

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 881 - 890

Chapter 881 Misguided Feelings

Afraid that Amelia was going to overthink the matter, Linda turned around and said, "Amelia, don't overthink it. It might be that Mr. Clinton was in a bad mood today."

Amelia regained her composure and flashed a smile at Linda. "I'm all right. Go on back to your workstation. Aren't you afraid that Mr. Clinton might punish you for leaving your post?" Amelia joked.

Linda gave her a bitter smile. "Amelia, I'm going to level with you here. With Isabella constantly trying to drive a wedge between me and Mr. Clinton, I think I'm going to get fired really soon," Linda lamented.

Amelia glanced at her and fell deep into her thoughts. "I could say the same to you—don't overthink it. Oscar would have fired you long ago if he did have the intention to do so. He wouldn't have waited until now. Don't worry. As long as you don't make any errors, there's no way he'll let someone as capable as you go," Amelia said in an attempt to comfort her.

Linda scanned their surroundings. After making sure that there was nobody suspicious around, she whispered, "Amelia, you don't understand. Haven't you seen the way Mr. Clinton hangs on to Isabella's every word today? It's as if he's a whole different person. Besides, the way he looked at her was so much more endearing and gentle, almost as though Mr. Clinton was under a spell. Otherwise, he wouldn't have given you the cold shoulder. Sigh. What has the woman done to bewitch Mr. Clinton?"

Amelia's face fell as she was worried about the same thing.

With Oscar defending Isabella, there was nothing Amelia could do to her.

Linda stole a glance at Amelia after she was done talking. The grim look on Amelia's face had her scratching her head sheepishly.

"Amelia, I was just rambling, so take my word with a grain of salt. Once the novelty wears off, I'm sure Mr. Clinton will go back to you," Linda said. Realizing her blunder, she

regretted her words as soon as she said them. It would have been better if she had just kept her mouth shut.

"Amelia, I'm not good with words. Please, don't mind me," Linda hurriedly added.

"I'm all right. Let's go. We mustn't keep everyone else waiting," Amelia replied.

Linda nodded.

The two of them turned back, walking side by side. Amelia was greeted by an utterly heartbreaking sight as soon as she reached Oscar's office.

Oscar was hugging Isabella as the two were intertwined in a passionate kiss. He was tender with her, treating her like a prized treasure that might break under his touch.

It pained Amelia to think that what used to only belong to her had now become another woman's.

She felt a heavy weight bearing down on her chest, squeezing all the air out of her lungs and rendering it almost impossible to breathe.

Amelia didn't know how much longer she could watch the two act all lovey-dovey in front of her. Even if Oscar were to regain his memories, she wasn't sure if she could accept him anymore by then, not after what he had done.

She let out a sigh under her breath as she thought about how difficult her relationship with Oscar had been thus far and what would happen in the future. Perhaps their future would be Oscar marrying Isabella, and they would go on to have kids of their own. Feeling dejected that things had not turned out as expected, Amelia might then marry a man who loved her, and she would go on to have children with the man despite having no feelings for him.

It was the worst possible scenario that she could think of.

Linda deliberately stood in front of Amelia, shielding her from taking in the full view of Oscar and Isabella. She felt sorry for Amelia when she noticed the dejected look on her face.

"Amelia, that was all just an illusion. Don't mind them," Linda muttered under her breath to comfort her.

The initially despondent Amelia found Linda's blatant lie amusing and let out a chuckle.

The young secretary was not particularly popular among her colleagues, but Amelia found her to be quite considerate and sweet.

“Mr. Clinton is going to fire you if you keep treating me this well. You’re going to lose your job, Linda,” Amelia reminded her in a soft voice.

Linda sighed. Judging by the way Oscar indulged Isabella, it was just a matter of time before she lost her job. Moreover, she truly disliked Isabella. The woman was arrogant, self-centered, and manipulative. Linda reckoned that she should just hand in her resignation letter to avoid the confrontation that would eventually arise.

“Amelia, I’m going to lose my job sooner or later. I’m just wondering if your company could employ me then. Don’t worry. I won’t ask for much. As long as the offered pay is not much lower than my current pay, I’ll be happy to accept it,” Linda said in a serious tone.

Again, Amelia let out a hearty chortle.

“Sure. Royce Technologies welcomes you with open arms if you find it difficult to continue working here. I believe that as capable as you are, you’re not going to have an issue asking for the pay you want,” Amelia said.

Linda heaved a sigh of relief.

All of a sudden, Oscar let go of Isabella and glanced at Amelia.

Linda instinctively shifted to keep some distance between her and Amelia. She still found Oscar’s domineering aura intimidating.

Isabella possessively circled her arms around Oscar’s and wrinkled her nose as she looked at Amelia.

“Oscar, didn’t you promise me to not work together with this woman? Why is she still here? Do you not care about me anymore?” Isabella grumbled coquettishly.

Oscar lowered his head to glance at her.

Isabella immediately concealed her displeasure and flashed a sweet smile at him. “Oscar, I’m just kidding. You know I’ll never interfere in your work matters. I told you I want to become a wife who can help you out,” she added sweetly.

Satisfied with her response, Oscar curled his lips into a smile, appearing to be in a good mood.

“Mr. Scott, I do hope that your company refrains from sending Ms. Winters for a discussion here at Clinton Corporations in the future. As you can see, my fiancée is not too pleased to see her. I believe that you do not wish to see the collaboration between our companies turn sour because of a woman,” Oscar stated after he glanced at Amelia. He did not bother to spare her any dignity in front of everyone.

Amelia’s face fell. However, she felt oddly calm inside. It was as if she was mentally prepared for this.

“Um...” Carter was hesitant to answer Oscar. Although Carter may sometimes try to hit on Amelia, all jokes aside, he quite liked her. After all, she was a capable and beautiful woman. One wouldn’t normally hate on a girl like that unless they had a grudge against her.

“What is it? Do you find my request over the line?” Oscar asked with a raised brow.

Amelia’s lips curled into a smile. “Mr. Clinton, I regret to inform you that I’m the one mainly in charge of this project under our headquarters’ instruction. You could file for a change in personnel with the headquarters if you wish to deal with a different person. If the headquarters think that another person is more suited for the role, I’ll be glad to hand over my work.”

Oscar shot her an impassive look.

“That is a matter of administration within your company and none of my business. I just don’t want to see you coming here next time.”

“I’m sure you know how to separate work from your personal life, Mr. Clinton. Otherwise, Clinton Corporations wouldn’t have progressed so much in ten years under your command,” Amelia said with a polite smile.

“Unfortunately for you, I’m a person who greatly respects my partner. Love comes before work,” Oscar retorted.

When he saw Amelia’s grin waver, he felt satisfaction at finally getting his revenge.

There was no doubt that he hated how hypocritical she was.

"Since that's the case, I'll let the people at headquarters know," Amelia stated, wiping all emotions from her face.

She gave him a polite nod before walking right past him to leave. The people behind her followed suit.

"You should get to work, Oscar. I'll go buy some food for you from downstairs," Isabella offered. She stood up and gave him a peck on the cheek. The smile on her lips was so sweet that flowers seemed to bloom from where she had kissed. "You did well today. I believe that you love me, so I'm buying you food as a reward. Be good and eat it all, okay?"

The gaze Oscar fixed on her was dotting and filled with affection. He looked like he was in a good mood. "Go ahead. I'll be waiting."

Isabella hurriedly left. She took the other elevator down, and the moment she stepped out, she called out to Amelia, who was walking ahead of her.

Amelia stopped in her tracks, and so did everyone else.

"Mr. Scott, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Quinn, you three can head back to the company first. I'll go back on my own later," she instructed.

Carter and the others had noticed Isabella charging over aggressively. Even though they were worried for Amelia, they couldn't do anything since Isabella was Oscar's fiancée. Thus, their only choice was to leave.

"Let's talk outside, Ms. Walker," Amelia remarked while looking at Isabella.

Isabella lifted her chin high in the air and snorted. Then, as if she was doing Amelia a great favor, she nodded.

Amelia didn't pay much mind to her attitude and simply led the way out of the company.

After the two of them went to an empty corner in Clinton Corporations, Amelia stared at the arrogant Isabella.

Isabella had her arms crossed over her chest as she jerked her chin in the direction of Oscar's office.

"You saw it, Amelia. Oscar only cares about me now. Your relationship with him is all in the past. In this war of love, you've lost to me. If I were you, I would be too embarrassed

to stick around. If you know what's good for you, you'd better take the chance and move to a different country," she threatened haughtily.

Finding it hilarious, Amelia actually let out a laugh.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing. I just think that if your relationship with Oscar was that genuine, you wouldn't have had to come rushing out to threaten me like this. I'm sure you know better than I do that Oscar has no feelings for you whatsoever," Amelia replied confidently.

The look on Isabelle's face soured. She inhaled deeply to suppress the feeling of dissatisfaction in her heart.

"It doesn't matter what you do to Oscar, Isabella. From now on, I'm not going to let you hurt him anymore. Someday, your dirty little tricks will backfire on you, especially in the face of true love. When the time comes, he'll return to my side," Amelia declared in a domineering manner while pressing closer.

Isabella couldn't help but take a step back. However, upon doing so, she realized she was being too spineless and puffed her chest out. Her chin was once again raised high up in the air.

"So what if my tricks don't amount to anything? I still managed to steal him away from you. What matters is that he's mine right now, and he doesn't remember you at all. In fact, he even told you to get lost. It feels good, doesn't it? This is exactly how I felt back then. Now, you're the one in my shoes." Isabella narrowed her eyes and landed a psychological attack on Amelia. "For every day you stay in the country, I'll come up with all kinds of ways to get rid of you. You're so sure that Oscar still loves you, right? In that case, I'll show you just how wrong you are. I'll humiliate you until you willingly back away from this war."

Amelia's fingers twitched. Before she realized it, her nails were digging into her palms.

"You must be terrified, aren't you, Amelia? Drop the calm act. People like you are the ones I look down on the most. You think you're so aloof and amazing. You think that every man in the world wants you. In reality, you're nothing," Isabella spat cruelly.

Unexpectedly, Amelia grinned after hearing that. "Are you talking about yourself, Isabella?"

"You know who I'm talking about. I hope you come to your senses soon." With that said, Isabella turned to leave.

Amelia watched her retreating figure. Her legs gave out, and she was barely able to stop herself from dropping to the ground.

It had taken all of her self-control not to slap Isabella in the face earlier.

This woman used such underhanded tactics to steal Oscar away, yet she still has the gall to tell me to get lost?

However, Amelia was aware that Isabella's tactics were unexpectedly effective despite how underhanded they were. As Isabella had said just now, Amelia had become Oscar's greatest enemy. If he never ended up being able to remember her, then they would truly become strangers.

She felt as if all the energy had been drained from her body. There wasn't a single muscle that she could lift.

Requesting leave from the company, she then returned to her apartment.

Tiffany happened to be sipping on a cup of tea. When she saw Amelia return with a pale face, she was shocked and hurried over.

"What's wrong, Amelia? Why do you look so pale?" Tiffany asked anxiously. She helped her friend over to the couch and poured her a glass of water.

Amelia took the warm glass and looked at Tiffany silently. After a moment, she let out a sigh and shook her head weakly.

Seeing that, Tiffany was even more concerned.

"Tell me what happened, Amelia. Don't just keep it to yourself. As a friend, I'm worried about you," Tiffany pleaded.

In the end, Amelia told her all about how Oscar had changed.

"Even though I'm sad that he hates me now, I'm more worried for his health, Tiff. I don't know what Isabella did to alter his memories, but I'm willing to bet that it's fatal to him. I'm worried that Oscar's going to suffer terrible side effects. He's such a prideful person. I don't want him to..." Amelia spread her hands, the bitterness she felt keeping her from continuing.

Her concern for Oscar's health and the uncertainty about their future were huge burdens on her. She was exhausted from how heavy they were weighing her down.

Tiffany was enraged after listening to her. "How shameless can Isabella be? Not only did she steal your man, she even openly threatened you! I've got half the mind to go looking for her and get justice for you. Does she think we're all stupid?"

Amelia tugged on Tiffany, who was clearly losing her temper, and gently shook her head.

Having no other choice, Tiffany sat down beside her.

"I'm going upstairs to nap for a while, Tiff. If Kurt brings Tony home, tell him I'm sleeping upstairs. You guys can eat dinner without me. I don't have much of an appetite," Amelia muttered.

Tiffany watched as Amelia left. At first, she wanted to stop Amelia, but she changed her mind when she thought of how bad of a mood the latter must be in. She swallowed the words at the tip of her tongue.

The moment she walked into the bedroom, Amelia flopped onto her bed and stared at the ceiling with her eyes wide open. Chaos was clouding her mind, and she didn't know how she was going to deal with everything.

Her thoughts ran rampant for a long time. Before she knew it, she was fast asleep.

Kurt brought Tony home, and Tiffany prepared some food for the little boy to eat before pulling Kurt aside.

She relayed everything that Amelia had told her.

"We can't just sit and wait any longer, Kurt. It's obvious that Isabella is a ruthless woman. If we continue letting her have her way, something will happen to Oscar sooner or later, and there's no way Amelia will be able to handle that. Even though I don't like the way Oscar is right now, I can't do anything about the fact that Amelia does love him. Not to mention, it was true that he treated Amelia exceptionally well in the past. It's no exaggeration to say that she was the apple of his eye. Because of that, we can't stay idle any longer," Tiffany voiced her concerns.

Kurt listened to her quietly and didn't respond for quite a while.

When Tiffany saw him like that, she once again became furious. "I'm telling you, Kurt, if something happens to Oscar, Amelia will be devastated. You'll have even less of a

chance of becoming her boyfriend then. If Oscar gets better, you can at least be his rival, and you'll stand a chance, even if it's a tiny one. If you're planning to sit back and watch him die, then don't blame me for being blunt when I say that you won't stand a chance in hell to become Amelia's life partner."

Kurt's expression darkened as he stared at Tiffany grimly.

Fearlessly, she met his gaze head-on. The two of them seemed to be engaged in a staring contest.

In the end, Kurt was the first one to look away.

He murmured, "Don't paint me in such a bad light, Tiffany. It's not that I don't want to help Boss—I just don't know how to do it. Even if Amelia wasn't in the picture, there's no way I would just abandon Boss since he's been so kind to me all these years."

Upon hearing that, Tiffany rubbed her nose awkwardly, feeling rather embarrassed. "Sorry, Kurt. I wasn't trying to blame you on purpose. I'm just too worried about Amelia right now. Naturally, you take a backseat in my heart compared to her."

"I understand." He nodded.

The embarrassed look on Tiffany's face deepened.

The two of them had fought because of Amelia's situation many times. Every time it happened, they were never satisfied until one of them finally admitted defeat. Tiffany could admit that she was often the one being unreasonable.

Truthfully speaking, she felt quite bad for Kurt. He had helped Amelia and her so much, but Tiffany instantly thought the worst of him when anxiety struck, completely neglecting his feelings. Thinking about it, she was indeed in the wrong.

"I'm sorry, Kurt," she apologized once more.

"You don't have to say sorry to me. I didn't take your earlier words to heart," he responded.

That caught Tiffany off-guard.

"You and Tony can go ahead and eat. I'll go upstairs to check on her," he added.

She nodded.

After that, Kurt went upstairs. He stood outside Amelia's bedroom door and twisted the door knob. It wasn't locked, so he went straight in.

Closing the door behind him, he tiptoed over to the bed.

His expression was complicated as he looked down at Amelia, who was curled up under the blanket. His heart ached for her, and he silently sighed.

