

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 841 - 850

Chapter 841 Caught Badmouthing

Amelia and Oscar went to James to get a medical check-up. Once the results were out, Amelia asked hurriedly, "James, is there anything wrong with Oscar?"

With the report in his hand, James replied smilingly, "Amelia, don't worry. There's no problem with Oscar. He is well and fit, but you're the one who has a weak body due to lack of sleep. Don't push yourself too hard when you're taking care of Tony. You have to rest well. Otherwise, when Tony recovers, it'll be your turn to fall ill."

Frowning, Amelia asked once more, "James, is there really nothing wrong with Oscar? For example, is there any residue left in his body? Or anything abnormal?"

James looked at her in confusion, unable to figure out what she meant. "Amelia, what do you mean? Residue in his body? Be more specific," he responded, feeling strange.

Amelia forced a smile. "It's nothing. I was just too worried about Tony, so I was concerned about Oscar as well. Both of them are the most important people to me."

James nodded in understanding.

Despite that, he still advised, "Amelia, don't worry too much. There is no major problem with Tony. He can be discharged from the hospital in just a day or two, and Oscar is as healthy as a horse. Even when I become sick, he won't. I can guarantee that."

She squeezed out another smile. "I'll be at ease then."

After a pause, she added, "James, you can tell Oscar truthfully about his medical report, but don't tell him that I've come to see you. He'll worry about me and overthink it."

James gave her an "okay" gesture, signifying that he understood why she would want him to do that.

As soon as Amelia came out, she saw Isabella walking toward her. Stopping in her tracks, Amelia said graciously, "Ms. Walker, what brings you here to the hospital director's office?"

Isabella cocked her eyebrow and smiled. "I heard Oscar say that you were worried about his health and asked him to come for a check-up. I'm concerned, so I've come to have a look."

Amelia's countenance turned cold slightly as she sized Isabella up surreptitiously, but she was all smiles on the outside. "Ms. Walker, this is a matter between me and my husband. I don't think an outsider like you should intervene in this."

Wearing a smug smile, Isabella quipped, "Are you sure, Amelia? Since Oscar has told me about the medical examination, do you think Oscar and I are just ordinary friends?"

After lowering her gaze to hide the emotional fluctuations in her eyes, Amelia raised her head again and lifted the corner of her mouth. "Ms. Walker, you can't drive a wedge between Oscar and me with just a few words. I have things to attend to. I'll be leaving first."

She then nodded at Isabella out of courtesy before walking away.

Upon seeing Amelia leaving in a hurry as though she couldn't wait to flee, Isabella sneered, "Amelia, I'll let you be complacent for a couple more days. Once Oscar is cold toward you, we shall see how long you can put up that tough front."

By the time Amelia got back to the ward, Tony was already awake. "Mommy," he called in a sweet voice, dispersing all the negative emotions within his mother.

"Tony, you're awake. I've prepared some food for you. Do you want to eat first?" Amelia asked.

Leaning in her embrace, Tony nodded obediently and even comforted her, "Mommy, I'm fine. You don't have to worry too much. I'm a brave boy. Those people threatened me, and I didn't cry when they gave me an injection. I'll protect you after I get well, so don't cry, okay?"

Amelia almost broke down in tears upon hearing that.

Holding back her tears, she stroked Tony's hair and replied, "Good boy, Tony. I'll wait for you to protect me, so you must be all well. Otherwise, I'm going to be really sad. Do you understand?"

"Yeah."

The mother-son duo was having a warm interaction. Jolin, who had been looking at them from the side, sensibly went out of the room. As she stood in the corridor and looked down, she saw Isabella calling out to Oscar, who was on the third floor. Her gaze darkening, Jolin quickly ran to the staircase to block Isabella.

Isabella shot daggers at her and questioned, "What are you doing?"

Jolin scoffed disdainfully. "Ms. Walker, you shouldn't be so shameless. Even though we can't find what's inside Boss' body, God is watching you as you make every move. The truth will reveal itself. Watch out for yourself."

"Jolin, remember, you're just a bodyguard. Know your place." Isabella snorted.

Jolin raised her chin in defiance. "Yes, I'm a bodyguard, but I only obey Boss and Mrs. Clinton. As for you, I couldn't care less about you. Who are you to judge my profession?"

"You..." Isabella was enraged for a moment before she chuckled out loud. "Jolin, you are just a hired bodyguard. I don't think you have the right to intervene in your employer's relationships."

Jolin was rendered speechless.

"Move aside. Know where you stand." After bumping Jolin out of the way, Isabella took the elevator to head upstairs.

Jolin stared at her with a gloomy expression before turning on her heel and going upstairs as well.

Just as she arrived at the ward, she saw there were people inside, so she didn't enter the room.

"Tony, how are you? You suffered a convulsion the day before yesterday. You really scared me and your mommy," uttered Tiffany as she sat on the side of the bed, stroking Tony's head.

Tony blinked his big eyes with a piece of fruit in his mouth, looking adorable.

"Tiffy, I'll protect myself in the future and won't let you and Mommy worry about me," he promised in a low voice.

Those words melted Tiffany's heart.

"You're such a good boy, Tony. As long as you're safe and sound, your mommy and I will be glad," she cooed.

After chatting a while longer, Tiffany asked, "Where is Oscar? I've been here for about half an hour, but I still haven't seen him."

A subtle glint flashed across Amelia's eyes. Pretending as though nothing had happened, she answered, "His sister has given birth to a baby boy. I asked him to go up and have a look. No matter what, we should abide by social etiquette."

Tiffany pouted, not saying anything in response.

Just then, a knock sounded from the door, and Jolin's voice came. "Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Hisson is here."

Hearing Derrick's name, Amelia eyed Tiffany. The latter shrugged and pretended to be unfazed as she remarked, "He's here to see you. I have no right to drive him away."

Amelia then asked Jolin to invite the visitors inside.

Derrick came in with a fruit basket. Just when Amelia and Tiffany thought he came alone, Kate and Crystal followed inside.

Subconsciously, Amelia took a quick look at Tiffany, only to see that the latter was calm with no peculiar response.

Before Derrick could exchange a few words with Tiffany, he was shocked by his mother's and Crystal's appearance. "Mom, are you two stalking me?" he questioned impatiently.

Kate shot him a look. "Derrick, what are you talking about? I'm here to visit the kid with my future daughter-in-law. Why? Do I have to report to you whom I want to visit?"

Derrick stared at Kate intently and kept mum.

Putting the fruit basket on the table, Kate inquired in a kind tone, "Kiddo, are you all right? I was worried when I heard you were kidnapped and hurt, so I purposely came with Ms. Halliwell to see you."

Knowing that Kate was just feigning affability, Tony was not enthusiastic at all. "Thank you, Mrs. Hisson."

Kate raised her hand to stroke his hair and praised, "Good boy!"

Amelia chimed in, "Old Mrs. Hisson, Ms. Halliwell, please have a seat."

Kate brought Crystal over to sit on the couch, shooting a discreet glance at Tiffany. "Amelia, Crystal's belly is going to get bigger, so we plan to let them get married in two months. You and Oscar must come to the ceremony."

Amelia's countenance stiffened while Tiffany merely sat at the bedside quietly, as though she wished everyone could ignore her existence.

Derrick glanced at Tiffany before uttering in a deep voice, "Mom, I told you I won't marry Crystal. Please stop your wishful thinking."

Unruffled, Kate smiled. "Derrick, Crystal is pregnant for about three months, and you're the father. You don't want to admit it? That person hired someone to run over Crystal with a car and failed to cause Crystal to have a miscarriage. Just give up and marry Crystal. You and that person will never get to be together."

Derrick clenched his fists tightly in exasperation and rose to his feet all of a sudden. "Mom, you're unbelievable."

He originally wanted to take this opportunity to have a peaceful conversation with Tiffany, but his plan was disrupted by his mother. She simply doesn't want me to have a good life, does she?

Even though he was furious, he couldn't do anything to his mother. Besides, he knew that letting his mother and Crystal stay in the ward would make Tiffany feel repulsed.

"Amelia, I still have some unfinished work, so I will go back first. I'll pay Tony a visit another day." As he spoke, he looked at Tiffany, but she paid no heed to him. He felt dejected, but it was all caused by himself, and he couldn't blame it on others. After a pause, he faced Tiffany and said affectionately, "Tiff, take care of yourself. I'll leave first."

With that, Derrick left right away.

Tiffany was moved for a moment when she heard his words, and she raised her head unthinkingly, but all she saw was his retreating figure.

Before she could say anything, Kate said, "Amelia, Crystal and I are leaving too. You need to attend her wedding with Derrick."

After bidding farewell, Kate and Crystal departed in a hurry, just like the way they came.

The room immediately became quiet, but the appearance of Crystal and Kate still wrecked Amelia's and Tiffany's moods.

"Tiff, are you okay?" asked Amelia with concern.

Tiffany raised her gaze and blinked at her friend. "Of course, I'm fine. Disgusting people say disgusting things, and I'll just turn a deaf ear to them."

Amelia knew that Tiffany was not as calm as she claimed, or else Tiffany would not have raised her hand on her lap and grabbed the sheet tightly.

"It's good that you don't take it to heart." Amelia changed the topic. "James said Tony's body is good. His condition is not particularly serious, so he can be discharged in two days. You should come and celebrate with us that day."

Nodding, Tiffany reached out and pinched Tony's cheek gently with a grin. "Of course, I have to join the fun when Tony is discharged. I'm his godmother after all."

"Tiffy, I want that limited edition Ultraman toy. There are only fifty sets worldwide, and now there are only two sets left. Can you buy it for me?" asked Tony innocently as he broke free from her hand.

Acting as though she was angry, Tiffany widened her eyes in shock. "You cheeky child, you're actually waiting to trick me, aren't you? That limited edition toy is very expensive. I'm now earning money alone to support myself, so I'm poor. You should have asked your dad, that tycoon, to buy it for you."

"Tiffy," Tony called with a sweet voice.

"Okay, okay. I'll buy it for you this time, like a tycoon."

"Thank you, Tiffy. I like you the most."

Tiffany stayed with Tony in the ward for a few hours. Apart from Derrick's family, no one came to visit him, not even Olivia, who always said that she loved Tony the most. Meanwhile, Amelia's husband, Oscar, was nowhere to be found.

Looking at the deserted ward, Tiffany asked worriedly, "Amelia, are you having any conflict with Oscar?"

Amelia was taking a cup to pour some water, and when she heard Tiffany's question, her hand paused in mid-air as she turned around to look at Tiffany with a smile. "Tiff, why did you ask that?"

"I've been in the ward for so long, but no one from the Clinton family came. Tony is the eldest grandson of the Clinton family, yet none of the Clintons came to visit him."

After keeping silent momentarily, Amelia replied, "Stephanie just gave birth to a child. It's still a little difficult for her to get out of bed now. It's understandable that my mother-in-law is still there taking care of her. Besides, Tony has me by his side. There is no need for so many people to come."

Tiffany was so mad that she scoffed out loud.

"Babe, I'm not a fool. I usually see them doting on Tony, but now none of them came. I think they are deliberately making you and your son feel bad. The Clinton family is a bunch of weirdos. When they're in a good mood, they'll do anything for Tony, and now that their daughter has a child, they forget about their grandson," Tiffany jeered.

She shouldn't have cared about these things, but the Clinton family's behaviors were just heartless. Even Oscar is not around, which makes me more vexed.

The moment Oscar pushed the door open and stepped inside, Tiffany's criticism of his family reached his ears, and a trace of displeasure flashed in his eyes.

Wearing a smile that didn't reach his eyes, he walked over and asked, "Tiffany, are you not happy with my family?"

Tiffany felt somewhat awkward after getting caught for badmouthing his family.

Acting all dumb, she asked, "Am I? Mr. Clinton, I think you must have heard me wrong."

Oscar shot her a meaningful look, then strode over to Amelia and kissed her on the lips. "Sorry for the wait. Tony can be discharged from the hospital in the afternoon."

Amelia exclaimed, "So soon? Didn't he say we need to wait for two days?"

"Tony is fit, so he can go back earlier. I went home just now, so I came late." Oscar didn't tell Amelia and Tony earlier because he wanted to give them a surprise. He wanted to make his wife and son happy and get rid of the foul mood that had been haunting them for the past few days.

"I'll pack up, then visit your sister and let your parents know about it so that they won't be worried."

"Sure. Let me pack the things for you two. You shall chat with Tiffany. Otherwise, someone might speak ill of me and say I'm not a good husband."

Hearing that, Tiffany couldn't help but blush.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 842

Chapter 842 Stalking

Before Tony left the hospital, Amelia and Oscar went to visit Stephanie. This time, Stephanie had undergone a C-section. Despite that, her condition was rather bad; it was as if the procedure had almost killed her.

Olivia fed her water before asking in concern, "Amelia, how is Tony? Stephanie has been feeling ill recently, so I couldn't find the time to visit Tony. I miss him a lot."

Amelia said, "Mom, Tony's mostly recovered by now. Even the doctor said that he can leave the hospital in a bit. I've come to visit Stephanie, but it seems like you're taking great care of her, so I'm relieved. I'll take Tony home first. Once Tony isn't as traumatized anymore, Oscar and I will go to the Walker residence to pay her a visit."

However, Olivia waved her hand and said, "There's no need for such trouble. You just need to take care of my darling grandson; you don't need to take care of Stephanie. since her mother-in-law and I are taking care of her. Moreover, we have good nurses here too. Hurry and bring Tony home. If Tony asks about me, tell him that it's not because I don't love him anymore, but because his aunt needs someone to take care of her. You can't let him think that I don't love him anymore."

Amelia nodded. "Got it, Mom."

After a while more of conversing, Amelia and Oscar came back out. It was then they bumped into Isabella, who seemed to be everywhere. Amelia could not help but wonder if the encounter was genuinely a coincidence or if Isabella had planned it out.

With a smile, Isabella walked over and uttered, "Oscar, I heard from the doctor that Tony's about to leave the hospital. Is that true?"

Oscar glanced at her and replied, "He'll be out in a moment."

Isabella nodded. "Stay safe on the road. I'll come and visit Tony another day. You'll welcome me, right?"

Oscar frowned, but there was a voice in his head that urged him to agree to it, and so he did.

He nodded and answered, "Yes."

The smile on Isabella's face turned sweeter. She then intentionally turned to Amelia before she said, "Thank you, Oscar. I'll go in to visit Stephanie first, so goodbye."

Oscar moved aside to let Isabella through. Right as Isabella reached the doorway, she suddenly turned around and took out an amulet from her bag. "Oscar, this is an amulet I've gotten from a shrine. Please take it."

Oscar met Isabella's expectant gaze, then he turned to glance at Amelia, who had a complicated look on her face. A cold glint flashed past his eyes. He said, "Isabella, I hate women who go over the line to please others. There's a limit to how shameless you can be, so stop making me hate you even more."

Hearing that, Isabella froze. At the same time, she stared at Oscar in disbelief, for she could see the contempt he had for her in his eyes.

Bernard had told her that his hypnosis was very effective. Even though they had not reached their goal yet, one or two more times of hypnosis would change Oscar's memories. By then, he would think Isabella was his lover and Amelia his arch-nemesis.

However, Isabella had seen his abhorrence for her in Oscar's eyes. She could not help but wonder if something had gone wrong or if Bernard's hypnosis was not as effective as he said it was.

Isabella panicked. She had been trying so hard all this time, and she would never accept an outcome like this.

Hence, she played the fool and asked, "Oscar, what do you mean?"

Oscar scoffed. In the next second, he wrapped his arm around Amelia and left, not even caring that he was embarrassing Isabella.

Isabella stood rooted to her spot as she glared at Amelia who was in Oscar's arms as they walked away. Then, she walked in the opposite direction, her heels clicking under her.

Once she took the elevator and left the hospital, she went into her car and called Bernard. "Professor Zabinski, didn't you say that Oscar won't give me the cold shoulder after your hypnosis? He just gave me a scathing look. Has your hypnosis lost its effect, or was it useless from the start?"

Bernard leisurely answered, "Calm down, Isabella. Good things take time. If things were to go perfectly well, what surprise would you get in the end? I asked you to bring him over as soon as possible, but I've yet to see the two of you until now. If you don't want to continue with the experiment, I'll get someone else to do it. I don't have that much time to waste on you."

