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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 307 - 308

Chapter 307 Heartless

For the next month, Oscar's men searched around for Amelia, but she was nowhere to be found. It was as if she had fallen off the face of the world, and there was no sign of her anywhere.

His initial confidence gradually turned to anxiety. Tuning all his uncertainty into his work, he became a workaholic who toiled day and night. As a result, his employees had no choice but to increase their workload. It hence did not come as a surprise that Clinton Corporations' performance increased by leaps and bounds. The results showed that they had outperformed last month by twenty percent, but no one was pleased by that. If this were to go on, they'd scrape themselves dry during their time of youth.

Jerry knocked on the door with the report in her arms. After Oscar granted her entry, she headed in and greeted, "Mr. Clinton."

Without looking up, Oscar focused on dealing with the documents on his desk and asked coolly, "What is it?"

"This is the performance of the Sales Department this month. Please take a look at it." Jerry handed the report to him.

"Leave it on the desk."

Jerry left the report on the desk as instructed. She gazed at Oscar, who was working hard more than ever. A hint of doubt flashed across her gaze. A month had since passed, and everyone in the company knew that Amelia and Oscar were divorced. Amelia also left the city with the Clintons' eldest grandson and disappeared into thin air. No one knew where they were. Though the Clinton family was influential and had connections, they couldn't unearth any clue about Amelia's whereabouts. Thus, Oscar poured all his time into work and made life hard for his employees.

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As their superior was working hard, it was clear that they couldn't do their jobs perfunctorily, right? They didn't work poorly, to begin with, for Clinton Corporations was a huge company that wouldn't hire inefficient employees. However, their workload was much heavier now, and they would definitely collapse out of exhaustion one day.

Sensing her gaze, Oscar finally looked up. He frowned and cast her an icy look. "Anything else?"

A chill ran down Jerry's back, for it felt like Oscar was a soulless working machine that barred anyone from coming close to him.

After making up her mind, Jerry said, "Mr. Clinton, I think you should take care of your health. Work is important, but your health is too. Working nonstop will only bring you down."

Oscar glanced at her before looking away. "You can leave now."

Jerry fell silent for a minute before going all out. "Mr. Clinton, if Mrs. Clinton was still around, she wouldn't want you to disregard your health. Previously, she told me to remind you not to work nonstop and take your meals on time no matter what. Mr. Clinton, you didn't have your meals regularly and even skipped meals occasionally for the past month. It'll take a toll on your health. I believe Mrs. Clinton will worry about you," she uttered.

Finally, Oscar reacted to her words. He raised his head, looking a little lost.

"If I get sick, will she worry about me?" he mumbled. It was unclear if he was talking to Jerry or to himself.

Jerry couldn't help but sigh out loud. Though Oscar was aloof, he was a loyal man. Amelia had left and taken his soul with her. Compared to the pain he suffered when Cassie left back then, it was obvious his condition was more serious now.

Back when Cassie left him, Oscar buried himself in work for around six days and returned to his normal self on day seven. However, he was now the prime example of a lifeless working machine. If he kept working this hard, the stress would eventually take its toll.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm certain Mrs. Clinton will worry about you. She loves you and wishes you well," Jerry stated firmly.

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Glancing at her, Oscar asked, "If she does love me, why did she leave? It has been a month, but she's still missing."

Jerry parted her lips, but words failed her.

A gleam of malice shone in his eyes as he warned, "Jerry, you don't even have an explanation for that. How dare you claim she loves me? Just because I promoted you to be the manager of the Sales Department doesn't mean that you have the right to interfere in my business. Get out."

Jerry jumped in fright, but she didn't leave at once and seemed to hesitate.

"Why? Didn't I make myself clear? Or are you refusing to heed my order? Then you shall cease to be the Sales Department's manager. Hand in your resignation and scram!"

Taking a deep breath, Jerry stared at him doggedly and said, "Mr. Clinton, I don't know if I should say this."

Oscar massaged his temples in exasperation. He knew he had lost control of his emotions earlier. Mixing business with private matters wasn't what a superior should do.

"Say it," he commanded in a deep voice.

"Mr. Clinton, I have no right to butt into your private affairs, but besides affecting your own health, you're also petrifying your subordinates. They worked overtime for over a month and are on the verge of collapsing anytime. Some who are married or in a relationship had to spend less time with their family and other halves because of work. Eventually, problems will arise."

