

# Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 711 - 720

## Chapter 711 His Mother Flung An Ashtray

Meanwhile, Derrick, who had been photographed without his consent, was currently sitting in a restaurant with a frosty expression. He looked at the woman sitting across from him and asked, "Well, why did you ask me out?"

Crystal placidly put some food on his plate and smiled. "After I've got to know that you're in Saspiuburg, I purposely invited you out to have a meal with you. Is there a problem with that? We've known each other for so many years, and yet you sounded as though I was scheming against you."

Derrick didn't even spare the food a glance as he warned in a cold tone, "Don't ever appear in front of my mom again. You're just an outsider; you can't intervene in my marriage with Tiff. Also, I know you're the one who caused Jayden to gamble and borrow money at the casino. Me not speaking up doesn't mean I have no clue about it. Do you think everyone else is a fool?"

Crystal's hand halted in mid-air. After a split second, she let out a chuckle, acting innocent. "Derrick, what are you talking about? I don't understand."

Derrick scoffed, his lips curling into a disdainful smirk. "No, you know exactly what I'm talking about. Don't provoke me, or I'll go head-to-head against the Halliwell family."

Smiling in amusement, Crystal gazed at him. "Derrick, it's not my fault that Tiffany has a strained relationship with your mom. Ever since you guys sent my cousin back to Saspiuburg because he attempted to sexually harass her, my grandparents were so angry that they sent me abroad. If you don't believe me, go and check it then. You can't blame others for your unfortunate marriage."

Derrick narrowed his eyes into slits, a hint of viciousness in his gaze.

However, the woman he was shooting daggers at seemed unfazed.

Crystal continued to enjoy her food as she said, "Derrick, try the food here. I purposely chose a restaurant that suits your taste."

Not stopping her from piling food on his plate, Derrick merely stared at her with a cold look in his eyes. "Crystal Halliwell, what do you want? Spit it out. Stop doing those disgusting things behind other people's back."

Crystal put down her cutlery and sneered, "Derrick, it's not kind of you to say that. You said I did disgusting things, and where is your evidence? I'd always been abroad recently. You can check the flights. It's ridiculous that you accuse me of causing Tiffany's brother to gamble. I look down on Tiffany. Why would I get myself involved with her brother? It's true that I know who her brother is, but you can't hold me accountable for his uselessness and failures in life. I've never heard such a funny joke."

Derrick pressed his lips into a thin line, not saying a word.

After taking a deep breath, Crystal went on deliberately, "Derrick, since you know her brother is such a loser, does it ever cross your mind that she marries you for your money?"

"Shut your mouth," Derrick barked in anger.

Crystal shrugged her shoulders, clamping up her mouth.

While she savored her food, he didn't even touch the food. After she was done, she took a napkin to wipe her mouth and glanced at the untouched food with a smile plastered on her face. "Derrick, you really don't see me as your friend, huh?"

"Are you done? Let's go." Derrick stood up and walked right out of the restaurant, not bothering to pay for the meal as a gentleman. Nevertheless, Crystal was not enraged either. She paid the bill before following him out of the restaurant.

"Do you want to visit the Halliwell residence?" she inquired. "My grandparents gladly went to Tayhaven previously, but they came back here with bitter expressions. Both of them were quite angry at that time. They even vented their anger on me. Perhaps you should pay them a visit and put in a good word for me."

"I'm leaving. Don't go out of your way to destroy my marriage with Tiff." Derrick shot her a meaningful look before turning around and walking off without looking back.

As Crystal stared at his retreating figure, her lips curled up slightly. "Derrick, I wonder how long your so-called love for Tiffany will last while both of you live with the snobbish and mean Hisson family. I'm waiting for the day when your marriage falls apart. Even if I can't get you, I'll watch you suffer," muttered Crystal coldly.

Naturally, Derrick didn't know what she was thinking about. He went to the city center for a stroll, and when he saw goods that looked suitable for Tiffany, he bought them all. Within two to three hours, he brought back several shopping bags with him to the hotel.

Just as he was about to reach the presidential suite, Amelia walked out of the suite, and their gazes met. Amelia said, "Derrick, can we talk?"

He nodded.

"Place those things back inside first. I'll wait for you outside." With that said, Amelia walked off.

Derrick brought those items in and opened the door to the master bedroom. As he saw that Tiffany was fast asleep on the bed, his eyes dimmed. He then strode over and planted a gentle kiss on her cheek, whispering, "Tiff, you can tell me everything that troubles you. We are husband and wife. I'm waiting for you to tell me all your grievances."

Tiffany murmured something incomprehensible in response, then rolled over, facing him with her back as she continued to sleep.

Shaking his head, Derrick tucked her in before walking out of the bedroom.

Derrick and Amelia walked toward the end of the hallway and stood before a floor-to-ceiling window, gazing at the traffic underneath. Amelia began, "Derrick, did you not notice Tiff has lost some weight? On the night before your wedding, you promised me that you'd take good care of her, but now, she rather talks to me than tells you that she's been wronged. Aren't you curious about the reason?"

Pursing his lips, Derrick clenched his fists, and then released them. "I thought she enjoyed staying at the Hisson residence."

Amelia gave him a strange look as she smiled bitterly. "I didn't expect you'd say that. Did you seriously think that she got that bruise at the corner of her eye because she accidentally bumped into something?"

Derrick was silent for a while before he asked, "What did she say to you? My mom makes things difficult for her on purpose?"

Rage surged up within Amelia's heart when she heard his response. He's changed.

"Derrick, you've changed. You used to dote on Tiff. Both of you have just been married for a few months, and yet you've changed. Are you really the Derrick I know in the past?"

He heaved a silent sigh. "I'm sorry. I'm just a bit stressed out. Things are complicated in my family, and I'll do my best to protect her, but I can't protect her forever. She's the only one by my side. Since the day I married her, I've never thought of letting her go. It's just that life in a rich family is not easy. She'll need to suffer for me, and she also needs to think of a way to let my mom accept her. I didn't say anything just because I wanted to see how she would solve the problems."

Amelia was taken aback.

I initially thought that he didn't know about what Tiff was facing at his family house. It turns out he does know about it, but he chooses to keep mum, as he's hoping that Tiffany could mature rapidly while living with his wealthy, snobbish family. His consideration for her proves that he truly loves her. Life after marrying into a rich family is full of adversity and struggle. If a woman only relies on her husband all the time, I'm afraid that this kind of relationship won't last long.

"Why did you have a meal with Ms. Halliwell, Derrick? Didn't you say you were going out to meet a business partner?" Amelia questioned.

"How did you know that?" Derrick cocked his brow.

"Someone took pictures of you having a meal with her and sent it to Tiff. At first, that person only sent one photograph, but after that, Tiff continued to receive many more consecutively. They were all pictures of Crystal putting food on your plate. The moments were captured nicely, by the way."

"I was just warning her not to sabotage my marriage. I didn't know that we'd be photographed." Derrick clenched his fists again. "I hid it from Tiff because I didn't want her to overthink the matter. I didn't cheat on her."

"Tiff and I believe in your character, but she is also under a lot of pressure after marrying you. You should comfort her. It's not easy for her as well."

Derrick nodded in response.

"Head inside and keep Tiff company. I still need to go to the hospital with Oscar. Remember to talk to her nicely. Don't quarrel again."

"I got it."

As Amelia turned on her heel and left, Derrick clenched his fists so hard that his veins bulged.

# Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 712

## Chapter 712 Seduce The Husband Of Your Sister

The moment Tiffany woke up, the first thing she saw was a pair of bloodshot eyes gazing gently at her. Startled, she took a look at the owner of the eyes again and chuckled. "Derrick, what are you doing? You didn't want to sleep, so you watched me sleep?"

Derrick grabbed her hand and put it on his face, apologizing in a gentle tone, "I'm sorry." Stunned momentarily, Tiffany asked in bewilderment, "Why did you apologize to me all of a sudden?"

"I lied to you. I actually went to have a meal with Crystal, but I can explain that. There's nothing going on between Crystal and me. If I do love her, I wouldn't have dated you for three years and married you after that." Derrick went straight to the point.

Tiffany could not help but burst out laughing. She sat up on the bed and cupped his face. "Amelia told you about the pictures?"

Derrick nodded. "Ever since we got married, we've been busy with our own careers. Besides, our families are involved in our lives. It's been a long time since we last had the time to sit down and chat together. I'm deeply sorry for not keeping you company when you were mistreated in the Hisson residence."

His words warmed her heart, and the grievance she had been nursing vanished instantly.

"Derrick, I'm glad you said that." She smiled. "As long as we love each other, I don't mind being mistreated."

Taking her into his arms, he raised his hand and stroked the bruise on her face. "Did you really get this because you accidentally bumped into something?"

Tiffany lifted her gaze to look at him, seemingly as though she was trying to decipher the meaning behind his words.

"If it wasn't for my own carelessness, do you think a housekeeper would dare to injure me?" she replied to his question with another question in amusement.

Derrick's gaze darkened. He nodded and said tenderly, "Be careful next time. Try your best not to injure yourself. Otherwise, my heart would ache for you."

She nodded.

Tiffany then asked Derrick to bring her phone over. As she glanced at her phone, only then did she realize that it was currently one o'clock in the morning, which meant that she had slept for quite a long time.

"It's so late? No wonder I'm famished. Why didn't you wake me up?" she asked.

"I couldn't bring myself to do so after seeing how soundly you were sleeping," Derrick answered. "Are you still feeling sleepy? If not, you can eat something before continuing to sleep. I stored the food I ordered inside the insulated food containers. The food is still warm, and the dishes are your favorites."

"Sure."

After eating, Tiffany chatted with Derrick for a while and got back to sleep.

The next day, they went to the hospital together and took an elevator to head upstairs. The moment she stepped out of the elevator, from the corner of her eye, she caught sight of a woman hugging a man from behind. She couldn't recognize who that woman was at that moment, but she instantly realized who that man was.

Furious, she stormed over at a brisk pace in her high heels. Derrick hurriedly caught up to her and pulled her arm, signaling her to calm down first.

Her rational thought was almost overridden by her blazing rage. She brushed his hand off her and roared, "Let go of me. I want to see how shameless those two people can get. How can they commit adultery in broad daylight while they're at a hospital? I'm so pissed off!"

Just as those words left her mouth, a loud thud sounded from a stone's throw away. It was the sound of a heavy object falling onto the ground.

Tiffany and Derrick immediately glanced over, and their jaws dropped in unison. The woman, who was hugging the man just now, was thrown over the shoulder and fell to the ground.

Tiffany was dumbstruck for a second. When she heard the man's frosty voice, a chill ran down her spine. She then gave him a thumbs-up as she muttered under her breath, "Cool!"

Derrick dragged her over and didn't even bother to look at the woman on the floor. "Mr. Clinton, where are your manners as a gentleman?" Derrick was all smiles.

Tiffany chimed in, "She wants to steal a married man. Does a b\*tch like her deserve to be treated well by a gentleman?"

Derrick merely grinned in response.

Tiffany then went to check out who the bold woman was, but upon seeing the woman's appearance clearly, Tiffany blurted out in fury, "Amelia Hutton? You! He's your brother-in-law, and this is a hospital! If you're a decent human being, you wouldn't have seduced your brother-in-law in public."

Undoubtedly, Tiffany's voice was booming, attracting the attention of the healthcare workers and patients walking by.

Feeling her face burn with embarrassment, Amelia hurriedly stumbled to her feet and immediately winced in pain when her movement pulled on the muscles on her back. When Oscar hurled her over his shoulder just now, her back had crashed against the ground forcefully, hence her sore back. Fortunately, she didn't have a fracture.

Amelia glowered at the surrounding onlookers and huffed, "What are you looking at? Scram!"

Undaunted, the group of people still looked enthusiastic. Not only did the crowd not disperse, but one of them also mocked, "Beautiful, go on."

