

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 341

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Chapter 341 Sick

After Amelia was wheeled into her ward, Tiffany carried Tony and tagged along, whereas Kurt headed downstairs to pay the medical bills.

When Tiffany saw Amelia's limp figure on the bed, she felt her heart throb in pain. Yet, Tiffany felt slightly happy too. Looking on the bright side, the blood clots in her brain wouldn't have dispersed so easily if Amelia hadn't sustained this injury. Fortunately, this incident had a silver lining.

As Tiffany took a seat at the edge of the bed with Tony in her arms, Rory stepped forward and said, "Tiffany, let me carry Tony. It's late, so why don't you head home? You can leave the rest under my care. I've received my salary, so I won't feel at ease if you still end up taking care of Amelia."

Tiffany glanced at Amelia before she asked, "What time is it?"

Rory fished her phone out to check the time. "It's already two in the morning."

Tiffany placed Tony in Rory's embrace, then instructed, "You should return home with Tony and take a good rest. Tomorrow, please wake up earlier and bring some soup for Amelia."

"Tiffany, you should go in my stead. I can take care of Amelia alone," Rory insisted.

Before Tiffany could reply, Kurt entered the ward. Tiffany turned to look at him and said, "Kurt, why don't you and Rory go home? You can come back here tomorrow. I'll look after Amelia tonight."

Kurt pondered over her words for a brief moment before he replied, "Will you be able to handle it alone? I think it'd be better if the two of you return home. Let me stay here instead. Besides, I'm strong enough to endure a night without sleeping."

Tiffany thought for a moment before nodding in agreement.

She took Tony into her arms again and said to Kurt, "Okay, we'll be taking our leave. If anything happens to Amelia, make sure to give me a call. I'll bring breakfast in the morning."

Kurt nodded.

After Tiffany and Rory left, Kurt took a seat by Amelia's bed. Earlier, he had visited the doctor in charge for an explanation about her condition. The doctor had informed him that Amelia's brain surgery had only lasted around four to five hours, meaning that it had ended rather quickly. Furthermore, she showed visible signs of improvement after the surgery. As long as there were no adverse side effects, Amelia could be discharged after two or three weeks. However, they could only check up on her eyesight after she regained consciousness.

Carefully, Kurt clutched Amelia's cold hand as he gazed at her affectionately. This was the first time that he was in such close proximity to Amelia.

Kurt cradled her hand against his cheek. "Amelia, don't worry. I will do anything to restore your vision, even if that means I have to visit countless doctors. In fact, I've already asked for someone to look for a compatible cornea donor. I won't let you live the rest of your life blind."

Despite the sincerity of his vow, Kurt's words fell on deaf ears.

After Kurt continued to speak for a few moments, he suddenly rose to his feet and kissed Amelia's forehead. After that, he gazed at her with adoration. Although her face was bare of any makeup, Amelia remained as perfect as a picture in his eyes.

Truthfully, he wasn't sure when he started to fall in love with Amelia. When Kurt finally realized this, Amelia had won over his heart. No matter how hard he tried to resist, Kurt could not deny his overwhelming feelings for her. For the first time in his life, Kurt indulged in his desire to pursue a woman. In order to stay with Amelia, he didn't even hesitate to go against Oscar, a man he used to revere.

If Oscar found them, he would have to face his devastating punishment. Yet, the thought of Amelia alone was enough to make everything worth it.

While Amelia was still unconscious, Kurt seized this chance to confess his true feelings. "Amelia, I'm willing to wait until you are ready to open up. All I ask is for you to give me a chance to get close to you. Please don't shut me out. I've truly fallen hopelessly in love with you. You must be wondering how I've fallen for you in less than a year. Indeed, love is a mysterious force that acts in strange and unpredictable ways. I used to scoff at my colleagues when they talked about their partners. It looks like I'm now eating my own words. I can't wait to shower you with love and care. However, at the same time, I'm afraid that you'll get mad at me. I've become wary and cautious whenever it comes to you. To me, you are irreplaceable."

That night, Kurt spent hours talking to Amelia as he finally divulged all his secrets. From his heartfelt words, it was clear that he was head over heels in love with her. Although he had only met her for less than a year, Kurt's feelings could not be kept at bay anymore as he found himself falling deeper for her every day.

"Amelia!" Oscar jolted awake from his nightmare with his entire body drenched in cold sweat. Gingerly, he wiped away the sweat that matted his forehead. Whenever Oscar thought about Amelia's lifeless body lying on the bed in his

dreams, he could feel his chest wrench painfully. It felt like someone was stabbing his heart with a knife.

As Oscar made his way out of the bed, he could feel a pounding headache in his temple. Ever since Amelia and Tony left, he had been having great difficulty falling asleep. Most of the time, Oscar was forced to rely on sleeping pills. Yet, he would still be disturbed by the slightest noise and could not go back to sleep once he was awake.

Oscar grabbed a bottle of aged wine from the shelf and took a large gulp before he strode toward the window.

When he gazed at the luminous scenery outside, Oscar's gaze darkened. The wine he'd just drunk seemed to leave a bitter taste in his mouth.

Earlier, he had dreamt of Amelia's pale figure lying on the bed. The space around her was devoid of anyone. Although Oscar was utterly clueless about her condition, she seemed as if she was at death's door. It felt like Amelia would drift away upon the slightest breeze.

Although Oscar was dying to approach Amelia and check up on her condition, he could not even move an inch. Despite his best efforts, there seemed to be an invisible barrier that separated the two of them. Amelia was so close yet so far. In a haze of desperation, Oscar had yelled and pleaded for her to open her eyes. However, Amelia showed no response. She did not even bat an eye.

In the midst of his panic, Oscar woke up from the nightmare with his back coated in sweat.

