

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 561 - 565

Chapter 561 No Chance To Breathe

A chuckle fell from Amelia's lips. "Why? You never expected me to say something like this?"

Jolin nodded as confusion filled her gaze.

"Kurt has helped me a lot over the years, and I'm truly grateful to him from the bottom of my heart. I even think of him as my family. However, my husband and son are two of the most important people in my life. You may think that I'm selfish, but I'm aware of who I should prioritize. So, I won't overly interfere with Oscar's job. If Kurt really turns out to be a deserter, I won't help him beg for mercy. Anyone who makes a mistake should pay the price," Amelia said calmly.

While Jolin was still puzzled, her opinion of Amelia changed again. "Mrs. Clinton, you're very different from when I first met you," she said honestly.

"I'm still the same. It's just that I'm not as kind as I appear to be," Amelia replied without much emotion in her voice despite the noticeable gloom in her frown.

She could not wrap her mind around the situation. Kurt's condition in the operating room was unknown, and she was puzzled as to why he returned from Anglandur with wounds. So many things happened that were beyond her expectations happened in less than two weeks.

Although she answered Jolin's question as if she did not care much about Kurt earlier, she was worried about him and the punishment he would have to bear after he woke up.

She was only lying to everyone when she said she could face it calmly. After everything that Kurt had done for her in Beshya, there was no way she could forget his kindness toward her so easily.

When Kurt was still in the operating room, Oscar arrived at the hospital after learning about the matter.

"Boss," Jolin greeted but did not receive a reply as his gaze was on Amelia entirely.

For some reason, Amelia felt a little guilty when he was looking at her like that.

It was as though she was a wife who was caught cheating by her husband and was afraid that he would misunderstand something.

She dismissed the thought from her mind, although she was still confused about why she would think of that.

Running her fingers through her hair, she said, "Oscar, you're here! Kurt's injured, so I couldn't just leave him in the lurch. Please don't misunderstand."

Oscar ruffled her hair and said, "Silly! I won't blame you no matter what you do. I'm not here to scold you."

Amelia tugged her lips into a smile and finally perked up.

"It's almost six o'clock. Have you taken your dinner yet?" he asked as he wrapped his arm around her waist and led her to a bench nearby.

Amelia shook her head. "He's been inside for a few hours now, so I don't have the mood to eat anything. Where's Tony?"

"I asked Hugo to pick up Tony, and he'll bring him here straight away," Oscar replied.

With that, she nodded.

Oscar then instructed Jolin to buy some food for Amelia, to which she did as told immediately.

Once the couple was left sitting on the bench, Amelia asked in an even voice as she looked at Oscar, "Oscar, I heard from Jolin that Kurt came back after deserting Hugo and Jean. What exactly happened to him in Anglandur? Can you tell me?"

She paused when a realization dawned on her. "Wait. Hugo's back too?"

Oscar did not intend to hide it from her. "Yeah. He just landed, and I asked him to fetch Tony. Kurt came back on his own before he completed the mission, and he even fought with Hugo

and the others. When Hugo chased after him at the airport, the two of them got into a fight again, and Hugo accidentally wounded Kurt. As for what happened afterward, you know it too.”

“What do you plan to do?” Amelia asked while lowering her eyes.

“I’ll do what I have to do. I’ll wait until he’s discharged, and I hope you won’t interfere with my decision on his punishment as I still have a reputation to maintain in front of my subordinates.”

“Sure,” she agreed without hesitation.

Surprise flashed across his eyes. Amelia laughed when she perceived his reaction and remarked, “Why? Did you really think that Kurt holds a more important position in my heart than you?”

The corner of Oscar’s lips curved upward, and the gloomy feeling within him slowly faded away.

He pulled her close and took in the scent of her hair. “Amelia, I’m thrilled to hear that. I’m really proud of you for being able to think objectively,” he commented in a melodious voice.

Amelia nuzzled against his chest, but she was still looking at the lit sign by the operating room with red-rimmed eyes. Her heart felt heavy.

In the end, she still could not stop herself from asking, “Oscar, can I make a request?”

“Is it about Kurt? Go ahead.”

“Spare his life, no matter if it’s out of personal feelings or whatever. He’s been with you the longest and is basically your right-hand man. Besides, he helped me a lot and is Tony’s godfather,” she pleaded.

Oscar fell silent.

“Did you really plan to take his life? I mean, even if he is a deserter, it shouldn’t be an offense punishable by death, right?” she asked perplexedly while lifting her head to look at him.

"Don't worry. I've never thought of killing him. I only wanted to bring him back to the organization so that he can receive the punishment he deserves."

"Thank you."

Oscar nibbled at her earlobe. "I don't like it when you thank me for another man."

Amelia laughed and shook her head.

Suddenly, she heard someone fake a cough, so she looked over and found Jolin. She had just returned from her errand.

"Boss, Mrs. Clinton, I bought you some meat dishes, salad, and soup. Sorry. You'll have to make do with it since we're at the hospital," Jolin said as she handed the bag over to Amelia.

"Thanks, Jolin. Sit down and eat with us."

"No, it's okay. I'm not hungry," Jolin responded after glancing at Oscar.

"Since Amelia has invited you, let's eat together," he piped up.

Jolin's eyes lit up immediately, and she went to get a little table that she asked from the nurse when she came upstairs. "Boss, you two can eat first, and I'll have the leftovers."

Amelia laughed when she saw the reverence in Jolin's eyes. It was as though she worshipped Oscar.

Oh, Jolin. You're usually cold and taciturn with others, but when Oscar's present, you become like an admirer, yet you have to be respectful because of his identity.