Do you really love him that much, Amelia? Even when he's hurt you, you still want to be with him unconditionally and hate to see him suffer.

He sat down on the edge of the bed. When he noticed the deep furrow between her eyebrows even as she slept, he knew the answer to his question. Everything that he had done for her was trumped by a single word or smile from Oscar.

Kurt had lost in the sense that he had gotten to know Amelia too late. By the time he showed up in her life, Oscar had already been around for five years, sealing the fact that Kurt and Amelia could never be together.

"I admit defeat, Amelia. Since you love him so much, I'll help you. I've already looked into the matter, and someone told me that you can jumble up a person's memories using a combination of medication and hypnosis by a psychiatrist. I'll do whatever it takes to get Boss to see a psychiatrist. If anything happens to me, I hope I'll remain in your memories, even if you only think about me every now and then," he whispered, reaching out to stroke her hair.

In response, Amelia leaned into his touch.

The corners of Kurt's mouth curled up, and the look in his eyes softened even more.

How wonderful it would be if you could rely on me forever, Amelia. I'd be willing to do anything, no matter the cost.

However, he knew that it was nothing but a pipe dream. Even so, he wanted to hold on to that hope.

He leaned forward to peck her on the lips, and she didn't wake up this time. A wave of greed surged through him, and he wanted to give her a deeper kiss, but he knew that he couldn't actually do it. If he did, their relationship would be ruined forever.

After kissing her, he was satisfied. Kurt got up and left the bedroom without even looking back.

Upon arriving downstairs, he glanced at Tiffany. "Tiffany, help me take care of Amelia and Tony. I'm going out for a while."

Tiffany stopped him. "Where are you going?"

"To do what I have to. All you need to do is take care of them. I'll be back soon," he reassured.

There was a sense of uneasiness in Tiffany's heart. She was even more reluctant to let him leave.

"I'm just trying to do what's right, Tiffany." He pried her hand off and left just like that. Tony hopped off the seat, wanting to chase after him, but Tiffany held him in place.

"Godpa's gone, Tiffy. I want to go after him," he protested.

"Don't worry, Tony. Your godfather went to do something. He'll be back in no time," she replied.

"What if he's gone forever? Who's going to replace him?" he whined.

That left Tiffany stunned for a moment. "Why do you say that, Tony?"

"I don't know, either. I just feel like Godpa's going to do something bad. Tiffy, I'm really scared that I'll never get to see him again. He treats me way better than that Big Meanie does. Why can't he be with Mommy anymore? If Mommy was with him, she wouldn't be sad. I hear Mommy crying at night. I don't like that Big Meanie anymore because he hurt Mommy," Tony blurted.

Feeling as if she had been stabbed in the heart, Tiffany pulled the little boy into her embrace.

She had no idea how to explain the complexities of the adult world to a bright child like him. All she could do was feel sorry for Tony, who had to experience his parents' divorce at such a young age and even witness his own mother's suffering. He was too smart for his age and paid attention to everything around him, which led to him silently worrying for Amelia.

"Tony, even though your parents are divorced, they still love you. Sometimes, adults think a lot more than children do, so things don't seem as simple to us. However, even if we don't say it, we still hope for you to be happy. Your mother is the one who chose all of this, so we have to support her. Isn't that right?" she patiently coaxed.

Tony blinked, looking at her innocently. "I don't know, Tiffy. I just feel like Godpa is the one who truly treats Mommy well. He's never made her angry or upset, unlike Big Meanie, who likes someone else now. He's not like the Big Meanie I remember anymore."

"But he still loves you like always, doesn't he?" Tiffany tried.

"He doesn't love me. In the past, Big Meanie would carry me on his shoulders and walk around with me. Now, though, all he cares about is that bad woman," Tony complained. "I'm a big boy now, Tiffy. I know Big Meanie doesn't like me anymore. I want to tell Mommy to leave and go abroad. There, we can live together with you and Godpa. It'll be wonderful with just the four of us."

Tiffany couldn't deny that she wished for things to be that way as well. Unfortunately, things couldn't always go the way she wanted. Reality refused to let them achieve happiness just like that. Thus, people had to suffer the consequences of their actions.

"You'll understand when you're older, Tony," she muttered.

"But I'm already older, Tiffy. I can tell that Big Meanie isn't nice to Mommy anymore. Why can't you see that?"

Tiffany had no response to that.

It didn't matter if she could tell, after all. It was still Amelia's choice in the end. No matter how she tried to convince Amelia, it was useless. After all, Tiffany's own marriage with Derrick had been a disaster. She didn't have the right to try and dictate Amelia's love life.

She felt powerless. Tony's childlike questions had tired her out, and she was beginning to wonder if letting Amelia return to the country had been the right choice.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 882

Chapter 882 Incomplete Memory

Meanwhile, Kurt was unaware of Tony's upset. After leaving the apartment, he asked Hugo to meet him. Tiffany phoned Kurt right away after listening to Tony, but Kurt rejected her call.

She immediately ran upstairs and woke Amelia up to tell the latter about Kurt's odd behavior. As Amelia listened to Tiffany, she felt her head throbbing. Although she was

hurt because of Oscar's aloofness, she was not weak enough to need someone else to solve her problems.

She asked Tiffany to hand over her own phone before calling Kurt. To her surprise, Kurt declined the call no matter how many times she tried. It was at that moment she realized things were getting out of hand. It's likely that Kurt has decided to do something.

In distress, she rubbed her forehead. Everything was a mess, and it felt as if trouble kept coming one after another.

Left with no choice, she began texting Kurt: Kurt, call me right away after seeing my text. I don't need you to do anything for me. If something happens to you because of me, I will never forgive myself. Go ahead if you want me to live in guilt for the rest of my life.

She then sent a second message: Call me right now, Kurt. I'm already having gastric problems. Don't make things more difficult for me.

Kurt was driving when he saw those two texts. His eyes darkened as he pondered for a while, but in the end, he deleted the messages without even replying.

For a long time, Amelia clutched the phone in anticipation. However, no messages—let alone calls—came from Kurt. This was something he had never done before.

Her heart started to beat faster and faster as she realized Kurt was serious this time.

She paced back and forth in the room with deeply furrowed brows. All of a sudden, her eyes lit up, and she hurriedly dialed Hugo's number.

"Hugo, I know Kurt contacted you. Tell me where you agreed to meet. I believe you also don't want him to do anything foolish. You're his closest friend, after all," Amelia said with certainty.

She knew that Kurt and Hugo were as close as brothers despite not being related by blood. Thus, it was possible that Kurt would talk to Hugo about his decisions and even make the latter cover for him. That was why she thought of calling Hugo.

On the other end of the line, Hugo stayed silent for a long time.

Amelia tensed up at that, her grip around the phone tightening. "Hugo, I know you want the best for Kurt. I only want to know where you agreed to meet. Just like you, I don't want anything bad to happen to him."

Eventually, Hugo gave in and told her an address. Having made the right choice to call Hugo, Amelia sighed in relief. After thanking Hugo, she hung up and asked Tiffany to take care of Tony as she would be meeting Kurt to talk to him.

“Will you be okay by yourself?” Tiffany asked worriedly. “Don’t worry. This is my problem, so I should be the one to resolve it. I’m not weak enough to let others clean up my mess,” said Amelia with determination.

She knew that her bad mood for the past few days had affected her best friend, who cared for her the most. It was her fault for not dealing with the matter properly, so now, she would take care of it.

Seeing the resolute look in her eyes, Tiffany could only nod and say, “If you can’t handle it, call me. Don’t force yourself to bear it alone, okay?”

Amelia flashed her a smile in response. Then she gathered her things and left in a hurry.

After arriving at the address Hugo gave her, she saw Kurt and Hugo. From the way they were looking at each other, it seemed like they were in the middle of an argument.

As Kurt had his back to Amelia, he did not know of her presence when she approached them. Naturally, Amelia heard everything that he was saying.

“Hugo, I trusted you. How could you tell Amelia? I don’t want to see her sad,” Kurt voiced with frustration. Hugo merely glanced at Amelia before patting Kurt’s shoulder.

“If you don’t want to see her sad, you can tell her yourself. There’s no point in taking the risk and provoking Boss. If he gets mad, not even I can help you.”

Hearing that, Kurt tensed up and looked at Hugo with a complex expression. He slowly turned around and, at the sight of Amelia, sighed in his heart.

He didn’t want Amelia to find out what he was doing, yet Hugo still went ahead and told her about it. Even though he felt upset, he couldn’t do anything about it now.

Hugo nodded at Amelia and walked away swiftly, not giving Kurt any chance to react. The latter could only shoot a glare at Hugo’s back.

“Kurt, let’s go. Let’s sit down somewhere and have a talk,” suggested Amelia with a faint smile. Kurt nodded.

Soon, they came to a beverage shop and sat in a corner. While they waited for the drinks, Amelia stared at the scenery outside the window as if Kurt wasn't there. Even when he tried to talk to her, she pretended not to hear him.

Once again, Kurt sighed soundlessly. It was only when their drinks were served that Amelia broke the heavy silence.

"Kurt, I'm really grateful for everything you did for me. However, I will not thank you for risking your life to stand up for me. I'm not a weak woman who only knows to hide behind a man, and I don't need anyone's pity. I will handle the matter between me and Oscar myself," she told him, not bothering to beat around the bush.

Kurt pursed his lips and looked at her intently.

Meanwhile, Amelia stared back at him and spoke nonchalantly. "I know I may sound mean, but if you were to act recklessly today and offend Oscar, I wouldn't thank you. On the contrary, I would blame you for doing something unnecessary. Oscar is already bothered by our relationship in the first place. Do you want him to think that I'm an indecent flirt who will accept anyone?"

At that point, Kurt's expression turned grim. As Amelia sipped on her drink, her mood seemed to improve. "Kurt, I just want to tell you that I want to handle this matter personally."

"I know very well that he is under hypnosis now. Aside from bringing him to the psychiatrist to test if deep hypnosis will work on him, what else can you do?" Kurt pointed out bluntly. He continued, "Boss is too strong, and I can't think of any way other than taking him by force. That was why I decided to take the risk. Do you think I was wrong? I just don't want to see you frowning and being troubled."

Instinctively, Amelia grasped her straw. "Are you sure he was hypnotized?" she asked a bit nervously.

She had heard that hypnosis was powerful enough to distort someone's memory, but it would only work on someone who was utterly unwary. Oscar is a very strong-willed man. How did Isabella manage to mess with him right under his nose?

As if sensing Amelia's confusion, Kurt explained, "According to my friend, a drug that can cause temporary unconsciousness was developed overseas a couple of years ago. Whoever takes it will appear normal on the outside, but their mind will be blank. They will only listen to the orders of the person who drugged them."

Amelia immediately remembered how Oscar left the house with Isabella for unknown reasons a year ago. Now that she thought about it, it was possible that he had already been drugged by Isabella at that time. At that realization, she couldn't help but blame her inattentiveness.

I'm Oscar's wife, yet I failed to notice something so simple. I am also at fault for his departure. Had I been more vigilant, Isabella wouldn't have gotten any chances. I should have known that she'd do everything she could to snatch Oscar from me.

She lowered her head to hide the complicated look in her eyes and uttered, "If Oscar is really under hypnosis, I will find ways to ask the best psychiatrist in this world to treat him."

"Amelia, I can help you." However, Amelia shook her head. "There's no need for that. You've already helped me a lot." Kurt seemed to feel better as he grabbed her hand all of a sudden.

"Don't reject my help. I've already talked to Hugo. I promise you I won't do anything foolish. Why don't you put your trust in me this time?"

When Amelia lifted her head and looked at Kurt, she could see the sincerity in his gaze. Although she did trust him, she was still worried that he would put himself in danger out of recklessness.

"Promise me two things, and I'll accept your help."

Kurt flashed a helpless smile. This was the first time he had to beg to help someone else. However, he had no choice as his heart belonged to her entirely. He even believed her when she said she would never forgive him if he did something foolish.

He was addicted to her and couldn't bear to see her get hurt. This was especially true when it was he who caused her to be hurt. There was no way he could forgive himself if he did that.

Thus, he had no choice but to give in. Kurt took one step back as he didn't want to see the sadness and disappointment in Amelia's eyes.

"First, don't act recklessly. Second, treasure your life," Amelia told him. Kurt had guessed her two conditions earlier, but he was still touched to hear it from her lips.

"Okay, I promise," came his reply. Amelia nodded in satisfaction. That very night, Hugo made up an excuse to invite Oscar out.

“Boss, an organization has been sending its members to misuse our name in Saspiuburg. They used our name to harass the businesspeople in upper-class society. If we don’t do anything to stop them, their actions might affect us in the future. Can you come out? It’s urgent, or I wouldn’t dare disturb you this late at night.”

Hearing that, Oscar told Hugo to come to his residence. When Hugo hesitated in giving a response, Oscar realized what he was thinking and assured him, “Don’t worry. I’m living alone here.”

At that, Hugo instantly agreed. He drove back home to get two bottles of vintage wine before driving to the neighborhood Oscar used to reside in with Amelia.

In the passenger seat, Kurt turned around and glanced at him. “Can you do this alone?” “Don’t worry. I can do this myself. Just wait with Mrs. Clinton for my good news,” Hugo replied.

Amelia, who was in the back seat, shot a look at Hugo. She couldn’t help but feel conflicted. “Hugo, thank you for your help.”

“Don’t say that, Mrs. Clinton. It’s my job. My responsibility is to protect Boss, but Isabella led him by the nose under my watch. That was my fault, so I’m only making up for my mistake,” Hugo explained.

A tiny smile played on Amelia’s lips.

Having said that, Hugo unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of the car.

He took the elevator and went upstairs. Oscar opened the door for him when he knocked on the door.

Hugo entered the house after him and placed the vintage wines on the table.

“Boss, I picked two bottles of vintage wine that I have kept in my collection for years. I have the sudden urge to drink today. Do you mind if I, your subordinate, drink with you, my employer cum benefactor? After you got married, you rarely drink with us anymore. Sometimes, I miss the good times we had drinking together,” Hugo said calmly. He didn’t waste time and went straight to the topic.

Oscar glanced at the wine bottles he had brought along with him.

Hugo got up to fetch two wine glasses for them.

He poured wine into both glasses before offering one to Oscar politely.

“Cheers, Boss!” Hugo raised his glass before taking a sip slowly to savor the wine in his mouth for some time. “It tastes good. I wonder if it’s any better than your collection, Boss.”

As nothing happened after Hugo drank the wine, Oscar raised his glass and took a sip.

“Not bad,” he replied curtly.

“Boss, let’s talk as we drink. I actually have a reason to bring two bottles of wine here today. Can you please teach me how to court a woman? A few days ago, I ran into a young woman who I instantly had feelings for at the gym. You know I’m good at carrying out missions, but I have never courted any women previously. Thus, I hope you can share your experience with me,” Hugo revealed as a hint of crimson red crept up his cheeks. He seemed shy.

Oscar shot him a meaningful look as his lips curled into a smirk. His mood seemed to have improved considerably.

“Hugo, I was worried that you’d spend the rest of your life alone as you didn’t seem to be coming to your senses,” he joked.

Hugo’s cheeks turned even redder as he flashed a shy smile. “Boss, don’t laugh at me. I’m in my thirties, but this is the first time I’ve taken a liking to a woman. Teach me how to court her. I don’t want to be too eager and scare her away,” he pleaded.

Oscar’s response was surprisingly enthusiastic. He tossed his phone aside and urged Hugo to reveal his past unrequited love experiences.

