

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 565

Julian had a cigarette in his hand but did not light it. He gave Oscar a curious look. It was rare to see Oscar frown, after all. Julian said with a smile, "Oscar, you're the one who called me here. It can't be because you wanted me to look at your sour face, right?"

Oscar shot him a glare but did not say anything.

"Something on your mind?" Julian asked with a serious expression.

"Amelia and I have been arguing. How romantic should I be to please a woman?" Oscar asked after pausing for a second in hesitation.

Julian opened his mouth slightly, accidentally dropping the cigarette in his hand.

"Aren't you the same guy who can't bear to hurt Amelia? Why did you argue with her? What happened? Please explain it thoroughly. Otherwise, I won't know how to help you," Julian calmly said, suppressing his shock. Although he tended to joke and gossip about people, he was a person who really cared about his friends' well-being.

Oscar gave him a look. He coldly stated, "As long as you don't gossip about it."

Julian stood up from the couch and tidied his wrinkled suit. He replied, "All right, I won't gossip about it. Oscar, I'll be going now. I'm not interested in boring back-and-forth conversations."

"Sit down," Oscar said as he let out a cough.

Julian gave him a look before sitting back down.

He said, "Tell me. I'm all ears."

Oscar pondered it for a while. In the end, he decided to explain his frustrations in a simple form.

"Are you saying you're jealous of Kurt?" Julian stroked his chin and asked curiously.

Oscar glared at him in response.

"Oscar, don't you feel like you're not your normal self? Kurt is your bodyguard. If you really don't like him, you can simply dismiss him instantly. Why would you continue to allow him to be by Amelia's side? I don't think you've thought about this clearly enough," Julian stated.

Oscar looked at him. He asked, "What are you trying to say?"

"What I want to say is that you've fallen in love with Amelia. You've really changed a lot because of her. This never happened when you and Cassie were together. You love Amelia. I think you should just trust her wholeheartedly. After all, isn't love about trusting each other?" Julian asked.

After a short pause, he blinked. With a hint of doubt, he continued, "Oscar, I don't think you're the type of guy who gets anxious. Why can't you just ask Amelia what her relationship with Kurt is? This isn't like you."

Oscar pondered deeply. He raised his finger and pointed at his head before saying, "Sometimes, I feel like I lose control up here. I want to see a psychologist. Do you know of any experts in the field you could introduce me to?"

Julian's jaw dropped in disbelief.

"What?" he said, regaining his senses after a long while.

"Help me get in contact with a psychologist. I want to talk to one," Oscar casually stated.

"Oscar, are you joking? Or have you gone crazy for a while now?" Julian shrugged and asked in disbelief.

"Help me make an appointment to see a psychologist. I'll take a day off this weekend." Oscar walked over to the office table and grabbed a folder. He walked back and threw it onto the small table. He said, "Didn't you want to start a film production company? This is my proposal; have a look at it. If you think it's all right, then I believe you're already one step closer to starting your film production company."

Julian's eyes instantly widened when he grabbed the proposal over and read it. He replied, "This proposal is amazing! I was worried because I didn't have a complete proposal. But now, it's settled. I've also just hired a few employees for the company, filling every position in the logistics, finance, and technical departments. I'm trying to find male and female leads because I want the company to start producing coming-of-age dramas. As for the other roles, I'll wait and see how the aspiring actors perform in their auditions."

After a pause, he looked at Oscar and continued, "Oscar, you can definitely invest in my film production company. Don't worry. I'm determined to grow it and make it the best in the industry."

Oscar nodded. He changed the topic back and said, "Make an appointment with a psychologist for me. I'm free this weekend. I'm not joking around."

Julian frowned. "Oscar, are you for real?"

"Do I look like I'm lying?" Oscar retorted.

Julian was speechless.

As he looked at Oscar with a perplexed expression on his face, he said, "Oscar, please be honest with me. Is there something wrong with your body?"

Oscar went back to his work desk and sat down. He opened the folder and buried himself in work.

Julian did not know whether to laugh or cry. "Oscar. If there's something wrong, then I think you should go to the hospital instead of the psychologist."

"Julian! Enough with your nonsense!" Oscar exclaimed.

Julian raised his hands as if surrendering. He responded, "All right, I was wrong. I'll make an appointment with a very reliable psychologist as soon as possible. There's just one catch, though. I would like to accompany you."

Oscar nodded. He pointed at the door and said, "You can leave now."

Julian left as told and walked out of the room.

During the weekend, Julian took the initiative to drive to Amelia's apartment. Once he parked his car, he entered the elevator and ascended the building.

"Hi, Amelia," Julian greeted Amelia, who opened the door for him.

Amelia turned to look at him and smiled. She said, "Hey, Julian. Have you eaten breakfast yet? Come in and eat. Oscar hasn't finished all the food yet."

Julian's eyes sparkled. He smiled back and asked, "Did Molly make the food? I'm famished. It's been a long time since I've eaten Molly's cooking. I miss it."

Amelia shook her head and smiled. She then closed the door.

After Julian ate breakfast, he wiped his mouth with a napkin. He stated, "Amelia, can I borrow Oscar for a second? I promise I won't get him to do bad things. At best, we'll only go and see some beautiful ladies."