Jerry made herself clear, and her points were well-organized. "As your employee, I need to risk being reprimanded and let you know the truth. Besides, I've worked with you for years and viewed you as a friend. As a friend, I have to give you a piece of my mind. Of course, if you think I'm not worthy to be your friend, I have no comment on that. I promised Mrs. Clinton to remind you not to overwork yourself. In fact, there is something she said that I haven't told you."

Something glinted in Oscar's gaze.

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Jerry continued calmly, "Mrs. Clinton said that if she were to leave, you shouldn't pour all your time into work. She'll be praying for you somewhere else so you'll live a long life."

As though he was a wounded wolf, Oscar demanded harshly, "Why did you keep it until now?" If she told me about it previously, I would've realized Amelia had the intention of leaving the city. We wouldn't have missed each other.

Shocked, Jerry retreated a few steps and hung her head low to avoid meeting Oscar's horrifying gaze. "Mr. Clinton, I'm really sorry. I didn't know Mrs. Clinton would..."

Oscar deflated like a balloon and slumped in his chair. He gave a dismissive wave and said weakly, "You can leave now."

Jerry gazed at him and plucked up her courage to say, "Mr. Clinton, as both your subordinate and your friend, I don't think you should continue this unhealthy lifestyle."

Oscar glanced at her before saying, "Jerry, you're overstepping the line. Just do your job and stay out of my private affairs. Otherwise, I shall take action regardless of our past relationship."

Jerry hung her head low and replied, "I'm sorry for that."

"You may leave now."

With a weak nod, Jerry left as instructed.

Oscar promptly returned to his work, but the words before him just didn't register in his head. He looked up in a daze and mumbled, "Amelia, you're thoughtful enough to ask another woman to give me words of advice, but why didn't you do it yourself? How heartless of you! You're even more cruel than me! We've been married for five years, and I did ignore you for the first four years, but I never let go of you. However, you're heartless enough to leave me in the lurch without leaving a trace."

Oscar had suffered greatly for the past month. He had no idea missing someone would hurt this badly. As long as he had free time, he'd feel his heart ache. Left with no choice, he poured all his time into work to numb his feelings. Only when exhaustion took over him, he'd fall asleep in bed slowly. His sleep quality had deteriorated the past month. Sometimes, he was drained and sleepy, but just couldn't fall asleep no matter what. He even got into the

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habit of hugging Amelia's pillow before he could fall asleep. If nothing else worked, he would resort to taking sleeping pills to get some rest.

A month had passed since Amelia's departure, and Oscar realized he was no longer the same man he used to be. He wished he could work all day, and his mood often fluctuated to dangerous levels. He knew this wasn't a good change. Eventually, this would cost his health and Clinton Corporations' development.

Oscar let out a sigh. It was time for him to adjust his schedule. Otherwise, his health would suffer, and Clinton Corporations would peak and go downhill from there. That wasn't what he wanted.

As the head of a company, it was bad to be emotional, for it would affect his ability to make a sound judgment.

Oscar tugged at his hair irritably. He got up and grabbed his suit jacket before striding out of his office.

"Mr. Clinton, you have a conference call with the chairman of Larson Group at three in the afternoon. You..." Linda stood up and reminded Oscar, for he seemed like he was about to head out.

"Tell the chairman that I'm feeling unwell and adjourn the meeting to tomorrow at the same time," Oscar instructed and left without looking back.

"Yes, Mr. Clinton," came Linda's reply.

Oscar took the elevator and went downstairs. Before he could leave the building, a woman's voice rang out behind him. "Oscar!"

He didn't bother stopping.

Isabella ran after him and tried to walk side by side with him. Breathless, she offered, "Oscar, wait up. I asked my chef to prepare some chicken soup. It has just been delivered, so it's still warm. I heard the other employees say that you haven't eaten today. Have some soup so you won't get sick."

Without sparing her a glance, Oscar replied frostily, "I don't like chicken soup."

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Isabella didn't get mad at his reply and kept her pace. "Oscar, I asked my maid to prepare this. Please accept my kind intention. I only wish the best for you."

