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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 203 - 204

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 203

The kidnappers looked absolutely miserable. They had just wanted the reward. They had not even paused to consider who was the person who had issued the order.

Never once had they failed to complete a job throughout their entire criminal career. Not only had they gotten caught this time, but they had been caught by such a dangerous man. It was impossible for them to get out of this mess.

"Mr. Clinton, the man offered us two hundred thousand to kidnap your son, but we really have no idea who he is! He found us through a middleman, so..."

"Call him back now. Tell him that you have the baby in your hands and ask him to pick up the boy himself. You know what to do," Oscar said casually without waiting for the kidnapper to complete his sentence. He was lounging on the sofa. The two kidnappers kneeling on the ground in front of him were as insignificant as dust to him.

"Y-Yes, we understand." The two kidnappers nodded earnestly and cowered as close to the ground as possible, wishing the ground would just swallow them up.

One of the kidnappers pulled out his mobile phone and called the middleman first, but the call went unanswered.

Cold sweat broke out on their foreheads.

"M-Mr. Clinton, no one is answering the phone," the kidnapper stuttered. His hands were shaking so badly that he almost dropped the phone he was holding.

Oscar gave a look to his bodyguards and they stepped forward again, readying their fists. The two kidnappers immediately covered their heads with their hands and said in a panicked voice, "Please don't hit us! We'll try calling someone else. We'll definitely get through to someone!"

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They pulled out their mobile phones and desperately dialed all the numbers saved in their phones. Several long minutes passed and finally, a call connected.

As soon as they heard a voice on the other end of the line, they cried, "William, you bastard, where were you guys? Why is no one answering the phone? Where is Leo? We need to talk to him right now!"

Oscar could not hear what the man on the phone said to the kidnappers, but they replied in an angry tone, "Throw a bucket of cold water over him if he's drunk! I don't care what you do! Just wake him up and tell him that we have the boy in our hands, but we need to renegotiate our fees with the man who issued the order. It was not easy to get the boy! He's the only heir of the Clintons. The only son of Oscar Clinton! Do you know who that is? How can he only pay us two hundred thousand to kidnap Oscar Clinton's only son! Is he trying to lowball us? Hurry up and wake Leo!"

The kidnapper who had been speaking on the phone covered the receiver and quickly reassured Oscar, "Don't worry, Mr. Clinton. They are handling it over there. I'll have the man's phone number soon."

Oscar gave him a hard look and said, "You'd better not trick me. Nobody tricks me and gets away with it."

"I wouldn't dare to do that, Mr. Clinton! Nobody would dare to trick you!"

The voice over the phone sounded again.

"Here it is, Mr. Clinton!" the kidnapper whispered, gesturing at his phone.

"Put him on loudspeaker," Oscar commanded.

The kidnapper turned on the loudspeaker on his phone. "Logan, what's the situation now? I heard from William that the baby you were hired to kidnap was Oscar Clinton's son."

"Leo, that man tried to lowball us! This boy is the only heir of the Clintons! He is worth more than gold! The man only offered us two hundred thousand. I won't hand the boy over to him for that price. Give me his phone number and I'll renegotiate the price with him. Otherwise, I'm sure the Clintons will offer a high ransom to rescue the boy. After all, money is no problem to the Clintons."

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“Have you gone mad? Yes, the Clintons have money but they are not stupid! Will you even be able to speak to Oscar Clinton? If you threaten him for ransom, it’ll be akin to seeking your own death! You’d better forget that stupid idea! I’ll give you that man’s phone number. When we receive the money, we’ll split it between us. Then, you two should lay low for a while. Oscar Clinton is not a man you want to cross,” the voice on the other end of the line sounded quite envious of the kidnappers’ luck. He read out the man’s number to them and warned them again to not bring the child to Oscar as he was not yet ready to die.

After that, the kidnappers ended the call.

“Mr. Clinton, the man’s phone number is...” the kidnapper read out the number, mumbling incoherently in his nervousness.

Oscar glanced at one of his bodyguards and ordered, “Hugo, call that number.”

“Yes, Boss.”

Hugo pulled out his mobile phone and dialed the number. The call connected quickly.