"Amelia, where are you? Are you taking good care of yourself?" Oscar asked in a hoarse voice. He then chugged the wine again. He could feel himself growing increasingly frustrated.

In contrast to the peaceful night atmosphere, Oscar's feelings were a jumbled mess. Even though Oscar had initially planned to sample the wine, he ended up downing it like water.

In the span of a few minutes, Oscar had finished the entire bottle. He had hoped that it would make him tipsy, but Oscar ended up feeling much sober than before. The headache he'd felt earlier still persisted in his head. Under the combined stress of endless working and inconsistent sleep, Oscar's body was withering away. In comparison to the past, he was now in a dispirited state.

Oscar tossed the empty bottle aside and collapsed on his bed again. As he closed his eyes, he continued to mumble Amelia's name like a mantra.

Late at night, Oscar's longing for Amelia seemed to grow even deeper. Even with his eyes shut, images of Amelia filled his hazy mind. I guess Amelia has indeed won my heart and mind. Even with so many other women in my life, she is the only one I hold close to my heart.

Oscar mumbled with his eyes shut, "Amelia, how could you be so cruel? I can't believe you left just like that. Although you always claimed that I didn't know how to cherish you, don't you know that you've stolen my heart? Because of you, I've even experienced heartbreak and lovesickness. I'm sure you were born with the sole purpose of tormenting me. After I neglected you for five years, you decided to punish me. Amelia, you are much more heartless than me. It's been months since you left. Yet, there still haven't been any messages from you. Do you still remember me? Has your eyesight improved? Initially, I wanted to ask James and his mentor to check up on your condition. Yet, all of my plans crumbled to dust after you left. The thought of you turning blind while I'm not with you terrifies me to no end. Will you be afraid of the darkness? If you are, please come home. I will be your strongest shield to protect you from any harm."

Oscar continued to toss and turn on the bed as thoughts of Amelia plagued his mind. "Amelia, I miss you so much. Please come back to me. I don't want to harass Derrick any further. I'm terrified that you'll hate me for what I've done. But I have no other choice, as he's the only one who knows your whereabouts. Please don't get mad at me if I ever lose my patience with him. I just miss you dearly."

Amidst his ramblings, Oscar fell into an uneasy slumber.

When Oscar woke up the next day, his head felt as heavy as lead. In an attempt to clear the uncomfortable feeling, he shook his head. When he finally stumbled out of bed, Oscar nearly lost his balance. Fortunately, he managed to brace himself against the bed before his body hit the floor.

Once again, Oscar shook his head. Nonetheless, the headache did not subside.

I must be down with a cold. After all, I drank next to the open window last night. Sleeping without a blanket must have worsened my cold.

Oscar's health was usually top-notch, and he rarely fell sick. But once he caught a cold, it had disastrous consequences on his body. Unlike most ordinary people, having the flu was akin to torture for him.

With great effort, Oscar entered the bathroom and looked at his reflection. In the mirror, his eyes were unnaturally bloodshot. Even his cheeks also flushed crimson red. Oscar felt as if all the energy in his body had been drained away.

He cupped a handful of water and splashed it on his face to refresh himself.

After washing up, Oscar grabbed a suit from his closet and began to dress himself.

When he made his way downstairs, Olivia was already waiting for him at the table. Upon seeing his sickly complexion, she asked him worriedly, "Oscar, you don't look too well. Are you feeling under the weather?"

Ever since Amelia left with Tony, Oscar and Olivia had tried their best to keep up appearances. Yet, they both knew that their tattered relationship could never return to how it used to be.

It would be difficult to heal the deep cracks in their relationship.

Oscar took a seat at the table and shook his head. "I'm fine, Mom. My head just hurts a little. Later, I'll get my secretary to buy some painkillers."

"You should stay home if you feel uncomfortable. Even if you take a break for a few days, the company will still run smoothly in your absence."

"Mom, it's all right. I'll feel better after taking a few painkillers," Oscar repeated stubbornly.

"Okay, but make sure you don't overexert yourself. No matter how hectic work gets, you should prioritize your health."

Oscar merely nodded without another word.

As they continued to eat breakfast, the atmosphere around the table seemed to become tense and gloomy.

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Chapter 342 Alone Time

Oscar went to the office after breakfast. On his way there, his headache got so bad that he nearly jumped a red light.

Fortunately, he made it to work safe and sound in the end. For some reason, fate seemed to have set him up to bump into Isabella the moment he stepped into the office.

"Hey, good morning, Oscar! What a coincidence, right? Have you had breakfast yet? I just so happened to have an extra packed. Do you want it?" offered Isabella unabashedly. The woman was as cold as one could be in front of others. However, when talking to Oscar, she was the complete opposite.

Oscar gave Isabella a grim look before reminding, "As part of the company, you should know that we're now inside working hours. Please don't act as though you're above the rules just because my mother favors you. Do respect yourself and others while at work."

Even though Isabella did not appreciate Oscar's tone, she already got used to being treated that way by the man.

Isabella was convinced that she had to be brazen in order to win Oscar's heart. I need to make him feel as though I'm always around. That way, he'll constantly be reminded of me. I know I can win him over one day if I just continue to be persistent.

The more Oscar gave her the cold shoulder, the more Isabella wanted him. Isabella did have feelings for Oscar, but more than that, she wanted to show the man that she could dominate him just as she did any other male.

Eventually, Isabella's overconfidence would lead to disappointments in her love life and have her tripping over her own ego.

Following closely behind Oscar, Isabella noticed the pale look on the man's face. "You don't look so good, Oscar. Are you sick?" Isabella then reached out and tried to touch Oscar's forehead, but he instinctively evaded her hand.

Without a word, Oscar stepped into his personal elevator and gestured for Isabella to stop following him.

