

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 751 - 76

Chapter 751 She Is Your Mom

After the memorial service for Eleanor was over, Oscar and Amelia Winters decided to go home. The day before they left, Benjamin and Amelia Hutton came to visit them.

Amelia Winters found that strange. After all, she felt that she no longer had any connection with the Hutton family after the passing of Eleanor. It was also pointless for Benjamin to come and look for her. After glancing at Amelia Hutton, though, she had an idea why the two came here.

"Mr. Hutton, is there anything I can help you with?" Amelia Winters asked in a distant tone. Benjamin glanced inside the room and replied with a solemn expression, "Can we talk inside?"

Amelia Winters turned sideways, gesturing at them to come in. Benjamin and Amelia Hutton walked into the room. Just then, Oscar walked out of the bathroom. Upon shooting the two a glance, he asked indifferently, "Mr. Hutton, what else do you guys want?"

Benjamin gazed at Oscar. He couldn't help but compliment the latter in his heart. As expected from a capable man. The aura he exudes is really something.

"Actually, I came here to discuss something with you guys today. Amelia says that she likes life in Tayhaven, so she's thinking of finding a job there. Both you and Lia are also living in Tayhaven, so can you help me take care of her?" Benjamin put his hands behind his back as he came clean about his intention. "I plan to move there too after some time. My wife had always wanted to go and stay with Lia in Tayhaven, so I want to fulfill her wish for her."

"There's no need for that. I think our two families don't have to keep in contact anymore," Oscar rejected without hesitation.

A glint appeared in Benjamin's eyes. Smiling, he said, "Could you give me a reason?"

Oscar answered, "You've never wanted to recognize Amelia as your daughter since the beginning. Now that Mom has passed away, there's no need for you to continue treating

her as your daughter, right? After all, she's just a bastard child to you. You've already done your best."

Benjamin's face turned ashen.

"Oscar, all humans make mistakes. In truth, Dad had accepted Amy a long time ago. He just found it hard to admit because he's too prideful. He has already set aside his pride to ask you guys for help. Are you and Amy really not willing to forgive an elder who just lost his wife?" Amelia Hutton looked at Oscar, trying to convince him.

Oscar chuckled in response. "Mr. Hutton, I don't know what you guys are planning. Either way, I don't want my wife to have any unnecessary interactions with you. She'll be just fine with me."

Benjamin's hands trembled. He then shifted his gaze to Amelia Winters. "Lia, your mom asked me to take care of you well before her passing. I know I was cold to you back then, but even a criminal has the chance to change for the better. Are you truly unwilling to forgive me?"

Amelia Winters averted her gaze. She walked over to the wardrobe and packed her clothes, pretending to look busy.

Benjamin stared at her intently. With a hoarse voice, he asked, "Lia, what must I do for you to forgive me? Do you want me to get on my knees? All right. I'll kneel for you now."

Startled, Amelia Winters spun around and noticed that Benjamin was bending his body. A tinge of surprise flashed across her eyes. She wanted to hurry over to stop Benjamin. Unexpectedly, Oscar held Benjamin before she could do so. "Mr. Hutton, you're an elder. Perhaps you don't mind kneeling, but Amelia won't be happy to see that."

Benjamin tried to exert more force. Unfortunately, he was old, so Oscar was way stronger than him. Left with no choice, he could only give up.

"Lia, can you give me a chance to make it up to you as a father?" Benjamin tried to play the family card.

A complicated range of emotions flickered across Amelia Winters' eyes.

"Amy, Dad is being repentant. Do you really want to see an elder who has just lost his wife beg you like this? Do you have to be so cruel?" Amelia Hutton was infuriated.

Amelia Winters scrutinized Benjamin and Amelia Hutton. For a moment, she couldn't tell what the two were thinking. She was sure that they had some ulterior motives because it was strange for them to be so proactive suddenly. She wouldn't mind if she were alone. However, she was connected to the entire Clinton family now. Recently, things had been rough for the Clintons as many things had happened in their company. Although the father-daughter duo wouldn't be able to affect the foundation of the company, the same could not be said for the mental state of the Clintons. It was already hard enough for them to solve the company's problems, so it would only add fuel to the fire if the Huttons were to kick up trouble. Hence, Amelia Winters couldn't help but put her guard up upon hearing what Benjamin and Amelia Hutton said.

She could accept Eleanor as her family unconditionally. Nevertheless, she had to treat the rest of the people in the Hutton family extra cautiously. It was undeniable that she was also part of the Hutton family. However, she had been missing for more than twenty years, so she almost had no feelings for those in that family. To her, they were just slightly more familiar than strangers. Thus, Amelia Winters had no choice but to be wary of them.

One mustn't bear ill intentions, but one mustn't let their guard down either. Amelia Winters wasn't some innocent young lady. If she let her guard down, she might lose her family, which she had poured much time and effort into building. Besides, the Clinton family's business might even be in danger because of her.

Amelia Winters had never wanted to hurt anyone, but that didn't mean that others were the same.

Her mind was in utter chaos at that moment as she wracked her brain. Suddenly, she laughed. "Mr. Hutton, Amelia, I think you guys have misunderstood something. I don't mind you guys moving to Tayhaven. I'll even try to help if you need anything. However, I wonder why you two have to keep saying that I'm cruel and unfilial."

Amelia Hutton and Benjamin were stunned.

"Amy, what do you mean?"

"Nothing much. I just want to say that I don't need the Hutton family to make it up to me. By the way, I don't want any of the inheritance. You guys don't have to worry about that."

"Stop blabbering nonsense. As for the inheritance, I've written the will according to your mother's wishes before she died. I even asked the lawyer to verify it. You have a share in the inheritance. I don't care what you think of us, but I really want to make it up to you. I'm being sincere," Benjamin said with a straight face.

Amelia Winters was stunned.

"I've said too much today. If you don't want me to stay in Tayhaven in the future, I won't go. Regardless, you'll receive a share in our family's inheritance after I leave this world. As for your sister, I hope you can find her a job if she really wants to go to Tayhaven. After all, it's rare for her to have such determination."

"I'll try."

After sending off Benjamin and Amelia Hutton, Amelia Winters said, "Oscar, I wonder what they have up their sleeves. What do you think?"

"Don't think too much. Let's just go with the flow," Oscar replied.

Amelia Winters nodded.

As soon as the two left the room, Amelia Hutton's expression turned grim. "Dad, what exactly are you trying to do? Don't you use to hate Amy a lot? Why are you now giving her a share of the inheritance?"

"This is your mother's last wish. She suffered a lot because of me. I can't let her leave the world with worries." Benjamin shot her a glance.

"But then, it's evident that she doesn't want to recognize you as her father. Sean and I should be the ones who inherit everything after you pass away. Are you sure you want an outsider to interfere in this?"

"Shut up."

"Dad, you've changed. You used to be firm and decisive. Not only did your heart become softer now, but you're also not thinking straight anymore. You'll definitely lose your mind and give out all the assets of the Hutton family to the Clinton family one day!"

"Enough!" Benjamin glared at Amelia. "Don't forget that she's your sister. She carries my blood in her body too. Even though she has married into another family now, it's still reasonable for her to receive part of the inheritance of our family. Amelia, you should not be that short-sighted and petty."

"Dad, I see that you've truly gone senile!" Amelia was fuming with rage.

Having said that, she ran away without hesitation.

Benjamin narrowed his hazy eyes, which were laced with unreadable emotions. Then, he let out a sigh.

The sudden passing of Eleanor had changed him. Because of that, his sharp edges had disappeared, and he was no longer as domineering and decisive as before.

"Dad." Sean walked over to him.

Glancing at Sean, Benjamin replied, "You're here."

"Dad, did you go and see Amy?" Sean asked.

"Your younger sister wants to find a job in Tayhaven, so I went to see Amy and asked her to take care of your sister."

"Dad, you know that Amelia just wants to stir up trouble. Why are you enabling her?"

"Just let her do as she wants. Your mom is gone now, so I find it meaningless to stay in the world like this. Perhaps I'll feel less bored if I let Amelia mess around for a little." There was a tinge of sheer madness in Benjamin's eyes. Soon, an evil smile crept on his face. "Perhaps I will forget the fact that your mom is gone, too. Actually, I've been wondering something. If your mom hadn't reunited with Amelia Winters, maybe she wouldn't have died so early. She's a mentally strong woman, so she would have been reluctant to leave the world without finding her lost daughter. Sadly, she's gone now. I wonder if she feels cold now. Should I send someone to keep her company there? She likes Amelia Winters a lot. So, will your mom appear in my dream if anything happens to Amelia Winters?"

Sean felt a chill run down his spine. He stared into Benjamin's eyes with a conflicted expression.

After pondering for a second, he said, "Dad, Mom's gone, and she's not coming back. We, who are still alive, should carry on with our lives well. Please don't be like that."

Benjamin narrowed his eyes. "No. I think your mom will come and see me in my dream. As long as something happens to Amelia Winters, your mom will definitely feel upset. Then, she'll visit me in a dream and ask me to protect her favorite daughter. In that case, I'll get to see her again, right?"

Sean had a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach. "Dad, what are you going to do?"

“Don’t worry, Sean. I’m just going to make her stay here longer. Your mom will definitely appear in my dream if that woman gets injured.”

“Calm down, Dad. Oscar is not someone you can afford to mess with.”

Suddenly, Benjamin let out a chuckle. Lifting his hand, he patted Sean’s shoulder. “Sean, I was just kidding with you! Of course, I’m not willing to make your mom worry! She likes Amelia Winters a lot, so I’ll take care of Amelia well for her.”

Sean was perplexed.

“All right. You just have to focus on managing the company properly. I’m going to talk to your mom’s photo.” Having said that, Benjamin walked away.

Sean stared at his father’s back, which cut a despondent sight. He had a feeling that his father had gone insane.

Sean kept an eye on Benjamin cautiously for the rest of the day. Finally, he felt relieved when Amelia and Oscar boarded the plane. Fortunately, Benjamin didn’t do anything overboard, or the entire Hutton family would have to suffer if Benjamin pissed Oscar off. If that happened, an intense battle between the corporates might break out again.

“What’s the matter? Are you really worried that I’ll target her?” Benjamin laughed.

