

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 871 - 880

Chapter 871 Cannot Let Go

Oscar gave a curt nod. Seeing his response, Isabella could finally relax her tensed body. She held Oscar's arm and gave the other elders a nod before stalking away like a proud peacock.

"Look how impatient, rude, and smug she is. I don't understand what Oscar sees in her," Rhonda commented unhappily.

Amelia listened to her comment and discovered one thing—Isabella had managed to make everyone despise her as she took advantage of the fact that Oscar adored her and was rude to most of the upper-class families.

Initially, she assumed Isabella's social skills would improve as a year passed, but the latter was so spoiled she couldn't even flatter someone else.

After chatting briefly with Rhonda, Amelia led Tiffany to the other end of the hall. She didn't show up before Isabella to upset her. "Won't you provoke Isabella?" Tiffany asked.

"No need. I found out that Oscar doesn't hate me as much as I expected, so that shall suffice. I'll go and see him after the charity gala ends." Amelia's lips curled into a smile. She seemed to be in a good mood after discovering that Oscar didn't hate her. That is a good start.

"Don't tell me that makes you happy, Amelia. That's hardly anything. I think you should continue striking while the iron is hot by showing your authority. I saw how Oscar's eyes lit up when he saw you earlier," Tiffany told her. She was pleased to see Oscar's response earlier. It is annoying to see Isabella using despicable tricks to steal someone else's husband but pretending to be the victim by accusing the real victim. Doesn't she feel ashamed? Hmph! Her shamelessness knows no bound.

Amelia shot Tiffany a bemused look, and the latter shrugged in response.

Coincidentally, Amelia spotted Derrick coming in through the entrance.

A smirk played on her lips as she gave Tiffany a nudge.

"Tiff, your trouble is here," she said purposely.

Tiffany gave her a strange look.

Seeing her response, Amelia pursed her lips in Derrick's direction. Tiffany turned to look at the entrance and spotted Derrick. The smile on her lips froze, and she seemed awkward.

After a year, Derrick was more intimidating and mature than before. His handsome face was icy as he gave off an aura that repelled anyone who came close.

Seeing how different Derrick looked now, Tiffany couldn't help but recall how disheveled he was at the airport a year ago. She wasn't prepared to meet Derrick yet. If she knew he was going to be here tonight, she wouldn't have attended the charity gala.

"Amelia, block me. I shall head out to take a breather. Give me a call when you're ready to leave," Tiffany whispered before preparing to escape as though she had done something wrong.

"Tiff, Derrick is coming this way. It will look like you're escaping from him if you leave now," Amelia told her.

Tiffany froze before slowly returning to Amelia's side. She could only watch as Derrick came to her.

Never in Derrick's wildest dreams did he know he would bump into the woman he missed dearly for one year. Finally, she's back. I didn't wait so long in vain. Now that she's back, I shall never let her leave.

Overwhelmed by emotions, Derrick couldn't help but flash a smile. He returned to his indifferent self when he came to a stop before Tiffany, for he was afraid of scaring her away. He didn't want her to escape overseas again.

"Tiff, you're back. When did you come back? It has been a year since we last met. It looks like you're doing well overseas. You've gained weight, but you look prettier now," Derrick greeted her naturally as though they were friends who hadn't met for some time.

Tiffany gave him a long look. He acted natural, so her attempt to escape would seem pretentious.

"I got back two days ago and was busy with publishing my novel, so I didn't have time to contact my old friends. Fancy running into you here!" Tiffany responded stiffly.

Derrick's lips twitched when he heard her response. It turns out that I'm just a friend to her now.

Tiffany gave him a careful look. She had the urge to ask him whether he was married but soon changed her mind. After all, she was afraid of getting an answer that wasn't to her liking.

A year ago, she escaped overseas hastily and cut off all ties with Derrick.

Tiffany dared not ask the question, but someone else asked it on behalf of her.

"Derrick, Ms. Halliwell must've given birth, right? When did you get married?" Amelia asked nonchalantly.

Derrick glanced at her. "I didn't marry her. After giving birth to her son, she took the huge sum of money that the Hissons gave her and went overseas. She said I'm a stubborn man who gave my heart to someone else. Thus, she'd rather head overseas to find the right guy instead of wasting her time on me."

Amelia gazed at Tiffany, who was obviously distracted.

"So you dumped her?" Amelia asked wryly.

Amused, Derrick curved his lips. "Amelia, we're friends, right? Tiff and I are no longer married, so there's no need for you to be sarcastic to me because of her. I went all out at the airport a year ago but failed to persuade you to change your mind. That was when I realized Tiff no longer loved me anymore. Hence, I took over the family business and spent all my time working. I'm still single now. What about you? Did you get a boyfriend overseas?"

One would think Derrick seemed unfazed if one didn't pay attention to his expression. It was as if he no longer loved Tiffany. However, Derrick was clenching his fists so tightly that his veins started popping up.

Both Amelia and Tiffany didn't notice his unusual action.

"No one is pursuing me, but Tiff has an admirer. I believe you know who he is. He is one of the person in charge of Atlas Corporation and my mentor for the past year. I think they make a great match, and Tiff is about to say yes to him. As her ex-husband, shouldn't you congratulate her?" Amelia asked as though she wanted to challenge Derrick deliberately.

Derrick stiffened as shock rippled in the depths of his eyes. However, he soon concealed his emotions and maintained a cool composure.

“Oh, the person in charge of Atlas Corporation. It looks like I’ll have to meet him. After all, Tiff is my ex-wife. Even though we’re no longer a couple, I need to check on him as a friend. If he visits the country, let’s grab a meal together,” Derrick suggested calmly.

Amelia gave him a scrutinizing look, for she refused to believe Derrick fell out of love with Tiffany that fast. However, he was acting too nonchalantly. She couldn’t figure out if he was being sincere or merely too good at concealing his real emotions.

Derrick was at ease when Amelia gave him the once-over.

Seeing that, Tiffany felt an ache spreading in her heart. Strangely, she felt thoroughly uncomfortable to hear Derrick pushing her to another man like they were nothing but friends.

Initially, that was what she wanted, but now, she was filled with dejection and anguish that she couldn’t bring herself to say a word.

Derrick and I can never get back together. Well, that’s a good thing. That way, I won’t be moping over our past relationship anymore.

“Amelia, have you said hello to Mr. Clinton? Should we greet him together?” Derrick turned his attention back to Amelia after glancing at Tiffany briefly.

Amelia shook her head and told Derrick, “I’ve already greeted him earlier, so you should go see him alone without us.”

“Okay. I’ll do that now. Please excuse me.” With that said, Derrick strode away from them without looking back.

Turning over her shoulder, Amelia noticed that Tiffany was staring at Derrick’s back in a daze. She patted the latter’s shoulder helplessly.

“Earth to Tiff. You claimed that you’re over him, but that doesn’t seem to be the case,” Amelia remarked. She knew Tiffany couldn’t forget Derrick. I don’t think she can let the past relationship go just yet.

Tiffany looked away and flashed a smile that looked more like a grimace.

"That's not right. I ignored his pleas and boarded the plane a year ago, so I should count my lucky stars that he doesn't hate me. He seems to be doing well, so that's a big relief for me. It's a good thing since we're both doing well instead of disturbing each other," Tiffany rambled on, seemingly out of sorts.

Amelia sighed as she felt bad for Tiffany who had to put up a tough front.

"Tiff, there's no need to act tough in front of me," she said earnestly.

A smile nudged Tiffany's lips, but she didn't say a word. Her gaze would still occasionally flit toward Derrick's direction.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 872

Chapter 872 Nothing Else Matters Without The Love Of My Life

Amelia, Tiffany, and Kurt planned to leave before the charity gala came to an end. They had just walked out of the event space when Derrick and Oscar came out after them. None of them knew why Isabella didn't tag along with Oscar. Oscar swept his gaze over Kurt, and the latter immediately stepped aside.

Seeing Kurt's action, Amelia got worried that he would get punished for following her to Anglandur without informing anyone a year ago. Back when he defied Oscar's orders and followed her to Beshya, Oscar didn't punish him for her sake, but her words didn't have any power over him now. Will Kurt be safe? I'm not sure about that.

Amelia wasn't confident at all. "Kurt, you can head back without us. Tiff and I will take a taxi back," Amelia uttered. She wanted to send Kurt away on purpose.

Hearing that, Kurt shook his head gently and stood aside like a lamp post. It was obvious to Amelia that he was worried about her, so she heaved a silent sigh and didn't press on.

Amelia took it as a normal interaction, but Oscar couldn't stop the displeasure rising within.a

He recalled what Isabella told him earlier, "Oscar, I think your bodyguard, Kurt, isn't loyal to you. It is obvious he is in love with Amelia. He had the audacity to follow her to Anglandur, so it was pretty obvious how he felt about her. I'm afraid they had gotten involved intimately a long while ago. I think you should fire such a disloyal bodyguard. Who knows, he might betray you one day."

Oscar narrowed his eyes as discomfort rose in his heart.

He didn't have a good impression of Amelia in his memories, but seeing her close to his bodyguard made him feel double the betrayal.

"Kurt, you should know the consequences of betraying the organization. A year ago, you deserted your post without asking for a leave. I didn't pursue the matter. Now that you're back, go get your punishment. After you endure the punishment, I will no longer be your employer," Oscar announced as he looked straight at Kurt.

Kurt hung his head low and nodded. "Got it, Boss," he responded flatly.

Amelia instinctively stood in front of Kurt in a protective manner and met Oscar's gaze.

"Mr. Clinton, you can get mad at me. You were the one who gifted Kurt to me as a bodyguard, so it is normal for him to follow me overseas. You told me he only has to listen to my orders. You might not remember anything now, but I believe you will keep your word, right?" Amelia told him with a smile. No one would suspect her as she looked calm and unruffled.

Oscar gazed at her without a word. Strangely, his instincts told him to trust her.

"Oscar." Isabella strode out and interrupted their interaction.

Oscar's smile slipped, and he looked serious.

Holding the edge of her gown, Isabella came over to hold Oscar's arm. She then gave Kurt and Amelia a nonchalant look.

"Kurt, you're finally back, huh? Ms. Winters and Oscar have gotten a divorce, so you can be open with your relationship. Back when they were still together, I noticed how protective you were of her. Now, you can finally be with her," Isabella said innocently.

Kurt shot her an icy look but said nothing.

"Ms. Walker, I don't think you're in the place to comment on my relationship with Kurt," Amelia retorted.

"Yes, your relationship is none of my business, but I feel bad for Oscar. Your marriage was rocky, but I think it was disgusting for you to flirt with his bodyguard behind his back," Isabella uttered. She was trying to be ambiguous.

Amelia pursed her lips.

“Isabella, the truth will reveal one day. What goes around comes around. You know what despicable trick you used, so stop framing an innocent woman. I feel ashamed on your behalf,” Tiffany declared angrily.

Isabella’s exquisitely made-up face turned distorted slightly.

“Oscar, let’s go. My tummy feels queasy. Besides, I refuse to talk to a bunch of crazy dogs.” Isabella schooled her expression carefully and made sure her expression was normal before she talked to Oscar in a wheedling tone.

Oscar turned slightly to look at her and nodded in response.

Taking his hand, Isabella led him away. A hint of reluctance appeared in Amelia’s eyes as she watched Oscar’s back.

“Amelia, won’t you go after him?” Derrick inquired, smiling.

Amelia looked away and turned to Derrick. Feeling amused, she shook her head.

“Derrick, you must’ve come out as you wanted to talk to Tiff. Kurt and I shall give you some space. Don’t you dare bully Tiff verbally,” Amelia warned.

Derrick bobbed his head.

After Amelia and Kurt went aside, Derrick stared at Tiffany with deep affection swirling in his eyes.

Tiffany felt her cheeks turn pink as she avoided his gaze shyly.

“Tiff, how was life overseas?” Derrick asked.

Tiffany raised her head to look at him. A goofy grin teased at her lips as she gave a bark of laughter.

“Not bad. I had a great time. I also published two novels that were well-received by my readers. This time, I flew back to talk to Mr. Zabriskie who adapted my novel previously. He is going to make a movie based on the novel,” she revealed happily.

A smile bloomed on Derrick’s lips.

"I've read both novels, and they are different from your previous work. They are actually a different style. Nevertheless, I love them. If I'm still the CEO of a publishing company, I'd definitely fight for the adaptation rights," he revealed.

Tiffany widened her eyes and stared at him incredulously.

"I closed down my companies and took over Hisson Group. Grandpa handed over everything to me, so I am now the head of the Hisson family," he added calmly.

But the companies were everything to you. Are you sure you are willing to give them up?

Tiffany wanted to ask the question out loud but remembered that they weren't in a relationship anymore. Thus, she swallowed her words.

"The companies weren't that big. I was too stubborn in the past and lost the love of my life. Now, I finally understand that the only way to protect my loved one is to become so strong that no one can deny me what I want. After you left, someone taught me this quote," Derrick explained as he saw the confusion in her eyes.

He wanted to tell her that the companies he established were meaningless without her around.

Feeling flustered, Tiffany wanted to flee the scene.

"That's great. I need to leave. I've been suffering from jet lag the past few days and didn't get to sleep too much. I'm really sleepy," she mumbled with her head hung low.

Derrick nodded. "Sure. Go back and get some rest."

He didn't force her to stay as he knew how important it was to take things slow. "Tiff, we might not be a married couple anymore, but we're still friends. You don't have to put on that expression. I won't harm you. When you found someone new, I shall give you my blessings," he added.

No one knew how difficult it was for him to say words that went against his heart.

Disappointment overwhelmed Tiffany when she heard what he said.

