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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 466 - 470

Chapter 466 Affection

Oscar ignored the people in the living room when he got home and placed a kiss on Amelia's lips when she opened the door for him. He then pushed his tongue past her teeth and deepened the kiss.

She couldn't help but get immersed in the kiss and subconsciously let out a moan in the process.

Envy and jealousy flashed across Rory's eyes as she and the others in the living room watched them kiss. Eva, on the other hand, started clapping excitedly and whistled at them. "Woohoo! You're so cool, Oscar! Go on, press Amelia against the wall and give her an even more passionate kiss. I don't mind it even if you were to do the deed right now. I can record everything and post it online to get some money. With a handsome man and a beautiful woman like you guys, I'm sure I'll be able to earn a lot. What's more, you're even the heir of Clinton Corporations."

Everyone turned to look at her, but she was still utterly entertained by her cousin, totally unaware of their gazes.

Amelia finally snapped out of it and quickly pushed Oscar away. Her face was flushed red as she reached up to tidy her hair that wasn't even messy. Avoiding the man's gaze, she then said, "We have guests." Once she was done speaking, she walked over to Eva and the others.

Unfortunately, her cousin was such a dense person that she didn't notice how awkward things had become. "Your face is so red, Amelia. But you look better with your face like that. I think you look much prettier than the celebrities on TV. Oh, no. What should I do? I'm so captivated by you."

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Amelia could feel her face burn with embarrassment. Ugh, Eva. You just had to rub salt on my wound. I'm already in my thirties. How could I kiss Oscar in front of so many people? How embarrassing.

She wanted to find a hole and bury herself.

Tony chimed in suddenly, "You look the best with your cheeks red, Mommy. You look like a pretty fairy."

The woman's face reddened further when she heard that.

Taking in a deep breath, she forced herself to calm down as she looked up at everyone in the living room. "I'm going to see if the water has boiled."

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"Is your mind still on the kiss, Amelia? You're not boiling any water in there," Eva reminded with a laugh. Amelia's just too cute blushing like that. It makes me want to tease her even more.

The former took a sideways glance at her, the blush on her face finally fading a little.

"Please wait a moment. I'll bring you guys some tea," she said graciously.

After Amelia left for the kitchen, Eva turned to Oscar and said, "You were so cool, Oscar. I can't believe you kissed her in front of so many people. You really couldn't resist the temptation, huh?"

Hearing that, the man's lips tilted upward into a smile as he said, "Watch and learn. You might be able to use it someday."

"Of course. You might even have to teach me a few tricks next time."

Oscar didn't respond to that. Instead, he took a seat on the couch and turned to Julian.

"When did you come, Julian?" he asked.

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“Not too long ago. Amelia has been home for quite some time now, so I should at least come to see the little one. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have known that I exist.”

“Enough with that nonsense. There’s no need for the pleasantries between us. Amelia spent quite some time and effort looking for you. She just told me that she wanted to treat you to some homecooked food yesterday, but here you are, showing up uninvited.”

“Really?”

“There’s no need for me to lie to you.”

Julian smiled upon hearing that.

A moment later, Molly returned from getting groceries. He quickly went up to help her. Taking the bags of groceries from her hands, he said sweetly, “It’s been a long time since we last met, Molly. I’ve missed you.”

She smiled endearingly at him as she said, “You seem to have gotten more handsome over the past few years, Mr. Hayes. I almost couldn’t recognize you. Do you have a girlfriend yet? Mr. Clinton has already gotten married and has a child now. You should hurry up too. You shouldn’t lose to him.”

“Oscar has had his life planned out since he was young, Molly. He made plans on when he should finish his studies and when to take his career to the next level. All of us thought that he would be the last to get married. Who would have thought that not only does he have a wife, but he even has a son now? He’s already accomplished so much when he’s only thirty years old. None of us can ever be compared to him, Molly,” Julian replied nonchalantly.

Hearing that, Molly smiled from ear to ear as if someone had just praised her son.

“It’s been years but it seems like you’re still good with your words. I’ll make sure to cook the best dishes for you since you’re here. If I remember correctly, you love eating grilled prawns, don’t you?”

A blissful expression surfaced on Julian’s face as though the plate of grilled prawns were already in front of him.

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“Your grilled prawns are the best. I’m already drooling at the thought of them!”

The older woman giggled at his response. Then, giving him a pat on his arm, she said, “It seems like you still love joking around. You should hurry up and find a girlfriend so she can joke around with you.”

“Don’t worry, Molly. I’m going to make it my priority now.”

After Juliane left the groceries in the kitchen and came back out again, Oscar said, “Looks like your skill of hitting on girls hasn’t grown rusty after all these years.”

Julian almost choked on his saliva upon hearing what his friend said.

H-Hitting on girls?

He stared in disbelief at his friend. Did that phrase really come out of Oscar’s mouth?

“I never knew you’d say stuff like that too,” he said in shock.

Oscar shot him a look for being shocked at something so minor before saying calmly, “Don’t people use these words on social media?”

But you never wanted to acknowledge words like these before. All you thought of was work.

“You’ve fallen behind, homie. I’m only keeping up with the times. I have a son now, and I don’t want him telling me that I’m outdated when he’s older. I don’t want him looking down on me for not knowing what ‘hitting on girls’ means. Would you be able to stand it if a kid did that to you?”

All right. Fair point.