People nowadays are really annoying. I can't believe people like them still exist in society.

Amelia's attractive face was distorted with rage, and for a second, she struggled to breathe.

Tiffany hollered, "Everyone, come and have a look at this heiress! She's jealous of her sister's perfect marriage, so she goes all out to seduce her brother-in-law. I've never seen such a shameless sister-in-law like her."

Amelia's face turned ashen. A mix of embarrassment, shamefulness, and anger surged within her.

“Tiffany, that’s enough.”

“What? You were not abashed when you were luring your brother-in-law just now. You finally feel ashamed now?” Tiffany insulted scornfully.

Amelia’s face got as red as a beet.

“You’re unbelievable.” With that, she pushed her way through the crowd and scurried off.

Tiffany still felt a burning rage inside of her, but seeing that Eleanor’s ward was nearby, she decided not to kick up a fuss to prevent Amelia Winters from coming out and witnessing the scene. Tiffany didn’t want to put her best friend in a tight spot.

“You all should leave now. There’s nothing else to see here,” Tiffany urged, waving her hands at the crowd.

Only then did the crowd disperse.

Crossing her arms across her chest, Tiffany glared at Oscar. “Mr. Clinton, I see you have a lot of admirers. There are already two avid admirers in Tayhaven. I can’t believe you even attracted your wife’s sister in Saspiuburg. Can you just keep your charm to yourself? If Amelia sees this, do you know how sad she would be?”

Oscar pursed his lips, his gaze darkening rapidly. He, too, didn’t expect that Amelia Hutton would be so bold. When he had come out to give someone a call, she had also followed him out and hugged him from behind all of a sudden. It seems like the lesson I taught her at the hotel is not enough. That’s why she thinks she can do whatever she wants.

As his obsidian-like eyes narrowed into slits, a hint of malice glimmered in his eyes.

Looks like I really need to teach Amelia Hutton a lesson again. Otherwise, she’d be even bolder and have it her own way. This time, she hugged me from behind, and then next time, she may tear up my clothes and say that I want to force myself on her.

“Hey, Mr. Clinton. We saw what happened just now. Don’t you want to explain yourself?” Tiffany questioned in exasperation.

Oscar gave her a glance. “What do you want me to say? There’s nothing going on between me and that woman. If I didn’t love Amelia, I would openly date any woman. I didn’t need to be surreptitious about it. Besides, I’m Oscar Clinton. I don’t need to be discreet.”



With that, he strode away.

“Hey, Oscar Clinton! You were the one hooking up with someone else. Don’t you want to say something?” Tiffany’s rage intensified.

Oscar paid her no mind.

Derrick slung his arm around Tiffany’s shoulders and tried to calm her down. “Tiff, don’t be mad anymore. I believe there’s nothing fishy between Mr. Clinton and Amelia Hutton.”

“Of course, I know. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have let him go. It’s just that I’m not very happy with his attitude. I can’t believe so many women like him. Can’t I force him to make a promise on behalf of Amelia? Just look at his cold, snarky attitude. He really pisses me off!”

Derrick was at a loss.

“Tiff, this is a matter between Amelia and him. Even though Amelia is your best friend, it’d be better for you not to intervene in their matter. Mr. Clinton’s personality might be a bit cold, but his feelings for Amelia are sincere. Just like what he had said, if he was just toying with Amelia, he would have courted any women he wanted openly.”

That was why Tiffany felt even angrier.

There was still a fire burning in Tiffany’s heart, but she could not do anything to Oscar either.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 713

### Chapter 713 Keeping Trouble Away

As soon as Tiffany entered the ward, she glared at Amelia Hutton, who stood in the corner, and snorted. Derrick squeezed her fingers gently and whispered, “Tiff, calm down. There are many people in the ward.”

After composing herself, Tiffany walked over to the bed. She said, “Mrs. Hutton, I’m here again. Are you feeling better?”

Eleanor's face looked even paler than the day before. Apart from that, she had lost a lot of weight. The oversized hospital gown hung loosely over her body, making it look like a playful child had stolen an adult's clothing.

Seeing this, Tiffany felt a lump start to form in her throat. She couldn't believe the woman in front of her who was once so dazzling had been reduced to such a sickly state after being tortured by the disease. At that thought, Tiffany's heart couldn't help but ache.

Unaware of Tiffany's thoughts, Eleanor smiled warmly. "Thanks for your concern, Tiffany. I'm feeling better. With Lia taking care of me, I'll be able to endure it even if it's a more serious illness."

Tiffany put the fruit basket she bought on the table and said with a smile, "Amelia must be your antidote, Mrs. Hutton."

"Yes, she is. My whole body is filled with energy as long as she's here." Eleanor smiled.

Amelia Winters poured two cups of tea for Tiffany and Derrick before she said, "Tiff, Derrick, when are you two going back to Tayhaven?"

"Probably the day after tomorrow. Derrick and I will be visiting an elder in Saspiuburg in the afternoon. Otherwise, we will come off as rude if we don't visit them even when we're in Saspiuburg," Tiffany replied as she took a sip of tea.

Amelia Winters nodded.

Eleanor looked at Tiffany and asked weakly, "Tiffany, you and Derrick have been married for a few months now. How is it? Is there good news?"

Tiffany was momentarily stumped. The next second, it dawned on her what Eleanor meant. So, she shook her head. "We're still a newlywed. We want some time to ourselves first."

Eleanor nodded understandingly but said earnestly, "There is nothing wrong with young people wanting to enjoy their newlywed lives. But you two should still put pregnancy in your plan. Both of you are over thirty years old. It's not easy for women to get pregnant once they are over thirty. You guys should hurry up."

Tiffany nodded and smiled. "I got it, Mrs. Hutton. Derrick and I will work harder."

“Lia happened to be planning for another child too. Since you two are good friends, you should hurry it up. Maybe both of you can get pregnant around the same time. That will be great.” With a smile, Eleanor continued, “That way, I can help babysit your child too when I babysit Lia’s child.

Amelia Winters and Tiffany remained indifferent after hearing what Eleanor said. Looking at the situation, Amelia Hutton couldn’t help but chime in, her voice turning sharp.

“Mom, she doesn’t have a plan for a child yet. Why are you being so nosy? That is ridiculous.”

Eleanor was taken aback by her remark. She looked at Amelia Hutton in puzzlement and said with a slightly annoyed voice, “Amelia, what’s wrong with you? Why are you behaving this way when I’m talking to our guests? You’re so rude.”

Amelia Hutton bit her lip and glanced at Oscar instinctively. However, she didn’t expect Oscar to be staring at Amelia Winters without a care for her.

The indignance she felt magnified instantly.

“Mom, I just wanted you to rest well without worrying about these things. It’s not good for your health. The doctor said you should focus on recuperating. Don’t tire yourself out over these things. Why don’t you listen?” Amelia Hutton huffed.

Eleanor’s expression softened, and she said, “Amelia, I know you meant well. But I’m talking to our guests, so you should be more polite. Apologize to Tiffany now. Don’t make a fuss and behave yourself.”

Amelia Hutton’s expression darkened, and she was about to blow her top when Benjamin entered the ward. As such, she could only swallow the words on the tip of her tongue.

Benjamin walked straight to Eleanor’s side and touched her forehead with his cheek. Sensing there was no sign of fever, he said warmly, “Does your head still hurt? Do you want the doctor to check on you again?”

Eleanor dodged a little, but she was not as repulsed by his touch anymore.

“The children are here, so don’t pretend to be all intimate with me. They’ll get the wrong impression,” Eleanor said awkwardly.

Benjamin was all smiles after he heard that.

Then, he sat down and said, "Let me tell you something. I've handed the company over to Sean. He will have to stand on his own from now. Of course, I'll help him whenever he encounters problems that he cannot solve. But, I will not interfere with the company's affairs anymore. I'll stay right by your side to accompany you to your treatments. When you get better, we'll travel overseas. We can settle down there too if you like the environment over there."

Eleanor was stunned and looked at Benjamin with a conflicted look. She never thought that this man who had been domineering for most of his life would let go of everything he had been adamant about for her illness.

"Didn't you like managing the company?" Eleanor asked.

"I don't. I was only holding on to the company for all these years because I wanted you to have a better life. And stop thinking of the daughter who went missing. It's a pity that I only now realized that I had misplaced my focus. But it's not too late. At least this way, I have more time for you now."

Eleanor fell silent.

Just then, a young lady entered the ward when the tension in the air started to disperse.

She approached Benjamin with a paper in her hand and said, "Darling, I'm pregnant."

Her words left everyone in shock. The young lady looked similar to Eleanor in terms of her aura and appearance, especially her glistening eyes.

If Eleanor were a mature and ripe peach, the young lady would be a delicate and tender pear. The latter seemed to be in her early twenties and at the peak of her prime.

"Why are you here?" Benjamin's expression darkened as he said solemnly, "Scram! I've already broken up with you. Never show up here again."

The girl seemed to be frightened. She then showed the report in her hand with teary eyes and said, "I'm not feeling well, so I went to the hospital for a check-up. The doctor told me I had been pregnant for three months. You have to take responsibility."

Benjamin was furious, and the veins on his neck were visibly popping.

He had barely touched this girl before him. They slept together a few times when Eleanor got on his nerves. Benjamin only took the girl as a place to vent his anger. Eleanor was

the only woman in his heart. Even if the girl looked similar to Eleanor, she was simply a defective duplicate that could never be compared.

"Abort it and get lost," Benjamin uttered coldly.

The girl looked as though she was going to burst into tears anytime soon.

Eleanor remained unfazed at this commotion. Then, she said coldly, "Talk to her outside. Don't disturb the serenity of the ward. And don't come here as you like. You'll dirty this place. I won't be able to fall asleep then."

Benjamin's expression grew icy-cold instantly. It was as though he was going to skin the girl alive.

"Eleanor, I'll head out for a while. I won't let you get sickened by this." Benjamin softened his tone. Then, he shot a death glare at the girl and said, "Come with me."

The girl trembled slightly at that but still followed Benjamin out obediently.

"Mom, are you okay?" Amelia Winters was worried after she glanced at Eleanor, who looked visibly exhausted.

Eleanor nodded with a smile. "I'm fine. It's just that your dad's at the age of nearing death but still manages to do something so disgraceful. It's embarrassing, isn't it?"

"No. No matter what, he's still our elder and this is his affair. I'm sure he will resolve it. Mom, don't you worry about it. I'm sure Dad won't let the unruly girl bother you again."

Eleanor nodded while leaning against the bed listlessly.

Tiffany and the rest could see that Eleanor was exhausted, so everyone stood up and bid farewell.

Amelia Hutton stayed back at the ward to take care of Eleanor while Amelia Winters walked them out.

Tiffany took a glance at Oscar before she pulled Amelia aside.

"Babe, you should watch out for that girl, Amelia. Your husband's a gem. Be careful and don't let her snatch him away. It'll be useless to cry a river of tears when that happens." Tiffany ranted through gritted teeth.

Amelia was completely nonplussed.

“Did she mess with you?”

“What do you mean she messed with me? I’m telling you this for your own good. Your husband is an outstanding person. He attracts not only butterflies but also a large group of roaring bees and flies. Even if he doesn’t have bad intentions, that doesn’t mean that those women don’t. They’ll do everything in their power to get his attention. If Mr. Clinton fell for their trap, everything will be too late, and you’ll regret it for life,” Tiffany said.

The smile on Amelia’s face faded.

“Did she do something?”

“Do you think I’ll remind you like this if she didn’t? She hugged Oscar from behind in public and almost begged to get laid. You’d better keep yourself on your toes. Or else, you’ll really regret it.”

Amelia fell into deep thought and said, “All right. I’ll watch out. But don’t worry too much about it. If Oscar got snatched away, that means he caved into his desires and isn’t loyal enough. I will be able to see his true colors then, wouldn’t I?”