Hugo spoke into the phone. His message was clear and his tone was firm, leaving no room for any refusal. After about a minute, he got off the phone and reported to Oscar, “The man has agreed to meet tomorrow at ten o’clock in the morning at the west end of Spring Garden.”

Oscar nodded at him and said, “Bring some back-up tomorrow. Don’t let that man get away. I want to know who dares to order the kidnapping of my son.”

“Yes, Boss.”

Oscar pointed at the kidnappers. “Take these two with you. Do whatever you want with them, but keep them alive.”

Hugo and the other bodyguard grabbed the kidnappers and clamped their hands over their mouths to stop them from making any noise.

Oscar stood up and left the office without a word, leaving the bodyguards to punish the two kidnappers however they wished.

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He walked to the ICU where his son was sleeping peacefully. The bodyguard who had been left behind to stand guard bowed and greeted him, "Boss."

"Go stand guard outside." Oscar waved at him.

"Yes, sir."

The bodyguard walked out of the ICU. Oscar bent over his son's incubator and gazed at his peaceful sleeping form. The hard lines on Oscar's face softened.

He reached out a finger to stroke the baby's cheek. His heart melted at the touch of the tender skin.

Oscar stood there, bent over his son's incubator for nearly fifteen minutes. His muscles had almost gone numb when he finally straightened up and whispered to the baby, "Tony, Daddy is leaving now. I'll see you tomorrow, okay? You can sleep peacefully here; I'll make sure no harm comes to you."

"Watch over my son well," Oscar said to the bodyguard as he walked out of the ICU.

"Yes, Boss."

Then, Oscar returned to Amelia's ward.

Amelia's eyes flew open as soon as he approached her bedside. "Oscar?"

"Did I wake you up?"

Oscar flicked a switch and the room was illuminated. He looked into Amelia's bright eyes and knew that she had been wide awake all along.

"How long have you been awake?" Oscar asked, frowning in concern. He lowered himself into the soft armchair by her bed and reached out to hold her hand.

"I just woke up. I saw that you were missing and felt a little worried. Where did you go?" Amelia asked fretfully.

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“The bodyguard called and said that Tony was fussing in his sleep. I went over to take a look and calm him down. That’s all. Don’t worry now and get some sleep. I’ll be here.” Oscar placed his hand gently over Amelia’s eyes.

Amelia moved his hand away and blinked up at him. “Did something happen, Oscar? You look quite upset.”

Oscar playfully tapped her nose and changed the subject. “ So, as soon as I profess my love for you, you’re treating me like your little handmaiden?”

Amelia did not even crack a smile at his joke but went on staring at him solemnly.

“Oscar, you promised me that you wouldn’t lie to me again,” Amelia said in a gentle but firm voice.

Oscar’s head hurt. The woman he had married was not just beautiful but also, smart and stubborn.

“I’ve never once lied to you ever since we got married. You know, I despise lying.” Although, I won’t mind telling a little white lie... It’s for your own good, Oscar added in his mind.

Amelia exhaled in relief and said, “You’re sure everything is okay with our son?”

“Tony is perfectly fine. Don’t worry! Even James has said that he is as healthy as a bull,” Oscar said solemnly.

Amelia was a little amused by her husband’s words.

“Who in the world would compare their own son to a bull? The saying is—as healthy as a horse!” she laughed.

Oscar’s lips twitched. “Are you done worrying now? Go get some sleep.”

Amelia patted the empty space on the bed beside her and said, “Oscar, come here and cuddle me. I’ll sleep much better with you next to me.”

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Oscar indulged Amelia willingly and climbed in next to her. He carefully wrapped his arms around her waist, trying not to agitate her wounds. She leaned back into his embrace and their two bodies were pressed close together.

“Let’s get some sleep.”

Amelia nodded in reply and closed her eyes. Soon, her breathing had slowed down into a steady rhythm.

Oscar gently stroked her hair with his eyes closed. He, too, fell asleep soon after that.

When the two of them stirred awake the next morning, it was already half-past nine.