Molly, Amelia, and Tiffany worked together to prepare a table full of dishes. There was a good mix of meat and vegetables, and the food looked vibrant and delicious.

“Let’s eat. You guys go ahead first. I’m going to feed Tony,” Amelia said.

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Hearing that, Molly quickly suggested, "Mrs. Clinton, I can feed him. I'll feed him downstairs and bring him to play with the kids in the neighborhood later."

Amelia looked at her son and asked gently, "Tony, Molly's going to feed you downstairs, is that okay?"

Tony nodded in response.

At that, Molly brought the boy downstairs, and the rest of them took their seats by the table.

Amelia acted like the lady of the house as she beckoned everyone to eat, and she told Oscar to get the bottle of wine he had kept for years for them to drink.

"Is there anyone who doesn't want to drink?" he asked while popping the bottle open.

No one answered.

They were all shocked that Oscar was pouring them the wine himself. He was the successor of Clinton Corporations, after all. There was never a time when he would pour drinks for others.

Once he was done filling up the glasses, Julian teased, "I've known you for almost thirty years, but this is the first time you poured me wine, Oscar. Maybe I'll see the sun rise from the west once I'm done drinking."

With that, everyone laughed, and the previously slightly tense atmosphere seemed more relaxed now.

In the middle of their meal, Rory got up and said sincerely, "Here's a toast to you, Amelia and Oscar. I'm very thankful that I've received so much care from Amelia since I arrived in Beshya. Even though I am her caregiver, she's the one who takes care of me the most, and I am very thankful for that."

Then, she finished the contents of her glass in one gulp.

Amelia got up and downed hers as well, while Oscar merely took a sip out of his glass. If it wasn't for his wife, he would have just ignored it when women like her gave toasts to him.

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Once she was done drinking, Rory secretly took a glance at Oscar while she wiped her mouth. Love and admiration flashed through her eyes in an instant.

However, Tiffany started nitpicking when the woman sat down. "You're being unfair, Rory. Derrick and I took quite good care of you in Beshya too. Why didn't you thank us?"

She didn't like that Rory was trying to butter them up all of a sudden or the discreet look she gave Oscar earlier. She used to like Derrick, and now she likes Oscar. How can she change who she likes so quickly? I'm sure she only likes them for their wealth. How annoying!

Rory quickly poured herself another glass and stood up to thank them. However, she had moved too quickly and bumped into the corner of the table, nearly causing her wine to spill out as a result.

Her face tinged red out of embarrassment and anger. She was ashamed of what had just happened, especially when Oscar was right in front of her.

With the glass still in her hand, she looked over at him, not knowing what to do. Yet, the man was calmly scooping some food into Amelia's plate. He didn't even bat an eye at her. At that, disappointment instantly welled up in her heart.

"Ahem!" Tiffany coughed slightly to gain Rory's attention. She had never seen such an idiotic person. So what if you like him? How can you look over at someone else's husband so shamelessly? Did you watch too many dramas and think that being a mistress is a proud thing to do? Is that why you want to snatch someone else's husband so shamelessly?

When the caregiver finally snapped back to her senses, she was met with Tiffany's mocking smile. Her eyes, which were once full of love for Oscar, instantly cleared up. Forcing a smile, she raised her glass again and said, "Here's a toast to you, Tiffany, Mr. Hisson. I was originally going to thank you earlier but was afraid that you'd think that I was just trying to get on your good side. That's why I hesitated."

"Is that not the case?"

The question put Rory in a tight spot, and an awkward expression immediately appeared on her face.

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“Tiffany,” Amelia warned. Since there were so many people around, she didn’t want her friend to humiliate Rory any further. After all, they were going to have to see each other again since everyone was friends.

Tiffany shrugged but still drank to Rory’s toast.

The latter heaved a sigh of relief, but her mood had still been affected when she finally sat down again.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 467

Chapter 467 Wedding

After lunch, Amelia and Tiffany brought the dirty dishes to the kitchen.

Rory and Eva wanted to help with the washing-up, but Amelia shooed them away.

As the two of them were washing the dishes, Amelia couldn’t help but lecture, “Tiff, what you did to Rory just now wasn’t nice. After all, she’s a white-collar worker at a company now instead of the simple and innocent farmer she used to be. Why were you so harsh on her? You know she’s quite prideful.”

Tiffany glanced at her and said, “Babe, didn’t you notice something off about her?”

“What is it?”

“Babe, I think you’ve let your guard down as a result of living such a comfortable life. Either that or you’re really just that oblivious.”

“What do you mean?”

“Did you not notice how Rory looked at Oscar?”

“Of course, I did.”

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Tiffany stared at Amelia, her eyes wide in disbelief. "Then why do you still let Rory be around Oscar?"

"Since Oscar is okay with having Kurt around to keep Tony company, what right do I have to not let any woman who fancies him near him? Oscar is an incredibly capable man. Besides, he's from an influential family and very handsome. Unsurprisingly, women would be all over him. To be honest, I won't even be surprised if a man fancies him because he's that good. No matter what I do, I can't stand in the way of everyone that likes him, can I? Hence, I choose to trust him completely. If someone still manages to capture his heart after everything we've gone through, I'd yield and leave him. I'd still be happy because at least he'd have someone to care for him for the rest of his life."