Embarrassment inundated Hugo. I never knew he loves to gossip. Isn’t he being too enthusiastic?

Having no choice, Hugo had to spout more lies.

They chatted and drank the wine. Soon, the wine bottle was half empty.

It was almost time for the drug to take effect. Hence, Hugo waited patiently for Oscar to pass out.

“Boss, I need to head to the washroom. Let’s talk about the matter in Saspiuburg later,” he said shyly. “I can handle my love life myself.”

Oscar glanced at him and bobbed his head in response.

Hugo went to the washroom and quickly ate the antidote he had prepared in advance before heading out nonchalantly.

He returned to his seat in the living room and said, "Boss, let me tell you about the people who masqueraded as us in Saspiuburg. I—"

To his surprise, Oscar interjected, "Hugo, tell me what the woman looks like. You fell in love with her at first sight, so she must be quite pretty."

Hugo was speechless. He never knew Oscar had such a nosy side to him.

"Boss, I thought you wouldn't be interested in matters like these," he said honestly.

"Yes, I'm not usually interested, but we grew up together. You've been single all these years and finally fell in love with someone. I can't help but be curious," Oscar explained as he spread his hands wide.

Hugo knew Oscar wouldn't give up unless the story wasn't interesting enough. I hope the drug will take effect soon.

It seemed that God had heard his prayer, for Oscar soon felt sleepy. Oscar wouldn't let his guard down if it were someone else, but he trusted Hugo and was sure the latter wouldn't betray him. That was why he fell for Hugo's plan. The two people Oscar trusted the most—Kurt and Hugo—tricked him one after another. Even though what they were doing was for his own good, their actions were still a betrayal.

Hugo couldn't help but feel uneasy.

After Oscar passed out on the couch, Hugo rose to his feet and gave him three bows.

"Boss, I'm sorry. I have no other choice. It isn't my intention to betray you, but if I don't do so, you'll be controlled entirely by Isabella. You trained me personally, so I am grateful for receiving help and encouragement from a superior like you. Please forgive me," Hugo said apologetically.

He then hauled Oscar up. The drug he fed Oscar was the most potent drug available. An ordinary man would pass out for twenty-four hours after taking it, so he believed Oscar wouldn't regain consciousness that soon.

He brought Oscar downstairs and placed him in the backseat of the car carefully.

Slowly, Amelia rested Oscar's head on her lap and caressed his cheek. This was the first time they were this intimately close in the past year.

Amelia's heart raced fervently. It was only then that she realized she had missed Oscar a lot. She was already satisfied enough to be close to him this way, and her anxiety finally eased a little.

Kurt turned over his shoulder to see Amelia gazing at Oscar, affection practically overflowing out of her eyes. His smile grew bitter.

"Mrs. Clinton, don't worry. I only drugged Boss with a sleeping agent, so he'll wake up soon. He's my employer, so I wouldn't hurt him." Hugo broke the tense silence as he glanced at Amelia through the rearview mirror.

The silence was too tense, and Kurt's gaze was too bitter. Hugo knew if he didn't step in to change the topic, the atmosphere would soon grow uncomfortable.

Amelia raised her head. She couldn't understand why Hugo would say that out of the blue.

"I know," she replied despite her confusion.

Hugo chuckled but said nothing else.

They drove through the night and arrived at a private psychiatric clinic. Someone was already waiting for them there.

"Dr. Wyatt Barker, sorry for summoning you this late, but Boss isn't doing well. Please treat him," Hugo said politely.

Wyatt glanced at Oscar, slung across Hugo's shoulder, and asked them to bring Oscar into the clinic first.

"Place him on the bed," Wyatt said.

Hugo nodded and did as he was told.

"Hugo, I'm willing to take this risk because I'm doing you a favor. After all, Mr. Clinton is one of the most prominent figures in this city. Under normal circumstances, I wouldn't even dare to lay a finger on him. Therefore, if Mr. Clinton suspects anything, I hope I can be entirely excluded from this matter. I don't want Mr. Clinton to take revenge on me

because I still have a family to take care of and can't afford to get caught up in this mess." Wyatt clarified his stance in advance.

Hugo nodded. "Don't worry, Dr. Barker. This is my idea, and I'm also the one who threatened and forced you to cooperate with me. Hence, you can go ahead and do this without worry because I'll bear all the consequences alone."

Only then did Wyatt let out a sigh of relief.

"You all can wait at one side here. I'll try to hypnotize him now, but I cannot guarantee a successful outcome. After all, I'm still uncertain about Mr. Clinton's current condition," Wyatt uttered the truth. He didn't want to be too boastful. Otherwise, he would be in deep trouble if things did not work out in the end.

Then, Wyatt performed hypnosis on Oscar. However, his attempt wasn't effective, causing his expression to turn grave.

"Hugo, I think you all ought to be mentally prepared. Mr. Clinton has indeed been hypnotized by someone else, not to mention more than once. Normally, if someone undergoes hypnosis multiple times, they will suffer from severe repercussions. This person who hypnotized Mr. Clinton had no regard for his life," Wyatt elaborated with all seriousness.

Amelia's heart jumped into her throat as the color drained from her face.

"Dr. Barker, be honest with me. Is Oscar's condition still treatable? I don't need him to regain his memories now as long as he doesn't suffer from any repercussions," Amelia stated.

She was willing to compromise as she prioritized Oscar's health more than whether he could remember the love he harbored toward her.

If she were given a choice, she would rather choose for him to stay healthy and not have feelings for her than to see him hurt.

"Don't be discouraged, Ms. Winters. I'll do my best. Nevertheless, the risk will be high. This is because the previous hypnosis has been strongly established, so if I try to undo it by force, this may invoke Mr. Clinton's resistance. By then, even I cannot foresee what will happen," Wyatt said in an unsure manner.

Amelia hesitated.

In her opinion, nothing was more important than Oscar's life.

"If this method isn't feasible, we shall not proceed further. I don't have the courage to handle the outcome of losing him," she uttered after pondering for a few moments. Oscar is such a remarkable and proud man. If he has to suffer undesirable consequences because of my selfishness, I'd rather back out of this fight and return Oscar his peace of mind.

For a moment, Wyatt stared at her intently before a hint of admiration flashed across his eyes.

"Ms. Winters, no wonder Hugo showered you with so much praise. He told me you're an opinionated and kind woman. Don't worry. I'll also help you because I've seen how much you love Mr. Clinton. I'm fond of seeing couples with mutual affection having a happy ending."

Amelia's eyebrows remained tightly knitted. She did not cheer up even after receiving Wyatt's promise.

"Dr. Barker, I just want to know if Oscar's life will be endangered. If that is the case, we'll not hypnotize him further. He's actually doing well now, being decisive and efficient at work and having someone to love him." Her only concern was that she was not the one to be in a relationship with him, and that became Amelia's source of grief.

"Ms. Winters, don't worry. Since I accepted this job, I'll never allow anything bad to befall the patient under my care. Otherwise, I'll close down my clinic," Wyatt declared firmly.

Only then did Amelia heave a sigh of relief. She gazed at Wyatt gratefully.

All the things she wanted to say to him ultimately boiled down to a few simple words as she expressed her gratitude.

He merely smiled in response without saying anything further.

Then, he asked the others to leave the room so he could be left alone with Oscar.

Although Amelia couldn't help feeling worried, she chose to believe in Wyatt's expertise.

After the three of them exited the room, Kurt consoled her, "Amelia, don't worry. I believe Boss will recover. He took over Clinton Corporations at a young age and even trained us. Those are testaments of his outstanding capabilities. In my opinion, he's a hero, so he'll never be easily defeated by a trivial matter like this."

Amelia curled her lips to smile at Kurt. Still, she could not bring herself to feel happy.

Hugo patted Kurt's shoulder and hinted at the latter with a look to let Amelia have some alone time.

Then, the two came up with an excuse to go outside and puff on cigarettes. Amelia nodded in assent.

After they stepped out of the premise, Hugo slapped Kurt's shoulder lightly to encourage him not to overthink. He also told the latter not to harbor feelings for someone he could never have. Instead, he should eliminate those thoughts from now on and support Amelia from the shadows.

Kurt glanced at Hugo. Subsequently, a bitter expression spread across Kurt's face.

"Hugo, you'll understand how it feels like to be unable to let go of someone when you finally fall in love with someone," Kurt uttered meaningfully.

"I don't need to understand that. I enjoy being single. After I help Boss cultivate a new generation of talents who can serve him, I'll retire without regrets. Perhaps then I can marry a gentle, caring woman and have kids. I'll father a beautiful little princess and cherish her to the best of my ability. As for romance, I doubt I'll ever want to experience that aspect of life again because of how tormenting it can be." Hugo had a carefree and unrestrained personality, so he didn't fancy being tied down by romantic relationships.

Kurt merely smiled and didn't dwell further on that topic with Hugo. Anyone who hasn't experienced it will never understand this form of unforgettable love.

They smoked over ten cigarettes outside the clinic before deciding to go back inside.

After that, Kurt and Hugo kept Amelia company as they waited outside the consultation room. A long while later, the door to the room opened, and Wyatt, slightly ashen-faced, strode out. Still, the grin on his face revealed his relatively cheery mood.

A tense Amelia gradually relaxed because she knew Wyatt's update wouldn't be a hard pill to swallow, causing her to look forward to his announcement.

"You all can rest assured. The hypnosis this time is quite successful. Although I've yet to overcome his mental defenses entirely, I've disengaged some of them. I also tried to restore part of his memories. Besides, his recollections are firmly established, so there are also chances he may slowly remember the things from his past. After all, the

mastermind had hypnotized him so many times that there will undoubtedly be backlashes," Wyatt explained confidently.

Amelia's lips curved upward slightly. "Thank you so much, Dr. Barker. If Oscar recovers, you'll be our mutual savior."

"Please don't say that, Ms. Winters. I'm just carrying out my professional obligations. Besides, it's not as if I'm doing this free of charge, so there's no need to think of me as your savior." Wyatt waved his hand, clearly unwilling to be the recipient of that credit.

At that instant, Amelia had a better impression of the psychiatrist because she admired his frank manner of living.

"Dr. Barker, if you need any assistance in the future, feel free to let me know. I'll help you as long as it is within my abilities," she promised him.

"Me too."

"Me too."

Hugo and Kurt chimed in simultaneously.

Wyatt was amused by the trio.

"Bring Mr. Clinton here again tomorrow. I've already made a hole in his memories. We'll make further progress by gradually hypnotizing him. With this, I believe I can minimize the harm inflicted on him."

Amelia nodded.

They hastily sent Oscar back to the condominium. When they arrived, the sky outside was also starting to turn bright.

"Mrs. Clinton, you and Kurt should go back first. I'll stay here to take care of Boss," Hugo said.

Despite her reluctance, Amelia knew that was the best thing to do, so she agreed to his suggestion without any objection.

After they left, Oscar came to his senses and saw someone standing idly before his bed. Narrowing his eyes, he immediately moved to assault the figure.

"Boss, you're awake," Hugo greeted him.

Only after hearing the voice did Oscar realize that person was Hugo.

He patted his head, feeling very dizzy and disoriented. However, the discomfort was not similar to a hangover. In addition, Oscar reckoned he shouldn't have become drunk since he hadn't taken much wine last night.

"Hugo, was I drunk yesterday?"

"Yes, Boss. You passed out in front of me yesterday. I've never seen you like this before, so I stood beside your bed all night because I was worried about you. I shall go downstairs to prepare breakfast for you if you're feeling better now."

Oscar nodded while rubbing his temples. He couldn't shake off the sensation that something was wrong. Everything felt bizarre and abnormal, yet he couldn't figure out what the problem was at that instant.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 883

Chapter 883 Regain Memories

Hugo asked probingly, "Boss, you asked me to chase Ms. Winters out of the country when you were drunk yesterday. Do you still want me to do that?"

Oscar's eyes glistened, and he took a sidelong glance at Hugo. Hugo's heart plummeted. He was afraid Oscar had seen through him.

However, Oscar looked away before bowing his head and pondering for a moment. An indiscernible emotion flashed across his eyes. Amelia, Amelia, Amelia.

Oscar enunciated Amelia's name a few times inwardly and suddenly felt a sense of familiarity. "Boss, if you don't have any other instructions, I'll go and do it now," Hugo said hesitantly.

"Come back," Oscar called out. Hugo turned around and lowered his head. "Boss, I'm here."

"No one is allowed to lay a finger on her without my instructions. Otherwise, I'll hold you guys responsible." Oscar glared at Hugo. He did not know why he felt so emotional, but

he did not like anyone harming her. For some reason, he was of the opinion that only he could bully her, and he would not allow anyone else to hurt her.

When Hugo heard that, a tiny smile appeared on his face. "Yes, Boss. It was presumptuous of me to guess your intentions. I'll accept your punishment."

Oscar waved his hand dismissively, appearing slightly tired as he massaged his head. He felt his head was in much more pain than before.

"Boss, are you okay? Do you want me to massage your head? The wine yesterday was not particularly strong, so I didn't expect you to get drunk. I apologize for that," Hugo said sincerely as he stood before Oscar with his arms hanging by his sides.

Oscar waved his hand again, gesturing for Hugo to leave. Hugo shot him a concerned look before leaving the condominium. Oscar waited for the pain in his head to subside before he took a shower. Then, he changed into his suit to head to work.

He received a call from Isabella on his way. Looking at the name on the phone screen, he frowned as annoyance flashed across his face.

He reached out to massage his head again and took a deep breath before answering the call. When he heard Isabella's voice on the other end of the line, he felt annoyed. He could only try to convince himself that the intense pain in his head was why he almost lost his temper with the woman who loved him.

Realizing his errant state of emotions, he quickly ended the call. He covered his face with both hands, a complex range of emotions churning within him.

Isabella was very determined. Since Oscar hung up on her abruptly, she continued to call him persistently. It seemed she would not stop until Oscar picked up again.

Oscar stared at his phone screen in deep thought. After hesitating for a while, he finally answered the phone. "Oscar," Isabella said sweetly.

Oscar could not help but frown as he felt slightly uncomfortable. "Oscar?" Isabella called out again when she did not hear Oscar's reply. "I'm here," Oscar answered.

Isabella was sensitive and instantly felt the coldness in his tone. "Oscar, did I do something wrong?" she asked carefully.

Oscar instantly wiped away the gloomy look on his face and said warmly, "Stop overthinking things. I'm driving, so I can't chat with you. I'll give you a call when I reach the office."

"Oscar, I'm in the office already. You promised me yesterday that I could be your personal assistant. You can't take back your words. I just want to be by your side every day," Isabella said with a smile.

Oscar's brows furrowed instinctively, and his mood worsened upon hearing that.

"Let's talk about it when I arrive." With that, he hung up promptly.

After he put down his phone, he shook his head. Suddenly, many images flashed across his mind, all of Amelia and him. However, it happened too quickly, and all he saw was a blur.

Oscar grabbed his head as frustration welled in him.

He drove to the company, and as expected, Isabella was waiting at the entrance.

His expression turned cold. However, he reverted to his expressionless self after he parked his car.

"Oscar, I missed you. Can you accompany me to try on wedding dresses this afternoon? We'll finally get to live together after we marry. I'm fine with it if you want to do it now, but you said to wait until after marriage. Either way, I'll be your woman sooner or later," Isabella babbled as she held onto his arm.

When Oscar heard her words, he felt even more irritable.

"Let's go up first."

Isabella shot him a confused look. Suppressing the doubts and questions in her mind, she nodded her head obediently.

They walked upstairs side by side. The moment they stepped out of the elevator, Linda walked over.