Sean shook his head in response. “No. I’m just afraid that you can’t move on from Mom’s death and might mistake Amy for Mom.”

Benjamin narrowed his eyes, responding nonchalantly, “Yes, she looks so much like your mom. What if she’s your mom’s incarnation? What do you think?”

The veins on Sean’s forehead throbbed. He was afraid that Benjamin would lose his mind again. “Dad...”

“That’s impossible. Your mom is so much prettier than her, after all,” Benjamin interrupted him.

Sean was so confused that he didn’t know what to say.

“No. It’s very likely your mom turned into her when she found out that her days were numbered. I’ll go and visit your mom in Tayhaven again after some time. Thank you for reminding me about that, Sean.” After saying that, Benjamin walked away in excitement.

It was then Sean finally realized how serious the situation was.

Immediately, he followed Benjamin. "Dad, she's not Mom. Mom is already dead. Wake up!"

Nevertheless, Benjamin paid him no mind.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 752

Chapter 752 Asked To Return

Sean thought Benjamin was merely trying to be funny, yet it turned out that he was serious about it. On the fifth day after Amelia's return to Tayhaven, Benjamin said solemnly to Sean, "I dreamed of your mom last night, Sean. She told me Amelia Winters was her incarnation. She must've done that because she was worried I'd be lonely. That's why I've decided—I'm going to Tayhaven."

Sean felt his head throbbing dully. "Dad, you must be missing Mom too much. Why don't you come back and take charge of the company? I'll help you out and follow your every instruction." He decided to make a compromise.

"Why should I return when I've already left the company in your care? I promised your mom I'd take her on trips when we got older. She left before we could do so, but I'm sure she must've missed me so much, and that's why she came back as Amelia. So, this time, I'll watch her closely and never let her leave my side."

Benjamin then took out several travel books. "I've prepared these. I'll take your mom to whichever country she wants. Since she once told me she loves waterfalls, I'm going to bring her to countries that have them so that she can see them with her own eyes. She also mentioned adoring monkeys; I'll buy a lot for her so she can take care of them when the time comes. I'll get her everything she wants and never make her angry again."

Sean's headache intensified. "Dad, stop messing around. Amy is your daughter; you should know that better than anyone else. Mom has left us. No matter whether you can accept it, that's the fact."

"Nonsense." Benjamin was infuriated. "You're the one who told me she looks exactly like your mom. How can they share the same appearance if they aren't the same person?"

Sean was about to say something when Benjamin aggressively interrupted, "That's enough. Your mom wouldn't lie to me. I've hurt her for more than twenty years. I have to help her take care of Amy no matter what."

"Dad..."

"Focus on managing the company. I'm taking your sister to Tayhaven."

"Dad, don't you try to do anything funny."

"Sean, if you continue to stop me, I'll get the lawyers to amend my will and leave all my assets to your sister."

Sean fell silent at once.

Satisfied, Benjamin instructed the maid to bring him his packed luggage. Likewise, Amelia also came over with hers.

"We can leave now, Dad."

The two left Sean overwhelmed by frustration. Yet, he still could not quite figure out what ulterior motives they were planning.

"Amelia, if you want a job, I can make arrangements and get you a position as the vice president of the company. There's no need to head over to Tayhaven."

"Sean, you should know what's on my mind. Finding a job isn't exactly my main purpose. As for Dad, he's rather adamant that Amy is Mom. I gave it some thought and figured it was quite true. Otherwise, there's no way they could share such an uncanny resemblance."

"What nonsense are you spouting? Dad is acting that way because he just lost the love of his life. Why are you like this too? Believe it or not, I can cut off all your credit cards!"

"Sean, I don't think you can do that. Those are under Dad's name."

Sean was completely at a loss for words.

Watching Benjamin and Amelia leave, he felt a terrible ache in his head.

Subsequently, he called Oscar and gave a full account of the situation. He also asked the latter to look out for Benjamin.

Upon hanging up the call, Oscar scoffed coldly.

Benjamin thinks Amelia is Mrs. Hutton, huh? How amusing. Wasn't he the one who kept calling Amelia a bastard when she and Mrs. Hutton were mother and daughter? Now that Mrs. Hutton has passed away, he thinks Amelia is the incarnation of his wife. What an illogical mindset! I wonder what ulterior motives he has for trying to get near Amelia. I want to see what tricks he has up his sleeves!

As much as the Hutton family was sufficiently powerful and affluent, they were not capable enough of doing anything significant in Tayhaven.

Oscar immediately instructed his men to head to the airport to stop them and bring them to the organization right after.

Hence, as soon as Benjamin and Amelia stepped out of the airport, several men in suits immediately stopped them and directed them into a vehicle.

Benjamin stared at those men and bellowed, "Who are you?"

"Our boss wants to meet you, Mr. Hutton. You better behave yourself. You should know men like us love using brutal methods to deal with uncooperative people," one of the bodyguards warned.

Of course, Benjamin was wise enough to stop talking.

However, Amelia would not relent. "Who's your boss? Listen up; my dad is the chairman of Hutton Corporations. The Hutton family is one of the most prominent families in Saspiburg. And not to forget, my brother-in-law is the heir to the Clinton family. He's an influential figure in Tayhaven and is currently managing Clinton Corporations. If anything were to happen to us, you guys definitely won't get away with it either!"

There was no response to her words.

"Hey, did you guys not hear what I just said? My brother-in-law is the most powerful man in Tayhaven and the heir to the Clinton family. You guys will be in hot water if anything happens to us!"

"Enough of that, Amelia. Nothing is going to happen to us," Benjamin muttered. This bunch of people seem well-trained and nicely dressed. They don't look like outlaws on the run; neither do they look like unreasonable thugs. Instead, they look like specially trained bodyguards. Besides, I have no enemies in Tayhaven. If anything, Oscar is most likely the one who sent them.

With a rough gauge of the situation, Benjamin was not as nervous. Since things had turned out the way they did, he decided to go with the flow. Oscar has gone to such an extent to invite me there. His presence is indeed impressive, so how can I possibly allow myself to lose to him?

Undeniably, Benjamin was indeed a seasoned player in the business world. He was not only sharp-eyed but also highly meticulous. If not for Eleanor's death, his fighting spirit would not have been extinguished that easily. Neither would he stand down from his position that early.

Upon arrival at the destination, the bodyguards led the two upstairs. A look of surprise flashed across Amelia's eyes as she gazed at the high-tech decorations all around.

"Mr. Hutton, Ms. Hutton, please take a seat first. Boss will be here sometime soon." The bodyguard courteously ushered them to sit on the couch as he served them some pastries and coffee.

After observing the proper etiquettes, those bodyguards quickly made their way out, leaving behind Benjamin and Amelia in the spacious house.

Amelia swept her gaze across the whole house, and after noticing no surveillance cameras around, she said, "Dad, do you think they're watching us in secret?"

Benjamin had his eyes shut and ignored her.

"Dad, talk to me, won't you? I'm quite scared," she uttered.

"Just wait and see. Those people won't do anything to us. I haven't fulfilled your mom's last wishes, so I won't let anything happen to me."

Amelia pursed her lips. Could it be that Dad has legit lost his mind?

Just as they were growing impatient, Oscar made his appearance.

"O-Oscar?" Amelia jumped up from the couch in disbelief. "Why is it you?"

Oscar threw her a glance and strode up to take a seat on the couch opposite them. "Mr. Hutton, I heard from your son that you've taken my wife as Mrs. Hutton. I'm curious about what's going through your mind?"

Benjamin let out a weak laugh and switched his position as he placidly responded, "I know Lia is my daughter. It's just that she shares so much resemblance to my wife.

That's why I decided to visit her here. About a month before Eleanor's death, she implored me to take good care of Lia. As it's her last wish, I can't disappoint her."

"Are you sure it's because of that? Or is it because of your selfish desires? I heard from Mr. Sean that you intend to do something to your daughter. It's utterly disgusting. Hence, I decided to get my men to invite you over for a chat before you tried to do something irrational because of your longing for your dead wife."

Benjamin curled the edges of his lips into a faint smile. "Rest assured. I'm not sick to the extent that I'd make a move on my daughter. I purely want to see her. I don't think it's a crime for a father to visit his daughter, right?"

"It indeed isn't." Oscar was seemingly in some deliberation before he changed the subject. "I have ordered my men to prepare a private jet for the two of you. You should return to Saspiuburg. Tayhaven isn't the place for you."

"Oscar, you should know very well that I'll still come back even if I return to Saspiuburg," Benjamin stated mildly.

Oscar flashed a smirk. "The next time you come here, you will most likely return with a broken or missing limb."

"What do you mean by that, Oscar?"

"It's exactly what the words imply."

Benjamin sprang up from the couch and uttered, "Since you don't wish for us to meet Lia, we shall take our leave then. We won't trouble you to prepare that private jet for us either."

"Dad..."

"Let's go."

With that, Oscar sent them out of the building. To be at ease, he also ordered his men to tail the father and daughter duo and watch them board the plane at the airport.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 753

Chapter 753 On The Brink Of Success

Not long after Benjamin and Amelia's return to Saspiuburg, an anonymous post appeared on the internet. It was titled: Clinton Corporations' Heir Misusing Power To Stop Wife From Acknowledging Family. The content tried to stir the public's emotions by illustrating how the authoritative heir had forced his wife to break all ties with the family members she had just reunited with.

It also stated how the heir had invited the chairman of Hutton Corporations, who missed his daughter dearly, over for a short chat, only to get beaten up badly as there were passers-by who spotted the man with multiple bruises on his face after that.

That intriguing storyline undoubtedly attracted the attention of many, and in no time, the post rose to first place on the trending list. Even though the post did not mention any names, it garnered the interest of the various media outlets relatively quickly since Clinton Corporations and Hutton Corporations were considerably well-known organizations in Tayhaven and Saspiuburg.

Unafraid of the consequences, many reporters hurried toward Clinton Corporations to fight for an opportunity to interview Oscar. Meanwhile, Linda knocked on the door and only entered after getting the green light from Oscar.

"The chief reporter of Chronicles Daily would like to have an interview with you, Mr. Clinton. Are you interested?" Linda asked.

"I won't be doing any interviews. Also, get someone to get rid of that online post," Oscar commanded while sorting out some documents.