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"You're so silly." Tiffany was pissed off and concerned at the same time when she realized how much Amelia trusted Oscar. It was almost to the point of blind trust.

"Although you're okay with another woman taking over your place, have you ever thought about what's going to happen to you and Tony?" Tiffany asked.

"If my relationship with Oscar really does reach that stage, I'll bring Tony away for good," Amelia answered honestly.

"Amelia, have you become an idiot?"

Amelia cracked a smile and said, "I was just speaking hypothetically, Tiff. Don't worry; I won't give up that easily. After the hardships we've been through as a couple, I'll stay by his side persistently unless he really doesn't want me anymore."

Tiffany couldn't help but smile upon hearing that. "Babe, what happened to your dignity?"

Amelia chuckled gleefully in response.

After cleaning all the dishes, Tiffany kept them on the shelves and warned, "Babe, I suggest you keep an eye on Rory. Not everyone is as grateful as you think. Who knows? She might even turn around and betray you one day."

Amelia was rather amused. "What's with you and Rory, Tiff? Has she wronged you in any way? Why do you despise her so much?"

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"Perhaps I just don't like the way she carries herself around. Just because she has the looks, she thinks she's the woman of every man's dream. I wonder where she got such a sense of superiority. She's just a country bumpkin. I hate how prideful she is." Tiffany frowned and huffed in dramatic disdain. Funny enough, Tiffany had never been one to look down on others. However, her dislike for Rory was through the roof.

Amelia was nonplussed.

Worried, Tiffany reminded, "Babe, I'm serious. You better watch out for that girl. Although I believe Oscar has self-control, I'm sure you know damn well how desperate girls can get when they've set their eyes on seducing rich and powerful men. I suggest you stay away from girls with such intentions. Don't say I never warned you."

Amelia suddenly froze, and her hand trembled slightly while still holding a plate.

With a bitter smile, she was seemingly deep in thought.

Tiffany nudged her and whispered, "What is it? Did I say something that upset you?"

Amelia lifted her head and smiled. "I know what to do."

Seeing that, Tiffany decided to let the matter slide. "That's good. Let's head back before they think we might've been kidnapped by aliens!"

Amelia giggled at her joke.

Upon entering the living room, they only saw Tony, Rory, and Eva.

Amelia wiped her hands and asked, "Where are the others?"

"Kurt received a phone call and went out. As for Oscar and the others, they're in the study room," Rory answered.

While playing with Tony, Eva turned her head toward Amelia and said, "Amelia, Tony is such a smart boy! He's so good at video games!"

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“He was already good at them when he was one-and-a-half years old. Besides that, he’s really good with gadgets too! There was once he took Tiff’s new phone apart and put the pieces back together. Sometimes I forget he’s only two!” Amelia exclaimed proudly.

Tony had always been a smart kid. However, Amelia loved him so much that no matter what he did, she’d only see the cute side of him.

“Really?” Eva’s eyes lit up as she turned toward Tony excitedly. “Tony, let’s take apart a phone now and put it back together again! Scrap that. Let’s try something harder. Why don’t we try taking apart a computer? What do you think?”

Tony immediately nodded with excitement. “That’s awesome! Aunt Eva, let’s go get the computer!”

“Tony!” Amelia voiced.

Tony calmed down and pouted, saying, “We can’t do that, Aunt Eva. Mommy will scold me.”

“Amelia, you shouldn’t hold him back! Since Tony is such a genius, you should let him explore his talents. Who knows? Maybe one day he might become an inventor!” Eva protested.

“Eva, he’s still an innocent kid. Why are you messing around along with him? These gadgets cost up to thousands! Besides, how about the data in there? What if you guys can’t put it back together?” Amelia responded patiently.

Eva went silent.

“Aunt Eva, I’ll show you my collection of figurines! We can take those apart.” With that, Tony dragged Eva into his room.

“Amelia, your cousin’s attitude is the exact reflection of how she dresses! She’s so quirky and funny! It’s hard to believe she’s from the Winters family, considering how stern and strict they all are. She’s cute! I like her.” Tiffany laughed.

“Wow! It’s so rare for you to sing someone’s praises.” Amelia smiled and couldn’t agree more.

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Since Eva was a straightforward girl who liked to mess around, people would naturally think she was a difficult person to be with. Deep down, she was actually an easy-going and honest girl. As far as Amelia was concerned, she figured that those were some of the reasons why James couldn't bring himself to truly dislike Eva.

Rory suddenly cleared her throat awkwardly from where she was sitting on the sofa. "Amelia, she's so different from you, but she's quite adorable."

Tiffany couldn't help but take a swipe at Rory. "Rory, I bet you're discriminating against Eva because of how unconventional she looks, right? You're probably thinking about how she's an ill-mannered wild-child, aren't you?"

An awkward expression flashed across Rory's face upon hearing that. Why is she so overbearing?

"Tiff," Amelia called out in warning. Then, she put on a friendly smile and gazed toward Rory. "Please don't mind Tiff, Rory. Would you like to have some fruits? I can get Molly to prepare some."

"I'll do it myself, Amelia." Rory took two apples and went to the kitchen.

Tiffany snorted. "How dare she act all innocent in front of me!"

Amelia shook her head and quickly changed the topic. "Tiff, have you and Derrick decided on the wedding date yet?"

