

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 471

### Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 471 Get To The Top

When Amelia returned to the office to work, all her colleagues naturally consoled her. Some even said Jamie was a heartless person and that they could not believe she could do something like that to a colleague from the same department. It was a humiliating matter for the company.

However, Amelia responded calmly, “Thank you for your concern, everyone. I don’t want to talk about Jamie anymore. We should just let the police handle everything. If they want to teach her a lesson before letting her go or even lock her in jail for a few days, it’s not up to my decision.”

“Don’t worry, Amelia. The police will punish her according to the law. Her prank has seriously affected your job and even your life. It even affected you mentally. She definitely won’t get any benefit out of it,” said Lydia. Ever since she knew Amelia was the wife of Clinton Corporations’ heir, she had been constantly trying to get in the latter’s good books. She was doing it more openly compared to Rory, who was better at being subtle.

“Thank you, Lydia. With everyone’s concern, I don’t feel that sad anymore,” Amelia said.

After a brief chat, the crowd slowly dispersed and went back to work.

Right then, the manager walked in with a relatively good-looking man who seemed to be in his thirties. The latter was dressed in a suit.

“Everyone, please be quiet. The boss is here,” Eduardo announced, clapping his hands to get the employees’ attention.

Hearing that, everyone in the design department got to their feet.

“Hello, Mr. Franklin,” everyone greeted in unison.

Meanwhile, a hint of surprise flashed past Amelia’s eyes when she saw the young man’s face. She blurted, “Shane Franklin?”

The young man shifted his gaze to her, and his lips curled into a smile. “Amelia, it’s really you! When Mr. Clinton gave me a call and mentioned your name, I was a little suspicious, and I couldn’t help but wonder if it was the Amelia I know from university. I didn’t expect it to really be you. We haven’t met for so many years, and now, you’ve become an employee in my company.”

All the staff from the design department stared at Amelia.

“Mr. Franklin, you know Amelia?” someone asked, causing everyone to turn to look at Shane.

Although Shane was not exceptionally good-looking, he exuded a pleasant aura and looked like an educated man. Every single action he made was calm, and he had a faint smile on his lips. He truly looked like an elegant prince with no temper.

“Amelia and I were university friends. We were in the same batch but different courses. Ever since she graduated, we lost contact with each other. I can’t believe I’m meeting her again in the company after such a long time. This must be fate. Since it’s a happy day, let’s all end work early and have a celebration outside,” Shane suggested.

“Woohoo! Long live Mr. Franklin!”

At four o’clock in the afternoon, everyone from the design department got off work early. Shane announced he would bring them out for a meal and have fun in a karaoke bar.

However, Amelia was a little hesitant since she wanted to try Oscar’s cooking that night. If she were to eat with her colleagues, then Oscar and Tony would be the only ones left during dinner.

Ever since she re-entered the working world, she rarely had control over her time.

Just then, Shane walked over and asked with a smile, “What’s wrong? Aren’t you going to give your old friend the honor of treating you to a meal?”

Amelia quickly put away her phone and shook her head. “It’s not that. I just kind of promised Oscar that I’d go home and have a meal with him. If I were to stand him up again, I’m worried he might be mad. If that happens, you’ve got to help me out as my boss.”

Shane chuckled. “Oh, I wouldn’t dare to. I’m like a tiny, insignificant shrimp in Mr. Clinton’s presence. Back then, when he gave me a call, I was so scared that I figured I’d have to treat his wife like a queen. Who would’ve known that you would be my company’s employee? Now, I’m even hoping you could help me put in a few good words to Mr. Clinton. How would I dare to make a fool out of myself in front of him?”

Amelia looked at him in amusement.

If she did not know him from university, she would have thought that he was a cunning entrepreneur that read the situation well. However, she knew he was a person who loved to hide his talents and flatter those who

were more capable than him. Nonetheless, that did not mean he was the type to be bullied.

His flattery had the ability to make others float with happiness.

“Mr. Franklin, your words are making me feel as though you’re trying to cozy up to Oscar,” Amelia said, side-eyeing him. Her attitude toward him was not at all like how an employee would treat their boss.

Shane shrugged. “That’s my plan. Why should I take the long and windy road to win Mr. Clinton’s favor when I have a good resource like you? I’m not that dumb to make my life difficult on purpose.”

Amelia was not mad. Instead, she found it easy to talk to Shane because he was not the type of person to give the other party much stress. Besides that, he was a thoughtful man who had a lot of interesting opinions.

“If I didn’t know you before this, I would’ve cursed you in my heart, thinking you’re a cunning and scheming person who wouldn’t even miss out on taking advantage of his employees,” she said truthfully.

Shane was stunned for a second before bursting into laughter.

His laughter caused the others who were still waiting for the taxis to look in his direction. Meanwhile, Eduardo waved at Rory, and they walked over to Amelia and Shane. “Mr. Franklin, you two seem to be having fun. Do you mind if I join you both?”

“Sure. Our rides aren’t here yet, anyway. We could use another person in the conversation to relieve the boredom.” Shane did not mind his presence.

At the same time, Rory leaned close to Amelia and took out a tiny bottle. “Amelia, here. I bought this for you.”

After giving her a glance, Amelia took the bottle and studied it. However, she could not identify what it was. Confused, she asked, “Rory, what’s this?”

“Just take it. I think it smells quite good, so I bought two of them,” Rory said.

“Thanks then.” Amelia placed the tiny bottle into her bag, not bothering to be too courteous with Rory.

“Who’s this?” Shane scanned Rory, finding her a little familiar, yet he could not recall her name.

“Mr. Franklin, my name is Rory Sanders. I’m a member of the design department. I was Amelia’s caregiver back then in Beshya. She thought it was a waste for a graduate like me to become a caregiver, so she introduced me to the headquarters. After that, I was transferred here due to certain reasons,” Rory explained in a respectful manner.