"But Mr. Clinton, Chronicles Daily is Tayhaven's best publishing house. It has the best sales for its daily newspapers and holds a significant role in the country. Why don't you accept an hour's interview with them and use the chance to clarify the false accusations against you online?" Linda gave it some thought and bravely offered her suggestion.

"I don't think there's a need to reveal my family affairs to the entire world," Oscar placidly said as he lifted his head and swept a gaze over her.

Linda took a deep breath to suppress the anxiety surging within her. "Mr. Clinton, allow me to say something. Everyone who knows you personally is aware that the content in that post is fake. However, it has become the most widely viewed post on the internet. Cyberbullying has a lot more impact than we think. In my opinion, why don't you make a brief response, Mr. Clinton? Or else it'll surely affect the company's shares sooner or later."

"There's no need. It's nothing but a nonsensical post." Oscar waved his hand in dismissal. "Get back to work."

Left with no choice, Linda headed out after taking an additional glance at the man.

As soon as she stepped out, Isabella arrived in the elevator.

"Ms. Walker," Linda greeted politely.

Isabella lightly nodded and whispered, "Is Oscar in there?"

Linda bobbed her head.

"Okay. I shall make my way in then."

"Mr. Clinton is busy with work right now, Ms. Walker. Without his permission, you better not go in. That'll save secretaries like us from getting reprimanded."

Isabella cast her a quick look and articulated, "I need to talk to him about some matters. Don't worry; I promise he won't blame it on you."

Since she was so persistent about it, Linda did not say anything more.

With that, Isabella headed toward Oscar's office and gave a knock on the door. Sure enough, he agreed to let her in.

"Oscar, I've already sent someone to check on the IP address of that anonymous poster. The culprit turns out to be a resident of a random neighborhood in Saspiuburg. I sought help from a friend to look for that person in that neighborhood, but he fled the scene long ago. My friend learned from the management office that the anonymous poster is an IT expert. He's adept with computers and works as a technician in a medium-sized company. He resigned a few days ago, and guess what? That post appeared online subsequently. We also found a sum of money transferred into his account anonymously," Isabella conveyed upon stepping into the office.

Without looking up, Oscar replied, "I know. I've already gotten my men to check on it. He's nothing but a clown. There's no need to be bothered about someone insignificant like him."

"Oscar, they've bullied you to this extent and even falsely accused you of ill-treating your wife and stopping her from acknowledging her family. It has caused severe damage to

your reputation. I think it's time for you to step forward and clarify the situation." Isabella scrunched her brows tightly.

Oscar let out a snort of laughter and finally lifted his head at that point.

"Is there anything else?"

"I'm worried about you, Oscar. Why do you appear so lackadaisical about the situation?"

"If there's nothing else, you can head out now, Isabella. I don't need an irresponsible person who doesn't know how to differentiate private matters from work to continue staying in the company."

Isabella bit her lip and fell silent.

"Oscar, we can always be good friends. Though I'm not lucky enough to become the woman you love, I'm still your sister in name. There's no need to be so wary of me," Isabella reasoned.

Oscar grabbed his pen and continued with his work, ignoring her completely.

Isabella gazed at the man intently for a moment before she turned and headed out.

"Ms. Walker, are you getting back to work?" Linda queried.

In response, Isabella merely shot her a look and continued heading into the pantry.

When she stepped out, she had two cups of beverages in her grip—one was a coffee, and the other a tea.

She passed the coffee to Linda and said, "I brewed this for you, Linda. Try it. And this is for Oscar. I noticed he's been occupied with work recently, so I think drinking some tea will help him stay energized."

Receiving the coffee, Linda put on a surprised expression. "Ms. Walker, thank you for the coffee. Not to worry, I'll bring this cup of tea to Mr. Clinton."

Isabella pulled a smile on her face. "I'm counting on you then."

After Isabella left, Linda stared at the cup of coffee in her hand helplessly.

"Linda, you've attracted Ms. Walker's attention. Be extremely careful from now on. Hopefully, you won't be in the same predicament as the other Linda," another secretary reminded.

Averting her gaze to the cup of steaming hot tea in her other hand, Linda began mumbling to herself, "I doubt there's anything wrong with this cup of tea, right? It can't possibly be spiked, could it?"

Having convinced herself mentally, she brought the cup of tea into the office.

"Mr. Clinton, you have been very busy at work, so I made you a cup of tea. Have a taste and see if it's to your liking. Mrs. Clinton specially taught me how to brew it," Linda claimed.

Raising his head to eye the cup of hot tea before him, Oscar picked it up and blew on it before taking a sip. Then, he directed his gaze to Linda and asked, "Amelia really taught you this?"

"Yes, Mr. Clinton. I learned it from Mrs. Clinton before. Is it not to your liking? I guess I was just acting smart. Sorry about that." Linda wore a silly grin as she answered him.

"It doesn't taste too bad. Get back to your work." Oscar waved a dismissive hand.

Hearing that, Linda breathed a sigh of relief.

She nodded in acknowledgment and turned to leave.

As soon as Linda exited Oscar's office, she caught sight of Isabella, who she thought had left long ago, waiting for her at her desk.

Instantly, her heart leaped to her throat again. "Ms. Walker, is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Take it easy. I only want to know if Oscar has drunk that cup of tea?" Isabella was surprisingly amicable.

Astonishment flooded Linda's heart, but she honestly answered, "Yes, Ms. Walker, Mr. Clinton drank it. Is there anything else?"

Isabella's eyes glistened with joy as she smiled. "Nope. Continue with what you're doing. I have to get back to work too."

In high spirits, she whipped around and walked away.

That secretary who had a good relationship with Linda pensively questioned, "Linda, don't you think Ms. Walker is quite odd? She diligently makes coffee or tea for Mr. Clinton, yet she has never sent it to him herself. Is it possible that she put something in the beverages?"

"Do you think we're filming a drama right now? Who in the world would be so dumb to spike a drink in front of so many people? Hurry and get back to work," Linda replied.

"Never let your guard down, Linda. It's better to be cautious so that you won't become someone else's scapegoat."

"I know. I'm not that stupid."

Finishing her words, Linda returned to her seat. As much as she was skeptical about Isabella's behavior, she supposed the latter was not that foolish and reasoned that Isabella had done it out of pure admiration for Oscar.

Meanwhile, Isabella was brimming with exhilaration back in her office. Oscar has drank so many cups of coffee and tea that I brewed. A little more hard work left to go before I get to perform deep hypnosis on him.

Already, passionate scenes of Oscar pulling her into his embrace played in her mind, and she could not wait for it to become reality.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 754

Chapter 754 Plan To Seize Power

Naturally, Amelia also saw the online post that slandered Oscar. She requested help from a skillful hacker friend of hers to dig out where the online post was sent out. In no time, the friend updated her that the ID of the poster came from the personal computer owned by a tenant living in a condominium in a small neighborhood in Saspiuburg.

When the hacker hacked into that person's banking records, the hacker found a suspiciously large sum of money transferred into that tenant's bank account.

The hacker surmised that someone had hired the tenant to create a defamatory post to shove Oscar under the spotlight and also make him the target of discussion. Moreover,

the accounts actively commenting on the post were actually alternate accounts, presumably owned by ghostwriters hired by the mastermind to sway public opinion.

After obtaining that information, Amelia immediately gave Sean a call. "Hello, Amy." Sean's tired voice sounded from the phone. Without wasting any time, Amelia said, "Sean, did you see that recent online post that's making the rounds on the internet? It has already attracted the interest of the media."

"I know. I saw that. Moreover, many journalists surrounded my company today, trying to get an interview with me. They wanted to verify whether that was true. However, I've ordered someone to chase them all away." Sean massaged his temples and continued, "Actually, Dad ordered someone to post that. God, I don't know what he's thinking anymore."

Even I, his son, have no clue what is going on in his mind. Ever since Mom died, he has been acting really crazy and doing things without caring for the consequences."

Although Amelia was somewhat surprised at the answer, she was also confused. "Why is he doing this? I don't think he needs to go this far. Any idea?" Amelia calmly questioned.

Sean didn't know how to explain it to Amelia. After a long torturous pause, he finally answered, "Amy, you need to be careful. I think Dad has made you Mom's replacement. After her sudden death, I think he found it too hard to accept reality and has changed the focus of his love to you. Although he knows you are his daughter, he subconsciously rejects the thought that Mom isn't here anymore. He absolutely refuses to believe she is dead. He loved Mom too much."

Amelia instantly went silent.

Although Sean's take on this seemed far-fetched at first glance, when she put herself into her father's shoes, she could almost believe that she, too, would love a man who looked like Oscar as a replacement.

It was impossible for others to understand the crazy and outrageous things a person who loved too deeply would do.

However, Benjamin had always called her a bastard child, so she found it more plausible that this was actually a scheme by him than him truly confusing her with Eleanor. The target of this scheme was also obviously her.

What is this man trying to do? Amelia wasn't sure.

“Sean, I don’t care what Mr. Hutton is planning, but please, I want you to remove that post as fast as possible while also clarifying this matter with the media. I don’t want Oscar’s reputation to be dragged through the mud any longer,” Amelia demanded. Pausing to take a breather, she continued, “I know we are a family. Still, we did not live together when we were young, so it’s not like we’re that close to each other. That’s why, in my heart, my husband is my priority.”

Sean let out a bitter laugh and said, “All right, Amy. I know what to do. I’ll try to resolve this as soon as I can.”

Amelia let out a sigh and went on in a softer tone, “Sean, I’m sorry for treating you like this. Please don’t blame me for being so harsh with you. After all, your family, the Hutton family, has crossed the line. I don’t want our families to have a fallout when Mom only recently passed away. I’m sure she would have lingering regrets if things continued in this manner.”

“I know,” Sean said.

“Then, I’ll leave it to you to take it down. I’m hanging up.” With that, Amelia ended the call.

Just as Sean placed the phone on his table, his secretary knocked on the door and informed him that Benjamin had arrived.

Speak of the devil, as they say.

Benjamin pushed the door open and entered the office.

“Dad, why are you here?” Sean asked, perplexed.

“Don’t do anything about that post. I want this to blow up on the internet and take advantage of the public to pressure Oscar into letting me meet Lia,” Benjamin calmly said.

