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## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 297 - 298

Chapter 297 | Miss You

On the other hand, Oscar gave Isabella an irritated glance. She was occupying his passenger's seat. "Ms. Walker, what do you want? I'm busy and have no time for your games."

With a smile hanging on her lips, Isabella answered, "Oscar, Mrs. Clinton told you to bring me to lunch. You won't go back on your word, right?"

Oscar eyed her coldly before ordering, "Get out."

Isabella's smile froze on her face.

"I'm sorry, Oscar. I just want to have lunch with you. I haven't got the chance to treat you to a meal since my return. Can you join me for lunch for the sake of your mother?" Isabella backed down.

An ordinary man would be unable to refuse Isabella's offer. However, Oscar was no ordinary man. He'd only show his tenderness to his beloved and treated other women harshly.

"Get out," he repeated.

The smile on Isabella's face faded away. She leaned in her seat and said wistfully, "Oscar, do you hate me that much? I like you a lot., and you've divorced Ms. Winters. We're both single now. Are you going to be so cruel to a beautiful lady who is pleasing you?"

"I'm not interested in desperate women. Even if Amelia doesn't exist, you're not my type. Stop clinging to me. Otherwise, I will take action even if you're a Walker."

Isabella stiffened at his warning. However, her years of experience working overseas allowed her to bite back the humiliation rising in her heart.

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Flashing a pleasant smile, she uttered, "Don't get mad, Oscar. I want to let you know that I'm interested in a position in the Sales Department in Clinton Corporations. Here is my resume. If you think I am a suitable candidate for the position, please hire me."

Having said that, she whipped out her resume from her bag that she had worked hard to prepare and handed it to Oscar.

Oscar took her resume and flipped through it quickly. The resume was nicely done and packed with content. Isabella had graduated from a prestigious university. She didn't major in sales, but her experience would allow her to work in any position in any company.

"It's a great resume. I believe any company will welcome you gladly. Nevertheless, I'm sorry to say that Clinton Corporations isn't hiring for now. I can introduce you to another company that allows you to put your experience and knowledge to good use," Oscar said as he returned her resume to her.

Isabella's smile faltered. However, she didn't give up. "Oscar, I met Ms. Winters yesterday. She gave me a necklace and left me a message. Don't you want to know what she told me?"

At the sight of the crystal necklace in her hands, Oscar's expression changed. He snatched the necklace from her and demanded, "Why do you have this necklace?" It was a gift he had prepared for Amelia back on the yacht, so the necklace was very important to him.

A smug and calculative look flashed across Isabella's eyes. "Oscar, it was Ms. Winters who gave me the necklace. She also left a message for you."

Glowing at her, Oscar retorted, "Impossible. Tell me. Did you steal this necklace? If you don't tell me the truth, I'll make sure you return to Anglandur at once."

Isabella cowered at his furious glare. She took a deep breath and calmed down before saying, "Oscar, that's an insult. Though our family isn't as wealthy as yours, I can afford all the luxurious items that I want, let alone a mere crystal necklace. Why would I steal it? It was Ms. Winters who had given it to me!"

Yes, she didn't steal the necklace. Back in the Clinton residence, she once saw the necklace on Amelia's nape. Pretending to be interested in it, she borrowed it for a closer look before hiring someone to make the same necklace. Otherwise, she wouldn't have an excuse to invite Oscar out.

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Oscar grasped the necklace tightly as about a dozen expressions crossed his face. After a long moment of silence, he asked, "What did Amelia say?"

Isabella put on a modest smile. "I'll tell you what is it under one condition—allow me to work in Clinton Corporations."

Oscar rolled his eyes. "Is that a threat?"

Giggling, Isabella replied, "Oscar, don't be mean. I have feelings for you, so I wish to work in your company. First come, first served, right? Of course, you can assume that I stole this necklace from Ms. Winters. You're divorced now, so I can't really threaten you using this necklace, right?"

Oscar glowered at her. "I'll ask Jerry to arrange a position for you."

Isabella's smile nearly slipped from her lips.

Oscar, you still can't forget Amelia, huh? Even though you're divorced, you still care for her.

The realization made her a little unhappy.

"Oscar, looks like you still can't forget Ms. Winters," she remarked.

"Say it," Oscar ordered curtly.

Isabella tensed up momentarily before revealing, "All right. I'll say it. Ms. Winters wants you to stay away from her after the divorce. She doesn't like ambiguities."

Oscar's expression soured upon hearing that. He stared at her icily and exclaimed, "Nonsense!"

Unbuckling his seatbelt, he declared irritably, "If I knew you were going to say nonsense over lunch, I would've remained in my office."