“Well, as long as you know what you’re doing. Derrick and I are going to visit the elder in Saspiuburg now. If you can, you and Oscar should head back with us the day after tomorrow.”

“We’ll see.”

Oscar made his way over to Amelia after Tiffany and Derrick left. He asked, “What’s with that solemn expression? What did Tiffany tell you this time?”

“She said that Amelia seduced you in public.”

Oscar nodded in response and explained, “I threw her over my shoulder. I don’t mind sending a few men to have fun with her if she was any other woman. But she’s your sister, and you two look very much alike.” He couldn’t bear to let Amelia Hutton suffer the torture since she looked like his wife.

Amelia wasn’t happy after she heard that and said, “Oscar, since she and I look so similar, are you going to fall in love with her one day, too?”

"There are so many people who look like you on earth. Does that mean I'll have to fall in love with every one of them as well?"

Amelia was rendered speechless.

"You silly girl. Come on, let's go. Don't ask such a silly question again. It's enough for Tiffany to be silly alone, don't let her silliness spread to you."

Amelia Winters' lips curled into a smile, thus marking the end of this incident. Nonetheless, she was now wary of Amelia Hutton as she didn't want any trouble to arise further down the road. Knowing Amelia Hutton's intention was one thing, but her seducing Oscar was another matter. Amelia Winters felt she might lose her man if she wasn't alert enough.

Unwittingly, Amelia Winters felt a sense of crisis since her husband was such an outstanding man. It would be difficult for any woman to resist his charm. Thus, she figured she had to be on guard.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 714

### Chapter 714 A Fair Shot

After finding out that Amelia Hutton had dared to seduce Oscar at the hospital, Amelia Winters had subsequently kept her distance from the former. She only nodded at Amelia Hutton when they crossed paths.

Eleanor had noticed this change in demeanor. She could not help her curiosity and asked, "Lia, has Amelia done something to make you angry?"

Amelia Winters merely looked at her with a puzzled grin and said, "What makes you think that, Mom?"

"Well, you hardly seem to be talking anymore. And you both look like something is keeping you on edge. I may be sick, but I'm not blind. In fact, my eyes are as sharp as ever. So tell me, did Amelia do something to you and behaved insensibly?" Eleanor finished with a flourish, insistent on getting to the bottom of things.

Amelia Winters tutted and smiled at Eleanor. "Why do you think so? We're all right. There's no need to worry." "Really?"

“Really,” replied Amelia Winters, her tone firm. “Besides, I don’t have a reason to lie to you, do I?”

Eleanor could only believe her words for now. “I think you should get some rest first, Mom. I’ll be here with you.”

Eleanor nodded and closed her eyes. However, it was not a fitful sleep, likely caused by the problems from the last few days looming over her. She was not tired, and all she could do was nap.

After waiting for nearly ten minutes, Amelia Winters thought that Eleanor had already fallen asleep. As such, she seemed to have mellowed down a little herself.

Just then, Amelia Hutton walked in. With a cursory glance, she noticed that her mother had fallen asleep. She then made her way toward Amelia Winters and asked her imperiously, “Amy, may we speak?”

Amelia Winters looked at the sleeping Eleanor. Thinking the latter was sound asleep, she replied, “Sure. Let’s talk outside.”

“No, I’ll say it right here.” Very boldly, Amelia Hutton stood with her arms akimbo and declared, “I’m in love with Oscar and don’t wish to lose out on such a good man. I’d like to have a shot at pursuing him.”

Amelia Winters was absolutely dumbfounded when she heard this.

Hah! The audacity she has to be able to say this so confidently! That aside, we’re related by blood! What makes her think that trying to steal someone’s husband is dignified enough to warrant that tone of voice? I really don’t know where she gets that confidence from.

Amelia Winters then steeled herself before replying, “Amelia, he’s your brother-in-law.”

“Yes, he’s my brother-in-law, but what can I do? I can’t help but be attracted by him at first sight. I also thought about staying away from him, but you keep showing up. Every time I see him, I get involuntarily attracted to him. As such, I’ve fallen in love with him, and it’s all your fault! You need to be held accountable for this, too!” said Amelia matter-of-factly.

Amelia Winters glanced at Amelia Hutton like the latter was an idiot. When they first met in Beshya, even without her sight, Amelia Winters thought that Amelia Hutton behaved like a lady of the genteel class—well-mannered and articulate. As such, Amelia Winters assumed the latter was a person of a good upbringing. However, after regaining her



sight, Amelia Winters soon realized that the woman sharing her namesake was nothing like what she portrayed. Amelia Winters could not believe that she turned out to be such a person.

What a joke!

Amelia Winters opened her mouth and was about to speak when a pillow flew past her and landed smack dab on Amelia Hutton's face. A loud, frantic voice then filled the air. "Amelia Hutton, are you trying to be the death of me? How can you say something so shameless? You're now claiming to be in love with him? That man is your brother-in-law! You—"

Eleanor was unable to keep up with her own anger and collapsed back into the bed before she finished speaking.

Both Amelias did not expect this to happen. In frantic unison, they both cried out, "Mom!"

However, Amelia Winters was able to remain calm. Very quickly, she notified the doctor and watched as he wheeled her mother into the operating room.

Benjamin and Sean came in a hurry after receiving the news. Oscar, however, was still in a meeting with a client, so Amelia said nothing to him yet.

Benjamin looked at the lit sign that said "Operating Room." His eyes were bloodshot, and his chest was heaving up and down. The man was out of breath because he had run all the way inside.

He glared at Amelia Hutton, gritted his teeth, and said, "How on earth did she end up in the operating room? The doctor said that her condition over the past two days was stable!"

Startled, Amelia Hutton took two steps back and murmured, "Dad, calm down. I was merely speaking to Amy, but she couldn't help herself and said some rather nasty things. I didn't realize that Mom wasn't asleep yet. She heard this and got so angry that she fainted."

Amelia Winters glanced coldly at her. This woman really knows how to twist her words, huh? What a snake.

Benjamin looked at Amelia Winters, but his tone was significantly muted. "Mrs. Clinton, is that true?"

It was truly odd to see how both father and daughter addressed each other so formally like this.

“Mr. Hutton, I don’t think now’s the right time to find out who did what. I think we should wait for Mom to wake up before discussing this. What do you think?” replied Amelia Winters calmly.

Benjamin took a deep breath, and sure enough, he chose not to pursue it any further.

Amelia Hutton watched this as she chewed on her bottom lip. Rage burned and boiled within her.

Eleanor stayed in the operating room for nearly an hour before being pushed out. Benjamin walked up quickly and asked anxiously, “Doctor, how is my wife?”

“She’s not in immediate danger, but her brain tumor is currently at the middle stage. She cannot be too agitated. As her family members, you should try and make sure she remains calm at all times,” said the lead surgeon.

“I understand. I was at fault.”

They then followed Eleanor as she was pushed into a ward. The nurse suspended an IV drip for her and said, “She is still quite weak. So try not to make too much noise.”

Benjamin and the others nodded meekly.

When the nurse went out, Benjamin sat beside the hospital bed and said, “Just leave us be.”

Sean was worried and said, “Dad, why don’t I stay here with Amy? You should just take Amelia back.”

He was hinting that the last two people his mother wanted to see when she woke up were Benjamin and Amelia Hutton. Sean also noticed that Amelia Hutton’s eyes darted back and forth as he spoke. At a glance, he could tell that she lied about the situation. He knew that Amelia Winters was not an imprudent woman and deduced that his mother had fainted because of something Amelia Hutton had done.

Sean knew his sister all too well. He could see right past her good girl facade, thinking she could fool everyone with her concern and allegedly big heart. However, she was the sort who was always looking to climb to better heights. After connecting the dots, it was not difficult to figure out that his sister was to blame.

Benjamin glanced at Sean and said, "Are you not even going to listen to me now?"

Sean smiled and replied, "Dad, don't get me wrong. I just think that you haven't sorted out the matters regarding your mistress and that Mom is still angry at you. I doubt she'd want to see you yet. If she wakes up and you're the first person that appears before her, I doubt she'd feel too good about it."

Benjamin looked thoughtful but still said, "Just go. I'll take care of things from here."

Sean had no choice but to go out with Amelia and the others.

After leaving the ward, Sean chose not to mince his words. "Amelia, you p\*ssed Mom off again, didn't you?"

Amelia Hutton was furious at this. "Sean! How could you simply jump to conclusions and assume that I did something? Why can't it be Amy?"

Sean glanced at Amelia Winters and said bluntly, "She knows how to read the room and would never say harsh things to agitate Mom like this."

"So you mean to say that I'm ignorant and that I can't read the situation? That I only know how to p\*ss off Mom? How long have you known her? And you're already taking her side? Am I even your sister anymore?"

Sean was about to reply, but Amelia Winters chime in, "Stop arguing, both of you. If there's nothing else, I'll be on my way, then."

Amelia Hutton grabbed her sister's hand and said, "Stop right where you are, Amelia Winters! Have you bewitched my family or something? Why are they now all on your side?"

Amelia Winters looked at her calmly and enunciated each word with great care, "Why don't you look in the mirror and find out?"

Having said that, she left without looking back.

Amelia Hutton was so angry that she was left shaking.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 715

## Chapter 715 Pummeled

Sean dragged Amelia Hutton out of the hospital and found a place that was near deserted. He stopped there and asked her, "Amelia, tell me. Did you do something stupid in front of Amelia Winters again?"

Amelia crossed her arms in front of her chest defensively and huffed, "I am your sister! Why do you automatically assume that I'm at fault the second something happens to Mom? You both barely know her, and yet you insist on taking her side!"

Sean's eyes turned cold. This time, he was truly angry.

"Don't change the subject. You know full well that we usually dote on you and let you do whatever you want. But don't think I'm unaware you had a hand in Mom's current state. You'd better come clean, or I'm going to send you abroad and save everyone the trouble of having to deal with your impertinence," said Sean, his tone icy.

Amelia looked at him, driven to tears. The more she cried, the more wronged she felt.

Sean could feel his temples pounding from her crying and wanted to berate her. Little did he expect that she would cry even harder. Even the patients who were out for a stroll with their family members couldn't help but look their way.

Having noticed the unwanted attention, Sean sighed deeply and lowered his voice. "Stop crying." With such an impertinent sister, he wondered if she had offended Oscar and Amelia Winters with her actions somehow. Given how Oscar was quite protective, Sean was worried that his family was going to take a hit.

Sean knew that Oscar was a man he could not afford to provoke. Even though the Huttons were a respectable family in Saspiuburg, they were nothing compared to the Clintons. The upper classes were divided into a few tiers, where the Clintons were at the top of the food chain. The gap between both families was not too drastic, but Sean had yet to witness the extent of Oscar's hold of the area. As such, he did not want his sister to offend someone like Oscar due to her ignorance.

Amelia was still sobbing.

"If you keep crying, I won't bother taking care of you anymore," threatened Sean softly.

Amelia's crying stopped abruptly.

"Tell me, why did Mom faint? I want to hear the truth," Sean said, his tone grim.

Amelia pondered for a bit in silence before she finally spoke. "I got into a bit of a tussle with Amy saying that I had fallen for Oscar and seduced him in the open. Mom overheard this, and she was so angry that she fainted."

Harsh, barking laughter erupted from Sean. "Amelia, could you be any less shameless?" His tone then shifted abruptly as he became furious. "Didn't I warn you not to provoke Oscar? Are you just going to blatantly ignore my words? You are playing with fire! Do you want to drag the rest of us to hell with you?"

Amelia glared at him and said, "Are you still my brother? I have merely fallen for him and want to make him mine. Didn't you support me before? But now you're blaming me for taking action? It's like you don't think of me as your sister anymore."

"If that were the case, I would have just left you to your own device. Why would I still care then?" hissed Sean.