Tiffany suddenly looked crestfallen upon hearing that and shook her head in despair. "I have one too many misunderstandings with his mom. Old Mr. Hisson met up with me a couple of days ago only because he heard about my relationship with Oscar. However, I overheard his conversation with Derrick. He told Derrick I'm not worthy of being married into their family. Simply put, I'm not sophisticated and elegant enough. Despite all that, I've already tried my best to be as nice of a girl as I can. I don't know what else I can do since they insist on picking a bone with me."

"What does Derrick think about it?"

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“He told me his grandpa likes me a lot, lying straight to my face! However, I know he did that just to protect my feelings. In hindsight, he’s been through a lot of pressure ever since he got together with me.”

“Take it slow, okay? If you guys stand strong, I’m sure his parents would eventually give in.”

Tiffany forced a smile and answered, “I hope so.”

“You’re a nice girl. I’m sure both of you will end up getting married.”

Finally, Tiffany broke into a blissful smile. “I think so too! By then, I expect a huge wedding gift from you!”

“That’s for sure. Since you’re my best friend, I’d definitely be as generous as I can! How about a check of eighty thousand? Is that enough?”

Tiffany rolled her eyes at that.

Amelia couldn’t contain her emotions and burst into laughter.

At that moment, Rory was holding the paring knife tightly in her grasp. She was still processing the humiliation she had suffered earlier on.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 468

Chapter 468 Colleague

After a fun weekend, the day most employees dreaded had arrived – Monday.

Amelia was one of them.

As she lazed in bed, she mumbled to herself blearily, “Back then, I used to envy those who go to work. Now that I’m one of them, I just realized what a luxury it is to laze in bed all day long.”

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Right then, Oscar was coming out of the bathroom and saw how cute she looked when she was mumbling to herself. He walked over to her and spanked her butt lovingly. "Wake up, lazybones."

Amelia then leaned onto Oscar lazily. After a while of cuddling, she jumped off her bed enthusiastically and ran into the bathroom. When Oscar saw her practically skipping her way toward the bathroom, he couldn't help but notice how adorable she was.

Amelia showered and got ready as fast as she could before heading downstairs with Oscar. By then, Tony was already having breakfast with Kurt.

"Boss, Amelia, good morning," Kurt greeted when he saw Oscar and Amelia walking down the stairs with their fingers interlocked.

Amelia flashed a smile and asked, "How did you sleep, Kurt?"

"I slept well!"

Amelia and Oscar then sat at the table and enjoyed the breakfast prepared by Molly. Suddenly, Amelia blurted, "Are you free today, Kurt? Could you watch Tony? I'm planning to only send him back to the Clinton residence tomorrow."

"No problem," Kurt answered.

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"Thank you, Kurt. I don't have to worry about a thing when Tony is with you," Amelia said while putting some food on Oscar's plate.

Kurt nodded and pondered for a while before saying, "Boss, Amelia, I've purchased the apartment opposite you. It wouldn't be such a hassle anymore when Tony wants to see me next time."

Oscar simply shot him a look and kept mum.

"Well, that's good." Amelia kept a smile on her lips.

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After breakfast, Oscar brought Amelia to work while Tony stayed with Kurt.

Upon arriving at Amelia's workplace, Oscar unbuckled her seatbelt. Then, he placed his hand behind her head and kissed her passionately.

They were both gasping for air by the time they were done making out. Their foreheads were pressing against each other when Oscar said, "You're mine, Amelia. When I see you chattering happily with other men, I don't feel so good here." As he was saying that, he pointed his finger at his chest.

Right away, Amelia knew what he was talking about and apologized, "I'm sorry."

Oscar calmed his emotions and planted a kiss on Amelia's forehead with a smile. "Silly, I was just joking with you. Get to work, now."

After getting out of the car, Amelia bent down and put on a serious expression. "Oscar, I only see other men as friends. I'll never have feelings for any of them. Besides, you're the only man I've ever loved. Unless you decide to let me go one day, I'll always be loyal to you."

Instantly, Oscar's lips quirked up, and his mood brightened. "Silly girl!"

Amelia chuckled as well before walking into the building in her heels.

As soon as she exited the elevator, she sensed a strange atmosphere in the office. She could feel that everyone was looking at her strangely.

Amelia pretended like nothing was wrong and made her way toward the design department. What's going on? The atmosphere is even weirder here!

Everyone had arrived at the office earlier that morning. Even the usual latecomers were already at their desks. When everyone saw Amelia, they rushed up to her and surrounded her.

"So you're the wife to the heir of the Clintons, Amelia? Back then, the media purposefully misled us to believe you guys had divorced. I've even got on the internet to find a wedding photo of you guys. You looked so pretty at the grand wedding seven years ago!" one of the female employees said.

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Not wanting to be left out, a male worker chimed in, "I've seen it too! Needless to say, you were stunning, completely unlike all you common women! It's no surprise why Mr. Clinton was interested in you in the first place. You both look like a match made in heaven!"

While the others were fawning over Amelia, Rory gazed coldly toward her from afar. She didn't bother to join the other employees in showering the woman with compliments. Gone was her usual docile and obedient demeanor around Amelia.

Instead, she was filled with all sorts of negative emotions as she held her purse tightly in her palms. As long as she's around, no one's going to pay any attention to me.

She took a deep breath and forced a smile on her face, pretending like nothing was wrong. Then, she clapped her hands as she walked toward the crowd. "Hey, everyone. It's time to get back to work. Remember, Mr. Franklin is coming back today. If he sees everyone slacking off on work hours, I'm sure he's not going to be happy."