"I'll be off now," she told him coldly.

Derrick nodded.

Tiffany spun on her heels and went straight to Amelia without sparing Derrick another glance.

"Babe, let's go home. I'm a little sleepy," she said in a soft voice.

Amelia gave Derrick one last look before leaving with Tiffany and Kurt. meanwhile, Derrick remained rooted to his spot as he gazed at Tiffany's retreating back adoringly. His eyes shone with a flash of determined glint.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 873

Chapter 873 The Video Is Exposed

After sending Amelia and Tiffany back home, Kurt told the two women he had to head out because of an errand, then reminded them to lock the door before they went to bed. Amelia stopped him. "Kurt, tell me honestly. Where are you going?"

"Back then, I went abroad without Boss' permission. This is considered my second betrayal, so I want to go back and accept my punishment. This is something I have to do. After all, Boss has groomed me, and I have sworn to be loyal to him until the end. Now that I have gone back on my word, I'm not fit to serve him anymore. I deserve the punishment." Kurt looked at her with a slight quirk in his mouth. "Amelia, I have spent a total of three years with you in Beshya and overseas. Although things between us didn't progress to the next level, I'm content nonetheless. Therefore, I don't regret betraying Boss. The only issue is that I can no longer protect you and Tony in the future. You have to be careful."

Amelia felt a pang of heartache. She became much more reluctant to let Kurt leave and take the risk.

"Kurt, I don't want you to go. If I still mean something to you, then don't go. If not, I will tell Oscar that I was the one who instigated you. Anyway, he doesn't recognize me. I doubt he will go easy on me. If you want something untoward to happen to me, then go ahead," said Amelia stubbornly.

Kurt smiled in resignation.

"What nonsense is this? Kurt, stop saying such things that will worry Amelia. After all, Oscar didn't say that he plans to do anything to you. Aren't you being foolish if you walk

into the lion's den by yourself?" Tiffany voiced as she waved her hands and eyed Kurt as if he was an idiot.

All the man did was smile. He did not reveal the crucial details.

If Kurt did not accept the punishment, then he would never be able to leave the organization. Oscar would always be his boss. In that case, he could only watch over Amelia on the quiet and could never be seen publicly next to her.

He had his own selfish motives. That was why he wanted to be unshackled from the grip of Oscar.

If they had stayed overseas all the way, he could rid himself of the shackles. However, he had no choice right then. As long as he did not die, he would be able to stay by Amelia's side openly as a man and not as an insignificant bodyguard.

It was something that had always bothered him.

"I'm just joking with you two. I'm meeting Hugo for a drink. We haven't seen each other for a year," said Kurt jokingly.

However, it was obvious that Amelia did not buy his story.

"Amelia, if you feel nothing for me, then please don't keep showing your concern for me. This will make it harder for me to let you go. Don't worry about anything. I won't be so easily defeated. I've promised you that I will protect Tony until he becomes an adult, and I will keep my word." With that, Kurt turned around and left.

For some strange reason, Amelia felt like crying all of a sudden.

"Babe, don't worry. He's a grown man. He knows what he is doing," consoled Tiffany.

Amelia let out a sigh.

"Tiff, I'm very selfish," she said sadly.

Tiffany held her arm and brought her into the bedroom. Tony was already asleep. As for the woman lying face down on the edge of the bed, she got up quickly when she heard sounds. Upon seeing Amelia and Tiffany, she relaxed.

"Mrs. Clinton, it's both of you," the woman said.

“Jolin, it’s been hard on you. You come over the moment we return. If it weren’t for you looking after Tony, we wouldn’t know what to do,” said Amelia with a smile. It turned out that the woman was Jolin. Two months ago, both she and Hugo were transferred back by Oscar. However, Oscar did not assign any duties to them, causing them to be idle. Therefore, when they found out that Amelia was back, they came over eagerly.

“It’s nothing. It’s my honor to be able to look after you and Mr. Anthony,” Jolin replied with a smile.

She genuinely liked Amelia, finding her simple, gracious, polite, kind, strong, and considerate, unlike the scheming Isabella. When Oscar stopped Hugo and her work because of Isabella, Jolin did not mind. After all, she had no intention of serving Isabella.

It was better to be idling than to face the annoying Isabella, who despised her as well.

Amelia invited Jolin out of the bedroom for a chat and a meal.

The latter followed her.

Then, Amelia entered the kitchen and cooked a plate of pasta bolognese for her. Jolin accepted the food gratefully and started to dig in.

In no time, the plate was empty.

“Here, wipe your mouth.” Seeing that, Amelia handed her a napkin.

Jolin took it and cleaned her mouth casually. Looking a little shy, she said, “Mrs. Clinton, I’ve made a fool of myself in front of you. I eat as though I’ve starved for days. There’s nothing feminine about me when I eat.”

All Amelia did was smile gently.

“Mrs. Clinton, do you have plans now that you have returned? I suppose you want Boss to be with you again?” asked Jolin as she looked at Amelia.

The former really hoped that Amelia could become their boss’ wife again. That way, Oscar’s group of loyal bodyguards, including her, would enjoy better days. Otherwise, with Isabella throwing her weight around, they would definitely complain as days went on since they were all proud people. It would only be a matter of time before conflicts arose between Oscar and the bodyguards. When that happened, the empire that he built from scratch would be ruined.

“Oscar is my beloved. Of course, I will return to him,” said Amelia.

Hearing that, Jolin let out a sigh of relief.

“Jolin, there’s something I’ve been meaning to find out. If any one of you wants to leave the organization, what kind of punishment will you receive?” Amelia asked after a moment of contemplation.

Jolin glanced at her with complicated emotions in her eyes. For a moment, she fell silent.

“Jolin, are you not allowed to tell me?” Amelia’s heart sank.

Raising her head, Jolin sighed.

“Mrs. Clinton, technically, it’s neither easy nor hard if we want to leave the organization. As long as you can take three gunshots, you are allowed to leave freely. But, ten years ago, someone wanted to leave. In the end, he succumbed to the shots and didn’t make it out alive,” she then explained with a grim expression.

After a pause, she forced the following words out with some difficulty. “Mrs. Clinton, are you asking about this because Kurt intends to leave? When he went overseas with you without leaving a word behind, the buddies who grew up with him know that it is only a matter of time before he leaves. But, we really don’t want him to take the risk.”

Amelia tightened her fists slowly.

“Jolin, is there any other solution?” she asked.

Jolin answered, “Yes. As long as Boss agrees, he may leave.”

There was no response from Amelia.

“What kind of dumb rule is this? How can a living person survive three gunshots? No human is made of metal. Nobody in their right mind will allow themselves to be shot. Their bodies may become hornet’s nests,” Tiffany grumbled with her arms akimbo.

“Rules are rules. All of us have been groomed by Boss. Without him, we would have long been dead or homeless. We have all sworn our loyalty to Boss. In the entire organization, only one person had attempted to leave. In the end, he died in our hands. Up till now, Kurt is probably the only one who wants to leave.” Jolin eyed Amelia with mixed feelings before continuing, “Mrs. Clinton, Kurt listens to you. Please talk him out of it. When he

left with you to go to Beshya back then, he had already exasperated Boss. Boss doesn't hold a grudge against him because of you. But, now..."

Even though the former did not finish her last sentence, the latter knew what she was trying to say. Since Amelia was no longer Oscar's beloved woman, there was no way he would forgive Kurt's betrayal for her sake. That was the main point.

"I'll talk to him," Amelia stated.

Jolin lowered her head and rubbed her nose awkwardly.

"Jolin, go upstairs with Tiff and take a rest first. I need to make a phone call." Amelia then got up and walked out of the house. Initially, Jolin wanted to follow her but unexpectedly had her neck hugged by Tiffany, who then led her upstairs.

Amelia stood in the corridor and phoned Kurt. The call was answered very quickly.

"Amelia, please don't worry about me. I really am having a drink with Hugo. I'll be back in a short while." As though he knew what she wanted to say, he beat her to it before she could express her thoughts.

Amelia was speechless.

After a moment of silence, she said, "Come back earlier then."

Kurt mumbled something on the other end of the line, and she merely advised him not to drink too much before hanging up.

At that moment, Kurt was in a bar. The colorful, dazzling lights there made his eyes look even more glazed.

He was fiddling with the glass in his hand, and his phone had been tossed onto the table.

"Are you sure you want to upload this video to the internet? Kurt, a year ago, you stopped yourself from posting it. Aren't you worried about infuriating Boss by posting it now? Boss is very enamored with that woman right now. He even assigned quite a number of highly-skilled bodyguards to protect her. That shows how much she means to him," said Hugo as he eyed Kurt, who had become much more reticent since returning from overseas.

Hugo had no idea what had happened between Kurt and Amelia when they were overseas. However, he knew that Amelia did not accept Kurt. Otherwise, the two of them

would not have returned. It was beyond him that his buddy was such a fool for love that he was willing to betray their boss for a woman. Kurt went all out for Amelia, yet it was all for naught. At that point, Hugo could not figure out if what Kurt was about to do was worthwhile.

“Help me upload the video online. Given your ability, I believe that no one will find out. If Boss still thinks Isabella is his true love after witnessing the ugly side of her, I feel sorry for Amelia,” Kurt responded after taking a sip of his drink.

Hugo could not help but sigh inwardly when he saw the way his friend behaved.

“As long as you don’t regret your decision,” he uttered.

A small smile appeared on Kurt’s face. He was not one to regret his decisions, especially where Amelia was concerned.

The following day, an indecent video of the fiancée of the heir to Clinton Corporations showed up on various websites. In the video, Isabella was seductive, and her eyes were glassy. That alluring body and sensual red lips of hers set men’s lust on fire.

That was why the video hit a million views in a short amount of time. Thereafter, the views increased at a rate of ten thousand hits every second. The comments kept coming in and consisted of horrible remarks. In any case, Isabella’s video had become even more viral than Jennifer’s.

When Isabella saw the video, her face turned pale. With trembling hands, she picked up the phone and called someone. Once the call went through, she harshly instructed the person to remove the video. Unfortunately for her, the video reappeared after the first one had been taken down. It was as if someone was going against her on purpose.

It dawned on Isabella that someone was out to get her, and she knew who it was right away. There was no need to think about it.

Other than Amelia, she could not think of anyone else who would have a deep-seated hatred for her. Back then, she should not have allowed Amelia to return to the country. The moment the latter came back, such a thing happened.

Her abhorrence for Amelia gave her a strong urge to skin the latter alive.

However, Isabella knew that deleting the video from the internet was of paramount importance. If not, once it continued to spread, things between Oscar and her would be over.

In the past, she had been too carefree. If she had known things would turn out that way, she would have asked Oscar to get Kurt to give up the video.

Given Isabella's ability, she would not be able to get rid of the video. In the end, she had no choice but to phone Oscar for help.

"Isabella, don't worry. I have already gotten someone to delete the video. No one is allowed to bully my woman," assured Oscar in his rich bass voice before she could say anything.

His words warmed her heart, and they made her feel safe.

After composing herself, she asked, "Oscar, weren't you angry when you saw the video?"

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 874

Chapter 874 The Encounter

"Don't overthink it, Isabella. I saw the video a year ago. If I were angry, I wouldn't have agreed to marry you. Don't worry about it. I'll deal with it properly," Oscar said on the other end of the line.

It was then Isabella became at ease. "Thank you for believing me, Oscar. I love you, and I never was and would never be unfaithful to you," she said in order to win his sympathy.

"I know. Be good and rest at home. Don't come to the office for now; come back only when the topic dies down," he uttered in a gentle voice.

Isabella mulled over his words and agreed in the end.

After ending the call, she beamed with bliss, under the impression that Oscar was truly in love with her. Unbeknownst to her, the man had a cold countenance as he stared at his phone.

"Boss, do you want me to delete the video?" a beautiful woman asked solemnly.

Oscar put down his phone and shook his head.

"We're in no hurry. Let it trend on the internet for a while longer. Have you made any progress on the IP address I asked you to track?" he calmly inquired.

The woman gave him a confused look, for she could not figure out what was on his mind at that moment.

Technically, Isabella was his fiancée, and the video trending on the internet would ruin her reputation, as well as Clinton Corporations'. Yet, instead of removing the video and countering the scandal immediately, he wanted to add fuel to the fire by letting the video gain more exposure.

It's getting harder and harder to figure out Boss' thoughts.

"What's wrong? Do you find my actions strange?" Oscar asked, arching a brow.

The woman quickly lowered her head and said with a tint of panic, "No, Boss, that isn't what I'm thinking about."

Still, he only spared her another glance before waving his hand at her to dismiss her.

The woman could only heed his order.

In the meantime, Isabella waited at home for the video to be deleted. However, not only was it not removed, but the situation was also worsening. In fact, photos of her partying in bars and being intimate with foreign men overseas in the past were emerging on the internet. The netizens took in all the information like ants to sugar. Every one of them was more than delighted to hurl terrible comments at her from behind their screens. Some even felt indignant on behalf of Oscar, stating that the woman he was about to marry was not a daughter from a prestigious family but a promiscuous woman who would take any man.

One video and various photos were enough to stir up an uproar on the internet.

Compared to Jennifer's obscene photos in the past, Isabella's video gained much more attention, surpassing the former even.

Isabella's face paled as she read the appalling comments written by the netizens. Even her fingers trembled nonstop.

She could not stay still in the house anymore, so she drove straight to Clinton Corporations' office. Just as she stepped into the building, the employees began whispering remarks about her.

Already frustrated, she swept her gaze across the nosy people and snapped, "Get out of my sight!"

The employees hastily lowered their heads, but as soon as Isabella entered the elevator, they gathered and renewed their discussion about her.