Isabella took in a deep breath to summon her patience. "Professor Zabinski, we agreed back then that I'll be the one to provide the huge fund and you'll be the one to help me win his heart back. You can't go back on your words, or else I'll have to take back my money."

The man on the other end of the line fell silent for a moment. "All right. I was only joking with you just now. He's my tenth test subject and also the one I'm most satisfied with. I'd like to see how strong his willpower can be, so hurry up and bring him to me. Over time, the memories I've swapped will slowly revert back to the original. If that happens, you can't say that I didn't try to help you."

"I got it. I'll try my best. Goodbye." After ending the call, Isabella leaned back in her seat in frustration. As she stared at her angry reflection, she snarled, "Darn old man, you've scammed so much of my money, and now you're trying to go back on your word? If I don't get Oscar, I'm going to burn down your psychiatric clinic and destroy all of your hard work. Let's see who's the more ruthless one!"

After that, Isabella drove off, but she never noticed that there was a car behind her.

"Did you catch what she said?" one of the person in that car said.

The other replied, "I'm not sure. I only heard something along the lines of 'Professor Zabinski.' The other things she said were unclear. It seems like the person Isabella has called is someone powerful. He must have activated some kind of disruptive magnetic field nearby, so I can't figure out where he is located exactly."

"Then let's find out where this woman is going first before calling Jolin," the first speaker said.

"Sonny, say, will a woman like her have the capability to do something to Mr. Clinton? That's not quite possible, right? Mr. Clinton seems invincible and omnipotent. He has so many people working for him, so how can a weak woman like her set him up? I just can't believe it."

"Why are you spitting out so much nonsense? Just keep following her."

"Actually, why don't we just end her life?"

Nevertheless, the first speaker rolled his eyes at the last speaker, who then promptly clamped his mouth shut.

Alas, Isabella simply drove in random directions before returning—she went nowhere suspicious at all. The two men who were following her found the task boring, and they soon informed Jolin about their observation.

Jolin asked, "Are you sure that she was driving in random directions before coming back?"

"Jolin, you can be doubtful about everything, but you can't ever doubt our capability. We all come from the same place, so don't think so highly of yourself while looking down on us," one of them grimly said.

Jolin furrowed her brows and solemnly apologized, "Sorry, that wasn't what I meant. We're all working for Mr. Clinton, and we're doing it so that Mr. Clinton can have a better life. So I'll have to trouble you to keep an eye on her for a few more days. You can leave if there's really nothing wrong with her. Also, don't tell Mr. Clinton about this. I don't want him to think that I'm crossing the line by doing this."

"I understand. Don't worry. If there's nothing else, I'll end the call now."

After the call ended, Jolin frowned at her phone. Her instincts told her that she had not been suspicious of Isabella for no reason, but if Isabella did nothing, she would not be able to tell Amelia about the alarm bells that were ringing in her head. Jolin thought that if she could gather some evidence and tell Amelia about Isabella, Amelia would then be able to have Oscar be warier about Isabella.

As Jolin tightened her grip on the phone, she swore to herself that she was going to make Isabella show her true colors as soon as possible.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 843

Chapter 843 Surprise

When Amelia returned home with Tony, balloons written with words were floating everywhere in the room. When combined together, the words on the balloons read: Honey and Tony, I love you, and I'll love you forever and always. You two are my everything.

In the next moment, everybody came running out of the room and popped the party poppers on them. Oscar, who had headed upstairs ahead of them, pushed a kitchen cart out with a cake on it and came to a halt before Amelia and Tony.

He looked toward Amelia with a loving demeanor. "Today is the day Tony is discharged from the hospital and the day of his rebirth. I prepared a cake to celebrate that the bad luck haunting him is no more. I hope Tony will live his life healthily and prosperously from this point onward, and this is the only wish I have for him as his father."

Amelia gazed up a little, and her eyes turned misty. "Oscar, when did you prepare all these?"

"That's a secret I can't tell you." Oscar bent down to retrieve a bouquet consisting of nine red roses. "This is for my wife I hold dearest. I hope that she'd like it."

Staring at the fiery red roses, Amelia smiled through her tears, for he would easily melt her heart whenever he got all romantic.

She took the bouquet of roses from him and smiled. "It's an ordinary move, but what can I say? Women just love flowers, so I very much like it." Amelia counted the roses and smiled again. "Oh? Nine roses? Oscar, are you trying to tell me that you will love me forever?"

"No. Just one life is not enough. My endless love for you will last eternally," he replied.

"So cheesy!" Amelia purred, "But I like it."

An eternal, endless love? I like it.

Amelia carried Tony up and put him closer to Oscar. "Tony, your daddy put in a lot of effort in preparing all this for you. Shouldn't you give him something in return?"

Tony stared at Oscar with a pair of bright eyes before bursting into laughter and saying, "Daddy."

Oscar's pupils shrank, and his eyes widened when he heard that. Joy filled his eyes, and he was overwhelmed with happiness. Ecstatic, he quickly took Tony from Amelia, hugged him tightly, and kissed him repeatedly on his cheeks. "Good boy, what did you just call me? Can you say that again? I'd love to hear it again."

"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy..." Tony obediently said that again and again.

This was the first time Tony was willing to address Oscar as "Daddy" ever since he returned.

Oscar was over the moon. In fact, the excitement he felt was far greater than when he acquired a project worth hundreds of million. He never realized that his son calling him "Daddy" affectionately would make him so happy. At that moment, Oscar felt proud and contented because of the fact that he had a son.

He felt that his life was complete now that he had a wife and a son by his side.

At the side, Amelia looked at them with a smile on her face. She, too, felt warm and contented. As for Isabella's attempt to sow discord among them, it was completely ignored by Amelia.

Once the father and son were done showing affection for each other, Oscar said, "Let's enjoy the cake first, shall we?"

Tony wrapped his arms around his father's neck and responded sweetly, "Daddy, I want an Ultraman toy as a gift. Can you buy one for me?"

"Okay. I promise you that it will be on the headboard of your bed when you wake up tomorrow." Oscar happily obliged and nodded.

Tony sensibly gave Oscar another kiss on his cheek again in response. "It's good to have a daddy! I'll tell my friends that my daddy is a hero once I'm back at school!"

Oscar felt even prouder now. After accepting his father from the bottom of his heart, Tony was much more affectionate to his father now by addressing the latter as "Daddy" instead of "Big Meanie."

Oscar then carried Tony in his arms to have Tony cut the cake while Jolin and the others followed behind them. Just as the atmosphere was harmonious and lovely, the doorbell rang.

Oscar couldn't help but frown at the ringing doorbell. Seeing that, Jolin hurriedly said, "Boss, I'll get rid of them."

Amelia, however, shook her head. "Jolin, since they're here, they're considered our guests. Let them in."

"Understood, Mrs. Clinton." Jolin went to answer the door. Surprisingly, it was Carter and Jennifer standing outside.

Jolin glanced at Hugo, who was tasked to keep an eye on Carter and Jennifer, before she stood sideways and made way for the two.

"Carter, you're here. Come and have a piece of cake." Amelia welcomed them after glancing at the pair.

Carter walked up to her. Suddenly, he bowed at Amelia and Oscar solemnly. "Amelia, I would like to apologize to you on behalf of Jennifer."

"Did she do something wrong and offend me?" Amelia feigned ignorance.

Carter was taken aback by her words, and he said, "I know both Mr. Clinton and you think that Tony's abduction is masterminded by Jennifer, but I believe that this has nothing to do with her. Could you please forgive her? She just wanted to ask everyone out to have fun. She definitely didn't expect that would happen."

Amelia regarded him with a half-smile. "Did I ever say the kidnapping is Ms. Larson's doing?"

Carter stared at her quietly. He felt rather annoyed, as he never thought that Amelia would speak to him that way.

Amelia said, "Anyway, since you're here, why don't you sit down and have a piece of cake? Oscar prepared this specifically for Tony. After all, Tony has just experienced a scary incident."

Carter's gaze darkened, and he nodded. "Okay. It's been a while since I had cake."

Amelia invited them to have a seat at the table, gave them each a slice of cake respectively, and said, "Try it. I hope you like the cake."

Carter took a bite and found that the cake was neither too sweet nor too bland.

"Not bad," he said.

Amelia shifted her gaze toward Jennifer, who remained silent all the while, and said, "Ms. Larson, do you not like the cake?"

Snapping out of her brief trance, Jennifer raised her head. Her mouth twitched after her eyes met Amelia's calm and indifferent gaze. "No, it's not that. The cake's delicious."

"Good. Here, have some more." Amelia immediately gave her another slice of cake without showing any changes in her emotions.

Jennifer stole a glance at Amelia in response. She couldn't tell what exactly the husband and wife were thinking in their minds.

In the meantime, Oscar, who had remained silent all the while, spoke up. "Ms. Larson, I heard that your mother went to an overseas rehabilitation center, right? I also learned that the environment and facilities there were decent. What do you say if I think of a way to have your parents return to the country?"

Jennifer froze, and her eyes widened. She clenched the little spoon in her hand tightly and replied, "Oscar, what do you want? I didn't do anything to Tony. Don't you dare lay a finger on my mother, or I'll come at you no matter what it costs."

Oscar glared at her with a piercing gaze and radiated a powerful presence, which made Jennifer's heart skip a beat. She feared that Oscar would do something horrible to her mother, who was now overseas. Jennifer might have planned to do something to Tony, but June had used her. Before she could even react, June had already executed the plan in advance, leaving her to face Oscar's wrath alone.

Jennifer let out a sigh, and with a softened tone, she said, "Mr. Clinton, I can explain myself. I honestly have nothing to do with Tony's abduction. My parents are now overseas because you gave them no choice, and I'm the only support the Larson family has now. I resent your merciless actions, but I'm not cold-blooded enough to harm a child. It is unjustified for you to take such extreme moves against me."

Oscar's lips curled into a smile. A contemptuous look flashed across his eyes.

“Ms. Larson, the truth will reveal itself eventually if you have indeed done something unspeakable. I specifically had my men look into your past two days ago. I honestly wouldn’t know that you and June were such a lovely couple if I didn’t look into you. I reckon that Mr. Scott would be very interested in what I found.” Oscar paused for a few seconds before he continued, “You and June showed up in Centennial Light more than dozens of times. You two appeared to be very intimate, and you both even stayed in Hotel Van Hutton together for five days and four nights. Aside from having your meal outside, you stayed in the room the entire day. Do you want me to continue? Fine. When you accepted Mr. Scott’s proposal, you spent the night with June for a very long time before you left in a car. Hmmm. I suppose you live a very interesting nightlife, don’t you? You’re very bold to cheat on someone else so openly.”

Jennifer’s face turned ashen after she heard Oscar’s words. Embarrassed by the truth revealed by Oscar, Jennifer averted her eyes from Carter. She knew that Oscar was retaliating against her. Whether or not she was part of the abduction, she was the one that had invited them for a trip. Additionally, she appeared to have a close relationship with June. Since they appeared to be close with each other, it did not matter whether she was truly intimate with June. In any case, Oscar would still think that she was one of the culprits behind Tony’s abduction.

Oscar was truly exceptional among the younger generations of the Clintons. He knew where to strike and how to deal a mighty blow. Knowing that she still cared for Carter, Oscar exploited her weak spot and pulverized Carter’s hope for her.

It turned out that this man was viciously fierce.

Thousands of thoughts raced through Jennifer’s mind. She sprang up from her seat and said, “Please excuse me. I have something I need to attend to. You guys have fun.”

However, Oscar’s voice which resembled that of a demon rang out before Jennifer could even take a step. “Ms. Larson, keep an eye on your mother. Since you accused me of harming your mother, I might as well make it a fact so that you won’t be able to accuse me of something I haven’t done. Don’t you agree?”

Jennifer stopped in her tracks. Her eyes gleamed, and her hands balled into fists.

At the side, Carter reached out to hold her hand and shielded her as he said, “Mr. Clinton, Jennifer is now my woman. If you have a grudge against her, you can direct your anger at me. There’s no need to corner a lady like that. This is not what a gentleman would do. Don’t you think?”

Oscar shrugged in response as he looked at Carter. Their eyes met briefly, and it seemed as if sparks began to ignite when their eyes met.

A smile crept over Oscar's lips. "Mr. Scott, are you going to cover up for her?"

"I'm not. I'm just doing what a man would do. I'm her boyfriend, so, of course, I have to protect her from any form of harm."

Meanwhile, a complicated emotion flickered across Jennifer's eyes as she heard Carter's statement.

Oscar clapped and smiled in response. "Very well. You're a man, and I'll give you that. Anyway, I think I should get myself occupied by toying with a couple of companies. I guess some people actually assume that the heir to Clinton Corporations is weak and useless, and that's why those people have the guts to bully his son."

Carter merely pursed his lips and looked toward Amelia instinctively.

Yet, Amelia did not even spare a glance at him. She said, "Oscar, Tony is still around. If you want to talk business, do it somewhere else. Don't frighten Tony."

Oscar's malicious aura dissipated when he heard Amelia. The hostile intent in his eyes slowly dissipated, and he looked at Tony gently. "Tony, you're a big boy now, so I'm going to ask you this. Are you interested in following me to the company to check it out? I want to make you the heir of the company and train you to become an independent person who can easily overcome your problems in the future. Remember, we should not cross the line and offend anyone for no reason. However, if someone offends us, we should never let them off the hook. We will strike them down and never grant them the chance to rise again! Understood?"

In fact, whatever he said to Tony was actually directed at Carter and Jennifer. He wanted to warn them. He needed them to understand that no one was to lay a finger on the son of Oscar Clinton.

Carter gripped Jennifer's hand tightly and turned toward Amelia. "Amelia, Jennifer and I will be taking our leave now. I'll find a good place and treat you and your family to a delicious meal after we cool ourselves down a little. I would like to apologize on behalf of Jennifer personally. However, I don't think Jennifer would commit such an atrocious act, and I certainly don't wish to see her taking the blame for something she didn't do."

With that said, Carter left without looking back while holding Jennifer's hand in his.

Despite that, the wonderful atmosphere was no more. It was pulverized by the appearance of both Carter and Jennifer.

Amelia wiped Tony's mouth clean and said, "Oscar, are you going to do what you said to Jennifer?"

"Why? Do you think she's innocent?" Oscar concealed the wrath in his eyes and answered with another question.

Amelia shook her head in response. "No. It's fine if you want to make a move against Larson Group, but please don't harm the elderly. Show some mercy for Tony's sake."

"Very well. I promise I won't harm Jennifer's parents. However, don't blame me for showing no mercy if they are thoughtless and get themselves involved in the mess." Oscar narrowed his eyes.

"I won't interfere in your business affairs." Amelia wiped Tony's lips clean before reaching her hand toward the glass of wine on the table. With the glass of wine in her hand, she gave the loyal and obedient bodyguards a toast. "Ladies and gentlemen, Tony is rescued thanks to your valiant efforts, so here's a toast for you. I'm very grateful that Oscar made you into who you are today. You're all excellent bodyguards. I'll leave Oscar's and Tony's safety to you from now onward. Oscar may appear undefeatable, but he's just a man himself. He, too, will have the moment where he would be struck down, so I hope you all can do me a favor and back him up. Cheers!"

Jolin and the others were taken by surprise. They hurriedly raised their glasses and profusely told Amelia not to be so polite and humble with them. In the end, the happy atmosphere erupted when one of the gutsy ones shouted, "Boss, you should kiss Mrs. Clinton now! Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!"

As one of them shouted, the rest chimed in and urged the pair to kiss each other.

Oscar got up to his feet. He satisfied everyone's wish by wrapping his arm around Amelia and plastering his lips against hers. He gave Amelia a fiery and feisty kiss that eventually heated the mood even more. A round of applause was heard, and the atmosphere was elevated as everyone became excited. The foul mood caused by the appearance of Carter and Jennifer was no more.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 844

Chapter 844 Photos Taken Again

After leaving the residence, Jennifer shoved Carter aside and uttered in a distant tone, "Carter, you may leave now. I can hail a taxi and go home by myself."

Carter gazed at her deeply and said gently, "Jennifer, be nice, okay? Stop throwing tantrums. Let's go home together. If you're afraid that Oscar is going to do something to your parents, I can use my connections to relocate them. I promise you he won't be able to find them. Don't worry. I'm here for you, and you're not alone."