"Mr. Clinton, the director from Royce Technologies personally called to say that if you truly don't like Ms. Winters, he's willing to change to another representative," Linda informed in a businesslike manner.

Doubt flitted across Oscar's eyes as he froze in his tracks.

"There's no need for that. I'm satisfied with her. Tell them they don't have to change the representatives. They're fine," Oscar replied.

When Linda and Isabella heard his words, they were stunned. They did not understand why Oscar would change his mind suddenly. There was something strange about his demeanor too.

Regardless, Linda was quite pleased after her initial surprise, whereas Isabella was so angry she almost bit her tongue. However, she did not completely lose her mind and confront him about it upfront. Instead, she swallowed her anger and entered the office with him.

"Oscar, what do you mean by that? You weren't like this yesterday. You just embarrassed me in front of everyone. Are you still the same person who kissed and hugged me in front of everyone yesterday? You changed your mind so quickly. Do you really view me as your future partner?" At first, Isabella wanted to hold it in, but when she saw how Oscar did not intend to explain himself, she exploded.

Oscar glanced at her in confusion and massaged his head. It seemed he had blacked out last night and lost his memories temporarily. He could not remember what had happened yesterday at all.

When Isabella saw his reaction, she became even angrier.

"Oscar, do you think it's interesting to play me like this? I didn't want to quarrel with you in the company, but you promised to bring the wedding forward. Yet, you're acting cold to me now. You don't feel bad for me even when I do so much for you. I really doubt whether you love me."

Isabella did not know what had gone wrong to cause Oscar's attitude to change suddenly.

"Shut it." Oscar's head hurt even more with her outburst. Many images flashed across his mind again. It was all of Amelia and him. As for Isabella, he could not remember their sweet memories together anymore as he looked at her current vicious expression.

He continued to massage his head, unable to comprehend what was happening to him.

"Oscar, I'm talking to you! You can't even treat me with respect! Are you thinking of breaking up with me?" Isabella bellowed. She had had enough of Oscar being hot and

cold to her. If she could not obtain his love, she would rather ruin what he had now and leave him with nothing.

"Are you done?" Oscar said in his low voice.

Isabella looked at him as tears welled in her eyes, tumultuous waves of emotions raging inside her.

"I'm not making a scene. I'm questioning you." She laughed in exasperation before continuing, "Oscar, I've tried every trick in the book to win you over. Yet I still failed in the end. Do you want me to dig my heart out and give it to you?"

Oscar frowned at Isabella's words, thinking she was being unreasonable.

"Isabella, you should head back first. We'll talk after you've calmed down. If you still want the same as before, our wedding will be held as scheduled. As for your video on the internet, I won't mind it," Oscar said patiently.

Isabella felt as if her heart had been stabbed several times. If Oscar had uttered such words to her two days ago, she would have been utterly delighted. However, it sounded ironic to her at that moment.

Oscar did not mind the video. In other words, he did not care at all. She could not figure out what he thought of her. Does he think of me as his lover? But he doesn't care that much for me or protect me as one would. As a friend? If that's the case, all my efforts were in vain.

Isabella's goal was to win Oscar's heart, and to do so, she had spent almost all her savings. She would not tolerate failure. Otherwise, she would be left empty-handed while also facing the threat of his revenge.

She was frightened by that thought as she could not bear to face Oscar's retribution. If it came to that, she would have to take the initiative.

Countless thoughts flashed across Isabella's mind as she contemplated her next move. It took a while for her to regain her senses.

"Oscar, I'm sorry for losing my composure just now. I'm just too afraid of losing you. You made a lifetime promise to me in front of everyone yesterday. Then, you suddenly acted indifferently toward me as you did in the past. I was truly terrified you didn't love me anymore, and that's why I lost control. Please don't be angry. I won't do that again," Isabella pleaded.

Oscar's heart softened when he saw her sobbing pitifully.

Reaching out, he stroked Isabella's hair and comforted her, "Don't overthink it. My head still hurts after I drank some wine last night. When you came over and made a fuss, my headache became worse. That's why I wasn't being nice to you."

Isabella blinked and gave him a disbelieving look.

Through her tears, she watched him to gauge whether he was being serious or not.

"Oscar, let me massage your temples. I was at fault too. I should be the one apologizing to you, so don't be mad at me."

Isabella walked over and rubbed Oscar's temples. At the same time, she was pondering how to take him to Bernard for another hypnosis session. To tie down Oscar forever, she ran the risk of harming him physically and mentally through repeated hypnosis. Nevertheless, she had thought it through. Instead of having no relationship with Oscar in the future, she would rather lock him by her side from the beginning. Even if he became a dimwit later, she did not mind spending a tiny portion of her money to hire a caregiver to take care of him, as long as she had him.

Meanwhile, Oscar had no idea what she had in mind. He took his seat and began to work.

After observing Oscar handle several documents, Isabella held his arm and said sweetly, "Oscar, why don't you come with me to Professor Zabinski's place in the evening? I've been consulting him about my mental illness for some time and will be concluding a session later. Can you accompany me?"

Oscar discreetly slipped his arm out of her grasp.

"We'll see. I'll accompany you if I have nothing else to do. For now, you should go get busy since I have a meeting at noon later. It might take a while, so you should go out and have a great meal yourself then."

Pursing her lips, Isabella was silent for a while. She finally nodded in agreement and left the company.

As soon as she climbed into the car, she slammed her fists on the steering wheel. Her face turned purple with rage.

Isabella was so furious that it took her a long time to calm down. Then, she took out her phone and called Bernard.

“Professor Zabinski, I need you to do one last hypnosis on Oscar. I don’t care if he becomes a fool or suffers any after-effects later. He’s mine now. Even if he loses his wits, I still have the money to support him,” Isabella said.

After a pause, she snapped, “Besides, I’ve wasted so much time on him. Wouldn’t it be embarrassing if I didn’t get something back in return? Even if I can’t grow old with him, I still want to transfer the Clinton family’s assets to my name.”

Isabella’s expression became grimmer when she heard Bernard’s reply.

“Professor Zabinski, what happened between Oscar and me is none of your business. You’re just a psychiatrist. If it weren’t for the sponsorship from those who sought your help, do you think you could live a comfortable life until now? I’m not going to talk philosophy or morals with you. In any case, you only need to help me take control of Oscar and his wealth.”

Isabella’s expression immediately brightened when she received the other party’s commitment.

“Professor Zabinski, I knew you wouldn’t sit back and do nothing. I’ll see you later tonight with Oscar.” With that, Isabella hung up the phone.

Oscar, please don’t blame me for being ruthless. This is all your fault. Had you treated me better, I would not have taken advantage of you and your wealth. Even if you recover your memory in the end, I still want to take possession of your assets. In that case, even if you’re back to normal, you’ll never be able to escape from the palm of my hand.

Unfortunately, Oscar was still in a meeting by the time night rolled around. At first, Isabella wanted to go inside and take him to see the psychiatrist. However, she was stopped by two bodyguards at the door.

One of the bodyguards spoke up before she could start throwing a fit.

“Ms. Walker, our boss is discussing projects with several foreign businessmen inside. I think you should go back first. He will come to you when the meeting is over. Please don’t make things difficult for us. Otherwise, we might have to use force to take you away.”

Isabella shot him a death glare.

“Fine. Just you wait! One day I’m going to teach you guys a lesson,” she warned.

Then, Isabella turned around and stomped away on her high heels, making a series of crisp sounds on the floor.

After leaving the company, she went directly to the hospital. When she parked her car, two more pulled up on either side of her vehicle.

Hugo, with sunglasses on, got out of the car and stopped Isabella. Then, he made an “after you” motion to her.

Isabella subconsciously retreated in fear, almost twisting her ankles on the high heels.

“What do you want, Hugo?”

“Ms. Walker, I only want to ask you a few questions and won’t put you in a difficult spot. So, I hope you’ll be cooperative,” said Hugo as he reached out to grab her. Before he could touch her, two men in black suddenly appeared out of nowhere and blocked his hand. The next second, the trio of men began to fight.

While coping with the fierce attacks from the Chancer brothers, Hugo uttered distractedly, “Bryan, Benson, the three of us grew up together and are like brothers. I’m doing this for the boss, so please don’t stand in my way.”

“Hugo, we’re also under the boss’ order to protect Ms. Walker. Please understand our reason for doing this, and don’t make things difficult for us,” one of the brothers pleaded.

Knowing that he was in a disadvantageous situation, Hugo had no choice but to stop fighting.

“Bryan, Benson, I know you’re doing your job. I also don’t want to give you guys a hard time since we’re all buddies here. Everything we do is for Boss. However, he’s currently being controlled by this woman. Can you bear to see him suffer more at her hands?” said Hugo emotionally as he tried to reason with them.

Both Bryan and Benson exchanged glances.

“Hugo, you should know the duties of a bodyguard. My job is to protect Ms. Walker and keep her safe. If you insist on doing things your way, I will have to inform Boss. When that happens, you know very well what the punishment is,” said Bryan.

Hugo was annoyed, but he was aware of the consequences of offending Oscar. Furthermore, he had no right to make things difficult for the two brothers. If he was them, he would definitely go all out to carry out Oscar's orders too.

In the end, Hugo had no choice but to leave.

It was only then Isabella, who had been hiding behind Benson and Bryan, heaved a sigh of relief. However, not only did she not thank her two bodyguards, but she even raised her hand and gave them a slap each on their faces.

"Your job is to ensure my safety and not put me in danger. Do you know that Hugo nearly killed me just now? If anything happens to me, what are you going to tell your boss? Good-for-nothings!" After Isabella told them off, she felt so much better. She then got into her car and drove away.

Benson spat on the ground before saying viciously, "B*tch! The two of us did everything we could to save her. Instead of thanking us, she said we were useless. If she wasn't Boss' woman, I would've finished her off. Who the hell does she think she is? Stupid bimbo!"

"Forget it. Let's follow her before something untoward happens to her. If that happens, we will be in big trouble."

Benson nodded.

Meanwhile, Kurt was waiting for Hugo when Hugo returned to the condominium.

"How did it go? Did you manage to catch hold of her?"

"No. I was stopped by Benson and Bryan. As for the rest of the bodyguards, they were hiding. If I had forced my way through, they would've alerted the boss. It wouldn't have boded well for us if that had happened."

Kurt frowned and mulled over the matter.

"Worse comes to worst, we go straight for the boss himself. We'll try to bring him to Dr. Barker tonight and perform another hypnosis on him again. I'm sure things will turn out for the better," said Kurt.

Hugo nodded. What else can we do?

Unfortunately, luck was not on their side that night. Oscar was in a meeting until three in the morning. All Hugo could do was observe him in secret and do nothing.

Seeing that there was no possibility of taking Oscar away that night, he decided to abort the mission.

As for Oscar, he took a warm bath and went to bed. Shortly after falling asleep, he had such vivid dreams that when he woke up with a start, he found himself screaming for Amelia. It was only then he realized he was dreaming.

He reached out to wipe the perspiration off his forehead. In his dreams, he saw the then-pregnant Amelia in that car accident, and she was covered with blood. The gory scene shocked him so much that it jolted him out of his sleep.

Oscar turned around to touch Amelia, only to find that there was no one lying next to him. For a moment, he was confused and sat on the bed in silence. A minute later, the memories came flooding back to him and filled his mind.

Not only did he recall every moment he spent with Amelia, but he also remembered the details of being controlled by Isabella. In an instant, his expression became terrifying. He had been played the fool by a woman and even forced the woman he loved to leave the country with his child.

That was what infuriated him and what he found most unforgivable. Right now, he wanted nothing but to kill Isabella. However, what was most important now was to locate Amelia first and sort things out with her. He had no wish to lose her again.

To be honest, he had no idea how he regained his memories. All he could recall was that there seemed to be a voice deep within his mind that kept wanting to rush out. That was why he had those horrible and detailed dreams about Amelia.

Oscar got up and washed his face. He looked at his own reflection and found himself still attractive. Taking a deep breath, he picked up his phone and dialed Amelia's number. He was nervous and worried that she might be angry with him or refuse to forgive him. If that happened...

No, that won't happen. No matter how long it takes, I will beg Amelia until she forgives me. This time around, I will eliminate all the obstacles for her, and she will never have to go through any suffering ever again.

After much hesitation, he still ended up calling Amelia.

"Hello, Mr. Clinton." Amelia's calm voice rang out.

When Oscar heard the familiar voice, his body turned weak, and tears threatened to fall from his eyes.

"Amelia, where are you right now? Can we meet up? After much consideration, I still think it's better for you to be in charge of the project between our companies," said Oscar as he tried to suppress his emotions.

Amelia found his change in attitude a little odd, but she still agreed to meet him. Once they finalized the meeting venue and time, Amelia said, "Mr. Clinton, I'll be there on time."

Staring at the darkening screen of his phone, Oscar broke into a goofy smile, looking like a teenager who was in love for the very first time.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 884

Chapter 884 Reunion

Amelia arrived at the private dining room Oscar had mentioned right on time. As soon as she entered, she was grabbed and shoved up against the wall.

The two of them kissed for what seemed like forever. When their lips separated, Amelia had to lean on Oscar for support as she had gone weak at the knees. With her cheek pressed against his chest, she could hear the rapid beating of his heart.

Amelia felt like she was dreaming. Her year-long wish had finally come true, and easily at that. She even wondered if this was a prank Oscar was pulling on her where once she believed all this to be true, he would flip and break her with the most hurtful words he could find.

However, it doesn't matter. Even if he were to reveal that everything was an act he put on, I'm willing to play along now.

Amelia was totally immersed in his domineering yet gentle kiss. All her rationality and composure were gone when she was with him.

If this was all a dream, then she hoped she could stay in it for a little longer.

As Oscar gazed at Amelia, who was lying in his arms like a docile kitten, he could not help but smirk.

My dear Amelia still loves me even after everything she has gone through. How could I have gotten my memories jumbled up and forced such a loyal woman to leave the country? Even death can't atone for what I did.

"I'm sorry for making you suffer for the past year, Amelia," Oscar whispered in a low voice as he stroked the back of her hand.

Amelia instantly looked up at him with disbelief in her eyes.

"Do you finally remember me, Oscar?" Amelia asked with a choked voice. She did not dare to believe good things could happen to her so quickly. Much like the kiss earlier, she thought it was just one of Oscar's tricks and did not dare to even hope that he had regained his memories. She feared that the more she hoped, the greater her disappointment would be.

Oscar lifted her chin and kissed her on the lips, his heart aching.

"I remember everything. Even though I didn't want any of this to happen, my memories were jumbled up, and I caused you so much suffering for the past year. I'm sorry for that. I don't care if you get angry at me. Hit me or yell at me if you want, but please don't leave me. As for Isabella, though I had officially announced that she is my fiancée, we have never been intimate, so please don't misunderstand my relationship with her," Oscar explained as he gazed into Amelia's eyes.

He was deathly afraid that Amelia would think he and Isabella were in love and had been intimate. Then, even if he and Amelia were to remarry, the thought would constantly haunt them. Moreover, he knew that Amelia would pretend like nothing was wrong despite being bothered by it.

Doubt flashed across Amelia's eyes. It was obvious that she did not believe him.

"Oscar, I know that this wasn't your choice, so no matter what has happened between you and Isabella, I don't mind. You're a man, after all, so I get it." Amelia averted her gaze and shrugged, pretending to be understanding.

Oscar studied her closely. His gaze was so intense that it felt like he was looking right through her.

I know she's just putting up a tough front. If she really didn't care, her eyes wouldn't betray the hurt she was feeling. I know my woman best. But it's because I know how she is that my heart aches when I have to deal with her stubbornness.