Sean rubbed his forehead and answered, “Dad, stop it. No matter how viral the post gets on the internet, it won’t change anything. Moreover, with the influence of the Clinton family, they won’t let the post do any more damage than this.”

“Regardless, I still don’t want you to interfere in this matter. I know what I’m doing. After living for all these years, I don’t believe I’m unable to deal with a youngster.”

"Dad, just what are you trying to do? I remember you don't like Amy and think she's a bastard child, but why have you changed your mind only after a few days? Why are you so adamant about meeting her now?" Sean growled.

"I just want to see your mom." A sudden flash of sadness and longing flitted through Benjamin's clouded eyes.

The sudden departure of Eleanor had dealt a blow too heavy for Benjamin to take. He still thought his wife was playing a cruel joke on him, and once she had had her fun, she would return to him just like always. In his dreams, he would always see a younger version of Eleanor chatting away with him, but the moment he woke up, everything vanished.

Sean's mounting anger dissipated completely at his words.

"Dad, I know you are grieving, but Mom is not here anymore. You can't keep wallowing in despair like this. It isn't good for you. How about this? I'll help you sign up for a travel group package, and you'll go with the group for some sightseeing. Take this opportunity to relax, experience new things, and enjoy the scenery. Maybe you will feel a lot better after that. Moreover, if you truly like your mistress, Amelia and I are okay with you marrying her. Just please, don't torture yourself anymore," Sean suggested earnestly.

However, Benjamin glared at Sean and gritted his teeth. "What did you say?"

"Dad, this is for your own good." Sean continued, "I will manage the company and take care of the matters at home. As for the online post, I'll order someone to remove it and then apologize to Oscar. I believe he won't hold a grudge for it."

Suddenly, Benjamin rushed forward and grabbed Sean's collar aggressively. Gritting his teeth in anger, Benjamin spat venomously, "Sean Hutton, do not forget you are my son! You have no right to meddle in my affairs. Amelia looks exactly like your mother. I have to thank you, too, for reminding me about this, and that's why I was able to come up with such a wonderful plan. If I manage to lure her over, I could have a psychiatrist hypnotize her and transfer all of Eleanor's memories into her brain. Then, she will be able to remember everything your mom experienced with me during the past thirty years or so."

"Dad..." Sean was extremely tired. "There is no way to transfer a person's memories into another person's brain in this world. Please stop with your delusions."

"I know there is a way. I just know. Again, do not hinder me. If not, I'll have a lawyer remove your right to inherit my assets." Benjamin narrowed his eyes and added in a

warning tone, “Also, don’t snitch on me to Oscar. If I catch you doing that like last time, I’ll kick you out of the company.”

With that, Benjamin left.

Sean heaved several ragged breaths. Complicated emotions swirled within his eyes.

“Dad, you’re the one who forced my hand. I can’t stand idly by and watch you destroy the company for your own selfish reasons. For three generations, Grandpa, you, and I had put in a lot of blood, sweat, and tears to keep the company up and running. Moreover, I believe the efforts I put into managing the company are no less than yours. So, forgive me. I have to stop you,” Sean muttered. Then, he called Oscar and told him what Benjamin was going to do and his utterly insane plan. Next, Sean asked for Oscar’s help in restructuring his company. He wanted to seize power from his father so that he could stop whatever crazy thing Benjamin was trying to do.

Oscar immediately agreed to his request. He sent several of the capable and core members of his company to help Sean cut out all of the cancerous parts that had thrived under Benjamin’s protection. Then, they would secretly train a batch of newly-hired interns. Once the interns had learned enough to become elites, they would be able to aid Sean in the future.

No one could deny the people Oscar sent were competent as they were decisive and had good problem-solving capabilities.

In only a span of a few days, they solved a lot of issues Sean had. Simultaneously, they even dealt with the viral post by controlling public opinion in their favor. While the initial group of ghostwriters was having a field day with that viral post, another group of ghostwriters entered the fray and claimed that they knew Oscar personally. They endlessly praised Oscar’s character, saying that he was not only filial, capable, handsome, and rich, but he also loved and treated his wife very well. In addition to the praise, they also uploaded many images of Oscar and Amelia going about their daily lives. From the pictures, one could see how caring and loving Oscar was to his wife.

Hence, that would beg the question—how could a man like that forbid his wife from meeting her maternal family members?

There were other comments that exposed the truth about Amelia and the Hutton family. Some even added embellishments to the story that Amelia had miscarried after being one-month pregnant because she had overworked herself caring for Eleanor, who was seriously ill at that time. Another poster uploaded a picture of a pale-faced Amelia lying on the bed on the day she miscarried. Nobody knew when these pictures were taken.

With Oscar's handsomeness, Amelia's gorgeous looks, and the photos as evidence, they managed to sway public opinion in their favor in no time.

A lot of the netizens were actually excited about how good-looking the attractive couple was.

One anonymous poster typed: Mr. Clinton! I'm willing to have your babies!

Another commented: Mr. Clinton, you look so good with your wife. You two are like a match made in heaven.

The third wrote: Hey, Mr. Clinton, does she know you love her to bits?

The fourth chimed in: They're so cute together. They're like the perfect couple.

The comments that claimed Oscar was a domineering person and didn't respect his wife were buried under the onslaught of positive comments. The netizens didn't hold back their excitement over Oscar, the heir of Clinton Corporations, and his handsome appearance. In the end, the husband and wife pair, Oscar and Amelia, became overnight sensations.

While some were happy with the direction the discussion was going, there were naturally some who were upset.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 755

Chapter 755 Is What The Internet Says True

"What's going on? I spent all that money getting you guys to bump that post, and this is what you do for me?" Benjamin roared into his phone.

A man's calm voice responded through the line, "We do exactly as we're paid to, Mr. Hutton. This is our professional code. We've been doing our best to flood the comments section, but the other party seems to be bigger in number. That's why they've managed to drown us out so quickly."

"I can pay you more. Do whatever it takes to subdue those comments," Benjamin demanded. "Of course, Mr. Hutton. As long as you're willing to pay us, we'll get more people to work."

After Benjamin had someone transfer a large sum into the other party's bank account, it wasn't long until more alternate accounts began to surface on the internet. Then, more heated arguments ensued between the two parties, sending the post about Oscar to the headlines.

Many modern and traditional media outlets tried to obtain exclusive coverage of these two wealthy families.

As the post became increasingly viral, what was once simply a battle between two ghostwriting parties soon gained the attention of netizens who just wanted to enjoy the show. Now, with the public split into three main groups and commenting on the post for the next few days, magnified pictures of Oscar and Amelia emerged online too, and many netizens expressed that the two were a match made in heaven.

The whole incident also became an indirect plug for both Clinton Corporations and Hutton Corporations, allowing the two groups' shares to skyrocket in value.

Sean couldn't help but smirk as an employee reported to him. He certainly hadn't expected a single post to benefit the company to such an extent. The price of our shares will probably continue to hike even after things die down. What a pleasant surprise!

"Should we add a little more oil to the flame, Mr. Hutton? Posts like these are sure to help boost the company's popularity once each party takes its stance. I'm sure other companies will be more interested in working with us then," the employee proposed.

"Go ahead, but don't overdo it. Just keep luring the public into bickering with each other to keep the post trending for a few more days," Sean replied, clearly in a good mood.

"Very well, Mr. Hutton. I'll be on my way if we're done here."

Sean nodded.

After the employee left, Sean pondered for a moment before deciding to give Oscar a call.

"Hello, Mr. Clinton. Are you seeing the way things are going thanks to that post? Now, both our families are reaping the benefits of it. I'm calling you to ask for your opinion—should we keep the post trending for a few more days before taking it down?" he asked as though in the midst of a negotiation.

Oscar was feeling rather cheery too, given how well his company's stocks were doing now.

“Sure, but don’t drag Amelia into this. I don’t want people to bother her. Do you understand what I’m saying?” he asked in a low voice.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Clinton. I don’t want her to get hurt either,” Sean answered earnestly. “Whether or not you trust me, I really do see her as my own sister. She deserves to have a man treat her well.”

“I hope you remember what you just said. I won’t let you off if I ever find out that you’re using her,” Oscar threatened.

“With you around, I won’t be able to use her even if I want to! Besides, Amelia’s a smart girl. There’s no way she’d allow herself to be used.”

“Blood is thicker than water to her.” No matter how intelligent Amelia was, family always had a special place in her heart.

Sean fell silent at that.

Oscar was right. It was clear from how she cared for Eleanor when the latter was critically ill. In fact, she was even more meticulous than Amelia Hutton.

Amelia Winters never asked for anything in return for her kindness, and that made Sean see her in a different light. She was extraordinary, and while Amelia Hutton was a beauty herself, the latter wasn’t too great in other aspects.

“I’ll send some of my men over to discuss the post with you,” said Oscar. “They’ve been with me for many years and are nothing but loyal to me. Send them back to me when you’ve regained power over your company. I still need them.”

“I understand,” Sean responded, snapping back to reality. “I’d like to treat you and Amy to a meal if I manage to get my company back, Mr. Clinton. We’re still family at the end of the day.”

“There’s no need for that. I don’t mind you meeting up with Amelia, but don’t bring your father and younger sister with you. I don’t like them.”

Sean laughed as awkwardness flashed in his eyes briefly. “Don’t worry.”

After hanging up, Oscar browsed the internet and saved a photoshopped image of him and Amelia as his desktop wallpaper. Seeing the picture of Amelia grinning from ear to ear could turn his bad day into a good one.

A knock came on the door at that moment. "Come in," he called out.

With a push of the door, Amelia walked in with an exquisite five-tiered lunchbox.

"Hey, Oscar."

The man rose to his feet, walked toward her, and took the lunchbox from her hands.

"What are you doing here? You should've called me before coming over. What if I was in the middle of a meeting? You'd end up having to wait for me."

"I just dropped by to pass you your lunch. I'm planning to return to work the day after tomorrow, so I might not be able to bring you food when that happens."

"Why not get some more rest at home?"

"It's fine. Tony has been brought over to the Clinton residence this morning, and it's not like I can follow him there every single time. I may as well get back to work. Otherwise, the boredom will only make my mind wander too far."