Jennifer raised her head and looked at Carter, who was gazing at her affectionately. "Carter, please leave. Oscar is right. I'm that terrible. I've been using you, and I really wanted to make a move against Tony. It's just that June had betrayed me and acted first. If Oscar wants to come at me, there's nothing I can do about it. However, I'm not going to drag you down with me. Don't treat me with such loyalty. I don't deserve it. I know you're still into Amelia. Therefore, I need to set things straight. Otherwise, I'm going to feel guilty while taking advantage of you."

With that, she turned around to leave. Carter grabbed her hand immediately.

Jennifer froze, and she was on the verge of crying.

Carter suddenly pulled her into his embrace. With his chin resting on her head, he said in a gentle tone, "Jennifer, it's true that Amelia still holds a special place in my heart. However, I know there is nothing left between me and her. Now, I just want to spend the rest of my life with you. I can protect you. It's just that... Would you be able to let go of the grudge and hatred within you? You're no match for Oscar."

Jennifer responded by pushing Carter away.

"I'm sorry, but I can't do that." She looked away and added, "I'll leave now. I don't think we can be together."

Jennifer walked away without turning back. Carter was rooted to the spot, staring at Jennifer's silhouette as she walked away from him. All kinds of emotions started to appear on his face, and he was trembling.

About ten seconds later, Carter chased after her. He stopped Jennifer, who had already reached the side of the car. He glared at her and gritted his teeth. "Jennifer, you got me into this. Don't you leave me now! I've got my mind set on you. There's no way you're getting out of this."

With that, he kissed her and whipped out his car key from his pocket. After opening the car door, he pushed Jennifer into the car and got on top of her. He took advantage of the fact that she was in a daze because of his kiss and took off her clothes.

Jennifer widened her eyes to stare at Carter in disbelief. In the next second, she tried to break free by pushing Carter away. "Carter, let me go! Let me go!" She didn't like how he was doing this to her without any affection.

Just when the two were immersed in the passionate moment, someone broke the car window and took photos of them calmly.

After taking a few photos of them, the man said, "Mr. Scott, Ms. Larson, please carry on. I guess the netizens will be very interested in seeing you guys like this."

Jennifer turned pale in an instant.

The man with the camera then nodded calmly at Carter and Jennifer before fleeing the scene as fast as his legs could carry him.

When Carter finally returned to his senses, he quickly climbed to the front seat and started the car. Still naked, he chased after the man.

Jennifer put her clothes on and sat quietly in the back seat. At that moment, her mind was a mess as a myriad of thoughts flooded her mind. If someone uploads unsightly photos of me again, I'm doomed.

Carter glanced at her through the rearview mirror and comforted her, "Jennifer, don't worry. I'll get those photos back. I won't let you get harmed."

Jennifer cast a glance at him and smiled wryly. "Carter, could this be retribution because I've fallen for you, a man I wasn't supposed to fall for?"

Carter understood the implied meaning of her words.

I've played a part in everything Jennifer is going through now. Although I have no intention of making her experience all these unfair treatments, it is undeniable that I'm involved.

Carter pursed his lips in response. After a long while, he uttered, "I'm sorry."

Jennifer lowered her head and murmured, "Put on your clothes first, will you?"

Carter took the clothes she handed to him, but he couldn't get dressed.

Through the window, Jennifer watched the man disappear after turning a corner. Her eyes were filled with hopelessness, and she said in a sullen voice, "Don't chase after him anymore. I don't care if he uploads those photos. After all, that won't be the first time something like that has happened to me. I bet I'll have twice as much of fans after this."

Carter stopped the car abruptly and got dressed. "Wait in the car. Don't come out, okay?" With that, he opened the car door and rushed out of there to chase after the man with the camera.

Jennifer watched Carter quickly disappear into the residential area through the car window.

Her mouth twitched. That was most probably a man sent by Oscar. Since I've done something to his darling son, it's only right that he's trying to ruin my life. If my scandals get exposed again, I think my reputation in Tayhaven will be completely destroyed.

With that in mind, she got out of the car and left without turning back. When Carter got back empty-handed, she was already long gone.

Carter stared at the car for a long time before letting out a sigh.

After that, he went to Amelia's house. Jolin opened the door and frowned when she saw him. "Is there anything else, Mr. Scott?"

In a cold tone, he said, "I need to talk to Amelia."

"Boss and Mrs. Clinton are about to sleep. You may look for her tomorrow," Jolin rejected him.

Carter rang Amelia on the phone in front of Jolin. When Amelia picked up the phone, he said, "Amelia, I'm outside your house now. Could you let me in?"

Amelia said something on the phone, and Carter passed the phone to Jolin.

Upon hearing something from Amelia, Jolin answered, "Yes, Mrs. Clinton."

She hung up the phone, passed it back to Carter, and let him in.

While walking down the stairs, Amelia asked, "What is it, Carter?"

Carter gazed intently at her before saying in a deep voice, "Please, Amelia. Don't let Oscar upload Jennifer's photos."

Amelia was puzzled. "What photos?"

Carter was having a hard time answering that question. A while later, he said, "I need to talk to Oscar."

"He's upstairs showering Tony." Amelia glanced upstairs and said, "If you're not in a hurry, just wait. Jolin and I will clean up first."

Carter nodded.

Amelia then got Jolin to help her with cleaning up. Carter's expression gradually turned solemn while he was looking at Amelia who was busy cleaning up.

"I'm sorry, Amelia. However, Jennifer has nothing to do with what happened to Tony. Could you stop Oscar from going after her? A woman's reputation is important," Carter said.

Amelia stopped cleaning abruptly and cast a confused glance at Carter. "I'm sorry, Carter. I really don't know what you're on about. No one said Ms. Larson was involved in Tony's kidnapping. You guys came at us and said that."

Carter was stumped. Does that mean we've just admitted to it out of guilt?

After letting out a sigh, he said, "Amelia, Jennifer and I were in the car just now, and... someone took photos of us. Apart from Oscar, I don't know anyone else who's capable of doing that."

From his tone, Amelia knew what kind of photos he meant. After keeping silent for a while, she answered, "You can ask Oscar about that later, okay?"

Oscar went downstairs after putting Tony to sleep. Amelia then told him the reason Carter was there. Oscar smiled and voiced, "I didn't do that. However, I'm happy to watch Jennifer getting her reputation destroyed."

Carter clenched his fists and asked, "It really wasn't you?"

"I'm an upright person. I did think of doing that, but it seems like someone has already done it for me. Now, I'll just sit back and enjoy the show." Oscar shrugged.

Carter pursed his lips. "Sorry for the disturbance." With that, he turned around and left.

Amelia then turned toward Oscar and asked, "Oscar, was it you?"

"No." Oscar caressed her cheek and replied, "I'm good at destroying someone I don't like. However, I wouldn't use the same trick twice."

Amelia nodded and chose to believe Oscar.

Oscar gently bit her earlobe and whispered, "You've had a long day. Go and shower, okay? I'll give you a massage."

Amelia blushed and hit his chest playfully before saying to Jolin, "Jolin, you may leave now."

Jolin nodded. "Yes, Mrs. Clinton."

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 845

Chapter 845 Training Tony

As soon as Jennifer returned to the villa, a silhouette appeared and pushed her to the wall. The next moment, a hideous voice sounded. "Jennifer, you're finally back."

Jennifer trembled unconsciously. Gritting her teeth, she glared at the man in front of her angrily. "June, I can't believe you still have the cheek to come and see me. Do you know how much I've suffered because of you?"

After pushing Jennifer into the house, June reached out to switch on the light. Immediately, the bright light illuminated the place, revealing their faces to each other.

June grabbed Jennifer's chin with one hand while holding a camera in the other hand which he used to pin Jennifer down. Jennifer found the camera familiar the moment she glanced at it. In an instant, she widened her eyes, and there was an evident trace of anger in them.

"June, you despicable monster! How dare you ask someone to take a picture of me secretly! Don't you feel shame?" she roared.

June smiled even more evilly as he replied, "You seem to enjoy having sex with Carter a lot! Perhaps you've even forgotten about me, your partner. How am I supposed to win you back if I don't do something about it?"

Molten anger rolled through Jennifer as she gritted her teeth hard. Why would I even agree to work together with such a pervert? I must be blind back then! Not only did he frame me, but he even sent someone to take pictures of me secretly! He's such a despicable person!

"June, are you even a man?" Jennifer said through gritted teeth.

Twisting his neck, June pulled Jennifer's face closer to him. They became so close that there was only one centimeter between them. Moreover, Jennifer could even see the hostility and malicious intentions in his eyes.

The next moment, June tore her clothes and switched on the video function on his camera. With an evil laugh, he said, "You're not a good girl, so I have to get my hands on your secret. That's the only way to make you stay obedient to me and do as I say."

Jennifer struggled with all her might. Unfortunately, June placed his hand on her chest and exerted great force. That was too painful for her, so she couldn't help but groan in a deep voice.

"You better be good, or I'll bed you right here and now. After all, I'm a man. I won't be affected even if my pictures or videos got spread across the Internet. I can still continue enjoying my life with different women. However, you're different. Your reputation would be ruined if that happens." June raised the camera in his hand, saying casually.

"You f*cking pervert." With her eyes turned crimson-red, Jennifer stopped struggling.

"How would I manage to persuade you to work together with me if I'm not a pervert?" June then added, "In short, as long as you listen to me, I won't share anything inside this camera on the Internet."

Jennifer took a deep breath. "What actually do you want?"

"Nothing. I just want you to stay obedient to me."

Just as Jennifer wanted to say something, an angry voice sounded. "June, let go of her!" Having said that, a figure rushed over to the two and grabbed June. In an instant, the two men broke into a fight.

Carter pounced on June, and they both fell to the ground. The former punched the latter on both sides of his cheeks. "You terrible foreigner! I'll never leave if I don't punch you to death today!" said Carter furiously.

After getting punched several times, June got up, attempting to fight back. The two got into an intense fight. Besides, both of them had been learning combat skills since they were young. Although their skills were not as powerful as the professional bodyguards such as Kurt and Hugo, they could still defeat a few ordinary adult men at once. Hence, none of them was willing to back down.

Meanwhile, Jennifer stood at the side, watching them fight. She couldn't help but feel her heart twinge when she saw June punch Carter's face twice. "Carter, watch out!"

Hearing that, Carter became worked up. Perhaps he was eager to show off his skills in front of Jennifer, so he fought extra hard. Not long after, June got punched seriously on his stomach and face.

June glared at Carter maliciously. "Just you guys wait!"

Then, he turned around and ran toward the door. Jennifer's face turned as pale as a sheet when she saw that. "Carter, he still has our pictures in the camera in his hand. I'll be doomed if we don't take it back!"

Immediately, Carter rushed toward June. The two then started another fight in the doorway.

June came there alone this time, so his bodyguards were not there. Therefore, he, who was not as strong as Carter, was quickly put at a disadvantage. Furthermore, he was still holding the camera in his hand, so he couldn't fight freely.

Left with no choice, he tossed the camera to the side and started brawling with Carter. After some time, the two panted heavily in exhaustion. Meanwhile, Jennifer went to pick up the camera the moment June threw it away. Then, she ran around the house to look for a weapon. Upon finding a broom in the corner of a room, she ran back with it and started beating June with that.

"I'll beat you to death today! You shameless pervert! You were the one who made a mistake, yet I have to become the scapegoat because of you! If I knew you were that untrustworthy, I would never even spare you a glance in the first place." Jennifer beat June while scolding him, "A pervert like you will only bring harm to other women. I should really end your life right here and now!"

She beat him harder and harder over time. June got pinned down by Carter while being attacked by Jennifer. Hence, he had to take the hit without being able to fight back. Soon after, he felt a sharp pain spiking through his entire body, so he yelled, "You d*mned woman! You better pray you won't fall into my hands one day. Otherwise, I'll definitely make your life a living hell!"

Nevertheless, as soon as he said that, Jennifer beat him even harder. At last, she lost her control and started beating even Carter as well.

Carter couldn't help but move away from June. He looked at Jennifer, who evidently had lost her mind, for a moment before running over to hug her from behind. "Jennifer, calm down. It's me. I won't hurt you," he said anxiously.

Carter repeated that sentence again and again while holding Jennifer in his arms. Meanwhile, June shot Jennifer a glare viciously. Infuriated, he threatened, "I still have a copy of those photos with me. I'll definitely upload her nude photos on the Internet tomorrow!" With that said, he ran away quickly.

Carter stood up, attempting to chase after him. Nevertheless, Jennifer grabbed his hand and stopped him. "Carter, my stomach hurts," she said in pain. There was even cold sweat dripping down her forehead.

Immediately, Carter carried her and placed her on the couch, and he started massaging her tummy for her. However, he noticed that she was still knitting her brows in immense pain, so he ran into the kitchen and boiled some water. Upon pouring her a glass of water, he blew it cold and handed it to her. "Drink some water."

Jennifer took a sip of it. The warm water flowed into her stomach, easing the pain inside. "Thank you, Carter," she said those words with difficulty.

Looking at her worriedly, Carter asked, "Is your stomach still hurting? Come on. I'll bring you to the hospital."

Jennifer let out a bitter laugh. "I'm fine. I guess it's almost that time of the month. It's normal for my stomach to hurt a few days before my menstruation."

"Really?" Carter asked dubiously. She was still fine just now. How is it possible for her tummy to hurt so much in only a few seconds?

However, he didn't have much knowledge about women's menstruation, so he dared not make any assumptions.

Jennifer nodded in response. "Carter, can you delete the photos in the camera for me?"

Carter browsed through the camera album and deleted their nude photos. However, he recalled June had said that he still had a copy of those photos before leaving just now. Immediately, he came up with a plan.

Bending forward, he scooped Jennifer up in his arms. Unconsciously, Jennifer wrapped her arms around his neck. "Carter, what are you doing?" They had just gotten into an argument near Amelia's place earlier. Now that they were the only ones left in the house, Jennifer felt a little awkward.

"I'm carrying you to bed. Don't worry about the photos. I'll help you get them back. Now, you just have to take a good rest. I'm your man now, so I'll be here for you. I'll protect you and make sure that you won't get hurt." Carter glanced at her, looking serious as he said that.

Jennifer felt a surge of warmth within her heart. Suddenly, she felt like believing everything Carter said.

Leaning her head against his chest, she said softly, "I've used you. Don't you blame me for that?"

"Did you use me, though? You have feelings for me, don't you?" Carter asked as he raised an eyebrow.

Jennifer was stunned for a second before she broke into laughter. Then, she adjusted her position in Carter's embrace. Just as Carter was pondering what she was going to do next, she leaned closer to his face and planted a kiss on his cheek. Looking rather embarrassed, she said, "Carter, I'm willing to give us a chance if you treat me well wholeheartedly. As for the revenge, as long as Oscar could spare my family, I'll stop targeting them."

Carter's eyes lit up as soon as he heard that. "Really?" he asked, hugging her tightly.

"Yes. I really want to be with you this time." Jennifer continued, "I know how much you've done for me. I would be blind if I continued assuming you had some ulterior motives toward me."

Carter quickly carried her into the bedroom. After putting her on the bed, he lay on top of her and looked at her with his bright, clear eyes. "Is your tummy still hurting?" he asked cautiously.

Jennifer knew what he wanted to do, and she shook her head in response.

With that, Carter took off her bra as he leaned forward to kiss her lips.

That was the first time Jennifer opened up to him fully.

The two then spent a fuzzy, passionate night together. Jennifer was exhausted, so she fell asleep soon after.

Lowering his head, Carter kissed her on her lips affectionately. Then, he got up from the bed and picked up his phone to make a call. As soon as the call was connected, he went straight to the point. "Jake, keep an eye on the social media for me. As soon as you see any pictures of me, get rid of them. Ask the hackers who work for you to take control of the online news. As for the payment, you can name a price. I'll transfer the money into your account in time."

"Nude photos? Mr. Scott, what have you done?" the man on the other end of the line asked in a confused tone.

"Stop asking questions. Just delete any pictures of me and Jennifer. I'm sure you can handle this menial task, right?" asked Carter.

"As long as the person who spreads them is not someone powerful or prominent, I can settle it," Jake replied.

"All right, then. I'll wire you the money." Having said that, Carter hung up the phone.

He then returned to the bed and pulled Jennifer into his arms gently. Closing his eyes, he fell into a deep slumber.