"I mean it when I say there is nothing between us. Although I claimed that she was my lover, I would feel extremely uncomfortable whenever she touched me. You know that I'm somewhat of a germaphobe and would never lay a finger on a woman I'm not interested in," Oscar explained.

Amelia let out a light laugh, feeling like a huge weight had been lifted off her shoulders. The grin that broke out on her face made her look all the more radiant.

Oscar's gaze darkened as he lowered his head and covered her lips with his.

Unable to control himself, he reached out to unbutton Amelia's top, but she quickly grabbed his wandering hands.

"What's wrong?" Oscar asked, his voice hoarse.

Amelia shook her head, her eyes still appearing a little dazed from the passionate kiss.

"Let's not do this here, Oscar," she whispered.

The corners of Oscar's lips lifted slightly. He did not get upset at Amelia for rejecting his advances. Instead, he tidied her clothes and pressed a tender kiss on her forehead.

"I'm sorry for getting carried away. I must have scared you," he apologized gently.

Amelia shook her head.

Oscar pulled her to the couch and sat down.

She gazed at him, her heart full of affection. All thoughts about others' trickery or scheming had been tossed out the window.

If she could, all she wanted was to spend the rest of her life with Oscar just like this.

When Oscar noticed that she was gazing at him unblinkingly, the smile on his face widened.

"What is it? Why are you looking at me like it's been ages since you last saw me," he said playfully.

“No, it’s just that it’s been so long since I’ve been able to get a good look at your face. Now that I can, it feels like a dream. It doesn’t feel real,” Amelia replied with a smile.

The grin on Oscar’s face faltered as he stared at her, his heart wrenching with pain.

Everything that had happened was because of him, yet she, a woman, had to endure all the suffering.

Amelia had been with him for almost ten years, but he was the one who caused all the problems in their tumultuous marriages both times.

Oscar put on a serious expression. “Amelia, I promise that this will never happen again. I will get rid of anything and anyone who stands in our way.”

Since Isabella had dared to scheme against him, she would have to prepare for his retaliation. This time, he was not going to allow the Walker family any chance of making a comeback.

In the past, I thought of using someone else to fight against the Walker family. But now, I realize that they must think I’ve been indulging them on purpose. Since that’s the case, I’ll show them exactly how “useless” I really am. This time, it will be the end of the Walker family.

Amelia nodded. “Let’s do it together.”

She was not a clueless or weak woman. Forgiving someone and repaying them with kindness whenever they stepped all over her was not something she could ever do.

The couple chatted for a long time in the private dining room. After saying all that needed to be said, Oscar grew a little hesitant.

“What’s wrong, Oscar?” Amelia asked, feeling quite perturbed.

Oscar lowered his eyes and replied with resignation in his voice, “Is Tony very disappointed in me? He even stopped calling me ‘Big Meanie.’”

Amelia was taken aback. I didn’t expect him to ask this.

“He resents you a little, but he’ll understand once you explain things to him. He’s a smart boy and has learned a lot of things during the past year abroad. Tony is exactly like you in terms of personality and abilities. Sometimes, when I look at him, I feel like I’m looking at you.” She finished that last sentence with a chuckle.

Oscar's lips curled into a smile as the memory of a stern-faced Tony appeared in his mind. It was true that they looked similar to each other. Tony had delicate features, but the serious expression he always wore made him exude an authoritative aura.

"Let's go home. It's been too long since I've hugged him, and I miss it," Oscar said, smiling.

Amelia nodded in agreement.

The father and son needed to communicate to fix their relationship. Tony was young, but he was more knowledgeable than most adults. If the misunderstanding was not cleared up soon, Tony would eventually come to hate his father.

Amelia and Oscar made their way back to Kurt's neighborhood.

"Kurt bought this place specifically for me, Tony, and Tiffany to stay in. He's helped Tony and I a lot, and I don't think I can ever repay him for all he's done. So, please be nice to this former employee of yours. Take this as repaying my debt to him on my behalf." For fear that Oscar would overthink and someone would take advantage of this in the future, Amelia explained the situation clearly.

It was better that he heard it from her than from someone else.

Oscar pursed his lips as his eyes darkened.

After a long silence, he suddenly sighed and uttered, "I'm rather jealous of him because he has been by your side during your most helpless times. I'm scared that you will fall in love with him."

Women are sensitive and vulnerable. The best time for a man to move in and make a woman fall for him is when she is at her weakest. And that's precisely why I'm jealous. I'm afraid that Amelia will really fall in love with him because I know better than anyone that Kurt is an excellent man.

Amelia was startled. However, after thinking about it for a moment, she understood what he was implying.

"I'm sorry, Oscar. I just see him as a part of my family and nothing else."

Oscar lifted his hand and stroked her cheek gently. "Don't apologize to me. It's my fault, and I'm thankful that he's been good to you. The woman I love is amazing, so it's not

shocking that you're loved by many. He took care of you on my behalf when I couldn't. Hence, I feel jealous and grateful at the same time."

"That's exactly what I love about you, Oscar." With that, Amelia wrapped her hands around his arm.

Oscar smiled at her affectionately.

They entered the condominium and took the elevator up. Upon exiting, they ran into Kurt taking Tony out of the apartment. The four of them stared at each other, with Kurt feeling shocked and uneasy while Tony glared angrily at Oscar.

"Big Meanie, are you here to bully Mommy?" Tony yanked his hand out of Kurt's grip, ran up to Oscar, and started kicking and punching him. "Why are you bullying Mommy? I hate you so much! Godpa is nicer to Mommy than you are!"

Oscar let Tony hit him however he wanted as his gaze focused on Kurt. The two men locked eyes, and it seemed as if sparks were beginning to ignite.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 885

Chapter 885 Here Comes Retribution

Amelia picked Tony up, chided him for using his fists, and assured him that Oscar was not mistreating her. As Tony gazed at his mother, his bright, innocent eyes made her heart twinge.

"Hush, Tony. Your father and I made up. I don't know how to explain the situation to you, but you must believe that we love you. He does not love you any less than my love for you," Amelia said gently.

Tony blinked before turning to Kurt. "Daddy treats you well, Mommy. Won't you consider dumping Big Meanie and being with Daddy?" Tony suggested eagerly.

From Tony's perspective, Kurt was kinder to him and his mother than Oscar was. Oscar had cruelly hurt his young heart a year before. Despite opening his heart with much difficulty to accept Oscar as his father, Tony changed his mind in the span of a single night. It was something that confused and displeased him. If it were not for upsetting Amelia, he would not have wished to see Oscar.

Witnessing Oscar's intimacy with another woman a year ago traumatized Tony. Since then, the shadow of Oscar's betrayal of Amelia haunted him.

Amelia felt helpless, while Oscar gave a bitter laugh. I am sabotaging myself by pushing my son into the arms of another person.

"Let's go inside for a seat, Boss," Kurt suggested to alleviate the awkwardness that had arisen from Tony's words.

Oscar glanced at him and nodded.

Meanwhile, Amelia carried Tony and followed both men in.

"Thank you for taking care of Amelia on my behalf for the past year, Kurt. I am indebted to you for how well you've cared for her," Oscar said solemnly with a grim expression.

Kurt gazed at Oscar with an unfathomable expression as conflicting emotions rose in his heart.

"You tasked me to protect Amelia and Tony, Boss. As such, I am responsible for all aspects of their safety. Also, I am grateful to you for being lenient enough to release me from the organization, and I dare not have you in my debt," Kurt replied courteously.

Upon hearing that, Oscar smiled. He walked over and patted the other man on the shoulder. Kurt's handsome features contorted at the gesture but recovered very quickly.

"We are brothers from now on, Kurt. Amelia thinks of you as family, so you are mine as well." To Kurt, Oscar's hand felt like a large boulder pressing down on his shoulder, which was beginning to hurt.

"You flatter me, Boss," Kurt replied, with a slight wince.

A glint flashed across Oscar's eyes, but his lips remained curled in a smile. "Relax, Kurt. You're not my bodyguard anymore. We are equals and family from now on. You can count on my support with whatever you wish to do."

The moment he retracted his hand after speaking, Kurt felt the weight on his shoulder receding instantly and could not help heaving a sigh of relief.

His presence was slightly less intimidating than Oscar's, whose dominance had earned the former's utmost respect. If it were not for Amelia, he would not have dared leave the organization as brazenly as he did.

"Thank you, Boss, for your gesture," Kurt said with his head bowed.

Oscar nodded curtly, then sat on the couch and beckoned Tony over. "Come here, Tony," he said sternly. "It's time for a conversation between us men."

Tony remained rooted to the spot, gazing warily at him.

"You aren't actually afraid of me, are you, Tony? How are you going to protect Mommy by being this timid? You must stand up to me if you don't want me to mistreat Mommy. Otherwise, don't even dream about it for the rest of your life," Oscar said provocatively.

He knew of Tony's precociousness, so he did not speak to him like an ordinary child. Instead, he treated him as an equal. That was how his conversation with Tony should be—man to man.

"I'm not afraid of you, Big Meanie." As expected, Tony fell for it. He stormed over, placed both hands on his hips, and gazed defiantly at Oscar.

"Have a seat."

Tony brought over a small stool and climbed atop it on his own.

Feeling worried, Amelia was about to come over when Oscar shook his head at her.

She stopped in her tracks, trusting Oscar to handle everything.

"Let's step outside for a while, Kurt. Give the father and son some space," she suggested.

Kurt glanced at her and nodded.

Oscar's brow twitched but did not stop the pair from leaving.

A mature man should be confident. If there were anything between them, they would not have allowed me to be in their way.

After Amelia and Kurt exited the room, Oscar placed both hands on his thighs and sat upright. His expression became austere.

"I admit I've made a mistake, Tony, and I want to apologize to you. I am remorseful and intend to change. I'm sure Mommy has told you before that mistakes are acceptable if one makes an effort to change. Could you give me a chance to make amends?" Oscar said as he gazed at Tony.

Tony's clear eyes flashed, but he kept them wide as he returned Oscar's stare.

"I used to like you very much, Big Meanie, and have even approved of you being with Mommy. But you hurt her, so I don't like you anymore. Though you are my father, you're not as good to me and Mommy as Daddy is. I can't do anything about Mommy liking you, but you will never convince me because you're unfaithful," Tony declared solemnly with a little pout.

Oscar laughed at his words.

"I will handle the matter between your mother and me. However, you being my son is a fact that cannot be changed. I will groom you and have you take over my business when you grow up, and I will show you how much in love your mother and I are," Oscar promised.

After a pause, he continued, "I don't know if you understand this, Tony, but your mother and I are destined to be together and integrated into each other's lives. We will never be apart for as long as we live, so you'll have to live with it even if you don't like me because I will never let Kurt have her. Give up on that notion."

Tony studied Oscar with his head tilted to the side.

"Will you really treat Mommy better from now on?" Tony asked as he pursed his lips thoughtfully.

"I will. Since you mentioned that you wanted to protect Mommy, keep a close watch on me. If you ever see me so much as mistreat Mommy when you grow up, you can beat me up and call me out on it. I won't be able to fight you back even if I want to."

Tony did not look as if he understood everything, but he nodded all the same.

"All right, don't be angry at me anymore. I'm back, and I hope we can be as close to one another as we were previously. We are father and son, not sworn enemies," Oscar said with a laugh.

Tony pursed his lips and sniffed almost as Oscar did before leaping off the chair and running upstairs.

As Oscar stroked his nose, he fell into deep thought. Isabella was the one who put him in that position, causing him to be cast aside by his son. Because of that, Oscar added another item to the Walkers' list of offenses.

Speak of the devil.

Oscar turned to the flashing screen on his phone. His lips curled, and a cold glint flashed across his eyes.

I was going to give you several hours of peace, Isabella. Now that you came to me of your own accord, you only have yourself to blame for whatever happens next. I will shatter your reputation this time.

Oscar promised grimly in his heart.

He admitted that he was never a good person, even cruel in some aspects. In fact, all the people who had offended him had already withdrawn from the business world in disgrace.

He answered the phone in an inscrutable voice, "Come to Eiffen Hotel, Isabella. I'll be there waiting for you."

Isabella was overjoyed to hear that and assumed that Oscar was propositioning her. Aside from the physical expression of love, she could not think of any other reason why an engaged couple would meet at a hotel in the middle of the day.

"You're asking me to meet you at a hotel, Oscar. Do you want to..." Isabella said shyly after taking a deep breath.

Oscar's gaze turned icy.

"Exactly what you're thinking. I will satisfy you," he promised.

Isabella could not repress a giggle.

"You're horrible, Oscar. I'm not prepared at all, but I will be there as quickly as I can. Wait for me." At that, she hung up.

Oscar stared at the darkened screen, and his smirk of contempt widened.

Since you cannot wait to be touched, Isabella, I will fulfill your wishes. I hope you can withstand a man's ferocious assault soon.

He then gave Hugo a call and instructed him to oblige Isabella without being caught in the act.

Hugo must have been dumbfounded after hearing Oscar's orders because he did not respond for a long time.

Oscar frowned. "Hugo."

"I'm here, Boss," Hugo answered immediately. "I'll go over at once."

After hesitating for a long time, Hugo could not resist asking, "Do you remember everything now, Boss?"

"Yes, it all came back to me."

"We're happy that you regained your memories, Boss, none more so than Mrs. Clinton. She is devoted to you."

"I know."

Oscar put his phone away after hanging up. His grim facade masked what he was thinking.

In the meantime, Isabella dolled herself up and drove out for her date. After parking at the hotel, she studied her makeup in the rearview mirror intently. She had applied makeup on her eyes so that they looked innocent yet seductive at the same time.

"You look amazing, Isabella, and you will conquer that oaf, Oscar. After today, you will be his woman. In fact, the wedding date will be brought forward if you manage to get pregnant," Isabella told her reflection in the mirror.

She then undid her safety belt and descended the vehicle, feeling as if she could fly in her joyful optimism. Her lips wore a permanent smile.

After that, she took the elevator up. The door to the hotel room flung open just as she rapped on it, and a pair of muscular arms yanked her in.

Initially delighted, Isabella's smile gave way once she got a good look at the man who grabbed her by the wrist.

"Let go of me!" Isabella screamed. "Do you know who I am? The heir to Clinton Corporations is my fiancé. He asked me to meet him here, which means he'll be here soon. He will not forgive you if anything happens to me."

Though she appeared haughty, her heart pounded in fear, and her legs shook.

Ignoring her threats, the man who was grabbing her dragged her in. Isabella's expression turned to despair when she saw Hugo surrounded by several burly men.

Only one thought occurred in her mind—things would not end well for her to have fallen into Hugo's hands.

Her captor dragged her before Hugo.

Isabella's elbow struck the floorboard upon being flung at Hugo's feet, and she moaned in pain.

Clutching her elbow, she glared up at Hugo with hostility.

"Aren't you worried that I will tell Oscar how you treated me, Hugo?" Isabella began angrily.

Hugo gazed down at her and gave a chuckle of cold amusement.

"Do you think I would treat you this way without the boss ordering me to, Isabella? He has remembered everything. You'd better prepare yourself for his retribution," Hugo drawled provocatively.

The color drained from Isabella's cheeks. She trembled all over and swallowed uncontrollably while her eyes were filled with disbelief.

Though she had considered that Oscar would one day regain his memory, she never expected that day to come so quickly. She was not even prepared for it.

If Oscar wants revenge, I'm not sure if I can bear the price of his wrath.