This sister of mine is so mindless, and she always does things according to her own whims. If she is allowed to mess around, I'm worried that the Hutton family will suffer alongside her.

"If you still think of me as your sister, then help me figure out a way to make him mine!" said Amelia brazenly.

A loud "pop" filled the air as Sean slapped her across the face.

"I'm warning you, Amelia. You can whore yourself out all you want. I don't care how many men you bring home. But Oscar? You'd better leave him alone. He's not someone you can approach." Having said that, Sean turned on his heel and left.

Amelia covered her smarting cheek and looked at her brother viciously. Her face contorted in fury, and there was no masking the hatred burning in her eyes then.

"You won't let me go after Oscar, but I will do just that. I don't believe that I'm any less than Amelia Winters. I just want to prove to all of you that I am better than she is!" hissed Amelia through clenched teeth.

Eleanor and Sean's repeated obstructions further aroused the refusal to back down and the competitiveness in her heart which fed into the desire to win over Oscar. Subconsciously, she was only going to be at peace after being with Oscar to prove her worth to her mother and brother and draw their attention to her again.

When Sean left, he saw Amelia Winters, who had left the hospital, returning.

With a warm smile, he walked over and greeted her.

Seeing that it was him, Amelia smiled and said, "Hey, Sean."

"Didn't you leave? Why did you come back?"

"I'm worried about Mom. Plus, Oscar is out meeting a client so I decided to come back here."

"In that case, would you mind sitting with me?" Sean pointed toward the benches designated for patients and their visitors. "The scenery is quite pleasant, and it would be nice for us to have a chat."

Amelia nodded.

As the two walked over, Sean suddenly stopped and smiled. "Wait here. I'm going to buy us some coffee."

Amelia originally wanted to stop him from going through the trouble but Sean had already strode away. All she could do was remain silent.

"Amelia, why did you come back?" Just then, Amelia Hutton's voice rang out. Having seen her rival, the woman walked over with determined anger. In a condescending tone, she said, "Did you come back to make fun of me?"

Amelia Winters said, "You're overthinking."

Amelia Hutton snorted coldly. "I'm telling you, my father and brother are only keeping things amicable for Mom's sake. Don't think that they'd so readily accept a stray like yourself. You're delusional if you think you're ever going to be a part of the Hutton family."

Amelia Winters found her words funny, but said nothing.

Thinking that she had successfully frightened her sister, the rage that Amelia Hutton felt subsided.

"Amelia, what are you doing?" Just then, Sean came back with two cups of coffee.

Amelia Hutton looked at the coffee in his hands and a dark glint flashed across her eyes. She then clenched and unclenched her fists.

"Did you go and buy her coffee, Sean?" asked Amelia Hutton.

"Stop messing around, Amelia. Go home."

"I refuse! What's so good about her that you're bending over backwards for her?"

"Interestingly enough, we're seeing what's good about her because of your horrible behavior. What's the point of nitpicking over this now?"

Amelia Hutton went silent.

"Go home. Now," hissed Sean, his tone imperious and cold.

Amelia Hutton glared at her brother, her gaze deep enough to bore holes in his body.

Sean returned the glare. They both stood at an impasse, playing a game of silent tug-of-war. The first person to break eye contact was the first to lose.

Amelia Winters watched this farce for a short while before she got up. "I'll leave you two to your... discussion. I'm going to check on Mom."

Only then did Sean turn to look at Amelia Winters with a bland smile. "Please have a seat. I still wish for us to chat."

"There's no need for this. I'll leave you two to chat. Stop hurting each other because of me. After all, a stray older sister isn't worth ruining your relationship for," said Amelia Winters nonchalantly.

Sean glanced at her inquisitively but did not stop her in the end.

As soon as Amelia Winters left, Sean's face fell. He glanced at his sister angrily and said, "You really are good for nothing, aren't you?"

Amelia Hutton merely said, "I bet you want to climb up the ladder at the expense of Amelia Winters, huh? But what can you do? She doesn't even see you as a sibling."

A myriad of emotions flashed across Sean's face before it turned impassive again.

He turned around and left without sparing another glance at his sister. Amelia was flustered for a moment and immediately followed after him.

“As long as we can win over Oscar together, I can easily influence the Clintons to help you expand in Tayhaven,” said Amelia.

Sean didn’t even look at her. Inwardly, he could only think of how ridiculous that sounded.

“Why won’t you help me, Sean? I am your only sister, and we’re in the same boat! If I marry a good man, it will also benefit you. You shouldn’t rely on an older sister who has been missing for twenty-odd years to help you in any way.”

Sean picked up the pace.

He couldn’t believe that his younger sister was still having unrealistic delusions about replacing Amelia Winters, but she was unable to reflect on whether or not she could even be placed in the same league as the person she intended to replace.

Amelia Winters grew up in a small family, but her temperament and appearance surpassed that of this sister of mine. In spite of this, she is still riding on the coattails of her own social status.

She’s clearly ignorant about any of this.

“Be quiet.”

Amelia shut her mouth obediently, but after a minute, she started chattering again, making Sean so annoyed that he wished someone would sew her mouth shut.

Sean sat in his car, stepped on the accelerator, and sped away.

A smirk appeared on Amelia’s lips as she sneered, “You should spare your efforts at trying to befriend Amelia. I won’t let you succeed. If anything, I’ll force you to stand by my side and help me get Oscar. He is mine.”

Sean had already driven away, so naturally, he could not hear Amelia’s haughty declaration.

Amelia Hutton wandered around the hospital in a good mood, thinking about how to hook up with Oscar. Little did she know that danger was approaching her. Suddenly, someone stuffed her into a sack and dragged her toward the bushes. Before she could even scream for help, she was beaten unconscious by a gang of men. Having accomplished what they set out to do, they quickly left the scene.



Hours had passed and no one realized that Amelia still lay there in a sack, bruised and unconscious. She was eventually found by a female sanitation worker who wondered why such a large sack had been left there. Very carefully, the worker untied the sack and realized that the bruised and injured woman inside it was still breathing. Hurriedly, she ran to get help before Amelia died from asphyxiation.

Amelia was immediately given treatment. Having heard the news, Sean and Benjamin rushed over to see what happened. They found Amelia's face bruised and swollen, but otherwise fine. Benjamin was furious as he asked, "How the hell did you end up like this? Who is responsible for this?"

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 716

### Chapter 716 Humiliation

Amelia tried to pout but gritted her teeth in pain when she attempted to move the muscles in her face. She covered her chin and said in a loud voice, "Dad, someone stuffed me into a sack and beat me up! I don't know who did this, but you must avenge me!"

Benjamin did, after all, love his only daughter. Seeing her in this battered state distressed him greatly. He said, "Sean, send out someone to investigate who had the guts to do this in the open. Not to mention right in front of a hospital! The Huttons can't be bullied in such an undignified manner!"

"Of course, Dad." Before Sean left, he gave Amelia a meaningful look. His gut instinct told him that it was probably Oscar who did this.

As soon as Sean left, Benjamin gave Amelia a pointed look, his expression strangely calm. This gave her goosebumps.

"Dad, what's the matter with you? Why are you looking at me like that?" asked Amelia timidly.

"Amelia, be honest with me," said Benjamin bluntly. "Did you p\*ss off anyone?"

"Dad, you know me! Apart from going shopping or partying with my friends or even extended trips to different cities, how would I offend anyone? But if you're asking me if

there's anyone who dislikes me and wants to cause trouble, that's another story," replied Amelia thoughtfully.

Amelia did not have any true enemies, in the sense of the word. Sure, there were occasional spats with her female friends over men, but she got along with men quite well otherwise. She could not think of anyone cruel enough to attack her so viciously. If she had been discovered any later, she would have either sustained severe injuries or, worse still, died.

"Dad, you must avenge me! Otherwise, my attackers will think that we're nothing but a powerless and compliant family," exclaimed Amelia passionately.

Benjamin stood up and put his hands behind his back. "Given that your mother is in the hospital, you should stop causing any more trouble. I've asked your brother to investigate this matter thoroughly. However, you must not aggravate your mother, or I will cut you off from funds."

Amelia was upset and muttered softly, "Dad, I'm also injured. Don't you care?"

"Your mother hasn't woken up yet, and something bad has befallen you. How am I supposed to be concerned?"

"It's been so long. Has she not awakened yet?"

Benjamin looked grim, glanced at her, and pursed his lips.

"Dad, I want to see Mom. Since she's still unconscious after so long, I'm getting rather worried."

"Take care of yourself first, and don't cause any more trouble for me," said Benjamin, ignoring her request. "Focus on recuperating. I'll take care of your mother. Since these are just flesh wounds, you'll be fine on your own."

"Dad, are you not going to stay with me?"

Benjamin glared at her angrily.

"You'll be fine! Besides, there will be a nurse to help you out. Stop messing around. Your mother still needs more care than you do." Having said that, Benjamin left without sparing his daughter another glance.

Amelia leaned heavily on the hospital bed, but she forgot that her back was hurt. She grimaced and hissed in pain.

Just as she was left to feel sorry for herself, the door handle began to turn. The door opened with a "click." Before she could see who it was, she hurriedly picked up a pillow from her bed and hurled it at the person who came in. "Get out!" she yelled.

She was already so humiliated. She couldn't bear to let anyone else witness her in this state and laugh at her misery.

When she realized who it was that she threw the pillow at, Amelia stared agape at him, unable to say a word.

"O-Oscar?"

Amelia never thought that Oscar would come back to see her, and without his wife at that. Does this mean he has eyes for me? Is he holding back because of my sister?

Amelia's heart was immediately set ablaze with passion.

Oscar came over with the pillow and looked down at her, whose face looked like a bloated fish.

"Fancy seeing you here, Oscar! Did you come over because you heard about me being beaten up?" asked Amelia coquettishly.

Oscar smirked and said coldly, "No, I'm just here to see if you are dead."

Amelia's face froze, and the smile on her lips disappeared in an instant.

"Oscar, are you making fun of me with such unkind words?" she asked sternly.

"How does it feel being beaten up in a sack?" was Oscar's reply.

Amelia's pupils shrank and she looked at Oscar in disbelief. She had not expected that the tragedy that had befallen her was orchestrated by Oscar.

With a pained expression, she said, "Oscar, was it you who sent them after me?" She was left with a bitter taste in her mouth as she uttered this.

"I'm just giving you a small lesson in propriety, humility, righteousness, and shame. If you still want to pursue me, I don't mind hiring a few men to teach you how to leave people's husbands alone. They'll all take turns with you nicely."

Amelia's lips trembled with disbelief.

"Recover from your injuries and grow into the pampered princess that you think you are without causing any more trouble." After Oscar finished speaking, he turned around and was about to leave.

Amelia hurriedly pulled out the IV from her hand, got out of bed tremblingly, and ran toward Oscar to hug him. However, she did not expect the man to dodge her. Amelia ended up on the floor, face to face with a woman's high heels.

"Amelia, what's wrong with you? Even if you wanted to welcome me, you didn't need to give me such a grand gesture," came Amelia Winters's voice.

Amelia Hutton froze, a flash of shame and anger coursing through her. She wanted to get up but fell down again due to the pain from her injuries.

Amelia Winters merely shook her head and bent over, intending to help the woman up, but her hand was shoved away in anger. "Don't touch me!" Amelia Hutton hissed.

Amelia Winters withdrew her hand and looked at Oscar. She guessed that her sister's current predicament was probably Oscar's masterpiece.

Oscar came over, pulled her over, and said warmly, "Why are you here?"

Amelia Winters shook her head and said, "Oscar, go and help her up. She seems to have some misunderstanding toward me."

Oscar looked at Amelia Hutton and scoffed. "She's an able-bodied woman. She can get up on her own."

Amelia Hutton listened to them speak, her eyes burning with humiliation and anger. Never had she been treated thus by any man.