Finally, Shane recalled who Rory was. When she was being transferred over, the people from the headquarters specifically called him, telling him to take good care of the fresh graduate. They also mentioned that she was brought into the company by Derrick. Hence, she was someone who could not be offended. However, he totally forgot all about it since he was busy with work. Instead, he only instructed Eduardo to take good care of her. It was no wonder that he found her familiar-looking since Eduardo had brought her to see him in his office once. Nonetheless, her face did not ring a bell since he usually met up with many important people.

“So, it’s you. You’re quite young and hardworking, eh? You’re quite lucky to be able to meet someone like Amelia. Anyway, as long as you’re talented, the company won’t overlook you. Amelia is a genius at

designing. You should learn from her as I bet you'll gain a lot from it," Shane said.

"Got it, Mr. Franklin."

"Amelia, you've got to teach your junior well," Shane instructed.

Hearing that, Amelia only smiled in response.

Meanwhile, jealousy grew in the others' hearts as they watched Rory speaking to Shane by using Amelia as her stepping stone. Despite that, they could not do anything apart from being jealous of Rory's advancement.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 472**

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 472 Talking About Children

When their taxi arrived at the city's most high-end restaurant, Amelia said to Shane, "Mr. Franklin, I'm going to give Oscar a call. Please go ahead and order the dishes."

Shane nodded.

With that, Amelia went to the washroom and gave Oscar a call.

"Are you done with work?" Oscar's gentle voice came through the speakers.

"Oscar, I've something to tell you, and you must not get angry. Our boss just came back from his business trip and wants to treat our department's

staff to a meal and a karaoke session. At the same time, he wants to have a welcoming party for me. I can't reject him since it'll make me stand out, and it's my first day back at work, anyway. So, I'm afraid I won't be able to try your cooking tonight. Is it okay if you cook for me next time?" Amelia said seriously.

"Where?"

For a moment, Amelia did not understand what he meant. "What?"

"Your company won't mind their staff bringing along their family members, right?"

Amelia smiled at his words. She could imagine how everyone would be tensed up if Oscar actually came. In fact, they would not be able to have their meal in peace.

"Stop messing around, Oscar. This is a gathering among the company's staff. If you're here, everyone will be acting formally. How are they going to enjoy their meal?" she stated with a chuckle.

"Don't worry. I won't present myself as a boss in front of your colleagues. Besides, they played a huge part in taking care of you during the parcel threat incident. I should be thanking them. Be a good girl and give me the address. Besides, it'll be beneficial for your career development if I get along well with your colleagues," Oscar reasoned.

Hence, Amelia had no choice but to tell him the location.

"Wait for me. I'll head there now. The hotel you guys are at isn't far from Clinton Corporations. I should be there in less than half an hour," Oscar said.

“Don’t speed. Although it’s not peak traffic hour, there are still many cars out there. Drive carefully, okay?” Amelia reminded concernedly.

“Okay, my naggy wife,” Oscar teased.

After hanging up, Amelia returned to the private room and cleared her throat intentionally. “Everyone, I have something to tell you. Do you guys mind if I bring along my family member?”

Everyone fixed their eyes on her.

“Amelia, is Mr. Clinton coming?” someone asked.

Amelia nodded. “He said he wanted to come and thank everyone. Then again, if any one of you feels uncomfortable with his presence, I can give him a call and tell him to come next time.”

“Oh, no. Don’t do that!” everyone said in unison. “It’s our honor to have Mr. Clinton here. Not everyone gets the chance to see the face of Clinton Corporations’ heir, anyway.”

Amelia let out a sigh of relief when she heard their words.

As she took her seat, Rory eyed her discreetly before gulping down her glass of water, suppressing the excitement within her.

The more she got to be close to Oscar, the more it made her heart flutter. She even wondered if she would be the one beside him if Amelia was not around.

However, she knew she was not qualified to be with Oscar at that moment. Hence, she sensibly hid her emotions. She decided she would watch him from afar and make a move during the right time to win him

over. All she could do for now was to remain calm and observe the situation.

She believed everyone had the right to pursue a relationship. It was undeniable that Amelia cared for her. Unfortunately, they fell in love with the same man. And it was because of this man that Rory had no choice but to do things that were unpleasant to the former. After all, their friendship was incomparable to all the fortune and fame that would come if she succeeded in nabbing Oscar.

Suddenly, Rory put down her glass and got up from her seat, accidentally knocking into the chair. Sensing the commotion, everyone's gaze fell onto Rory. "Are you okay?" Amelia asked.

Rory took a deep breath and laughed, putting her hand over her stomach. "My stomach is feeling a little unwell. I'm thinking of going to the washroom," Rory said apologetically.

Amelia shook her head in amusement. "Go on then."

Hence, Rory left the private room. Immediately after that, Lydia, too, stood up and excused herself to the washroom.

Upon arriving at the washroom, Rory quickly retrieved her lipstick from her bag and applied it carefully onto her lips. When Lydia saw her doing that, she scoffed, "Rory, you're really a whore. He's not even here and you're already acting all flirty. What a waste for Amelia to treat you so well. She's been taking care of an ungrateful wretch all this while."

Rory put away her lipstick and shot Lydia a haughty glance. Feigning ignorance, she said, "Lydia, what are you talking about? I don't understand a single word you're saying."

“Oh, no. I’m sure you do.” Lydia approached the basin and took out her makeup pouch, carefully reapplying her makeup as well.

As Rory watched how the older woman cared so much about her looks, she sneered, “Lydia, you’re already in your thirties. You’re even married and have children. I don’t think there’s a need for you to doll up yourself just because Mr. Clinton is coming. Besides, I doubt he’ll even be attracted to you.”

Lydia glanced at her, mocking, “Rory, young people shouldn’t be so sarcastic. Besides, you shouldn’t be so self-righteous just because you’re slightly good-looking. If I were to compare you to Amelia, you’re barely even her match. Just take a look at your dark skin tone. You’ve totally lost the game. After all, what kind of man doesn’t like a fair-skinned and elegant woman? So please, tell me, in which area are you better than Amelia?”