After the elevator door slowly closed itself in front of her, Isabella angrily stomped her feet.

The woman then quickly recollected herself and glared at her onlookers before strutting into the public elevator as if she was a proud peacock.

When the others saw Isabella press the button for the floor Oscar's office was on, they could not help being impressed by the woman's doggedness. Had it been anybody else in her place, they would have given up by then. To the others, Isabella's can-do attitude was nothing short of an inspiration.

However, what other people thought mattered not to Isabella, for she grew up always getting what she wanted. She was never forced to do or accept anything she disliked, and one or another, she always got her way. Isabella believed she was allowed to take any measures to get the things she wanted, so she took it upon herself to win Oscar over.

To her, Oscar was not a person but a challenge to be completed. Only after accomplishing the feat would Isabella allow herself to relax. Otherwise, she would become the joke of the company for all her acts of desperation.

Isabella was too proud to ever allow something like that to happen.

After walking out of the elevator, Isabella headed straight for Oscar's office but was quickly stopped by the man's secretary, Linda. "Mr. Clinton is not feeling well right now, Ms. Walker. He wishes to rest in his office without being bothered by anyone, so I must kindly ask you to leave," informed Linda.

Isabella gave the secretary a look before responding, "Linda, in case you're unaware, Mrs. Clinton herself said that I could enter Oscar's office whenever I want and that I could inform her if anybody tried to stop me. Is that what you

want, Linda? Do you want me to report your behavior to Mrs. Clinton and get you fired?"

However, the secretary was unmoved by Isabella's threat. "I'm only carrying out the duty Mr. Clinton assigned me, Ms. Walker. If you insist on reporting me, there's nothing I can do about it. That being said, I don't think you would trouble Mrs. Clinton with something as trivial as this."

With a hardened face, Isabella took a deep breath and recomposed herself before suddenly giving the secretary a hard slap to the cheek. The smacking was so loud that it attracted the other employees' attention.

"Who do you think you are? You think you're allowed to talk to me like that?" sneered Isabella.

Concerned, the other secretaries hurried over to check on Linda, whose cheek had already turned red because of the assault.

"Whatever it is, I'm sure you can talk it out. You don't have to get physical, Ms. Walker," reminded one of them.

After looking daggers at her colleagues, Isabella ordered, "Get out of my way."

Still, they remained by Linda's side, standing between Isabella and Oscar's office.

"What's this? Are you guys trying to stop me from seeing Oscar? You think a useless bunch like you have a chance with your boss?" mocked Isabella, thinking that she was better than everyone else. The woman was determined to ridicule and berate those who dared to stand up against her.

Covering her hurting cheek, Linda continued, "This is a workplace, Ms. Walker. If you're unable to keep things professional here, I'm afraid I'll have to take the necessary measures to stop you from disturbing others. Now please go back to your station."

Isabella then started pushing and shoving her colleagues to get through. The commotion eventually instigated Oscar to step out of his office.

When the man glanced sternly at them, Linda and the other secretaries quickly stood aside and greeted him, "Mr. Clinton."

Still suffering from his headache, Oscar knitted his brows tightly as he commanded, "Go pack your things, Isabella. You don't have to come back here tomorrow."

Isabella was so shocked that she stared at Oscar with her eyes wide open, but the man ignored her and turned to his secretary instead.

"Linda, if anybody is causing trouble, just get security to throw them out. If you can't manage something as simple as that, then you shouldn't work here either," warned Oscar.

"I understand, Mr. Clinton."

After Oscar returned to his office, Isabella hurriedly sneaked past Linda and the others while they were still distracted. When Linda realized what had happened, it was already too late.

"I didn't do anything wrong, Oscar. What right do you have to fire me? It's not fair! I was just worried about you," voiced Isabella after setting her breakfast on Oscar's desk.

"Get out," ordered Oscar while rubbing his forehead.

"No. I'm not leaving until you explain yourself."

Oscar then lifted his head to scowl impatiently at the woman before pointing at the door. "Get out."

When she noticed how pale Oscar seemed, Isabella immediately dashed to the door. "Linda, quick! Go get some medications! Oscar is sick. And get some water too while you're at it."

After that, Isabella hurried back to Oscar. "You're sick, Oscar. You need to get some rest. Or better yet, let me take you to a doctor. We can't let your condition worsen."

Oscar tried to push Isabella away and have security remove her, but unexpectedly, he was too weak to put up any resistance.

Before long, Linda returned with medications and was stunned to see how sickly-looking Oscar was. "Here are the meds."

Clumsily, Isabella tried to feed Oscar the medications, but even when sick, the man refused to cooperate with her. Isabelle then decided to put the medicines inside her mouth and drink a mouthful of water before force-feeding Oscar with a mouth-to-mouth approach. Witnessing the domineering behavior, Linda was utterly dumbfounded.

"What the heck are you staring at? Get over here and help me carry Oscar. Can't you see that he's severely ill?" questioned Isabella rhetorically.

Linda wanted to help, but she had a different idea. "I should call for an ambulance."

"You think I don't want to send him to the hospital? It was Oscar who insisted that he didn't want to go, so help me get him over to the bed. If he gets better

after some rest, then we won't have to call for an ambulance. If not, we can always call for one by then," uttered Isabella.

Working together, the two eventually managed to get the sickly man into bed. Even though Oscar usually looked healthy and strong, he was weak all over when sick.

After tucking Oscar in, Isabella took a wet towel and placed it on the man's forehead. Then, she pulled his blanket up and stayed beside him as if she was his worried wife.

Linda breathed a sigh of relief when she saw how sincere Isabella was, but at the same, she worried that Oscar would develop feelings for the woman. People are the weakest, both physically and mentally, when sick. That must be why Ms. Walker went through all the trouble to care for Mr. Clinton. If she gets her way, we'll all be in trouble.