At that moment, everyone in the design department turned around and stared at Rory.

"What? Do you guys want me to get Mr. Moore here?" Rory raised an eyebrow at them.

"Rory, what's with you? Everyone here knows how much you want to butter Amelia up. However, you can't hog her to yourself all the time, you know? It's not like we want something from her. We're just expressing our concern as colleagues after the scare she went through. Is that too much?" One of the female employees had hated Rory for quite a while now. That was why her tone was less than friendly when she spoke.

Rory was enraged. "You—" Right then, Amelia stepped in to mediate and said, "Lydia, thanks for your concern. In fact, thank you, everyone. I'm all right. We'll leave the package incident to the police. I think we'll have some news on it soon."

"Since Amelia has spoken, we shouldn't dwell on it any longer. Everyone, let's get back to work. Otherwise, someone here might get offended when she sees us being nice to Amelia, thinking that we have ulterior motives. Little does she know, everyone's aware she's the one trying her hardest to curry favor with Amelia," Lydia said.

The rest of the employees quickly returned to their seats without saying a word.

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Amelia threw a glance at Rory right after. As she was thinking about what to say to her, two police officers showed up. They were the same police officers they reported the incident to last Friday.

"Hello, Ms. Winters," the police officers greeted politely.

"Hi, officers. What brought you guys here?" Amelia responded accordingly.

"Ms. Winters, we've caught the culprit who sent you that parcel. She's an employee in your department," the female officer revealed.

Amelia was stunned momentarily before she took a cursory glance around the office to see who was absent. The only empty seat she saw was Jamie's.

Amelia was still unable to regain her senses from shock. Have they made a mistake? There's no bad blood between me and Jamie, and we've only been working together for a week! What's her motive for hating me so much that she'd threaten my son?

"Who is the culprit?" Amelia asked the police officers.

"Her name is Jamie Lindt. We've run a background check on her. She's your colleague, right? Ms. Winters, as the victim, we need you to pay our station a visit to take your statement," the female officer said.

After a moment's thought, Amelia nodded.

"Rory, could you help me inform Mr. Moore? I'll be right back." Amelia turned toward Rory and asked.

Rory immediately rushed up to her while pretending to be worried. "Amelia, would you like me to go with you?"

"No, that's not necessary. I can go on my own."

"All right, then. Please be careful on the road and call me if anything happens."

Amelia nodded in response.

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After Amelia and the police officers left, Lydia mocked, "Rory, who do you think you are? Don't you know who Amelia is? If anything does happen, don't you think she'd call Mr. Clinton? What makes you think she'd need you? You're merely a lowly employee here, a nobody."

Rory's expression darkened when she heard Lydia's harsh words. However, she quickly put on a smile and said, "Lydia, you're just jealous of me, aren't you? You're still stuck in the same position even though you're already in your thirties. Unlike you, I'm already on Mrs. Clinton's good side. The company will definitely give me more benefits since I'm close to her. I guess the soon-to-be-vacant managerial post is most likely going to be mine. Even if that doesn't happen, I'll definitely get more benefits than you in the office, thanks to Amelia. Yes, I'm a suck-up, but at least I'm good at it. As for you, I guess you'll forever be stuck where you are now."

"How dare you—"

Before Lydia could finish her sentence, Rory cut her off by saying, "I have no time to talk to an old hag like you."

With that, Rory took a stack of documents and left the office.

Lydia's expression turned extremely sullen. A few of her colleagues then went up to comfort her. "Calm down, Lydia. There's no need to be mad at her. It's not worth it."

"I didn't even do anything to her! She came at me out of the blue. She's so arrogant when she's not even anyone's superior yet. I hope she gets kicked out of the company soon!" Lydia grumbled.

Everyone in the office pretended like they didn't hear that.

Indeed, workplace politics were common enough. Once a person managed to climb their way up, they'd use every advantage they could to assert their dominance. For the passive individuals, they'd normally just turn a blind eye to such incidents.

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Chapter 469 Imprisonment

At the police station, Jamie was trembling when Amelia saw her. Amelia still couldn't wrap her head around why the latter would pull the prank.

"Amelia, please forgive me. It was a silly mistake. I promise I won't do it ever again. Please withdraw the lawsuit because I don't want to go to jail." Jamie made to lunge toward Amelia, but two police officers held her down.

In truth, there wasn't much the police could charge Jamie with based on the prank she pulled. However, the victim was Amelia. Oscar wasn't going to let Jamie off the hook that easily. With Clinton Corporations' team of lawyers, they could even sue her and make sure she would be sentenced to three to five years in jail. Jamie was still a young woman. Her life would be ruined if she had a criminal record.

Amelia looked at Jamie calmly before shifting her gaze toward the two police officers. "Officers, could you guys give us a few minutes of privacy?"

Since the police officers had been personally briefed by their chief about Amelia's identity, they were very polite toward her. "We'll be right outside, Ms. Winters. Just shout for us if you need us."

"Thank you!" Amelia nodded.

Once Amelia and Jamie were left alone in the room, Jamie became even more anxious. "Amelia, I didn't do it on purpose. I don't know what had gotten into me when I did that."

In contrast to her, Amelia was calm and collected. "Jamie, why did you do that? Do you hate me so much? Also, how did you come across my son's photo?"