She quickly crawled up from the floor to leave and heaved a sigh of relief when Hugo remained where he was. Just as she thought there was hope for escape, she found two bodyguards standing outside the door when she opened it, who reached out and stopped her.

They lifted Isabella and threw her back onto the ground.

"You are a despicable man, Hugo. Take me on without your men if you're brave enough. I refuse to believe that Oscar would be this cruel to me. Have him come here, and I'll explain things to him. I only set him up previously because I love him. I have never thought of harming him!" Isabella screamed as she scrambled up, all composure forgotten. "Bring me to Oscar. I want to see him."

Hugo gave the two burly men beside him a meaningful look. "This woman is your reward. Do whatever you want. Just don't kill her."

Lust flashed across their eyes as they gazed at Isabella like a hunter catching sight of their prey.

Isabella stumbled backward as she stared at the two approaching men in terror.

"Don't come any closer! I am Oscar's fiancée. You cannot afford the price of his vengeance if you touch me," she shrieked.

To her despair, the two burly men increased their pace instead. One grabbed Isabella's arm and flung her onto the bed with a mighty swing.

Then, their large frames almost crushed Isabella as they collapsed upon her.

She struggled with all her might, her distraught cries filling the room.

"You're a sick b*stard, Hugo. You can't do this to me! Oscar will not forgive you if anything happens to me," she cried.

"Stuff her mouth," Hugo ordered, scowling with disgust.

One of the men tore Isabella's dress and stuffed the fabric in her mouth.

Her screams muffled, and Isabella could only wriggle with all her might. The more she struggled, the quicker her clothes were torn off.

Hugo sat on the couch and watched coldly as his men violated Isabella. During her year with Oscar, Isabella insulted their organization from her false position without the most basic courtesy. As a result, Hugo had never liked her. He did not even feel remorse at witnessing her plight.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 886

Chapter 886 A Taste Of Living Hell

Once the two burly men had had their fill, they climbed down from the bed, looking satisfied. Hugo got up from the couch, waved a dismissive hand at them, and said coldly, "You guys can get lost now."

The men licked their lips as though they wanted more. However, they did not dare to go against Hugo's command. They picked up their clothes from the floor, nodded at him, and left.

Hugo took the camera from the man in a suit standing to his right. He carefully went through the photos and felt quite satisfied with them, as they clearly captured Isabella's dazed look and anguish.

He returned the camera to the man in the suit and dismissed him and the others with a wave of his hand. The men behind him nodded and left quietly with the camera.

Walking to the side of the bed, Hugo gazed at Isabella, who was staring at the ceiling as though in a stupor, with a smirk. "It must've felt good to have two men servicing you, huh?" he asked coolly.

Isabella's gaze shifted, and she glared at him with bitter resentment as he looked at her condescendingly. Then, as though assailed by a sudden frenzy, she tried to get down from the bed, but she fell straight to the ground as soon as she moved.

Her body felt sore and weak, and she did not have an ounce of strength left.

"You're a crazy b*stard, and you can expect retribution for this. I'll make you pay for the humiliation I suffered today. You'd better finish me off now. Otherwise, as long as I'm still alive, I'll make sure you die a horrible death," she hissed through clenched teeth.

Hugo chuckled, seeming unperturbed.

"I've been putting my life on the line since the first ever task I carried out for Boss. You're welcome to take my life at any time. Many would like to do so, and I wouldn't mind if you were one of them," he said.

Isabella shot him a death stare as she struggled to move her hand and pull the covers over her body.

Suddenly, the door flew open, and Oscar walked in.

"Boss, you're here," Hugo greeted politely.

Oscar strode forward. With his arms behind his back, he looked at Isabella as she lay on the bed.

A light flashed in Isabella's eyes when she saw it was Oscar. She still harbored a fanciful hope in her heart, not wanting to believe that he was the one who had orchestrated the whole thing. I'd much rather it be Hugo who recklessly came up with this plot and that I'm still Oscar's beloved. I've long coveted the honor of being the lady of the Clinton family, so how can I let the opportunity slip through my fingers just like that? There's no way I'm giving up.

"Save me, Oscar. Hugo made me... You've got to seek justice for me. He harmed me, both mentally and physically." She forced herself to climb off the bed while holding the covers around her, and instantly, her tears flowed like a river. Yet, she still managed to look pretty while crying.

Oscar merely gazed at her impassively. Had he not regained his memories, he might have been slightly affected by her tears. However, at that moment, he only felt thoroughly disgusted.

He had never liked Isabella, and the only reason he had not taken any action earlier was on Olivia's account. But now, she had clearly crossed the line with him and nearly wrenched apart his little family.

I said before that I'm not a nice guy and have no intention of being a kind person. Those who cross me will have to pay a high price. As for Isabella, I'll ensure she never has the chance to bounce back.

"I was the one who arranged all of this. I believe you enjoyed yourself thoroughly," he uttered frostily.

Oscar's response promptly dashed Isabella's hopes.

"You said you loved me and that we'd get married soon. You can't be so cruel to me," she responded pitifully.

Sneering, he raised his hand and grabbed her chin. In an icy tone, he said, "I truly admire you for your ruthless tactics. You even managed to deceive me. I've nothing to say about how I underestimated you and fell into your trap. However, hearing you shamelessly declare that you love me makes me feel sick. Even if I forgot every memory about Amelia, there's no way I'd have any wish to touch you. The mere sight of your body repulses me."

Isabella's face turned deathly pale, and her eyes had a hurt look mingled with disbelief.

"You can't treat me like this. No, I know you must love me. I may have tricked you, but I do genuinely love you. Please don't say such horrible things. It'll make me upset," she replied weakly.

I've sacrificed everything to have Oscar for myself and even proclaimed myself as the lady of the Clinton family. If he turns against me, I'll have absolutely nothing. I can't bear such an outcome.

"Don't you enjoy being in the limelight? The incident where that video of you got widely circulated on the internet was merely child's play. This time, I'll turn you into a household name. The minute I step out of this room, your photos will be released via the newspaper and the internet. With that, you'll truly become a well-known figure who can even give popular female stars a run for their money," he said while gripping her chin tightly.

Isabella shuddered, and her eyes widened as she fixed her gaze on him.

"You can't do this to me. I truly love you. If you blame me for ruining your marriage, I can apologize to Amelia and be your mistress willingly. I'm begging you, don't ruin my reputation. I only did those things because my family forced my hand. They said they'd only be able to provide me with a life of riches if I managed to hook up with you. I didn't have a choice. Please, I'm begging you," she wailed, her body racked by convulsive sobs.

Alas, she had no idea that what happened was only the beginning. The brunt of Oscar's wrath was still yet to come.

If she had known how terrifying his revenge would be and how one would never be able to recover from it, she would not have dared to provoke him.

"I'm sorry, Oscar. Give me another chance. I'll apologize to Amelia personally and do anything she wants me to do. Please don't hurt me. All this only happened because I love you too much." With the covers wrapped around her, she got off the bed, then fell to her knees. She was attempting to weasel her way out of her predicament by backing down.

However, Oscar simply looked at her with an icy gaze.

As he returned to the couch, he instructed, "Hugo, snap her arms and legs. Since she's so fond of doing evil deeds, I'll make her stay in bed obediently."

Hugo nodded expressionlessly.

Taking out a dagger, he slowly approached Isabella.

She retreated in horror, backing into the bed and toppling onto it.

“Don’t come any nearer! I’m the Walker family’s precious daughter. If something happens to me, you can be sure my family won’t let it slide. I’ll also make a police report. Oscar may be a powerful person, but he’s not omnipotent. Once the police get involved in this, there’s the possibility that you might end up in prison. You’d better stay away from me,” she shouted fearfully, genuinely terrified that Hugo would break her limbs.

Nonetheless, Hugo remained impassive and reached out to haul her to her feet.

Frightened, Isabella started struggling and blurted out, “Don’t touch me, or I’ll release all the information on Clinton Corporations. After I set Oscar up, I thought something like this would happen. That’s why I gave the information to someone I trust. As soon as something happens to me, she’ll send it to the rival companies of Clinton Corporations. You’d better not harm me. Otherwise, I’ll send Clinton Corporations to its doom.”

Hugo let go of her and turned toward Oscar, but the latter merely arched his brows, utterly unfazed.

“Cripple her.”

Isabella’s expression changed drastically as she widened her eyes and stared at him.

I know he can be rather ruthless, but I can’t believe he’d abandon his family business to seek revenge! How brutal can he get?

“Oscar, are you seriously willing to put Clinton Corporations at risk just to get revenge on me?” she yelled hysterically.

Although the corners of Oscar’s lips curved into a smile, his gaze was exceptionally glacial.

“I don’t think a woman can ever lead me by the nose again,” he remarked before shooting Hugo a look. Immediately understanding what the former meant, the latter stepped forward and pulled Isabella to her feet.

Waving her hands, she tossed out another threat.

“If you don’t want Tony to die, you can’t lay a finger on me!”

Oscar’s countenance finally shifted.

He sprang up from the couch abruptly and stormed over to Isabella.

Grabbing her, he demanded angrily, "What did you do to Tony?"

In truth, she had only said that as a stopgap measure. After seeing the frigid look in Oscar's eyes, I figured I had nothing to lose, and maybe using Tony could keep me alive for some time. If I make it through tonight, I'll think of a way to turn the tables. Since he no longer has feelings for me, I'll destroy him.

With that thought in mind, she began devising her plan.

She looked Oscar straight in the eye and said smugly, "If I could drug you, naturally, I can drug your son too. On top of that, it's something undetectable by current medical science. Otherwise, you wouldn't have regained your memories only after a year. In order to make you mine, I used an increased dosage on Tony. If you do me any harm, you can forget about him ever recovering, and he'll be stuck with the IQ of a ten-year-old for the rest of his life. If you don't mind him being an idiot, go ahead and cripple me. It's worth it if I can drag Tony down with me."

His gaze turned even colder, and he radiated a chilling aura.

He asked, "Did you really target Tony too?"

Isabella nodded. "As long as you spare me, I'll tell you what drug I used on Tony."

Oscar's lips curled as he sneered. He raised his hand and tapped her cheek sharply. "Oh, Isabella, I'll make you pay dearly for that presumptuousness of yours. So, you harmed Tony, did you? Very well. I was going to make it quick and painless, but now, I think a long, drawn-out torture will be better."

Hearing that, Isabella was overcome with fear.

She had already enraged Oscar earlier, but now that she had used Tony as a bargaining chip, she had stepped on a landmine. Unfortunately for her, her two slip-ups struck a nerve in Oscar.

"I'm sorry, Oscar. I messed up big time. Please spare me this time. I'll return all the information I stole from Clinton Corporations and leave the country. I'll give you everything, and all I ask is that you spare my life. I won't ask for anything else," she pleaded.

The way I see it, as long as there's life, there's hope. Someday, I'll be able to return.

"I wasn't planning on taking your life, but you had to go and lay a finger on Tony. You shouldn't have done that. Nonetheless, you can relax. I'm not going to kill you just yet. Instead, I'll let you have a taste of living hell," Oscar said lightly.

His tone was light and calm, yet to her, it sounded as though he had delivered a death sentence.

She did not quite understand the extent of the things those bodyguards Oscar had trained had done. Had she known, she would not have been so bold as to challenge Oscar's limits.

"Oscar..."

"Deal with her for me, Hugo. I want her lying in the hospital all by herself and hanging onto life by a thread so she can experience that despair and pain."

Hugo nodded in response while Isabella looked horrified.

She rushed forward, not a scrap of clothing on her body. However, Oscar kicked her down before she could even touch his shirt.

She felt a burning pain in her chest, and everything went black. She even felt as though she could see stars floating above her head.

It took her a long time to return to her senses.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 887

Chapter 887 Endure His Revenge

Appalled, Isabella hastily shifted backward. However, Hugo did not let her go far. He strode over and grabbed her hand. With one tug, a clear sound echoed in the quiet suit, followed by Isabella's ear-piercing scream.

There was nothing Isabella could think of but the pain. She felt as if she was about to die. Alas, Hugo ignored her pain and grabbed her other hand, twisting it harshly with a crack. Cold sweat beaded on her forehead.

In her agony, she rolled on the ground, but the two men in the room did not bat an eyelid at that.

Hugo then grabbed her leg, and Isabella gasped in shock. She quickly prostrated herself before him and cried out, "Hugo, I know I've done wrong now! Please don't break my leg! It's true that I set Oscar up, but I never thought of hurting him. I just love him! He's fine now, isn't he? Please don't break my leg. I won't ever do this again!"

However, Hugo only spared her a glance before breaking her leg.

Isabella could no longer make any sounds from the throes of pain she was enduring. Despair was the only emotion in her eyes. She had never thought that someone could be this merciless. Despite everything, she had been by his side for a year, and she had been playing the role of his fiancée well. In fact, she had even thought about how many children she would bear for Oscar and how she would be the best assistant to him. She only wanted Oscar to love her. His love was all she needed to stay faithful to him.

Even if Oscar were to lose his mental functions and become intellectually challenged, she would still be willing to provide for him. The one and only thing she wanted from him was for him to stay by her side willingly. Whether it was a foolish move or not, the effort Isabella had put into Oscar was certainly no lesser than Amelia's. Yet, the hatred Oscar had for her was immeasurable.

She inched closer to the side of the bed with her lone functioning leg and stared at Oscar with a pale face and tearful eyes.

"Oscar, I'm at fault for setting you up, but my feelings for you are genuine. I've never thought of hurting you. Now that you've regained your memories, at most, we'll become strangers again," Isabella muttered weakly.

She thought that, as long as a woman showed her weakness and fragility, she would be able to trigger a man's protective instincts.

Unfortunately, she did not know Oscar well enough.

If Oscar were to show mercy to other women, he would no longer be Oscar Clinton.

When Isabella saw Oscar walking toward her, a ray of hope flashed past her eyes. She thought that Oscar was starting to feel reluctant about hurting her. But right as he walked over to her, he lifted his foot and stomped on Isabella's unharmed leg. A pang of pain traveled up her leg at that.

Oscar then took a step back, looking downward at her stark naked body with a cold gaze.

Isabella lifted her head to look at Oscar. In the next second, she passed out from the unbearable pain.

“She’s as sturdy as a roach, Boss. I can’t believe she managed to stay conscious until now. A woman like her is quite terrifying. Not only does she have a wicked heart, but she would also take any opportunity to avenge herself. I think we should strike her down to the point she can never counterattack,” Hugo said.

Oscar’s eyes darkened as he nodded.

He used to think that Isabella was incapable of stirring any massive trouble, and that was why he had let her do as she pleased. His carelessness was what made her plan work, so he was not going to let her have a chance to start over after this. He wanted to let her have a taste of what it felt to be in a living hell.

“Hugo, send her to the hospital. Remember to make sure that the doctor keeps her alive,” Oscar said.

Hugo nodded.

Oscar left the suite and went back to the office. When he arrived, he told his men to withdraw the investment in Walker Group and began an attack on them.

When Noah found out from the secretary that Clinton Corporations had retracted all of the investment in the company, he paled. He called Oscar at once, but his multiple calls went unanswered.

It was then Noah realized that things were bad.

Unsurprisingly, just as Noah thought about calling Isabella, he received a call from the hospital.

Upon hearing the nurse informing him that Isabella had been hospitalized, he turned paler and hurried out of the office to the hospital with his jacket in his hand.

The moment he arrived at the hospital and entered the ward, he saw Hugo standing at the side of the hospital bed.

More colors drained from Noah’s face, and he hesitated for a moment before walking over.