Oscar glanced at Jolin before pointing at the dishes on the table.

Immediately, Jolin understood what he meant.

"Okay, Boss. I'll eat. I'll eat now."

With that, the three of them finished everything. Amelia did not really have much of an appetite, but Oscar was around, and Jolin ate a lot, so she, too, forced herself to eat.

Right after they finished eating, Hugo brought Tony over.

"Boss," Hugo greeted politely.

Tony wriggled free from Hugo's grasp and ran to Amelia's side. Then, he climbed onto her lap.

"Mommy, who's sick? Why are you in the hospital?" the boy asked.

"It's Godpa. He has some minor injuries, so he's here to get the doctor to treat his wound," she explained in simple words.

"Daddy's hurt?" Tony wanted to get down, but Amelia carried him up and placed him on her lap again.

"Don't worry, Tony. Your godfather's fine. He'll come out after the doctor bandages his wound. Why don't you go and eat something with Jolin?" she suggested.

Tony glanced at Jolin and nodded.

Once they left, Amelia looked at Hugo.

"Hugo, can you tell me what happened to Kurt in Anglandur? I don't believe that you'll accidentally injure him after working with him for so many years," she said.

With a gloomy expression, Hugo glanced at the lit sign by the operating room. After that, he said succinctly, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Clinton. I was too rash. Once he wakes up, I'll apologize to him myself. As for the punishment, I'll take it in his place. The mission in Anglandur failed because of me."

Amelia furrowed her brows. "What do you mean?"

Hugo remained quiet, and there was a hint of pain in his eyes.

After some time, he admitted everything instead of putting the blame on Kurt while the latter was unconscious. "Jean died because of my mistake. When she tried to save Kurt, the bullet hit her heart, and she passed away immediately. We couldn't even bring her body back because we were busy fleeing. I forcibly brought Kurt onto the plane, and we started fighting

over a dispute after we alighted. Then, I accidentally injured him. Once I return to the organization, I'll willingly accept any punishment."

Amelia was still confused even after listening to his explanation.

Hugo bowed to Oscar and said solemnly, "Boss, it's all my fault. Please punish me. I've let Jean and Kurt down. One of them's dead and the other's injured. I'll never forgive myself."

Oscar furrowed his eyebrows and responded in a deep voice, "Are you sure you're the one who caused that mistake? Hugo, you have to understand that you'll receive grave punishment once you admit to committing the mistake."

"Boss, it's true. This is all my fault. Jean is dead because of me. I even had the urge to kill Kurt when we were on the way back to conceal the truth. I'm not worthy of being their partner. I'm willing to accept any punishment and start over," Hugo continued while lowering his head.

Oscar closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he had calmed down.

"You should go back first. I'll look into this matter myself to see if it was your fault or Kurt's. I'll decide after I get to the bottom of this. As for Jean's body, I'll get someone to look for it."

"Yes, Boss," Hugo replied and turned to leave.

His figure looked despondent from behind.

Amelia reached out to hold Oscar's hand. "Oscar, are you okay?"

He turned toward her and smiled. "I'm fine. It's just that I can't believe that out of the three subordinates that I've personally trained, one is dead, one's lying in the operating room, and another keeps insisting that everything is his fault. They're the ones that I rely on the most. I've never expected that they would fail one day."

"No one is perfect. Don't think too much about it," she said, though her words of comfort were feeble.

Similarly, she did not expect that the aloof woman from her memory would be gone just like that. Because of that, she felt that life was impermanent.

There's no chance to breathe at all, with so many things happening in succession.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 562

### Chapter 562 Stop Feeling Guilty

Once Kurt's operation was successful, he was declared to be out of danger before being directly wheeled to a high-end, private ward.

Oscar had Jolin stay behind to look after Kurt while he went home with Amelia and Tony.

Upon returning to the condominium, he carried his son, who was already fast asleep, to bed. Afterward, he went downstairs and added honey to a cup of warm water for Amelia. "Here, take this to soothe your throat."

She received the glass from him and took a sip. "Too many things are happening all at once in the past few days. I'm feeling quite overwhelmed."

He patted her head and said, "Finish this and go upstairs for a nice, warm shower. Then, get some sleep. Don't think too much."

Amelia gave him a glance and nodded.

The two of them showered in different bathrooms. Once they were done, he tucked her in and went to make a call in the study.

"Jasper, bring a few men with you to Anglandur to look for Jean's corpse. By hook or by crook, you have to bring her body back. Then, get to the bottom of this matter and find out if the failure of their mission was caused by an intentional or accidental mistake," Oscar ordered coldly.

"Yes, Boss."

After he finished giving his instructions and ended the call, he held his phone and looked outside the window. His gaze was deep and impenetrable like the ocean. No one could tell what was on his mind.

Oscar spent a long time in his study before going back to the bedroom. The moment he saw Amelia's and Tony's innocent sleeping faces, the frustration within him vanished into thin air.

A smile appeared on his face as he walked toward the bed and lay down. Then, he hugged them close in his arms.

It was a dreamless night.

The next morning, Oscar and Amelia were getting ready to visit Kurt at the hospital when Jolin called to tell them that Kurt was missing. That took them by surprise.

As soon as the call ended, Amelia said anxiously, "How could an adult disappear when he's still injured and unconscious?"

Oscar only looked at her silently.

Amelia snapped back to reality and realized that she had overreacted earlier.

She tried to explain herself. "Oscar... I didn't mean it that way. I just—"

His gaze darkened as he replied, "I understand."

She sighed inwardly. It seems like my concern for Kurt will become a hurdle between us.