"Amelia, I was just angry when I found out you told Rory about the gossip I shared with you. When you first came to work, I thought you were different from the others. I thought you wouldn't mind my constant chatter. However, I was very disappointed when I realized you betrayed my trust. You're just like the others, including Rory. In my fit of rage, I thought about getting revenge. Out of a sudden, I received a package with your son's photo in it. Next to it was a note saying that the boy was your son. I was so angry that I delivered the package to

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you straight away. The note was written by the person who sent me the package in the first place. I just wanted to scare you. That's all I wanted, I swear!"

In response, Amelia kept staring at her silently.

Jamie was so frightened by Amelia's cold stare that her lips started trembling. She then stood abruptly and wanted to approach Amelia. To her surprise, Amelia roared, "Don't you come near me!"

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Utterly terrified, Jamie froze instantly.

"Jamie, I'll ask you once again. Who gave you the photo? Be honest with me, and perhaps I can get Oscar to bail you out."

Jamie stared at Amelia with a lost look on her face. "Amelia, I really don't know who that person was. I don't know how she knew I wanted to get back at you. That day after I returned home, I received a phone call from a delivery man saying that there was a package coming my way. I swear that's all I know! Please forgive me, Amelia! I won't do such a thing in the future anymore. Please ask your husband not to sue me. If you can let me go, I'll resign right away. You won't see me ever again. I beg of you, Amelia! I'm still young, and I'm not even married yet! Besides, I'm the only child in my family," she pleaded.

Amelia's gaze was ice cold. She wasn't fazed by Jamie's remorseful act. If an apology could fix everything, then the justice system would be irrelevant.

"Jamie, you must pay for your mistakes. You shouldn't have messed with my son. If it wasn't for that photo, I wouldn't have minded one bit. However, that's not the case." Amelia's gaze was so merciless that Jamie felt a shiver run down her spine.

"Spend a few days in the lockup, and perhaps you'll finally come to your senses. You've already been in the corporate scene for a few years now. How could you not know what it's like with workplace politics? No one's going to play by the rules. Your weakness is that you're a busybody. I hope you'll learn your lesson and stop meddling with others' personal matters." With that, Amelia turned and headed for the door.

At that moment, Jamie panicked as she lunged toward Amelia. While wrapping her arms around Amelia forcefully, she cried, "Please don't do this to me, Amelia! I don't want to be

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sent to jail. Since it was just a prank, I'm sure they wouldn't punish me severely as long as you get Mr. Clinton to stay out of it. Please, Amelia! I don't want to carry a criminal record for the rest of my life!"

"I want you to be kept away for a while so that you can learn not to behave so childishly." Amelia was cold and merciless.

All Jamie could do at that point was stare at Amelia in disbelief. She didn't expect Amelia to be so ruthless.

"Jamie, I'm no saint. Did you think I'd let it slide when you've threatened my son? How dare you? Everyone has to pay for their mistakes, and that includes you. Don't worry; I'll convince Oscar to not push for a sentence of three to five years. However, I want you to be kept away for at least half a year. You should reflect upon your actions. By the time you've thought it through, I'll get Oscar to find you a job." After that, Amelia shoved her off and left without sparing her a second glance.

Jamie fell to the floor in despair. How did things turn out this way? All I wanted was to pull a prank on her. How did everything turn out so terribly wrong? I'm still so young, and I'm not married yet. Imprisonment is going to ruin my life for good. What should I do now? I don't want my life to end up this way.

She was utterly disheartened as she took a glance at the room she was in. Try as she may, no words could escape her mouth.

After getting out of the police station, Amelia pondered for a while before giving Oscar a call. He picked up the phone almost instantly.

"Did you miss me, Honey?" Oscar asked gleefully.

Almost immediately, Amelia's mood was lifted upon hearing Oscar's voice.

"Yes, I do miss you. I'd like to have fish for dinner tonight. Will you cook for me?" Amelia asked coquettishly.

"Fish?" Oscar paused for a while before continuing, "I can try! However, you must finish it even if it doesn't taste nice, okay?"

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Amelia smiled and answered, "Sure! As long as you're cooking for me, I'll even finish it if it's poison."

Oscar couldn't help but burst into laughter. "Silly! Since I love you so dearly, why would I poison you?"

"All right, then. I've got to go. See you tonight." After hanging up the phone, Amelia hailed a cab and gave the driver her office's address.

On the other hand, Oscar's face clouded over after the phone call ended, his earlier gentleness nowhere to be seen.

He rang Will and said, "Hello, Chief Gardner. It's me, Oscar Clinton. I heard you guys have captured the person who sent my wife the package. Is she a colleague of my wife's? My wife is a kind person. I don't want others to take advantage of her kindness ever again, do you understand what I'm trying to say?"

Since Will wasn't a fool, he understood Oscar right away. "You want her to be sentenced to jail, Mr. Clinton?"

"Why not? Aren't people supposed to be sent to jail when mistakes are made? If all she needed to do was apologize, then what is the police force for?" Oscar retorted with a righteous tone.

"Yes, you're right, Mr. Clinton. I'll see to it. What do you think about a sentence of one to two years?" Will asked conservatively.

"My wife's well-being was severely affected by the immense stress and pressure. We're considering hiring a psychologist because she's so traumatized by what happened. Do you think one to two years of imprisonment is enough for the psychological trauma she went through?" Oscar was putting pressure on Will.