Isabella took in a deep breath and forcibly recollected herself.

"Ms. Walker," Linda greeted as she approached her.

"I'm here for Oscar," Isabella said and tried to walk past Linda, but to her surprise, the latter stopped her.

The irritation in Isabella grew intense. If not for Oscar's insistence on defending Linda, she would have kicked her out of the company in the cruelest way she could think of. Therefore, although Linda remained in the company, the hatred Isabella bore for her was to the point she would terminate the latter at any chance.

"Ms. Walker, please don't blame me for this. Mr. Clinton instructed me not to let anyone into his office without his permission when he went out just now," Linda informed.

"You b*tch. Stop me again, and I'll get you kicked out of this company! Don't you dare forget that I'm now Oscar's fiancée and the future lady of the Clinton family!" Isabella snarled.

At that, Linda took a step back, fearing that Isabella would take out her anger on her.

Isabella then lifted her hand, but she soon lowered it again and turned to enter the elevator.

Once she was out of the elevator, she phoned Oscar, but her call never went through. With the anxiety in her bubbling, she continued to call him dozens of times before it finally went through.

Isabella's face broke out into a smile, and she quickly asked, "Oscar, where are you? Why did you take so long to answer my call? Are you angry at me? Please listen to me. Those photos aren't real. I was just out drinking with friends, and we started messing with each other when we got drunk. I don't know who took those photos, but I swear I didn't do anything with them. The news on the internet is fake. You have to believe me! I really love you, and I would never have an affair with any other man!"

On the other end of the line, Oscar chuckled.

His laugh made a chill run down Isabella's spine.

"Oscar, why are you laughing? Are you really going to leave me now?" she whispered in distress.

That only made him laugh even louder.

"Oh, Isabella, you're so cute. Don't worry. I'm currently at the Clinton residence, and I'll be back after I explain some things to my parents. Don't worry about the things on the internet. I've already sent someone to deal with it. The mastermind behind this is a little sly, but we'll track down their identity soon. I'll get a lawyer to sue them and make them apologize to you," Oscar softly said to her.

Feeling uneasy, Isabella muttered, "I'll come over right away."

"It's fine. Mom and Dad are furious at the moment. If you come, you'll surely get a scolding from them. Let's wait for them to calm down before we visit them together to clarify things," Oscar reassured. "Be good, okay? I'm in the middle of a conversation with them, so I'll end the call first. Stay home, and don't overthink this. I'll take care of everything."

After ending the call, Oscar kept his phone and turned back to his livid parents.

"Oscar, you're spoiling Isabella. How can you tolerate a scandal like this? It looks like you really want to give your dad and me a heart attack!" Olivia scoffed.

All Oscar did in response was raise his brows.

"Mom, do I really adore Isabella in the past? If that's true, then why am I not as angry as I thought I'd be when I saw these photos circulating on the internet?" That was the thing that had him feeling puzzled for the past few months.

Memories of loving moments between him and Isabella filled his mind, but every time he was with her, it felt as if a hole had opened up in his heart and made his entire being ache.

Oscar had been looking for the reason he became that way, but his search had been fruitless. Instead, another figure entered his dreams. When he finally got a good look at the figure, he realized it was Amelia, the person he thought he should abhor to the core.

He assumed he hated her, yet he could not help but feel attracted to her when he saw her at the charity gala.

Oscar was a man who had no issue keeping his head afloat in the sea of the corporate world, but the lines between reality and his memories had blurred, and he was lost.

"Oscar, do you remember something?" Olivia asked, her eyes lighting up with hope.

Oscar gave her a roguish smile and tucked away the confusion in his eyes.

"Mom, am I supposed to remember something?" he questioned in return.

At that very moment, Olivia felt the urge to punch her son.

Before she could let her impulse take over her body, Owen pulled her into his arms and turned to Oscar.

“Oscar, why don’t you tell us what you’re planning to do for Isabella’s case? Your mom and I have let you do as you please for such a long time, but it’s time for you to stop this. I can see that you don’t adore Isabella as much as you say you do, so I’m sure you must have sensed something. Do speak your mind if you wish to find out anything from us. There’s no need for you to keep a promiscuous woman like her by your side because that will only make your mother and me worry about you,” Owen uttered with a cold expression.

Oscar stared back at his father. At that moment, it was as if sparks were going to fly as the two powerful men met gazes.

Finally, Oscar lowered his eyes and asked flatly, “Dad, Mom’s the one who wanted Isabella to be her goddaughter. In other words, both you and Mom had a good impression of her, so why are you so hostile toward her?”

“The goddaughter your mother wanted was the obedient Isabella, not the woman who laid a finger on her son and even secretly threatened her elders,” Owen replied grimly as his face darkened.

At that, Oscar was quiet for a while.

Eventually, he rose to his feet and patted away the wrinkles on his suit as he said, “Dad, Mom, give me a little more time. I need evidence to clear up my puzzlement. Until now, I could not figure out why all of you seem to have ganged up against me to tell me that the woman I love is Amelia, even though it’s supposed to be Isabella. I don’t know who is lying to me, and before I find out the truth, I don’t want anyone to do anything to Isabella. I don’t want to bear any regrets.”

Olivia’s and Owen’s expressions darkened. Evidently, they were greatly displeased by Oscar’s words.

They thought their son had finally opened his eyes to Isabella’s behavior, but it seemed like that was not the case. That woman’s scandals were all over the internet, yet, their son was still adamant about defending her.

“Oscar, so you mean to say that you still want to defend her? Did I understand you correctly?”

“Mom, she’s my fiancée.” In other words, Oscar was saying that it was nothing wrong for him to defend her.

Raw anger shot through Olivia. Just as she was about to display her wrath, Owen grabbed her hand.

“As long as you won’t regret it, Oscar. You’re the head of the Clinton family now, so your mother and I won’t ask too many questions. However, I hope you’ll use the rationality you have for the corporate world to deal with your love life. Otherwise, I’ll donate our assets to charity,” Owen warned.

Oscar inclined his head in acknowledgment.

After exchanging a few more words with his parents, he left the Clinton residence. Somehow, he found himself driving to a park. He did not know why he was there, only that a voice in his mind had urged him to head to the park to discover a possibly buried memory.

Oscar parked his car, got out of it, and strode into the park.

All of a sudden, he froze in his spot when his eyes spotted the incoming figure. Then, as his eyes widened, a look of surprise flashed across them.

The other figure stiffened as well. When their eyes met, it felt as though they were star-crossed lovers looking at each other.

After what seemed like forever, the other person moved. She walked over to Oscar and flashed him a faint smile.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 875

Chapter 875 I Need A Response

“What a coincidence, Mr. Clinton.” As Oscar looked at the woman smiling radiantly in front of him, he had the sudden urge to pull her into his arms. However, the thought of their relationship made him immediately suppress his desire to do so.

“What are you doing here?” he asked in a tone that was a little cold. Amelia smiled. “You don’t have to be anxious, Mr. Clinton. I’m not that capable enough to know your whereabouts beforehand.” In other words, she was implying that she did not tail him.

Oscar snorted coldly. "I certainly hope so," was what he wanted to say, but for some inexplicable reason, he did not voice those words. Seeing his prideful demeanor, Amelia could not help but chuckle.

"Care to go on a stroll with me, Mr. Clinton? However, if you're afraid of a woman like me pouncing on you like a terrifying beast, you can pretend that I never said this," she said nonchalantly, shrugging her shoulders.

Oscar cast a deep look at Amelia. A few seconds later, he somehow agreed to her invitation with a nod.

The woman's eyes lit up brightly. Her exquisite face became even more gorgeous than before.

Entranced, Oscar could not look away from her. He did not even notice the subtle shift in emotions that flashed across his eyes.

While he was unaware, those changes did not go unnoticed by Amelia, and she could not help quirked her lips.

"Let's go," she said as she led the way. Her demeanor and attitude were just right, not overly enthusiastic or apathetic.

As Oscar looked at her figure, he felt somewhat perplexed.

In his impression, Amelia should be clinging to him, lacking the elegance of the daughter of a prominent family, as well as having a particularly unpleasant personality. Yet, he had noticed that she was not only gorgeous, but she also behaved decently and considerately since their meeting the day before. There were no signs of the behavior of a coquettish gold digger at all. Those observations prompted him to wonder if his memory had been altered.

Furrowing his brows heavily, Oscar became lost in his thoughts.

Amelia turned around and saw him in a trance. Her smile grew wider. She had not seen his adorable expression like that for quite a long time.

As though he had perceived Amelia's gaze, Oscar snapped out of his daze and directed his sharp gaze at her.

Despite being taken aback by his sudden response, Amelia pretended to be calm and stared back at him.

"Come on, Mr. Clinton," she said innocently while blinking.

Oscar pursed his lips and caught up with her.

"Mr. Clinton, do you still remember this park?" Amelia turned to look at him, hoping to hear an affirmative response.

"I've never been here before." Alas, her dreams were completely shattered by Oscar's reply.

The smile on her face faded.

"Would you be interested in accompanying me somewhere, Mr. Clinton?" Despite the fact that it was a question, Amelia spoke with certainty, even reaching out to grab Oscar's hand and pulling him forward.

He merely glanced at her without saying anything.

She then led him under a tree before tiptoeing to look for a marking on it. Fortunately, the heavens did not continue playing cruel jokes on her. Her and Oscar's names were clearly engraved on the tree, and between them was a heart with a Cupid's arrow shot through.

"Mr. Clinton, we engraved this a few years back. It hasn't been washed away by the wind and rain. Do you still remember this? Back then, you were so hesitant to come when I dragged you over here." While Amelia spoke, she could not help but chuckle. There was a gleam of nostalgia in her eyes. "You were quite indifferent toward me back then, but you would never forget about me. I really wish I could take you to places we've visited together. That year, you promised me on the cruise ship that you would look after me forever. As you stood on the bow, holding me in your arms, it was just like the classic scene in Titanic. Although I've always loved this kind of romance, I don't want our relationship to end in heartbreak. So, I beg you, please remember who I am, okay? I'm afraid I can't hold on any longer. If you really have another woman in your life, I might fall for someone else as well," she continued.

Subconsciously, Oscar furrowed his brows. As he shook his head several times, vague and blurry images flashed through his mind.

A fuzzy figure appeared in his mind. He remembered that she loved to smile, but the figure disappeared immediately when he wanted to take a closer look.

Clutching his head, Oscar crouched down on the ground all of a sudden. The moment he tried hard to recall his memories, his head ached terribly.

His sudden action gave Amelia a shock. As she bent down to check on him, he unexpectedly grabbed her hand.

“Who are you? And who am I, really? Why can’t I dislike you when I see you? The woman I love should be Isabella, but why do I feel drawn to you? Please, give me an answer,” Oscar said, raising his head and looking at her grimly.

His emotions were easily influenced by her, which was not a good sign for him. He did not like the feeling of things being out of his control.

As the person in charge of a large corporation, he should have the confidence that everything was within his grasp and under his control instead of being led by the nose like he was then.

Amelia was happy, sad, and yet shocked upon hearing his words. It was a rollercoaster of emotions for her.

Crouching down beside him, she gazed at him tenderly. “Oscar, have you ever thought that I am actually the person you love the most? Back then, I nearly lost my life giving birth to Tony. After a car accident, I suffered a cerebral hemorrhage, which led to blindness. Before I lost my sight, I divorced you and stayed in Beshya for two years. You didn’t give up on me and tried looking for me for the entirety of those two years. This time, I returned willingly on my own. Could you really bring yourself to leave me behind?”

Oscar met her gaze and saw tears welling up in her eyes. For some inexplicable reason, he felt a sudden pang of sadness in his heart. He wanted to reach out and wipe her tears away, but a phone call interrupted their tender and intimate moment.

Immediately, he snapped back to his senses, and his face became expressionless.

He then picked up the phone and noticed it was a call from his bodyguard.

Oscar answered the call.

“Boss, we’ve managed to control public opinion regarding the video. Do you need me to delete the video right away?” A cold female voice could be heard from the other end of the line.

“There’s no need to do so. We’ll talk about it when I return. I still have some other matters to attend to now.” Oscar hung up instantly after that.

The person on the other end of the line was confused.

Having regained his composure, Oscar got up and looked at Amelia coldly. "Ms. Winters, I'm fine with everything else, but I simply despise those who scheme against me. You've made quite a lot of effort trying to meet me today, but unfortunately, I already have someone I love. My relationship with you ended a year ago. Don't waste your time and energy anymore. Otherwise, don't blame me for not showing you mercy."

He then adjusted his suit before turning to leave.

"Oscar, are you afraid that I'm flirting with you too much? You obviously have feelings for me, but why do you refuse to admit it?" Behind him, Amelia exclaimed, losing some of her self-control.

After a brief pause, she said in a sad voice, "We were once a loving couple, and everyone would say that you dote on me the most. Despite that, you forgot everything about us in a blink of an eye. How could I accept that? I think about you all the time when I was abroad. It's already been a year, yet you still can't remember me. I'm not even sure whether my efforts are worthwhile." At the end of her last sentence, tears streamed down her cheeks.

Oscar's back stiffened, and the muscles on his face trembled from time to time.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 876

Chapter 876 With Her

In the end, Oscar still strode off. Amelia stood in place for a while. All of a sudden, she dashed forward, caught up with him, and blocked his way.

With a lift of her head, she looked at Oscar stubbornly. "Mr. Clinton, I have a favor to ask of you," she said. Oscar lowered his head to look at her, a glimmer of emotion flashing across his eyes. "Speak," he replied coolly.