Rory’s expression changed drastically.

“It’s true that Amelia is outstanding, and I actually look up to her as a sister. Just because you have unpleasant thoughts doesn’t mean you should assume people think that way too. Moreover, I’ve seen Mr. Clinton in person before. I only admire him because of how successful he is at such a young age. I don’t have other intentions. Please stop trying to harm my relationship with Amelia,” Rory said sternly, rolling her eyes at Lydia.

Lydia scoffed. “Oh, how noble of you. Guess what? You’re just too inexperienced. If you really want to get into Amelia’s good books, then don’t be too obvious with your intentions. Otherwise, you’ll lose both of them before you can even get them. There’s no way a village girl like you can understand the ways of rich people. By the way, Amelia’s not a fool. From what I can see, she’s a thoughtful person and is even smarter

than you. If not, how would she have been able to make Mr. Clinton so loyal to her? Here's a piece of advice: stop wasting your time and efforts. In the end, it's not worth it, and you might end up biting off more than you can chew."

With that, Lydia walked out of the restroom, leaving a furious Rory, whose face was distorted in anger. When Rory saw her ugly reflection, she slammed her hand against the mirror.

Prideful as she was, she was an ambitious person who hated it when others brought up her origin. It only made her want to go from rags to riches even more. She wanted everyone to see that she was still valuable in the market and could get married into a rich family with her abilities even though she grew up in a village.

In the modern world, money was everything. As long as a person could get married into a rich family, everyone would instantly become loyal dogs. No matter how despicable the measures taken were, no one would dare to comment on anything.

At that thought, Rory put away the ferocious expression on her face and practiced her prettiest smile in front of the mirror until she was satisfied with it. Only then did she leave the washroom.

When she returned to the private room, Oscar was already there. Her heart immediately started pounding. However, as soon as she saw Lydia's subtle smile, she instantly composed herself and took careful steps forward. "Hello, Mr. Clinton. You and Amelia have such a good relationship. From what I can see, both of you are practically a match made in heaven."

It was only then that Oscar finally glanced at her.

Amelia said, "Please have a seat, Rory. You don't have to be so formal with Oscar here."

She pretended to not have seen the sparkly look in Rory's eyes. As long as Rory did not go overboard, she was willing to turn a blind eye to it. After all, Oscar was constantly swooned over by many females. If she were to be concerned about all of them, she would either die of jealousy or anger.

Thus, Rory took a seat while her eyes stole glances at Oscar. Despite that, she did not dare to go overboard since Amelia was there.

Oscar, on the other hand, merely ignored Rory's gaze. Instead, he kept piling food onto Amelia's plate, saying, "Amelia, I've already picked the bones out of this piece of fish. Here, give it a try. You should still be careful, though. There might still be bones in it."

Amelia took a bite of the fish and smiled. "It tastes amazing. You should try it too."

Both of them acted affectionately toward each other as though there were no one around them. However, the scene left everyone stunned. They had thought Oscar, who always presented himself coldly, would not be so caring toward his wife and son. To their surprise, Oscar acted way better than all the other husbands on earth.

As Shane watched them, he chuckled. "Mr. Clinton, I feel like I'm watching a rare scene of you treating Amelia so well. This is really not like you. Either way, even I am not so affectionate to my wife. I feel like I'm not a match for you even as a husband."

Oscar piled some more food onto Amelia's plate and looked at Shane. "Mr. Franklin, you're married too? By the way, I called one of your

company's management team members before calling you back then. I didn't know you were the true person in charge here."

"Oh, you flatter me, Mr. Clinton. My company cannot be compared to yours. But then, I started a family before establishing my business. I got married five years ago, and now I have a pretty little princess." Shane looked blissful at the mention of his family.

Hearing that, Oscar's feeling of rivalry toward him lessened, and he chatted merrily, "I didn't know you got married at such a young age. Then again, men who marry earlier will have a stronger sense of responsibility toward their families. Maybe you should bring your child out someday. We can share our experiences of bringing up children."

Soon, the dining table was flooded with conversations about children.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 473**

### Chapter 473 Loving Women Without Self-Love

Since Oscar acted humbly, everyone had a good time during the meal and talked freely. Some even downed a few glasses of alcohol and became so drunk that they began calling Oscar by his first name as though they were close friends.

Seeing that, Amelia instinctively stole a glance at Oscar, worried he might get angry because of their actions. To her surprise, he held her hand underneath the table to reassure her he was fine.

After getting familiar with everyone, finding out Shane and Amelia were university friends, and knowing Shane was a man with a family, Oscar finally got cozy with them.

“Mr. Franklin, please take good care of my wife in the future. If there’s any project that requires Clinton Corporations’ collaboration, I’ll consider yours first,” Oscar promised.

Shane could already imagine a shower of money notes raining down on him.

He grinned. “Mr. Clinton, those words of yours sound better than those celebrity singers’ songs. Please do consider our company often. Looks like making friends in university is useful after all.”

His words caused Oscar to stare at him.

Seeing his reaction, Shane touched his face and said mischievously, “Am I being too aggressive? Perhaps I should rephrase my sentence. Amelia, I’m really thankful for getting to know you back in university. I say, I really do have good judgmental skills. I knew you weren’t an ordinary person, and it looks like I was right.”

His words were getting too outrageous.

Nonetheless, Amelia merely stared at him in amusement, totally not bothered by his words. “Mr. Franklin, stop messing around. Otherwise, Oscar is going to think you’re using me. Then, he’ll cancel all the collaborations with our company. You won’t have the time to mourn when that happens.”

Shane immediately made a zipping motion near his mouth, which made Amelia chuckle. He’s still as cheeky after so many years.