As he opened the door, he added, "Don't be presumptuous. I only agreed to let you work in Clinton Corporations because of my mom. Next time, don't use defective items to play games with me."

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Having said that, he alighted from his car and left Isabella alone in the car.

Through the window, Isabella looked at Oscar's figure striding into the building as her lips curled into a smirk. "Oscar, you're far more attractive than I've expected. I like how domineering and possessive you are. The more indifferent you are, the more obsessed I am with you. I think I'm going to fall in love with you," she mused happily.

Obviously, she wasn't going to let him slip out from her hands. Meanwhile, Oscar entered the building and entered the elevator wearing a grim expression. Once he stepped out of the elevator, he ordered, "Linda, I want to see Jerry now."

Linda nodded in acknowledgment. "Got it, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar stalked into his office, and Jerry showed up soon.

She knocked on the door politely and entered after Oscar granted her entry.

"Mr. Clinton, you wanted to see me?" Jerry stood before his desk.

Without looking up, Oscar instructed, "Jerry, arrange a position for Ms. Walker in the Sales Department."

Furrowing her brows, Jerry answered carefully, "Mr. Clinton, the Sales Department is full. We have enough manpower. I'm afraid the others will complain if we recruit a new employee." Back when Jerry was appointed the manager of the Sales Department, most of the employees were upset, too. If she wasn't competent enough to strike a few lucrative deals, they wouldn't take her seriously.

"Just do as I say. If she isn't competent enough, I'll arrange an easier job for her that won't require her to think much," Oscar commanded with a dismissive wave.

"Got it, Mr. Clinton." Jerry had no choice but to obey his order.

As Oscar proceeded to ignore her and was reading a file in his hands, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, is there anything else? Or I'll take my leave."

Hearing that, Oscar finally spared her a look. "Did Amelia get in touch with you?"

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Jerry was stunned. Though she had no idea why her boss wanted to know about that, it didn't stop her from responding honestly. "Mr. Clinton, I called Mrs. Clinton yesterday. We had a brief and casual conversation." Oscar hadn't announced their divorce to the public yet, so only a few people knew about it.

"Did she mention me?" he urged.

Jerry paused for a moment before asking curiously, "Mr. Clinton, you're married to her. You sleep in the same bed every night. If you want to hear her praise, why don't you ask her outright?"

Feeling awkward, Oscar coughed twice in an unnatural manner. "Just say it," he instructed.

Oh, they must've fought. No wonder Amelia acted strangely last night, Jerry mused silently.

"Nothing much. She told me to remind you not to work nonstop and take your meals on time. She wants you to rest and take care of yourself."

Oscar's gaze softened as the corners of his mouth turned up into a grin. "Did she really say that?"

Jerry nodded.

After getting her confirmation, Oscar's mood lightened.

"Anything else?"

Jerry pondered over it, but found it hard to explain.

"What's wrong?"

Finally, Jerry decided against revealing it and shook her head. "She only told me to remind you to take good care of yourself instead of burying yourself in work."

"All right. You can leave now." Oscar waved.

"Alright, Mr. Clinton. I'll take my leave now."

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Once Jerry was out of sight, Oscar played with his pen pensively. A minute later, he got to his feet, put on his suit jacket, and strode out of his office.

“Linda, clear my schedule this afternoon and reschedule everything to tomorrow,” he commanded.

“But Mr. Clinton, Mr. Fendler from Saddle Group is on the way here for our two o’clock meeting,” Linda said hastily.

“Postpone it. Say something came up. I’ll treat him to a meal tomorrow to make up for missing the meeting.” By the time Oscar finished saying that, he was already in the elevator.

Downstairs, he exited the elevator and hurried out of the building. Isabella was nowhere to be seen.

After getting into his car, he started the engine and sped away. He was driving at a fast speed, for he couldn’t wait to see Amelia. Though the woman was heartless enough to demand a divorce, she still cared for him. He didn’t want to wait until a few days later to see her.

Huh, I guess absence makes the heart grow fonder.

We have only been separated for a day, but it feels like a year has passed.

He had never felt this way before and thought it was all a lie, but now the longing was gnawing at his heart.

The more he missed her, the more he understood how painful love was.

He only realized how deeply in love he was with Amelia after their split.

I shall let her know that I’ll pursue her and make her my wife again. I’ll love and protect her with all my might. We’ll raise Tony up together. One day, when he inherits Clinton Corporations, we can travel around the world and leave our mark in every country.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 298

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## Chapter 298 Have A Talk

Oscar drove at top speed. It only took him twenty minutes to get to the neighborhood where Tiffany lived. After parking the car, he quickly took the elevator upstairs.

