You must've gotten bewitched by that wretch! You're beyond hope!"

After blowing off her steam, she stalked out of the study.

Nonetheless, Oscar did not spare her a glance. He sat still with his eyes glued on the desk, except his mind had long wandered off.

It was only moments later that he snapped back to his senses. He reached out for a photo of Amelia smiling brightly and ran his fingers over her face while he mumbled, "Amelia, where are you? Do you know that I'm going crazy just thinking about you? Why are you so heartless for leaving me without telling me anything? Do you not miss me at all?"

Of course, there was no answer from the lady in the photo.

As those sad thoughts took over his mind completely, tears began to well up in his eyes. However, he quickly raised his head high to force the tears back in. He did not want to cry as that would make him seem vulnerable.

Staring at the photo, he murmured, "I'm hopelessly in love with you. Just tell me what you're unhappy with; I'll change everything you want me to. Can you please come back to me?" For the past two months, he had been numbing himself with work so that he would not have

time for anything else. That was because he was afraid that his longing for Amelia would drive him crazy should he allow that to take over his mind.

It had never crossed his mind that he would miss someone so much to the point he had almost turned into a completely different man.

He rubbed his throbbing forehead tenderly. Soon, perhaps due to his exhaustion from everything that had happened, he unknowingly fell asleep while holding onto the photo in his hand tightly.