Just when Amelia wondered where Kurt could have gone, the doorbell rang.

She went to answer the door and saw the man in question standing outside. Immediately, she pulled him inside and exclaimed, "Kurt, why did you run out of the hospital when you're hurt? What if your wound opens up again? Come on, let's go back to the hospital now! Stop fooling around! You're an adult!"

The solemn expression on Kurt's face softened up a little after he heard her concern toward him.

"I'm fine, Amelia. I have to tell Boss something," he said patiently.

Lifting her head, she had no choice but to give in when she was how determined he looked.



She brought him into the house. "Okay. You should come in first."

Kurt walked toward Oscar and unexpectedly got on his knees while keeping his back straight. "Boss, it's completely my fault that the mission in Anglandur failed and that Jean died. I'm willing to accept all punishment. This has nothing to do with Hugo, so please spare him. This happened because of me."

Oscar looked at Kurt's chest, where blood was seeping slowly, and said in a deep voice, "Go back to the hospital first. I've already sent some men to look into the matter in Anglandur and will find out who is at fault. If it's your fault, I won't spare you for the sake of Amelia."

Kurt pursed his lips, and a hint of anguish flashed across his eyes.

He put both his hands on his head and said guiltily, "Jean's dead because she took the bullet for me. If I had remained focused, she wouldn't have died. We've been colleagues for so many years, yet I let her die in front of me. I'm responsible for her death! Boss, please kill me."

That night was a nightmare that he refused to recall in his lifetime. He had watched as Jean took the bullet for him, yet he could not even bring her body back because he was busy running for his life, causing her to die in another country and become a wandering soul.

Jean's death became the biggest regret in his life. He did not think that there was any way for him to forgive himself.

"Get up and go back to the hospital now. You know my temper. Don't make me repeat myself," Oscar said with a grim expression as he looked at Kurt.

Yet, Kurt continued to kneel on the ground.

Oscar narrowed his eyes, and a menacing gleam flashed across his eyes.

The second he was about to blow his top, a glass of lemonade appeared in front of his eyes. He looked up and saw it was from Amelia.

"Drink this, Oscar. I'll talk to Kurt," she said with a faint smile.

Oscar received the lemonade from her and took a sip.

Amelia walked up to Kurt and tried to pull him up, but he remained obstinate, keeping his knees firmly pressed to the floor.

“Kurt, let’s talk after you get up. You’re still wounded. Stop making us worry, could you?” she implored gently.

Kurt lifted his head to look at her. With mixed feelings, he said, “Amelia, I’m sorry. I feel miserable that Jean died because of me.”

Amelia felt a little sad when she saw him acting that way. What exactly happened in Anglandur that caused the usually reticent Kurt to make such a despairing expression? He even disregards the fact that he’s injured and had just undergone an operation for many hours yesterday.

“Kurt, get up first. No one blames you for Jean’s death. None of us want her to die. But think of it this way. All of us will die one day. I’m sure she didn’t want to see you look so miserable when she saved you. Let’s go to the hospital now, shall we?” she comforted him patiently.

Oscar walked forward and yanked Kurt up forcefully. “You’re a man! Stop acting like a s\*ssy! Go back to the hospital now, or I’ll kick you out of my bodyguard ranks! Then, you can forget about seeing Amelia or Tony again!” he thundered.

Kurt lifted his head and looked at him with bloodshot eyes. In the end, the years of being under Oscar’s despotic rule made it impossible for him to object to his command, so he obediently went back to the hospital with the couple.

When Jolin heard the news, she quickly rushed over and punched Kurt’s wound in exasperation, causing him to grunt in pain.

“So, you still know what pain feels like, huh? Do you know how worried I was when you were gone? Are you planning to make Boss yell at me on purpose? Can you stop making others worry about you? You’re an adult, for God’s sake,” she grumbled.

“I’m sorry,” Kurt said with a straight face.

“I don’t want your apology. What I want is for you to cherish your life a little more. Now that Jean is dead, and her body is nowhere to be found, can you take care of yourself? Don’t make others worry about you.”

After a pause, Jolin continued in a low voice, "In the recent years, a few others that grew up with us are gone, and Jean's dead too. I treat you as my brother, so you should stop making me worry. Boss' very strict with us, but he would never force us to die."

Kurt's expression twisted into a grimace of pain as he listened to her. His eyes reddened uncontrollably, and a single drop of tear rolled down his cheek.

Jean taking the bullet for him was the ultimate blow for him. After all, he grew up with her, and the two of them had worked together on many dangerous missions. There was no way he could be cold-blooded and indifferent when she died because of him.

After the doctor re-dressed his wounds and examined his body to ensure that there were not any infections, the doctor said to Amelia, "Mrs. Clinton, don't worry. The patient is healthy, so he's going to be okay."

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief and turned to look at Oscar.

"Oscar, can you go outside for a bit? I want to talk to Kurt. I won't do anything intimate with him, I promise."

Oscar put his hand on the back of her head and kissed her forehead. "I'll wait for you outside," he said through clenched teeth.

Amelia knew it was the biggest compromise that he could make.

Once Oscar and Jolin left, Amelia pulled a chair over and sat down as she cleared her throat. "Kurt, I don't think you're a reckless person. Why did you run out of the hospital today?"

Kurt's head was lowered, so she could not see his expression.

"Kurt, didn't you wish to see me yesterday? Isn't that why you called me?" she asked.

He finally lifted his head and cast her an unfathomable look with red-rimmed eyes. His lips moved a little, but no words came out. It was as if there was a lump in his throat.