Standing in front of her apartment door, Oscar was going to knock on the door, but then he withdrew his hand almost immediately. He adjusted his suit and made sure his appearance was immaculate before knocking on the door.

Shortly after, the door was opened from the inside, and he came face-to-face with a middle-aged woman.

"Are you Mr. Clinton?" the woman asked after a moment of contemplation.

Oscar replied, "Yes, I am. Is Amelia here?"

"Sorry, she's not in at the moment. She went out with Tiffany and should be back in the evening. Would you like to come in and take a seat, Mr. Clinton?" the woman said.

Oscar nodded in response.

As the woman stepped aside to allow him to enter, he asked, "Where is Tony?"

"He's in the nursery. Kurt is watching over him. Go in and check on him. I'll prepare some fruits for you," said the middle-aged woman while wiping her hands. She was not wary of Oscar, as she knew that Amelia had once been married to him.

He nodded before entering the nursery.

At that moment, Kurt was carrying Tony, and an odd expression flashed across his face when he noticed Oscar coming in. Nevertheless, he brought Tony over to him while greeting respectfully, "Boss."

Oscar fixed his gaze on his son as he stretched out his hands. "Let me carry him, Kurt."

Kurt hesitated momentarily, yet he still did as he was told to and handed Tony over to Oscar.

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However, Tony, who was quiet while being carried by Kurt, started bawling as soon as he was placed in Oscar's arms. His high-pitched howls caused the usually calm and collected Oscar to feel awkward. His son's cries left him nonplussed.

Oddly enough, it seemed that Tony tended to put Oscar in awkward and helpless situations as though he held a grudge against him. Despite that, Oscar felt his anger dissipating quickly upon gazing at Tony's facial features that were very similar to Amelia's.

Kurt looked concerned when he saw the baby wailing in Oscar's arms. "Boss, Tony probably hasn't seen you in a while, so he's not used to it. Let me carry him instead."

Oscar shook his head before instructing, "Leave the room for now. I wish to speak to Tony."

Kurt hesitated upon hearing that. He was obviously reluctant to leave Tony with his boss, as he was afraid that his clumsiness would scare the baby.

"What's the matter? Can I not spend some time alone with my son? Or perhaps you wish to take my place since Amelia and I have divorced? Don't forget that I trained you, Kurt. You are a bodyguard, and Amelia is your client. During your training back then, I had already set the rule that you mustn't develop feelings for your clients. Has it slipped your mind?"

After Kurt heard Oscar's words, his expression changed.

Oscar gazed at him with piercing eyes. "If I could promote you back then, Kurt, I can also ruin you right now. Amelia is mine, and you can never lay your hands on her. Remember who you are and don't cross the line. Otherwise, I'll have to get rid of you."

Kurt lowered his head to hide the emotions in his eyes. His fingers slowly curled into fists as a myriad of emotions overwhelmed him.

"Get out," Oscar said coldly.

Despite his order, Kurt merely stood right where he was. A murderous look flashed across Oscar's eyes as he sensed that Kurt was beginning to defy him.

"Are you planning to go against me, Kurt?" Oscar inquired warningly.

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"I dare not, Boss. I merely think that since you and Amelia have already divorced, any single man would have the right to pursue her," Kurt said. Unexpectedly, he refused to obey Oscar's order.

Oscar's gaze instantly darkened as he strode toward Kurt. Although they had little height difference, the menacing aura Oscar exuded made him seem more overbearing in comparison.

Perhaps it was due to the fact that Kurt had been working under Oscar as a bodyguard since he was young. Kurt had always felt great reverence for Oscar. Therefore, he felt intimidated when he confronted Oscar.

"Have you fallen in love with her?" asked Oscar.

Kurt lowered his head. "I'm sorry, Boss. I didn't mean to," he replied, indirectly admitting to it.

Oscar suddenly let out a laugh.

"Well, isn't that great? Amelia is pretty and also very kind. It's normal for a guy to be attracted to her. However, I thought that you weren't interested in relationships, so this caught me by surprise." He reached out to pat Kurt's shoulder, but he deliberately used more force as he went on, causing Kurt to scrunch up his face in pain.

"But don't you forget that she's mine, Kurt. She still belongs to me even after our divorce. I've never once thought of letting her go. Should you dare to touch her, there won't be any need for you to remain by her side any longer," threatened Oscar.

Kurt stood perfectly composed as he stared back at Oscar impassively. "Boss, as long as Amelia remains single, I have the right to pursue her. If she decides to rekindle her relationship with you, I'll return to being her bodyguard. I'll also make sure to conceal my feelings deep within me."