After the meal, the crowd went for karaoke. When Amelia got into the car, she gave Kurt a call to check in on Tony. Realizing Tony had not thrown a temper because of her eating out, Amelia let out a sigh of relief.

“Kurt, please take good care of him. He always listens to you,” Amelia said.

“Don’t worry. Nothing will happen to Tony when I’m around,” Kurt assured.

After exchanging a few sentences, she ended the call.

“Are you relieved now?” Oscar asked.

Amelia nodded in response.

As Oscar drove, he could not help but comment, “Looks like Kurt is more capable than the actual father.”

Amelia looked at him, chuckling. “Are you jealous?”

“A little.”

Amelia immediately burst out laughing before she teased, “Oscar, did anyone tell you that you’re actually quite cute?”

“Those who said I’m cute have either lost their jobs or are in the process of losing them. But if you’re the one who said it, then it’s a form of compliment,” Oscar said with a serious expression.

Amelia grinned, feeling in a good mood after their banter.

Shortly after, both of them arrived at the city's largest karaoke bar. As they entered the private room, the crowd urged them to sing a love song. Hence, they had no choice but to satisfy their request.

As soon as Oscar started singing, everyone's gaze was drawn toward him.

He had a deep and mellow voice, which made his singing amazing, instantly attracting everyone's attention.

As he sang, Rory, who sat in the corner of the room, watched him without saying anything while her heartbeat raced. She never imagined a man could make her feel that way. Even Derrick, who was so outstanding, could only make her heart flutter because of his looks. However, this time, she felt she was truly in love with Oscar. He makes others feel at ease. The fact that he treats Amelia so well shows that he's a person who cares for his wife. I'll definitely be extremely happy if I can get married to him.

However, she forgot the fact that men like him only treated their chosen women well. As for the other women, they were like dust in the air that could not trigger his feelings for them.

Meanwhile, Oscar and Amelia interlocked their fingers while gazing into each other's affection-filled eyes.

After finishing the song, the crowd urged them to sing another. Surprisingly, Oscar was in the mood, and he pulled Amelia forward to continue singing another song.

Both of them sang without a care in the world. Rory, on the other hand, stared at them with distaste. She was so frustrated that she had dug her nails deep into her flesh.

Suddenly, a voice whispered into her ear, which instantly snapped her back into reality.

“See that? That’s called mutual affection. All Mr. Clinton sees is Amelia. As for you, I’m afraid you don’t even have the chance.”

Rory quickly turned around in the direction of the voice. Of course, it was Lydia who spoke.

Immediately, annoyance filled Rory’s heart. Ever since she was transferred to this branch, Lydia, who was about ten years older than her, had been making her life difficult in every possible way. Sometimes, Lydia would even provoke her through words, as though her presence annoyed her.

“Lydia, I’ve always thought Mr. Clinton and Amelia are a match made in heaven. Everyone can see that they’re suitable for each other. Besides, Amelia has always treated me as a younger sister. I’m truly happy for her being able to marry well,” Rory said sincerely.

Lydia glanced at the singing couple who were not far away and tutted as if she was doing it on purpose to annoy Rory. “Amelia is so lucky to have a man like Mr. Clinton to love her. Back then, people always said he was an icy person and handled matters decisively. Never have I imagined him to be so gentle toward his wife. I’m afraid Amelia is the only person who can make him act that way. As for anyone else, it’s impossible.”

Rory’s face was almost twisted in anger, but she quickly recollected herself when Lydia looked at her.

Once the song was over, Amelia put down her microphone and said to Oscar, I’m going to the washroom.”

“Do you need me to accompany you?” Oscar asked.

Amelia suppressed her laughter and rolled her eyes at him before leaving.

After entering the washroom, she relieved herself and walked to the basin to wash her hand. Suddenly, the door was kicked open with a bang, and in came a woman who staggered as she walked. It was obvious that she had had too much to drink.

Amelia gave the woman a casual glance. However, when the woman lifted her head, a hint of surprise flashed in Amelia’s eyes when she saw the woman’s face.

At the same time, the woman seemed to have snapped out of her drunkenness as soon as she saw Amelia.

She stumbled toward Amelia and smiled wryly. “What a coincidence, Amelia! I can’t believe I would actually meet you in such a place. Didn’t the rumors say you left two years ago? What now? Did you get your ass back here because you can’t let Oscar go? You’re really shameless, aren’t you?”

Amelia took a few steps backward, avoiding the woman’s breath that stank of alcohol.

“Ms. Yard, please have some self-respect,” she said calmly.

True enough, the drunk woman was Cassie. Nonetheless, Amelia was quite shocked to see her in such a state. It had only been two years since they last met, yet the former seemed to have lost a lot of weight. Her originally slim face had now become quite bony, and her eyes seemed sunken in and bigger. Even the light makeup could not conceal the paleness of her face.

In just two years, the talented woman had now become a memory. The current version of Cassie was in a miserable, depressed, and self-degrading state.

Amelia did not know that unrequited love could make someone end up like that. Truth was, she did not approve of Cassie being in this state. Even though she had left Oscar back then while deeply in love with him, she had only thought that she would never be able to love another man again. She had never once thought about wallowing in her despair.

To her, no man could ever love a woman who did not love herself.

“Self-respect?” Cassie laughed as though she had heard the funniest joke on earth. At the same time, her body swayed due to the overindulgence in alcohol.

“Ms. Yard, you have had quite a few drinks. Here, let me call your family to come and pick you up.” Amelia frowned, not wanting to speak sense into a drunkard anymore.

“Stop putting on an act, Amelia,” Cassie slurred out while waving her hands.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 474**

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 474 Taking Care Of The Drunk Woman

Amelia did not want to waste any more time with Cassie, so she moved aside and left the washroom. To her surprise, although Cassie was drunk, she was exceptionally strong. Like a beast, she pounced on Amelia and slammed her against the wall.