"Don't do anything to Kurt. I was the one who made him go abroad. After our divorce a year ago, I was worried that people with ill intentions would hurt Tony, so I pleaded with Kurt to join us. Back then, you agreed to let him be our bodyguard, so technically, he did not leave his post without permission," Amelia said while looking into his eyes.

Oscar's face darkened slightly as a sense of malaise filled his heart. It felt as if someone had taken away his most prized possession.

“Amelia Winters, you’re quite a sentimental person, aren’t you? It’s no wonder Isabella claimed that you had an affair with Kurt before our divorce became official. Sure, I was magnanimous enough to look the other way, but please stop pushing your luck. My wrath is not something either of you can bear. He did something wrong and should be punished accordingly. This is something everyone in the organization is aware of.” Oscar then narrowed his eyes coldly. “I was initially going to stay my hand, but you’re the one who reminded me.”

Amelia’s face paled slightly, and she felt extremely uneasy.

She then took a deep breath to compose herself.

“When did you develop a sense of humor, Mr. Clinton?” Amelia remarked.

Oscar shrugged. “People are capable of changing. Aren’t you the same as well? I remember that you used to stop at nothing to stay by my side, but now you’ve learned to stand up for another man. Is it because you need to find another man to rely on since you no longer have me as your backing? That being said, Kurt’s not a bad choice. I molded him into who he is today. He is capable and handsome and has earned quite a bit of money throughout the years. You’d be able to lead an easy life by dating him. Go on, hold on to him as tightly as you can. Otherwise, once you’re old and wrinkly, you won’t be able to capture men’s hearts as easily anymore. You might as well sell yourself off for a good price while you’re still young.”

Amelia went ghastly pale. She clenched her fists, her chest heaving from rage.

However, she burst out laughing shortly after.

“You are jealous, Mr. Clinton,” stated Amelia calmly.

A hint of awkwardness flashed across Oscar’s face as he suddenly stiffened.

Whenever he argued with Amelia in the past, she was the one who was always at a disadvantage. However, she had turned the tables on him then.

“That’s pure nonsense.” In a huff, Oscar turned around to leave. With his back as straight as a ramrod, he seemed taller and sturdier than usual. However, if one paid close attention to his red ears, one could easily tell that Amelia had gotten under his skin.

Amelia had an on-and-off relationship with him for almost ten years and thus knew the ins and outs of his temper. If not for the fact that she knew him well, she would have left in a fit of embarrassment moments ago.

Looking at Oscar's retreating figure, Amelie could not resist yelling out one final jab.

"Esteemed Mr. Clinton! I beseech thee to find it in yourself to pardon Kurt, for my sake. After all, he is the one who saved your son and me!"

Oscar stopped in his tracks, then sped up and left the scene.

Amelia smirked. Her mood seemed to have improved.

At a leisurely pace, she left the park. As soon as she did, a car pulled up in front of her.

The person inside the vehicle rolled down the window and stuck his head out. Amelia smiled at him.

"Kurt, you're back."

Kurt nodded.

Amelia opened the door, got into the car, and then turned around to give Kurt the once-over.

"I'm relieved that you're okay, Kurt," she said sincerely.

The corners of Kurt's mouth curved upward. It appeared that he was in a decent mood.

"I swung by the organization, expecting to have severe repercussions headed my way. However, I didn't think that Boss had long dismissed me. I'd apparently been free a year ago," he said mildly. His tone was nonchalant, but the look in his eyes became complicated.

Kurt never thought it would be so easy to leave the organization that gave him a lot of warmth and stained his hands with blood. When he was actually informed to leave, he had mixed feelings. At the same time, he could not figure out what Oscar was thinking about for letting him go so easily.

Nevertheless, he was quite happy at being able to leave. At the very least, he was on equal footing with Oscar and could protect Amelia openly as he saw fit.

Having heard Kurt's words, Amelia lowered her gaze as she went deep in thought. Soon, a faint smile played about her lips. It seemed that she had perked up.

Kurt noticed the subtle change from the corner of his eye, and his mood seemed to become gloomier.

There was some bitterness in his expression.

Amelia was right beside him, but her mind kept drifting toward thoughts of Oscar. It made Kurt feel jealous. He knew for a fact that she only considered him as nothing but family, and it would stay as that for the rest of their lives.

"I saw Boss walk out of here just now. Did you both agree to meet here?" asked Kurt, trying to break the silence.

"No, it was a mere coincidence. In fact, I'm not sure why he came here either, but maybe it's fate. Even though he mistook someone for me, I'm guessing the past we shared still resides in his subconscious," Amelia replied. For some reason, he thought her tone of voice sounded like that of a young lady in love.

Kurt felt a pang of heartache.

He had done so much for her, but he had yet to see her smile so happily. On the contrary, she was so elated when Oscar merely showed up at the same park by chance.

"Did you watch that video on the internet?" asked Kurt, swallowing whatever bitterness he had.

Amelia stopped smiling and nodded.

"Before we returned from overseas, you said you had a surprise for me. Is this what you were referring to? I happened to see it on Olivia's phone and wondered who it was that despised Isabella that much. It turned out to be you all along, eh?" she replied as she tilted her head to look at him. "Thank you, Kurt. I'll never forget the kindness you've shown me. However, I don't want you to take risks for me. Oscar is powerful enough that if he wants to look into your IP address, he will manage it just fine. I'm no longer his spouse, so I fear that I can't protect you from his wrath."

In any case, Isabella was currently the woman by Oscar's side, his fiancée and soon-to-be wife. A matter like that could very well affect his pride or cause potential harm to Clinton Corporations' stock prices. As such, Amelia was disinclined to use such vulgar means to retaliate against Isabella. After all, if Isabella's reputation were to suffer, Oscar's would not be spared.

When Amelia came back, all she wanted was for Oscar to be with her again, not to put him in a dilemma. The current happening was not an outcome that she wished to see.

Seeing that Amelia did not seem happy as he had imagined, Kurt looked a little morose.

“Amelia, are you unhappy because I uploaded that video of her online?” he asked tentatively.

Amelia turned to glance at him. She knew that he was overthinking.

“I’m not upset. I’m just worried that Oscar will come after you. I’m his ex-wife now, so I can’t offer you any protection. I just hope that you can calm down,” she explained.

Kurt’s expression immediately brightened.

“I’m delighted that you’re concerned about me, Amelia,” he said with a smile. “Don’t worry. I was very secretive about this, so no one can trace this back to me. Even if Boss is suspicious, he has no proof. Besides, he hasn’t asked anyone to remove the video from being circulated yet. This shows us that he doesn’t value Isabella as much as we’ve imagined.”

Amelia’s eyes twinkled. Her mood seemed to have lifted.

Then, Kurt pursed his lips and drove silently.

When they got back to the neighborhood, the duo took the elevator upstairs. As soon as they entered the condominium, Tiffany ran over with her laptop and shoved it into Amelia’s hands.

Amelia looked bewildered.

“Babe, look! Isabella is trending like some big celebrity now. There’s gossip about her everywhere! I’m sure you’ll like this!” Tiffany exclaimed gloatingly as she waggled her brows at Amelia.

The latter did not know what to say. A moment later, she brought the laptop with her to the couch.

Having taken a seat, Amelia looked at the screen. Many of the comments from the netizens were harsh, but when she scrolled down, she noticed a comment from Oscar’s verified account.

In the comment, he thanked everyone for gossiping about his fiancée, even ending his sentence with a smiley.

Amelia thought that someone must have hacked into Oscar's account to write such a comment since there was no way he would do something like that.

Alas, she was mistaken. At that moment, the man she swore would never do such a thing was using his phone to upload a photo his investigators had found. It was a picture of Isabella kissing another man—the very same Isabella whom he proclaimed his love for.

The woman in red standing next to Oscar was watching him intently. The puzzlement in her eyes grew. Even she could not figure out his motive for doing such a thing.

It stood to reason that Isabella was Oscar's fiancée. Regardless of whether or not he loved her, the right thing to do was to remove the pictures and the video from circulation. To the woman's surprise, Oscar did the opposite, posting a comment, digging up more racy photos, and sharing them as though he wanted to add fuel to the fire.

I no longer understand how the world works.

"Boss, are you not going to remove the photos and the video? If we let this fester, Clinton Corporations' stocks will be affected to an extent. After all, Ms. Walker is your fiancée, and you two will get married soon," the woman uttered.

Oscar raised an eyebrow.

"Lindsay, do you think a woman like this is fit to be my wife?" he asked mildly. For reasons unknown to him, the gorgeous Amelia recalled to him. Logically, he should feel nothing but hatred for her, but he could not stop himself from thinking of her.

"Boss, that was out of line. I should've kept my thoughts to myself. These are your personal affairs, so I have no right to say anything," Lindsay said apologetically with her head lowered.

Oscar merely waved a hand in response. "You may leave. I'll send for you again when it's your turn to act."

Lindsay nodded and left without saying another word.

A tinge of darkness flashed across Oscar's eyes as he looked at Isabella's pictures spreading like wildfire on the internet. Isabella had been hiding them from him for far too

long. On top of all the affairs she was having, she had the audacity to claim that she loved only him.

He wondered how he was stupid enough to trust her.

What he needed to do then was to string Isabella along and figure out how he ended up like that.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 877

Chapter 877 Power And Influence

Isabella was very nervous to see her videos and photographs spread like wildfire on the internet. The incident caused members of the Walker family to be anxious as well. Even Noah was seen pacing around the house.

“Isabella, why don’t you go meet Oscar? He has always told you that he likes you. Moreover, you’re his fiancée. It’s weird if he’s merely sitting back and doing nothing,” he said with jitter.

Similar to him, she was restless as well. After all, she had put in a lot of effort to be where she was now. Therefore, she would not let everything slip through her hands so easily.

“Please find ways to delete the videos and photographs for me, Noah. If you don’t, it will really anger Oscar and the Clinton family. I’m not the only one who’s doomed. Even the Walker family won’t gain anything good from it,” said Isabella petulantly before grabbing her bag and leaving the house.

Noah clenched his hands into fists and snorted angrily.

All of a sudden, Stephanie came down the stairs. She noticed his grim expression and approached him. “Look at how furious you are. Did you argue with Isabella again? What’s there to fight about? In my opinion, the Walker family can only prosper if both of you can get along well.”

With that, Noah took a deep breath to calm his temper.

He frowned as he spoke. “We didn’t argue. I only reminded her to be careful for the time being. She shouldn’t let the reporters take more photos of her. You shouldn’t go out as

well. It's to prevent you from being ambushed by the reporters. They're never afraid of making trouble. Sometimes, they even have no qualms about twisting a story completely."

Stephanie huffed, but she had to admit that he was right.

With a frown, she said, "I need to go home to see what the Clinton family is up to. Logically, Oscar won't let the videos and photos circulate further." Even though she usually couldn't care less about others, she also noticed that something was amiss.

Moreover, she was afraid that Oscar would be furious and plan to use the incident as an excuse to teach Isabella and the Walker family a lesson.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, Noah said, "I'll come with you."

Stephanie shook her head after mulling it over.

"You don't have to go. I'm sure my parents are still angry over Isabella's incident."

"Steph, thank you for helping out. We can only rely on you to come up with a plan after something like this has happened."

She rolled her eyes and waved her hand impatiently.

"That's enough. Stop being melodramatic. It pisses me off. It's better if you start finding ways to delete Isabella's videos. More than two days have passed, and there's no progress at all. Don't let me think that you're good for nothing without help from the Clinton family."

Keeping his anger in check, Noah said, "Don't worry, Steph. I've instructed my men to delete the videos. It should be over soon."

He was annoyed by people frequently mentioning that he relied on Oscar to make Walker Group grow bigger and stronger. It was no surprise that he started to find ways to bring Oscar down and take away the shares in Clinton Corporations in order to claim them as his.

"I'm leaving now. If everything is good, I won't come back home. Don't try to flirt around while you're at home. Otherwise, I'll teach you a lesson." Having warned him, Stephanie left hastily.

Clenching his fists tightly, Noah looked at Stephanie's retreating back with mixed feelings. He was dissatisfied because Stephanie had been bossing him around for the past two years. If she were not the daughter of the Clinton family and also the mother of his son, he would never let her challenge his authority.

He had been patient all this while and was looking forward to seeing Oscar eating out of his hand one day.

Meanwhile, Stephanie did not know what was going on in his mind. Otherwise, she would scorn his overly-ambitious dream. In her opinion, Noah was an easy target. He would never be a threat to anyone. It was the reason why she had managed to bully him for the past few years.

She brought Nolan, her son who had just learned how to walk, home to the Clinton residence. It was a surprise for her to see Amelia and Tony there as well. With a frown, she subconsciously hugged Nolan tighter.

Her life had been good for the past year because Olivia loved Nolan. Moreover, as her relationship with Oscar was on the mend, she could do as she pleased in the Clinton residence. In fact, she got so carried away that she had forgotten all about Amelia and Tony. Their sudden appearance awakened a sense of danger in her mind.

It was not easy for her to gain Olivia's love—all thanks to Nolan. Thus, she would do anything to stop Amelia from taking away all that she had now.

Thousands of thoughts raced through Stephanie's mind at that moment. However, she did not stop walking while carrying Nolan in her arms.

"I brought your grandson to see you, Mom," said Stephanie as she pretended not to see Amelia and Tony.

Olivia was having fun playing with Tony. It had been a year since their last meeting, and she had missed him so much. As such, she was not angry over Stephanie's rudeness.

"Amelia and Tony just came back from overseas. Aren't you going to greet them, Steph?" she asked.

As a response, Stephanie put her son down and let him walk toward Olivia.

"Mom, I don't see Isabella and Oscar around. Can you help me to coax Noah? I'm starting to get tired of hearing him asking for you for the past couple of days," Stephanie said coyly while continuing to ignore Amelia and Tony.