As expected, the photos of Carter and Jennifer appeared on the Internet the next day. However, someone deleted them as soon as they got posted. In less than thirty minutes, another set of their pictures appeared on social media again. Nevertheless, those pictures got deleted again soon after. That happened a few times, and the netizens got excited, as the one who posted the pictures and the one who deleted them looked as if they were in a competition. Because of that, the netizens lost interest in the people in the photos.

Meanwhile, Hugo watched the photos get posted and deleted again and again. "Boss, the pictures of Jennifer, the woman that you asked us to pay attention to, are posted online again. Many netizens are waiting for some interesting news. Should we add fuel

to the fire? With our power, I think it'll be more difficult for those people to delete the pictures again."

Oscar was leaning against his chair with his eyes narrowed at the moment. He tapped his finger on the desk casually, saying nothing. For a moment, Hugo and the others couldn't tell what was on his mind. Anxiously, they waited for him to respond.

"Find out who's the one that posted those photos. You guys went to chase after June without my permission. Because of that, he made his escape. I'll give you guys a chance to make up for your mistake. Look into the online posts and trace that user account to find out June's whereabouts. If you guys still fail to get him, I'll find someone else to protect Amelia and Tony," Oscar said when his subordinates were waiting anxiously for his reply. Hearing Oscar's words, Hugo couldn't help but feel his heart race. No words could describe how terrified he was, and he felt like his heart was going to escape from his throat.

Hugo answered without delay, "Boss, I'll start the investigation right away. Then, should we screenshot Jennifer's pictures and repost them with our account?"

"You guys can keep a copy of those photos. But then, don't post them first. It's boring to use the same trick twice. Moreover, the others might say that I'm not a gentleman," said Oscar in a leisure tone.

A tinge of confusion surfaced in Hugo's eyes.

All of a sudden, Oscar opened his eyes and shot Hugo a glance. "What are you waiting for? Hurry up and do it now."

"Yes, Boss." Hugo left the study hurriedly.

Just then, Amelia walked over with some food in her hands. Seeing the gloomy expression on Hugo's face, she queried, "What's wrong? Did Oscar scold you again?"

Hugo shook his head, answering, "No, Mrs. Clinton. It's just that I'm not doing my job well."

Amelia gazed at the phone Hugo was holding, and she recalled the photos she saw when she launched her WhatsApp earlier that day. Instantly, she came to a realization.

"Hugo, you're here to inform Oscar about Jennifer's photos, right?" Although she was asking, she was actually certain of her assumption.

Hugo scratched the back of his head. "Mrs. Clinton, we can't hide anything from you, can we?"

"Oscar is not the one behind this, right?"

"Mrs. Clinton, don't get the wrong idea. Boss really didn't do that. But then, I feel that Jennifer has crossed the line this time. If it weren't for her, Mr. Anthony wouldn't have suffered so much. I felt like doing something to ruin her reputation, but Boss stopped me from doing so. I'm quite dissatisfied with that, as I don't understand why Boss showed mercy on her." Hugo took a glance at Amelia and spoke his mind.

Amelia said smilingly, "Don't blame Oscar for that. I'm the one who asked him not to do that. Oscar is powerful, but he should never use a woman's dignity and reputation as a weapon against her, even if he wants to take revenge on her. We've done that once to her. It'll be too evil if we do that again. Besides, we're not sure whether she's involved in Tony's kidnapping. Thus, we shouldn't intervene this time. We still have plenty of ways to deal with our enemies, anyway. What do you think, Hugo? Do you agree with me?"

Hugo's expression stiffened for a second. With a serious face, he replied, "You're right, Mrs. Clinton. I was too petty and impatient. All I thought was to achieve our aim quickly, so naturally, I didn't carefully ponder over this matter like you did."

Amelia shook her head in response. "No. I'm the one who's too soft sometimes. I just feel that Jennifer's not a despicable woman. After all, Oscar was the one who made the first move. No matter who's at fault in the first place, it's a fact that her mother got sent to the psychiatric hospital because of Oscar. Her mother's already old, yet she still has to travel overseas for treatment. In the end, we're still the ones in the wrong. Everyone wants to spend their later years in their hometowns. I feel we shouldn't intervene in this matter this time."

"You're right, Mrs. Clinton," Hugo replied.

Smiling, Amelia said, "You don't have to be so serious, Hugo. Why don't you stay here and eat your breakfast first before leaving? You came here early in the morning, so you must've been starving."

Hugo nodded and eventually accepted her offer.

After Hugo headed downstairs, Amelia entered the study with breakfast in her hands. Oscar realized that it was Amelia when he opened his eyes. In an instant, the maliciousness in his eyes dissipated.

Amelia put down the tray of food in front of him. "It's time to eat your breakfast. Mom called me to inform me that your sister can finally be discharged from the hospital tomorrow. She planned to bring Stephanie back to the Clinton residence so Stephanie could recuperate there, and she asked me to go and take care of Stephanie."

Oscar knitted his brows. "She has her own house. Why does Mom have to bring her home? What will the others think if they hear about that? Mom must've gone senile from old age."

In fact, Amelia was unhappy about that as well. After all, both Stephanie and she disliked each other. It was evident that Olivia was making things difficult for her by asking her to take care of Stephanie. Nevertheless, she couldn't say no to Olivia.

"I don't know, either. Perhaps she's worried that the Walker family couldn't take good care of your sister," Amelia said indifferently.

Oscar replied, "Nonsense. The Walker family is a prominent family, yet Mom's still worried that they can't take good care of Stephanie? Just how fragile is she?"

Amelia couldn't help laughing. "Oscar, don't forget that she's your sister."

"A sister? I don't have a sister who wants to kill my son."

The smile on Amelia's face faded a little. She couldn't help but recall the scene about four years ago when she lay on the operation table after the car accident. She was weak and on the verge of dying at that moment. If it weren't for her luck, Tony and she would have already died.

Oscar pulled her into his arms, trying to stop her from thinking about that.

"Let's have breakfast first. It's none of our business whether Stephanie lives in the Clinton residence or not. Mom is getting old. Moreover, she's soft-hearted, so she will side with Stephanie after hearing Stephanie's sweet talk." Oscar scooped a mouthful of oatmeal and fed Amelia. Then, he continued as he watched her swallow the food. "Since Mom has asked us to go and visit Stephanie, we'll do as she says. However, I won't let you go and take care of her. Tony's still traumatized from the kidnapping, so he needs you now. I'd like to see which grandchild Mom cares more about."

Amelia burst into laughter as she found Oscar, who tried to defend Tony and her, adorable.

The couple then enjoyed their breakfast happily. After finishing their food, Amelia asked, "Oscar, I saw Jennifer's photos on the Internet. Will you intervene in that matter?"

Shooting her a glance, Oscar asked in amusement, "Do you want me to intervene in it?"

Amelia shook her head without hesitation.

"Then, I'll stay out of it. But then, I asked Hugo to try looking for June through the user account that exposed Jennifer's photos. That foreigner has only been in Chanaea for a few years, but he has already caused so much trouble for the Clinton family and the Larson family. If I continue letting him stay here, he might do something worse. This time, I'll definitely ask the government to ban him from entering our country!" Oscar replied with his eyes narrowed.

Amelia took a glance at him. "Oscar, do you think you can stop him?"

"As long as we can prove that his company is involved in smuggling, the government will probably send him back to his country," said Oscar confidently.

"Smuggling?" Amelia knew that was a serious crime. "Did you find any evidence?"

Oscar explained, "Not yet, but I've already sent someone to investigate it. He does anything he wants fearlessly just because he's one of the Adertons. Because of that, he thinks no one dares to do anything to him in Chanaea. I heard that he has been working with some powerful people from Southeast Aploth. After we have him arrested, I can pull some strings. In that case, it'll be impossible for him to escape anymore. Since he has the guts to hurt my son, he must pay a huge price for that."

Amelia lowered her gaze as she recalled the kidnapping. At that thought, she couldn't help but break out in a cold sweat. Luckily, nothing serious happens to Tony.

Oscar noticed that she was trembling, so he hugged her even tighter. Looking concerned, he asked, "What's wrong? Are you feeling cold?"

Being held in Oscar's arms, Amelia replied, "No. I'm just glad that nothing has happened to Tony. Otherwise, I might not pull it through. I'm really thankful that Tony is fine."

"Silly girl. I won't let anything happen to both of you as long as I'm here." Oscar smiled.

Hearing that, Amelia nodded.

She just wanted their family to live a peaceful life. Unfortunately, there was always someone who wanted to harm them. Not only did some of them try to take her down, but there were even people who wanted to hurt her son. Therefore, Amelia became more and more paranoid. She couldn't help but worry that Tony would be in danger whenever something trivial happened.

Although they had hired some bodyguards to protect Tony, Amelia could only feel safe as long as Tony was with her.

Therefore, she suggested, "Oscar, how about you teach Tony combat skills?"

"The process of learning combat skills is hard. Are you sure you can stand watching him suffer?"

"Nothing's more important than his life. To me, everything's worth it as long as he's safe. He's the heir of the Clinton family. Of course, he has to sacrifice more than the others while enjoying his life. Moreover, he's going to inherit the family business in the future. I don't wish to see him being threatened by anything or anyone."

Oscar understood what Amelia meant. "All right."

The next morning, he got Tony out of his bed and took Tony to his organization. Just then, Tony was still in a daze, not understanding what was going on.

That was the first time Amelia visited the headquarters of Oscar's organization. Staring at the modern and advanced devices, she couldn't help but feel astonished.

"Oscar, did you set up all of these by yourself?" Amelia asked. Admiration was palpable in her eyes as she looked at Oscar.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 846

Chapter 846 Suspicion

Oscar hugged Amelia as they admired the empire he built single-handedly. In the past, he never invited her over because he did not want her to get involved in the negative things that were done on the side. However, he had spent some time and thought things through. Amelia was, after all, his wife. She had every right to know his negative side. On top of that, he wanted to train Tony. Hence, Oscar had to let Amelia have a look.

“What do you think?” Oscar asked proudly. Amelia nodded in response. Feeling as if she had not expressed her feelings enough, she tiptoed and pecked Oscar on his cheek, saying, “Oscar, to me, you’re like a superhero no one can surpass. I used to think you were just a successful businessman. Well, looks like I’m wrong. You’re an omnipotent superhero.”

Oscar smiled. He felt so elated as if he was on cloud nine. Amelia turned to face Tony, saying, “Tony, your daddy is an excellent person. You cannot be a coward, okay? Though I don’t expect you to do things perfectly, as the eldest grandson of the Clinton family, there will be times when you’re not allowed to be scared or back down. I hope you can understand why I’m making you pick up combat skills at such a young age. Being in this industry puts you in all kinds of unseen danger. I can’t bear to take the risk.”

Tony listened attentively albeit not really understanding what she said. He put on a serious expression and said, “Mommy, I like learning combat skills. I’ll become very powerful, and I’ll protect you in the future.”

Amelia smiled in relief, feeling blessed to have such an obedient and understanding son.

She was not sure about other people’s children, but she knew Tony had been an obedient child since young. In fact, he had never once caused her trouble during the two years when she lost her sight. When he could finally speak, he began to take care of his blind mother by massaging her back and pouring her glasses of water with those chubby hands of his. Tony was practically her pillar of emotional support.

Oscar brought Amelia and Tony around the place. Finally, he told Jolin to take Amelia out to get some food while he brought Tony to the training room.

Amelia said, “Oscar, I want to have a look, too.”

To her surprise, Oscar objected, “Go and grab something to eat with Jolin. I’m quite strict with my trainees. I’m afraid you’ll be worried.”

Amelia thought about it and nodded. Perhaps she, too, was afraid of seeing Tony having a hard time.

With that, Oscar lifted Tony and walked in the opposite direction. Meanwhile, Amelia kept staring at their backs. Seeing that, Jolin cleared her throat and said, “Don’t worry, Mrs. Clinton. I’m sure Mr. Anthony will be incredibly outstanding under Boss’ training. One day, all of us will serve Mr. Anthony.”

Amelia retracted her gaze and smiled.

"Mrs. Clinton, do you not want Mr. Anthony to take over Boss' empire?" Jolin asked tentatively.

Amelia cracked a smile, asking, "Why do you ask that?"

"I'm just wondering if you're thinking it's too young for Mr. Anthony to be getting involved in all this. We might be officially called bodyguards, but, in reality, we carry out a lot of dangerous tasks on the side. If I were you, I wouldn't want Mr. Anthony to be involved in all this, either. Then again, there isn't much of a choice. Mr. Anthony is Boss' only son. He has to take over everything Boss has built."

Amelia's heart sank a little, but she still joked, "Jolin, are you saying Oscar does smuggling as well?"

Jolin widened her eyes in disbelief. "Mrs. Clinton, how could you say that? Boss is a businessman who abides by the law. Every cent he earns comes from a proper channel. Otherwise, he'd be arrested right away with so many people watching him."

Amelia breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing that. "My apologies. I misunderstood your words."

"Mrs. Clinton, please don't think negatively about Boss' job when I say it's dangerous. He even secretly... Ah, never mind. He probably didn't tell you because he thinks it's not time yet. Anyway, you can just ask him if there's anything you want to know," Jolin said, changing the topic all of a sudden.

Amelia did not press on, either. She said, "Jolin, I noticed the facilities here use rather advanced technology. Do you guys have robots?"

"Yep. The first robot is a beautiful woman. Do you want to see it?"

Amelia's eyes lit up, and she nodded. "Yes."

Hence, Jolin brought Amelia to the robot. As Amelia stared at the robot that looked no different from a human, she could not help but find it familiar looking.

Reading her mind, Jolin said, "You find her familiar looking, right? She's Tilly. Previously, she went to Anglandur with Kurt and Hugo for a mission. Sadly, she died in the process. That's why we created this robot to remember her."

Amelia recalled the face of a cold, aloof, and pretty lady.

“So, it’s her. Can I touch her?” Amelia took a step forward.

Jolin went to the back of the robot and pressed a button. Immediately, the robot came to life and bowed to Amelia. “Hello, Mrs. Clinton.”

Amelia was shocked, but she was very curious. “Does she know how to fight?”

“I’m afraid she doesn’t. Apart from saying simple sentences, she cannot do anything else. She’s an imperfect defect. No matter how much she resembles Tilly, she can never be Tilly,” Jolin said with sorrow.

Amelia patted Jolin’s shoulder and said, “I’m sorry for your loss.”

Jolin shrugged and said, “I’m fine, Mrs. Clinton. It’s been so long since her death, and I’ve cried enough. Besides, people like us have to be always ready to sacrifice our lives. We view life and death very lightly. Then again, we still feel upset when we see our partners, whom we’ve been training with since young, die just like that. Ahem. I must’ve said too much. Come on. Let me take you to another place. I’ll let you try the desserts later. They’re really delicious. I’m sure you’ll like them.”

Amelia nodded.

Jolin brought Amelia to many places before finally taking her to a warmly decorated room that had a wonderful spread of food.

“Mrs. Clinton, Boss personally prepared these for you. Go on. Try them and see if they’re to your liking,” Jolin prompted, pointing at the food on the table.

Amelia glanced at the food on the table that was prepared for her. She nodded, saying, “They’re all my favorites.”

After inviting Jolin to join her, Amelia said, “Jolin, can you take me to Tony’s training room? He’s so young. I can’t help but feel a little worried.”

Jolin looked up and said, “Well, if you really want to see him, I can take you there.”

Soon, the two women went over to the training room. Amelia looked through the car windows and saw Tony in his uniform, looking serious while listening to Oscar’s teachings. Whenever Tony made a mistake, Oscar would give him a terrible scolding. Oscar never went easy on Tony just because the latter was his son.

Tony, surprisingly, did not complain. Instead, he focused on practicing.

The sight made Amelia feel both relieved and worried at the same time.

When Jolin saw Oscar performing a move on Tony, the former feared Amelia might be worried. Hence, Jolin hurriedly explained, "Mrs. Clinton, please don't take it to heart. Boss tends to get very serious when he's focused on his work. He's stricter with us compared to how he trains Mr. Anthony."

Amelia glanced at Jolin and chuckled. "Jolin, you're really worried I'd misunderstand him, huh? Don't worry. I know his personality well."

Taken aback, Jolin scratched the back of her head and said awkwardly, "Oh, that's right. You know him the best. Tsk. I really talk too much sometimes."