Amelia groaned in pain. Ugh, that is going to leave a bruise.

She gazed at Cassie, who was pressing against her. After being drunk, she became like an unreasonable madwoman. How unlucky of me to have met her today!

“Let go of me, Cassie!” ordered Amelia through gritted teeth.

Cassie raised her head and looked at Amelia drunkenly. She stroked Amelia’s cheeks and asked in a puzzled tone, “Amelia, when I look at you closely, you look quite similar to me. So why does Oscar prefer you over me? I don’t think that I’m inferior to you in any way. Why doesn’t he want me?”

Amelia turned her head to the side, avoiding Cassie’s breath, which stank of alcohol.

“You’re drunk. I’ll ask someone to send you back. Let’s talk after you sober up. You should have a good sleep. You won’t remember any of this after you wake up,” coaxed Amelia gently, not wanting to provoke someone who was drunk.

Cassie glared at Amelia, her eyes burning with rage. She raised her hand and tried to scratch Amelia’s face, but Amelia quickly dodged it. She grabbed Cassie’s hand and said solemnly, “Cassie, stop being so unreasonable!”

Cassie flung Amelia’s hand away and slapped her.

Amelia was stunned by that slap. She never knew that a drunk person could be so strong. Didn't people say that drunk people are weak?

Cassie stared at Amelia through blurry eyes. She laughed in delight and said, "Amelia, I've finally slapped you. I've been yearning to slap you for two whole years. You sl\*t! It's all because of you that I am who I am today! I can't have children, and the man I love also doesn't want me anymore. Even the orchestra fired me! You've ruined my bright future, and I can only drown my sorrows in alcohol. Look at me! Do I still look human to you?"

Amelia regarded Cassie coldly. Is she pretending to be drunk?

Looking at the state that Cassie was in, Amelia did not feel any pity for her. After all, there must be a reason for her miserable state now.

Although Cassie looked quite pitiful, she had brought it on herself. She had been pestering Oscar, dooming their relationship to failure. Amelia, despite being his official partner, did not even hold Cassie accountable. It was ridiculous for Cassie to blame everything on her.

They were both women—she did not understand why a fellow woman would want to make things difficult for her.

"Listen up, Cassie. I have never done you wrong. I am Oscar's official wife. Even though it was a contract marriage, we are still officially registered as a married couple. Now that you have decided to return, you're intervening in our marriage. Because of you, our marriage was on the rocks. You have harmed me as well, so you should be apologizing to me," stated Amelia sternly.

Since Cassie was drunk, her mind was muddled. Her body swayed as she tried to say something, but she collapsed on Amelia instead.

Everything happened so suddenly that Amelia did not know how to react. They were still arguing earlier, but Cassie fell asleep on her in the next second.

Oscar's voice sounded outside the washroom. Heaving a sigh of relief, Amelia yelled, "Oscar, come in! There's no one else here."

As he entered and saw someone leaning against her, he stretched out his hand to lift the person away. However, when he spotted the red marks on Amelia's face, his expression turned grim.

"What happened to your face?"

Amelia shook her head, wanting to avoid that question. "I'm fine, Oscar. Take her away from me. She's a bit heavy, and I feel like she's crushing me."

Oscar took the person away obediently. When he took a closer glimpse at the person, his expression darkened even more.

"Did she hit you?" demanded Oscar.

Amelia touched her face and said, "I'm fine, Oscar. We'll bring her out first. We know her after all. It's not nice if we just abandon her in the washroom."

"You really don't mind if I carry this woman?" Oscar asked, suppressing his fury.

Amelia walked over, stood on her tiptoes, and kissed his lips to calm him down. "Carry her. She's a poor thing." Although there was a reason for her miserable state now, Oscar was still somewhat responsible for her downfall.

Oscar gazed into Amelia's eyes and eventually relented.

"I'll call them and say that we're going back first," Amelia said once they exited the washroom.

She called Shane and explained to him briefly what had just happened.

Thereafter, she suggested, "Oscar, let's just send her to a hotel nearby."

Oscar silently carried Cassie into the backseat of the car before opening the car door for Amelia. He then returned to the driver's seat and started driving to the nearest hotel.

He asked for a presidential suite and carried Cassie there.

Upon entering the room, Oscar tossed Cassie onto the bed roughly. He walked toward Amelia, pulled her into his arms, and said gloomily, "I'm sorry for making you suffer, Amelia." He was the one who committed the mistake, but Amelia had to bear the consequences.

Amelia knew why he apologized. Patting his back, she assured him with a smile, "We're husband and wife. There's no need for you to apologize to me. However, you've got too many girls flocking around you. If there are a few more women coming our way, I might not be able to survive."

Amelia was just cracking a joke, but to her surprise, Oscar hugged her even more tightly. "I'm sorry."

Amused, she said, "Oscar, I've never blamed you. Let bygones be bygones. We'll just let everything pass naturally, okay?"

Amelia felt guilty when she looked at the state Cassie was in. Back then, she had tried to make Cassie sleep with Oscar just so she could leave him. This was something that she would never forget. She had given Cassie

hope but plunged her back into despair again, so much so that Cassie needed to drown her sorrows in alcohol. To be honest, Amelia was partly responsible for it.

It was undeniable that her thoughtless actions had harmed three people at the same time.

She was unhappy, and Cassie had lost so much more despite thinking that she had succeeded. The three of them became entangled with each other and ended up where they were today.

Mixed feelings surged through her. For a moment, she did not know what to do.

Ignoring Cassie, who was lying on the bed, Oscar hugged Amelia and said, "Let's go."

However, Amelia suggested, "Let's wait for a while more. It's not good to leave a drunk girl like that without anyone accompanying her. If she throws up in the middle of the night, accidents might happen."

Oscar looked at her broodingly.

Amelia met his gaze and asked with a chuckle, "Are you trying to guess if I'm being genuine or not?"