Oscar finally came to a stop and glanced at her. "Ms. Walker, following a man shamelessly will only degrade your status. You're a socialite, but the others might think you're selling your body. Never mind if you wish to downgrade yourself to be a social butterfly. Don't assume everyone else is as wicked as you. Also, Clinton Corporations don't hire employees who love slacking off. If you don't have the intention to work here, please leave as soon as possible," he declared.

Isabella's smile faltered as she gazed at him in frustration.

"Oscar, I was just showing my concern. Do you have to be that cruel?" she asked in a pitiful manner.

Another man might've taken pity on her, but alas, Oscar was a ruthless wolf who had fallen in love with Amelia. He didn't have the space for any other women in his heart.

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Chapter 308 A Cruel Woman

"I don't need your concern. If you think you can't handle the job, submit your resignation letter and go back to being the social butterfly you are," Oscar exclaimed sternly. "This isn't the Walker family where you can do anything with your status. Show me what you're made of, or I'll suspect you of forging your graduation certificate."

Isabella's expression fell as tears welled up in her gaze. Born with a silver spoon in her mouth, she had been admired and praised by everyone since young. Other men flocked to her and did everything she ask for. No one had ever spoken to her harshly before. However, Oscar was hard on her today.

No matter how upset she was, she still felt that Oscar was unusually charming and sexy. Perhaps she was a masochist, for Oscar's indifference was what attracted her to him the most. If she was merely interested in him at first sight, she was certain that her heart belonged to him now.

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Oscar was an exceptional man. No woman would be able to resist his charm. Of course, she was no exception. After falling in love with him, she was willing to sacrifice herself to gain his devotion.

Just to conquer his heart, she entered the kitchen, which she used to view in contempt, just to prepare a meal that would please him.

“Oscar, I’ll prove that I’m not useless,” Isabella met his gaze and stated firmly. “I’m not slacking off. I got concerned since you were working nonstop and asked the chef to prepare some chicken soup for you. Can you please accept my sincerity?”

Oscar spared the box in her hand a terse glance before marching away.

Left behind, Isabella held the lunchbox in her hands quietly, her feelings a complicated mixture. However, her gaze was determined.

Oscar, the more aloof you are, the more I want to get you. I fell in love with you. Even if you’re in love with someone else, I’ll make sure you fall out of love with her and then occupy the empty space in your heart. Mark my words.

She ignored the other employees’ curious gazes and strode back into the building.

Oscar got into his car and gazed at the busy traffic outside in exhaustion. Something glinted in his bloodshot eyes.

He started the engine and drove away. Some time later, the car rolled to a stop before the beach where Julian and he drank their hearts out a month ago. He stared at the rolling waves as dejection overwhelmed his heart.

That day, he lost his wedding ring after getting drunk, and it remained missing until today. Perhaps it was a sign that their relationship was meant to be full of obstacles. He had ignored Amelia back then, so it was time for him to be tortured by her disappearance.

Caressing his empty finger, he was at a loss.

Amelia, I lost our wedding ring, and I lost you. Even though I can’t find you anywhere, I’ll be waiting right here. Can you please turn and retrace your steps back to me? Oscar thought bitterly.

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He remained at the beach until the sun went down on the horizon. It wasn't until his phone began ringing that he snapped back to his senses.

Whipping his phone out, he saw his mother's name flashing on the screen.

Oscar immediately frowned and had the urge to reject the call. For the past month, his family became incredibly tensed up as Amelia remained missing. Olivia even kicked up a fuss and threatened to call the police. She wanted to sue Amelia for bringing Tony away from them. If he hadn't done his best to stop her, Amelia would've been a wanted criminal now.

The Clintons were powerful enough to frame an innocent person if they wished. They could make up a convincing lie easily.

Oscar had no intention of answering his phone, but Olivia was persistent. Thus, his phone kept ringing continuously in the car.

Finally, he caved in.

After he answered the call, Olivia's cold voice rang out. "Oscar, where are you?"

"Mom, I'm still working in my office. What is this about?" he rubbed his temples and replied weakly.

"I've just called your secretary, Linda. She told me you left your office at two this afternoon. I don't care where you are now. Get back home this instant. Otherwise, I'll head to the police station and make a report. When the police find her, she'll definitely get arrested and convicted for her crime. Don't blame me for not warning you in advance," she cautioned.