Amelia looked at Julian in disbelief. Then, she helped Oscar grab his suit. She gently said, "Drive carefully. Call me if you guys don't plan on coming back for lunch at noon."

Oscar kissed her on the forehead and replied, "I know. I'll be going now, but I'll be back for lunch at noon."

Oscar and Julian left the apartment. Julian said, "I think Amelia is also deeply in love with you. Are you really going to see a psychologist? Honestly, I feel that

psychology is something only people who are not in their right minds would trust in. I don't think someone like you would believe a word that comes out of the psychiatrist's mouth."

Oscar opened the door to the car and sat in the front passenger seat.

Julian sat in the driver's seat. Once he fastened his seat belt, he started the car and drove off. Changing the topic, he said, "This time, I've arranged an appointment for you to see a very notable psychologist in the city. He knows how to entertain guests, so I'm sure you'll get along with him just fine."

Oscar simply nodded his head and said nothing in response.

Julian brought him over to a private psychology clinic. The fees there were very steep. The cost of one-hour consultations reached thousands. Of course, this was nothing but spare change for rich people.

"Oscar, Dr. Jenkins is waiting for you inside. I won't be coming in with you. I'll be driving all around the city instead. Give me a call if anything comes up." Julian made the "call me" hand gesture as he said that.

Oscar lightly nodded in response. Then, he pushed the door and entered.

There was a man in his forties sitting inside. He raised his head and gave Oscar a look. Standing up from his chair, he walked past his office table and stood in front of Oscar. He said, "You must be Mr. Clinton, the heir of Clinton Corporations. How are you? My name is Joseph Jenkins. You can call me either Dr. Jenkins or Mr. Jenkins. Try to loosen up a little while you're here."

Oscar merely nodded with a cold expression on his face.

"Should I address you as Mr. Clinton?" Joseph invited Oscar to sit on the couch and smiled warmly.

"Oscar. You can call me by my name. There's no need to be so formal," Oscar said matter-of-factly.

Joseph smiled gently and did not comment further.

"I heard a little bit about your issues from Julian, but don't take it the wrong way. Julian and I have known each other for many years now. I assure you that I'll protect your privacy and would never let anything we discuss here leave the room. Don't worry," Joseph quickly clarified.

Oscar nodded lightly in response.

"Relax, Oscar. Do you mind telling me about your problem? Since you came here, I believe there's something that's been bothering you inside. Dump it all on me. Let's have a good chat. Think of me as your good friend of many years." Joseph's voice was very gentle.

"The past few days, I've been feeling the urge to kill," Oscar coldly stated.

Joseph was rendered speechless.

He was quite taken aback by his words. However, he quickly calmed himself in order to maintain his professionalism.

"Tell me more about it, Oscar. Why do you feel the urge to kill? A successful guy like you should be able to get anything you want in all of Tayhaven. I can't see why you'd want to kill someone. Aren't you afraid of getting your hands dirty?" Joseph asked following Oscar's revelation.

"It's true I don't need to kill people using my own hands. However, my possessiveness toward my girl has only increased. Every night, I dream of tying her to me. I even have the urge to kill all the men who are around her. I'm a businessman whose feelings have spiraled out of control. It would be extremely bad for my company's growth." Oscar looked at Joseph with scrutiny. He continued, "Dr. Jenkins, can you tell me why I'm feeling this?"

Joseph thought about it for a while. He was not in a hurry to respond to Oscar's question.

"Oscar, can you tell me when did you start feeling this way?" Joseph asked.

Oscar had a calm exterior. He exuded an intimidating aura and gracefully asked, "Dr. Jenkins, are you planning to unearth my secrets?"

Joseph could not help but feel slightly intimidated. Oscar isn't someone I can afford to cross. His aura is just so terrifying.

"Relax, Oscar. Let's talk like we're friends. Why don't we play a game of hypnosis? I think you'll feel even more relaxed," Joseph suggested.

Oscar looked at Joseph up and down. In the end, he nodded slightly.

Joseph got Oscar to lie down on a small bed that was just enough for one person. He then said, "Relax, Oscar. Now, imagine that you're in a vivid scene. There are butterflies fluttering, and bees working hard to build their hive. Without any worries, you leisurely stroll among the flowers..."

Joseph's voice was so hypnotic. It was able to cause people to drift off to sleep.

Approximately half an hour later, Joseph gently said, "Oscar, you may open your eyes now."

When Oscar opened his eyes, his gaze was clear and alert.

He looked at Joseph coldly and said, "Dr. Jenkins, you talked so much into my ear. Besides feeling sleepy, I also felt like an idiot was whispering nonsense in my ear. Are you really the most popular psychologist in the city that Julian recommended?"

Joseph's face contorted. No one has ever been unaffected by my hypnosis to date. I can't believe it didn't affect Oscar at all!

"Oscar, how are you still wide awake?" Joseph was probably very shocked. It would explain why he asked such a childish question.

"Shouldn't I be asking you this question?" Oscar replied nonchalantly.

Joseph was stunned. Cold sweat was beginning to build up on his forehead.