As soon as Amelia’s eyes peeled open, she saw Olivia gazing at her with a tender expression on her face. “Mom! When did you come? Why didn’t you wake me up?” she asked, feeling quite self-conscious that her mother-in-law had been watching her sleep.

Amelia tried to get up but there was a weight holding her back by her waist. She looked down and saw a muscled arm draped across her body. She felt startled for a moment before she remembered whose arm it was.

Then, her cheek began to burn. She felt embarrassed that her mother-in-law had witnessed an intimate moment between Oscar and her.

She nudged Oscar under the sheets, trying to wake him.

Oscar moaned sleepily. He slowly opened his eyes and without looking around, he instinctively kissed Amelia good morning right on her lips.

Amelia pressed her palms against his chest, trying to create some distance between their bodies.

“Oscar, your Mom is here...” she whispered to him.

Oscar propped himself up on his elbows and caught sight of his mother. However, he was unashamed to be seen like that.

He merely got off the bed and said casually, “Oh, hello, Mom. You’re here!”

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Olivia was overjoyed to see the two of them so loving.

“Go and wash up quickly. I brought breakfast for the two of you.”

Oscar nodded and turned to help Amelia off the bed. Olivia, too, stepped forward to help her.
“Be careful of her wounds!”

Amelia smiled, amused at their antics.

“Mom, Oscar, will you please stop fussing? I’ve already been in the hospital for almost half a month! I’m recovering much better than you think I am. You don’t have to treat me as if I’m a fragile little baby! I’m fine, really!”

“You should be taking extra care of your wounds for at least another few months! Don’t forget that you were very seriously injured. The doctor did advise you not to move around too much for the time being. It’s better to be safe than sorry,” Olivia replied, her face full of concern.

Oscar waited for Amelia to wash up. Then, he carried her back to her bed.

Olivia placed a bowl of soup in front of her and said, “I’ve cooled it down a bit for you. Shall I feed you?”

Amelia shook her head and replied, “No, thank you, Mom. I’m fine, really. I can feed myself. You should have some breakfast yourself too!”

While Oscar was washing up in the bathroom, the two women ate their breakfast together.

When Oscar finally emerged from the bathroom, the two of them had slurped down half their bowl of soup.

“Oscar, come have some breakfast.”

Oscar nodded, but before he had the chance to sit down, his mobile phone rang.

“Hello,” he answered the call.

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The two women could not hear what was said on the other end of the line, but Oscar's face suddenly hardened as he said into the phone, "I'll be right over."

After hanging up, he sat down casually and started on the bowl of soup that Olivia had handed to him.

Amelia glanced at him and said, "If you have something to attend to, go ahead. Mom brought some sandwiches. You can bring one with you and eat it while driving. Don't worry about me. I'll be fine with Mom accompanying me here."

Oscar finished the soup in three mouthfuls.

He put down his spoon and dabbed at his lips with a tissue. Then, as if Olivia was not in the room, he leaned over and unabashedly kissed Amelia on her cheeks. "Okay then. I'll go deal with this matter first. Mom, do stay here and keep Amelia company."

"Go on. Drive safe."

Oscar nodded. He grabbed his jacket and left the hospital ward.

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Oscar drove to Spring Garden. When he got off his car, the bodyguard was pointing a gun at a handsome man. He had previously seen the man's picture when he was investigating Cassie. Thus, he knew that the man was in a romantic relationship with Cassie. However, their relationship could be better described as purely carnal.

As Oscar strode into the pavilion, June's gaze flickered. Though, no one could see it, because he was wearing sunglasses.

"Boss, this is the guy," said Hugo.

June then took off his sunglasses and graciously put his hand out. "Hi Oscar, my name's June. Nice to finally meet you."

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However, Oscar merely glanced at his hand before walking to the other side to take a seat. He then crossed his legs and sat in a relaxed manner.

Subsequently, both of them sized each other up as neither gave in to each other.

After a while, June then smiled and broke the silence. "You're indeed exceptional, Mr. Clinton. No wonder Cassie couldn't get over you. She went to Erihal with me. I've given her so much—her status in Erihal. However, she insists on returning here. This willfulness of hers almost ruined her career. I just feel that it's not worth it. After all, I'm more suited for her. I know what she wants, but you won't think of her that way."