"Then how many years of imprisonment do you have in mind, Mr. Clinton?" Will asked tentatively.

"Three to four years. You can manage that, right, Chief Gardner?" Oscar narrowed his eyes as a dangerous tone crept into his voice.

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“Of course, I’ll try my best, Mr. Clinton. Don’t worry. I’ll get someone to find out everything unlawful she has ever done. I’ll make sure she’s kept away for a long time. Perhaps by the time she’s released, she’d realize that a commoner like her can’t afford to pull such a prank.”

“All right. In that case, I’d like to thank you in advance. Are you free for lunch tomorrow, Chief Gardner? I’d like to treat you and your officers to a meal.”

“Oh, Mr. Clinton. I’ll clear my schedule for you!” Will smiled happily.

“That’d be all. I’ll get my secretary to inform you of the time and location for lunch.” With that, Oscar let out a vengeful sigh.

Suddenly, someone was knocking on his door. Oscar put his phone down and flipped open the documents on his desk before saying with a deep voice, “Come in.”

Isabella walked in with a thermos in her hand. She cast the hard-at-work Oscar an admiring glance and said, “Oscar, it’s lunchtime now. I woke up at six this morning to make some chicken soup for you. Drink it while it’s hot before going back to work.”

Oscar lifted his head and glared at her. “Who let you in?”

Isabella walked toward him and said, “Oscar—”

Immediately, Oscar cut her off and ordered, “Get out.”

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 470

Chapter 470 Fate Is Unpredictable

Isabella bit her lip and begged, “Oscar, don’t be like this. Your mother says you’ve lost some weight these days. That’s why I sent one of my house’s maids to slaughter the chicken at home at six o’clock in the morning. I personally made it for you to help nourish your body. For the sake of my hard work, please have some and not let my efforts go to waste.”

“Isabella, if you’re slacking off during work hours, then you should be removed from your position as the director. Clinton Corporations can’t afford to hire people who laze around.

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You should just return to the Walker family and be their rich daughter.” Oscar pointed at the door and said mercilessly, “I don’t need your concern. Your pestering only annoys me. Please get out.”

Hearing that, Isabella looked at him sorrowfully. “Oscar, do you really have to be that cruel?”

Seeing how she was reluctant to leave, Oscar immediately gave Linda a call to get the woman out. However, he did not expect another secretary to enter the room. She said cautiously, “Mr. Clinton, Linda has an upset stomach. She went to the restroom and isn’t back till now. I didn’t stop Ms. Walker from entering just now because she said she brought some food for you on Mrs. Clinton’s orders.”

Oscar buried his face into the documents and uttered coldly, “Take her out. If this happens again, you can go straight to the finance department to claim your salary for that month and leave this company forever.”

The secretary let out a sigh and spoke to Isabella in a courteous manner. “Ms. Walker, this way, please. I’m just an employee here. Please don’t make things difficult for me.”

Isabella’s expression turned ugly in an instant. I can’t believe I came all the way here just to be humiliated.

After giving the secretary a glare, she marched toward the office table in her high heels and placed the thermos on it unhappily, pleading, “Oscar, I shall not bother you anymore, but please have some of this chicken soup. I spent two hours making it for you. Please, I’m begging you.”

Nonetheless, Oscar did not even bother to lift his head.

Isabella had no choice but to leave while suppressing her hurt feelings. Yet, she did not take the thermos with her. It looked slightly lonely among the pile of documents.

“Take it away,” Oscar said without lifting his head.

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The secretary, who was still rooted to the spot, was at a loss. She then lifted the thermos carefully and said, "Mr. Clinton, are you really not going to have some? This is, after all, Ms. Walker's kind intention. If I take it away, she might feel sad."

It was at that moment that Oscar finally lifted his head and glanced coldly at her. "Renee, if you're still unclear about your position and bring your personal feelings into work, I'll have to reconsider your suitability for this job."

Renee could not help but shudder at his words. She nodded hurriedly. "I know what to do. I'll leave now." With that, she walked away miserably, her high heels clicking on the floor.

After that, Oscar continued to focus on his work, not at all affected by Isabella's trivial disturbance.

As he was focused on dealing with all the documents, another knock sounded on the door. "Come in," he said sternly.

Linda pushed the door open and said, "Mr. Clinton, Mr. Hayes is here."

Oscar lifted his head and raised his eyebrows when he noticed Julian standing behind Linda. He did not expect Julian to come looking for him during office hours.

"All right. You may leave, Linda," Oscar said, waving his hand.

"Okay, Mr. Clinton."

"Oh, please bring in two cups of coffee. One without sugar, the other with less sugar," Oscar instructed.

"Yes, Mr. Clinton." Linda walked out and closed the door behind her.

Oscar then got to his feet, walked past his desk, and sat on the sofa with Julian. He crossed his legs elegantly, staring at his visitor. "What brings you here?"

"I heard Clinton Corporations is interested in joining the entertainment industry. Hence, I've prepared a proposal. I wanted to discuss it with you and see if I could get a piece of the pie from your company," Julian said lazily, pulling out a proposal and throwing it onto the table.

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Oscar leaned over and picked up the document. After going through it, he said, "This proposal is quite good, but since when did your company dabble in the entertainment industry?"

