

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 542

Throughout the night, Amelia tossed and turned in bed because of Kurt. She occasionally dreamt while being half-asleep, and it felt as if she was watching Kurt being brutally murdered at Anglandur. Waking with a jolt, she found herself drenched in a cold sweat.

Amelia wiped off the beads of sweat on her forehead and found Oscar deep asleep when she turned over. She looked at her phone and realized that it was only half-past four. Worried, she got out of bed and gave Kurt another ring.

Kurt answered her call almost immediately, to which Amelia warned, "Kurt, it's me. Be careful as someone intends to make your stay in Anglandur forever."

Unable to rein in the exhilaration coursing through him, Kurt asked, "Amelia, are you concerned about me?"

"Kurt, stop with your nonsense. Just be extra careful. I'm ending the call now. Remember my words. Someone intends to harm you, and it might be someone around you, so please be careful." With that, Amelia hastily hung up the phone.

When she opened the bathroom door, she was so startled at the sight of Oscar right by the door that she nearly dropped her phone.

Gulping nervously, Amelia stammered with a hint of guilt, "Oscar, you're awake? Did I wake you up?"

Oscar only cast a glance at her before turning around.

Amelia's heart sank as she immediately hurried after him and whispered, "I'm sorry, Oscar."

Remaining unresponsive to Amelia, Oscar lay on the bed and shut his eyes.

While crouching by the bedside, Amelia reached out and stroked Oscar's stubble, murmuring, "Oscar, I'm sorry. I don't mean it. It's just that Kurt has helped me out

before, so I can't just sit by and watch him die. As a Chanaean, it will be a torment for him to be stuck in a foreign country. Since I'm aware of the danger that he'll face, it's impossible for me to do nothing about it."

Oscar remained in a sullen silence with his eyes closed.

At the sight of this, Amelia furrowed her brows while her heart churned. She only wanted to help Kurt and did not expect that it would affect the relationship between her and Oscar.

"Oscar, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. That call to Kurt doesn't mean anything, so please don't get me wrong."

Again, Oscar remained silent.

Straightening her body, Amelia leaned her head against Oscar's body gently and muttered, "Oscar, say something. Your frosty attitude is breaking my heart."

With that, Oscar finally opened his eyes and stared at Amelia impassively. He said flatly, "Amelia, have you fallen in love with Kurt?"

Amelia shot up and gaped at Oscar, her eyes widening in disbelief.

She gritted her teeth. "What did... what did you say?"

Oscar repeated, "Have you fallen in love with Kurt?"

Pools of tears began welling up in Amelia's eyes as she bit her lips. "Oscar Clinton, do you know how revolting your question is?"

Oscar sat up abruptly on the bed and gazed at her coldly.

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Holding Oscar's gaze, Amelia clenched her teeth and stated, "Oscar Clinton, you disgust me."

This was their first argument ever since Amelia had returned to Tayhaven.

After everything Oscar and she had been through, she presumed that their relationship would be strong and unwavering, and she did not expect that things would turn out this way.

Burying her head in her palms, Amelia could hear her head buzzing in pain.

She rose to her feet, but they were extremely numb because she had been crouching down for a long period.

She frowned deeply and could not help hopping around multiple times at the same spot. At the sight of her struggle, Oscar's face darkened, and he eventually could not bear watching it, so he got out of bed. Scooping her up in his arms, Oscar placed her on the bed and started massaging her numb calves.

Sadness surged within Amelia as she struggled slightly. "Let go of me. Didn't you say that I'm in love with another man?"

"Stop moving!"

With bloodshot eyes and a broken heart, Amelia lowered her head and asked, "Oscar, are we breaking up?"

Oscar's gaze darkened, but he continued massaging her calves gently.

Lifting her head, Amelia peered at Oscar and reached out to grab his hand, placing it on her cheek. "Oscar, can we please stop arguing?"

Oscar heaved a long sigh and could no longer maintain his solemn expression. Then, he started pouring his heart out.

"Amelia, I don't mean to get mad at you. It's just that your attitude terrifies me. You're both my wife and Tony's mom. But sometimes it feels like you, Tony, and Kurt is a family of three while I'm the outsider instead. Although I may seem omnipotent, I don't have a heart of stone."

Amelia sat pondering over his words.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it."

Oscar sighed. "Let's get some rest. I'll not harm Kurt, so don't worry about it. If you intend to protect him, I shall fulfill your wish and not even touch a hair on his head. Will you be satisfied then?"

A tinge of guilt flashed across Amelia's eyes.

"I'm sorry. I really didn't mean it. I just..."

"Go to sleep. Otherwise, you'll not be able to wake up on time tomorrow morning."

Looking into his eyes, Amelia could not bring herself to spill her thoughts.