"Hugo, how's my sister? Why is she suddenly in the hospital? Where's Oscar? Does he know that she's hurt? I tried calling him, but he didn't pick up," Noah said.

Hugo turned around and gave Noah a half-suppressed smile.

"I'm sorry to say this, Mr. Walker, but Boss was the one who ordered these injuries to be inflicted on Ms. Walker. She has foolishly set him up. The Walkers have been receiving benefits from the Clinton family for a whole year. These injuries on Ms. Walker are but interest collected by Boss," Hugo uttered.

Noah's expression turned grim, and the smile on his face stiffened.

"Hugo, what are you trying to say?" he asked, sensing that something bad was about to happen.

"It is what you think it is, Mr. Walker. Since the Walkers had the guts to set Boss up, you must have the courage to endure his revenge. Take your time talking about your feelings with your sister. I hope you won't be pointing fingers at each other only when you're out wandering in the streets," Hugo said in disdain.

Noah's hands slowly clenched into fists.

Hugo then averted his gaze and left the room. Still, he sent one of his men to tail Noah.

Noah stared at the still-unconscious Isabella as his heart raced.

He had thought of currying favor with Isabella because she was Oscar's fiancée. But now, all he wanted to do to her was strangle her to death.

Nevertheless, before he could think of how he should execute that plan, the company's secretary called him to ask him to return to the company, for the company's shares were plummeting.

Noah no longer had the time to think about Isabella as he hurried away from the ward. However, he still had a shred of brotherly love for Isabella. He called their mother, telling her about Isabella's hospitalization and asking her to visit Isabella.

After ending the call, Noah rushed to the company as quickly as he could before diving right into work.

With Oscar's support, Walker Group had developed quickly that year, and their funds had been hefty too. Still, they were not as powerful as Clinton Corporations. That was why

when Oscar's company deliberately oppressed Walker Group, Walker Group's shares fell like a skydiver without a parachute. In half a day, it almost hit rock bottom.

Noah's brows furrowed even tighter as he looked at the charts on his computer.

He promptly held a meeting among the executives to come up with a way to solve the crisis. However, even after hours of discussion, none could come up with anything.

In his anxiety, Noah lost his temper. Alas, there was still nothing he could do, so he dismissed them all.

Once everyone was gone, Stephanie called.

Noah's eyes lit up when he saw Stephanie's name on his phone screen. His foul mood immediately improved as well.

When he picked up the call, he was greeted by Stephanie's irritated voice.

"Noah Walker, get your ass back home right now! I need to talk to you!" With that, she hung up.

Noah was bewildered, but Stephanie was his only savior now. He dared not take his time to meet Stephanie, for that might enrage her, and if that were to happen, he would lose everything.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 888

Chapter 888 Reality Is Harsh

When Noah reached home, Stephanie hurriedly ran over and nervously grabbed his hand. "Noah, be honest with me. Did my brother regain his memories?" Stephanie asked in a worried tone.

Noah lowered his head and looked at her. A thought kept swirling in his head. Did she hear something from the Clintons?

Seeing that the man was silent, Stephanie became even angrier, and her voice went louder as well. "Noah Walker, don't play dumb with me. Spill it! If Oscar really regains his memory, we're all doomed!" Noah frowned in response but patiently addressed her worries.

“Steph, calm down. I’m not sure of the details, but I know Isabella was sent to the hospital by Oscar’s bodyguard. He said Oscar ordered someone to beat her up like that. The Clintons have also withdrawn their investment in our family, and our stock prices have fallen quite rapidly in just a few hours. I’m afraid Oscar has really regained his memories.”

Stephanie became even more distressed. “What do we do now? What do we do? If Oscar knew Isabella and I had plotted against him, he’d never let me off. Darn it! I shouldn’t have trusted Isabella! She’s too full of herself. I shouldn’t have believed her crap when she said Oscar would still love her if he regained his memory. I think Nolan and I are going to die, and this is all the Walkers’ fault!” Stephanie rambled on.

Noah could feel a tic coming on his brows as he heard her words.

“Calm down, Steph. It’s no use if you keep repeating the same thing. Now what we need to do first is to return to the Clinton residence. Mom and Dad dote on you very much. They won’t wipe out the Walker family for your sake,” Noah said somewhat calmly as he grabbed both of her shoulders.

However, Stephanie still had that frightened expression on her face.

She took one look at Noah before shoving him aside.

“Noah, you think I haven’t thought of that? If Oscar really gets angry, even Mom and Dad can’t save me. Ever since my mom saw through the trap I had set for my brother, her affection for me has decreased,” Stephanie said in exasperation, ruffling her hair.

If it weren’t for Nolan’s sake, her parents would probably never let her step foot in the Clinton residence again.

Noah lifted his hand, patted Stephanie’s face, and chuckled. “Steph, just calm down. Isabella actually deceived you into harming Oscar, right? You just have to explain to Mom and Dad, and they won’t blame you for it. What you need to do right now is go back and ask for their forgiveness. You tell them that Isabella orchestrated all of this and we, the Walker family, had nothing to do with this. Keep stressing that we’re always on their side. Mom and Dad are wise, so I’m sure they’ll understand.”

Complicated emotions flickered across Stephanie’s eyes as she looked at Noah.

Noah and Stephanie had been husband and wife for many years, so the former could understand what that look meant.

“Steph, don’t blame me for making Isabella the scapegoat. This can’t be helped. Now that Oscar is mad, we need someone to take the fall. Besides, Isabella is not truly a scapegoat since everything is her doing. If you ask me, she should bear the consequences now that things have gone awry. We only need to quell Mom’s, Dad’s, and Oscar’s anger. Isabella is such a troublemaker, and it’s a good thing she’s not here right now.”

Stephanie understood this was the best way to get out of trouble, but she couldn’t help but shudder. She had thought that her husband was a weak person. But now, it seemed that he was good at keeping secrets and someone who could sell out his sister to save his own skin. If something happened to the Walker family, Noah might sell her and Nolan out in a similar fashion.

At that thought, she broke out in a cold sweat.

That possible future was frightening.

“Steph, don’t be scared of me. You’re my wife. How could I possibly harm you? You know I love you very much. I love you so much that I can’t bear to see you hurt.” Noah hid the viciousness in his eyes and looked at Stephanie tenderly. “I’m doing this because I want to protect you and Nolan. By sacrificing Isabella, both of your safety will be guaranteed. Otherwise, Oscar will not let you go. Even if we’re divorced, you will not have an easy life with the Clintons. Am I right?”

Stephanie stared at him skeptically.

Noah held Stephanie in his embrace and went on, “Stephanie, you know I was with Emma in the past, but I had broken off all ties with her before I married you. For so many years we’ve been together, I can honestly tell you that I’ve been wholly devoted to you, and I’m sure you can feel my love for you. Now is the critical time for us to stay together, as husband and wife, to survive this.”

Stephanie eventually nodded after staying silent for a long time.

Before she returned to the Clinton residence, she decided to visit Isabella at the hospital. If she had a choice, she did not want to sacrifice Isabella. After all, she and Isabella were the same kinds of people who had many things to talk about.

At the hospital, Isabella was already awake.

When Stephanie walked over and bent down to look at her, the sight of Isabella’s unfocused eyes pained her.

"Isabella, are you feeling any better?" Stephanie asked gently.

Isabella's eyes darted around. She looked at Stephanie, a miserable smile on her face.

"Stephanie, I brought this on myself, didn't I? This is karma, but your brother is just cruel. No matter what, I was with him for a year, but he didn't care about our past relationship at all. The doctor said I have comminuted fractures in my arms and legs, which will take a long time to recover. Your brother has even spread the word to leave me half-dead, and I shouldn't dream of getting down from bed ever again."

As she poured her grievances to Stephanie, she broke down crying.

She was so young, but because of Oscar's retaliation, she was bedridden now. She did not want to resign to her fate. She wanted revenge, but she knew with her condition like this, it would be hard for her to exact her revenge with her own hands.

"Isabella, don't worry. I'll plead for you. In any case, you've been with my brother for a year. Even if you haven't done anything worthwhile, your hard work must mean something, right? He won't be so cruel to you," Stephanie consoled Isabella with words even she did not believe in.

Isabella glanced at Stephanie, and the hope died in her heart.

Stephanie looked around the room and felt strange that there was no one around.

"Isabella, where are Mom and Dad?"

"They said I was a jinx and would bring bad luck to the Walker family, so they only paid my hospital bills and left. They didn't want to concern themselves with me because they were scared to incur Oscar's wrath. That's why I'm alone here. If you appreciate the times I've taken care of you and your brother, promise you'll always visit me. Otherwise, I can only leave myself to rot in this hospital," Isabella said in despair.

In only a few hours, Isabella had truly experienced the fickleness of the world. Even her own family members treated her like dirt. She did not have high hopes that people who were not related to her would treat her right.

She had always known that her parents would do whatever her brother said. She was someone inconsequential to her family. Her younger sister was their family's favorite, but she was only a tool to retain profits for the family. Now that she was disabled, her value as a chess piece was gone, and they cast her away like one would with an old hat. Even

though she might not seem to care about her family's indifference, it was not true. In fact, she minded it very much.

"Isabella, it'll be okay. I won't leave you alone. I'm your sister-in-law after all." For once, Stephanie said something true from her heart.

Although Stephanie was wilful, often spoke without thinking, and had once resented Isabella for causing her trouble, deep in her heart, she thought of Isabella as family. Looking at Isabella's lone figure on the bed, Stephanie couldn't help but feel sorry for her.

Isabella looked at Stephanie with a complicated gaze and let out a wry chuckle. She had thought that if she landed in trouble, the latter would be the first one to cut off all ties with her. Never had she thought that Stephanie would be the one to stand up and defend her.

"Steph, I thought you would be the first one to condemn me for dragging you into this mess, but you consoled me instead," Isabella said truthfully.

Right now, she was being suppressed by Oscar, and this was just the beginning. She could fathom that his retaliation would only get worse as time went by. At that moment, she could only hope that the information she had stolen from Clinton Corporations could deal a blow to Oscar and give her a little breathing space.

With enough time, she believed she would rise again.

However, dreams are rosy, while the reality is harsh. She wanted to fight back, but Oscar would never give her the chance.

She would have never thought in her whole life as an heiress that she would end up with nothing.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 889

Chapter 889 A Broken Rib

Stephanie stayed in the ward for an hour before leaving. Upon exiting the ward, she tossed a glance at Noah, who did not enter the ward at all.

"Noah, you should go in and accompany Isabella. She's in quite a pitiful state. She's crippled—both her arms and legs. Oscar has been merciless this time. As her family, we can't just leave her on her own."

A tinge of shock glinted across Noah's eyes as he stared at Stephanie in mild disbelief. "Go on inside. I'll head back to the Clinton residence first. If anything happens, I'll let you know when I come back." Taking no interest in the shift in his expression, Stephanie bolted away.

It was only until he could no longer see her silhouette did Noah stop staring at her. Entering the ward, Noah looked down at Isabella's disheveled appearance. Not a trace of sympathy could be detected on his face. At the sight of him, Isabella raised the corner of her lips into a smirk.

"You must be here to mock me, Noah. But you and I are not that different. If I'm going to have a hard time, you're going to have a hard time either. I have quite a lot of information against Clinton Corporations in my hands right now. If you show me a bit of sympathy, maybe I can share some of them with you to counter Clinton Corporations. That way, our company will have time to rise back to its feet."

A glint flashed across Noah's eyes.

"Noah, I believe that you're stuck between a rock and a hard place right now. What do you say? As long as you promise me one thing, I will give you all the information I have. I'm sure you wouldn't want to be in a fight against Oscar either," she added.

Isabella knew Noah like the back of her hand. She knew that he had sacrificed a lot for Walker Group and that he would never pass on such a golden opportunity.

"What do you want?" As expected, Noah took the bait.

Looking at him icily, Isabella said, "I need you to send me overseas so that I can receive treatment from the best medical experts."

Noah stared at her, deep in his thoughts.

"Are you saying you can't fulfill this simple request, Noah? If that's the case, I can guarantee you that you will never win against Oscar in your entire life," Isabella added mockingly on purpose.

Upon hearing that, Noah could not help but sneer.

"Don't push my buttons, Bella. I'm gonna be honest with you. With my abilities now, it's impossible for me to send you overseas. But if you give me the information that you have, maybe I can keep Oscar busy for a while. With him out of the way, you can use that time to rest up and recuperate. Otherwise, you can only rot along with the information

you choose to keep a secret," Noah said shamelessly with his arms crossed in front of his chest.

Isabella's expression shifted.

"You sure are heartless, Noah. Even at this time, you're still willing to throw your own sister under the bus."

After a pause, she continued, "But since you're unable to fulfill my request, then we shall see each other in hell. With you down there with me, at least I won't suffer any loss." After all, not like things can get any worse. Fear loses its power when one's luck is constantly terrible. Death will only be a relief.

However, being in a lawful society, Oscar would not take her life. The worst thing that could happen to her was that she would have to struggle in every living moment of her life.

Sometimes, dying is better than living a low-quality life.

Noah's expression changed slightly. "Let me think about it."

The corners of Isabella's lips turned upward as she felt her spirits lifted.

"I'm glad that you're willing to consider it, Noah. After all, we're siblings. We share the same flesh and blood. If misfortunes befall me, your luck may not be any better. If we join forces, we may be able to turn the ship around," Isabelle said.

Noah lowered his head to think. After a moment, an idea popped into his head.

"I can help you. But if you want me to help you, you'll have to reveal some of the information you have regarding Clinton Corporations. Otherwise, I wouldn't know if you were being genuine," argued Noah.

Isabella lowered her gaze as she fell silent.

"Bella, we're on the same boat here. If I'm ruined, the Walker family will not have enough money to get you a decent ward and the best treatment. Only if you're willing to help me I can fight back. As much as I despise you, as your brother, I won't leave you to rot. You better think long and hard about my offer," Noah said nonchalantly.

After a brief pause, he continued, "Bella, don't even think about asking others for help. Perhaps others might be nice to you for their own benefit, but the moment you're of no

use to them, they might not remain loyal any longer. By then, you can only be left to beg on the streets. But I'm different. Even with all the resentments I feel toward you, Mom and Dad will still care for their daughter. As long as the Walkers still hold some power over this city, you'll still have food on your table."

Isabella's eyelashes quivered. She looked as though she was convinced.

"All right, I'll give it to you."

Signaling for Noah to lean closer, Isabella whispered something in his ear.

"I'll head back now."

Noah turned and strode toward the door. Just as he was about to exit, Isabella called out to him, "Noah, don't forget that I'm still your baby sister. You used to hold me in your arms when we were younger, remember?"

Noah halted in his tracks. A hint of hesitation flickered across his eyes.

"If the Walker family is not burned to the ground by Oscar, I won't leave you in the dust." With that, Noah left.

Isabella looked up at the ceiling, a twinkle in her eyes.

She had always been so focused on obtaining the things that she wanted. Yet as she lay alone in the ward, she realized too late that the thing that she wanted was no longer important. If she could turn back time, she would never have provoked Oscar. That man was not someone she could afford to mess around with.

Unfortunately, there was no cure for regret.

The rim of Isabella's eyes began to redden. Her arms and legs had become useless. Even the doctors had told her that the chances of her ever walking again were one in ten thousand. She had become completely crippled. Moreover, she had no idea how Oscar would take his revenge on her again in the future, or if he even would. Fear of the uncertain crept into her chest.

She was terrified that she would be completely abandoned by everyone.

Lying in the silent room, Isabella could not help but feel a little melancholic.