"You know I won't think of you that way. I just don't understand why you're being so forgiving to your ex-love rival," Oscar said honestly.

Cassie was like an unremovable thorn in their relationship. From time to time, she would appear and stir up some trouble.

Amelia burst into laughter. "Actually, I hate her as much as she hates me. But if we leave her here alone and something bad happens, I'll feel bad.

It's one thing for me to hate her, but I can't possibly betray my conscience like that."

Oscar's eyes glinted.

"I'm lucky and honored to have married you, Honey," said Oscar sincerely.

Amelia smiled. "Then you should be nicer to me in the future."

"I will."

Just as he promised, Oscar treated Amelia very nicely and gave her all the trust he had.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 475

### Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 475 Romantic Arrangements

At night, Cassie threw up so much that only her saliva was left. Amelia took care of her throughout. By the time she managed to put Cassie to sleep on the bed, her clothes were already filled with puke.

Looking at the puke on her chest, she frowned discreetly. However, when she raised her head, her expression became calm again.

"Oscar, look after her. I'll go and take a bath first. If possible, can you ask someone to send some clothes over?" asked Amelia.

“Just go. I’ll arrange for someone to send you some clothes.” Oscar walked over and patted her head. “Thank you.”

Amelia simply smiled and entered the bathroom.

Oscar stared at Cassie, who was lying on the bed pathetically. He could not understand why he had pined for her for five years like a fool and indirectly hurt Amelia. If he had figured out his feelings earlier, perhaps all this would not have happened and Amelia would not have to suffer the consequences of his unfortunate love life.

Oscar felt regretful.

Clenching his fists, he took a deep breath. It took him the greatest self-control to suppress that gloominess within him. Otherwise, he might lose control of himself and strangle that woman on the bed.

He strode to the windows and called Hugo. After Hugo picked up, he ordered, “Hugo, send a dress to room 2018 at Moonlight Hotel.”

Then he turned off his phone.

When Amelia came out of the bathroom, the clothes had arrived.

Oscar took the clothes and instructed, “Get Jean to come over.”

“Yes, Boss.”

Closing the door, Oscar passed the clothes to Amelia and said, “See if it fits.”

Amelia took the clothes and entered the bathroom, walking out again after five minutes.

Oscar appraised Amelia, who was now in a red dress. A glint appeared in his eyes as he gazed at her.

Feeling uncomfortable by his stare, Amelia turned around and asked, “Is there a problem with this dress, Oz?”

Oscar walked to her and said infatuatedly, “No, you look perfect. I really want to rip your dress apart. It’s a pity that this isn’t the right venue.”

Amelia rolled her eyes, but she could not help smiling.

Right then, there was a knock on the door. A look of confusion flashed across Amelia’s eyes as Oscar walked over to open the door. A girl who was wearing all black and had a sexy figure was standing outside the door.

When she saw Oscar, she immediately greeted him respectfully, “Boss.”

“Come in.”

The woman entered with Oscar.

Amelia glanced at the woman in confusion before asking Oscar, “Who is she, Oz?”

“She’s my bodyguard,” replied Oscar briefly.

The woman shot Amelia an icy look, but said respectfully, “Hello, Mrs. Clinton. My name is Jean.”

Amelia nodded at her politely and said with a smile, “Hello, Jean.”

Jean merely stood there indifferently.

“Take care of her, Jean. You can leave after she wakes up tomorrow morning,” instructed Oscar as he pointed at Cassie on the bed.

“Understood, Boss,” Jean complied without even asking for the reason.

Oscar hugged Amelia’s waist and said, “Let’s go, Amelia.”

Amelia followed him out of the presidential suite and asked curiously, “How many things are you hiding from me, Oscar? I haven’t seen a lot of the people who are protecting you in secret.”

“You’ll be their master in the future. Just say the word and they’ll carry out our orders with no questions asked.” Oscar gave Amelia the right to do that.

Amelia gave a small smile and did not say anything else.

On their way back, Amelia received a call from Rory.

“Rory, it’s already so late. Have you gone back?” asked Amelia after picking up the call.

“Everyone is still waiting for the cab. A few colleagues drank too much while singing. Amelia, I heard from our boss that your friend is drunk, so you and Mr. Clinton had to send her back. How is it? Has she settled down?”

“Yeah! Thanks for asking. Don’t go home too late, okay? It isn’t safe for a girl to walk alone at night.”

“Okay, Amelia,” replied Rory. “You and Mr. Clinton should go home earlier too. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

“Okay, bye.”

After hanging up the call, Amelia said, "It's Rory."

Oscar tapped his fingers on the steering wheel as he mumbled an acknowledgment. "Do you like her a lot?"

"I can't really say if I like or dislike her. I just think it's tough on her since she's working outside of her hometown with no relatives here. I can't help but be reminded of myself when I just graduated. Well, I see myself in her, so I can't help but take care of her more," said Amelia calmly as she leaned against the seat.

Oscar glanced at her and replied, "Whatever makes you happy."

Amelia turned around and gazed at Oscar in amusement. She teased, "I thought you would give me a long lecture and tell me to stay away from her."

"Why would I do that?"

"I don't know. It's my instincts."

Oscar stroked her head and said, "I wanted you to stay away from her, but you should do what makes you happy. A newbie who has just started working probably can't stir up any trouble. But I don't really like that girl. Don't be too nice to her."

Chuckling softly, Amelia said, "I know. I'm not new to society, nor am I a three-year-old toddler."

Amelia sounded so confident here, but she did not expect that one day she would meet her downfall in the hands of a Rory.

Oscar drove into the neighborhood, parked the car, and unbuckled Amelia's seatbelt for her. He held her hand and said, "Let me bring you to a place."

Amelia followed him out of the car obediently and came to the empty plot of land behind the apartment. Looking at the grass, she shot a puzzled glance at Oscar and asked, "Why did you bring me here?"

Oscar hushed her. Amelia was confused, but she held her tongue.