Adjusting his posture, Julian flashed him a smile. "I'm planning to start an entertainment agency. Besides, my brother is handling the company. There's no need for a rich heir like me to look after it, so I want to start an entertainment company for fun. Moreover, there are many pretty ladies in the industry. Who knows? I might even get lucky and find myself a girlfriend."

After studying him in silence, Oscar uttered a sentence that immediately exposed his friend's lie, "What happened? I've never heard you say you were interested in the entertainment industry. Please don't forget that we're best buddies. There's no secret you can keep from me."

Julian laughed aloud.

"Oscar, sometimes you're just so smart that I want to beat you up," Julian said casually.

Oscar merely shrugged, not bothering to respond.

Just then, Linda knocked on the door, bringing two cups of coffee in with her.

As she placed them on the table, Julian smiled and said, "Linda, you're so beautiful, capable, and caring. Anyone who marries you is a lucky man. Actually, why don't you consider me?"

Linda was a wise woman. Naturally, she knew Julian was making a joke. She smiled politely and replied, "Mr. Hayes, I'm just a lowly secretary. A son from a prominent family like you is way out of my league. Anyway, please carry on with your discussion. I'll take my leave."

A hint of admiration appeared in Julian's eyes as he smiled. "Linda, I really appreciate understanding women like you. If Oscar mistreats you one day, feel free to jump ship to my company. I promise to increase your pay."

"Thank you, Mr. Hayes," Linda said and left the room.

"What is this? You fancy her?" Oscar asked, lifting his cup of coffee.

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Julian laughed and lounged back on the sofa. "I wouldn't dare snatch your staff. However, I've got to admit that Linda is a strong, capable woman. With a secretary like that, you should give her more power."

"Since when did you become a mediator for my employees?" Oscar questioned, raising his brow.

In response, Julian shrugged and changed the topic. "Oscar, are you interested in investing in my new entertainment agency after reading my proposal? I'm thinking of running this company as my primary business."

"What's up with you?" Oscar asked in confusion.

"Would you believe me if I said I got into a tiny dispute with my father?" Julian asked in return.

"Excuses."

"He took a liking to some family's only daughter, and he wants me to date her. Why should I date someone whom I've never even met? In the end, I couldn't hold it in and got into a fight with my dad. Thank goodness he didn't fall sick from getting angry. Anyway, I was a little impulsive and told him I wanted to go solo," Julian explained nonchalantly as though he was talking about someone else's affairs.

"Based on your capabilities, you won't fail even if you go solo. However, what I want to know is why you suddenly got into a fight with your father? If I remember correctly, you've always respected him."

"It's nothing much. It's just that I don't have any plans to get married for now. He keeps bugging me about it, so I finally lost my temper and talked back to him."

Oscar eyed him for some time, processing his words. Suddenly, he said, "It's been so many years. Have you still not forgotten her?"

Julian stiffened when he heard his friend's words. Feigning ignorance, he shrugged his shoulders and said with a smile, "What are you talking about? I'm a playboy with no strings attached, okay? Don't slander me as some person who's loyal to their relationships."

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Hearing that, Oscar retracted his gaze. "I won't ask anymore if you don't want to talk about relationships. However, I have to remind you that woman already married a foreigner two years ago. You shouldn't limit your options and be so hung up on her. It's not worth it."

Suddenly, Julian burst out laughing so hard that tears streamed down his cheeks. However, there seemed to be traces of desolation and an inexplicable sadness behind his laughter.

"Oscar, I never knew you could say such funny jokes," he teased.

Oscar rolled his eyes and said, "You're not young anymore, Julian. It's time to think about getting married and having children. All our close friends like Michael, Lucas, Yohan, and Lewis have all found the most important woman in their life. On top of that, Michael's and Yohan's wives are pregnant. You should hurry up as well. After all, that woman is already gone."

Julian laughed bitterly. "Don't you think you're going a little overboard by exposing my past relationship like that?"

"Aren't you a professional playboy? Yet, you can't even forget a woman who betrayed you in the past. And now you're going around saying things like you've never fallen in love and that you don't know what it's like. These words can only work on young, innocent girls, my friend," Oscar said calmly.

Julian side-eyed him. "I just realized today is not a suitable day to come looking for you."

"Okay, that's enough. You're already here. Aren't you here to talk about starting an entertainment agency? So let's get back to the main topic. I think your proposal is quite good. I'll consider collaborating with you," Oscar said.

Julian raised his brows, finding his reaction suspicious.

"On one condition. You have to apologize to your father and get serious in looking for a future partner. I don't want you to be alone for the rest of your life."

"Are you trying to be a matchmaker?"

"Do we have a deal?"

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“Well, I actually have a candidate, but I want to get your approval first.”

Oscar eyed him suspiciously.

“I think the eyes of Amelia’s cousin look similar to that woman’s in my memory. If you agree to let me pursue her, I’ll actually consider your condition.”

Oscar immediately shot him a look that seemed to question his eyesight.

“I’m serious. Their eyes really look alike. Maybe it’s because I miss her. Anyway, can I pursue her?”

“No way,” Oscar rejected without hesitation. “You can pick anyone to replace that woman but not Amelia’s cousin. I’ll never let you harm her.”

Julian shrugged and said, “I’m just saying.”

What Julian did not know was that he had a strong fate with Eva—a fate that would link them together for the rest of their lives.

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