Just thinking about Isabella's overbearing attitude was enough to send shivers down Linda's spine, for she knew that Isabella would definitely give her a hard time if the woman were to become her boss' wife. She probably won't think twice about firing me if she has Mr. Clinton's ear.

"You can leave us now, Linda. I'll take care of Oscar." Isabella shooed the secretary as if she was getting rid of a pesky fly.

"Should I call Old Mr. Clinton and Old Mrs. Clinton?"

"Linda, if you're smart, you should know that you're not supposed to do things that aren't asked of you. Sooner or later, I will marry into the Clintons, so you would do well to remember never to go against me again. Mark my words."

Isabella made it abundantly clear that Linda should listen to her.

After some thought, Linda decided to make herself scarce. The secretary looked worriedly at Oscar before closing the door behind her, knowing that she would be in trouble again for leaving him with Isabella.

Linda realized that no matter who she sided with, she was going to end up offending the other. This is not what I expected when I signed up to be a secretary.

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Chapter 343 Do Not Make Me Despise You

Isabella took care of Oscar the entire time he was asleep. Only after his high body temperature dropped did she sit down by the bedside to gaze at the good-looking man.

Then, Isabella reached out to touch the man's face. "Oscar, I really have fallen in love with you. If not, I wouldn't have followed you around like a fly. What will it take for you to forget about that woman who left without a goodbye? You should be with me."

Putting her head on Oscar's chest, Isabella could hear his heart beating steadily, and that brought a smile to her face.

"Oscar, I think this is the first time we've ever been this close. There's a sense of calmness in listening to your heartbeat. Oh, how I wish I could rest my head on you like this forever!" Like those of a teenage girl on her first date, Isabella's cheeks suddenly turned red when she thought of a possible future for the two of them. "We're a perfect match, you know? If you're willing, I can marry you immediately. I'm serious, Oscar. For you, I'll learn to be a great wife. I'll even get the chefs at home to teach me how to cook properly. They already told me that I have the talent. I can even give up my piano and focus on our family instead. I can give you beautiful children, Oscar. How many would you like? How about two? A boy and girl."

As Isabella continued to mutter to herself, she realized that she had never considered such things before. She used to despise her friends who became housewives for their families, but when staring at Oscar, she finally understood why they did what they did.

Isabella remained smiling for a while until she stumbled upon a few questions inside her head. "Am I not good enough for you, Oscar? Am I not better than Amelia? I don't understand. Why are you still searching for her even though you two are divorced? Are you only going to accept me after we get intimate?"

With that, Isabella leaned in and forced her lips onto Oscar's. Before letting him go, she bit the man's lower lip.

"You'll be mine one day, Oscar. That I promise you." Pleased with herself, Isabella touched her lips and continued to gaze at the man with a deranged look in her eyes.

It was already six o'clock in the evening when Isabella decided to give Oliva a call. The elderly woman was glad to hear that Oscar was with Isabella, so she encouraged the young woman to continue spending more time with her son.

With Olivia's support, Isabella was even more convinced that she would marry Oscar.

The woman then rested her head back on Oscar and fell asleep shortly afterward.

When Oscar finally woke up, his fever had subsided, and so had his headache. Since the room was pitch black, Oscar somehow thought the person lying on him was Amelia, so he ran his fingers through her hair and called out Amelia's name.

However, when he heard his own hoarse voice, he suddenly remembered what had happened that morning. Oscar recalled how Isabella made a scene outside his office and how she barged in after he fired her. What happened after that was blurry at best to the man. Oscar remembered slowly falling asleep after somebody fed him medications, and he even dreamed of seeing Amelia again. They were holding each other tightly and kissing before he woke up.

Because of that, Oscar had trouble differentiating his dream from the real world. He thought Amelia was resting on him and that everything he dreamed was real.

Not long after feeling Oscar's touch, Isabella, too, woke up. She immediately extended her hand to turn on the lights before questioning Oscar worriedly, "Are you feeling better, Oscar? Do you need me to get you anything?"

Oscar was greatly disappointed when he realized that he mistook Isabella for Amelia, so he quickly withdrew his hand from the woman. "Why are you here?"

"You had a high fever, Oscar. Since you didn't want to go to the hospital, I had Linda help me carry you here so you could rest. You've been asleep since morning, and I took care of you the entire time. I know it's impossible to make you fall in love with me in such a short time, but can you at least be a little nicer to me?" pleaded Isabella.

Still, even after hearing all that, Oscar remained indifferent toward the woman. "Get out."

Immediately, the fantasy Isabella had before went up in smoke as she stared at the cold-hearted man in disbelief. "But Oscar, you—"

"Get out."

Gritting her teeth, Isabella could feel her eyes starting to well up. "Do you have any idea how much I've done for you? When you were sick, I did everything I could to keep your body temperature down. I don't expect you to thank me, but could you at least try not to be mean to me? I have feelings too, you know?"

Oscar felt much better by then, so he got out of bed and started walking toward the door, but Isabella quickly blocked his way.

"Where are you going, Oscar?"

"If you like it here so much, you can stay."

"Are you really that heartless? Don't I at least deserve a smile from you after all that I've done? Why do you have to treat me this way?"

To that, Oscar's only response was to open the door and leave without a word.

When Oscar walked out, Linda was still working overtime outside his office. "Are you feeling better, Mr. Clinton?"

Keeping his silence, Oscar glanced at the secretary before continuing to walk away.

Linda was mortified when her boss ignored her like that, so she hurriedly followed close behind. "You haven't fully recovered yet, Mr. Clinton. Do you need me to get Bill to drive you home?"

"You talk too much, Linda. Please just focus on doing your job. I'm going to let it slide this time. But if something like this happens again, you can pack your things. I don't need an indecisive employee."