"Whatever makes you happy. Will you still be working for Shane?"

"He gave me a call earlier today to send his condolences. Then, we talked about work. He said the director of design position remains open for me, so I figured that I just can't let him down. I may have studied design in the past, but I haven't done much designing ever since I married you. Many things have happened in the past few years. I don't want to give up my career."

"If that's what you want, go ahead," Oscar remarked while opening up the lunchbox filled with some usual but radiant-looking homemade dishes. "You made all this for me?"

"You can tell?"

"They look different from what Molly makes."

"Then, do you prefer Molly's cooking or mine?"

"I prefer you."

The woman was bereft of words.

After they were done eating together, Amelia asked, "Are you not going to delete that post?"

“Not for now. We’ll keep it up so people can continue saying whatever they want about it,” answered Oscar. “Your dad tried to use that post to force me into letting him see you, but it ended up working to my advantage instead. Don’t you think it’s fun to watch him get p*ssed off by the company’s rising stock prices?”

“I understand what you’re trying to do, Oscar, but I hope you know when to stop.” Amelia frowned. “I don’t know what he was thinking, though. How could he cause such a stir when Mom just passed on? What if she can’t rest in peace?”

“Don’t think too much of it. You still have Tony and me.”

The woman could only nod.

“Good luck with work. I’ll be off now,” she said while packing away the lunchbox. “Shane sent me a few pictures that need some changes. He wants them by tonight.”

“Be careful on your way back. Call me when you get home,” reminded Oscar as he walked her to the door and pecked her on the lips.

Nodding, Amelia beamed and left.

As soon as she arrived on the ground floor and walked out of the elevator, Isabella caught sight of her.

Isabella had initially wanted to call out to Amelia, but she decided to follow the latter instead.

She didn’t know why she was doing that; her instincts just told her to.

After Amelia drove off in a car, Isabella quickly hopped into her own vehicle and did the same.

She continued to follow Amelia, who eventually parked outside a café and walked inside with her purse.

Curious, Isabella entered the café too.

Then, she spotted Amelia in a corner, but the woman was not alone. Rather, she seemed to be chatting away happily with a tall, robust-looking man.

A ruthless look gleamed in Isabella’s eyes.

It looks like Lady Luck is on my side! I made the right decision to follow her.

She hastily ordered herself a cup of coffee before finding a discreet seat where she could keep an eye on Amelia's facial expressions.

"It's been a while, Gary. I didn't think you'd call," Amelia remarked with a smile as soon as she sat down.

Gary Laird stared at the woman he hadn't met for three years in a slight daze. "Indeed, it has. You suddenly left without a word three years ago. I never managed to find you even after getting people to look for you, so I thought I'd never see you again. I wouldn't have known that you've returned to Tayhaven if I hadn't come across that post on the internet a few days ago."

"I divorced Oscar three years ago for my own reasons, so I left for Beshya in an attempt to get away from the memories I had made here. That's why I cut everyone in Tayhaven off and stayed in Beshya for two years until Oscar found me," Amelia explained, sipping on the coffee Gary had bought her. "We've remarried, but so much happened within the past year that I remained out of touch with friends from the past even after I came back. I thought you'd have forgotten me by now, but it turns out you're the first one to call me up."

Gary smiled bitterly.

He had fallen for Amelia at first sight three years ago and couldn't see himself with any other woman ever since. He also couldn't stop comparing every woman he met to her, and that was why he still hadn't settled down despite now being in his thirties.

Now, they finally met each other again. Amelia looked just as stunning as she did three years ago. The only difference was she now had a more inexplicable charm to her.

"Have you gotten married, Gary?" asked Amelia.

The man stirred his coffee with a spoon. "I've been so focused on my career all this while that I haven't really thought about dating anyone."

"Well, what about Riley, the one you employed as my bodyguard back then? Hasn't anything happened between you two? She was so into you!" Amelia teased.

"She got married to an engineer two years ago," Gary answered nonchalantly. "She just gave birth to a chubby boy this year, by the way. I'm his godfather now."

Amelia was visibly surprised. She could tell how much Riley used to like Gary, so it was quite a shock for her to learn of what happened.

"I thought she and you would end up together."

"She's like a sister to me."

Amelia nodded in response.

As they continued to chat, Gary noticed how her complexion now looked better, although she had lost quite a bit of weight. "Does your husband treat you well?" he asked in concern. "The post says he doesn't allow you to meet your dad. Is it true?"

"He's very kind to me. Whatever the post says is fake. Well, it's a long story, but I'll tell you more when we have the time."

Gary nodded.

In spite of his large, brawny physique, he was especially considerate of the woman's feelings.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 756

Chapter 756 Something Between Them

As the two chatted for nearly an hour, Isabella took numerous photos of them from a table nearby. These pictures will definitely be useful one day. Maybe I can even use them as proof that she's cheating.

To accuse her of having an affair now is a bit of a stretch, of course, but the world will never stay the same. They might just be friends, but with a little twist of the story and the passing of some rumors, it won't be that hard to spin a lie into a truth one day.

"It was nice talking to you today, Gary." Amelia grinned. "I'll call Tiff and get us all to meet up again someday. Now that we're all caught up with our own lives, it's not easy for everyone to reunite." Gary nodded. "Is Tiffany married?"

"Yup. She's married to Derrick Hisson, the head of Hisson Group. You've probably heard of him since you're part of that circle." Gary thought about it for a moment and found the name familiar.

"She's a lucky one. It must've been hard for someone of her background to marry into a family like the Hissons. That's what prominent families tend to be like. They don't care how much money you make every year. All that matters to them is your family background." Gary chuckled.

"Exactly!" Amelia nodded. "It's only natural that the Hissons don't spare a single glance at people like us. Tiff and Derrick had to go through so much just to be together. Now, they're trying their best to have kids."

"It's that time, I suppose. They're both over thirty, so the risks that come with pregnancy only get higher as they get older."

"Enough about Tiff. You should start thinking about your future too, or you'll be old by the time your kid is born! It's pretty nice to have a mature companion by your side, you know?"

The man merely drank his coffee and said nothing much.

Then, they got up to leave after hanging around for another ten minutes.

Gary watched as Amelia hopped into her car and stuck her head out the open window. "I'll see you next time, Gary."

"Sure. See you."

After the woman left, Gary returned to his own car and drove off.

Isabella, who had been keeping a close eye on them the whole time, hastily followed Gary in her own vehicle all the way to a security firm. The man then parked in front of the building and entered it.

Seeing that, Isabella walked in and nodded at him politely upon taking the same elevator he took.

From her stunning looks and the clothes she wore, Gary knew she was no commoner.

"Are you here to find yourself a bodyguard, miss?" he asked.

"I've been thinking of doing that," Isabella replied with a smile. "A friend told me that this is the best security firm in Tayhaven, so I thought I'd drop by to take a look since I keep feeling as though I'm being followed lately. Would you happen to have any candidates you can recommend to me?"

Hearing that, Gary took out his name card and handed it to her. "This is my card. I run a security firm from the ninth to the fourteenth floor of this building. Business has been booming, so we've been hiring more people too. We just started renting the fourteenth floor about a year ago. We have a large number of professional bodyguards for hire as well as security wardens for residential neighborhoods—all at different prices. If you're interested, I can show you around."

Isabella gazed at the name card. "I'm beyond impressed, Mr. Laird. Judging from your physique, I thought you were a trainer, but it turns out you're the owner of this security firm! Well, then, I'm in your care."

With a nod, the man led her to his company.

Perhaps in a great mood after having met Amelia once again, he gave Isabella a tour of the workplace—something he rarely did.

All the staff members watched as their boss strolled around with a gorgeous woman. They couldn't help wondering if she was his girlfriend.

The last time he had done this was three years ago when he brought Amelia and Tiffany over as guests. Anyone else who sought to hire bodyguards would be attended to by the manager instead. Moreover, given how much the company had grown in the past three years, such an impromptu tour was virtually impossible now.

It wasn't long until Gary walked over with Isabella and summoned the manager.

"Mr. Sanchez, this is Ms. Walker. She's looking for a few bodyguards, so could you give her some recommendations? I have some matters to take care of."

With a nod, the manager took over the duties.

Isabella lost interest the moment Gary left. Fortunately, her phone just so happened to ring, so she took the call.

"Hello? What? Someone has stolen our proposals? Okay, I'll be right there. See you soon," she exclaimed before turning around. "I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Sanchez. Something just came up at work, so I don't think I have the time to choose my bodyguards today. Your boss gave me his card, though, so I'll talk to him when I can."

"Of course, Ms. Walker. Have a good day," the manager responded while walking her to the door.

Isabella nodded.

Right after she left, a large group of burly men rushed over. "Who was that chick, Mr. Sanchez? She came over with Mr. Laird! Is she his girlfriend?"

The manager merely shot them a glance. "Stop all this pointless gossip. Get back to work."

"But Mr. Sanchez!"

Yet, the man walked straight into his own office, leaving the bodyguards to their own imagination.

Upon heading back downstairs and returning to her own car, Isabella took a picture of Gary's name card and sent it to someone. Then, she called said person. "Hey, Tobey. Could you look into this guy? I want all details about him, especially his friendships from three years ago. Can you do that? Send it to my inbox when you're done, and I'll transfer the money to your bank account tonight. Bye."

Then, she tossed her phone onto the passenger seat and headed back to the company.

After busying herself with work for the rest of the day until six in the evening, she found an e-mail from Tobey containing all of Gary's information. There was nothing particularly interesting about the latter's family background, but her eyes lit up as she read the details of his friendships.

Expectedly, Gary had already known Amelia three years ago. The latter had once dropped by his security firm to get herself a female bodyguard but was hit by a car toward the end of her pregnancy. When Amelia and her son both survived after a long struggle, Gary then brought that female bodyguard to the hospital to apologize. The two rarely contacted each other after Amelia left the hospital with Tony.

The most notable detail, however, was the fact that Gary had hired some men to search for Amelia after she divorced Oscar and quietly left the city with her child. Furthermore, the search had gone on for half a year, so there was no way he regarded her as just a friend.

A smirk crept across Isabella's lips. "You sure are popular, huh, Amelia? It's been nearly three years, and he still can't get over you. Could something has happened between you two in the dark?"