Staring at him, she asked, "Are you feeling guilty because of Jean's death?"

Kurt propped his forehead in both his hands. At that moment, he seemed utterly forlorn.

“Kurt, life and death are predestined. All of us are deeply saddened by Jean’s death, but there’s nothing we can do to change it. So, stop acting like this, will you? I’m really worried about you.”

He ruffled his hair and sighed before saying, “I’m fine, Amelia. It’s just that my heart feels really heavy. I thought that I was incredible, yet I had to rely on a woman to save me.”

There was an unmistakable hint of suppressed sorrow in his voice.

Amelia looked at him thoughtfully.

“Kurt, I think she must be in love with you,” she said.

Kurt did not say anything, still maintaining the same posture.

“Since Jean was willing to give up her life for you, I’m sure she wouldn’t want to see you live in guilt for the rest of your life. Stop being like this, okay? If you stay this way, your friends who care about you will feel bad,” she consoled.

After a moment of silence, he said, “Amelia, I’m fine. Don’t worry. I won’t do anything stupid.”

That had Amelia heave a sigh of relief.

“I’m glad to hear that. Don’t forget that you still have me, Tiff, and Tony by your side. We genuinely have your best interests at heart.”

Kurt cast her a deep look, and the corners of his lips lifted in response. At that instant, he seemed to be in a good mood.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 563

Chapter 563 Do Not Go There

Kurt stayed at the hospital for a day and insisted on being discharged. After bidding Amelia farewell, he returned to the organization.

Upon arriving at the room, he saw Hugo being confined inside, and they both smiled wryly as soon as they met.

“Aren’t you injured? Why didn’t you stay at the hospital?” Hugo asked as he stood up from the floor, dusting his pants.

Kurt replied indifferently, “It’s just a minor wound. I’m fine.”

Then, Hugo pointed at the simple bed and said, “Go and take a seat. You don’t look very well.”

Following his advice, Kurt sat on the bed, his expression dark and grim.

“I have already taken the blame, so why did you still come in?” Hugo asked as he poured him a glass of warm water.

Kurt, however, only spared him a glance before returning to his quiet self.

“Are you still feeling guilty about Jean’s death?” Hugo went straight to the point.

At that, Kurt raised his hands and grasped his hair tightly.

“All right, stop thinking about it. No one wanted that tragedy to befall her. Actually, Jean had liked you for many years, but you were never concerned about relationships. Thus, she could only admire you secretly. I think she willingly took the bullet for you,” Hugo consoled.

Kurt merely let out a pained chuckle.

“I owe her too much,” he squeezed out.

“Don’t beat yourself up now. It was her choice. What’s most important now is to retrieve her corpse. We can’t let her remains stay in a foreign country.”

Kurt nodded.

“I’ll recover her corpse personally no matter what. For all the things she had done for me, I have to bring her back so that she can rest in peace here,” he declared solemnly.

Hugo inclined his head in agreement.

“We can only wait for Boss’ decision. If he’s giving us punishment, let me be the one to take it while you find a time to make a trip to Anglandur. I believe those people must have taken Jean’s corpse,” he uttered thoughtfully.

After giving it some thought, Kurt nodded reluctantly.

After investigating the matter thoroughly, Oscar discovered Jean’s death was purely an accident. Other than ordering his subordinates to recover her corpse at all costs, he concluded the case by punishing Hugo and Kurt with thirty whips each.

Kurt watched the disfigured corpse with a mix of emotions in his eyes.

The once pretty, charming, and sexy Jean had become a cold body in front of him. He could not even make out her original appearance with the numerous scars and wounds on her face. On top of that, somebody broke her arms after her death. The way she looked was heart-wrenching.

Kurt fell to his knees before Jean’s remains. He felt as if he was suffocating inside as he stared at her corpse mournfully. After a long moment, he murmured, “Jean, I’m sorry. Someday, I’ll avenge you by killing those who did this to you.”

Hugo patted his shoulder. Suppressing his sorrow, he comforted, “Kurt, don’t be like this. Jean is dead. No matter how grief-stricken you are, she won’t revive. What you need to do now is to stay alive. Once the timing is right, we will avenge her by taking those people down in one fell swoop.”

Kurt continued to kneel without a word.

Hugo also went on his knees beside him, his back ramrod straight. “Jean, I’m sorry. Our carelessness caused your death, so resent us if you want. But now that we have recovered your remains, Kurt and I can finally feel at peace. Don’t worry. Soon, we will avenge you surely.”

Both of them kneeled for quite a while. By the time they stood up, their legs had turned numb.

“Done with your repentance?” Oscar asked as he stared at Kurt and Hugo, who stood before him.

“Boss, it’s our mistake this time. Your punishment for us is too light,” Hugo remarked.

“What? Are you questioning my decision now?” Oscar asked as he narrowed his eyes.

“I dare not,” Hugo answered with his head lowered.

Meanwhile, Kurt lifted his head to stare at Oscar fixedly. After pondering for a moment, he requested, “Boss, I want to make a trip to Anglandur. If I don’t kill those people with my own hands, I won’t come back.”

“You don’t have to go, as I have already let others take over your mission in Anglandur. I will never let them off after they have killed one of my subordinates.” Oscar waved him off as he rejected him without hesitation.

However, Kurt refused to give up. Standing before Oscar, he lowered his head and pleaded, “Boss, I would like to go to Anglandur. Please approve it.”

All of a sudden, Oscar rose to his feet. Despite Kurt’s large build, he skidded to the ground after being kicked by him in the abdomen.

Unable to suppress the pain, Kurt clutched his abdomen and groaned.