At the sound of that, Linda's face turned pale. "Mr. Clinton, I can explain. I—"

Before the secretary could finish her sentence, Oscar had already entered the elevator, so she was forced to keep her own thoughts to herself.

"Linda, where's Oscar?" questioned Isabella after rushing out of the man's office.

Instead of replying to the question, Linda only glared at the woman before returning to her desk.

As much as Isabella wanted to unleash her wrath upon the secretary, she decided that her priority was to go after Oscar. However, when she reached the lobby, the man was already nowhere to be seen.

On the other side, Oscar was flooring the gas pedal to zoom to The Mirage, a karaoke bar. The man even jumped two red lights on the way. Not long after entering the building, Oscar happened to bump into the scantily dressed Cassie. If it were not for their history, Oscar would not have recognized Cassie, who he used to think was a girl with the purest of hearts.

Seeing the woman again brought back some memories that Oscar had almost forgotten. The man thought it was best to walk past Cassie after glancing at her, but unexpectedly, the woman noticed him as well.

Cassie was so drunk then that Oscar could immediately sense the smell of alcohol emanating from her.

Furrowing his brows, Oscar quickly took a step back from the strong odor.

"What a pleasant surprise! It's so nice to see you again, Oz. I heard that you and Amelia got divorced. Congratulations! So when are you planning to marry me? You and I were definitely more than friends. Now that you had your fun, it's time to accept me into the Clinton family," slurred Cassie with a smile while gazing at Oscar with her drunken eyes.

"You're drunk," stated Oscar with his brows still knitted.

Like an octopus that had caught its prey, Cassie wrapped her arms around Oscar before continuing, "No, I'm perfectly sober. I couldn't go to you because June had

been pestering me for the past few months. You never came to me either. That's cold. I mean, you just left after bedding me. You told me you loved me, but you didn't mean it. You ruined me! Do you know that? It's time for you to make it up to me."

"Let go of me," demanded Oscar icily.

"No! Now that I finally have you again, I'll never let you go."

"Let go of me now, or else."

When Cassie refused to listen to him, Oscar swiftly broke free of the woman's hold before decisively slamming her to the ground.

Immediately, the service staff at the nightclub was shocked.

"Are you okay, ma'am? Do you need help?" inquired the staff worriedly.

"Come on, man. You didn't have to do that to your girlfriend," voiced one of the bystanders.

Without explaining himself, Oscar simply turned around and headed for the exit. Cassie instantly got sobered up when she hit the ground. Seeing that Oscar was about to leave her, Cassie ignored her pain and hurriedly got to her feet.

In order to catch up to Oscar, Cassie even took off her stilettos. "Please stop, Oz! Don't leave me! I've missed you so much."

"You're not the Cassie I know. Just look at you. Heavy makeup and scanty clothes? Is that what you think you need to win men over now? Let go of my arm before my despise for you grows even deeper," warned Oscar.

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Chapter 344 The Fight

"And whose fault is it that I've changed?" shouted Cassie, as she started hitting Oscar with all her might. "You are the most despicable and heartless man I've ever met, Oscar! It's your fault that I've become infertile and my career ruined! You're the reason my hands can never play the piano again. How dare you just leave me when you've caused me so much pain!"

"That was all your doing, and you know it. Don't blame it on somebody else," responded Oscar in an indifferent tone.

Chuckling wryly, Cassie wondered why she fell for someone as cold as Oscar. However, no matter what the man did to her, she simply could not get herself to forget him.

After wiping away the tears that had ruined her makeup, Cassie took a deep breath to recompose herself. "Fine. I won't blame you for what happened because that's in the past now. Now that you're single again, let's start over, okay?"

"That's not going to happen," replied Oscar without a second thought before continuing to walk away from Cassie.

Even though he initially went to the nightclub to get a drink, he knew that was no longer an option after bumping into the woman.

Upset with Oscar's response, Cassie clenched her fists so tightly that her knuckles cracked. However, after regaining her senses, she ran over to Oscar's car and got in.

"Get out," commanded Oscar impatiently.

Still, Cassie remained unmoved as she sat in the back seat. "I'm not going anywhere, Oz. I've sacrificed far too much for you to let you leave me again. If you don't like my heavy makeup, I can put on a lighter one. If you don't like my attitude, I can change that too. I'll be whatever you want me to be. Just let me stay by your side. June's nobody to me. That man's just a pest I couldn't get rid of."

"Get out," repeated Oscar, rubbing his forehead.

Since Cassie still refused to leave, Oscar decided to be the one to get out of the vehicle. He already had a headache in the office that morning, so he would rather not deal with another.

Seeing that, Cassie exited the car as well and continued to tail the man. "I've missed you, Oz. Weren't you going to get a drink? Let me go with you."

Suddenly, Oscar stopped walking and turned around to face Cassie. "If you keep following me like this, I can't promise I'll go as easy on you as I did just now."

However, Cassie was not intimidated by Oscar's threat at all, so he rolled his eyes at the woman before taking his phone out.

"Hugo, get two men over here to keep Ms. Yard away from me," ordered Oscar.

Upon hearing that, Cassie immediately wrapped her arms around Oscar like an octopus once again and pleaded, "Please don't do this to me, Oscar. I love you! I promise I won't disturb you in any way."

Oscar remained silent as he emotionlessly let the woman hang on to him.

When Hugo and several men arrived at the scene, they were amused to see their boss' predicament since they had never met anybody more persistent than Cassie.

Seeing the way the woman acted, Hugo could not help but wonder why his boss would ever fall for somebody like her in the first place. I guess love really is blind.

"It's getting late, Ms. Yard, so let my men send you home. After all, it's not safe for you to be at this kind of place," advised Hugo.