While he spoke, Oscar calmly listened to him.

Although it was their first confrontation, even June had to admire Oscar's composure.

This guy's even stronger than I thought.

He then walked to the other side and sat down, with the two bodyguards still holding their guns to his head. He shrugged and said, "Mr. Clinton, can you get these two to put their guns down? I'm not used to having guns pointed at me."

With a wave of Oscar's hand, the two bodyguards then swiftly put their pistols back on their waistbands.

"That's more like it," June commented.

Oscar then glanced at him and said, "Why did you send someone to capture my son?"

June shrugged and smiled. "I had nothing better to do. I love Cassie so much, but she only has eyes for you. Even though I've done so much for her, she still insists on returning here. She doesn't even give me a chance. I just wanted to see if you're that good. If your child's gone, can you trace it back to me? But it seems that you're a little better than I thought because I'm now in your hands. I was careless."

Oscar then smirked coldly.

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He said, "Your relationship with Cassie is unusual. I know your family has quite a lot of assets abroad, and you're considered rich. However, if I want to kill you, it's as simple as killing an ant. Don't you think so?"

June smiled confidently, for he clearly did not take Oscar's threats to heart.

"If you have said that to an ordinary person, I'll believe it. But if you wanted to kill me, you won't bother to come here. Also, it depends on whether you can even do anything to me."

Suddenly, Oscar stood up and strode over to June. They were about the same height and were both tall and slender. It seemed as though a violent confrontation was about to erupt between the two strong opponents.

"Was it Cassie who told you to take the child? Tell me, or I'll prove my words," said Oscar calmly as he narrowed his eyes.

Yet, as June stared at Oscar, he suddenly smiled presumptuously.

He then stepped back and held his hands out. "So what if that's true? And what if it's not? Don't tell me you want to do something to her? But could you bear to hurt her?"

Just then, Oscar merely glanced at him before abruptly taking action. His moves were quick, and his kick was as fast as lightning. Hence, before June could react, Oscar had already kicked him out.

He then swiftly ran over and placed his foot onto June's chest.

"I hate it the most when people try to drag things on. Either tell me what you know or just shut up."

Then, he put more pressure on his leg, which caused June to groan in pain.

Oscar continued, "It looks like you don't know your mistakes." He then removed his foot and called over the two bodyguards, "Break his arm."

It was only then that a hint of fear flickered across June's eyes. He nimbly got to his feet then got into a defensive posture.

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"A gentleman fights with his words, not actions. Let's talk it out. I don't think it's very nice to use force as soon as you meet someone," said June composedly.

"If you're my guest, I'll surely receive you well as a host. But, are you?" asked Oscar.

June was stunned by his words.

Oscar then ordered, "Act now!"

As both bodyguards stepped forward, June took a step back. Seeing that he could not escape, he then took the initiative to attack first.

The three men then began to fight. Although the two bodyguards had quite good skills, June was not bad either. He was able to cope with the attacks from those men with ease.

After fighting for some time, he then yelled angrily, "Come out!"

Just as he finished speaking, a few men in black jumped out from the bushes, each with a gun in hand.

June then breathed a sigh of relief. As he continued to deal with the two bodyguards, he retreated backward to the black-clothed men.

Thus, it soon became six facing off three.

Consequently, June became confident and calm again.

He said, "I was just joking with you last night, Mr. Clinton."

However, Oscar did not care about the extra five men that had appeared.

"Do you think that I won't do anything to you just because you have five bodyguards now?" he asked.

June waved his hands and said in a sincere tone, "No, no. Your fighting skills are great. I've also practiced martial arts since young, but can't fight against you. Anyway, it looks like I've annoyed you. Since the baby wasn't really harmed, why don't we each take a step back? We won't interfere with each other in the future. What do you think?"

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Oscar pretended to think about it before he replied, "Sure. As long as you willingly break one of your hands, I'll consider it."

June's gaze flickered.

"You must be forgiving, Mr. Clinton. Even though I can't beat you, it won't be easy for you to explain if a wealthy man dies either."