Amelia patted Jolin's head, chuckling. "You're cute, Jolin. You should leave this place once you find a boyfriend. It's time you enjoy the life of being an ordinary woman."

However, Jolin paled as soon as she heard those words. "Mrs. Clinton, did I do anything wrong?"

"What makes you say that? I just want you to enjoy the life of a young lady."

"Oh, it's fine. I like experiencing life and death situations with Boss. I really enjoy working hard with the group. Please don't make me leave."

Amelia was amused. Looks like I've said something I shouldn't have.

"I'm just saying. You can ignore what I've said if you don't like the idea," Amelia said.

Jolin cast her a glance and said carefully, "You're not mad at me, aren't you, Mrs. Clinton?"

Amelia laughed. "Oh, gosh. Am I such a petty person to you?"

Jolin shook her head. "No. You're the kindest person I've ever met. You're smart, too!"

"Well, thank you very much."

Jolin smiled.

As Jolin and Amelia continued watching from the outside, Amelia could sense the stern-looking Oscar exuding a powerful aura. It was a side of him she had never seen before at home.

She had seen his sly, cool, and passionate side, but never his stern side.

Oscar trained Tony for three whole hours, yet the latter never complained once. In fact, he had a serious expression that looked just like Oscar's.

Once the training was over, Amelia entered the building and made her way to Tony. She squatted to meet his eyes, saying gently, "Are you tired, Tony?"

Tony relaxed his stern expression and said sweetly, "Mommy, my arm aches. Can you make me the honey BBQ pork ribs when we get back?"

Amelia burst out laughing.

She scratched Tony's tiny nose and smiled. "You little glutton. Okay. I'll make you all kinds of delicious food once we get home."

Tony danced in excitement upon hearing that.

As Amelia watched him behaving innocently, her heart swelled with pride. He has been training for three hours straight without making any complaints. Besides, he did not request to quit when he saw me. He's strong-willed and can endure hardships. I'm sure he'll be a successful person in the future.

She was extremely proud of Tony.

Parents would always say all they wanted was for their child to be healthy. But deep down, they still hoped their child would be successful. Even if the Clinton family was powerful enough to give Tony a comfortable life, he would be an ignorant person if he were to stay in his comfort zone. In that case, Clinton Corporations would probably go downhill in the future. Hence, Amelia was relieved to see Tony behaving that way.

Amelia grabbed Tony's head and planted a kiss on his nose. Smiling, she said, "You're the best, Tony. I'm so proud of you."

Tony giggled and said cutely, "Again, Mommy."

Hearing that, Amelia planted a few more kisses on his nose.

After playing around for some time, Amelia stood up and gazed at Oscar, saying, "Can we go now, Oscar? You've been training Tony for such a long time. Let's go grab a meal. I'll make both of you some good food for dinner tonight."

Oscar nodded and roughly wiped his face with a towel. "I hope you're not mad at me for training Tony so strictly."

"It was my suggestion to have Tony trained. Why would I be mad at you? Besides, strict teachers produce fine students. I believe, with your training, Tony will be more successful than us. I'm just glad to have two of the world's most excellent men in my family," Amelia said, grinning.

Oscar cupped the back of her head and gave her a passionate kiss. With a smile, he said, "Come on. Let's have a good meal."

After having their meal, the family of three went home in their car. As they got out of the elevator, they saw Isabella standing in front of their condominium door. Oscar's and Amelia's faces fell; their good mood was ruined.

"Why are you here, Ms. Walker?" Amelia asked in a polite but distant manner.

However, Isabella only looked at Oscar. She desperately wanted to bring him to Bernard, but Oscar's bodyguards had been keeping a close eye on him, leaving her zero chance of making a move on Oscar. These few days were the most crucial period. If she failed to bring Oscar over, all her hard work back then would have gone to waste.

"Amelia, I'm here to check on Tony. Do you mind letting me in to have a chat with you guys?" Isabella had a huge bag of things with her.

Although Amelia was displeased with her presence, she knew it was rude to refuse a guest's entry into one's home.

Just as she was about to speak, Oscar refused right away. "No." The moment that word left his lips, an image flashed through his mind like a scene from a movie. It flashed past so fast that he could not see it clearly. However, for some reason, the disgust in his gaze for Isabella was not that strong anymore. He then changed his mind instinctively, saying, "Let's go in and chat."

Amelia eyed him strangely. Confusion fled across her eyes, and she felt a hint of uneasiness.

Amelia opened the door and gestured for Isabella to enter. Seeing that, Isabella carried the things and entered the house. She then said to Tony, "Are you feeling better, Tony? I've been taking care of your Aunt Stephanie in the hospital, so I didn't have the time to visit you. I hope you're not mad at me."

Isabella was being extremely shameless.

It was obvious how much Amelia and Tony did not welcome Isabella. Yet, the latter could feign ignorance and talk so casually. It seemed that nothing was impossible if one was not embarrassed by their own actions.

Tony smiled and said seriously, "Ms. Walker, I'd be feeling much better if you didn't come to my house."

Isabella's smile faded a little when she heard that.

Oscar, however, merely gazed at Isabella without saying anything.

Amelia grabbed Tony's hand and said, "Sorry. He doesn't mean it. Don't take it seriously."

Isabella twitched her lips and forced a smile. "It's fine. I'll come and play with Tony more often. I'm sure he'll like me."

Amelia merely chuckled and said nothing.

Suddenly, Oscar spoke. "Amelia, I'm going upstairs to deal with some unfinished work. Can you keep our guest company?"

Amelia nodded.

Just as Oscar was about to leave, Isabella said, "Oscar, I'm currently handling some things at my company, and there are some terms I don't really understand. Can I ask you about them?"

Oscar gave her a meaningful look and hesitated before saying, "I'm busy." With that, he went upstairs.

Isabella's expression stiffened.

At the same time, a strange glint flashed across Amelia's eyes. She could not help but feel uneasy at the hesitation in Oscar's eyes.

I realized Isabella's appearances have been affecting Oscar's will. But why? Is he really seduced by her?

Amelia shook her head, feeling that she was overthinking.

Isabella asked, "You're afraid of me, aren't you, Amelia?"

Returning to her senses, Amelia glanced at Isabella and smiled. "Ms. Walker, I have no idea what you're saying. Anyway, I'm impressed at how thick-skinned you are. I'm definitely no match for you."

Isabella smirked and said, "You're just putting on a tough front, Amelia. You'll regret it once Oscar truly falls in love with me. I'm looking forward to seeing you in a state of devastation."

Amelia merely smiled in response.

"Since Oscar's busy, I'll get going then. I hope you and Tony will leave the Clinton residence as soon as possible." With that, Isabella spun on her heels and walked away.

Amelia's expression fell instantly, and she fixed her eyes on the study's tightly shut door with a frown. A heavy feeling crept into her heart. This is the first time Oscar avoided Isabella during her visit. He used to chase her away coldly. What's up with you, Oscar? Will you really fall in love with her one day, just like what Isabella said?

Amelia could not help thinking about it despite knowing she should not be doing that. After all, they had shared such a sweet moment earlier. However, that moment was ruined because of Isabella's visit.

Tony slipped his hand into hers and looked up, asking, "What's wrong, Mommy? Did Big Meanie bully you?"

Amelia immediately snapped out of her thoughts. She squatted and stared at him, smiling. "No way. Your daddy is the best, and he cares a lot about us. You must never doubt him, okay? He almost lost his life trying to save you, remember?"

Tony nodded. "I do, but I really don't like that woman who bullied you earlier. We're Big Meanie's real family. What gives her the right to say we'll leave the Clinton residence? She's bad. I don't like her. Can we not let her into the house in the future?"

Amelia felt a stab in her heart. There was a common saying about children being the most sensitive group of humans. However, Amelia never expected him to be that sensitive.

She could not help but feel guilty for involving her child in the complicated relationships between adults.

"Everything will be fine, Tony. Your daddy and I love you the most. Surely you can sense how much we love you, right? Don't doubt Daddy in the future, okay? We're a family, and we've got to love one another."

Tony studied her for a long time before nodding as if compromising for Amelia's sake.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 847

Chapter 847 Where I Brought Tony

After Amelia calmed Tony down, she went to the study to look for Oscar. She opened the door to see Oscar staring at a document on the table. Her heart leaped to her throat as she hurried over to him.

"Oscar," she called out. It took Oscar a moment to raise his head. He shot Amelia a complicated look before the judging look in his eyes slowly faded away.

"Oscar, what's the matter? Why are you staring at me like that?" Amelia asked as she forced out a smile. Getting to his feet, Oscar walked past his study table and went to Amelia. He lowered his head to look at her and asked, "Did I upset you earlier?"

Amelia blinked innocently. "Did you? I only saw a man who adores me greatly." Oscar chuckled out loud. Her words managed to get rid of the doubts in his heart.

He held her hand, led her to the couch, and pulled her so that she was sitting on his lap. "Amelia, I didn't leave you downstairs on purpose. Many chaotic scenes appeared in my brain out of nowhere, so I made up an excuse to come to the study. I don't know what is wrong with me. Maybe I should get it checked at the hospital."

Listening to his honest answer, Amelia couldn't help but comfort him. "You were just too busy and didn't get to rest well, silly. You're an outstanding man, so you have to bear a lot of pressure. Come, let me help you relax by giving you a head massage."

Oscar relaxed and shut his eyes. While giving him a massage, Amelia asked, "Oscar, is this all right?"

Oscar bobbed his head in response.

Amelia observed him thoughtfully as she massaged him.

They enjoyed almost an hour of leisure time together before Oscar had to get back to work. Amelia left the study and went downstairs.

"Molly, please take care of Tony. I'm heading to the market to buy some ingredients that the boys love. I will be cooking tonight. Tony loves my honey BBQ pork ribs," Amelia said to Molly with a smile.

Molly gave her an affectionate one in return. "Mrs. Clinton, let me get the ingredients. You must be tired after taking care of Mr. Anthony these few days. I know you love both Mr. Clinton and Mr. Anthony, but there is no hurry."

Amelia shook her head. "Molly, I'm not tired. I want to cook for them for the rest of my life."

Failing to persuade her to change her mind, Molly could only let her be.

The moment Amelia took the elevator downstairs, Jolin had already driven the car over to pick her up.

"Mrs. Clinton," Jolin greeted her.

"Jolin, didn't you send someone to tail Isabella? Why didn't you tell me in advance when she came to my house?"

Jolin hesitated before answering, "Mrs. Clinton, Boss actually stopped us from tailing Ms. Walker a few days ago. I was afraid you might overthink, so I didn't tell you about it."

Amelia lowered her head and fell into deep thought as various expressions crossed her face.

Jolin gazed at her worriedly. "Mrs. Clinton, are you all right?"

Amelia snapped out of her reverie and turned to look at Jolin. "Did Oscar really stop you from tailing Isabella? What else did he say?"

Jolin pondered over her question and answered, "Boss didn't really say anything. All he said was that Ms. Walker wasn't actually that annoying, and we shouldn't make things difficult for her on purpose."

Amelia's fingers twitched as she shut her eyes. When she opened her eyes again, her gaze was clear. She had regained her composure.

"Come, let's go to the farmer's market. I need to buy pork ribs and cook a delicious meal for Tony," Amelia said with feigned nonchalance.

Jolin turned over to glance at Amelia. She swallowed a lump in her throat and asked, "Mrs. Clinton, are you sure you're all right?"

A tiny smile flitted across Amelia's lips as she replied, "Of course. Why wouldn't I be?"

Jolin drove without a word, and silence ensued inside the car.

Around five minutes later, Jolin broke the silence. "Mrs. Clinton, I have never been in love, but everyone knows how much Boss loves you. He could even sacrifice his own life for you. I am pretty sure the woman has nothing to do with him."

Amelia made a face as she confessed her concern. "Jolin, I'm not worried about him cheating. I'm just afraid that Isabella will do something to him. He has the wrong feelings whenever he sees Isabella now. In the past, that would never have happened. I heard that there is something called black magic from Thymion. Can you find an expert in this field to take a look at Oscar?"

Jolin cast Amelia a strange look as she assumed the latter was thinking too much. "Mrs. Clinton, that shouldn't be the case. You're thinking too much." However, recalling how her employer had been treating Isabella differently now, she felt furious on Amelia's behalf and thought it could be possible. "Mrs. Clinton, why don't I send someone to Thymion? I remember Hugo once completed a mission in Thymion. He might know an expert in that field."

"Send Hugo there, then."

Jolin nodded. But feeling worried the next moment, she asked, "Mrs. Clinton, even if we managed to get the expert to come here, how should we mention it to Boss?"

Amelia thought about it and said, "I'll tell him myself."

Jolin parted her lips but didn't say her thoughts out loud. Mrs. Clinton, even though Boss adores you, he probably won't feel good to discover that you thought he was under the influence of black magic.

However, Jolin had plenty of experience in life. She had seen much horrible stuff previously. In fact, she had seen how black magic had caused a wealthy man to age quickly. She thought it was possible to make a man fall in love with a person through black magic.

If that was the case, she had to admit that Isabella was cruel enough to come up with such a horrible plan.

Arriving at the farmer's market, Jolin parked the car. "Mrs. Clinton, I don't think we should send someone to Thymion for now. If Boss is under the influence of black magic, there is no way Isabella can still hover around him but still fail to get into his good books. I think we should get rid of Isabella to nip the problem in the bud."

Amelia shook her head and flashed a bitter smile.

"Forget it. I was just joking. If we get the expert to come, Oscar will never agree to get checked. Even if he agrees to get checked for my sake, he'll get upset with me deep down. I don't want to be a fool who creates an opportunity for my enemy." Having said that, she opened the door and got out of the car.

Jolin heaved a sigh of relief. She was scared that Amelia would act recklessly and send someone to Thymion for real.

At the farmer's market, Amelia bought many ingredients.

Jolin took her shopping bags and placed them in the trunk before getting into the driver's seat and starting the engine. "Mrs. Clinton, I have an idea. Why don't I sneak into the Walker residence at night to interrogate Isabella? I'm sure she will reveal everything."

Amelia nodded. "Thank you, Jolin."

"I am willing to do anything for you, Mrs. Clinton."

Amelia chuckled lightly.

Back at the apartment, Amelia went into the kitchen and started to prepare dinner.

The family of three enjoyed dinner together as though Isabella didn't show up that noon.

Late that night, Jolin changed into a black outfit and drove to the Walker residence.

She parked the vehicle a kilometer away from the Walker residence in a forest. Then, she avoided the security guards and sneaked into the house.

After finding Isabella's room, she was about to climb through the window to get in when a pebble hit her ankle, causing her to wince in pain and nearly release her hands. Upon

calming herself down, she turned over her shoulder, and when she saw the person standing below, she blanched in shock and nearly fell to the ground.

Taking a deep breath, she slid down the pipe and climbed down.

"Boss, what are you doing here?" she greeted respectfully, standing in front of the figure.

She thought no one knew about her visit to Isabella's house and didn't know that Oscar had followed her there. She didn't even realize he was behind her.

Despite not knowing why Oscar had shown up here, she knew she couldn't interrogate Isabella today.

Oscar's hands were folded behind his back as he hid in the dark. In a low voice, he demanded, "Jolin, who allowed you to come to the Walker residence?"

A chill went down Jolin's spine as she hung her head low. "Boss, I was curious what the Walker residence looked like. That's why I came here. I didn't mean anything else."

Oscar ordered, "Go back now."

Jolin nodded and trailed behind Oscar obediently. They both avoided the infrared light that the Walker family had set up outside the house as part of their security system and left. Outside, Jolin gazed at Oscar's back silently. She pondered briefly before asking, "Boss, shouldn't you be sleeping with Mrs. Clinton at this hour?"

Oscar shot her a pointed look. "Jolin, you have no right to interfere in my business."

Jolin couldn't understand what Oscar was getting at. She couldn't help but feel indignant on Amelia's behalf. Mrs. Clinton has sacrificed a lot for this family. She is pretty, sensible, and knows when to back off instead of stressing others. I thought they were the most loving couple in the world. They made me believe in true love. Can't true love last forever? Will it burst soon like a bubble?

The more Jolin thought about it, the more indignant she got. She couldn't help but demand, "Boss, have you fallen in love with Ms. Walker? She may have a better figure than Mrs. Clinton, but other than that, she is no match for Mrs. Clinton. How could you do this to your wife? You love her dearly, don't you?"