Olivia's face darkened. Deep inside, she was annoyed by Stephanie's attitude.

"Why are you behaving like this, Steph? Tony just came back from overseas after a year. Can't you treat him nicely?" she said grimly.

Finally, Stephanie glanced unwillingly at Tony. She noticed that he had become more handsome after a year. Even the aura that he was exuding and his appearance looked very similar to Oscar's. Stephanie gritted her teeth as she did not want him to come back. Once he did, she knew that the Clinton family would treat Nolan like he was an outsider.

Stephanie approached him and said with feigned affection, "Come here, Tony. I'm sorry that I didn't greet you. You've grown so much in a year."

Without any expression on his face, Tony nodded toward her solemnly.

"Hello, Aunt Stephanie," he said with a slightly cold tone.

Except when he was with Amelia, he rarely showed any spirited behavior toward strangers.

After a mocking glance at Amelia, Stephanie said to Tony, "You've only been staying abroad for a year, Tony. Why are you so formal with me? You were so cute when you were younger, but now you look so unhappy. Were you bullied overseas?"

He glared at her in displeasure.

"I have never been bullied, Aunt Stephanie. In fact, I've always ranked first in school. Other children always said that I was their boss. Mommy told me that as the first grandson of the Clinton family, I'm the heir, so I can't show any weaknesses in front of others. I can't embarrass Grandpa and Grandma," he explained solemnly.

Stephanie chuckled flatly. Covertly, she hated him so much.

On the contrary, Olivia was very sad to hear his remarks. She hugged him tightly and called him "Darling" repeatedly.

Stephanie was furious when she saw Nolan left standing at the side.

"Mom, Nolan is asking for you. Can't you see that he's going to cry?" Stephanie reminded Olivia.

Olivia finally noticed her grandson.

Tony also noticed the cute little boy. The former lifted his hand and wanted to hold his face. However, Stephanie grabbed his hand all of a sudden.

Olivia and Amelia turned to look at her at the same time.

“Don’t misunderstand, Mom. Nolan is still young. I’m only afraid that Tony might injure him. It’s going to be difficult if he cries,” Stephanie explained.

However, Olivia was evidently displeased with her actions. After giving Nolan back to Stephanie, she took Tony into her arms.

“Steph, you’re my daughter, and Nolan is my grandson. So I’ll always love both of you. That being said, Tony is also my grandson. He’s my precious treasure. When you complain about him, you’re also indirectly implying the same about me. If you don’t like this family, you can go back to the Walker family. Don’t get carried away and think that you can give Tony the cold shoulder just because I was willing to forgive you for the sake of your child,” Olivia said with a grim expression.

Upon hearing Olivia’s words, Stephanie’s expression darkened.

She hugged Nolan and proceeded to pinch his waist when no one was paying attention to them. Immediately, he felt the pain and cried out loud.

The moment he started crying, he extended his hands and asked for Olivia. Stephanie then took the opportunity to put him on Olivia’s lap.

As Olivia felt sorry for Nolan, she hugged and consoled him.

“Hush hush. It’s all right. I’m here, Nolan,” Olivia said gently.

However, she did not expect him to cry even louder.

As Amelia watched from the side, she did not have the heart to see him crying.

“Let me try, Mom,” she said.

Olivia passed him to her. Initially, Stephanie wanted to stop Olivia, but the latter glared at her discreetly. Therefore, Stephanie had no choice but to let the matter go.

Unexpectedly, Nolan stopped crying the moment he was in Amelia's arms. He even hugged her back.

Meanwhile, Stephanie was frustrated to see him acting that way with the woman she hated the most.

What an ingrate! Doesn't he know who his actual mother is? I'm the one who gives him food to eat and clothes to wear.

Olivia looked at her meaningfully. "Why don't you give more attention to Nolan, Steph? Don't just dwell on trivial matters. Just spend more time teaching your child so he doesn't become a stubborn ingrate."

Stephanie's expression stiffened as her temper rose.

"Mom, how could you say that about Nolan? You've been watching him grow up, so you should know him well. The moment Tony came back, you'd been praising him non-stop. Worst of all, you even said that Nolan would become an ingrate. Do you still think of him as your grandson?" she retorted.

Olivia shot her a glare.

"That's enough. Since Tony is here today, I won't be too harsh on you lest you say that I'm humiliating you in front of them. If there's nothing else that you want, why don't you bring Nolan home?" she huffed.

Stephanie was stunned.

She took a deep breath and tried to calm herself down.

"Mom, I'm here to see you. Moreover, I want to explain to you about Isabella's videos. She was framed by someone else. I remember that you saw it before. Can you instruct them to delete the videos? Since you liked Isabella, why don't you help her?" she asked matter-of-factly.

Having heard her words, Olivia was so angry that she chortled.

As she looked at Stephanie, she regretted spoiling her daughter in the past, causing the latter to be so brazen. Previously, Stephanie had teamed up with Isabella to frame Oscar, and she only forgave her because of Nolan. However, Isabella had tried to earn her trust and used it as a weapon to harm Oscar. While she would never be able to let the matter

rest, Oscar had been very kind not to get his revenge on Isabella. Now that Stephanie wanted her help, she had an urge to tell the former to stop being delusional.

“Steph, just go back and inform Isabella that our family will hold a press conference later to announce the cancellation of her engagement with Oscar. I don’t want a promiscuous woman to be my daughter-in-law,” she said frankly.

Stephanie’s expression darkened as she said hastily, “Mom, you can’t do that to Isabella.”

Unable to stand her daughter anymore, Olivia instructed the housekeeper to escort Stephanie and Nolan out. Then, she arranged for them to be sent back to the Walker residence. Furthermore, she even instructed them not to come to the house for the time being.

Amelia remained an onlooker during the entire incident. She only relaxed after Stephanie left and everything was back to normal again.

“It’s time for Tony and me to go back, Mom,” she said.

“You have to stay for dinner. I’ve not met Tony for a long time. I really missed him. You must allow him to stay for the night,” persuaded Olivia while hugging Tony tightly.

Amelia chuckled.

“Mom, why do you behave like I’m the enemy? Rest assured, I won’t take Tony away from you. I just want to inform you that I’ve already found a school for Tony. He skipped preschool and attended primary school when we were abroad, so I’ve been teaching him the syllabus for primary schools here. Therefore, he’ll be able to fit in perfectly once he transfers here. I just want to bring him to see the principal and take the entrance exam,” she explained.

Olivia was relieved to hear that. She recalled Amelia mentioning it before during their conversation over the phone. However, she had forgotten all about it when she met Tony. Moreover, she always thought that Tony was still a young kid and had no reason to be so diligent at that young age. Nevertheless, she knew that as the oldest grandson of the Clinton family and the heir to Clinton Corporations, he had to start his education early on. Otherwise, he might become an arrogant scion due to the power and wealth of the family.

As such, she was not going to interfere in his education. She merely felt sorry for him.

"I'll go with you because I want to see which school he will be attending. I have to make sure the school is good enough for my grandson."

Upon hearing her remarks, Amelia nodded.

At two in the afternoon, Olivia and Amelia brought Tony to the school that he would be attending in the future. It was an international private primary school. The annual fee was more than one hundred thousand, and it did not include the fees for the books and accommodation. Nonetheless, it was a good school. The teachers were very knowledgeable. Even the security measures were impeccable as there were teams of security guards making rounds around the school. Outsiders would not be able to enter without any permit.

All of that made it the most expensive and the best school in the city.

Olivia was pleased after seeing its surroundings.

The principal, Idris Young, personally came out to meet them.

When he saw Olivia, he said with an amicable smile, "Hello, Mrs. Clinton. How are you? I didn't expect to see you here. We met at a dinner party before."

Puzzled, Olivia looked at him. She tried to recall his face in her mind, but she was unable to remember him.

"You must have forgotten about it. After all, I'm merely the principal of a primary school. I had the opportunity to meet you and Mr. Clinton at a charity event two years ago. What brings you here? Are you here to discuss your grandson's enrolment? Let's not stand here. Please come inside." He brought them into his office and instructed his assistant to prepare some drinks and pastry for them.

Then, he added, "I can see that the young man is a smart kid. He doesn't have to do the entrance exam. I will assign him to the best class in first grade. Please be rest assured. The teacher for that class is the best one in the whole grade. She won't mistreat him," he said after praising Tony.

Olivia was very satisfied upon hearing that.

"I'll be counting on you, Mr. Young. If you need any supplies, you can get in touch with Clinton Corporations at any time. We're always happy to help the school."

Idris grinned widely at her offer.

“In that case, it will be rude for me to reject your offer, Mrs. Clinton.”

With that, the arrangements for Tony’s school were settled swiftly. After all, wealth and power could do wonders.

Once Amelia and Olivia were back inside the car, the former was able to once again feel how influential the Clinton family was. Nevertheless, she also knew that there were many people who merely wanted to suck up to the family.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 878

Chapter 878 Extreme Possessiveness

After they were done with Tony’s admission procedures, Olivia asked Norton to drive them to the condominium where Amelia and Oscar used to stay.

As Norton drove into the neighborhood, Amelia looked through the window at the familiar surroundings. A different gush of emotions gradually rose in her heart.

She and Oscar had lived in the neighborhood for almost ten years. In the beginning, they started off with a contractual relationship, and it took them five years to show each other their true feelings. Then, they were separated for two years after she lost her vision due to a car accident. If she had known that Oscar would forget all about her one day, she wouldn’t have divorced him back then and resided in Beshya for two years.

The time she and Oscar had spent with each other was short. To make matters worse, another woman was now claiming her role.

Oscar, if I had realized earlier how much I love you, I would have married you in a different way back then. No matter what ups and downs we might go through, I would stay by your side and never leave.

“Amelia, let’s get out of the car,” urged Olivia.

After regaining her senses, Amelia stared at Olivia with a slightly confounded expression.

“This is your true home which has all of your memories with Oscar. Are you really going to let someone take your place? Besides, Isabella has never stayed here,” said Olivia, seemingly hinting at something.

Blinking her eyes, Amelia was in a sudden daze, as if her mind had stopped working.

Olivia chuckled at her confused expression.

Grabbing Amelia, she exited the car and immediately walked into the place.

Olivia explained kindly when they were in the elevator, "Oscar bought Isabella another house elsewhere. As for this condominium, I don't know why Oscar only lives here alone, so I guess he still cares very much about you. Take it slow. He will think of you one day, sooner or later."

Amelia's eyes sparkled while her lips couldn't help but curl upward.

When Olivia, holding Tony in her arms, and Amelia stepped out of the elevator, they saw a couple kissing in the corridor. To be precise, the woman was cupping the man's face as she claimed his lips passionately, but he just stood there without any response.

Despite so, Amelia's pupils shrank, and she felt a sharp pang in her heart as if someone was clenching it.

"Grandma, Mommy, Big Meanie is kissing another girl. He is so annoying." Tony's sulky and adorable voice snapped Amelia and Olivia out of their thoughts. The couple, who was at the side, quickly stepped away from each other when they heard the sudden sound.

When Isabella saw Amelia and Tony, hatred filled her eyes. However, she could not help but retract her gaze when she met Olivia's stern glare. She then stood close to Oscar like a little girl and gently rested her head on his shoulder.

"Aunt Olivia, you're here. Oscar and I were discussing what to get for you when we visit you," stated Isabella obediently and coyly.

However, Olivia simply eyed her coldly.

"Oscar, I contacted reporters from a few major media companies. There will be a press conference five days later. Call off your engagement with Isabella during the press conference. Our family doesn't accept someone who is riddled with scandals. It affects the reputation of our family," uttered Olivia coldly.

When Isabella heard that, her face turned pale, and she grabbed Oscar's arm tightly.

Tilting his head to look at her, Oscar comforted the woman with a gentle voice, "Don't worry. They can't hold a press conference without my consent."

At that, the uneasiness on Isabella's face faded away, and she flashed him a soft smile.

Oscar shot Amelia a discreet glance before shifting his gaze to Tony.

"Tony, since you are a big boy, you should walk on your own. At your age, you shouldn't keep asking people to carry you anymore," said Oscar with a slightly stern voice and a cold expression.

Tony was not afraid of the man as he scowled at the latter with widened eyes and even snorted proudly with his nose held high.

"You bullied Mommy, so I don't want to talk to you, Big Meanie," stated Tony firmly.

Upon hearing that, Oscar did not feel angry but laughed out loud.

"As expected of my son. Your charisma and guts resemble mine when I was young. Come here. Let me hold you. Let's see if you have become chubbier since I last saw you a year ago." Ignoring Tony's resistance, Oscar took the former into his embrace forcefully. Lifting Tony in his arms, he seemed satisfied with Tony's weight.

"Not bad. You are heavier and have become more stubborn than you were a year ago, but I like it. Your mommy has taught you well," said Oscar with a smile.

Those around him either felt delighted or fearful when they heard his words.

Isabella clenched her fists as her heart raced. Watching the father and son interaction, she had a feeling that all her efforts were about to be in vain.

Extremely flustered, she quickly dashed forward to hold Oscar's arm and smiled sweetly at Tony.

"Tony, do you still remember me? You've grown so much after a year, looking more like your father. After I marry him, I will be your stepmother," said Amelia gently.

Tony rolled his eyes at her and pulled a face. The way he pouted his small lips made him look like a replica of Oscar.

"You are fighting with Mommy over Big Meanie. You're a bad person. I don't like you," exclaimed Tony.

Isabella's face turned stiff all of a sudden.

Looking aggrievedly at Oscar, she didn't expect that he wouldn't speak up for her.