It was a deadly kick from Oscar.

“Boss! Kurt is only doing this because he feels responsible for Jean’s death. Please just let him go to Anglandur! Otherwise, he will be carrying this guilt with him throughout his whole life,” Hugo uttered as he shielded Kurt by kneeling before Oscar.

Oscar narrowed his eyes as he stared down at Hugo. Gradually, his expression turned somber, and he pressed his lips together tightly.

“Hugo, are you trying to disobey me as well?” he asked in a casual tone.

There was a change in Hugo’s expression. Then, he replied in a slightly trembling voice, “Boss, I didn’t mean it that way. I just—”

"Kurt wants to go to Anglandur, is it?" Oscar cut him off by asking a question.

Hugo could not quite follow him.

"Kurt can go to Anglandur. However, he won't be allowed to return," Oscar said as he glanced at Kurt, who was getting up quietly.

The latter stiffened.

"Kurt, I don't oppose you from going to Anglandur. However, you won't be my subordinate afterward, and your friends who have grown up with you will also cut off all ties with you. So, I suggest you think carefully," Oscar uttered harshly. Then, he continued, "Naturally, don't even think about seeing Amelia ever again. You better think hard and long about this."

With that, he walked out, leaving the two men behind.

Hugo got up from the floor before pulling the latter up as well. "Do you really plan to go to Anglandur?"

Not a word came from Kurt.

In truth, Hugo knew that Oscar's conditions were too harsh. It was incredibly cruel for Kurt to be forbidden to return to his homeland after going to Anglandur. Regardless of how long they had been away, most of them would wish to return to their roots when they were old. It was especially true for people like them who could lose their lives at any time during their missions. They particularly yearned to live a normal and peaceful life where they eventually got married with kids as they settled down.

"Kurt, don't go there. Besides, I'm sure Boss will never disregard Jean's death. He won't let her die in vain. You should know what awaits you if you disobey him. It isn't something you and I can handle. Think carefully now," Hugo advised and turned to leave the room.

Kurt was expressionless as he stood alone in the center of the room, seemingly lost in thought.

When he opened the door and saw Hugo leaning beside, he merely walked out in silence while the latter followed after him and inquired, "You're not going anymore?"

Kurt inclined his head in reply.



Finally, Hugo let out a sigh of relief. He hurried after Kurt and patted his shoulder, saying, "I support your decision, and I believe Jean would have shared my sentiments. It seems we will still be each other's best colleagues as we go about our missions! Let's go and have a drink! Since we won't be getting any missions any time soon, we should take the opportunity to rest for the time being. Don't dwell on the matter anymore."

Kurt simply followed him without a word.

Shortly, they came to a bar and ordered many liquors. It could be that they both had too many worries in their hearts that caused them to chug down all the drinks and get utterly wasted afterward. If it were not for Jolin heading there to fetch the two of them, they would have fallen asleep on the street.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 564

Chapter 564 Come To My Company

Jolin gave Oscar a call, telling him about Hugo's and Kurt's conditions. Oscar merely replied coldly, "Tell them that I don't need a bunch of useless trash who know nothing but to drown their sorrows with alcohol."

With that said, he hung up the phone right away.

A bitter smile crept onto Jolin's face as she looked at her darkened phone screen.

She had gotten herself into trouble indeed. As she looked at the two burly men who were apparently drunk, her temples throbbed.

Then, she lifted her leg and kicked the two men on their ankles, but they were so drunk that they didn't even give her any response.

Seeing that, she had no choice but to carry them upstairs.

In the study, Amelia hugged Oscar from behind. Her hands wrapped around his waist, she muttered in a low voice, "What's going on?"

Oscar turned around and pulled her into his embrace. He kissed her hair as he replied, "Nothing. Let's go sleep."

Amelia looked up at him and asked, "Did something happen to Kurt?"

Oscar lowered his gaze to look at her. A hint of complicated feelings flashed across his eyes, but he concealed it within seconds.

"You seem to be very concern about him?"

Amelia chuckled faintly. Then, she put on a straight face and said, "I've told you that he has helped me a lot. There's no way I can turn a blind eye should something ever happens to him. But, if he's fine, then I won't mention his name anymore."

Oscar loosened his grip. "Let's go to bed. He's fine."

Amelia watched Oscar open the door of the study. He walked out and closed the door, leaving her alone in the room.

She stared at the door in a daze. When the door was opened again, she was still looking at it blankly.

Oscar walked up to her and hugged her waist domineeringly. "Let's go."

Amelia tilted her head and looked at him as she blurted out, "Weren't you angry at me?"

Oscar smiled without saying anything.

They lay on the bed. However, Amelia didn't snuggle in Oscar's arms like she used to. Instead, she kept a distance from the man and turned her back against him.

Oscar stared at her back broodingly and heaved a sigh. Then, he stretched his hand out and pulled the woman into his arms domineeringly.

He pressed his lips on Amelia's hair and asked, "Are you angry at me?"

Amelia didn't give him any response.

Forcing her to turn toward him, he then realized that Amelia's eyes were red. Her right cheek was wet too.

His gaze darkened instantly. As he wiped her tears off, he asked softly, "Why are you crying?"

Amelia shook her head and gave him a lame excuse. "I'm not crying. My eyes were just stinging."

"Are you sad because I punished Kurt?"

Amelia widened her eyes and looked at him in disbelief. Anger surged within her suddenly, and she lifted her hands and shoved Oscar's hands away. Her voice was so calm it almost sounded cold. "Oscar, do you know what you're talking about?"

Oscar gazed at her intently.