Isabella grew increasingly excited at the thought of that.

Even if nothing has ever happened between them, I bet I can pull something up to get them both into trouble—as long as I play my cards well with Gary.

She could already envision Oscar climbing onto her bed after being let down by Amelia.

At the thought of that, she began to laugh like a complete maniac, causing all the other staff members working overtime to jump in fright and glance at each other. Is something wrong with Ms. Walker?

A petite, adorable-looking lady suggested, “Should we knock on her door and check on her? She’s not possessed, is she?”

“You can do that if you’re prepared to die. Ms. Walker has always had a pretty unstable temperament, so I’d say it’s best you don’t bother her while she’s actually happy, or you might just never make it back home,” a male coworker advised.

Hearing that, the young woman shrunk back immediately, not daring to risk her life.

The laughter quickly dissipated, and Isabella walked out of her office as though nothing had happened. “I think we can all wrap up for today,” she exclaimed in high spirits. “Take care of yourselves, now. Don’t stay up too late.”

Everyone returned to their senses only after she had left.

“I think she really is possessed.”

“She’s not just possessed. She has become a completely different person.”

“No, I’d say she probably took the wrong pills today.”

“Maybe she’s dating someone?” a woman suddenly asked, causing all the staff members to turn to her.

“How did you know?”

“I’m just guessing.”

“Buzz off.”

They could never imagine Isabella dating someone, for they all knew how much she adored Oscar. It was not often they came across someone who could keep going after a married man as shamelessly as she did.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 757

Chapter 757 Schemeful Lady

The next day, Isabella deliberately invited Gary out for lunch. Gary gave it some thought and accepted her invitation. She had picked an elegantly designed restaurant for lunch, and they sat at a table by the window. After pouring a cup of coffee for Gary, Isabella gave him the menu and smiled. "Mr. Laird, since we've only met once, I didn't expect you to accept my invitation. I would be so embarrassed if you didn't!"

"Just call me Gary. It's weird when someone addresses me as Mr. Laird." Gary had always been a straightforward man. Once he ordered his meal, Isabella said, "Gary, you're indeed the boss of a security firm! How direct! I like that attitude of yours. That's why I invited you out for lunch. I need you to introduce me to a couple of good bodyguards."

Gary gave the menu back to the server and answered, "If you need bodyguards, I can get the manager to introduce you to some. All this while, he has been in charge of that. In fact, he's good at it."

"Oh, no. I like you, so I want you to do it. You can tell that I have a good family background, right? I always bump into perverts! That's why I thought of having two reliable bodyguards with me. You won't say no to a pretty girl like me, right?"

Gary let out a hearty chuckle in response.

Due to his frank personality, Gary had never been fond of pretentious women. Isabella was rather graceful, and she didn't act like a spoiled brat from a rich family. Naturally, she ticked the requirements Gary would often look for in a friend.

"Sure. I'll help you pick out two bodyguards," Gary agreed.

Isabella smiled and pulled out her name card from her purse. While giving it to Gary, she said, "This is my name card. I forgot to give it to you yesterday."

Gary's pupils constricted when he saw the details on the name card. "You're working for Clinton Corporations?"

"Yes. I'm the director. Mrs. Clinton is my godmother, so the heir of Clinton Corporations is my godbrother. In fact, I have a good relationship with the Clinton family. The Clinton

family's only daughter even married my brother. Oh, no. I'm talking too much, am I? Since you're the owner of a security firm, you must've heard of Clinton Corporations. You won't mind me being too talkative, right?"

Gary suppressed the surprised look in his eyes and smiled. "Clinton Corporations is huge! Considering your age, I didn't expect you to be the director of a company. How impressive, Ms. Walker!"

Isabella flashed a smile. "Call me Isabella. I've only gotten so far because of my godmother. Even when I make mistakes, Oscar doesn't scold me."

"Is that so? I've actually met Mr. Clinton a few times before. I know he has a sister. However, I never knew he had such a beautiful godsister."

With a curious expression, Isabella uttered, "I only returned to the country two years ago. Since Mrs. Clinton has only been my godmother for a while, I guess it's normal that you haven't heard about it. How do you know Oscar, though? He never told me you guys knew each other." She widened her eyes so much that she looked like a curious kitten.

"Oh, I see. I met Mr. Clinton three years ago. In the past three years, our companies were developing in different directions. Hence, we never had a reason to meet each other ever since." As Gary was talking, a nostalgic glint appeared in his eyes.

Isabella wanted to say something, but she was interrupted by the server who served them the dishes.

Once the food was served, she smiled and said, "Gary, try the food here. I find them delicious, but I don't know if you'll like them."

Gary ate a mouthful of his food, and he liked it. With a nod, he uttered, "Not bad."

Isabella took a bite of her food as well. "Gary, since you've met Oscar, what do you think about his relationship with his wife?"

Gary froze and looked at Isabella warily. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, it's just a question. We've only met each other once, so I thought it would be nice to talk about someone we both know. Otherwise, it's going to be a boring meal." Isabella smiled.

After a slight pause, she added, "What's wrong? Is the question too sensitive? In that case, I won't ask."

If Gary were to say that it was a sensitive topic, he would be indirectly admitting to having a complex relationship with Amelia.

Gary's eyes glistened in deep thought as he looked at Isabella.

Isabella thought Gary was an uncouth man. In truth, he was the complete opposite. If he were an uncouth man, he wouldn't have been able to grow his company exponentially. He had a lot of capable workers, and they were all willing to heed his orders.

It turned out that Isabella had utterly underestimated her counterpart.

"It's not really a sensitive topic. It's just that we've only met a couple of times. As far as I can remember, she's a pretty and gentle woman. However, I haven't seen her in three years," Gary answered casually.

Isabella nodded and placed some food on her own plate. "You should meet her, then. Amelia is very pretty now. In fact, everyone likes her. She has a close relationship with Oscar, but..."

"What's the matter? Is there something you find hard to say?"

Isabella hesitated for a while and shook her head. "It's nothing. I better not reveal much of their personal matters. Let's dig in."

Gary was bothered. Why do I feel like she has an ulterior motive in approaching me? She's scheming, but I like dealing with women like her. Since she's so confident, let's see what she really wants.

After they were done eating, Isabella smiled and said, "Gary, that was a pleasant meal. I hope we have a fruitful collaboration."

"Sure. I'm looking forward to working with you."

"I shall leave now. If you happen to find suitable bodyguards for me, ring me up."

Gary nodded.

After Isabella left, Gary got his men to investigate Isabella. His men were undeniably capable as they managed to find all the information regarding Isabella within half a day.

Isabella is indeed the daughter of the Walker family, and she has an older brother and a younger sister. Mrs. Clinton did become her godmother. However, when Amelia went

missing, she tried to pursue Oscar. It seems like Oscar didn't reciprocate her affection. After Amelia's return, Isabella became Mrs. Clinton's goddaughter. She still works for Clinton Corporations, so she's still seeing Oscar every day. She's a scheming woman, all right.

Gary narrowed his eyes and pondered for a while. I don't like how schemeful she is. She can admire him, but knowing that Oscar already has a family of his own, she continues to pursue him. What a poor character she has!

With that in mind, Gary blocked her number and told everyone in his company to refuse to do business with Isabella.

After giving out the order, Gary called Amelia.

At that moment, Amelia was drafting designs in the company. Since she had been out of the office, her tasks of coming up with designs for clients had piled up. Therefore, she was incredibly busy that day.

When her phone rang, she saw that it was Gary calling her.

She picked it up and asked, "Hey, Gary. What's up?"

"Have you eaten? What are you doing?" Gary asked.

"No, I haven't. I've been caught up at work. I've already gotten someone to get me food, though. How about you? Have you eaten?" Amelia chatted with him as if she was talking to an old friend.

"I have. Amelia, I need to ask you something. Do you know Isabella Walker?" Gary asked in a straightforward manner.

The smile on Amelia's face faded. "I do. Did she look for you?"

"We met by coincidence. She told me she's the director of Clinton Corporations and Mrs. Clinton's goddaughter. I'm just calling to ask if that's true."

"Oh, I see. She is indeed Olivia's goddaughter." Amelia's tone stiffened because she didn't really want to talk about Isabella.

"Amelia, I think you're the reason she approached me out of the blue. She's rather schemeful. Be careful, okay?" Gary reminded.

"I'm all right. She has nothing against me. There is no need to worry that she might get some incriminating details about me out of you, right? You have a business to run, so you don't have to avoid her for my sake," Amelia uttered. I bet they only met each other through business dealings. Otherwise, how would they know each other? They have nothing in common.

Gary laughed out loud. "She's just a client. I can manage. Are you not afraid that I might link up with her to destroy you?"

"I trust you."

Gary froze momentarily and grinned. "Since you've said so, I wouldn't mind crossing all my clients for you!"

Those words sounded slightly ambiguous.

"Thank you, Gary. I need to get back to work now. We'll talk next time."

"All right. Bye."

After hanging up the phone, Amelia massaged her temples. Isabella really won't leave me alone, huh? She's dying to get her hands on Oscar. If only I could, I'd teach this woman a lesson!

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 758

Chapter 758 Lipstick Stain

"What's the matter, Mrs. Clinton?" Jolin returned with food and saw Amelia staring blankly at her computer screen. Amelia returned to her senses and shook her head. "It's nothing. What did you get for me?"

"They're all your favorites, Mrs. Clinton." Jolin opened up the takeaway boxes and said, "Eat first, okay? You're straining yourself. If Mr. Clinton sees it, his heart will ache for you."

Amelia picked up a fork and got Jolin to sit next to her. After giving Jolin a fork, she said, "Eat with me. I'm not straining myself. This is something I love doing. It would be a shame to stop doing something I love, no?"

Jolin felt rather helpless. Undeniably, Amelia looked even more attractive when she was focused on work. After they ate, Amelia went back to work.

She was kept busy until around five in the evening. That was when she was summoned into Shane's office. "Did you want to see me, Mr. Franklin?" At work, that was how Amelia addressed Shane. Shane waved her over. "Have a seat."

Amelia walked toward him and sat down. Shane crossed his arms and expressed, "I'm sorry for your loss, Amelia. I'm not good with words, so I don't know how to comfort you. However, I'm glad you're back at work. With you back here, I know I have another trustworthy person I can work with."