Just then, Sean walked in with all kinds of food in his hand. However, he was stunned by the scene in front of him. Immediately, he bent over to help his sister up, asking, "What happened to you, Amelia? Why are you lying here on the floor?"

Amelia Hutton gritted her teeth and stared at her sister and Oscar angrily.

She swore to herself that the humiliation she suffered that day would be repaid sooner or later.

Sean also looked at Amelia Winters and said, "You're here again, Amy? Did Amelia do something wrong again?"

In other words, if she didn't do anything wrong, why would you treat her like this? Given how Amelia Hutton now lay collapsed on the floor and nobody lifted a finger, it was hard to not infer this.

Amelia Winters replied, "Sean, I don't know what happened. As soon as I came in, I saw Amelia fall to the ground, so I went to help her. But she did not seem particularly interested in my help. You have my apologies."

Amelia Hutton glared at her, gritted her teeth, and hissed, "Go away!"

The smile on Amelia Winters's face faded a little.

Oscar put his arm around his wife's waist possessively and said coldly, "Mr. Hutton, I don't think your family is particularly welcoming to us. My wife has spared no effort in taking care of your mother over the past few days, asking for nothing in return. She is my wife, a member of the Clinton family. She isn't here to play nanny for your family. If you're going to look down on her, fine. We'll just go back to Tayhaven. But kindly ensure you don't call her when anything happens. It hurts my ears."

Sean's face froze, and he glared at Amelia Hutton angrily.

"Oscar, no... Mr. Clinton, this is all a misunderstanding. My family is very grateful. If my sister has offended you out of ignorance, allow me to apologize on her behalf. I will take care to ensure that she won't trouble you anymore in the future."

"You'd better keep your word. I dislike being swarmed by unruly women. They're like flies, annoying and repulsive," said Oscar bluntly.

Amelia Hutton stiffened up as she looked at Oscar in disbelief.

"Oscar..."

Sean gave his sister's hand a squeeze, warning her to not say anything stupid.

He smiled apologetically. "Mr. Clinton, Amy, it's getting late. I think you two should head back and rest. Don't let me keep you."

Oscar nodded and left the ward with Amelia Winters on his arm.

Back in the ward, Sean threw Amelia Hutton directly on the hospital bed. The impact caused her back injury to hurt. Amelia then gritted her teeth in pain.

“Sean, what are you doing? Are you crazy?” she barked. Being treated like this by Oscar was one thing. But now that she received the same harsh treatment from her brother, she felt nothing but hatred coursing through her veins.

Sean stared at her gravely and spat, “Didn’t I tell you not to provoke Oscar? Why didn’t you listen?”

“This is a hospital ward for God’s sake. How could I have possibly anticipated his arrival? He came here of his own accord, mocked me, then admitted that he hired thugs to beat me up! I’ve never been treated like this before! With that said, I can’t swallow this humiliation!” hissed Amelia, her eyes narrowed.

After a pause, she seemed to have sworn an oath. “I must have my revenge! If I can’t have him, I must destroy him!”

Sean felt the pounding in his temples intensify.

He then tried a different approach. With a much kinder tone, he said, “Look, just recover from your injuries. Stop thinking about all this for a bit.”

So, Oscar was the one who taught her a lesson this time? He must have been freaking p\*ssed. If Amelia doesn’t feel ashamed to push all his buttons, then I fear the consequences will be dire. Her ignorance knows no bounds! She won’t recover if there is a next time, for sure.

Amelia covered her head with the quilt and said in a sullen voice, “Sean, you’re a coward. The company was handed over to you but you don’t even have the drive to push on. Your lack of ambition is going to bring about the collapse of the company.”

Sean laughed in anger, realizing that he could no longer talk to his sister. They were on different wavelengths now. He was going to go insane if this continued.

“Whatever. You have a good rest now. The nurse is coming soon. If you need any help at night, call her. This cowardly brother of yours is going to take his leave, lest he soils your eyes.”

When Sean left, Amelia was so angry that she swept everything on the table to the floor. Her already dampened mood had all but deteriorated.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 717

### Chapter 717 Absconded

When Eleanor woke up the next day, she said angrily, "Where's Amelia? Bring her to me now!" Benjamin sat beside the hospital bed and said gently, "Now, now. Calm down. Amelia suffered from injuries yesterday and is recovering in a different ward. If she did anything to anger you, I'll just tell her off on your behalf. You're not in good health and cannot get too upset."

Eleanor stared blankly into the distance for a while before her expression softened. In the end, she still ended up being concerned about her daughter's wellbeing. "Amelia was injured? How did this happen?"

"I've already asked Sean to investigate the matter, but we've yet to find out who the culprit is," explained Benjamin patiently. "Anyway, you're still ill, so don't worry about her. I think she is at fault too. So it's good for her to learn a lesson or two. Otherwise, she'd be complaining about things to you non-stop."

Eleanor leaned back and recalled every shameless word her daughter uttered in front of Amelia Winters in the ward yesterday.

The embers of anger within her that had died down flared to life again. The more she thought about this, the angrier she felt. She thought that Amelia was becoming more and more unruly, daring to even covet her sister's husband.

"I need you to bring me to her ward. I have things to say to her that I don't feel good about keeping in me. I'm also weary of lying in bed," said Eleanor insistently. Benjamin could do little else but support her in her attempt to get up. He said, "I'll just ask her to come over. Don't just move around like that. It'll make your head hurt even more."

Eleanor nodded in response.

After Benjamin coaxed her back into bed gently, he got up and walked toward the door. He then heard Eleanor ask, "Where's Lia? I have not seen her since I've been up."

Benjamin paused. Hesitantly, he responded, "She may be going back to Tayhaven today, citing things to take care of back at home. She couldn't make it here. So, she asked me to tell you that."

Eleanor was stunned and started to clamber out of bed in agitation. Because she was anxious, she stumbled and almost fell out.

Benjamin turned around and saw this. He was so startled that he nearly had a heart attack. He walked over briskly, stretched out a hand to help her up, and said, "What are you doing? You're not in full health! What if you fall down and have a concussion?"

Distressed, Eleanor simply grabbed his arm tightly and said, "What time is her flight? Where's my cell phone? I need to call her!"

Benjamin looked at her with a helpless expression, but his words contained a measured calmness. "Eleanor, calm down. She's not a child. She has her own family, in-laws, a husband, and a son to take care of. The fact that she's able to take any time off to come and see you is a miracle in itself. Even if she does have kind intentions, her in-laws won't remain silent. If you care about her, you should stop latching onto her like this."

Eleanor was stunned and looked at Benjamin blankly.

"Your attending doctor told me that he will give you a full body examination at eleven o'clock. You should try and remain calm. I'll go to the ward and bring Amelia over." Having said that, Benjamin helped Eleanor to lie down.

Eleanor stared at the ceiling with wide eyes, her heart filled with bitterness.

She said absentmindedly, "No need for that. I'm a little tired now. So just leave me be."

Benjamin looked at her with a complicated expression. He opened his mouth, meaning to say something, but decided against it and left wordlessly.

Just then, Amelia Winters and Oscar came into the ward and saw Eleanor staring at the ceiling in despair. Concerned, she knelt by the bed to ask, "Are you all right, Mom? Is something bothering you?"

Eleanor immediately turned to look at her, reeling. Her eyes then lit up as she said, "Lia?"

"Yeah, it's me," Amelia said gently. "Mom, are you feeling unwell?"



Eleanor feebly pushed herself up with both hands. Happily, she exclaimed, "Weren't you going back to Tayhaven today?"

"Yes, but I thought I'd swing by the hospital for a quick visit. Something has happened that needs our presence, unfortunately. A long-term accountant of ours has absconded with public funds. The company has lost a lot of money, and we need to go back," explained Amelia.

The news made Eleanor anxious. "An accountant ran off with funds? How much? Is it serious? How could such a thing happen?"

"Don't worry, Mom. It wasn't a big amount. Oscar merely needs to go back to put out the flames. This has made people anxious, naturally," replied Amelia. "We'll be back in a few days. You haven't recovered yet, so I'm not just going to leave you be."

Eleanor took her hand and said with a smile, "Then go back quickly."

Amelia nodded.

After leaving the hospital, Amelia and Oscar hurried to the airport and boarded the plane to Tayhaven.

Just after getting off the plane, Amelia asked, "Oscar, do you want me to accompany you to the office?"

Oscar raised his hand and stroked her cheek with a smile. "No, you can head home first. Tony hasn't seen you in a few days. I bet he misses you."

"All right. I'll head home, then. If anything happens, just let me know."

"I will."

Amelia got into the car sent over by the Clintons and the chauffeur diligently drove her home.

When Amelia left, Oscar's face sank. He got into the car and ordered, "To the office."

"Yes, sir."

When they arrived at the company, Isabella was already waiting downstairs. When she saw him, she immediately greeted him and said, "Oscar, you're back!"

Oscar merely glanced at her before striding into his exclusive elevator. Isabella followed him shyly from behind.

“Where’s my dad?”

“He’s in the conference room and asked me to wait here for you. Here’s a copy of a document that details all the money that went missing. However, the most pressing matter is that he took one of our most important project contracts. It’ll be worth a lot if a rival gets it, and the company is concerned about the losses,” said Isabella gravely.

Oscar took the document and quickly scanned through it before asking, “Have you called the police? What did the police say?”

“The police have already built a case, but the accountant was prepared. It’s like he has vanished into thin air. The police combed through his house and his hometown, but nobody has seen him since. He has two sons just about ready to start school. On top of that, his family is waiting for the man’s salary to come in, but he disappeared.” Isabella furrowed her brows. “Oscar, why don’t we have someone monitor his family?”

“Let me handle this. I’ll take this off your hands and send someone out to watch them.” The elevator had just reached its designated floor. Oscar exited first, followed by Isabella at his heels.

When he arrived at the conference room, the eyes of all the high-level executives fell on him.

Oscar walked to Owen and said solemnly, “Dad.”

“You’re here at last. Come, take a seat,” replied Owen with a nod.

Oscar sat down. Imperiously, he said, “I heard Ms. Walker mention payments and I have some kind of guess. Do any of you have good solutions?”

The senior management expressed their views, and there was a heated discussion in the conference room.

They discussed it for nearly four hours before it was over. Owen said, “Okay, that’s it for today’s meeting. We should all focus on the next project and ensure that we come up with a product before our rivals. Otherwise, our losses will be catastrophic.”

“Yes, Chairman.”

All the high-level executives left, while Oscar, Owen, and Isabella remained in the conference room.

Isabella said, "Godfather, given how Oscar has just returned, I don't think he has had anything to eat yet. Why don't we all go for a meal? It's approaching nightfall."

Oscar refused flatly. "No, I have to go back. Dad, are you going back too?"

"Let's go together then." Owen turned to look at Isabella and said, "Isabella, let's do this some other time. I'll leave with Owen."

Isabella concealed her displeasure and said, "Okay, godfather."

The three went downstairs. As Oscar sat in the car, Owen looked at Isabella kindly and said, "We'll be off now. I think you should go home too."

'Yes, godfather."

Owen got into the car and asked, "Oscar, how fares your mother-in-law?"

"Not too well. Her brain tumor is in the middle stage, and surgery is impossible. I guess she's just waiting for death at this point, but she's already hired the best surgeon in the world. So she just might have a chance." Oscar rubbed the bridge of his nose. He sounded tired.

Owen noticed the unpleasant expression on his face and said, "You should treat your mother-in-law better. Amelia has only gotten to know her recently. If something happens, I fear she won't take it well at all. That aside, you should worry about your health instead of keeping busy as well."

Oscar nodded. "I got it."

The driver first sent Oscar back home. When Oscar got out of the car, his father rolled down the window and said, "If we have nothing on tomorrow, the three of you should come over for dinner. Steph and Noah will be home as well, so it'll be nice that the whole family can sit for a meal."

Oscar nodded.