"Amelia, you know what I'm talking about. Your concern toward Kurt has gone beyond how you should be treating an ordinary friend. I'm your husband. Have you ever thought about my feelings?" A hint of evilness flashed across his eyes as he spoke. Gritting his teeth, he added, "Did you know that it hurts for me, too? Right here?"

Amelia watched Oscar punching his chest. Her mouth was slightly agape, as she was overly shocked, and her heart was filled with complicated feelings as well.

"Oscar, are you suspecting me?" she asked plainly. She had no idea since when there was no more trust between them.

Oscar had put in a great deal of effort looking for her for two years, and he had spent a lot of manpower, resources, and money to look for a suitable cornea for her. When she regained her vision, she came back with him and thought that everything would develop positively. Now, she had no idea how they had come to this point.

A bitter smile crept onto Amelia's face. "Why? Oscar, tell me why? You know that there's nothing between Kurt and me, but why would you say those things to hurt me?"

Oscar's gaze darkened slightly. He let out a sigh suddenly and said, "I'm sorry, Amelia. Many things have happened during these few days. That's why I couldn't control my emotions. I didn't mean that. Please don't overthink. Let's go to sleep now. We'll talk again tomorrow."

Amelia moved backward, instinctively avoiding Oscar, who was trying to hug her.

“Oscar, I think we both need to cool down,” she said calmly.

She realized that there was something wrong between them, but she didn’t know what the cause was. As such, she needed some time to think about it and sort out her relationship with Oscar.

It wasn’t that she wanted to split up or anything. It was just that she needed to figure out the problem to solve it. That way, their relationship would become more harmonious.

However, Oscar pulled her into his embrace domineeringly again and bit her earlobe lightly. He muttered, “It’s my fault. I’ve never suspected you of anything. Perhaps my workload at my job is getting heavier, and I get too busy. That’s why I threw a little tantrum there. Please forgive me. Don’t be mad anymore.”

Amelia took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down.

Then, she turned around and looked into Oscar’s eyes intently. “Oscar, we need to talk.”

“Sure,” replied Oscar in a hoarse voice after a while.

“Oscar, it hasn’t been easy for us to get back together. So, what makes you think that there’s something between Kurt and me?” Amelia paused before continuing hesitantly. “You’ve told me that you believed me. Is this what you meant when you said that?”

Oscar raised his hand to caress her hair as he replied, “I believe you, and I love you. It’s true, and I’m also trying to provide you with the best things possible. Perhaps I’ve been overloaded with work recently. Five big projects are being carried out simultaneously on top of other miscellaneous tasks that I have to deal with. That’s why I’m slightly pressured and tend to overthink. Don’t worry. It’ll get better tomorrow.”

Amelia felt somewhat sad after listening to his words.

Oscar had been treating her well wholeheartedly. If something went wrong in their relationship, he wasn’t the only one who should be held responsible for it.

“Oscar, I’m at fault too. I thought if I was honest and open and kept my distance from all men out there, then there wouldn’t be any more rumors. However, I’ve failed to take care of

your feelings. I'm sorry." Amelia self-reflected on her behavior. "Kurt is only my friend. I'm telling the truth. If we wanted to be together, we could have done it two years ago back in Beshya. He helped me a lot back then. That's why I can't simply ignore him now. There's no way I can leave my friend alone because of my relationship."

Oscar's gaze darkened for a moment, and then he grabbed the back of Amelia's head and pressed a kiss on her forehead forcefully.

"Don't overthink. I lost control of my emotions today, but it won't happen again," he said sincerely, looking into Amelia's eyes.

Amelia raised her hand and stroked his head. "Oscar, you've been having some mood swings these two days. Are you sure you are okay? Let me accompany you to the hospital for a checkup."

Oscar curled his lips into a smile and flicked her forehead. "Silly, did I scare you with my evil words just now?"

Amelia burst out laughing upon hearing him. On the surface, it did look as though their problem was solved.

However, the argument this time around had set off a trace of unhappiness between them.

Amelia leaned against Oscar's chest, feeling somewhat heavy inside.

"Let's go to sleep, Oscar."

For the first time, they did not feel close to one another despite sharing the same bed.

The next day, Oscar sent Amelia to work. On the way to Clinton Corporations, he made a call. As soon as the call got through, he asked, "Julian, are you free now? Come over to my company. I need to talk to you."

The person on the other end of the line said something, to which Oscar replied, "Sure. See you later."

When he entered the office, Linda followed behind him with a pile of reports. "Mr. Clinton, these reports are sent by all the departments for your review."

Oscar went into his office and loosened his tie as he responded, "Leave them here. I'll go through them shortly."

"Yes, Mr. Clinton." With that, Linda cautiously placed the reports on his work desk and sneaked a glance at Oscar.

"Just say it," Oscar said without looking up at her.

Clearing her throat, Linda then said, "Mr. Clinton, the daughter of the director of Bright Stone Entertainment Agency called this morning, asking for a lunch appointment with you. Are you-"

"Reject her," Oscar ordered instantly.

"But she said-"

Before she could finish speaking, Oscar cut her off again. "Linda, you're my secretary, not a pimp. I've already tolerated Isabella. If you want to introduce another woman to me, I think getting a job in a club would suit you more."

Linda's face turned pale as she heard that.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Clinton. I'll reject Ms. Mathison right now," she apologized at once.

"Get out of here now."

Hearing that, Linda quickly left the room in a panic. She realized that her whole body was shaking as soon as she came out of that room.

Then, she hastened her pace to give Judy Mathison a call to reject her before getting back to her work. Nonetheless, her hand was still trembling as she held the pen.