Amelia flashed a half-smile. "I'm all right. Of course, I'm deeply saddened by my mother's passing, but she passed away peacefully without suffering. I'm grateful for that." Nevertheless, she had some regrets as she didn't get to talk to Eleanor before the latter passed away.

"It's good that you can come to terms with it. In fact, you look well. How's everything? Are you coping well after being away for a couple of months?"

Amelia nodded. "I can manage."

Without wasting any more time, Shane whipped out a document and said, "This is an advertisement project from Atlas Corporation. Have a look at it. I'm planning to get you to design for them. If you can do that, your reputation overseas will grow. I believe in your abilities."

Amelia flipped through the document and remarked, "This is huge! Why did Atlas Corporation choose us? I thought they'd get someone bigger than us to work with. After all, they're well known in the country."

"Because of you, Mr. Clinton gave us the opportunity to work with them. He worked hard to give you the chance to get exposure in the Erihal market. You must be happy with what your husband is willing to do for you!" Shane laughed.

Amelia was startled. Never did she expect Oscar to do that for her. Since Clinton Corporations lobbied for the project, Atlas Corporation wouldn't need to worry about offending Clinton Corporations when they expand into the market in Tayhaven. No wonder we got the chance to work on something so big.

"I'll do it. However, I won't be able to achieve much on my own. I need help from some colleagues in the design department. After all, we're a team," Amelia suggested.

"That's up to you. I won't interfere with your decisions," Shane answered gladly.

"Mr. Franklin, you shouldn't spoil me. What if I take advantage of your trust and sell off your company? You will lose everything!" Amelia uttered in a half-joking manner.

"Will you do that?" Shane was amused.

Amelia didn't respond to that.

"All right. Get back to work, okay? Let me know if you need anything," Shane said.

"Okay. I shall go now."

Before Amelia stepped out of the door, Shane suddenly called out to her. "Amelia, Chelsea made this for you. This will provide your body with the nutrition it needs. Take it."

Amelia walked toward him and asked, "What is it?"

"Some supplements. She heard about your miscarriage, and she has been worried about you. I told her the Clinton family will have everything you need, but she said it's a gesture of kindness. Please accept it."

Amelia felt touched. "Please thank her for me."

Shane nodded.

Amelia then left his office and took the elevator to the design department.

Upon seeing her, Jolin asked, "Mrs. Clinton, why did Mr. Franklin ask for you?"

"He gave me an advertising job to do. Also, his wife had prepared some supplements for me."

Jolin took the supplements and said, "Mrs. Clinton, I'll keep them safe for you."

Amelia nodded.

Holding the document for the advertisement, Amelia went to look for the supervisor of the design department, Lydia. Lydia was shocked when she heard that Amelia wanted her to participate in such a huge project.

"Amelia, are you sure you want me to join you? If everything works out and Atlas Corporation likes it, the designer of the advertisement is going to be famous in Erihal!"

She knew Oscar was the one who had given Amelia the chance to work on the advertisement. Otherwise, there was no reason Atlas Corporation would want to work with them. After all, Atlas Corporation was a famous company. Although our company isn't too shabby, we're still far behind the other advertising companies in Tayhaven. It's all thanks to Oscar that our company is doing so well. Of course, Oscar is only helping us because of Amelia.

"Lydia, we're a team, and we're all working to bring profits to the company. It doesn't matter if the advertisement is done by myself or with others. Ultimately, the end product needs to meet Atlas Corporation's expectations. Therefore, I don't think it has anything to do with getting famous in Erihal. It would be an honor to have you help me with the advertisement," Amelia offered sincerely.

"Okay, sure!" Lydia replied.

Amelia beamed. "Thank you, Lydia. Who else in the design department do you think we can ask for help from?"

"We should get Jocelyn and Helen to join us. They're talented and smart. Besides, they won't betray others for personal gains," Lydia uttered firmly.

Amelia nodded. "All right, then."

After chatting for a while, Amelia headed out of the supervisor's office. However, Lydia called out to her.

"Is something else the matter, Lydia?"

"No. I just came to realize why Mr. Franklin holds you in high regard. Instead of being arrogant just because you're Mr. Clinton's wife, you're very polite and humble. I admire you, that's all," Lydia praised.

Amelia was stunned for a moment. She then smiled and replied, "Don't flatter me, Lydia."

"No. You're that great. If you become the director of the design department next year, I'll be the first person to congratulate you. Although you're not the eldest in the department, you're the most talented. The design department needs to be reorganized by someone capable."

Without a word, Amelia flashed her a smile. Then, she left the office.

She worked until seven in the evening. When she exited the building, Oscar's car had just arrived.

Amelia got into the car and asked, "Oscar, did you help me get the advertising job from Atlas Corporation?"

Oscar nodded. "Atlas Corporation wants to work with Clinton Corporations. Hence, I gave them my request. Since you like designing, I'll get you the best company for you to work with. That way, you'll make a name for yourself."

"What if I get so busy that I don't have time to accompany you?"

"That's not going to happen. I believe that you'll be able to properly manage your time. You've always been able to maintain a healthy work-life balance. I have faith in you."

"Why are you being so sweet?"

"Because you deserve it."

Delighted, Amelia flashed a faint smile.

After they arrived home, they had dinner with Tony. Amelia then bathed the boy and coaxed him to sleep with a bedtime story.

When she went back to her bedroom, Oscar was showering. Seeing the jacket he had left outside, she shook her head and walked over to it. She was about to keep the jacket for him when she spotted a lipstick stain on it.

Her eyes gleamed, and she suppressed her suspicions. With the jacket in her hand, she went into the bathroom. The moment she walked in, she was pulled into the shower.

Amelia couldn't help but moan a little when Oscar kissed her passionately. Still, she kept her composure and pressed against his chest.

Oscar let go of her and asked in a deep voice, "What's wrong?"

Amelia picked the jacket up from the floor and pointed at the lipstick stain. "Oscar, do you mind telling me what's going on?"

Oscar's gaze darkened when he saw the mark on his jacket.

“How did that get there?” he questioned.

With a smile, Amelia asked, “Oscar, this is your jacket. Why are you asking me instead?”

Oscar tried to recall what had happened earlier that day. Halfway through the meeting that morning, he had to go to the toilet urgently and forgot to bring the jacket with him. After returning to the meeting, he didn’t check it either.

Who would’ve thought that someone would take that opportunity to set me up? I’m pretty sure this is Isabella’s doing. If not her, who else would dare to do so? However, now is not the time to look for Isabella. I must explain myself to Amelia first. I can’t let our relationship turn sour. It would be stupid to get into trouble with Amelia because of that woman.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 759

Chapter 759 Getting A Scare

Oscar looked at Amelia intently. “Would you believe me if I said I have no idea how this red mark ended up on my suit?”

“Oscar, are you really not going to give me any explanation?” Amelia asked. Oscar tried to pull her into his arms, but Amelia stepped aside and shot out of the bathroom with the suit before slamming the door behind her.

Oscar’s eyes darkened. Quickly, he wrapped a bath towel around him and went out after her. Amelia was already changing her clothes when he saw her. He strode over and hugged her from behind, asking lowly, “Are you angry with me, Amelia?”

Amelia nodded without trying to hide her emotion. “Yes, I am. I don’t care how this lipstick mark ends up on your suit. It doesn’t matter if some woman seduced you and kissed you or stole your suit and kissed it. The point is, you lost your suit—something that belongs to me. I’m very, very angry!”

Oscar kissed her hair. “I’m sorry, Amelia. I was careless. I promise you I’ll find out who did this.”

“What are you going to do after identifying her? Are you going to chase her out of Clinton Corporations?” Amelia questioned unreservedly.

"Amelia, you never interfere in my work," Oscar commented grimly.

"You're right. I never. But a woman is eyeing you like a predator in the company. How can I not be worried? I'm afraid you'll fall for her one day. Tony and I will lose you forever, then. I may seem tolerant and open-minded, but deep down, I'm scared," Amelia admitted calmly.

Oscar caressed her face and comforted her in a deep voice, "What makes you think so? I wouldn't have waited for you for two years if I'd fallen in love with other women. Can't you feel my love after everything I did for you?"

Amelia let out a faint sigh. "I'm sorry, Oscar. I'm just worried sick. All the women around you are exceptional."

"Don't worry, Amelia. I'll get to the bottom of this. Someone must have pulled a stunt. I'll find and fire her."

When Amelia saw that Oscar had finally relented, she circled her arms around his neck and flashed him a sweet smile. "I'm sorry. I wasn't really serious when I said that. You should go shower."

Oscar bit her neck. "Together."

Amelia nodded readily, and the two melded into one as they went into the bathroom. Under the stimulation of the shower, a steamy session ensued.

When the couple finally lay in bed in lethargy, Amelia rubbed her head against Oscar's neck endearingly.

Oscar patted her head quietly and fell asleep, but Amelia was still awake.

She gazed at his face under the faint light and gently brushed her fingers over it, reflecting on the earlier fight.

Although it was true that Amelia was piqued when she saw the lipstick mark on Oscar's suit, she was not altogether furious. However, still, Amelia had blown the matter up because she wanted him to be aware of the gravity of the problem so the woman interested in Oscar would keep her distance from him.

"I'm sorry for lashing out at you, Oscar," she uttered softly.

In response, the man mumbled something in his sleep, and the night went on in silence.

The following day, Amelia woke up and clung to Oscar from the back like a lazy kitten.

"What is it?" Oscar asked with a faint smile.

Amelia shook her head. "It's nothing. I just feel that we have been swamped lately. We haven't really spent quality time together."

"Are you still angry with me for what happened yesterday?"

"Not anymore. I might have overreacted. I hope you don't find me annoying."

Oscar turned around and looked down at her. "You didn't overreact. It was my fault. I didn't look after my belongings. I'll find out who did it and send her away today."

"You don't have to. I was just pulling your leg when I said that. Don't take it too seriously," Amelia said.

However, Oscar already had a plan in his heart although he did not say anything.

After sending Amelia to work that day, he hurried over to his company and asked the staff to show him the surveillance footage of the conference room.