"Go on inside," Owen said, rolling up the window.

Oscar watched the car speed away before turning around and entering his neighborhood.

After he entered the apartment, Amelia came downstairs to greet him. "I bet you're hungry. Go wash your hands and we'll eat together."

"Where's Tony?" asked Oscar as he removed his tie.

"He was tired after playing with his toys, so he had his meal and went to bed," said Amelia with a grin.

Oscar kissed her on the lips and said, "I'll go up and see him. I haven't seen the kid for a few days and I missed him a great deal."

Amelia shook her head amusingly.

Oscar went upstairs to see Tony before coming downstairs to eat with Amelia.

"Oscar, how are things at the office?" Amelia asked, concerned.

"We've filed a case with the police, and I've asked Hugo to thoroughly investigate that accountant's whereabouts. His family is still in his hometown, and his two sons are so young. Maybe he is the heartless type who cares little about the mouths he has to feed, having abandoned them like this. Regardless, I will make sure to hunt him down and make him return everything he took," said Oscar indifferently.

Amelia took a bite of food and chewed on it with a pensive expression before she spoke. "Oscar, you should be extra careful. Absconding with funds, no matter the amount is a threat to the current management and its reputation. It won't end well."

"Don't worry. Clinton Corporations has been operating for so many years. If it's going to be hurt by someone making off with a little bit of money, it would have been impossible for us to have lasted in Tayhaven for this long," said Oscar confidently. In the next moment, however, he frowned, and his tone changed. "The problem is that he'd stolen the contract for a very important investment project that the company has poured a lot of money into. If a rival gets their hands on it, we'll suffer tremendous losses."

Amelia furrowed her brows, the air of malaise filling her.

"Oscar, I'm sorry."

"Silly girl, why are you apologizing to me?"

"If you hadn't gone to Saspiuburg with me, none of this would have happened," Amelia said a little dejectedly.

Oscar smirked, reached out, and wiped some sauce off the corner of Amelia's mouth. With a wry smile, he said, "What a silly girl. I don't like hearing you apologize for anything. If I hear it again, I would have to dish out some harsh punishments!"

Amelia couldn't help but smile.

She gave Oscar more food. "Here. Eat more. I'll go to the company with you tomorrow to see if there is anything I can help you with."

"Okay. When we're done with work, we'll go to the Clinton residence. Stephanie and Noah will be there for dinner too."

Amelia nodded. The pair then proceeded to have a good meal without the mention of unpleasantness.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 718

### Chapter 718 Disruption

The next day, Amelia and Oscar went to the company together. When Isabella saw this, a subtle change registered on her face. "Oscar, why is Amelia here?"

"This is her company," replied Oscar brusquely. Isabella glanced at Amelia, clearly stunned. Awkwardly, she cleared her throat. Amelia's smile was every bit decent. "Ms. Walker, I appreciate you holding the fort for us while we were away at Saspiuburg."

Isabella forced a smile, suppressing the discomfort she felt when she saw Amelia. Just then, Linda came over holding a stack of documents before she greeted, "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton."

Oscar nodded and replied, "Are all the documents I asked you to prepare ready?"

"Yes, they're all there. I also called to inform the senior management of each department to come upstairs for a meeting. Are we going to start now?" Linda's tone was brisk and business-like.

Oscar nodded.

“Amelia, go and sit in my office. We’ll have dinner together after the meeting is done.” Oscar stroked Amelia’s cheek as he said this. Turning to another secretary, he said, “I’ll leave Mrs. Clinton in your hands. Get her anything she needs. You’re not allowed to neglect her. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Mr. Clinton.”

Isabella watched this interaction coldly, looking at Amelia with a hint of contempt and disdain in her eyes. What good is this woman for but hiding behind Oscar? She’s just a useless good-for-nothing mooching off Oscar’s care and goodwill!

She really couldn’t figure out why Oscar liked this woman, nor why he was willing to do so much for her.

Secretly, she envied Amelia. She could not understand how Amelia caught Oscar’s eye. She was beautiful but certainly not the most beautiful woman of all. On top of that, her family background and personal achievements were very lackluster.

It was precisely Amelia’s lack of prestige that made Isabella look down on her.

“Oscar, let’s go. Amelia isn’t a child, she can take care of herself,” said Isabella with a smile and clenched teeth.

Oscar merely gave her an impassive look.

Amelia smiled and said, “Oscar, would you mind if I sat through the meeting?”

“You wish to attend?”

Amelia nodded.

“All right, then.”

Isabella was not happy with this. “Oscar, these are meetings reserved for members of senior management. Amelia has never worked here! I think if she attended, people might get uncomfortable.”

“The whole d\*mn company belongs to my son. Is there a problem if his mother wants to sit in? In terms of relevance, you’re the actual outsider here,” quipped Oscar ruthlessly.

Isabella paled at the sound of Oscar’s voice.

The assistant secretary standing beside him looked up at the ceiling with a smirk. They seemed to enjoy the spectacle of Isabella being put in her place.

Immediately, Amelia tried to pour oil over troubled waters. "Come now, we should go inside. We can't keep them waiting."

Oscar nodded.

This was the first time Amelia had attended a high-level meeting of Clinton Corporations, and everyone had a grim expression. As soon as she walked in, she could feel the crackling tension in the air. The executives looked at Amelia as if she was nothing, but they did not dare say anything due to Oscar's presence.

"Mr. Clinton, this is the plan I came up with last night to reduce investments to the minimum. Please take a look," said the finance manager as he promptly handed over a stack of papers. Respectfully, he said, "When that man ran off with the funds, I, as his superior, was also at fault. I'm grateful to still have my job, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar received the plans in his hand, browsed through them briefly, and said, "It's good, but I hope to reduce the risk of investment to twenty percent. I think you should go back and discuss this further. Hopefully, you can get back to me by tomorrow."

The manager of the finance department couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief, obviously thinking that Oscar was extraordinarily pleasant that day. He did not know if he had Amelia's arrival to thank for this.

He couldn't help but glance at Amelia secretly, thinking that she was beautiful and generous. He figured if he was in Oscar's shoes, he would fall for someone like her as well.

Oscar glanced at him coldly. The man instinctively shuddered and retracted his gaze.

Seeing that Oscar was open to discussing things, the other high-level executives shared their views on the theft of the project. Oscar merely listened without offering input, occasionally nodding.

Amelia listened quietly and mentally sorted out the causes and consequences. When the meeting was over, and the senior management dispersed, she said, "Oscar, I have a suggestion. Would you care to listen?"

Oscar gently stroked her head and said with a smile, "Silly girl. Do we need to be so formal with each other? Just tell me."

Amelia explained her thoughts in a clear and organized manner. Oscar listened, and his eyes could not help but brighten. He pulled Amelia into a hug and twirled her around the conference room. When they finally stopped, Oscar kissed her on the lips, hard.

This was the first time Amelia had seen Oscar so carefree, and she couldn't help but smirk.

I didn't realize he had a cute, playful side to him.

"You really are my lucky star, Amelia. With you around, the company will pull through even if it encounters a bigger crisis. I think your opinion is solid. That being said, the stolen project is nothing really. Given how the company has so many elites from top schools, they somehow still can't measure up to you. I don't know what they will make of this." Oscar gently tapped her on the nose and smiled.

Amelia smiled and thought that Oscar's words were too exaggerated. All she did was speak her mind. She had never been involved in work of this nature, so it was unlikely to be of much help. Solving this conundrum rested on Oscar alone.

"Let's go," said Amelia with a smile.

When the two left the conference room, Amelia said, "Oscar, I need to use the restroom."

Oscar nodded in response.

Amelia then entered a cubicle. When she came out, she saw Isabella touching up her makeup in front of the mirror.

Given how they were both rivals, the tension in the air was palpable.

Isabella rolled her eyes at her angrily, and said, "Well, well, well, isn't this a right f\*cking coincidence? Can you stop showing up everywhere, Amelia? I can't stand the sight of you."

Amelia walked to the mirror and smiled placidly. "Funny you should say that, Ms. Walker. This is Clinton Corporations, and Oscar has designated part of the shares to me. That makes me an owner, too. As a minority shareholder, I have every right to be here. I don't think an outsider like yourself has any reason to question this."

Isabella was furious. She glared at Amelia fiercely and retorted, "Amelia, don't get too cocky now. At the end of the day, it remains to be seen who Oscar will end up with."



There's no telling that he won't end up falling for someone else and forgetting all about you!"

Amelia looked at Isabella in the mirror, thinking she was being oddly specific. However, after giving it some thought, she wondered how someone could just forget everything. As such, she didn't put the woman's words to mind and merely washed her hands at the sink.

"Ms. Walker, you seem to be a highly educated person, so there's no need for such cryptic words. I'm honored that Oscar is favored by someone as excellent as you are, but let's be realistic. He's already married, so you'd best show some restraint." Amelia then shook off the water droplets on her hands and added, "I'll be taking my leave now."

Isabella looked at the mirror with a grim face. She hissed, "Amelia Winters, the days you can remain cocky are numbered. All I need to do is wait for the drug to take effect. If I find the right opportunity to hypnotize Oscar, he will be mine, and he will forget all about you."

She had waited for this opportunity for so long that she refused to let anything stand in her way. If her plan succeeded, she could finally win Oscar over.

Amelia naturally didn't understand what Isabella was thinking. She went back to the office and asked Oscar to hand over some documents for her to look over. Oscar did it without saying anything, and the idea that she would not understand had not crossed his mind.

Amelia was quite sincere in her task. When she saw something she did not understand, she immediately clarified things with Oscar. With the pair working together, they processed most of the documents efficiently. Oscar gave her a wolfish grin, saying, "You really are my miracle worker. You've already gone through most of my backlog! Would you like to become my senior personal assistant?"

"I was merely messing around with papers. The fact that you've not told me off for disrupting your rhythm is a miracle in itself. How could I be qualified enough to work as your assistant? You'd be staring at me and neglecting your tasks instead," retorted Amelia with a wink. "I'd rather not end up on the streets with you one day."

Oscar beckoned to Amelia. As soon as she walked over, he reached out and took her into his arms, he pressed his lips between the curve of her neck, inhaling the faint scent of her body.

"Come and be my assistant, won't you?" Oscar said in a slightly low voice.

Amelia angled her neck, feeling his warm breath tickling her. With a grin, she said, "Stop it, we're still at the office."

Oscar reached out and unbuttoned her clothes, but Amelia stopped him immediately despite the lust burning her eyes. "What are you doing?"

"We've been taking care of your mother over the last few days. It's been a long time since we did it. I want you, can I?" Oscar nibbled a trail along Amanda's neck, his voice husky.

Just as things were about to get more heated, the door to the office suddenly flew open. Oscar instinctively turned Amelia around to cover her bare chest.

He then looked coldly at the person who came in without any consent. Seeing that it was Isabella, a trace of anger flashed in his eyes. He picked up the pen holder on the desk and threw it at Isabella, hitting her squarely on the body.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 719

### Chapter 719 Stephanie Is Pregnant

Isabella saw how their bodies pressed against each other closely and immediately caught on to the situation. Her eyes reddened slightly, and a glint of resentment flashed across her gaze. It was only when she got hit by the pen holder thrown over by Oscar that she snapped back to her senses. She hung her head low to hide the growing anger and jealousy in her gaze.

"Oscar, bad news! The company owned by June from the Adertons has bought over the project documents that got stolen. June even held a press conference and announced that they were going to work on this project with full force. Once they start, we can only put the project that we've already started on hold. The money we invested will be wasted too," Isabella reported anxiously, suppressing the jealousy welling up in her.

Oscar merely shot her a cold stare and replied indifferently, "You should leave first."  
"Oscar..."

"Get out." Pursing her lip, Isabella left the office unwillingly. Amelia moved away from Oscar and glared at him. "Oscar, you were acting rashly just now. What if someone came in halfway? I'd be too ashamed to come to the company again." Oscar stood up and asked patiently, "Are you upset?"