"Isabella, Tony is still young. It'll be fine after you spend more time with him later on," stated Oscar.

Isabella gritted her teeth hard, almost crushing them. Despite the intense anger she felt, she still put on an amicable look.

"You're right, Oscar. I was being too hasty."

Oscar just nodded at that.

Olivia carried Tony with one arm and glanced at Isabella before she pulled Amelia toward the house with her other hand.

When Isabella stepped forward to stand in their way, Olivia shot her a glance and asked petulantly, "Isabella, what are you trying to do?"

"Aunt Olivia, please don't be mad. This condominium is mine and Oscar's future home now. After all, there is nothing between Ms. Winters and Oscar anymore. It doesn't seem right if she enters the place."

Olivia scoffed and silenced Isabella with just a comment. "I almost forgot to tell you that Oscar transferred the condominium to Amelia back then, so no matter how much you try to claim her place, nothing will work out. You should save yourself the worry."

Isabella was so mad that her chest heaved up and down. Feeling wronged, she looked at Oscar, whose expression was relatively calm, evidently not planning to speak up for her. There was a pang of dismay in her heart as she felt utterly aggrieved at that moment.

"Mom, I have something to tell Isabella. You two can go inside if you want to. We'll leave you two alone." After saying that, Oscar immediately pulled Isabella into the elevator with him and paid no mind to Olivia's shouts from behind.

After stepping into the elevator, Isabella could no longer hold back her tears, sobbing miserably.

"Oscar, you don't care about me anymore, right?" asked Isabella pitifully.

Oscar helped her to wipe the tears off her face and said gently, "You fool. If I didn't care about you, I wouldn't have taken you away. You must believe that I love you the most. Don't worry. We will have our wedding as planned. I'll make you the happiest bride in this world."

Isabella glanced at Oscar tearfully as if she wanted to see whether his expression was genuine through her tears.

"Oscar, do you really mean that?"

"If I don't, do you think you have what it takes for me to get engaged with you?"

At that, Isabella laughed through her tears before she wiped them away and snuggled in his arms. She then hugged his waist tightly, listening to his calm heartbeat.

"Oscar, I'm glad to hear you say that. As long you're by my side, I'm not afraid of anything," said Isabella with a smile.

As Oscar caressed her hair gently, there was not even a hint of warmth in his eyes. Wearing a tense expression, he seemed to be in a daze.

Oscar then led Isabella to the car and made a phone call in front of her, asking someone to delete the video and photos.

In less than two hours, the videos and pictures that had been spreading like wildfire on the internet vanished without a trace. However, many netizens had already downloaded and made copies of the files. Subsequently, Isabella became the second person to be highly discussed among the city's elites, the first being Jennifer. That being said, Isabella garnered more attention than Jennifer because she was also the fiancée to ClintonCorporations' heir.

She was thrown into the limelight because of that status. As a result, she had to disguise herself whenever she went out of the house. Otherwise, she would frequently be recognized by others whenever she was out.

In the past, she kept a high profile as she yearned for everyone to recognize her, but now, she hoped she wasn't receiving so much public interest.

She felt slightly at ease when she took out her phone and saw that all the videos, pictures, and comments on the internet had been deleted. Still, Isabella could not help feeling unsettled at Oscar's late response. She was fearful that he might have recalled something.

Perhaps because she had established her relationship with him through an underhanded method, she was constantly feeling uneasy. Even the slightest changes to the circumstances could discompose her.

While Isabella was keeping Oscar company, she planned inwardly to make a trip to Bernard's place.

She asked Oscar to send her back to the Walker residence.

"Oscar, my parents are missing you. Why don't you accompany me into the house? That'll stop them from always worrying about you abandoning me," she said coyly while wrapping her arm around his.

He pecked her on the cheeks and chirped, "Be good. I need to return to the office to soothe those older board members. If I don't address this matter quickly, they'll keep bugging me about the impact this incident would have on the company."

In fact, Oscar had made the necessary countermeasures at once after the videos became widespread over the internet. Hence, the company's share price was not largely affected. Still, he uttered those words for the sake of dealing with Isabella.

She kissed his cheek as well and regarded him with a guilty look.

"Oscar, I'm sorry. This is all my fault. You wouldn't have been caught in this mess if it weren't for me. Why don't you scold me?"

He merely gazed at her affectionately.

The two of them shared some intimate moments before he persuaded her to get out of the car. After that, he drove away.

The smile on Isabella's face faltered as the car gradually disappeared from her vision. A scheming and wicked look flashed across her eyes as she mused.

Oscar, don't blame me for doing this. I just want our relationship to be more stable. It's been so long since I last visited Professor Zabinski. I thought I'd secured a place in your heart since we'd been together for one year, but judging by the looks of it, that's not the case after all. I simply wanted you to love me more.

She decided to meet up with Bernard and let Oscar undergo another hypnosis session. As Bernard mentioned, it was better for Oscar to go insane than for him to return to Amelia's side.

Isabella would rather destroy the things she could not have than let others lay their hands on them.

With that, she went into her house and changed into another outfit. After putting on a pair of sunglasses, she was ready to depart.

"Isabella, videos and pictures of you are all over the internet, so why are you still going out? If you're so free, you should spend more time coaxing Oscar. Don't let your effort thus far go to waste," Carol uttered petulantly.

"Mom, it was Oscar who sent me back. He told me not to worry because he'll help me handle everything. Our wedding will proceed as planned. You can rest assured. If I'm capable of snatching Amelia's man, I'll have the ability to make him fall in love with me and only me," Isabella replied confidently.

Only after she listened to her daughter's elaboration did Carol's expression relax a little.

"Isabella, if that's the case, you should cling on to Oscar and make sure he doesn't have a change of heart. Otherwise, the bond between the Walker family and the Clinton family will be ruined."

Isabella nodded before she turned around and left.

She drove to Bernard's place and went into the house for further discussion with him.

"Have you thought this through? Are you willing to do this even if he may remember his past or become a fool?" Bernard asked calmly.

Isabella's eyes glinted menacingly after she listened to his question.

"That woman has returned after one year. I thought his feelings for her had already entirely dissipated since he divorced her without hesitation back then. Unexpectedly, I was too naive. Although his memories have been altered, he still couldn't forget her. In that case, I'd rather he become a fool than let her have him," Isabella said through gritted teeth.

Bernard glanced at her and shook his head indistinctively. "Women can indeed be exceedingly ruthless at times."

Isabella could not care less about his remark. In her opinion, it didn't matter even if she had to bear a bad reputation as long as she could achieve her goal. She thought that as

time passed, others would only focus on her glory and disregard the lowly, despicable things she'd done.

"Professor Zabinski, I'll bring him here as soon as possible. I hope you can intensify the hypnosis and make him forget that woman's existence completely. It'll be best if you can also erase all his memories of their only son. I want him to belong only to me. He can only be mine and only mine, even if it means he has to become a fool," she said maniacally with narrowed eyes.

She was so obsessed with Oscar that she could not stand him returning to Amelia's side. Oscar is mine. Even if he becomes a lunatic, he should still be my lunatic.

Taking in her demeanor, Bernard knew no amount of persuasion would change her mind, so he allowed her to do as she pleased.

After that, Isabella went to Clinton Corporations. This time, no one halted her as she made her way to the office.

She walked up to Oscar and said, "Oscar, I went to the psychiatric clinic and spoke to Professor Zabinski. He told me I was getting too anxious because of the videos, and I was at risk of getting depression. Worse come to worst, I might even experience urges to end my own life."

Oscar placed his pen down and looked up at her. Then, he curled in lips into a tender smile and uttered affectionately, "You're overthinking things again. Go and sit on the couch first. After I'm done checking these documents, I'll bring you out to relax your mind."

She nodded in response and went to sit on the couch obediently.

Only after Oscar was done with his work did she get up.

"Oscar, could you accompany me to meet with Professor Zabinski? I wish to undergo a few more psychotherapy sessions with him. I want more time to stay by your side and grow old with you," Isabella said while snuggling in his embrace.

In response, Oscar hugged her. Although he was starting to suspect her, the countless beautiful memories of them together filled his mind, so he wouldn't refuse her under normal circumstances unless she made some outrageous demands.

"Okay. If doing these can help you feel better, I'll go with you."

“Oscar, you’re so nice to me. I think I’m falling more deeply in love with you.” She pecked his cheek.

At that instant, as he listened to her words, he felt something tugging at his heartstrings. It seemed to him that a woman had once wrapped her arms around his neck and uttered those words to him before. However, he was certain that the woman wasn’t Isabella.

Still, in his memories, the only two women he had genuinely loved were Isabella and Cassie. There wasn’t any other woman he cared about.

Nonetheless, he could not help feeling a sense of familiarity as the recollection of that unknown woman flashed across his mind.

At that moment, his eyes became distant.

Sensing his unusual demeanor, Isabella became anxious, prompting her to pull him back to his senses quickly.

“Oscar, let’s go now. I’ve made an appointment with Professor Zabinski. It’s not nice for us to keep him waiting,” she piped up skittishly.

He turned his head sideways to glance at her before nodding in agreement.

Linda strode over right after they left the office.

“Mr. Clinton, the representatives from Royce Technologies, Atlas Corporation’s branch company, are already here. They are on their way up inside the elevator,” she reported.

Just as Oscar was about to speak, the doors to the elevator coincidentally opened. Then, a woman and three men stepped out of the elevator. There was nothing special about the three men, but when Isabella saw the woman, her pupils dilated. She glared at the woman, who was wearing a courteous smile while clenching her fists. Isabella’s nails had dug into her palms without her realizing it.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 879

Chapter 879 Sharing Same Sentiments

Linda was shocked to see the woman, who was walking in the middle. Subconsciously, she turned her attention to Oscar before hurrying over to the woman.

"Mrs. Clinton, you're the person in charge of Royce Technologies, aren't you? But how did you end up as a representative of a foreign company branch instead?" Linda asked in a surprised tone. Amelia merely smiled at Linda and said, "Long time no see, Linda."

Linda was even more excited upon hearing Amelia's response. She looked at Amelia before turning to glance toward Oscar. Her eyes flickered with a strong hint of curiosity and nosiness.

Meanwhile, Isabella coughed petulantly, prompting Linda to glance at her before turning her head again to smile at Amelia awkwardly.

"Mr. Clinton, I'll bring the people from Royce Technologies to the conference room. They will wait for you inside," Linda said as she bowed slightly.

Oscar nodded.

Initially, Isabella had something to say as Linda led the others past them, but Oscar interrupted her, "You should go, Isabella. I'll walk you out. Just wait at Professor Zabinski's place. I'll go pick you up when I'm done with the meeting," he said gently.

Isabella had no choice but to hold her tongue upon hearing his words.

"Why don't I wait for you in your office, Oscar? I'll give Professor Zabinski a call instead. If you're not going to accompany me, I'm not going either," Isabella said loudly in a sickeningly sweet voice as she linked arms with Oscar.

Naturally, Amelia heard her words as well. She then stopped in her tracks briefly.

"Let's go inside the conference room, Mrs. Clinton. Mr. Clinton will be with us in a while," Linda deliberately said to Amelia.

Amelia flashed Linda a smile and followed behind her immediately.

Meanwhile, Isabella huffed furiously as she watched Amelia's retreating figure.

"You seem to have quite a huge problem with her, Isabella," Oscar said with a smile as he gently lifted her chin.

"Oscar, she's a powerful and competent rival in love. I'm afraid that you'll rekindle your past relationship with her. After all, both of you are still connected through Tony, so I am not all that fond of her." Isabella did not hide her dislike for Amelia either. Instead of pretending to be cutesy and obedient in front of Oscar, she felt it was better to express

her dislike bluntly. Perhaps her straightforward and honest attitude could attract Oscar to see her in a different light.

Oscar chuckled at her words. "Looks like you're quite jealous and petty."

Scrunching up her petite nose, Isabella said in a confident yet coquettish voice, "Isn't this how you prefer me to be, Oscar?"

As expected, Oscar's lips curled into a smile, and his gaze gradually softened.

Isabella's prideful and extremely confident attitude overlapped with the woman in his memories. Instinctively, he wanted to dote on someone like her.

"All right. Just wait in my office, then. If you're feeling bored, you can always shop for things online or watch some dramas and movies. I'll be back very quickly," Oscar replied.

Isabella nodded upon hearing his words.

Once Oscar had left, Isabella's expression turned extremely grim.

She had deliberately mimicked Amelia's demeanor and attitude. Unexpectedly, Oscar's expression suddenly became exceptionally gentle and full of affection. Not only that, but he also allowed her to enter his office freely. Even after a year of being his fiancée, Isabella still needed Oscar's permission to enter the office. It was as if she was an outsider to him.

A sense of annoyance surged within her. Amelia Winters. It's Amelia again! That woman is my worst nightmare because she is always in my way! No matter how hard I tried to make Oscar forget about Amelia, I was still no match for her.

Furious, she entered his office and sat down on the couch. Suddenly, she caught sight of the computer on the desk out of the corner of her eye. As a glint flashed across her eyes, Isabella hesitated whether she should stand up and satisfy her curiosity.

Eventually, she went over to the table to take a peek and discovered the computer was turned off. As she powered on the computer, Isabella saw that it was password-protected. Thus, she tried to key in her birth date to unlock the computer, but it did not match the actual password. She then keyed in Oscar's birth date but to no avail. It was only when Isabella entered Amelia's birth date that the computer was finally unlocked.

Isabella stared at the computer's desktop wallpaper, which was a photograph of Amelia smiling brightly. Under the sun, Amelia's smile radiated beautifully, and her bright, white teeth were especially eye-catching, but Isabella found the photograph to be extremely glaring and unpleasant.

