

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 547

When Amelia appeared while holding Oscar's hand, they attracted quite the attention. Everyone's gazes were set upon her. Their eyes showed surprise, admiration, jealousy, and many other emotions. Everyone showed different expressions toward what they saw.

Oscar calmly walked passed them with a smile on his face. That was exactly what he wanted. He was trying to intimidate everyone there. Most people were not even qualified to judge his woman.

Amelia had her back straight. Although she was worried about Olivia's thoughts, she still looked confident and dignified on the outside.

Being a part of the Clintons for so many years had already trained her temperament and aura to perfection. Every gesture of hers carried a sense of confidence. She was at a standard that no ordinary girl could ever attain.

Isabella, who was mingling around Olivia, saw Amelia holding onto Oscar's shoulder. Jealousy and hatred were flowing out from her. Her emotions were radiating out. However, being afraid that Olivia would notice, she didn't dare to show too much of it.

"Mrs. Clinton, Oscar is here," Isabella said softly. After the incident with Tony, it took a lot of care for Isabella to win back Olivia's heart. She was afraid to do anything to anger Olivia. Otherwise, her little chance of being a Clinton would vanish into thin air.

Of course, Olivia already knew Oscar had appeared after hearing the commotion, but her face looked a little gloomy as she saw Amelia holding onto Oscar's hand. However, her expressions turned normal again in an instant.

Olivia tapped on Isabella's hand. "Don't worry. I'm here."

It was the problem with the photos that made Olivia displeased toward Amelia. Otherwise, Olivia was comforted by Tony's pleasing and wouldn't be trying to make things hard for Amelia at that moment on purpose.

Olivia was prideful. She couldn't accept that someone had taken her as a fool. In her mind, the first rule after becoming a Clinton was to obey her. She wanted them to forget and cut off their past. Obviously, Amelia still hadn't done that. Photos and gossip about her were repeatedly spreading. If she didn't do any of that, then no one could have gotten those photos.

Olivia couldn't stand the mess created by Amelia. Naturally, the former wanted to show her who was the boss and warn her that she couldn't just do as she pleased with Oscar as her shield.

Olivia went over while grabbing Isabella's hand. "Where's Tony?"

"He will be here in a bit, Mom," Oscar replied.

Olivia gave Amelia a glare and said purposefully, "You know my reason for holding the party, and yet you came. Are you trying to make things hard for the Clintons and the Walkers? Or are you trying to embarrass me?"

Oscar said nicely, "Mom, I thought you'd already acknowledged Amelia's presence? You doing this now sure makes things hard for me. I do care about your feelings. However, I don't think I need to take responsibility for what the Walker family did, right? They are the reason my son got hospitalized. Do you think I will marry their daughter? You love Tony the most. I'm sure you don't want to see him suffer as well, right?"

Isabella looked surprised as she dug her nails into her hands.

She bit her lips lightly and used a tremendous effort to calm herself down.

"Oscar, for what happened to Tony, my brother and I are extremely sorry about it. We do feel very guilty about it, and we've apologized countless times. It wasn't intentional. Please forgive us." Isabella looked at Oscar with gleaming eyes.

However, Oscar couldn't care less about how she felt.

Isabella looked embarrassed and ashamed.

Olivia tapped on her hands again, reminding her to be patient.

Olivia then looked at Shane, who kept quiet the whole time, and asked, "This is?"

"He is Amelia's boss. We met him coincidentally after work. Hence, I invited him here," Oscar briefly explained.

"Mrs. Clinton, nice to meet you. I'm Shane Franklin. Sorry for not bringing any proper gifts as I was invited out of the blue. This is only a small gift. I hope you don't mind." Shane passed Olivia the gift politely and smiled. "I was always a little skeptical when people say that Mrs. Clinton is still a very elegant and charming lady at the age of sixty. However, after meeting you in person, I am fully convinced that you, Mrs. Clinton, are a world-class beauty. No wonder Amelia is always praising how amazing you are. I forgot to mention. Amelia and I were friends since university. After getting married to the Clintons, you are the one she mentioned the most, saying that you are truly a highly respected elder."

Olivia was always very nice to her guests. As a woman, she naturally enjoyed the flattering words given to her. Even though she knew that some of the things were overstatements, her heart still very much enjoyed the praise.

Olivia had a maid take over Shane's gift. She then smiled. "Mr. Franklin, welcome! You're our guest. Please don't be shy and make yourself at home. Mr. Franklin, you look like a fine gentleman, looking strong and full of energy. I can tell that you're a man of great accomplishments. Are you married?"

Shane laughed. "Mrs. Clinton, you can just call me Shane. I am married with a cute little daughter."

"Daughters are their parents' little sweetheart. How lucky are you to have your daughter." Olivia chuckled.

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Shane laughed again. "I sure hope so!"

Olivia kept her smile.

The two of them exchanged pleasantries for a short while.