"Don't you dare touch me! Or I'll cry for help!" warned Cassie fiercely, sending daggers at Hugo and the men with him.

Amused yet again by the woman's persistency, Hugo released a chuckle.

"What are you waiting for? Get her out of my sight now," ordered Oscar irritably, so Hugo instructed two bodyguards to pull Cassie off of his boss by force.

Unexpectedly, Cassie then started struggling and yelling like a madwoman. "Help! Somebody is robbing me! He's going to kill me! Please help me call the police!"

As soon as Cassie was removed, Oscar instantly made himself scarce. Following closely behind him was Hugo, who had issued further instructions to the bodyguards before leaving.

"Send Ms. Yard back home. When you get there, remind her parents to keep an eye on their misbehaving daughter lest she returns to bother Mr. Clinton again."

"Yes, sir," responded the bodyguards.

Even when they were already a distance away, Oscar and Hugo could still hear Cassie's frenzied screaming. Compared to how she was five years ago, Cassie was a completely different person then.

"Should I go get the car now, Boss?" inquired Hugo.

After his boss nodded, Hugo turned back to get the vehicle. Cassie and the bodyguards were already gone when he went back there.

Getting into the back of the car, Oscar immediately leaned against the seat and shut his eyes.

Hugo glanced at his tired-looking employer. "Where do you want to go, Boss?"

"Take me to the apartment where Amelia and I used to live," answered Oscar in a slightly hoarse voice.

When Hugo stopped the car in front of a traffic light, he could not help but mention how lucky his boss had been with the ladies recently.

Though, Oscar simply kept quiet.

After glancing at Oscar, whose eyes remained shut, in the rear-view mirror, Hugo added, "Boss, do you need me to send someone to deal with Ms. Walker and Ms. Yard?"

"No, that's not necessary. They're just a minor nuisance. They'll get bored soon and leave me alone."

"Okay, Boss."

Hugo wondered how the two women would feel if they knew that his boss considered them a nuisance. I'm guessing they'll probably flip! But I suppose Boss has a good reason for feeling that way about them. Heck, any man would probably feel the same way after witnessing how they behaved. Even all that beauty can't help those two.

Hugo kept his thoughts to himself and focused on his driving until he reached the destination.

Ever since Amelia disappeared, Oscar would occasionally stay at their apartment. Sometimes he would return to the Clinton residence, but for most of the time, he stayed overnight in the office for work.

"We're here, Boss," informed Hugo softly after stopping the car.

"You can take your leave now, Hugo, but make sure nobody followed me first. I want to be alone," instructed Oscar after opening his eyes.

"Yes, Boss."

After Hugo drove away, Oscar made his way into the apartment. Unexpectedly, the lights inside were already turned on when he entered the house. Hence, his heart started to race, and his grip on the doorknob tightened.

Oscar was so excited that he almost forgot to breathe, but at the same time, he was afraid that it would all turn out to be a dream.

After slowly closing the door behind him, Oscar tiptoed upstairs as if any loud noise would send the person he dearly missed scattering.

Oscar stood outside the bedroom for a while, hesitant to turn the doorknob. Surprisingly, someone on the other side of the door opened for him. Oscar widened his eyes in shock when he saw who the person was.

"What are you doing here?" Oscar could hear the sound of his hope shattering as he continued to stare at the person.

Before the other party could respond, Oscar angrily grabbed him by the collar. "You told me you were not in contact with Amelia. Why are you here, then, Derrick? Who gave you the keys?"

Derrick was just as surprised to see Oscar, for he only went there to pick up something for Amelia and was not expecting to bump into anyone. In an awkward situation like that, Derrick knew things would get messy.

Still, he tried to resolve the issue in a peaceful manner. "There's no need to get physical, Mr. Clinton. Now, can you please unhand me?"

To respond to the question, Oscar unceremoniously punched the man's pretty face. "I have been wanting to do this for a long time. I just never did because I didn't want to upset Amelia. But you just had to keep trying my patience, didn't you? Well, now you know my limit, and I'm going to make you regret it."

Oscar held nothing back as he continued to swing his fists at Derrick, who quickly fought back after taking a few hits. The two men clung to each other and traded blows until they exhausted their strength.

Eventually, the fight ended in a draw. It was difficult for Oscar or Derrick to tell who won since they were both equally injured. Two handsome faces were ruined by a bleeding nose and bruised cheeks that evening.

For some reason, after exchanging looks, the two men suddenly burst out laughing together. Somehow, they discovered a newfound respect for each other after the slugfest.

"Amelia gave you the keys, didn't she?" inquired Oscar, sitting on the floor.

Derrick knew it would be meaningless to keep the truth from the man at that point, so he nodded.

With his heart racing, Oscar gulped and gritted his teeth before finding the courage to ask, "Is she... Is she doing okay?"

Derrick took a moment to consider what to tell the man and decided not to mention Amelia's blindness. "She's good. She's happy to have Tony by her side."

Taking another look at the other man, Oscar questioned, "She's still in Beshya, isn't she?"

"Amelia and Tiff were staying at my villa before my mother said some mean things to them. They got upset, so they just sent me a text message before disappearing for good. I don't know if they're in Beshya or not either. Of course, it's up to you whether you want to believe me. I really do love Tiff, and I've pursued her for three years. It's a shame that my family will always stand between us. That's why she hasn't accepted me yet. Initially, I wished for her to stay at my villa because I wanted to be close to her. However, my mother's words had left a bad taste in her mouth. I have been looking for them ever since," lied Derrick as he stared down at the floor, but Oscar was not convinced.

"You're lying."