Oscar let out another chuckle upon hearing that.

"Well, well, Kurt. It has only been a few months, and you already dare to defy me. As expected of the subordinate that I personally trained. Aren't you afraid that I'll take measures to get rid of you? I don't feel comfortable leaving a love rival by her side," he said as he stared at Kurt.

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Hearing that, Kurt could not keep his composure anymore.

“Unless I die, I’ll return to her side no matter what happens.” Kurt stared at Oscar, and they both knew that none of them would back down.

The smile vanished from Oscar’s face. He then declared, “I must say that you have guts, Kurt. Don’t worry. I won’t let you leave her side. Instead, I’ll make sure that she willingly marries me once again. As for you, you’ll be nothing but her confidante in this lifetime.”

Kurt simply pursed his lips in response.

While the two were in a standoff, Amelia’s and Tiffany’s voices could be heard coming from the outside. Oscar quickly composed himself and carried Tony out of the room.

“Amelia.”

Amelia froze in her tracks momentarily when she noticed Oscar coming out of the nursery. However, as soon as the image of him holding Isabella’s hand came into her mind, she felt jealousy overwhelming her.

Unbeknownst to her, Isabella had deliberately held onto his hand at that time and even whispered to him shamelessly, “If you forcefully break away from my hold, I’ll shout aloud that you’re molesting me. I don’t think you’ll enjoy being a laughingstock in public, right?”

Back then, Oscar was displeased after hearing Isabella’s words, as there had never been a woman who dared to challenge him that way. He had initially thought of shrugging her off and leaving immediately. However, as soon as he recalled that Amelia had asked Isabella to pass on a message to him, he had no choice but to endure her presence.

Amelia, who knew nothing about the truth, was saddened by the memory. Therefore, her attitude toward her ex-husband held a tad more aloofness and indifference as she inquired, “Are you here to visit Tony?”

Oscar frowned upon sensing her indifference. He disliked the way she talked to him.

He walked toward Amelia, but the latter backed away immediately.

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Oscar's brows drew even tighter together. He had no idea what had transpired during these two days after the divorce that would cause her to react in such a manner.

"Amelia, I had been busy in the office for the past two days, which is why I only came to see you now. Are you mad at me?" he explained while looking at her.

Indeed, how can you not be busy? You were frolicking with a beauty!

Bitterness washed over Amelia as that thought came to her.

Unaware of her thoughts, Oscar repeated, "Are you really angry with me?"

"I think you may have forgotten that we've already divorced, Mr. Clinton. I don't have the right to care about whether or not you were truly busy. Anyway, I won't stop you from visiting Tony."

"What's wrong, Amelia?" Oscar took a long stride forward, intending to approach her. However, she hid behind Tiffany like a startled kitten.

Staring intently at her, he asked in a solemn tone, "What's wrong with you, Amelia?"

Amelia continued hiding without saying a word.

Tiffany, on the other hand, glared at Oscar as she remarked, "Can you drop the act, Mr. Clinton? In the past, I merely thought that you were a two-timer. Who would've thought that it had gone up to three now? Are you delighted that three women are fighting for your love? You're straight-up trash, the worst I've ever seen!"

Oscar frowned as he stared at her with a piercing gaze. "What do you mean by that? Explain yourself, Tiffany."

"Mr. Clinton, you should admit to it, since you have the guts to do it. Don't you think it's hypocritical to keep hiding it? Amelia has already divorced you, so you can marry any noble, rich girl out there for all I care. Just stop acting so loving toward Amelia, okay? It's disgusting."

"What noble, rich girl?"

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“Must you still put up the act, Mr. Clinton? Do I have to remind you about you and—”

“Tiff!” Amelia raised her tone as she stopped her friend.

Hearing this, Tiffany swallowed those words, simply shrugging before giving a curt reply, “Do whatever you want, Mr. Clinton. Hug Tony for a little longer if you like.”

You might not get to hold him again in the future. Anyway, all the ladies love you, so you’ll naturally have more children when you marry someone else later.

“Tiffany, what noble, rich girl were you talking about? Tell me clearly!” Oscar asked persistently with a puzzled look.

As Tiffany decided to walk away, he turned his gaze toward Amelia. “Could there be a misunderstanding between us, Amelia? Did someone spread rumors about me in front of you?”

Amelia shook her head, avoiding his gaze the entire time. “No. Tiff is merely spewing nonsense. I’m tired. I’ll head in to rest. Leave after you’re done seeing Tony.”

Oscar reached out and grabbed her wrist. “Let’s have a talk, Amelia.”

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