Amelia shook her head, but her face turned slightly solemn.

“Oscar, June held the press conference and claimed the project you guys have spent days and nights working on as his own. It seems like he bribed the accountant from your company long ago. Not sure if the accountant is so driven by money that he doesn’t even care about his wife and children. I guess he’s probably a relentless man. June came prepared and seemed determined to bring down Clinton Corporations. I have no idea why he would hold such grudges against us,” said Amelia.

Oscar scoffed, “He is merely a clown putting on a show. If you hadn’t suggested that during the meeting, I would’ve held another meeting and ordered all the employees to work overtime to come up with a plan that could reduce the loss as much as possible. But now, I’d really like to see who would suffer more loss.”

Amelia replied firmly, “I trust you.”

Despite saying that, she felt that June had come fully prepared and was confident of winning the battle. June had always been a sinister man. He behaved like a gentleman in front of everyone, but she knew he was a psycho who would take all risks. In addition, June had always been at a disadvantage all this while when he was fighting against Oscar. Hence, he had probably already taken Oscar as one of his most potent enemies.

Clinton Corporations had been dominating the industry in Tayhaven. Many businessmen were afraid yet jealous of it. If June intended to gather the others for collaboration, he only needed a carrot-and-stick approach to have those enterprises jealous of Clinton Corporations join forces with him. Clinton Corporations was getting pressured by all sides. If all the enterprises were to make things difficult for Clinton Corporations, the latter would have a hard time, too. Or worse, Clinton Corporations would face its downfall if they were to make a slight mistake.

Amelia’s mind was a complete mess. She had no idea about June’s next move.

Oscar held her by the waist and chuckled. “Why? Are you worried I can’t even win against those small fries?”

“I believe in your capability. It’s just that I can’t help feeling irritated by the fact that those annoying flies are eyeing Clinton Corporations.” Amelia wrinkled her nose playfully as she said that.

Looking at her eyes, Oscar could not help but burst into laughter.

“Annoying flies? What a great description,” replied Oscar, laughing.

His laughter seemed to be infectious, and Amelia started laughing along too.

Just then, someone knocked on the door, and Oscar responded, "Come in."

Isabella pushed the door open. Holding a document, she walked over to Oscar and said, "Oscar, I stayed up all night and rushed out this proposal to deal with the current situation. Initially, I thought I wouldn't have to put it into use that soon. Little did I expect June to make such a swift move. Have a look at it. If you think it works, let's hold a press conference according to this proposal."

"It's okay. I already came up with a plan to deal with the crisis. We will change the children's theme park project we've previously invested into a children's water park that focuses on cultivating children's swimming skills and intelligence. Amelia suggested this proposal, and I think it's a good idea. Besides, we don't have many similar parks in the country. If we execute this plan, we will surely attract many parents bringing their children to our park."

Isabella shot a glance at Amelia discreetly. I will never get a chance to prove my ability if Amelia is here. And Oscar will never pay attention to me. This is so irksome! What right does she have to get Oscar's attention that easily?

"Oscar, I don't think it sounds like a good idea. I don't think people will be interested in a children's water park. Besides, the construction of the project we've invested in has already begun as scheduled. We've invested quite a significant amount of money too. Hence, we can't just change it into a water park as we please. If no one comes to the park after we build it, we'll lose a lot of money. I know you dote on Amelia because she's your lover, so you probably didn't think the proposal through rationally. It's a project worth a few hundred million, and you can't just act as you wish," Isabella advised earnestly.

Amelia merely listened to Isabella without making any comments.

Oscar glanced at Isabella. He truly disliked her self-righteous acts.

"Get out."

Isabella bit her lip and shot them a reluctant look before she turned around and left.

Oscar's straightforward act amused Amelia. "Oscar, don't you think you were too harsh to her?"

Hearing that, Oscar stroked her nose and said, "Do you want me to be nice to her then?"

Amelia raised her hand and hit him on the chest.

It seemed like Isabella had probably said something to the company's higher-ups because they were all approaching Oscar to test the water.

Oscar leaned against the chair and explained everything about the plan suggested by Amelia. "So, do you still think that this plan won't work?"

The higher-ups fell silent.

"Guys, do you think I'm a fool or do you think my wife is in no position to give her suggestion just because she wasn't involved in the company's matters previously? Just be frank with me. I promise to listen to your opinion calmly," Oscar stated in a nonchalant tone.

As soon as he said that, those who still had some comments immediately held their tongues. Oscar had always been decisive and ruthless. Besides, he had a knack for managing the company too. Under such oppression, not many of them from the management dared to go against him.

"What's wrong? Don't you have something to say?" Oscar swept his gaze over the crowd and added, "Tell me if there are any issues with the plan I mentioned just now. I hope there won't be some ignorant people spouting nonsense in front of my dad. The company has been handed over to me, so I don't want to see that kind of telltale who act as they wish."

"Mr. Clinton, I think the plan is pretty good. Since the people's living standard has improved, many are more willing to spend on their children. Once the water park is built, many parents will surely bring their kids there. But I guess we will need a detailed proposal," Jerry said. She had been promoted as the director of the sales department by Oscar three years ago. Even though she had nothing to do with this project, she was still a director. Hence, the other more experienced staff had forced her into attending the meeting.

She had a good impression of Amelia. They were getting along well since years ago. Naturally, she did not wish to see Amelia's project getting disapproved by others.

Moreover, she had to admit that Amelia was an extremely talented woman.

Oscar's expression turned less solemn. It seemed like a hint that the others were allowed to continue their speech.

It was probably because someone had taken the lead in voicing her opinion. After that, the rest praised Amelia before pointing out the proposal's shortcomings. Thus, the atmosphere in the room was not that tense.

Oscar waved his hand and said, "Since all of you have so many opinions, I'm giving you a day to prepare the proposal, and I'll accept the best one. You can all leave now."

"Okay, Mr. Clinton."

After the crowd left, Amelia finally felt a moment of silence and peace.

She wore a half-smile and said, "Oscar, it seems like many in the company don't like me. Most of them are Isabella's followers. If not because of this proposal, I can't even tell she has such high prestige in the company."

"I can't tell, either. I didn't know that all these higher-ups who get paid well are secretly getting along with a director who's merely an outsider. It seems like Isabella is more capable than I thought." Oscar narrowed his eyes into slits, his gaze turning slightly intimidating. "Amelia, what would you do if you were a part of the higher-ups?"

"If I were a part of them, I'd admire the employee with such capability, but I wouldn't like how she acted presumptuously," Amelia said honestly.

Oscar pulled her into his embrace and rested his chin on her head as he chuckled. "As expected from my wife. You have exactly the same thought as mine. I'll make her leave Clinton Corporations after some time."

Shaking her head, Amelia replied, "Oscar, if I were to put the personal grudges aside, I think she has some skills. You don't have to fire her because of me. After all, she's Mom's goddaughter. It'll be hard for us to explain to Mom if Isabella leaves."

"I don't think Mom will comment much if Isabella is the one who makes mistakes," Oscar assured confidently.

"Do you already have a plan in mind?" Amelia looked at him curiously.

Oscar lowered his head and kissed her on the forehead. "You will find out by then."

Amelia flashed him a faint smile without saying a word.

After chatting for a while, Oscar continued with his work. Soon, it was already six o'clock in the evening.

Olivia deliberately called and told them to head home earlier. Hence, Oscar packed his stuff and went downstairs with Amelia.

Just as they stepped out of the elevator, Isabella came out of another elevator coincidentally.

“Oscar, Amelia, are you heading back to the Clinton residence? Do you mind if I hitch a ride? Aunt Olivia called and said you two are going back to the Clinton residence for dinner, so she told me to follow your car back,” said Isabella, smiling. She was acting as though she was not the one who told the higher-ups to persuade Oscar to give up on the plan that Amelia thought up.

Oscar took a look at her and replied, “There is no more seat for you.”

Isabella was not triggered. Instead, she turned to look at Amelia. “Amelia, Oscar is an insensitive person. He won’t be nice to other women except for you. Do you know how embarrassing it is to get turned down by a man? You’re a woman, so I bet you wouldn’t be that cruel and reject me, right?”

Amelia laughed, pretending that she did not notice how the people around her were secretly casting their gazes upon her. “Of course, I won’t. Let’s go back together. Mom has been telling me you’re so busy with work that you haven’t visited her for a long time. She misses you too.”

“Thank you, Amelia. You’re the best.” Isabella grinned from ear to ear. She looked so cheerful, and one would find it hard to relate that to how serious she looked when she was at work.

The trio got into the car, and Oscar was the one driving. Amelia sat in the passenger seat while Isabella sat alone at the back.

“Amelia, I heard from Aunt Olivia that you wish to have another child. Since you already have Tony, do you want another princess or prince?” Isabella asked curiously.

Amelia turned to look at her. “Nothing’s set in stone yet. Everything depends on my fate when it comes to something like pregnancy. I’d like it regardless of the baby’s gender. Of course, it’d be great if I could conceive, but I can’t force it to happen.”

Isabella nodded, and a hint of viciousness flitted across her eyes.

"You're right, but I wish you could have a girl. Tony looks smart, so I guess he's ready to protect his brother or sister. Amelia, you're so lucky. Not only is Oscar faithful to you, but Tony is also a smart and adorable boy. You're truly a winner at life," said Isabella.

"You're too nice. I'm only living a simple life like any other ordinary person. There would be so many guys after you if you wish to get married." After a momentary pause, Amelia continued, "Ms. Walker, you're a loveable person only if you don't set your eyes on things that belong to others. Don't you think so too, Oscar?"

Oscar deliberately added, "It'd be even better if you don't babble that much."

The smile on Isabella's face froze when she heard that.

She pretended to be nice on purpose, yet they did not seem to care at all.

"Oscar, you're pretty funny," she replied flatly.

"I wasn't joking. It's the truth. You're too talkative today," Oscar said directly. In other words, you're really annoying today.

The smile on Isabella's face faded in an instant, and the temperature in the car seemed to have dropped below freezing point.

The three were shrouded in tension throughout the journey to the Clinton residence. Isabella immediately opened the door and got out of the car as soon as the car pulled over. "Oscar, Amelia, I'm going in first."

No one replied to her.

Fury boiled within Isabella. These two are too much!

She turned around and left with her heels clicking against the floor.

Watching Isabella's back as she left, Amelia let out a chuckle. "It seems like she isn't that good at suppressing her emotions as we've expected."

Oscar replied, "She's just too full of herself. Her tricks might work in front of ordinary people, but anyone with the ability to think would be able to see through her motives."

"It's always women like this who fool the men around, isn't it?" Amelia curled her lips into a smirk.



Oscar laughed and held her waist. "Let's go in. It's getting late. Dad and Mom must be waiting for us."

As soon as the couple entered the living room, they could hear Stephanie's unfriendly voice. "Noah Walker, I told you not to control what I eat. You're my husband, not my mom. I'm so annoyed by how you control everything I do."

Amelia turned to look at Oscar before they looked in the direction where the voice came from. They then saw Stephanie, who was wearing a red dress, glaring and pointing at Noah rudely.

Amelia frowned. She could tell Stephanie was acting more willfully than before she got married. Her temper might become worse if Noah kept spoiling her. Stephanie had always been egocentric. Even if she was the one who made mistakes, she would always find excuses to justify her actions.

Amelia said softly, "Oscar, it seems like your sister's temper is getting worse."

"As long as she catches the hint and doesn't bother you, she can act as rashly as she wishes with the Walker family. Perhaps, it might be a good thing for her to stir up trouble at the Walker residence. They're just a bunch of wicked snakes. Birds of a feather flock together. So isn't this better?" said Oscar, looking unfazed.

Amelia merely responded with a grin.