Suddenly, bright flashes of light appeared in the night sky. Looking up, she saw that the sky was illuminated by colorful fireworks.

Amelia's eyes widened.

When she saw the words that the fireworks formed, she could not hold her tears back anymore.

Honey, let's spend the rest of our lives together.

Oscar pulled her into his arms. "Do you like it?"

Amelia leaned against his chest and choked out, "When did you prepare this?"

"I had Hugo prepare this in the afternoon. I wanted to show you at midnight, but Cassie messed up everything," said Oscar. "Although it's a little late, I hope you don't mind my cliché act of romance."

After speaking, Oscar took out a red box from his pocket and opened it. Amelia saw the diamond inside the box, which shone dazzlingly under the night sky.

Oscar took out the huge diamond ring in the box and slipped it on Amelia's left finger. "I asked someone to customize this for me. Our names are carved on it. Although it's quite tacky to give such a present, it's a piece of my sincerity. See if you like it!"

Looking at the diamond ring on her finger, Amelia felt like crying and laughing. It was not that she could not afford a diamond ring, but she was moved by how much effort Oscar had put in for this romantic moment. Truth be told, women do not have high expectations—all they want is for their men to dote on them genuinely.

"When did you prepare this?" asked Amelia with a grin as she wiped her tears away.

"I've prepared this before I went to Beshya to pick you up. I chose to give it to you today because it's exactly seven and a half years since we got married, divorced, and reconciled again. After we get remarried, we'll celebrate our anniversary every year. I remember everything that you said. Since you like romantic moments, I'll give those to you. Although I'm not really a romantic guy, I'll try my best to learn and make you feel my sincerity."

Amelia wrapped her arms around his waist and leaned against his chest, listening to the steady beating of his heart. She said softly, "Oscar, I love this gift. Even if you give me a ring weaved from grass, I'll love it too. What matters is that I can see your sincerity. I don't want a lot. All I want is your heart."

"You silly woman." Oscar stroked her soft hair.

**Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 476**

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 476 The Devil

Oscar and Amelia enjoyed a night of passion, while Cassie woke up with a splitting headache in a hotel the next day. She held her head and groaned from her hangover.

“Awake?” A woman’s cold voice rang out in the room.

Startled, Cassie lifted her head and met the gaze of an unknown, expressionless woman. She croaked, “Who are you?”

Jean ignored her question and shot straight to the point. “That’s not important. If you’re clear-headed, I’m leaving.”

She was almost at the door when Cassie screeched, “Stay right where you are.”

Jean grimaced, having hoped that she could leave without fanfare. Still, considering Cassie’s friendship with Oscar and Amelia’s orders to look after Cassie, Jean could only swallow her indignation at dealing with the hungover woman’s rudeness.

“Yes?” Jean turned around.

“Who sent me here last night?” Cassie tapped her head, struggling to recall what had happened after her argument with Amelia. Despite her best efforts, nothing came to mind. It was as if her brain had stopped remembering anything at that exact moment.

“Boss and Mrs. Clinton sent you home after you drank yourself into oblivion. You looked even more pathetic than the homeless ruffians on the street,” Jean scoffed as her gaze roved over Cassie. “I have no idea

what Boss saw in you in the first place. You're way below Mrs. Clinton's league. In fact, I'd venture to say you're like a swan that regressed into an ugly duckling."

Cassie's face twisted with rage, and she threw a pillow at Jean, shrieking, "Get lost! Get out of my sight!"

Jean gladly left the massive presidential suite, leaving a stunned Cassie on the bed.

Her gaze was unfocused. She was seemingly lost in her thoughts.

Suddenly, Cassie scrambled off the bed and ran barefoot into the bathroom.

She began appraising herself in the mirror, gently running her hand over her pale face. A self-deprecating laugh bubbled out of her. No wonder she called me an ugly duckling. I'm giving those poor ducklings a run for their money. Her gaze traveled across the mirror as she took in her bloodshot eyes, dark eye circles, and pale lips. Stray freckles dotted her face, and there was a light smattering of bumps on her forehead. It was a horrifying sight.

"Ah!" Cassie wailed as she cupped her face, questioning her sanity in accosting Oscar in such a state.

Two whole years had passed, and despite her claims of hating Oscar and plans to sabotage Clinton Corporations with June, Cassie had never gotten over Oscar. She could never bring herself to execute their plans and had chosen to drown her sorrow in alcohol.

Cassie broke down and muttered to herself, "This isn't me; this can't be me! How can I look like this?" She could not come to terms with the fact

that Oscar had seen her in such an unkempt state. Oh God, he already hates me enough. He must've been so disgusted last night.

She suddenly felt like throwing up.

Exhausted after her mental breakdown, Cassie collapsed on the floor, staring mindlessly at the luxurious fixtures in the bathroom. A spark of determination flickered in her gaze, pushing her to get off the floor. She murmured in a frenzy, "I have to change. I have to get back on my feet again. Oscar sent me here last night because he still cares about our old relationship. I'm sure he hasn't gotten over me! I just need to return to my old, innocent self, and he'll love me again. Yes, yes! That's right! I'll go home, eat a little, and put on some nice makeup. Oscar loves a caring woman. I'll be kind and caring toward him, and he'll remember how nice I was."

Invigorated by a sense of purpose, Cassie arranged for a hotel employee to bring her some fresh clothes.

She changed and began applying her makeup meticulously, successfully covering the dark eye circles that had horrified her earlier.

Cassie scrutinized herself in the mirror, pleased with the results of her artfully applied makeup. Unfortunately, she could not do much about her gaunt face.

June called her as she left the hotel. She ended the call, only to receive a text message instead.

Cassie read the message. Honey, answer the phone. I got a fright when you disappeared last night. I've been searching for you all night. Now be a good girl and come home. If you're really into that stuff, I'll get some

for you. I just didn't want you to get addicted. You're my only baby. I can't find a better toy if you're out of action.