Soon, Julian arrived. Linda led him to the office courteously.

"What's wrong, Oscar? What's the hurry to get me here?" Julian asked casually, smiling.

Burying his head in his pile of work, Oscar did not even look up as he said, "Have a seat. We'll talk when I finish these documents."

Julian shrugged and took a seat on the couch leisurely.

Just then, Linda came in with two cups of coffee and placed them on the coffee table elegantly. "Please have some coffee, Mr. Hayes."

Julian looked at her with a tinge of amusement in his eyes. "Linda, you're so competent. I think I'd have to poach you! Are you interested to work for me?"

Linda smiled without saying anything. She knew Julian was only joking. He wouldn't be so brainless to poach her in front of Oscar.

"Enjoy your coffee, Mr. Hayes. I'll get back to work."

Julian twitched his lips and waved casually. "Go on."

Linda nodded and retreated from the room quietly.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 565

### Chapter 565 Seeing A Psychologist

Julian had a cigarette in his hand but did not light it. He gave Oscar a curious look. It was rare to see Oscar frown, after all. Julian said with a smile, "Oscar, you're the one who called me here. It can't be because you wanted me to look at your sour face, right?"

Oscar shot him a glare but did not say anything.

"Something on your mind?" Julian asked with a serious expression.

"Amelia and I have been arguing. How romantic should I be to please a woman?" Oscar asked after pausing for a second in hesitation.

Julian opened his mouth slightly, accidentally dropping the cigarette in his hand.

"Aren't you the same guy who can't bear to hurt Amelia? Why did you argue with her? What happened? Please explain it thoroughly. Otherwise, I won't know how to help you," Julian

calmly said, suppressing his shock. Although he tended to joke and gossip about people, he was a person who really cared about his friends' well-being.

Oscar gave him a look. He coldly stated, "As long as you don't gossip about it."

Julian stood up from the couch and tidied his wrinkled suit. He replied, "All right, I won't gossip about it. Oscar, I'll be going now. I'm not interested in boring back-and-forth conversations."

"Sit down," Oscar said as he let out a cough.

Julian gave him a look before sitting back down.

He said, "Tell me. I'm all ears."

Oscar pondered it for a while. In the end, he decided to explain his frustrations in a simple form.

"Are you saying you're jealous of Kurt?" Julian stroked his chin and asked curiously.

Oscar glared at him in response.

"Oscar, don't you feel like you're not your normal self? Kurt is your bodyguard. If you really don't like him, you can simply dismiss him instantly. Why would you continue to allow him to be by Amelia's side? I don't think you've thought about this clearly enough," Julian stated.

Oscar looked at him. He asked, "What are you trying to say?"

"What I want to say is that you've fallen in love with Amelia. You've really changed a lot because of her. This never happened when you and Cassie were together. You love Amelia. I think you should just trust her wholeheartedly. After all, isn't love about trusting each other?" Julian asked.

After a short pause, he blinked. With a hint of doubt, he continued, "Oscar, I don't think you're the type of guy who gets anxious. Why can't you just ask Amelia what her relationship with Kurt is? This isn't like you."



Oscar pondered deeply. He raised his finger and pointed at his head before saying, "Sometimes, I feel like I lose control up here. I want to see a psychologist. Do you know of any experts in the field you could introduce me to?"

Julian's jaw dropped in disbelief.

"What?" he said, regaining his senses after a long while.

"Help me get in contact with a psychologist. I want to talk to one," Oscar casually stated.

"Oscar, are you joking? Or have you gone crazy for a while now?" Julian shrugged and asked in disbelief.

"Help me make an appointment to see a psychologist. I'll take a day off this weekend." Oscar walked over to the office table and grabbed a folder. He walked back and threw it onto the small table. He said, "Didn't you want to start a film production company? This is my proposal; have a look at it. If you think it's all right, then I believe you're already one step closer to starting your film production company."

Julian's eyes instantly widened when he grabbed the proposal over and read it. He replied, "This proposal is amazing! I was worried because I didn't have a complete proposal. But now, it's settled. I've also just hired a few employees for the company, filling every position in the logistics, finance, and technical departments. I'm trying to find male and female leads because I want the company to start producing coming-of-age dramas. As for the other roles, I'll wait and see how the aspiring actors perform in their auditions."

After a pause, he looked at Oscar and continued, "Oscar, you can definitely invest in my film production company. Don't worry. I'm determined to grow it and make it the best in the industry."

Oscar nodded. He changed the topic back and said, "Make an appointment with a psychologist for me. I'm free this weekend. I'm not joking around."

Julian frowned. "Oscar, are you for real?"

"Do I look like I'm lying?" Oscar retorted.

Julian was speechless.

As he looked at Oscar with a perplexed expression on his face, he said, "Oscar, please be honest with me. Is there something wrong with your body?"

Oscar went back to his work desk and sat down. He opened the folder and buried himself in work.

Julian did not know whether to laugh or cry. "Oscar. If there's something wrong, then I think you should go to the hospital instead of the psychologist."

"Julian! Enough with your nonsense!" Oscar exclaimed.

Julian raised his hands as if surrendering. He responded, "All right, I was wrong. I'll make an appointment with a very reliable psychologist as soon as possible. There's just one catch, though. I would like to accompany you."

Oscar nodded. He pointed at the door and said, "You can leave now."

Julian left as told and walked out of the room.

During the weekend, Julian took the initiative to drive to Amelia's apartment. Once he parked his car, he entered the elevator and ascended the building.

"Hi, Amelia," Julian greeted Amelia, who opened the door for him.