A flash of confusion appeared in Oscar's eyes when he heard what Jolin had to say. He didn't know why he had come after Jolin. After overhearing the conversation between Jolin and Amelia in the kitchen, he couldn't stop himself from coming after Jolin. Deep

down, he didn't want to see Isabella getting hurt. However, he wasn't in love with Isabella. The woman he had always loved was Amelia. Yet, he couldn't understand why he had followed Jolin to the Walker residence.

A flurry of scenes from the past that shouldn't have happened kept replaying themselves in his mind today as though they were scenes from a movie. He wanted to take a better look at them, but they flashed past too quickly.

His head was aching, no thanks to the scenes, when suddenly a woman's face appeared in his mind. He immediately recognized her as Isabella. However, he didn't even know what happened to him.

I am abnormal now. I think I need to see a doctor soon or risk getting schizophrenia.

"Don't tell Amelia about what happened today. I don't want her to get things wrong," Oscar said after tamping down the suspicions in his heart.

Jolin hung her head low and said nothing.

Oscar narrowed his eyes and gave her a warning look. "Jolin, don't forget that I am your boss."

A chill ran down Jolin's spine as she finally remembered her position.

"Boss, I'm just worried that Mrs. Clinton will be upset to learn that you came to the Walker residence late at night. I don't understand why you followed me here. You used to despise the Walkers. Why did you—"

"Jolin, you've crossed the line. Go home."

Jolin swallowed her words and lowered her head. "Yes, Boss."

She returned to her car and drove back home, and so did Oscar. However, none of them knew that there was another car parked in the forest. Inside the car was Amelia, who was holding Tony in her arms, and Kurt.

Kurt glanced at a silent Amelia through the rearview mirror. In a low voice, he asked, "Amelia, are you all right?"

Forcing a smile, Amelia responded, "Not that good. So this is how it feels to see one's husband showing up at one's love rival's house. It really hurts."

Feeling bad for her, Kurt said, "Amelia, you can cry if you want to. You don't have to pretend in front of me."

Amelia shook her head. "Why would I cry? This little matter won't break me down. I managed to hang on despite losing my eyesight and getting a divorce from Oscar a few years ago. If Oscar did cheat on me and had an affair with Isabella, I'll give them my blessing. I am lucky to get to reunite with him. There's nothing to complain about."

Kurt's lips quirked up as he said, "Amelia, you're still as different as ever. Everyone is worried about you, but you managed to convince yourself. I admire you. To be honest, I am not sure I can act like you." He still couldn't forget her and admired her for her frankness.

Amelia chuckled. "Let's go back."

Kurt bobbed his head and drove back home.

Arriving at the neighborhood, he parked the car and asked, "Amelia, what is your plan?"

Amelia contemplated briefly before revealing, "I'll talk to Oscar directly. It's not like me to keep things a secret. If he has fallen in love with someone else, I'll give them my blessings. If it is the contrary, I'll ask him why he paid her a visit tonight. If this is all Isabella's doing, I won't forgive her, ever."

"Amelia, should I—"

Before Kurt could finish, Amelia shook her head. "No. Oscar has caught Jolin, so there's no need for you to go to Isabella now. I'll talk to Oscar first."

Kurt nodded in response.

Amelia held Tony in her arms and got out of the car. Kurt followed behind her to see her upstairs.

When Amelia turned the doorknob, the door creaked open. It wasn't locked.

She turned over her shoulder and said, "You can go now, Kurt."

Kurt shot her a worried look, but he nodded and turned to leave.

Inside, Amelia switched on the light to see Oscar sitting on the couch. The man lifted his head to look at her. When their eyes met, Amelia suddenly relaxed.

“Oscar.” She went over to him with Tony in her arms.

Oscar got to his feet and gave her a long look before he took Tony from her.

Amelia lifted her head and asked calmly, “Oscar, aren’t you going to ask where I brought Tony?”

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 848

Chapter 848 Fell Into Despair

Oscar picked Tony up and touched Amelia’s cheek. “You followed me to the Walker residence, didn’t you?”

Amelia smiled faintly. “So, you knew everything.” With Tony in his arm, Oscar put his other arm around her and walked upstairs. He put Tony to bed before heading back with her to their bedroom. Amelia asked, “Oscar, don’t you have anything to say to me?”

Oscar pursed his lips and remained silent. A hint of disappointment flashed across Amelia’s eyes as she breathed, “Oscar, things between us were fine at first. Can you tell me why you’re caring so much about Isabella now? Have you really fallen in love with her?”

“No.” Oscar sighed and pulled her into his arms. “If everything I’ve done for you is not enough to make you believe me, then I am not sure how much better I should do to gain your trust again.”

Amelia leaned against his chest quietly, listening to his regular heartbeat. “Let’s go to sleep. I’m a little tired.”

Oscar looked a little surprised. He lowered his head, staring at Amelia’s soft hair, and asked, “Don’t you have more questions for me?”

“Didn’t you ask me to believe in your love for me? I believe your love for me can stand up to scrutiny, so why should I keep questioning you about that?” Amelia looked up and blinked innocently.

Oscar could not stop his lips from curling upward at that sight. He stroked her hair and said, “I promise what happened today will never happen again.”

Hearing that, Amelia nodded in response.

Oscar held her chin, leaning lower to kiss her. Then, he gently placed her on the bed behind them before pressing on top of her.

After an intimate moment together, Amelia put away the doubts about him to the back of her head and fell into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, Oscar felt even more refreshed than before. He lowered his head and watched Amelia sleeping soundly. The look in his eyes grew more affectionate. He reached out and brushed a strand of her hair behind her ear, then leaned closer and kissed her lips softly. When he pulled back, he said with great tenderness, "Amelia, I'm sorry for upsetting you tonight. I promise this will not happen again. I'll see a psychiatrist tomorrow."

Amelia was clueless about his decision as she continued to sleep soundly, and she even murmured, "Oscar, Tony and I love you very much."

Oscar's smile widened when he heard that.

The next day, after having breakfast, Oscar said, "Amelia, I've made an appointment with Dr. Rowen Combs, a well-known psychiatrist in our country. Why don't you come with me?"

Holding the napkin, Amelia looked at Oscar in surprise. "Oscar, why did you make an appointment with a psychiatrist? Who's got a psychological problem?"

"It's for me," said Oscar.

Amelia parted her lips a little, staring at Oscar as if he was messing with her. "Oscar, that's not funny. Why are you seeing a psychiatrist when you're doing just fine?"

"Just come with me and don't ask any questions. Please?"

On second thought, Amelia seemed to understand why he needed to see a psychiatrist. Perhaps he thought something was wrong with him to suddenly change his mind about Isabella.

The thought that no one else could treat her the same as Oscar, who seemed to have convinced himself that he was mentally ill, made her heart skip a beat.

"Oscar, you don't have to do this. I believe you aren't cheating on me." Amelia smiled.

Oscar said bluntly, "But I won't allow you to feel upset, especially when you're upset because of me."

In the end, Amelia agreed to go to the appointment with him.

Upon arriving at Faith Psychiatric Clinic, a tall receptionist in a nurse uniform led them inside an office.

Rowen stood up and extended a hand to Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, you're here. Let's relax a little and have a chat."

Oscar shook his hand.

Rowen shook hands with Amelia as well and greeted, "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Clinton."

Amelia smiled. "Dr. Combs, just call me Amelia."

Rowen smiled. "Don't call me doctor. You can call me Rowen instead. Everyone here calls me by my first name. It makes me feel closer to everyone. There's no need for formality here."

Amelia had a better impression of this psychiatrist, who was already in his sixties.

Rowen invited the two to sit on the couch and asked casually, "Mr. Clinton, would you rather have Mrs. Clinton join the session, or do you want her to wait for you outside?"

Before Oscar could say anything, Amelia beat him to it. "I'll wait for you outside."

Then she stood up and walked out of the office.

Sitting with his hands crossed, Rowen, like a kind and caring old man, said, "Mr. Clinton, let's chat casually."

Oscar looked at him and said, "Dr. Combs, you are quite reputable in this field, and that is why I told my assistant to arrange an appointment with you today. But then, I hope no one finds out I am seeing a psychiatrist. I'm sure you understand what I mean, right?"

Rowen was still smiling as he said, "Mr. Clinton, don't worry about that. I've been a psychiatrist for over thirty years. You can trust my professionalism."

Oscar nodded.

"I've been recalling some complicated and messy memories lately, and I don't know when those memories occurred. They feel vaguely familiar to me. Can you enlighten me about that? This issue has affected my routine, and I hope you can help me solve that." Oscar sat with his legs crossed, looking very elegant, but his authoritative aura did not fall behind the psychiatrist who had been in this profession for more than thirty years.

Rowen nodded and asked tentatively, "Mr. Clinton, can you try to relax a little? You can start by slowly closing your eyes and picturing yourself standing on a vast, peaceful grassland. All right. You may start relaxing now."

Slowly, Oscar closed his eyes. Then, accompanied by Rowen's gentle voice, he pictured himself standing on a vast grassland. He tried his best to relax, but his mind was still tense.

"Mr. Clinton, can you try to describe the memories you've been recalling recently? Try to describe them as much as possible," said Rowen.

Oscar started describing them vaguely, and he got a little confused. "Actually, I don't really know how to describe them. Those memories are blurry, and I can't recall anything else. It just feels familiar, like I've experienced it before, but I don't remember when."

"Mr. Clinton, is it possible that your memories are things you've experienced but you've chosen to forget them for some reason?"

"No way," Oscar answered firmly. But the next second, he grew perplexed. "Or maybe I have."

At that moment, Rowen could finally tell that the heir of the Clinton family, who had intimidated many business tycoons, was now trapped in and troubled by his chaotic memories.

Rowen was about to say something when Oscar suddenly opened his eyes and shot him a sharp glare.

Startled, Rowen asked in a quavering voice, "M-Mr. Clinton, what's wrong?"

Oscar withdrew his gaze and shook his head. "Dr. Combs, I think that's all for today. I'll come again tomorrow."

Rowen stood up and said, "Mr. Clinton, we haven't made any progress today. Why don't we continue our session?"

Oscar ran a hand down his face and said, "No thanks. You can empty your schedule and arrange for me to come again tomorrow."

Left with no choice, Rowen could only see him off.

Seeing Oscar step out of the office, Amelia asked in surprise, "Oscar, you're done already?"

"I just chatted a little with Dr. Combs. I feel much better now. Let's go," Oscar said nonchalantly.

Amelia nodded to Rowen as a sign of gratitude before leaving the clinic with Oscar.

After getting inside the car, Amelia looked at Oscar and asked, "Oscar, are you really okay?"

Oscar turned around and looked at her, smiling. "Why wouldn't I be okay? Don't worry. I'll send you home first. I have to attend a meeting at the company. Call me if you need anything."

Amelia nodded.

Having sent Amelia home, Oscar leaned closer and kissed her. Then he pulled back and said, "Go on. I'll come home and have dinner with you and Tony."

Amelia's cheeks flushed. "Be careful on the road."

She got out of the car and watched Oscar drive away before heading inside the building.

Upon returning to the company, Oscar took the elevator and went to the top floor. Right after he stepped out of the elevator, he bumped into Isabella, who had walked over to him while holding a dessert box.

Plagued by his vague and chaotic memories, Oscar was not in the mood to be friendly toward Isabella.

"Oscar, I've been waiting for you," said Isabella shyly.

It was truly shameless of Isabella to continue pestering Oscar.

Oscar took a deep breath and said, "Get lost."

Looking at him with a sad expression, Isabella said, "Oscar, I made all these snacks for you, and I accidentally burned my hand in the process. Why don't you eat some? Don't let my efforts go to waste."

Meeting Isabella's eyes, Oscar could not help recalling Isabella's blurry figure in his memories again. In the next second, he was reminded of the scene where he and Isabella were chasing after each other on the field. Although the figures in his memories were blurry, his instincts told him they were him and Isabella.

He did not remember sharing that memory with Isabella, but somehow, he could not refuse her at that moment. He had always been cold-hearted, yet lately, he couldn't bring himself to be cold toward her. However, he knew it was not because of love.

It was as if someone had drugged him.

Taking another deep breath, he said, "Come in."

A smug look flashed across Isabella's eyes. She knew Bernard's drug and hypnosis must have worked their wonders. Although the effects were not apparent, she believed she could achieve her goals if she put in more effort. Soon, she would get everything she wanted.

At that thought, she was secretly thrilled.

Right then, Linda walked into the office with a stack of documents and interrupted Isabella's excitement.

"Mr. Clinton, everyone is waiting for you in the conference room. Do you want to have the meeting now or postpone it?" Linda asked.

Isabella's expression darkened a little when she heard that.

"We'll do it now," said Oscar. With that, he turned around and brushed past Isabella to head to the conference room.

"Oscar, I made all these snacks for you. Don't you want to have some?" Isabella asked.

Oscar glanced at Linda and said, "Linda, take these snacks from Ms. Walker and share them with the others in the office."

Linda nodded. She was about to take the snacks from Isabella, but Isabella glared at her.

Isabella trotted over to Oscar, blocked his path, and said weakly, "Oscar, have some first. Please."

A disgusted look flashed across Linda's eyes when she took in Isabella's pretentious behavior.

Seeing the tears brimming in Isabella's eyes, Oscar felt his heart soften for some reason. However, as he remembered Amelia's trust in him, his eyes turned cold and he said, "Linda, why are you still standing there? Take the snacks from Ms. Walker and distribute them to everyone else before joining us in the conference room with the relevant documents."

Linda quickly took the dessert box from Isabella and said, "Ms. Walker, thank you for the snacks." Then, she told another secretary to share the snacks with the other colleagues before chasing after Oscar in her high heels.

Isabella's face was distorted with rage.

The secretary distributed all the snacks to the other secretaries and assistants in the office. While holding the last piece, she walked over to Isabella. "Ms. Walker, there's one left. Do you want it?"

"Get lost!" Isabella smacked the snack away from the secretary, then stomped away in her high heels.

Her plan was about to succeed, but Linda appeared out of nowhere and ruined it. She hated Linda so much because of this.

Leaving Clinton Corporations, Isabella sat inside her car and received a call from Bernard.

As soon as she answered the call, he asked, "When is he coming over?"

Since she was still angry about the previous incident, Isabella replied in a harsh tone, "Professor Zabinski, give me a couple more days. I will get it done soon."

"Isabella, I can only give you five more days. I'll find someone else to get things done if you're this useless. I can't postpone my experiment for you," Bernard warned her for the very last time.

Isabella suppressed her anger and said, "All right, I got it."

After ending the call, she raised her head to look at the skyscraper and gritted her teeth before driving away.

On her way back, her car was blocked by another vehicle.

A tall, dark figure walked over to her car, knocking on the window. Isabella rolled down the window and asked, "Kurt, what are you up to? There are many people coming and going here. Are you trying to rob and kill me, or are you trying to rob and force your way with me?"

Kurt stared at her condescendingly. Then, lifting a dagger, he pointed at her neck. "Move aside."

Isabella glanced at the dagger. Her pupils shrank a little, and she obediently moved to the passenger seat.

After that, Kurt sat in the driver's seat, put on the seatbelt, and drove off.

Seeing that Kurt had turned the steering wheel around, Isabella knew he was heading in the opposite direction. She grabbed her seat and forced herself to stay calm as she asked, "Kurt, what are you doing? You should know that it's illegal to murder someone. I am still the precious daughter of the Walker family. If something terrible happens to me, the Walkers will not sit idly by. Also, there are surveillance cameras around the area where you blocked me just now. They will know you have abducted me once they start investigating."

Kurt glanced at her and said coldly, "Shut up!"

Immediately, Isabella clammed up.

Kurt drove them to a crowded park. He pressed the dagger against Isabella's face and questioned her, "Tell me, what did you do to Boss? I'll cut your face if you dare hide anything from me."

Looking at the dagger on her face, Isabella panicked and leaned backward slightly. However, she pretended to be tough as she said, "Kurt, what the hell are you doing? I must warn you that the Walkers will not let you get away with hurting me."

Kurt narrowed his eyes. "Try me. Let's see if it's faster for me to kill you or for the Walkers to take revenge on me."

Isabella gulped and acted innocent. "I don't know what you were talking about. What can I do to Oscar when I am only a spoiled rich woman who knows how to buy expensive bags all the time? He can ruin me with just a word, so what can I possibly do to him? Also, Oscar is doing fine, isn't he? Why are you talking as if something horrible has happened to him? Are you cursing him?"