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Chapter 345 Battle Of Wits

In response, Derrick shrugged before lifting his head to look at Oscar. There was a hint of sadness in his eyes as he continued, "You know, I love Tiff just as much as you love Amelia. I've been interested in her since the first day she became a writer for my company. Her work was soulful that it made me want to fall in love, and that's why I wanted to get to know her more. Then I realized the more I knew her, the more I became interested in her. Unfortunately, she has disappeared with Amelia, and I still couldn't find them."

"Since Amelia really did stay at your villa, why didn't you admit it before? What were you trying to hide?"

Instead of answering the question, Derrick smiled and quickly changed the subject. "We're both on the same boat, you know? So if you hear anything about Amelia or Tiff, please let me know. It has been three years. I think it's time to find out if Tiff's feelings for me are mutual."

All of a sudden, as if he had an epiphany, Oscar stretched out his hand, and Derrick instinctively high-fived it.

"I'll inform you as soon as I locate them, but you have to promise me that you'll never lie to me. Otherwise, I'm going to make sure that you and your family pay for your mistake."

"It's a deal."

Even though the two seemed to have reached an agreement, neither of them knew what the other was actually planning in his head.

"Do you want to grab a drink?" invited Derrick.

"Sure."

"What did Amelia ask you to get?" inquired Oscar after they left the apartment and entered the elevator.

"It's not something you would expect. She just wanted me to get her a photo album; it's the one with photos of you and her. She said it'd be nice to relive those memories. Unfortunately, she and Tiff both disappeared after I last saw

them. It's cruel, really, what they did. That's why I said we're both on the same boat," answered Derrick with a wry smile.

Oscar was already distracted the moment Derry mentioned the photo album. Even after five years of marriage, Oscar and Amelia did not take many photos together. Those in the album only existed because Amelia wanted a couple photoshoot. Naturally, the man agreed because he loved Amelia. At first, he was a little stiff in front of the camera, so Amelia teased him and called him a statue. Oscar then retorted that if he were a statue, he was a handsome-looking one. In the end, the happy Amelia during the photoshoot convinced Oscar that it was all worth it.

Those photos were proof of the happy moments they had together.

"Is that really what she told you?" asked Oscar hesitantly.

Derrick remained silent for a while before responding, "What do you mean?"

"You said she wanted the photo album because she wanted to relive our memories. Is that true?"

Derrick nodded, suddenly feeling pity for the man. As the head of Clinton Corporations, Oscar could have had any woman he wanted, but for some reason, he only had eyes for Amelia. Even now, his heart longed to be with her. He had only met a handful of men with such fierce loyalty to a woman.

After seeing Derrick's response, Oscar tightened his grip on the steering wheel as a content smile crept its way onto his face.

Derrick gave Oscar a curious look when the man stopped outside The Mirage. "A karaoke bar? I thought we were going to a regular bar."

"They have private rooms, so it's much quieter inside. I had a headache today, so I'd rather not deal with loud noises."

Only after hearing that did Derrick notice a hint of paleness on Oscar's face, and accompanying the colorlessness were the bruises he left on the man. Derrick started to wonder if Oscar should go home and rest instead after realizing the state the other man was in.

"You don't look so good, Mr. Clinton. How about we take a rain check? You should rest at home if you're not feeling well, not downing alcohol in a bustling bar," advised Derrick in all seriousness.

"You talk too much. Do you know that? If I wanted to get nagged at, I would've gone to my mother. Now stop your yapping and come have a drink with me."

Since Oscar insisted on carrying on their plan, Derrick had no reason to go against the man. This will be a good opportunity for me to befriend Oscar. Gaining a powerful and influential friend like him will no doubt bring me more good than

harm. "Hey, if you think you're going to be okay, who am I to doubt you? Let's go."

The service staff at The Mirage were more than glad when they saw the two enter their workplace, for the establishment was rarely graced with the presence of such outstanding men. Even though they remembered what Oscar did to Cassie, they were nonetheless mesmerized by the man's good looks, especially the females.

When the staff had any free time, they would sneak a peek at the two gentlemen. If allowed, almost everyone in the service crew would spend their working hours drooling over Oscar and Derrick.

"Would you like some snacks, Mr. Clinton?" inquired Derrick after ordering the man and himself a beer.

Oscar nodded in response as he continued to ignore the staff members gazing at him.

After they were done with the ordering, Derrick and Oscar took the elevator to their private room. Oscar slumped onto the couch as soon as they got in, while Derrick fetched the microphones.

"Since we're at a karaoke bar, why don't we sing a song or two? Here. Show me what you've got." Derrick then handed his companion a microphone.

The first song he picked was one of his all-time favorites. Not only was it one of the most popular songs during his childhood, but it was also one that he had fond memories of. No matter how many times Derrick had heard it, he never got bored of the song, and he suspected that he never would.

"Do you know this song, Mr. Clinton? I'm sure you do, don't you? Go ahead. Let me hear that angelic voice of yours," teased Derrick.

Oscar then took the microphone and cleared his throat before he started singing. A pleasant-sounding and tuneful voice came out of the man's mouth as he performed the old song.

Derrick was completely mind-blown when he realized what a great singer Oscar was, so he decided to do his best to match the other man's talent when it was his turn to sing.

After they were done with the song, Derrick could not help but give Oscar a big thumbs-up to show the man how impressed he was. "My goodness, Mr. Clinton! I definitely did not expect you to be that talented in singing. And I can tell that you're very familiar with the song. Didn't expect that either, to be honest."

"It's an excellent song. You have good taste," praised Oscar concisely.

At that moment, Derrick realized that maybe they had more in common than he initially thought.

Not long after that, a waitress brought in their order and placed it on the table. "Enjoy, gentlemen."

Naturally, the staff member quickly made herself scarce after finishing her task.

Oscar then put the microphone down and reached out to grab a bottle of beer. After taking a few gulps, the man slumped against the couch.