Amelia turned to look at him and smiled. She said, "Hey, Julian. Have you eaten breakfast yet? Come in and eat. Oscar hasn't finished all the food yet."

Julian's eyes sparkled. He smiled back and asked, "Did Molly make the food? I'm famished. It's been a long time since I've eaten Molly's cooking. I miss it."

Amelia shook her head and smiled. She then closed the door.

After Julian ate breakfast, he wiped his mouth with a napkin. He stated, "Amelia, can I borrow Oscar for a second? I promise I won't get him to do bad things. At best, we'll only go and see some beautiful ladies."

Amelia looked at Julian in disbelief. Then, she helped Oscar grab his suit. She gently said, "Drive carefully. Call me if you guys don't plan on coming back for lunch at noon."

Oscar kissed her on the forehead and replied, "I know. I'll be going now, but I'll be back for lunch at noon."

Oscar and Julian left the apartment. Julian said, "I think Amelia is also deeply in love with you. Are you really going to see a psychologist? Honestly, I feel that psychology is something only people who are not in their right minds would trust in. I don't think someone like you would believe a word that comes out of the psychiatrist's mouth."

Oscar opened the door to the car and sat in the front passenger seat.

Julian sat in the driver's seat. Once he fastened his seat belt, he started the car and drove off. Changing the topic, he said, "This time, I've arranged an appointment for you to see a very notable psychologist in the city. He knows how to entertain guests, so I'm sure you'll get along with him just fine."

Oscar simply nodded his head and said nothing in response.

Julian brought him over to a private psychology clinic. The fees there were very steep. The cost of one-hour consultations reached thousands. Of course, this was nothing but spare change for rich people.

"Oscar, Dr. Jenkins is waiting for you inside. I won't be coming in with you. I'll be driving all around the city instead. Give me a call if anything comes up." Julian made the "call me" hand gesture as he said that.

Oscar lightly nodded in response. Then, he pushed the door and entered.

There was a man in his forties sitting inside. He raised his head and gave Oscar a look. Standing up from his chair, he walked past his office table and stood in front of Oscar. He said, "You must be Mr. Clinton, the heir of Clinton Corporations. How are you? My name is Joseph Jenkins. You can call me either Dr. Jenkins or Mr. Jenkins. Try to loosen up a little while you're here."

Oscar merely nodded with a cold expression on his face.

"Should I address you as Mr. Clinton?" Joseph invited Oscar to sit on the couch and smiled warmly.

"Oscar. You can call me by my name. There's no need to be so formal," Oscar said matter-of-factly.

Joseph smiled gently and did not comment further.

"I heard a little bit about your issues from Julian, but don't take it the wrong way. Julian and I have known each other for many years now. I assure you that I'll protect your privacy and would never let anything we discuss here leave the room. Don't worry," Joseph quickly clarified.

Oscar nodded lightly in response.

"Relax, Oscar. Do you mind telling me about your problem? Since you came here, I believe there's something that's been bothering you inside. Dump it all on me. Let's have a good chat. Think of me as your good friend of many years." Joseph's voice was very gentle.

"The past few days, I've been feeling the urge to kill," Oscar coldly stated.

Joseph was rendered speechless.

He was quite taken aback by his words. However, he quickly calmed himself in order to maintain his professionalism.

"Tell me more about it, Oscar. Why do you feel the urge to kill? A successful guy like you should be able to get anything you want in all of Tayhaven. I can't see why you'd want to kill someone. Aren't you afraid of getting your hands dirty?" Joseph asked following Oscar's revelation.

"It's true I don't need to kill people using my own hands. However, my possessiveness toward my girl has only increased. Every night, I dream of tying her to me. I even have the urge to kill all the men who are around her. I'm a businessman whose feelings have spiraled out of control. It would be extremely bad for my company's growth." Oscar looked at Joseph with scrutiny. He continued, "Dr. Jenkins, can you tell me why I'm feeling this?"

Joseph thought about it for a while. He was not in a hurry to respond to Oscar's question.

"Oscar, can you tell me when did you start feeling this way?" Joseph asked.

Oscar had a calm exterior. He exuded an intimidating aura and gracefully asked, "Dr. Jenkins, are you planning to unearth my secrets?"

Joseph could not help but feel slightly intimidated. Oscar isn't someone I can afford to cross. His aura is just so terrifying.

"Relax, Oscar. Let's talk like we're friends. Why don't we play a game of hypnosis? I think you'll feel even more relaxed," Joseph suggested.

Oscar looked at Joseph up and down. In the end, he nodded slightly.

Joseph got Oscar to lie down on a small bed that was just enough for one person. He then said, "Relax, Oscar. Now, imagine that you're in a vivid scene. There are butterflies fluttering, and bees working hard to build their hive. Without any worries, you leisurely stroll among the flowers..."

Joseph's voice was so hypnotic. It was able to cause people to drift off to sleep.

Approximately half an hour later, Joseph gently said, "Oscar, you may open your eyes now."

When Oscar opened his eyes, his gaze was clear and alert.

He looked at Joseph coldly and said, "Dr. Jenkins, you talked so much into my ear. Besides feeling sleepy, I also felt like an idiot was whispering nonsense in my ear. Are you really the most popular psychologist in the city that Julian recommended?"

Joseph's face contorted. No one has ever been unaffected by my hypnosis to date. I can't believe it didn't affect Oscar at all!

"Oscar, how are you still wide awake?" Joseph was probably very shocked. It would explain why he asked such a childish question.

"Shouldn't I be asking you this question?" Oscar replied nonchalantly.

Joseph was stunned. Cold sweat was beginning to build up on his forehead.