"Don't worry about that. If I want to take someone's life, I'll make sure it leaves no trouble. I won't let anyone have a hold over me," Oscar replied.

Hiding among the five bodyguards, June then said, "Attack."

However, before his bodyguards could open fire, over a dozen black-clothed men appeared behind them. They decisively shot at June and the others, catching them off guard. June only managed to avoid the attacks when he quickly dodged away.

He did not expect the bullets to keep coming at him. Thus, the protection of the five brawny men was of no help to him at all.

They certainly did not think that something like that would happen.

At that moment, June was regretful. He was too proud and had underestimated Oscar's strength. As a result, he caused himself to plunge into such an unresolvable, desperate situation.

"Stop, stop! I surrender," June said, for he was both tired of running and shouting.

Thus, when Oscar raised his hand, Hugo ordered, "Stop."

The several well-trained bodyguards in black then ran behind Oscar.

On the other hand, the five bodyguards on June's side were all injured to varying degrees. Nevertheless, their injuries were not fatal. After all, Oscar did not want to take their lives yet. That was why he could hear June barking like an out-of-control dog just then.

June patted his suit that was covered in dust, then gave Oscar a thumbs up. "You're great, indeed. A foreign man like me can't win over you."

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Oscar looked at him coldly, then replied, "In my eyes, you're better than a stray dog at best, so don't think you can compete with me. Today's just a small lesson for you. If you dare to touch my family again, I'll make sure you can't leave Chanaea. Remember my words. I'm not joking."

Right then, June felt uncomfortable inside. Such a loss made him feel that he was inferior to Oscar.

He was previously dissatisfied with Oscar because of Cassie's attitude. But right then, he understood why Cassie could not get over Oscar.

"Don't speak so soon, Mr. Clinton. It's too early to say whether or not I'm only better than a stray dog. You've already taught me a lesson, so can I leave now?" June said casually.

"Get your bodyguards to back down."

June then hesitated.

"Why? Do you have so little guts as a man?" Oscar said to irritate him.

"No way." June then raised his hand and said, "Leave us."

Similarly, Oscar got his bodyguards to retreat too.

There was some fear in June's eyes as he looked at Oscar. "Do you have something to say?"

"Go back and tell Cassie not to cause so much trouble. We should've ended our relationship five years ago. Also, don't touch Amelia and our son. Otherwise, I won't mind touching the Yards either. I don't think she wants her family's inheritance passed down from her ancestors to be destroyed because of her so-called love."

June raised his eyebrows and said with a smile, "Why don't you personally tell her that? If you treat her a little more cruelly, I think she'll give up on you sooner, right?"

Afterward, Oscar looked at him intently before suddenly making a move. His actions were quick. Before June could react, he had already been slapped twice and kicked once in the stomach.

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June coughed in pain as he clutched onto his abdomen. Anger flashed across his eyes, but he soon hid his emotions and smiled as if everything was okay.

“Since I was defeated today, I think it means I don’t have the ability. You slapped and kicked me again, so are you finally not angry anymore?” He then coughed again and smiled.

Yet, Oscar merely looked at him coldly. As he then walked forward a few steps, June subconsciously held onto his body and moved back.

At that moment, he feared Oscar.

After all, Oscar’s strength was even more unpredictable than he thought.

“Let’s talk, Mr. Clinton. Taking action will only break the peace.”

Just then, Oscar took out a small dagger from behind him. As soon as June saw it, his eyes instantly widened. No longer able to pretend to be calm, he said, “Do you want to kill me?”

Oscar then squatted down and tapped the dagger on his face. “If I wanted to kill you, I wouldn’t need to talk so much nonsense. I only want to teach you a lesson so you will know how to behave around here. You can’t just touch the Clintons as you please.”

Afterward, he then grabbed June’s hand and pressed it to the ground before quickly stabbing the dagger into his palm.

“Ah!” June cried out piercingly.

Not feeling satisfied, Oscar then stabbed again, causing June’s piercing voice to continue to ring out.

Afterward, he pulled out the dagger and wiped the blood off of it very calmly. He said coldly, “Get lost.”

June merely held his bloody hand to himself as he broke out into a cold sweat.

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