The two walked forward, and Stephanie's voice sounded again. "Well? Say something, Noah! What do you mean by staying silent?"

Noah replied gently, "Steph, it's not that I don't allow you to eat, but you're pregnant now. You can't eat whatever you want. I'll prepare a nutritious meal for your dinner if you feel like eating. Dinner will be ready in a while. You've been indulging in sour food lately, and it's not good for your stomach."

Amelia and Oscar exchanged glances, puzzled. They did not expect that Stephanie was already pregnant. That was fast, huh?

"This d\*mned pregnancy. I lose my freedom, and someone is even controlling what I eat. Noah, if you try to stop me from eating again, I'll go to the hospital immediately and get rid of the baby," Stephanie huffed in frustration.

Noah looked utterly helpless.

“Steph, what kind of nonsense are you saying? Why are you still so childish when you’re already an adult?” Olivia chided as she came downstairs with Tony in her arms.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 720

### Chapter 720 Wilful

Stephanie pouted willfully, thinking she should be treated as a priority because she was pregnant. “Mom, it’s Noah’s fault. There’s simply a child in my belly, that’s all, and he’s acting like it’s a big deal. He won’t let me do anything. If this continues, I’m going to make a trip to the hospital for an abortion.” Olivia almost blew her top when she heard that.

Amelia, on the other hand, shook her head. Seems like Stephanie has become increasingly obnoxious after her marriage. She actually had the audacity to mention aborting the baby! Amelia was confident that if Stephanie put what she said into practice, the Walker family would kill her.

Noah didn’t get married to Stephanie out of pure love; he was only nice to her because of the Clintons. The Walker family also wished she could give birth to a child as soon as possible so they could have a rightful heir to the family. Above all, Noah was the Walker family’s only son. The woman he married couldn’t necessarily be regarded as a tool for giving birth, but their seemingly perfect marriage wouldn’t be able to last long if Stephanie failed to conceive a child.

Alas, Stephanie was spoiled by Noah’s unintentional conniving. Thinking she could get away with anything, she made no effort to mind the words that came out of her mouth, having no idea that what she said had angered both Noah and Isabella. Nonetheless, the duo could only suppress their fury because the Clintons were present.

Just then, Tony’s adorable voice broke the awkward and tense atmosphere. “Mommy!”

Everyone wheeled around to look at Amelia and Oscar, finally realizing their presence.

Tony wriggled his tiny body and slid out of Olivia’s arms before running over to his mother, hugging her legs.

Amelia bent down and picked her son up. Then, she walked toward Olivia with Oscar by her side and greeted, “Mom.”

“Oh, you’re here. Let’s eat.”

Stephanie concealed the annoyance on her countenance the moment she saw Oscar. She put on a smile and fixed her hair, which wasn’t even messy, to begin with. “Oscar, when did you come back?”

“I’ve just arrived and happened to see you reprimanding your husband like a queen. I bet it’s not easy for Noah to have married someone like you,” said Oscar straightforwardly.

Stephanie’s face fell as she explained anxiously, “Oscar, please don’t misunderstand. I wasn’t reprimanding Noah. I just don’t want him to set limitations on what I can or cannot eat. Yes, I am pregnant, but I’m not a criminal. Please talk to him for me, Oscar. He’s always so nervous around me as if I were terminally ill.”

Olivia glared at her daughter out of irritation and ordered the housekeepers to bring the dishes out. Amelia questioned, “Mom, where’s Dad?”

“An old friend of his received a piece of ancient jade, and he was curious, so he went to take a look at it. He went out at noon and hasn’t been back since. When I called him, he was arguing with someone over whether the jade is authentic or not and if it was worth the price. Looks like he won’t come back if the argument doesn’t bring any results. So, let’s eat without him. Those old friends of his won’t let him go hungry, so don’t worry about him” uttered Olivia with a smile.

“Looks like Dad has gotten himself some cultured hobbies after he retired from his position. That’s good, though. At least he won’t idle away his time after retirement.” Amelia adjusted her posture of carrying Tony.

Olivia nodded in agreement.

After everyone took their seats at the dining table, Olivia had Tony sit next to him and fed him personally.

Halfway through the meal, Noah stole a glance at Oscar and said with hesitation, “Oscar, I heard from Isabella that an accountant in Clinton Corporations absconded with a large amount of money. Do you need my help? Although the Walker family isn’t as well-developed as the Clinton family over the past few years, we can still lend a hand to resolve such trivial matters.”

“No need. All you have to do is live a good life with Steph and ensure her happiness. That being said, you can’t pamper her and give her everything she wants, or she’ll take things for granted,” replied Oscar.

Stephanie stuffed a mouthful of food into her mouth before exclaiming indignantly, "How can you be on his side, Oscar? He's lucky to marry me, okay? If you don't believe me, ask him."

Noah took a piece of tissue and wiped away the bits of food on the corner of her lips before saying gently, "Slow down. No one's snatching your food." Subsequently, he turned and spoke to Oscar. "Pampering her is my choice, Oscar. I'm lucky enough that she's willing to marry me. Moreover, she's now bearing my child, so I think my life is already perfect. It's not that I'm pampering her on purpose. It's just that before she appeared, my life was plain and boring, filled with nothing but work. She changed my life for the better by bringing me so much happiness and color."

Stephanie's cheeks flushed red, but she still let out a proud snort. "It's a good thing you know that. In the future, you have to treat me nicer than you do now, or I won't bear a child for you anymore."

Noah's attitude became even more tender. "Of course, I'll treat you nicer every day."

Amelia watched their sweet interaction with a pair of apathetic eyes. If I hadn't known about Noah's true colors, I would've thought he was a man who loves his wife deeply when observing such a scene.

However, now that she knew Noah's true nature, she had to admit that he excelled at disguising himself with the demeanor of a perfect husband. All of a sudden, Amelia found herself feeling sorry for Stephanie. Would she break down when she finds out about his true colors one day?

I bet she's going to be devastated when the true love that she had firmly believed in turned out to be a bunch of fakeries.

"Amelia, why are you looking at Noah like that?" Stephanie, who was holding a fork, glowered at Amelia warily. "Noah is now my husband. You already have Oscar to yourself, so nip your wild desires in the bud, all right?"

The moment she said that, the light atmosphere was once again rendered tense.

"What nonsense are you talking about, Steph? Looks like you've become more and more undisciplined after marriage. How can you say something like that?" reproached Olivia, her expression grim.

"But Mom, she was staring at Noah. I just wanted to remind her," complained Stephanie with a pout.

Olivia could feel her rage boiling over when facing her rude daughter.

Oscar, on the other hand, merely glanced at his sister and uttered, "Steph, do you think your husband is better than me?"

Stephanie fell silent for a while before putting her fork down. She mumbled timidly, "That's not what I meant, Oscar. I just think Amelia is too outstanding, and a lot of men might uncontrollably fall in love with her. That's why I had my guard up. I'm really sorry."

Oscar's lips curled into a smile that didn't reach his eyes as he sneered. "Steph, you should learn some rules and regulations from an etiquette coach when you're free. Don't act rude and unruly like those obnoxious shrews."

Stephanie bit her lip bitterly when she heard Oscar's words.

Olivia, who was making every effort to suppress the anger that brewed within her, subconsciously gripped Tony's arm, causing the young boy to yelp in pain.

"Grandma, you're hurting me," he complained.

Olivia finally regained her senses when she heard Tony's soft voice.

She anxiously examined Tony's arm and asked, "Does it hurt? I'm sorry, honey. I didn't mean to hurt you."

Tony shook his head and consoled his grandmother, "I'm fine, Grandma."

Stephanie dared not speak recklessly anymore after noticing Olivia's wrath.

The meal quickly came to an end on an unpleasant note. Right after that, Olivia urged Noah and Stephanie to leave, "Steph, Noah, it's quite late, so you guys should get going. It's dangerous to drive late at night, after all."

"But Mom, you said it's okay for Noah and me to stay the night. How can you go back on your words?" Stephanie said, displeased.

"You're already married. It's not very suitable for married people to stay in their parents' houses."

Just as Stephanie was about to say something, Noah began, "Steph, let's go back first. If you love coming here, I can bring you here again when I'm free. You're pregnant now, so it's not healthy for you to travel back and forth."

Stephanie wanted to throw a tantrum but soon composed herself when she remembered how she had angered Olivia just now. She figured that if she misbehaved again, the chances of visiting Olivia's place would definitely decrease.

Thus, she swallowed her indignation and left with Noah.

On their way back to the Walker residence, Stephanie maintained a gloomy mien. She stormed straight upstairs right after they reached home without even greeting the others.

Carol knitted her brows and asked, "Is something wrong? You guys only went for a meal, right? What's with the attitude?"

Isabella was annoyed as she complained, "Mom, your daughter-in-law is outrageous. She has such a bad temper. During the meal, she senselessly accused Amelia of taking a liking to Noah, and she said that out loud right in front of Noah. Moreover, she also foolishly upset Aunt Olivia. I don't know what's going on in her mind. Did she even think before she speaks?"

Carol's countenance darkened as she said, "Noah, you should keep Steph in check. She's getting more and more temperamental by the day. You didn't marry her for us Walkers to treat her like a princess."

Noah's eyes narrowed as a dangerous glint flashed across his pupils.

"Mom, she's still pregnant, so please bear with her. Also, don't forget she has the Clintons as her backing. We still need the Clintons' help to further strengthen our family."

Carol stopped saying anything, silently agreeing with her son's point of view that their company still needed support from the Clintons. Otherwise, no one would be willing to marry a defiant woman.

"Mom, you should go and get some rest."

Carol nodded and sighed before heading upstairs.

Isabella crossed her arms and looked at her brother as she said with contempt, "Noah, since when have you become a coward? Look at you! You've pampered Stephanie into an unruly shrew who rebukes you however she wanted without giving a hoot about your dignity. Even I think you're timid and useless."

"Shut up."

"Yeah, I'll shut up, but look at what a weakling you are right now! You can't even keep a woman under control. How can we leave the Walker family's huge business in your hands when you can't even do that? As your sister, I feel sorry for you."

"Isabella Walker, if you dare spout nonsense, I don't mind letting you find out if I'm truly a weakling or not," threatened Noah.

"I'm the only person you could yell at right now, huh? If you're so capable, why don't you teach your wife a lesson and make her listen to you? If you succeed in doing so, I'll submit to you and trust your ability."

Noah's joints cracked as he clenched his fists forcefully.

"What's wrong? Did I hit the nail on the head? Do you feel like punching me in the face?"

Noah shot his sister a meaningful glare before turning to stride upstairs.

As soon as he entered the room, a pillow came flying right at him. He didn't manage to dodge in time, and the pillow hit him squarely on the face.

Noah grabbed the pillow and could feel his wrath swirling within him like a tornado.

"Get out of here, Noah Walker!" yelled Stephanie angrily.

Instead of walking away, Noah marched forward with the pillow in his grip. He then sat down by the bed and pinched Stephanie's face. Even though he was still wearing his usual smile, the dangerous glint in his eyes could not be ignored.

"Calm down, Steph. You'll affect the baby." He tightened his grasp on her face, causing her to groan in pain.

She was the kind of person to pick on those who were weaker than her but feared those who exuded dominance over her.

"Noah Walker, do you not love me anymore? All you care about is the child in my belly, right?" she asked meekly.

Noah chuckled and reverted to the perfect husband image that he portrayed before others.

"Silly girl. I'm nervous because you're bearing our child. This child is the first fruit of our union, so of course I care."

The look of fright on Stephanie's face finally eased after hearing that.

"Are you mad because I complained about you to my mother just now?" she questioned.

He continued wearing a gentle smile. "No. Why would I be mad at you? You're my precious wife. I cherish you more than anything in the world."

Stephanie was delighted to hear his sweet words of affection. Alas, little did she know that the man's loving demeanor would soon be proven to be fake.