A sharp glint flickered across Kurt's eyes. He moved his hand a little, and Isabella immediately felt a sharp pain on her left cheek. She lifted her hand to touch her face, and when she looked at her hand again, she panicked when she saw the red liquid and almost passed out at that sight.

"Kurt, how dare you? H-How dare you ruin my face? Argh! I'll fight you to the death for this."

"Behave yourself if you don't want to die." Kurt waved the dagger in his hand.

Looking at the dagger that was so close to her, Isabella dared not make a fuss again.

"Are you going to tell me the truth or not?" Kurt continued.

Isabella took out a napkin from her purse and pressed it on her cheek to stop the bleeding. "You must be out of your mind. What do you expect me to say when I've done nothing? Are you having fun accusing me? I am only around Oscar so much because I love him. Do you have to do this to me? Did Amelia send you here? Can she not tolerate someone else loving Oscar too? She is being petty to eliminate her rivals like this."

"Shut up!" Kurt chided.

Isabella stopped talking.

Kurt held the dagger near to her face and said, "Isabella, if you refuse to tell me the truth, I have plenty of ways to torture you so much that you'll start begging me to kill you."

Isabella slowly widened her eyes and fixed her gaze on the dagger on her face.

She asked in a trembling voice, "What do you want to know?"

"Just tell me what you have done to Boss, and I'll let you go."

Suppressing her fear, Isabella laughed in exasperation. "I think you're an interesting person, Kurt. I wish I could have done something to Oscar. But he isn't willing to have anything to do with me. So tell me, what can I do to him?"

Kurt moved his hand a little, and another bloody mark appeared on Isabella's face.

Isabella's fear of being disfigured was then replaced by anger. She rolled up her sleeves and swung her arm at him. "You've crossed the line, Kurt. I'll make you pay for this!"

Kurt put away his dagger and pinned her arms with one hand. "Be quiet."

Isabella exploded, "How can I be quiet when I feel like killing you? Are you having fun using your power against a weak woman like me? Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?"

She wanted to push open the door to get out of the car, but the door was locked.

"You lunatic, let me—" Before she could finish her sentence, a small pill was stuffed inside her mouth. Kurt covered her mouth with his palm, forcing her to swallow the pill.

Isabella reached her fingers inside her mouth, trying to force herself to throw up the pill she had just swallowed, but nothing came out.

"What did you just feed me?" Isabella glared at Kurt.

"Good stuff. If you don't want to suffer and die in pain, you can stay and tell me more."

Isabella widened her eyes and flew off the handle. "You're shameless."

Kurt was unfazed.

"Let me out. I want to get out."

"I'll make you suffer hundreds of times the pain you've caused Amelia." Kurt looked at her coldly.

Isabella glared at him, but in the next second, she felt something strange reacting within her body.

She held her neck and questioned angrily, "What did you feed me? Is it aphrodisiac?"

"You love being around men, don't you? So I'm doing you a favor. I'll call several men over later," Kurt said calmly.

Finally, Isabella tasted fear.

She grabbed Kurt's hand and pleaded with him, "Kurt, please don't do that to me. Please send me to the hospital. I want to go to the hospital. Please. I'm begging you."

Kurt retracted his hand and said, "I forgot to tell you something. The pill has a strong effect you can't get rid of even if you pump your stomach. However, I do have an antidote. Just tell me what you have done to Boss, and I'll give you the antidote."

Hearing that, Isabella fell silent. Then, she turned around and hit the window, shouting, "Help! Help me!"

Kurt pressed the dagger against her neck and took her purse away.

Isabella stopped shouting, realizing there was no way for her to escape this situation. To make things worse, if someone filmed the scene and posted it online, her reputation would be ruined.

Shock, anger, and panic filled her heart. After putting in so much effort for a long time, she was already so near her goal, yet Kurt showed up out of nowhere and ruined her chance.

She refused to admit defeat, especially not in this situation.

Staring at the dagger on her neck, she suddenly turned around and grabbed it, then cut her arm. Instantly, blood gushed out.

She raised her arm and looked at Kurt. "Kurt, if you don't send me to the hospital now, I'll bleed to death. By then, the police will find you no matter what. You have two options now. Either watch me die or send me to the hospital."

Looking at the cut on Isabella's arm, Kurt said coldly, "You're cruel even to yourself. But then, what does it have to do with me whether you live or die?"

"Kurt, how are you human?" Fear filled her eyes as she looked at her bleeding arm. She did not want to die, so she grabbed Kurt's hand and pleaded again, "Kurt, please. I beg you to send me to the hospital. I don't want to die."

"Tell me what you have done to Boss, and I'll send you to the hospital. Otherwise, you won't get the antidote even if your blood runs out."

Isabella fell into despair. At that moment, she felt that no one could come to her rescue.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 849

Chapter 849 Getting Caught

Isabella's eyes were filled with despair as she watched the trickle of her blood turn into a stream. Her face became paler, and a burning desire within her made her twitch involuntarily.

She wriggled over to grab Kurt with her other hand. "I'm begging you, Kurt. Take me to the hospital." Seeing that it was almost time, Kurt started the car and quickly drove to the hospital.

He stopped the car at the hospital entrance, then produced a camera and started recording. As he undid her top, Isabella grabbed his hands reflexively. "Kurt, what are you doing?" she murmured in a daze.

Kurt continued to unbutton her blouse with a blank expression. Isabella's eyes turned misty as his bare skin brushed against hers.

A trace of disgust flashed in Kurt's eyes as he watched her writhe, but his hands did not stop moving as he ended up with plenty of footage by the time he was done.

After that, he called the hospital, informed them of her location, and swiftly alighted from the car. He then stood in the shadows and watched as the medical staff ran out to carry the disheveled Isabella into the hospital.

"What did you say? Isabella is in the hospital and was... What's going on? You'd better explain yourself." Olivia glanced at Amelia, who had brought Tony over, and swallowed the word "drugged" in her interrogation of the person on the other end of the line.

The person on the other end said something, to which Olivia replied calmly, "Don't worry. The Walkers will be there soon. I have to care for my grandson and I don't have the time to go over."

With that, she hung up without another word.

Taking in the older woman's unpleasant expression, Amelia asked, "What's the matter, Mom? I heard you mentioning Ms. Walker's name. Is she all right?"

Olivia sighed. "She was drugged and is currently making a scene in the hospital. The doctor wanted to pump her stomach, but she grabbed his hand and forced herself onto him, thoroughly embarrassing herself. I wonder who did such a wicked thing."

Amelia's eyes flashed. Although she felt her heart leap with satisfaction, she said, "I think you should go and see her, Mom. You did acknowledge her as your goddaughter, and she is also the eldest daughter of your in-laws. We can't justify not paying her a visit."

Olivia gazed at Amelia, puzzled.

"I won't come along if you think my intentions aren't sincere, Mom," Amelia said with a smile. "I'll take Tony home instead."

Olivia beckoned Tony to go over. "I don't doubt you. You are my daughter-in-law and Tony's mother. Compared to you, Isabella is just an outsider."

Tony ran to Olivia's arms and reached out to smooth the wrinkles between her brows. "Don't frown, Grandma," he chirruped, "or you won't look pretty."

Olivia laughed heartily and picked him up. "Come. I'll take you to the hospital."

Tony frowned, and Olivia stroked his little nose. "What's the matter? You don't like hospitals?"

Tony nodded honestly. "I don't like them. They smell awful. Can we not go to the hospital, Grandma?"

"All right, we won't go." Olivia took out her phone and called Carol to ask about Isabella.

"Isabella is fine, Mrs. Clinton," came Carol's anxious voice from the other end. "We are taking her home now. She just hurt her arm, that's all."

"Really? The hospital called me to say that she was—"

"It's really nothing. Isabella wasn't drugged. The people in the hospital were talking nonsense," Carol interrupted, flustered. It was only after the words left her lips that she realized she had said too much.

After a pause, Carol continued awkwardly, "Matthew and I will take Isabella home now, Mrs. Clinton. We can talk about it another day if there's anything else to discuss. Goodbye."

Olivia, being experienced in the ways of the world, had somewhat guessed from Carol's demeanor that the latter was hiding something. She inferred privately that Isabella's situation might be worse than she imagined.

"What's the matter, Mom?" Amelia asked. "Is Ms. Walker not in the hospital?"

Olivia shook her head. "I'm unsure too. We'll ask Stephanie later, but this is somebody else's business. The Walkers may think that we Clintons are meddling because of our family's fortune if we ask too many questions. There is no need to disrupt the harmony between our families for something so trivial."

Amelia nodded. "As you say, Mom."

Olivia was playing with Tony when her phone vibrated. She picked it up and, upon seeing that it was a video sent to her by an unknown number, clicked on it. Her expression soured dramatically when she saw the content within.

Disgusted, she threw the phone aside. Upon noticing Olivia's expression, Amelia reached for the phone and took a look. Her face contorted as well after she had taken a good look at the contents.

"M-Mom, why would someone send you such a video?" Amelia asked in confusion.

Olivia took a deep breath to calm herself down before letting out a long sigh. "I thought Isabella was a decent girl. I can't believe she's shameless enough to allow herself to be filmed in such a manner. Fortunately, it was only sent to me. Her reputation would be ruined if it was posted on the internet."

Amelia frowned as she considered the purpose of the mysterious person sending this video to Olivia.

It's obviously not to threaten her for money, as it would be more effective to blackmail the Walker family directly. They recorded the video with great effort, yet they did not ask for money. Why would they send it to Mom, then? Although Isabella is Mom's goddaughter, she is still considered an outsider. So why else would they record this video if not for money or power?

Amelia's confusion must have shown on her face as Olivia shot her a glance. "What are you thinking, Amelia?"

Amelia pondered in silence for several moments before speaking. "I'm not trying to be paranoid, Mom, but I can't figure out why the mastermind would send you such a video."

You are Ms. Walker's godmother, and besides, the Walker family is powerful. It should have been sent to the Walker family if what they wanted was money, yet it was sent to you. Could there be some kind of conspiracy?"

The new worrisome thought nagged at Olivia after Amelia mentioned it. She could not help but wonder if it was something Isabella had set up with outsiders. But upon further reflection, she thought Isabella had no need to gamble with her reputation. The girl would not be that stupid to risk my impression of her for something she desired.

"Since you mentioned it, Amelia, do you think there's some kind of conspiracy going here?" Olivia asked in return.

Amelia placed the phone down. "I was just saying, Mom. How would I know what the person who sent you the video was thinking?"

Olivia held Tony on her lap and sat him down. She changed the topic by saying, "I've asked the cook to prepare a feast for you and Tony. The housekeeper brought a dozen pounds of blue crabs the size of your fist from his hometown. They are delicious and tender. Take some home to cook for Tony."

"All right," Amelia said.

"You haven't gone to work for quite some time because of the incident with Tony. There hasn't been a problem, I hope? Your company isn't particularly big, and Tony needs your care. Just quit if you can't handle it to avoid burning out over work and home. The family doesn't need the contribution of your salary."

Amelia smiled. "I'm not tired, Mom. Tony is a good boy. In fact, he told me yesterday that he wanted to attend grade school. I thought about his precociousness and considered how unhappy he would be in kindergarten, so I thought I would have him start first grade instead. What do you think, Mom?"

Olivia turned to Tony and asked in surprise, "Are you really going to grade school, Tony?"

Tony nodded and said with a serious look on his face, "Not only am I going to school, but I'm learning to fight from Daddy. I'll soon be able to protect you and Mommy."

Olivia was overwhelmed with delight. She hugged Tony and kissed him fiercely several times. "My grandson is amazing. He is not only clever but also good at fighting. I'm so proud of you. Here's a reward. Have your mother buy you whatever you want."

Olivia stuffed a gold card into Tony's hand.

"Thank you, Grandma," Tony said sweetly as he pocketed it.

They continued to chat and then sat down to dine together. Olivia announced her intention to visit Stephanie at the Walker residence and, at the same time, see how Isabella was doing.

For some reason known only to herself, Amelia wanted to bring Tony along.

"Do you really want to come, Amelia?" Olivia asked, nonplussed.

"Stephanie is my sister-in-law, Mom," Amelia insisted. "She gave birth to a son whom I, as her sister-in-law, have never met. It's not right."

Olivia nodded. "Let's go, then."

With Tony in her arms, Amelia followed Olivia to the Walker residence.

Amelia called Oscar along the way to inform him that she was going to the Walker residence. Despite his bafflement, Oscar merely said, "I'll pick you up from the Walker residence after my meeting."

"I heard Oscar mention that you want to bring Stephanie back to the Clinton residence for confinement, Mom," Amelia remarked casually after hanging up.

"I did want to," Olivia said, "but Stephanie doesn't. She thought she should be confined at the Walker residence since she was already married. I thought she had a point, so I left it up to her."

Amelia's eyes glittered strangely before she disguised it with a smile. "It appears that Stephanie is a lot more understanding." I don't believe that for a second. I'm guessing that the Walkers made that decision.

Olivia smiled in relief. I've been worried about this daughter of mine, and now I finally hear something reassuring.

After parking the car at the Walker residence, the driver unfastened his seat belt and got out to open the door for Olivia and Amelia.

He even placed his hand on the roof of the car to prevent Olivia and Amelia from hitting it when they alighted from the vehicle.

Carol hurried down the stairs when Olivia and Amelia entered the living room. "What are you doing here, Mrs. Clinton?"

"Amelia and I came to see Stephanie," Olivia announced. "Besides, you were a little unclear over the phone earlier. How is Isabella? Is it serious?"

A trace of panic flashed across Carol's eyes. "She's fine," she replied shiftily, "but her arm was accidentally scratched by a knife. Didn't you say you were here to see Stephanie? I'll walk you up."

Olivia studied Carol suspiciously but did not press on about Isabella.

The three of them went upstairs and were about to head toward Stephanie's bedroom when a scream of fury erupted from the third floor. "Who are you? Why are you in my bedroom? Ah! How dare you touch me! I'm going to kill you!"

Soon after, a man clad only in a pair of underpants stumbled out in a state of embarrassment. Carol's features contorted at the sight, then she subconsciously glanced at Olivia.

Olivia was looking at Isabella, wrapped in a sheet and had come running out in pursuit from within, with a trace of disappointment in her eyes. She could not believe Isabella would be that daring in her own home. I thought she was a pure girl. I can't believe how cavalier she would be with her chastity, given how decently she has portrayed herself to be before me.

Amelia covered Tony's eyes, the corners of her lips quirking up. The satisfaction of vengeance made her heart leap.

This woman has been taking advantage of Mom's love for her by clinging to Oscar. Look where we are now! Without Mom's support, I'd like to see how she'll continue to get involved with him.

Olivia took a deep breath. "Amelia and I are going to see Stephanie, Mrs. Walker," she said placidly. "My grandson is also present. It wouldn't do to expose him to such a sight."

Carol's face turned deathly pale. She clenched her fists. "Go on ahead with Amelia, Mrs. Clinton," she said, restraining herself with tremendous effort.

Olivia and Amelia were about to leave when the man unexpectedly ran down the stairs. Isabella gave chase and ran into Olivia and Amelia.

Her face was white as a sheet of paper when she recognized Olivia.

“W-What are you doing here, Aunt Olivia?” she asked in a trembling voice.

Isabella had gotten to where she was through drastic means, but for all her planning, she still failed to account for every single possibility. Her mind went blank with shock while her knees buckled.

Olivia’s expression grew cold. “You should get dressed, Isabella,” she said in disappointment. “You shouldn’t mess around like this at home even if you have a boyfriend.”

“No, Aunt Olivia. He’s not. I...” Isabella panicked.

If I fail to obtain Aunt Olivia’s support, marrying into the Clinton family may not be easy even if I manage to trick Oscar.

“Go get dressed, Isabella,” Olivia repeated. “As for your boyfriend”—she turned to look at the wretched man without concealing her disdain—“I’m happy for you if you like him, but it’s better to find somebody more presentable. Amelia and I are going to Stephanie’s room. If you have anything to say, you can get dressed and meet us there.”

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 850

Chapter 850 That Was Her Chance

When Olivia and Amelia got to Stephanie’s room, Isabella pointed at the man in the corner and roared, “Mom, who’s this guy? Do you know that Aunt Olivia saw him? My entire life is destroyed now!”