Meanwhile, Noah did not have the time to think about so many things. The moment he stepped out of the ward, his mind was flooded with the thought of getting his hands on the documents. Because of that, he drove all the way to Oceania Garden in midtown without paying much attention to his surroundings. Holding the keys that were given to him by Isabella, Noah showed them to the security guard and said Isabella's name. After inspecting the keys, the guard allowed Noah entry.

Pulling his car to a stop, he jogged up the stairs until he reached the third floor.

After a long search in the room, he finally found the documents that Isabella had told him about. Before he could smile, however, the documents in his hands were snatched away by someone.

He whipped his head around, and his expression changed drastically.

"Hugo."

Hugo glanced at Noah, then made his move without warning.

Startled, Noah quickly moved back, dodging Hugo's potentially harmful kick by a hair.

"Hugo, listen to me. Everything that happened to Oscar was Isabella's fault. It has nothing to do with me. You crippled all her limbs, but my family has been kind enough not to press any charges. On account of our generosity, shouldn't you spare me this time?" Noah tried to reason with Hugo as he hid from Hugo's blows.

A look of disdain flashed across Hugo's eyes. He could not believe that someone would be so spineless to blame everything on their own sister.

Men who depended on women but blamed women were the people he hated the most.

"Mr. Walker, your good days have come to an end. It's time for you to have a taste of bitterness in life. I believe you'll love to spend time with your sister in the hospital," responded Hugo coolly.

Noah's face contorted. He was well aware that he was not a match for Hugo. If Hugo did not hold himself back, Noah knew he would either die or be severely injured.

As he continued hiding from Hugo's blows, Noah tried to think of an escape route. However, as he stared at the sealed door, he knew that escaping would be impossible.

When Noah was lost in thought about escaping, Hugo seized that moment to pin him on the ground with his foot and stepped on his chest.

Feeling the crushing pressure on his chest, Noah paled as he spat out a mouthful of blood. He only had time to glance at Hugo before losing consciousness.

Hugo lifted his leg slightly before stomping on Noah's chest. A muffled groan escaped Noah's lips as he jolted awake from the pain. He tried to move, but as he did so, a sharp pain shot from his chest.

He had no doubt that he had a broken rib.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 890

Chapter 890 The Worst Punishment

Matthew and Carol got really mad when they heard that Noah had been hurt. After instructing their maids to take good care of Noah, the two of them headed straight to the Clinton residence.

Oscar has gone too far! Not only did he break Isabella's arms and legs, but he also broke one of Noah's ribs! We can't just sit around and do nothing about this! No one walks all over the Walkers!

Upon arriving at the Clinton residence, however, Matthew and Carol were stopped by the security guard outside the front gate. They tried calling Stephanie as they knew she was home, but she declined their call without even answering the phone.

They tried calling her again, only to realize she had switched off her phone. Carol was so furious when she heard the automated message that she nearly smashed the phone on the ground. It was at this moment that she realized the Clintons meant business.

In its current state, the Walker family is no match for the Clinton family at all. Noah has been keeping Walker Group up and running all by himself throughout the past few years. All Matthew did was give him a bit of guidance and advice every now and then, so he can't possibly take charge of the company. Now that Noah is injured, Walker Group is bound to fall apart. Oscar sure is a cunning one, going straight for our weak spot like that. No, I can't let him have his way! I still want to enjoy a life of luxury! What should I do? Hmm... Oh, I know! I'll go to the police! The Clinton family may be powerful and all, but the police will surely do something about them!

With that in mind, Carol called the police and told them everything that had happened.

To her surprise, the police officer on the phone replied, "I'm sorry, but we don't handle cases involving the Clinton family."

The police officer hung up the phone immediately after.

Carol paled. What? The Clintons managed to get the police to turn a blind eye to their affairs? This is unbelievable!

"What's wrong? You don't look so good," Matthew said.

"What do you think? Oscar has already spoken to the police ahead of time, so they won't entertain us even if we make a police report! Hmph! I'll figure out a way to sue him!" Carol retorted.

Matthew grabbed her by the arm and shook his head.

"Right now, we need to focus on getting Oscar to forgive us. Even if we succeed at making a police report, it'll just worsen the conflict between both our families. In the end, it will still be us that receive the short end of the stick. Stephanie is our only hope of turning the tide around. As heartless as Olivia might be, she wouldn't hurt Stephanie and Nolan."

Carol got even angrier when she heard that.

"Are you seriously still hoping for Stephanie to help us out? She wouldn't even answer my calls anymore! I bet Olivia forced her to divorce Noah and cut ties with our family!" Having spent a lot of time around Stephanie, Carol was all too familiar with her personality. She knew Stephanie was the type who would only take the side of those who would benefit her. Given the state of the Walker family, it made more sense to assume Stephanie would leave them at the first chance she got.

Matthew, too, was familiar with Stephanie's behavior. He could only hope the Clinton family would take into consideration that Stephanie was married to Noah and have mercy on the Walker family. With both Isabella and Noah hospitalized and the police turning a blind eye to this case, he knew the Clinton family was a lot more powerful than he had imagined.

The Walker family wouldn't stand a chance against the Clinton family unless Stephanie got herself involved.

Meanwhile, at the Clinton residence, Stephanie was like a cat on a hot tin roof.

“Give Nolan back to me, Mom! Also, it’s not appropriate for me to keep ignoring my mother-in-law’s phone calls!” she exclaimed with a conflicted look on her face.

Olivia had one of the maids bring Nolan upstairs before turning to face Stephanie.

“I’ve spoiled you way too much in the past, Stephanie. You stepped out of line on many occasions, but I chose to turn a blind eye each time. I can’t believe you’d go as far as betraying your brother. Now that Oscar has finally recovered, I need to put a stop to your shenanigans.”

Stephanie had a bad feeling in her gut when she heard that. Her instincts were telling her that Olivia was preparing to get rid of her.

Stephanie took a deep breath to suppress her fear as she said, “Isabella manipulated me! I thought she was just using me to get closer to Oscar. I didn’t think she would drug him like that! Both Noah and I are innocent, Mom! Could you please have Oscar spare the Walker family? I’m still married to Noah. What would Nolan and I do if something were to happen to him?”

Given the circumstances, my best bet is to use Nolan to gain Mom’s sympathy. There’s a chance she might spare the Walker family for Nolan’s sake.

“I’ll send you over to Ustrana tomorrow. As for Nolan, I will keep him by my side and raise him well. I’ll also have a lawyer take care of your divorce from Noah,” Olivia replied.

Stephanie’s eyes went wide as she realized her instincts were right.

“What’s the meaning of this, Mom? Noah and I are happily married to each other, and he is genuinely nice to us. I won’t divorce him! You may be my mother, but that doesn’t give you the right to control my marriage!”

“Oscar is going to destroy the entire Walker family for what they’ve done, and I do not intend to defend them. If we lift our heels off their necks now, they might seek revenge on us in the future. Because you’re my daughter, I’m trying to help you and Nolan cut ties with them. Otherwise, I would’ve just let Oscar destroy you along with the Walker family.”

The look on Stephanie’s face changed instantly.

“I told you, Isabella was the mastermind behind all this! Noah had nothing to do with it! Besides, Oscar had already beaten Isabella up, so whatever grudge he had against the

Walker family should be gone by now. There's no need to destroy them completely! How will I carry myself in the Walker family after this?" she yelled furiously.

Mom and Oscar have gotten so carried away with abusing their power that they don't even care about my situation! I will no longer be able to carry myself in the Walker family once Oscar goes after them. I've always called Noah a useless coward, but I really do love him. Otherwise, I would've left him ages ago! There's no way I'd go through a ten-month pregnancy for a man I didn't love! I love Noah, and I'm not going to leave him like this!

"Stephanie, I will only give you two options to choose from: Option one, you will cut ties with our family and join the Walkers. That means we will no longer concern ourselves with your well-being in the future. Option two, you go to Ustrana like you're told, and I'll arrange for someone to look after you over there. You will be allowed to come home once every year, but you will only be given a reasonable monthly allowance while you're there. If you want more money, you'll have to find yourself a job and work for it. You will have food and a roof above your head, but don't expect anything fancy," Olivia said coldly.

After everything we've gone through to save Oscar from Isabella's clutches, I'm not about to let the Walker family off the hook! Such incidents will probably happen again if we spare the Walker family. To be kind to the enemy is to be cruel to yourself! We mustn't show them any mercy!

"You can't do this to me, Mom!"

"What else do you expect us to do, then? Spare the Walkers so that they can conspire against Oscar again? We've been holding back for fear of Isabella harming Oscar, but that is no longer the case. Now that he's free from her clutches, your father and I no longer need to fear them."

"What about me, Mom? I'm still a part of the Walker family! Don't you care about me at all?"

"I wouldn't have given you the option to save yourself if I didn't. I'll give you some time to decide, so think long and hard about the two options I mentioned earlier. Either go to Ustrana tomorrow and leave Nolan with us, or cut ties with us and return to the Walker family with Nolan. The choice is yours."

Stephanie pursed her lips in silence and fell into deep thought.

Olivia simply stood there and waited patiently for her to decide.

After what seemed like forever, Stephanie said, "All right, I'll leave the country. The lawyer can take care of my divorce."

The Walkers don't stand a chance if our family decides to go after them. Instead of staying with them and getting blamed for everything that happens, I'd rather go with Mom's arrangement and continue living a comfortable life overseas. As for Nolan, I'm sure Mom will take good care of him, so I have nothing to worry about.

Stephanie's decision coincided with Carol's statement that she would only side with those who could benefit her. Despite being married to Noah, Stephanie would leave him the moment things started going south.

Feeling satisfied, Olivia said, "Very well, then. Go pack your bags, and I'll have someone send you to Ustrana tomorrow. You'll be allowed to come home once every year. For the rest of the year, however, you are to remain overseas. You can marry a foreigner if you want. I won't object to it."

Stephanie's expression turned gloomy when she heard that.

I knew it! Mom is planning to abandon me for good! Why else would she forbid me from coming back? She claims to love me with all of her heart, and yet, she chooses to abandon me in the end.

She really hated Olivia for her heartlessness, but there wasn't much she could do about the situation.

The next day, Olivia had someone send Stephanie overseas as promised.

"Boss, Ms. Stephanie has her son in Mrs. Clinton's care and went overseas," Hugo reported as he stood in front of the desk.

Oscar wasn't the least bit surprised as he continued going through the documents in his hands.

"Do you need me to do anything about Ms. Stephanie, Boss?"

"Cancel all of her credit cards and cut her allowance in half. Also, have someone tail her to make sure she doesn't sneak her way back," Oscar replied nonchalantly.

"You seem to be awfully lenient toward Ms. Stephanie, Boss," Hugo commented hesitantly.

I thought Boss would be a lot harsher with Ms. Stephanie's punishment, but he's just sending her overseas.

"You see, that's where you're wrong. A person who has gotten used to a life of luxury will find frugality intolerable. Once she runs out of money, there's no telling what she'd do for more money. Just make sure she doesn't contact anyone here or come back here. She can live the rest of her life overseas," Oscar said while signing a document.

"You're a genius, Boss!" Hugo exclaimed when realization dawned on him.

Oscar simply flashed him a faint smile in response.

Stephanie teamed up with the Walkers, and I nearly lost my wife and son because of them. There's no way I'd let her have a good time overseas. I'll make her experience the despair of being all alone overseas without any support from our family! She will suffer all the pain she has put Amelia through!

Oscar no longer viewed Stephanie as his sister ever since he regained his memories. Had Olivia not asked him to have mercy on Stephanie, he would've subjected the latter to torture beyond imagination.

Besides, the best way to punish an arrogant woman like Stephanie was to take away everything she owned.

Stephanie was in for quite the shock when she moved into a two-bedroom apartment in Ustrana. Not only was the living space countless times smaller than the Clinton residence, but there were also no maids around to serve her. She thought about calling home to complain about it, only to realize her phone was missing. She then searched the apartment for a landline, but it didn't have one. As the person who brought her there was long gone, she had no choice but to go around asking people for help.

However, there wasn't a single person around to help her out.

Frustrated, she kicked a chair over, only to end up spraining her ankle.

As she jumped up and down in pain, she realized how alone and helpless she was. She was trapped in a foreign country with no mobile phone or landline, and she couldn't find a single person who could help her out either.

When her leg was feeling a little better, Stephanie took a cab to the city to buy a new phone using her credit card. To her surprise, all of her credit cards had been canceled.

She got really mad when she realized it was probably Oscar trying to teach her a lesson, but she knew there was nothing she could do about it.

With no other options left, Stephanie whipped out her debit card and bought a phone using her savings instead.

After inserting a SIM card, she was about to call home when someone snatched her phone out of her hand. Stephanie's face contorted with rage when she looked up at the person standing in front of her.

"What? Jolin?"

"Yes, Ms. Stephanie, it's me. Boss ordered me to watch over you, so you'd better behave yourself. Stop trying to depend on Mrs. Clinton."

Stephanie clenched her fists and glared at Jolin.

"I'm still a member of the Clinton family, Jolin! I may be forced to stay here for now, but I will someday return to the Clinton residence! Once I tell my parents how you've been bullying me, you'll be done for!"

Jolin crossed her arms and let out a snicker when she heard that.

"Ms. Stephanie, do you really think you'll be able to go back now that you're here?"

The look on Stephanie's face changed instantly.

"What do you mean by that, Jolin? A-Are you going to kill me?"

"What? Kill you? No, of course not! I'm a law-abiding citizen, mind you! It's you who doesn't want to go back, Ms. Stephanie! How could you blame me for that?"

Stephanie gritted her teeth in anger as she reached out to get her phone back.

"What, you want this? Okay, here you go," Jolin said as she held the phone up in front of her. However, she quickly let it slip between her fingers when it was almost within Stephanie's grasp.

Stephanie's eyes went wide as she watched it fall to the ground and break into a few pieces.

“Oops! Sorry, Ms. Stephanie! It just slipped from my hand for some reason. How about you go buy another phone?”

“You...”

“Oh, by the way, your credit cards have been canceled. Your savings are all you’ve got for the rest of this year, so you’ll have to get a job to earn a living once you spend it all. I don’t have any extra cash to spare, so you’re on your own this time. Boss only told me to keep an eye on you, not to look after you,” Jolin added nonchalantly.

I’ve been waiting a long time for this day! Boss nearly lost his wife and son because Stephanie teamed up with Isabella! Honestly, I think she deserves to be punished more severely. I mean, she still has all her limbs intact and hundreds of thousands in her bank account. As long as she cuts down on her expenses and works hard enough, she can definitely survive just fine over here.

However, that wasn’t how Stephanie perceived her situation.

I’ve only got a few hundred thousand left in my bank account. That’s pretty much equal to my monthly allowance! That’s not even enough for me to buy a couple of limited edition handbags, and I’m supposed to make this last a year? Is Oscar trying to kill me? I’ll go crazy if I don’t have tons of money that I can spend freely! Heck, I might even end up doing questionable work just to maintain my usual lifestyle!

“You’re going to have to be a little more frugal, Ms. Stephanie. Of course, if you find yourself desperately in need of money, I can recommend a place. I heard there’s a club here in Ustrana that lets wealthy men have fun with its women. Given your great looks, you might just get lucky with them!”

As Jolin felt that insult was too mild, she added after a brief pause, “I could hook you up with some of those men if you’d like. I guarantee the money will come rolling in, but I’m not sure if your ego will allow you to do such a thing.”

Sure enough, Stephanie went purple with rage.

I am a proud member of the Clinton family! I would rather die than let a lowly bodyguard like Jolin insult me!