He looked through everything on his own and identified the culprit. At first, Oscar thought Isabella was the one who did it, but it turned out it was an executive at the company and also the wife of another director at their workplace.

Oscar's face dimmed when he saw the woman in the footage, and he called Linda in.

"Mr. Clinton," Linda greeted as she walked in. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Call Ms. Schmidt over. I want to talk to her," he instructed.

Linda felt confused that Oscar wanted to see Beverly Schmidt, but she carried out his orders immediately and went up to inform the executive.

When Beverly arrived, she knocked on the door and entered only after Oscar gave his permission.

"I heard you asked for me, Mr. Clinton," she said with a hint of anxiousness in her voice when she looked at Oscar.

“Take a look at this footage, Ms. Schmidt. Do you mind explaining why you did this?” Oscar asked coldly.

Beverly walked over, and her color changed completely when she saw the video.

“I can explain this, Mr. Clinton. Please don’t tell my husband. I don’t want to end up in a divorce.”

“Well, I can keep it a secret, but the company doesn’t need an employee who fantasizes about me using my suit. Pen a resignation letter and hand it to me. After that, you can claim three months’ salary from the finance department. Consider this the company’s compensation for your dismissal,” Oscar pronounced cold-heartedly.

“M-Mr. Clinton! I know I’m at fault for staining your suit, but this mistake doesn’t amount to a dismissal. I’ve worked here for years!” Beverly pleaded.

“It’s either you step down, or I make this public. It’s up to you.”

Beverly bit her lip. “Is there no other way, Mr. Clinton?”

Oscar buried himself in the documents on the table without looking up.

“Mr. Clinton, are you not curious why I did this?” Beverly choked out.

“Get out.” Oscar pointed at the door.

Beverly grabbed the table in desperation as she implored, “Mr. Clinton! You can’t do this to me. What’s wrong with liking you? Please forgive me. I won’t do this again!”

“I said get out!”

Seeing that it was a lost cause, Beverly left the office helplessly.

She stood at the elevator in utter dejection until the door opened to Isabella.

“Ms. Schmidt, you don’t look so good. What’s the problem?” Isabella asked with a subtle smile.

“Very well, Ms. Walker. You set me up yesterday and watched me jump into the trap. I admit I got into this trouble myself, but let me warn you—this isn’t over. I’ll pray every day that you get fired sooner or later,” Beverly seethed as she glared at the woman in front of her.

Isabella chuckled at the provocation. "Come on, Ms. Schmidt. Don't blame everything on me. I don't remember doing anything to you."

Beverly scoffed and deliberately bumped into Isabella's shoulder as she stormed into the elevator.

Isabella smiled and walked toward Oscar's office. "Linda, why did Oscar call Ms. Schmidt to his office?"

Linda shook her head. "I have no idea, Ms. Walker. You should ask Mr. Clinton yourself if you want to know."

Isabella glanced at the secretary before knocking on the office door. To her dismay, no one answered from the inside.

Soon, Linda came out of the secretary's office and informed, "I'm sorry, Ms. Walker. Mr. Clinton called, saying he's only attending to important matters."

Isabella clenched her jaw. "Do you mean I'm not important?"

"That's what Mr. Clinton said."

Isabella marched off in dissatisfaction and went back to her own office.

Just as she opened her drawer, she jumped out of her skin when she saw two snakes inside. She shot up from her place with her chair rolling off.

"Help! There are snakes in my drawer! Somebody, please! Take them away!" she screamed.

Two male colleagues rushed in.

"What is it, Ms. Walker?"

"There are two snakes inside my drawer. Get rid of them. Quick!"

The two men exchanged doubtful glances. They thought Isabella was joking because there was no way there would be snakes in an upscale office.

"What are you all waiting for? Tell me! Who put them in? Is someone trying to get back at me?" Isabella shrieked.

The two employees had no choice but to inch over carefully. They were aghast when they saw the snakes, but after taking a closer look, they realized those were fake rubber snakes.

“Ms. Walker, they’re fake,” one of the men said with the snakes in his hand.

Isabella heaved a sigh of relief but got angry the next moment. “Why are there fake snakes in my office? Did anyone come in just now?”

“Ms. Schmidt was here. She barged in, but we didn’t ask why she was here because she only stayed for a while.”

Isabella’s temper spiked.

“Didn’t I say no one is allowed to enter my office without my permission?”

“We’re sorry, Ms. Walker. None of us expected Ms. Schmidt to come all of a sudden, so we were caught by surprise.”

“Get out!”

The two men quickly went out of the office.

Isabella flung the two snakes on the floor. This is so embarrassing!

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 760

Chapter 760 Hurting People

After throwing a fit in her office, Isabella gave Linda a call. When no one picked up, Isabella threw her phone away in annoyance and flopped into the chair.

She tried to gather her thoughts and work, but she simply could not register the words on the documents. She was the one who had talked Beverly into leaving a lipstick mark on Oscar’s suit, but up till that point, Isabella had not received any news about Oscar taking action against Beverly.

I guess there’s no getting rid of that woman in the short term. I can’t believe a married woman like her dared harbor feelings for Oscar. I’ll get rid of her no matter what!

After staying in her office for two hours, Isabella went out and found the staff gathered outside, gossiping about something.

“What happened? What are you guys talking about?” Isabella asked with a frown.

“Ms. Walker,” the employees greeted and quickly dispersed.

“What were you guys saying?” Isabella asked again.

“We heard that Ms. Schmidt had just handed in her resignation letter for an unknown reason, and Mr. Gibson got into a fight with her because of that. Things almost got out of control at the office,” one of the women answered boldly.

Impish glee sparkled in Isabella’s eyes. “Really?” she asked in overt excitement.

“Yes, Ms. Walker. Everyone in the company is talking about this. Mr. Clinton even deducted three months’ worth of bonus from Mr. Gibson’s account,” the same employee added.

Isabella waved her hand at the group. “All right, all of you should go back to work. Don’t just stand around and gossip.”

Everyone returned to their seats quietly while Isabella took the elevator downstairs.

Once she got off the elevator, she ran into two security guards dragging Beverly away.

A smile tugged on Isabella’s lips, and she walked over with a smug face. “Ms. Schmidt, I heard you’re leaving. Tell me, what’s going on? Why did you give up on your position all of a sudden?”

Beverly glowered at her with intense hatred, gnashing her teeth. “Isabella Walker! Karma’s real!”

Isabella walked over and gave a snort of disgust. She turned toward the two guards and said, “I have something to say to Ms. Schmidt. Leave us alone.”

The guards looked at one another in hesitation but finally nodded.

Once they left, Isabella stood right before Beverly and stated, “Ms. Schmidt, you only have yourself to blame. I gave you a mere suggestion, but you were the one who decided to act on it. I didn’t know you would kiss his suit, so don’t blame me for your stupidity.”

Beverly's eyes were red with anger. To her, that was her most miserable day, for not only had she been fired, but she had also almost gotten into a fight with her husband at their workplace. After all that drama, the guards even went to her to escort her out of the company. Isabella Walker! All this is happening because of you! I hate you!

"It's too early to celebrate, Isabella. Karma is a b*tch!"

"Well, yeah, but you won't be there to see it when karma bites me in the ass," Isabella retorted, looking at her watch. "I have to go, Ms. Schmidt. I still have work to do. I'm sorry I can't send you off."

With that, she puffed out her chest and walked off.

Beverly glared at her viciously as she disappeared out of her sight. Overcome by anger, the executive took off her high heel and threw it at Isabella.

The high heel landed right on Isabella's head, and the woman fell to the ground.

Beverly raced over until she stood before Isabella, looking down haughtily at the woman rubbing her head. "God watches everything we do, Isabella. I may have fallen prey to your trap, but you'll soon be kicked out of this place."

Beverly then walked off in pride, with her head held high.

Holding her head, Isabella scowled at Beverly. She spat in spite and said through gritted teeth, "Who do you think you are? The company is already showing you mercy for letting you leave like this."

Isabella put down her hand. When she saw blood on it, she almost passed out in fear.

Quickly, she drove to the hospital to get her wound treated. Just as she was leaving, she spotted Tiffany looking gloomy at the other end of the corridor with a document in her hand.

Isabella went over and snatched the paper from her hand when Tiffany had her guard down.

Tiffany whipped her head in surprise, and when she saw Isabella, she demanded, "Give it back!"

Isabella waved the paper and said, "You can't get pregnant, huh? I can't believe you're a hen that can't lay eggs, Tiffany. I heard your uterine septum corrective surgery went well,

and you'll be able to get pregnant once you recover, but this report clearly says otherwise. It seems that you're not fated to have any children of your own."

Tiffany's face fell, and grief clouded her eyes.

She wanted to take the report back, but Isabella dodged her hand.

"Don't cross the line, Isabella. Give it back!" Tiffany snapped.

"Ha! Why do you still need this report? You can't even get pregnant. I bet it's not easy being part of the Hisson family. They're wealthy, so if you can't give them an heir, Mr. Hisson might look for other women in the end. Poor you."

Tiffany's hands quivered in agitation as she glared at Isabella. Suddenly, she dashed forward like a ferocious beast and pulled Isabella's hair.

Isabella yelled in pain while Tiffany beat her to a pulp.

"This is what you get for rubbing salt in my wound. I won't go easy on you, Isabella!" Tiffany roared.

"Let me go! I have a wound on my head!" Isabella screamed.

When Tiffany heard this, she hit Isabella's wound even harder, sending the latter screeching in agony.

If the doctors and nurses had not come in time and pulled them apart, Isabella would have ended up severely injured.

Isabella held her head and snarled, "Just you wait, Tiffany. I'm going to call the police!"

"Go ahead. I'm not scared of you. I dare you to go to the police!" Tiffany challenged.

So, Isabella took out her phone immediately, and the two women were brought to the police station.

Meanwhile, Amelia received a call from the police that Tiffany had injured someone and was detained at the precinct. She had thought it was a prank call, but when the caller mentioned the correct address of the police station, she realized Tiffany must have gotten into trouble.

Immediately, she took leave. When she arrived at the station and saw Tiffany with a bruise on the corner of her mouth, she panicked. Yet when she spotted Isabella sitting not far away, she found the whole situation perplexing. What are these two doing here?