When Oscar was working at his desk, Isabella could not even approach him at all, let alone use his work computer to do online shopping, play games, or watch movies and dramas. Hence, she never knew that his desktop wallpaper was Amelia's portrait. Her heart ached terribly as if it had been gripped tightly by someone.

She had sacrificed a lot for him, and yet the woman he loved was still Amelia. Oscar still valued and cared for Amelia subconsciously, even though he had been hypnotized.

How could you do this to me, Oscar? Do you even know how much I love you?

Glaring at Amelia's photograph, Isabella felt pangs of emotions overwhelming her. Suppressing her feelings, she clenched her fists and bit her lips so tightly that they bled unknowingly.

The taste of blood instantly caused her to regain her senses. Isabella quickly opened the computer's hard disk and discovered a proposal for a joint project with the government next year, as well as a budget plan for the land acquisition bidding. After that, she opened her bag immediately and fished out a flash drive to copy those valuable files.

Once all the files had been copied into the flash drive, Isabella switched off the computer swiftly and returned to the couch, as though nothing had happened.

Fiddling with the flash drive in her hands, she muttered to herself, "Don't blame me for doing this, Oscar. I'm just scared that you'll turn your back on me. As long as you're faithful to me, I won't betray you. After we get married, I will bear and raise our children, and I will become a perfect wife to you."

Naturally, Oscar had no idea about her plans.

At that point, he was in the conference room with Amelia and the others, discussing their collaboration plans for next year.

Both sides were fiercely debating with each other, and no one wanted to compromise. In the end, it became a discussion between Oscar and Amelia. After exchanging opinions, both parties finally came to an agreement.

Once they had signed on the dotted lines, Oscar glanced at Amelia with a look of admiration.

Having not seen her for a year, Amelia had become much more outstanding and charismatic than he had ever imagined.

Naturally, his glances did not go unnoticed by Amelia. Nevertheless, that was precisely what she wanted to achieve.

After the meeting, a director from Royce Technologies smiled and said, "It's a pleasure to work with you, Mr. Clinton. We've made a reservation at the best hotel in the city, and we'd like to invite you to our small celebration party. After all, our companies will have plenty of opportunities to work together in the future. It's a must for us to build a good rapport with an exceptional young man like you."

"But if you're planning to spend time with your fiancée, we shall arrange for another meal together next time, Mr. Clinton," Amelia said nonchalantly.

As Oscar glanced at her, an unfathomable glint flashed across his eyes. Without knowing what he had in mind, Oscar had agreed to the invitation.

"I hope you don't mind me bringing a family member along with me. My fiancée happens to be in the office. I'll be attending the event with her," Oscar said with a smile.

"Of course not. It's a great pleasure for us to have you attend our celebration party," the person in charge chirped.

Upon hearing Oscar's response, Amelia's expression froze slightly. However, she quickly regained her composure, as if his deliberate display of affection did not affect her at all.

Amelia and Oscar left the conference room together, but the latter nodded at the people from Royce Technologies before heading to his office quickly.

"Mrs. Clinton," Linda called out to her hesitantly as she slowed down her pace.

"I've already separated from Oscar, so don't address me as Mrs. Clinton anymore. Just call me Amelia," she replied.

Linda nodded and gazed at Amelia with a look of sympathy on her face.

"Mrs. Clinton, both you and Mr. Clinton looked so intimate together. I didn't expect that you'd..." Linda became hesitant with her words.

"I didn't expect it either. However, things do not always turn out as we planned. Perhaps I'm not destined to be with Oscar for the time being. Has he been taking his meals on time? And he hasn't had any gastritis for the past year, has he?" Amelia changed the subject, expressing concern for Oscar's health.

"You still care for Mr. Clinton a lot, Mrs. Clinton, and I can't accept the fact that both of you are divorced. I just think you're made for each other," Linda said. She then added, "Nonetheless, Mr. Clinton has been taking his meals regularly despite being very busy with work. You don't have to worry about that, Mrs. Clinton."

Amelia nodded at her words.

As the group of people walked toward Oscar's office, Isabella was seen leaning on Oscar in a gentle and coquettish manner.

A glint shone in Amelia's eyes as she suppressed her emotions and smoothed her features.

"We should leave, Mr. Clinton," she said.

Oscar nodded.

The coordinator on Amelia's right eyed Isabella and blabbed, "Mr. Clinton, your fiancée looks similar to the actress in the video that has gone viral on the internet. But of course, your fiancée is beautiful and virtuous. She would never be like that actress. What am I saying? Don't take what I said to heart, Mr. Clinton. I don't mean anything by it. I only thought they share physical similarities."

Oscar only pursed his lips and said nothing.

A shutter fell over Isabella's expression as she shot daggers at the man who had put her in this awkward position.

"Let's go, Oscar," she snapped.

He nodded, and both of them walked ahead.

Amelia looked at their backs with a complicated expression, an acerbic emotion mounting inside her. She didn't know how to make Oscar remember the memories they shared.

Although she knew all that was inevitable, seeing the man she loved being lovey-dovey with another woman made her uncomfortable.

"After you, Ms. Winters," the man beside her alerted.

She nodded.

As they reached the elevator doors, Oscar turned to glance at her and said, "Take another elevator, Ms. Winters. My fiancée dislikes taking the elevator with strangers."

When Amelia and the others heard that, their expressions changed.

"Since Mr. Clinton has made a request, we'll take the next elevator and meet at the pre-arranged restaurant," she answered, her carefully composed features revealing none of her emotions.

Oscar nodded coldly and ushered Isabella into the elevator with his arm around her.

Deep down, Amelia let out a low sigh.

"It appears that the rumors are right—Mr. Clinton is tough to please," the man beside her remarked.

"Mr. Johnson, I think Mr. Clinton went pretty easy on you considering your blunt opinion on his fiancée," another person grumbled.

His flagrant comment about Isabella's viral video had embarrassed Oscar, and they were lucky that he did not call off their collaboration, judging by his personality.

"I was simply telling the truth. That video is trending on the internet, and that b*tch is popular now. I was already being courteous by not mentioning her measurements and body figure. I'd break up with her if I were Mr. Clinton. Never can I put up with getting cuckolded by hundreds of people. There's no way I can stomach that," Aaron Johnson said vehemently.

Amelia gave him a look of annoyance. Although she didn't like Isabella, she found it repugnant to hear others brazenly criticize a woman that way.

As a man, he didn't respect women, and she couldn't figure out how he attained such a high-level position with such a tasteless and crass personality. He was an embarrassment to Royce Technologies, and it was no surprise he failed to be the next Oscar Clinton.

Despite her thoughts, Amelia was a new hire and found it inappropriate to condemn the seniors who had worked for many years in the company. As such, she kept silent and entered the elevator while the rest followed suit, evidently not wanting to spend more time with Aaron.

Aaron snorted peevishly, and foreboding filled him.

They were lost in thought and rode the elevator down in silence.

When they got into the car, Oscar called to say that he wouldn't be joining them at the restaurant but that they should enjoy themselves, and he would foot the bill.

Unease gathered in a tight knot in Amelia's heart, but she was only his ex-wife who had no say in his decisions.

"Mr. Clinton overstepped the line," Aaron mumbled unhappily.

"We would have had a smooth collaboration with Clinton Corporations if you hadn't talked about his fiancée in that manner. I'm afraid our collaboration has soured. You had better pray that Mr. Clinton doesn't back out of the deal, or you will have to explain yourself to the company," someone retorted heatedly.

Aaron's face darkened at once, but he was powerless in Oscar's decision. After all, Clinton Corporations was at the forefront and had the most potential in the industry. If he had offended Oscar, the latter could still pay the penalty if he pulled out of the deal, and Royce Technologies would have no say in the situation.

"Ms. Winters, I heard you had a history with Mr. Clinton. Could you have a few words with him? I can tell he respects you," someone suggested.

Amelia glanced at the person and was silent for a moment before nodding.

"I'll try my best, but I believe he's an honorable businessman. He would never renege on a deal after signing it. He still has a sense of professionalism," she stated with certainty.

"We believe in his business integrity, but we have also heard that he loves his fiancée. Otherwise, he wouldn't have stayed with her after the video went viral."

Pain lanced through her heart.

That person had hit her right in her sore spot, piercing her heart with his words.

"Are you unwell, Ms. Winters? You look pale," the person asked in concern.

"I'm fine. Drop me off at the next intersection. I need to get something for my son. All of you should go ahead and enjoy your meal," she replied with a shake of her head.

The person gave her another look to make sure she was all right before nodding.

Amelia got out of the car and let out a sigh before she glanced around in a daze at the skyscrapers. The city looked foreign without Oscar by her side.

Am I overestimating my self-control? Seeing Oscar and Isabella's display of affection almost tore at my defenses.

"Oscar, I don't think I can hold on much longer if you still can't remember me," she muttered in a quiet voice.

Besides the sound of the car pulling away, no one responded to the solace in her heart.

Right then, another car slid to a stop in front of her, and a head popped out as the window rolled down. It was Carter.

"It's really you, Amelia. When did you return to the country? Why didn't you give me a call? We could go out for a meal," Carter said.

Amelia only gave a wan smile and got into the car upon his request.

"How about having a meal first? We can catch up while we're at it," Carter proposed.

She merely nodded in response.

Soon, they found a Koandrian restaurant and chose a seat by the window on the second floor.

Amelia took a good look at Carter after placing their orders and noticed he had lost considerable weight. His eyes were sunken and hollow, lending to his jaded maturity. Gone was the polished gentleman.

"You didn't take care of yourself, Carter? Why are you so thin now? How are things between you and Jennifer? Where is she?" Amelia posed a series of questions.

His expression froze instantly, and melancholy gathered between his brows.

At once, she caught the shift and knew something bad had happened.

And she was right.

Carter smiled bitterly, wryness reflected in his gaze.

“Jennifer left the country,” he bit out.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 880

Chapter 880 Obvious Hatred Toward Her

Amelia’s hand froze, and she looked at him bewilderedly. “Left the country? Why?” she queried in puzzlement. The smile on Carter’s face appeared more like a grimace.

“Something happened to her mom. She passed away two months ago. Before she breathed her last, Jennifer’s mom held her hand and asked her not to be with me. I was also present at the time. I don’t know why things came to this point. We just finally got together,” he covered his face with his hands and said in a low voice.

Numerous possibilities crossed Amelia’s mind, but none involved Laura’s demise. Wasn’t she fine previously? Why did she die so suddenly? Moreover, with Laura’s final wish before passing away, I’m afraid that Jennifer and Carter won’t be able to get together in this lifetime.

“Wasn’t Mrs. Larson fine before, Carter? Why did she pass away so suddenly?” Amelia asked with some difficulty.

“She had previously been bitten by a dog, and despite receiving an injection, there were leftover toxins in her body, which led to her sudden illness and death. Back then, I accompanied Jennifer abroad to visit her parents, but I didn’t think it would be our final encounter. After that, she told me to return to the country while she remained overseas. I tried to look for her, but she and Mr. Larson moved, so I have no idea about her current whereabouts.” Carter ran a hand down his face and recomposed himself when he saw the waiter carrying the food over.

Amelia also did not expect such an outcome. If I didn’t allow Oscar to take revenge on Laura when she threw something at me back then, maybe things wouldn’t have gotten to this stage. In a way, I have indirectly caused her sudden demise. I thought that with

Carter's mediation, Jennifer and I could at least not be enemies even if we couldn't clear our differences. But I guess that's not possible anymore.

"Carter, I'm so sorry for causing you two to end up like this, but I can't figure out why Mrs. Larson didn't entrust Jennifer to you even before she passed away," she uttered, feeling confused.

Even though Laura suddenly fell ill, there isn't any mother on their deathbed who wouldn't wish for their daughter to be happy. What's more, Jennifer is her only daughter. She certainly wouldn't be able to stand by and watch her daughter be miserable.

Carter's expression turned even more bitter.

Laura's last wish kept running through his mind. He thought that the Larsons would be ecstatic about his and Jennifer's union. Never did he expect that when Jennifer took him abroad to see her parents, not only did they not welcome him as he had imagined, but they even said in front of him that he was not good enough for Jennifer and that he had already missed the best time to take care of her.

Since he was absent during Jennifer's most trying time, he did not have the right to be with her, and Laura's illness was a direct death sentence for him.

"Come. Let's eat. It's rare for you to come back from overseas, so let's not talk about these depressing things." Carter shook his head and attempted to switch the subject subtly.

Amelia picked up her fork and tried one of the dishes, finding it quite tasty.

She then thoughtfully scooped some food for Carter and told him to eat more.

After the meal, as they left the Koandrian restaurant, Carter asked with his hands in his pockets, "Would you mind going to the bar with me?"

Amelia agreed before calling Tiffany to tell her that she was going to the bar with Carter and asked the latter to pick her up around eleven at night.

"Let's go."

The two arrived at a bar called "Nocturne." They went in together, ordered a lot of liquor at the counter, and sat in the corner.

The place was not very noisy, probably because it was still early, so there were not many patrons at the bar.

After the waiter brought over the alcohol, Carter opened a bottle of beer and handed it to Amelia. "Come. Let's drink to our unluckiness in love," he said.

Amelia took the beer and smiled bitterly. She felt like the whole world knew about her and Oscar's divorce.

Within a year, she seemed to have become a pitiful creature in everyone's eyes, abandoned by Oscar without any explanation.

She clinked her beer bottle with Carter's before raising her head and taking a big gulp of beer.

"I heard that Mr. Clinton forgot all about you and got together with Isabella. Is this true?" Carter also took a big gulp of beer before bringing up the subject.