Carol handed the man several thousand and uttered in a disgusted tone, “Get lost.” Then, the man left the Walker residence without any clothes on. Isabella nearly passed out as she watched the scene.

Glaring at her, Carol said darkly, “Why don’t you ask yourself about your shameful behavior at the hospital? The doctor was helping to bandage your wounds, yet you kept grabbing his hand to kiss him like a cat in heat. You were even moaning! You’ve utterly disgraced our entire family.

If some snoop had taken your photo and uploaded it onto the internet, your reputation would've gotten ripped to shreds. Just so you know, that guy was someone you wouldn't let go of while at the hospital. We had no choice but to bring him back with us. But now, you're blaming me? Oh, I could kill you right now!"

Isabella was so shocked that she turned as pale as a sheet. The injury on her arm did not even seem to hurt anymore.

"How can this be? How is this possible? How can things end like this when I have yet to carry out my plan?" she mumbled. I refuse to believe that the heavens would be so cruel to me!

As Isabelle returned to her room dispiritedly, Carol shot her a vicious glare and muttered under her breath, "She truly is the jinx of the Walker family."

After that, Carol went to Stephanie's room and said with an apologetic smile, "I'm so sorry you had to see that, Mrs. Clinton."

Olivia shook her head. "That's all right. Isabella is still my beloved goddaughter. Although that man looks polite and mild-mannered, he seems as poor as a church mouse. He's not a good match for Isabella. But, of course, that's your family's private matter. As an outsider, I shouldn't get involved."

"Isn't that the truth, though? But she's all grown up and can make her own decisions. As parents, we can't interfere too much, either. Just let her be," Carol responded with a grimace.

Nodding, Olivia did not say anything more. Nonetheless, she could not help being disappointed that Isabella had brought home a man to fool around with before it was even dark. She did not feel as fond of Isabella as before.

The two women were still making small talk when Isabella knocked on the door and walked in, neatly dressed. She approached Olivia, then bowed solemnly and apologized. "I'm sorry for that ugly scene just now. It was my fault."

Helping her up, Olivia replied, "You didn't do anything wrong, so there's no need to apologize. But even if you bring your boyfriend home, you can't mess around like that. Besides, it's clear that the guy is from a very ordinary family and isn't a good match for you. You should think about it carefully."

Isabella lowered her head. Despite feeling displeased with what she had just heard, she answered meekly, "I understand, Aunt Olivia. I thought he was a good person at first."

That's why I planned to date him and see how things would turn out. I never expected him to behave so appallingly and lace my drink with drugs. Even though my parents sent me to the hospital, it was no use. They had no choice but to let the both of us... I can only blame myself for getting a boyfriend like that."

"How could he do such a terrible thing to you? That's too much! We can't let a loser like that off the hook so easily. What's his address? I'll send some people to teach him a lesson," Olivia declared furiously.

A look of panic flashed across Isabella's eyes, and she shook her head. "There's no need for that, Aunt Olivia. Just think of it as something I need to suffer in silence. After all, as a lady, it'll only tarnish my reputation if others find out what happened."

Olivia gazed at her thoughtfully and did not press the matter further.

Glancing at her uneasily, Isabella swallowed hard and asked softly, "Are you mad at me, Aunt Olivia?"

Her question tickled Olivia, and the latter responded, "Why would I be mad that you're dating?"

"Well, because I was a pushover and dated a sad excuse for a boyfriend."

"In that case, your parents should be the ones who should be even more upset, isn't that so? I may be your godmother, but technically, I'm still an outsider. Don't you agree?" Olivia replied with amusement.

Isabella's face turned ashen.

Her words seem to be hinting at me not to delude myself. Even though she acknowledges me as her goddaughter, I'm still nothing more than an outsider. She doesn't even care that I'm dating.

Taking Isabella's hand, Olivia added, "Don't overthink things. My hope is that you'll date someone from a good family. Even so, the most important thing is your feelings toward that person. And if you do get married, I'll prepare a generous dowry for you."

Isabella frowned as she looked down. She replied docilely, "Thank you, Aunt Olivia."

Isabella put on an obedient front, but her eyes glinted with malice. She had already gotten so far and could not afford to fail. If Olivia did become an obstacle in her plan to

be a part of the Clinton family, she had no qualms about getting rid of her. She would not let anyone get in her way of reveling in power and riches.

Olivia remained in the bedroom for around an hour. Then, the housekeeper knocked on the door and said, "Mr. Clinton has arrived."

Isabella's eyes lit up instantly when she heard Oscar's name. She sprang to her feet with unconcealed excitement, and everyone turned their gazes toward her in unison.

Embarrassment flashed in her eyes as she abruptly realized her blunder. "Nature calls. I need to use the bathroom," she muttered before actually dashing off to the bathroom.

Smiling apologetically, Carol said, "She's so unmannerly. Again, I apologize that you had to see that."

Olivia chuckled.

"Since Oscar is here, we'll be heading home now," she said as she stood up.

Carol quickly asked her to stay for a meal.

After giving it some thought, Olivia replied, "That's all right. I've already instructed our cook to prepare Tony's favorite dishes. They should be ready by now, and we'll be able to start dinner as soon as we get back. I'll pop in another day to visit Stephanie and my grandson."

Hearing that, Carol hurriedly shot Stephanie a look.

Stephanie said in a cutesy manner, "Please stay for dinner, Mom. I've been stuck inside the house all day and am practically bored out of my mind. I've been looking forward to spending time with you and chatting. If you go back now, I'll die of boredom."

Olivia tapped her daughter's forehead and answered with a laugh, "How can you still act like a big child at this age?"

She nearly caved in and accepted the invitation. However, Tony said in a piping voice, "Grandma, I want to eat the lobster we have at home."

Upon hearing that, Olivia changed her mind at once.

She picked Tony up and replied, "We won't be joining you for dinner today. Maybe some other time. Tony is a picky eater, but he loves the sauce our cook whips up. Tony always

gets a huge appetite and can finish three helpings of meat with that sauce. He's a growing boy, so we can't let him go hungry."

The expressions on Carol's and Stephanie's faces shifted at once, and the latter nearly dug her fingernails into her flesh.

Carrying Tony, Olivia was just about to leave with Amelia when Isabella rushed out of the bathroom.

"I'll see you to the door, Aunt Olivia," she uttered dutifully.

The older woman nodded in response.

They all trooped downstairs, and Oscar stepped forward. He took Tony from Olivia's arms, then placed a hand on the back of Amelia's head and pulled her in for a deep kiss as though there was no one else around.

After letting her go, Oscar asked Olivia, "Shall we head home now?"

Olivia nodded.

Whether intentionally or otherwise, she flicked her gaze toward Isabella and said, "Oscar, Isabella has a boyfriend. I saw him just now. He appeared polite and mild-mannered, but he didn't look as though he was from a well-off family. Be extra nice to him when you meet him. Got it?"

At that, Isabella clenched her jaw tightly and nearly broke a tooth.

She had not expected Olivia to choose that time to stab her in the back. At that moment, she felt a faint loathing for how two-faced Olivia was.

Nonetheless, she forced herself to say, "Aunt Olivia, there's no need to tell him about such things."

"Why ever not? It's great that you're dating. It'll also save Oscar the worry of being unsure whether you might still harbor feelings for him. Besides, we're family. As an older brother, it's only right that Oscar looks out for your boyfriend," Olivia replied, smiling.

Isabella was caught off guard by her response.

Oscar merely glanced at Isabella and nodded indifferently.

Isabella bit her lip, then piped up, "Since it just so happens that everyone is here, you should stay for dinner, Aunt Olivia. Even if you rush home now, Tony won't get to have dinner until nine or ten o'clock at least. He'll be starving."

As Olivia hesitated, Tony swung his legs and said, "Grandma, I want to eat the lobster dish our cook makes. You promised me."

Seeing how adorable he was, Olivia felt her heart melt at once.

"We'll go home for dinner this time. We should get going. Otherwise, Tony will be hungry."

As Isabella watched them leave, she balled her hands into fists, and a myriad of unfathomable expressions flashed across her face.

Carol rolled her eyes at her and hissed, "Hurry and get inside. Are you planning on lingering here to make a fool of yourself?"

The look on Isabella's face was inscrutable as she reluctantly walked back into the house.

"Don't get involved with any more dubious men in the future. We can introduce you to some guys if you can't find anyone. We don't hold a candle to the Clinton family. However, we're still a wealthy family, and many would jump at the chance of marrying you. Whenever I think about that riff-raff you brought home, I feel completely humiliated. How could you sink to such depths just because you can't have Oscar? Even I'm quickly losing respect for you. You're lucky your father and brother aren't around today. Otherwise, you'd be too embarrassed to remain in the house," Carol snapped.

"Are you even my biological mother?" Isabella asked, gazing at Carol with reddened eyes.

"If I weren't your biological mother, I'd have left you at the hospital to make a fool of yourself after you got drugged. I'd be happy if you were half as obedient as Rachel and stopped going around with your head in the clouds." With that, Carol headed straight upstairs.

"Rachel, Rachel... All you care about is Rachel. Have you considered that everything I'm doing is for the good of the family? What has Rachel ever done? What else does she know how to do apart from acting like a spoiled brat whenever she encounters problems?" Isabella yelled indignantly.

Alas, her words fell on deaf ears.

Fuming over the unfairness of the situation, Isabella went to Stephanie's room and grabbed the latter's hand. She burst into tears and said, "You have to help me this time. Otherwise, our efforts all this while will go down the drain!"

"What are you talking about? What do you mean, go down the drain?" Stephanie asked anxiously.

Isabella proceeded to give an embellished version of what she had gone through.

"You're saying Amelia told Kurt to kidnap you, then took nude photos of you and even drugged you?"

Nodding, Isabella said through heaving sobs, "That man helped to neutralize the effects of the drug, but I felt so disgusted with myself that I kicked him out of the room. Unexpectedly, Aunt Olivia saw that and thought I was fooling around with my boyfriend. If she's disappointed in me, I'll never get to marry into the Clinton family even if Oscar and Amelia divorce."

Stephanie frowned. Then, she replied frostily, "You're an idiot. How can I help you when you've fallen for someone's trap?"

Turning her tear-stained face toward Stephanie, Isabella warned, "You're the only person who can help me now. If you don't, you'll also risk losing any influence in your family if Aunt Olivia fails to keep a leash on Amelia."

Stephanie froze. "How do you want me to help you?"

Isabella whispered something into her ear.

After pondering for a moment, Stephanie replied, "I'll try to put in a few good words for you when I'm with Mom. The thing is, I'm still recovering from giving birth and can't go to my family's house. I'm afraid I won't be able to get Oscar to come here and see me. The most I can do is ask that b*tch, Amelia, to visit me. But I've no wish to see her at all."

"Why don't you go back to the Clinton residence and stay there? That way, you'll get the chance to drug Oscar. We've put in so much effort for so long. If we fail, everything will have been for naught, and Amelia will well and truly become the lady of the Clinton household. Even you, the family's eldest daughter, will be cast aside if that happens. Without your family's support, Noah will naturally lose interest in you. Don't forget that my brother has a woman he dated for almost ten years."

Stephanie's expression darkened, and a vicious look appeared in her eyes for a fleeting moment.

"Okay. I'll help you," she replied.

I'm Noah's wife now, so I should be there for him through weal and woe. Judging by how much Oscar dotes on Amelia, I'm afraid I'll have no place in the Clinton family in the long run if Amelia does become the lady of the house. If so, Noah will really have the guts to go out and sleep around. Once I lose my family as a pillar of support, I won't be able to control him. Noah and I are in the same boat. I'll only be able to mend my relationship with Oscar if Isabella marries into the Clinton family.

Isabella's eyes gleamed. Stephanie has finally taken the bait. As long as she agrees to help, I'll be able to drug Oscar again within five days.

That night, Stephanie mentioned to Carol about staying at the Clinton residence. Although the latter was not too pleased when she heard that, she dared not argue openly with Stephanie about it.

"Are our cook's dishes not to your liking? Or do you feel uncomfortable staying here?" Carol asked kindly.

"Oh, not at all. It's just that I suddenly miss the food at my parents' house. After getting married, I'd go home occasionally to have a meal. However, I haven't gone out after giving birth, and it feels like I'm locked up in prison. I also haven't eaten anything made by my family's cook and I miss it so much. That's why I feel like going there to stay. You don't mind, do you?" Stephanie replied.

"It's no big deal if you want to stay at your parents' house. However, it wouldn't be good if word of it got out. Others would think we're mistreating our daughter-in-law."

Stephanie took Carol's hand and said in a wheedling tone, "Who would dare to think such a thing? Everyone knows the both of us get on like a house on fire, and I'll be sure to tell my mother how well you treat me while I'm home. Once my postpartum period is over, all three of us can go for a high tea together. We'll go shopping after that, and I'll buy lots of beautiful clothes for you and my mother."

Carol's eyes lit up as she mulled over the matter carefully.

After a while, she nodded. "Very well. I'll get the housekeeper to pack your clothes for you. While you're there, I'll drop by every two days to visit you and my darling grandson."

Although Stephanie was all smiles as she nodded, she sneered inwardly. What an opportunist.

Bright and early the following morning, Stephanie bundled up well and returned to the Clinton residence.

After ushering her into the house, Olivia demanded angrily, "Why are you running around when you've only just given birth? What are you going to do if you fall ill?"

Stephanie sat on the bed and answered sweetly, "That's because I missed you. I also missed the cook's dishes. Although I get pampered with lots of good food at the Walker residence, I'm still not used to the cooking there. That's why I insisted on coming home. What's the matter? Am I not welcome?"

"How can you say that when you're already here?" Olivia tapped her daughter's forehead as she spoke, then turned to Noah. "Why did you indulge her wilful behavior? You should've given her a talking to."

Shooting her a bitter smile, he replied, "She has practically clipped my wings after finding out that I had a woman outside. I'm still under an observation period. If I say anything, I'm afraid I'll have to sleep on the couch every night."

"Oh, Stephanie, every man is bound to have had several relationships before marriage. Just because Noah is willing to dote on you doesn't mean you can take advantage of it. Do you understand?" Olivia chided while rolling her eyes at Stephanie.

The younger woman pursed her lips. "Mom, one shouldn't spoil men. This is punishment for him. If he dares to mistreat me, I'll take the baby and come back here."

Olivia looked as though she were about to fly into a rage. However, Noah chimed in, saying, "I was the one who slipped up first, so it's reasonable for Stephanie to be angry at me. Please don't upbraid her for it. I'm willing to use the rest of my life to treat her well."

Those words made Olivia's expression relax a little.

Stephanie stuck her nose in the air petulantly. "You should go back, Noah. You can come again in the evening to see the baby. However, let me make things clear. You're not allowed to go frolicking around with other women. If I find out about it, I'll get a divorce."

"I wouldn't dream of doing that. I'm still under observation, so I need to perform well," Noah replied with a gentle smile.

"That'd better be the case." Waving her hand at Noah as though she were conferring a favor, she said, "That's enough. You may go. Just looking at you now annoys me."

Noah nodded and said to Olivia in a good-natured manner, "Please take care of Stephanie and the baby."

Olivia saw him to the door, then said, "Go on to the office, then."

Once Noah left, she walked back and flicked Stephanie's forehead. "As his wife, how can you treat him like that?"

"What's the big deal? It's not like I wanted it to be like this. The hypocritical Noah thinks I'm a total pushover. All I'm doing is letting him know that I'm not someone to be messed with. As we go through life together, he'll do well to remember that I'm a high and mighty queen," Stephanie retorted, snorting coldly.

Olivia had wanted to reprimand her daughter, but she thought better of it. Her life with the Walkers will be much easier if she has Noah under her thumb, so I shouldn't say anything.

"Mom, since I'm staying here now, why don't you ask Oscar and Amelia to come back tonight for dinner so we can all gather?" Stephanie suggested as she lay in bed.

"Even if they come over, you can't go downstairs to eat with us."

"Mom, I miss my brother. I just want us to get together as a family."

Olivia glanced at her and said, "Oh, okay. I'll ask them to come over for dinner."

"I've always known you're the nicest to me, Mom."

"Don't try to butter me up."

Stephanie merely smiled in response.

After Olivia invited Oscar and Amelia, Stephanie secretly called Isabella and Carol to tell them to come by that evening to see the baby and stay for dinner.

When Isabella got the call, she knew that was her chance.