Oscar took a deep breath to hold back his anger. "Mom, I'll go home right now."

With that, he hung up.

Olivia's sudden unreasonable behavior made him both fatigued and helpless. If someone else dared to threaten him, he'd made sure that person regretted doing so. However, Olivia was his mother. He was rendered powerless before her.

Amelia's departure and Olivia's oppression gave him a taste of discontent.

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Oscar soon drove back to the Clinton residence. He had just stepped into the hall when he saw Olivia and Owen sitting on the sofa.

At once, he felt his temples throbbing, signaling the arrival of a migraine.

After taking a deep breath, he walked toward them.

"Mom, Dad."

"You're home." Owen seemed calm.

Olivia glowered at him and went straight to the topic. "Any news of Amelia?"

"Not yet. But there will be soon," Oscar answered honestly.

"Oscar, you promised to locate Amelia in ten days, but it has been a month. Where is she? There is absolutely no clue about her whereabouts! How should I trust you?"

She gave him a bitter look before adding, "Oscar, I'm proud to call you my son, and I've always put you first. I hope you won't disappoint me. Otherwise, there's no telling what I will do."

Oscar was surprisingly silent as he wore a grave expression.

Owen wrapped an arm around Olivia's shoulder and said, "Olivia, stop forcing Oscar. Amelia might've brought Tony away, but she's the boy's mother. I'm certain she won't torture him. Just give it some time, and you'll reunite with Tony soon. You need to relax instead of getting worked up over it."

Olivia gave him a look and sneered, "So it's my fault for not being able to see my grandson? I know you both think I'm being unreasonable. Tony's my only grandson! I'm in my sixties, and I don't have long to live. God knows if I'll live to see my second grandchild! You want me to calm down, but I can't! Amelia is capable of kidnapping Tony, so there's a possibility she might sell him off! I shouldn't have treated her well. She's nothing but an ingrate! I just want my grandson back. Did I do anything wrong? Wasn't I nice to her? Why did she keep my grandson away from me?"

Both Owen and Oscar said nary a word.

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Olivia burst into noisy tears. She missed Tony so much that her heart ached. As she was already suffering from heart disease, Tony's matter weighed on her mind and worsened her condition.

She held her chest and panted several times. Realizing her odd action, Owen pulled her into his arms and ordered hastily, "Oscar, hurry. Get your mom's medicine upstairs."

Oscar dashed upstairs and retrieved the medicine as told, and the maid immediately got them a glass of warm water.

After taking the medicine, Olivia felt better and could breathe normally. Frowning, Owen said gently, "Relax, Olivia. I'll ask them to work harder to locate Amelia. I promise you'll be reunited with Tony soon. Please don't scare me."

Olivia's face was pale as she lay in his arms sickly. "Dear, all I want is Tony. My wish is to enjoy the rest of my life with my grandson and live an ordinary life. After spending the first half of my life in luxury, I don't want anything else but Tony."

Owen's expression darkened as he grew increasingly upset at Amelia.

"All right. You have my word. I'll bring Tony back as soon as possible. Don't get too emotional. You have a heart condition, so it's best to stay calm. That was really scary," Owen said.

Olivia bobbed her head in acknowledgment.

Oscar, who was standing before them, gave her a solemn bow. "I'm sorry, Mom."

If anything were to happen to Olivia, he wouldn't forgive himself. After Amelia took Tony away, he felt remorseful.

It was his fault that Olivia had to be separated from her grandson in her old age.

She loved her grandson dearly, but he ripped her right to be with him.

Though it was Amelia who brought Tony away from them without his approval, he wasn't about to blame her. Thus, he placed the blame on himself.

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Olivia gave him the once-over and declared, "If you still think of me as your mother, find Amelia and get Tony back. Make a clean break with her. The Clinton family doesn't need an ingrate like her."

Though Olivia showered her love on Amelia, all she got in return was the latter's sudden departure. She was in the opinion that even a pet dog would bark nicely to express its gratitude, but Amelia merely took off with her beloved grandson without a word.

If Amelia's conscience was present, she wouldn't have done that. She had no idea how upset I was to be parted with my grandson and took off without looking back! I have never met anyone as cruel as her!

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