Amelia wagged her finger at him. "You're very inconsiderate, Carter. This matter is no longer a secret within the industry. Also, Oscar didn't forget about me but mixed up my identity with Isabella's. In his heart, she's the woman he loves, while I'm simply a troublesome woman. Fate loves messing with us; you and Jennifer, as well as me and Oscar. We parted ways for a variety of reasons. After that, I left the country, partly to make myself stronger and partly to escape reality. I refuse to believe that Oscar has truly forgotten every moment between us, but that's the reality; he did forget, and I was caught off guard."

Carter gloomily took another huge gulp of beer.

"For this reason, Amelia, we should get smashed today," he said.

However, Amelia shook her head.

"I've been running away for a year now, and I don't wish to do that anymore. We can drink a little to soothe our emotions, but there's no need to get drunk. We've passed the age of drowning our sorrows in alcohol. If you truly can't give up on Jennifer, go and win her back. Just like me. As long as Oscar is still around, I'll be able to make him remember everything someday. I don't believe that our time together will be so short. We still have a long way to go, so don't you lose hope."

Carter lowered his head and laughed gloomily.

He then drank some beer before uttering very calmly, "I used to love you, Amelia, but the moment Mrs. Larson passed away, I resented you. I wondered if today's outcome would have been different if you had been merciful and told Mr. Clinton not to be so cruel to her. But on second thought, I realized I couldn't hold it against you. I was the one who caused this outcome. Perhaps my children would've grown up by now if I hadn't been so obstinate back then."

His words made Amelia chuckle.

"You find this funny, right? So do I." Carter also smiled, but it was bitter no matter how he looked at it. "I see myself as a failure. I fell in love with two women in succession, and both relationships didn't work out. Don't you think my love life is doomed to be unlucky?"

"If failure is what we're talking about, I'm one too. My relationship with Oscar was tumultuous. We got together twice and broke up twice as well. What's more, he completely forgot that I was his lover this time. I can't even make him stay with me. All I can do is be here with you, drinking to drown our sorrows. Come. Let's drink. Tomorrow marks a fresh start. There'll always be new hope." Amelia held up her beer bottle and made contact with his.

While Amelia and Carter drank their hearts out, a woman wearing a pair of sunglasses stared at him upstairs.

"Jennifer, you saw that, right? The man you can't forget is drinking with your enemy and love rival. They're having so much fun chatting and drinking together. It's obvious who he's in love with. Do you still want a man like that?" taunted a man as he hugged Jennifer from the back and kissed her neck.

The light shone on the man, revealing that he was none other than June, who had escaped for a year.

Jennifer evaded his intimate act as a look of impatience flashed across her eyes.

"Move your filthy mouth away. Don't touch me," she snapped in disgust.

A vicious look flitted across June's eyes while he bit her neck as if he was punishing her.

Feeling a sharp pang of pain, Jennifer turned her head around and glared at him angrily.

"You crazy dog! Are you done fooling around?"

June raised his hand and pinched her chin. Underneath the light, his eyes glittered with menace as he gazed at her.

“Jennifer, the man you’re pining over is drinking with your enemy. I even heard that Amelia got dumped by Oscar, so the chances of them getting together have increased significantly. If you can endure this, I have nothing else to say. However, think about your mom’s miserable death. Tsk!” said June as he cracked his neck.

With a vicious expression, Jennifer glared at Amelia and Carter drinking happily.

Amelia was the culprit behind her mother’s tragic death and was even seducing her man so shamelessly now. These grudges, old and new combined, caused Jennifer’s hatred toward Amelia to grow.

She narrowed her eyes as a plan hatched in her mind.

Amelia drank till she received a call from Tiffany right before eleven. Tiffany said that Kurt had already left to pick her up and would reach in a few minutes, so she should wait outside for him.

“I’m leaving now, Carter. After drinking for two to three hours, it’s enough. We won’t be able to go to work tomorrow if we continue. It’s fine to drink a little, but there’s no need to get too drunk. Our situations aren’t so despairing that we need to drown our sorrows in alcohol. Only those who cannot endure failure and wish to escape reality would resort to drinking. People like us, on the other hand, are as resilient as cockroaches,” said Amelia cheekily as she raised the bottle of alcohol in her hand.

Placing his bottle down, Carter stood up and patted her head. “Amelia, I realized it’s actually not bad that I have given up on my obsession with you, and I’m contented with just being good friends. At least, I can’t tell you things that I can’t tell others.”

Amelia chuckled, not expecting she would one day be able to talk so calmly with Carter like this.

After Carter paid the bill, they left the bar together.

“Why don’t I send you back, Amelia?”

“It’s fine. Kurt is coming to pick me up. Tiff and I are staying at his place. You know that no one wants both of us now, so we have no choice but to stay with him temporarily.”

"If you don't have any place to live, I have an empty condominium at Peach Estate in the city center. I've got someone helping me with housekeeping regularly. You can just move in with your luggage."

"I'm just joking with you."

As they chatted, a car drove toward them. Thinking that Kurt had come to pick her up, Amelia did not stand on guard. To her surprise, the car accelerated when it was about to reach her. Amelia's eyes widened uncontrollably when she stared at the car zooming at her rapidly. The memories of the car accident that almost killed her a few years back kept circling her mind. For a moment, all she could do was stand there motionlessly, unable to move her limbs in time.

"Careful!" Surprised, Carter quickly pulled Amelia to the side.

When the car failed to crash into her, it suddenly swiveled around and shot toward her again. Carter dragged Amelia away with him and hid in the bar anxiously. Since it would be impossible to hit them in there, the driver quickly turned the car around and fled.

"Are you okay, Amelia?" asked Carter worriedly.

Amelia shook her head, still feeling shocked.

Right then, Kurt ran inside the bar and tugged her toward him. After inspecting her from head to toe and ensuring that she was not injured, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Amelia, I saw a car trying to crash into you and got so scared! I wanted to chase after it, but I was worried that something might've happened to you. Don't scare me like that in the future, or I might lose my mind," said Kurt in a concerned tone.

Feeling embarrassed by how worried he was, Amelia pulled her hand back discreetly and assured with a smile, "I'm fine, Kurt. Don't worry. It's all thanks to Carter that I didn't get hit by the car today. It's really a stroke of luck that I managed to survive."

Kurt gazed at her and let out an exasperated sigh secretly.

"Thanks for saving Amelia, Mr. Carter. Words can't describe my gratitude. If you need my help in the future, just go ahead and ask. I'll definitely agree," said Kurt earnestly as he looked at Carter.

Carter stared at Kurt with an intrigued look. Although he did not know what capacity Kurt was speaking in, he could deduce that their relationship was special because she was

staying at his place after returning. Even if they were not a couple, they were definitely more than friends. Otherwise, Amelia would have rebuked him.

Looks like quite a lot happened this year. Amelia would not have let Kurt stay by her side otherwise.

"Amelia, you..." Carter's gaze flitted between the two of them.

"We're like family," interrupted Amelia.

A dejected look flashed across Kurt's eyes.

As if he had expected it, Carter stopped asking further tactfully.

"You should go back. It's getting late," said Carter.

Amelia nodded.

After saying goodbye to Carter, Amelia and Kurt entered the car.

"Thanks for picking me up, Kurt," said Amelia politely as she buckled her seatbelt.

Kurt turned his head and cast her a glance. His eyes glinted as an uneasy feeling surfaced within him.

"Amelia, you've already said that we're like family. Isn't it a bit distant for family members to thank each other? As long as it's about you, I will come over no matter how busy I am," said Kurt pointedly.

Amelia merely smiled.

"I'm tired, so I'll take a short nap. Wake me up when we've arrived." She closed her eyes after saying that. While she initially intended to avoid Kurt's affectionate gaze, she ended up actually falling asleep.

After driving into the neighborhood and parking the car, Kurt unbuckled his seatbelt and gazed at Amelia. His heart ached when he saw the dark circles under her eyes.

"Amelia, although Boss is a nice person, he has already forgotten about you. You can consider me too. I swear that I'll make you happy forever," mumbled Kurt.

Amelia scrunched her nose.

He pinched her nose lovingly before moving closer to her boldly and kissing her cheek. When he was about to kiss Amelia's lips, her eyelashes fluttered, and she opened her eyes. Their gazes met, and Kurt could even see a look of confusion in her eyes.

Amelia woke up quickly and moved backward subconsciously. When Kurt noticed her reaction, his gaze darkened.

Knowing that her actions had hurt him, Amelia changed the topic. "We've reached! Let's go. I wonder if Tony has fallen asleep. After not seeing him for the entire day, I've missed him a lot." After speaking, she unbuckled her seatbelt and left the car so rapidly that it looked like she was escaping.

A grim expression appeared on Kurt's face. Sighing, he got out of the car as well.

They then took the elevator up in silence.

"Tiff, is Tony asleep? I'll go up and check on him. You and Kurt should go to bed as well!" said Amelia to Tiffany after entering. She rushed up the stairs afterward.

"Amelia almost got hit by a car at the bar," mentioned Kurt with pursed lips. His instincts were telling him that the incident was intentionally planned by someone.

"What? What did you say? Why did Amelia get involved in a car accident all of a sudden? I must ask her what happened. Even though she has only returned for a few days, she almost got into a car accident! It's obvious that someone can't tolerate her return. There's no doubt who the culprit is." Tiffany was about to stomp up the stairs indignantly when Kurt stopped her and shook his head.

"I memorized the number on the car plate. We'll find out who the person is after checking it. If the culprit dares to aim for Amelia so publicly at the bar, the person must really hate her a lot. I will never spare anyone who dares to harm Amelia," hissed Kurt menacingly as he narrowed his eyes.

Tiffany thought about it before she said, "Check it quickly. I want to see who that bold person is."

Kurt instructed someone to check the car plate number. Within half an hour, they received updates that the car was recently bought by a foreign man called June.

"That b*stard! What grudges does he have against Amelia? Why is he insisting on targeting her, even to the point of trying to kill her? He'd better pray that he won't bump into me. Otherwise, I'll break his bones and paralyze him," spat Tiffany through gritted teeth.

Even though Amelia was trying to evade him, June was still hounding her persistently like a mad dog. He probably assumed that she was an easy target.

"I always thought that he had escaped back home, but it turns out that he's still here. That's good! I'll find a way to find him and make him pay the price twenty times over," snarled Kurt furiously as he gripped his phone.

"I support you on that. We'll show them that even without Oscar's protection, we aren't so powerless that others can trample over us so easily," said Tiffany while patting his shoulder.

A determined look surfaced on Kurt's face as he nodded.

Working through the night, he asked everyone on his social network to look for June. Although he was only a bodyguard, he had accumulated quite a lot of connections over the past few years. A lot of influential businessmen had to show respect to him as well. Furthermore, since Oscar did not forbid his bodyguards from owning private assets, he owned quite a few companies in other places. Even though he was not as wealthy as Oscar, he was rich enough to protect Amelia.

After being on the phone for a few hours, he got people to agree to search for June extensively. However, it was uncertain whether he could be found. After all, June was not just an ordinary man. Since he was one of the heirs of the Adertons, his powers must not be underestimated.

Kurt promised them that he would offer a generous sum if they could find June.

Money could motivate anyone. Naturally, those people put in a lot more effort in finding June.

However, June was as sly as a fox. He had hired someone else to manage his company in the city. No matter what problems arose with the company's accounts, he never showed up, and an expert would solve everything perfectly. With such a professional team supporting the company, Kurt could not do anything to it.

That frustrated Kurt. As long as he could not find June, he would constantly feel uneasy, as though there was a thorn in his heart.

Tiffany patted his shoulder and consoled, "Relax and take it slow, Kurt. If we could deal with June so easily, he wouldn't have been able to roam around the country for so long. Don't forget that he's got the Adertons backing him up. Otherwise, we would've taught him a lesson a long time ago."

June was a foreign businessman highly valued by the government. If anything happened to him in the country, his country would investigate it extensively, and an international conflict might arise. While this might sound like an exaggeration, the outcome would be highly possible if the Adertons pressured them. Since everything was so uncertain, Kurt and the rest must be careful.

"If we manage to report his company for smuggling drugs, he'll naturally be evicted from the nation," blurted Tiffany as a plan hatched in her mind.

Kurt agreed with her idea and instructed his subordinates to do just that.

On the other hand, Amelia was completely oblivious to their plans. She merely felt that Oscar was treating her colder than before when she and her colleagues went to Clinton Corporations to discuss their collaboration.

Although Oscar still dealt with them professionally, it was obvious that he was extremely distant toward her. In fact, he did not even spare her a single glance.

Amelia felt quite uneasy at his demeanor. However, since they were in a work setting, she had no choice but to suppress that uneasy feeling and continue with the meeting.

After the discussion, Oscar stood up and left directly. Seeing that, Amelia hastily ran up to him.

"Please wait, Mr. Clinton," said Amelia.

Oscar stopped in his tracks and stared at her indifferently.

"Ms. Winters, we've finished discussing official matters. If it's about something private, there's nothing to talk about between us." Oscar snorted coldly. "But if you're lacking men, I can recommend a few to you."

Amelia's expression changed drastically as she stared at Oscar with a complicated look.

"Mr. Clinton, I don't think that I've ever done anything to make you misunderstand," she said tentatively with a strained voice.

"You should know it, right?" With that, Oscar turned around and left.

Amelia paled as she stared at his back with a hurt expression. Is it me, or is Oscar's dislike for me growing? In fact, he might even hate me. Everything was fine yesterday, though. Did something happen recently that I don't know about? Did Isabella do something to him again?

She could not help feeling worried. After all, Isabella seemed intimidated by her return, and she suspected that the former was secretly making moves on Oscar.