Both of them lay in utter silence on their bed. As Amelia turned over, the view of Oscar's back tugged at her heartstrings. After confessing their feelings for each other, Oscar had always coaxed her to sleep while holding her in his arms. This was the first time in which they spent their night in silence with Oscar's back facing her.

Letting out a sigh, Amelia eventually could not help hugging Oscar from his back and backing down. "Oscar, it's not what you think. Please forgive me. Can you?"

"Get some rest."

Amelia's hand froze as she smiled wryly.

"Oscar, are we really breaking up? Are you planning to ignore me for the rest of your life?" Amelia murmured behind him but received no answer.

A bitter feeling welled up in Amelia's heart as she slowly loosened her grip and turned around. With heavy hearts, both of them were sleepless throughout the night.

The next day, Amelia woke up with a throbbing headache. When she turned over, Oscar was nowhere to be seen.

Disappointment flashed across her eyes as this was the first fight between Oscar and her ever since she had returned to Tayhaven.

She was aware that she did make a mistake this time, but she felt aggrieved that Oscar did not offer her an opportunity to explain.

Although she was partly at fault, there was truly nothing between her and Kurt. She thought that Oscar would understand her, and she did not expect that they would get into such a big fight.

Amelia mused to herself, "Oscar, are you planning to end our relationship? No, this mustn't happen. I've only managed to get together with Oscar after going through so many hurdles and difficulties, so I can't give up so easily. I'll have to at least try explaining and patch things up. If I still fail after giving my best, then at least I'll have no regrets in the future."

Feeling revitalized, she got out of bed and washed up in the bathroom. She then got dressed in a youthful yellow dress.

After going downstairs, she chuckled as she greeted, "Molly."

Molly praised, "Good morning, Mrs. Clinton. Your breakfast has been prepared. You're looking especially gorgeous today. From afar, you look like a university student in her early twenties who's a newbie in society."

Amelia laughed. "Thanks, Molly. Say, Molly, where's Oscar? Also, has Tony been sent to the Clinton residence?"

"Mr. Clinton was up early today. After having breakfast, he took Tony there. You should hurry up and eat. Don't you still have to get to work?" Molly walked out of the kitchen with Amelia's breakfast.

Taking a seat, Amelia was engrossed in enjoying her breakfast. However, she lost her appetite at the thought of Oscar's attitude.

Without eating much, she took her bag and prepared to leave. "Molly, I shall make a move first."

"Mrs. Hutton, you've barely eaten anything."

"I'm going to be late for work. I'll need to go now."

Amelia drove to the Clinton Corporations and made a call to Eduardo on her way there, applying for a half-day leave due to some personal matters.

Without any question, Eduardo approved of her leave.

Parking her car outside the Clinton Corporations, Amelia lifted her head and peered at the skyscraper through the car window, with a nostalgic feeling surging within.

At the thought of Oscar's attitude last night, apprehension began creeping into her. She was afraid that Oscar would display his temper to her if she went up there. Rather than being afraid of getting embarrassed, she was more concerned about getting hurt by Oscar's attitude.

Inhaling deeply, Amelia pushed open her door and got off the car, striding toward the office. The receptionist, who had just recently started working, recognized her and chirped politely, "Hi, Mrs. Clinton."

Amelia nodded at her.

At the sight of her, the senior employees immediately started greeting her, "Hi, Mrs. Clinton. Are you looking for Mr. Clinton?"

Amelia nodded courteously at each of them in return.

"Amelia Winters, why are you here?" Whirling toward the voice behind her, Amelia cursed in her heart to have such foul luck in running into Isabella.

However, Amelia plastered a grin on her face. "What a coincidence, Ms. Walker. I'm looking for Oscar. This is an enterprise owned by the Clintons. As the official lady of the house, I believe I have every right in coming here."

Narrowing her eyes, Isabella reined in the jealousy surging within her. "Amelia, don't forget that you've gotten a divorce with Oscar. Mrs. Clinton likes me, not you. So stop being so shameless in embarrassing yourself in the company."

"Well, Ms. Walker, likewise."

"You..."

All employees moved to make way for them while watching them with their interest piqued. One of them was the ex-wife that their boss had been waiting for for two years. Whereas the other was the daughter of the Walker family and had been pursuing their boss for two years with great momentum. The whole situation was cloaked in melodrama.

"Ms. Walker, if you'd like to make a scene right here, feel free to do so, but don't get me involved in it. You should be mindful of your manners at the company." Amelia's lips curved into a faint smile. It was as if she was providing a kind reminder.

Isabella's striking face contorted with anger as she gritted her teeth. "Amelia Winters, you sure have a silver tongue."

"Thanks for your compliment."

Isabella gave a sneer in response.