After that, Shane walked to another side and started chatting with other people at the party. He was a master in socializing. With a quick chat, Shane was able to fit in the high-class circle where people judge each other's status and standing. And with a few more tricks, he was able to exchange business cards with them.

Oscar took a look at the skillful Shane and said, "Shane sure is no ordinary man. You need to be a little careful."

Amelia nodded her head.

"I know. I'll be more cautious."

In that circle of people, one should never have intentions to harm others. However, one should always be prepared to protect themselves from others. Otherwise, things would get very miserable for the unprepared.

Amelia always maintained a simple relationship with the opposite gender that didn't dislike her. She tried not to have any beneficial relations with them. Only by doing that could she be able to maintain her friendships.

Oscar then got her a cocktail. "For what Mom said just now, you don't have to take it seriously. Time will prove everything. Both of you have gotten along for five years. She does know what kind of person you are. She's probably just a little angry for now. Just try to please her for now. If anything happens, I'll be backing you up."

"I'm fine. I'm not a twenty-two-year-old girl who just stepped into society. A lot of things don't bother me as much anymore. I honestly think Mom is pretty good." Amelia smiled.

Oscar knew that Amelia was only making things easy for him. He was feeling really grateful for her maturity. The olden sayings were right. Getting married to a capable wife was the best choice he could make.

As Oscar brought Amelia to get some food, he whispered to her ear, "Honey, you're the most stunning girl in here tonight. Sometimes I want to hide you. Then, none of these guys will be able to look at you with those perverted eyes of theirs."

Amelia had no idea if she should be laughing or crying after she heard that.

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. I'm not as gorgeous as you say, okay? There are so many rich princesses here. All of them look young and beautiful. I can't compete," Amelia scanned through the place and replied honestly.

"You have an aura that they don't have. In my eyes, you're a sly fox. That's how you're able to steal my heart away."

The two of them were flirting at the side of the venue as there was no one watching them.

One of the maids walked over and said, "Mr. Oscar, Mrs. Clinton wants to see you. She said that Mr. Zimmer and his family are here, and she wants you to go and say hi."

Oscar replied, "All right. You can carry on with your work now."

The maid then looked at Amelia with a weird expression and hesitantly said, "Mr. Oscar, Mrs. Clinton also mentioned that Ms. Amelia shouldn't go with you. She's a-fraid..."

"Afraid?" Oscar's gaze darkened.

The maid gulped and said, "Afraid that Ms. Amelia would be too ignorant and offend the respected guests."

Oscar laughed in anger, and the maid was terrified.

Amelia quickly held onto his hands and locked their fingers. She then said to the maid, "You can carry on with your stuff."

The maid was relieved and quickly left.

"Oscar, calm down. You've scared the maid." Amelia spoke with a gentle voice.

Oscar looked at her and twitched his lips. He then wrapped his arms around her waist. "Let's go. We'll meet Mr. Zimmer together. I'm sure the old man will like you."

"Who is this Mr. Zimmer? I've never heard of him." Amelia furrowed her brows.

"You'll know when we get there."

Oscar brought Amelia over. Olivia was talking to Isabella and an elderly with full grey hair, who looked pretty well-spirited.

Amelia wondered what kind of a person was this Drake Zimmer. He actually had the Clintons come to greet him personally.

"Mr. Zimmer, you're here. I thought you didn't want to attend our party." Oscar had his arms around Amelia as he walked over. His attitude toward Drake was very respectful. "Let me give you an introduction. This is my wife. My son will be here in a bit. Amelia, this is Mr. Zimmer." He introduced them to each other.

Amelia then greeted Drake with a polite demeanor, "Good evening, Mr. Zimmer. I'm Amelia, Oscar's wife."

The two of them continued chatting. On the other hand, Olivia and Isabella's expressions didn't look very nice.

Drake couldn't help but look over toward Olivia. "Olivia, didn't you say that this lady was your daughter-in-law? Why is there another? Don't tell me Oscar has two wives."

Olivia glared at Amelia and put on a polite smile. "Amelia is actually my ex-daughter-in-law. Oscar had already divorced her. Oscar and I are talking about having him marry Isabella. Everyone knows this. I'm counting on you to take good care of Isabella in the future then. Please help her a little in her career."

Drake then glanced over at Oscar's hand that was around Amelia's waist. He was a smart man. There was no way he didn't understand what was going on.

"Olivia, we've been friends for more than thirty years. Even though we don't meet often, let's not make jokes like this. Amelia looks like a decent lady. She's beautiful, generous, and elegant, just like you. It's obvious that she's your daughter-in-law. Pretty good."

Olivia could only smile. "Drake, you've learned how to make jokes too. In a short while, I'll be announcing Oscar's marriage to the Walker family's daughter. I'll be needing your support then."

Drake looked around and realized that it was their family's problem. He then found an excuse and left.

Right after he left, Olivia's face turned dark. She glared at Amelia and Oscar furiously.