"Another song, Mr. Clinton?"

"No, thanks. You go ahead. I'll join you later."

With that, Derrick picked a second song and continued to show his flair for singing. Even though Derrick did not look the type, he was skillful enough to hit every high note in the song.

When Derrick was finally done, Oscar had already finished his bottle of beer and was helping himself to a second bottle.

"Hey, take it slow, Mr. Clinton. A good beer is to be savored, not wasted like that. You have to keep it in your mouth for a while before swallowing it. That way, you'll learn to appreciate its flavor," instructed Derrick after snatching the bottle away from Oscar, so the man opened another and lifted it for a toast.

"Here's to your wise alcohol consumption method. Bottoms up. And don't worry; I'm not going to get drunk."

After shrugging nonchalantly in response, Derrick clinked his bottle against the man's.

However, it did not take long before Derrick regretted drinking with Oscar, who promised not to get drunk but ended up intoxicated, anyway. "More! I need more beer!" shouted Oscar after downing three bottles. By then, his face was already bright red, and eyes half-open.

Derrick placed Oscar's arm around his shoulder to support the man, who could no longer stand properly without help. This is unexpected. I honestly thought Oscar could hold his drink, but it turned out that three bottles were all it took to get him drunk. Either he's really that weak, or he's just pretending to be drunk. "Are you drunk already, Mr. Clinton?"

In response, Oscar looked at Derrick with his half-open eyes and cracked a big smile. "Amelia, you're back! I'm so glad to see you again! I've been very good. Since you told me not to drink, I have not had a drop of alcohol. Look how sober I am! Heck, I can even dance for you if you want me to prove it."

With that, Oscar pulled himself away from Derrick and started dancing clumsily around the room.

After witnessing Oscar's awkward and silly dance, Derrick was finally convinced that the man was indeed drunk.

Derrick then approached Oscar to save the man from further humiliation. "Come on, Mr. Clinton. Let's get you home."

Surprisingly, Oscar was very cooperative when Derrick stopped his dancing. He would gaze at the man from time to time and slur, "It's so good to have you back, Amelia. Words can't even begin to describe how much I've missed you. Did you miss me too, Amelia? Tell me because I need to know. I need to know that you haven't forgotten about me."

Derrick got goosebumps all over whenever Oscar stared lovingly at him. I can't believe this is happening to me. What on earth did I ever do to deserve this? I guess I should consider myself lucky that all he did was stare. I swear I'll lose it if he puts his arms around me.

After helping Oscar into the back seat, Derrick got into the driver's seat and started driving toward the former's residence.

Suddenly, Oscar leaned forward to press his face against the back of Derrick's seat. "Amelia, where did you go? I couldn't find you anywhere. I tried; I really did. But I just can't seem to find you, no matter how hard I tried. These past few months have been nothing but hell to me. All I could think about was you. Just you," mumbled Oscar, whose eyes could barely stay open at that point.

To that, Derrick simply remained silent and continued to focus on driving.

After garbling for a while, Oscar eventually fell asleep, and Derrick's phone just so happened to ring at that moment. Glancing at the rear-view mirror, Derrick ensured that Oscar was still out before answering his phone.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Mr. Hisson. It's me, Tiff. Are you doing all right there? Did Oscar cause you any trouble?"

"Where are you? Why did you call me on a public phone? What's going on?" questioned Derrick in concern, his brows tightly furrowed.

"I'm just trying to be cautious. I was afraid that Oscar might monitor the caller IDs on your phone, so I decided to make use of the public phone nearby. Don't worry. Kurt is just beside me, so I'm completely safe. Amelia will probably be transferred to Boris' facility by tomorrow, so don't call me for now. It's good to hear your voice again, Mr. Hisson."

"Remember to be careful, okay? No matter where you are or what you do. How's her condition? Is she doing okay?" Worried that Oscar would overhear his conversation and figure out that it was Tiffany on the phone, Derrick restrained himself from saying anything romantic.

"You're not alone, are you, Mr. Hisson?" inquired Tiffany curiously when she noticed the man's odd tone.

"No," answered Derrick concisely.

"Is it Oscar?"

To answer the question, Derrick simply stayed quiet, for he knew that Tiffany would understand what it meant.

"Did he do anything to you?" Tiffany immediately got concerned when she got the man's silent message.

"I'm fine. Don't worry. You take care of yourself, okay? If there's anything you don't understand or can't handle at work, you can call me anytime. You're my friend, and I'm probably the only friend you have in Saspiuburg, so I'll do everything I can to help you. Don't overwork yourself, okay? There's always tomorrow."

Tiffany was baffled for a while but quickly realized that Derrick was signaling her to end the phone call. "Sure. We'll talk again soon. Goodbye."

After hanging up, Derrick noticed that Oscar had already sat up in the back seat. Even though the man still seemed not all that sober, Derrick was shocked nonetheless.

"I heard you talking on the phone just now, Amelia. Who could be calling you at this hour?"

Derrick narrowed his eyes at Oscar and wondered if the man was really drunk. For some reason, he still thought that Oscar could be faking it. "Why don't you rest some more, Mr. Clinton? I'll wake you up when we reach your place."

"Okay."

Unexpectedly, Oscar did as he was told and lay down to continue sleeping.

Although Derrick was unsure if Oscar really fell asleep again, he breathed a sigh of relief after seeing the man lie down. His mission turned out to be more difficult than he had anticipated, for he never expected that he would have to drive Oscar home.

Derrick knew that they were still in the middle of their battle of wits, and the victor had yet to emerge.

“Oscar, I hope that you’ll forgive me for lying to you. I know how much you love Amelia, but I’m doing this in the name of love as well. I’m sure you can understand that we cannot be friends yet. At least not at the moment,” whispered Derrick to himself as he continued driving.