Cassie fumed at the contents of the text. Her anger and hatred for June ballooned. I wouldn't be in this pathetic state if not for him!

It would not have been an exaggeration to call him the devil incarnate. Cassie recalled how he had dragged her straight to hell to avenge his past humiliation at her hands. She had followed him to every unsavory establishment imaginable and had been encouraged to drown her sorrows in sex and booze. It had been the lowest point of her existence.

Things were different now. Cassie had recovered the motivation and courage to pursue Oscar. She had had enough of escaping reality through all manners of shady pursuits. It was as though she had received an epiphany regarding her life and June's intentions. She never hated June more than at that moment, and she believed that he had single-handedly orchestrated her downfall.

Her phone began ringing with another call from June.

Rage consumed her entire being as Cassie answered the phone and yelled, "June! You're despicable! I've wallowed under your control for years. Turning me into an alcoholic was one thing, but now you're trying to groom me into becoming a drug addict? Are you intent on ruining my life?"

Ignoring her rants, June asked, "Tell me where you are. I've gone mad trying to find you the whole night."

"June, you sicko. Go to hell!" Cassie snarled. "Aren't you just preening after causing my downfall? Well, you can leave Chanaea happy now! Get lost, and don't ever come back! I despise you!"

June's voice hardened when he realized she was serious. "Honey, I know this is just the alcohol talking. I'm letting your harsh words slide since you're just acting out in your hungover state. Come now, be a nice girl, and tell me where you are. I'll fetch you right away. Don't throw a tantrum." He dropped his volume and added, "I'm sure you wouldn't want your parents to worry."

His faux concern struck a raw nerve, and Cassie exploded, "Keep my parents out of this! You pretentious \*sshole! I've never met a man as vile as you!"

She hung up before giving him a chance to reply.

Cassie took a cab back to Yard Manor, and to her dismay, June was entertaining her mother in the living room like the perfect son-in-law. June had shrewdly kept Elizabeth in the dark about Cassie's wayward exploits over the past two years.

June's presence infuriated Cassie, who strode over to him and thundered, "You pretentious \*sshole! What are you doing here? Get out of my house right now!"

"Sorry, Baby. I shouldn't have stopped you from going to the bar last night, but I only had your well-being in mind. If you need to blow off some steam and visit a bar tonight, I'll go with you. Please don't be mad at me, okay? It's all my fault," June apologized sweetly.

His act merely riled Cassie, who pointed at his nose and accused, "Just drop your pretense already, June! I'm this close to puking at the sight of your faux concern."

June's worried expression remained admirably in pace.

“What are you doing, Cassie?” Elizabeth interrupted her daughter’s rant with a stern reprimand. “Dear God, you’ve been getting more out-of-hand these few years. Where are your manners? Only June is patient enough to deal with your antics. Hurry up and apologize to him. Don’t think about frequenting bars, either. Those shady places are hardly suitable for a lady like you.”

Cassie continued pointing at June as she muttered indignantly, “Mom, do you know what he’s done to your daughter over the past few years? He has been playing you and Dad for fools for years! He has brought me to bars, nightclubs, and the wildest parties you can’t even imagine! He’s a devil; my downfall is entirely his doing!”

“Nonsense!” Elizabeth turned to June next and placated, “June, Cassie must’ve been triggered by something last night. I hope you can forgive her tantrum. I’ll have someone whip up your favorite dishes later. You must promise to stay for a meal.”

June smiled affably and replied, “Of course, Mrs. Yard. I guess I’m in for a treat today. Thank you so much for the invitation.”

Cassie was instantly overwhelmed by a sense of hopelessness at the sight of her mother falling for June’s elaborate lies. My obstinance over the years has utterly shaved away at my parents’ patience. They’d rather believe in a stranger than their own daughter at this point.

Sadly, she concluded that she had brought this fate upon herself.

Cassie implored, “Mom, he’s the bad guy here. You can’t believe him, or he’ll rob our family of our wealth.”

“Cassie, what is wrong with you?” Elizabeth frowned. “I haven’t even begun to lecture you for staying out the whole night. Go upstairs and clean yourself up. Don’t throw a tantrum here like some madwoman.”

Cassie trudged upstairs, defeated. She turned around and stared at June, conflicting emotions in her gaze. June happened to look up and met her gaze, shooting her a satisfied smirk.

Frightened, Cassie sped for the safety of her bedroom.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 477

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 477 Perverted Lunatic

Elizabeth glanced upstairs and tugged June’s hand. “June, we spoiled Cassie too much. She was traumatized because of Oscar previously, and she lost all of her interest in playing the piano that she loved the most. She must be suffering. I hope you can bear with her as her boyfriend and don’t be mad at her.”

June smiled gently. “Don’t worry, Mrs. Yard. I have been chasing after her for many years. She’s precious to me. I know she can’t forget about Oscar, but I believe she will fall in love with me one day. I plan to get engaged to her soon. Perhaps she will stop thinking negatively once she settles down and gets married.”

“Oh, June, do you really think so?” Elizabeth asked.

June nodded and sighed.

“Mrs. Yard, I have long wanted to set a wedding date on my schedule, but Cassie has been suspecting that I have ulterior motives toward her and wanted to take over the Yard family by using her. This might sound awful, but compared to my family’s wealth and status, the Yard family is substantially wealthy, but it’s close to nothing compared to the Adertons. The riches in your family don’t interest me at all.”

“June, Cassie tends to overthink. Don’t be offended by her. Go upstairs and check on her, and try to talk to her nicely,” Elizabeth said.

“All right, I’ll go up and check on her, lest she have negative thoughts again,” June said softly.

However, his face turned terrifyingly wicked when he got upstairs.

June twisted the doorknob. Noticing that the door wasn’t locked, he opened it and went in before closing it behind him.

Before he could take more than three steps into the room, a pillow flew toward his face. He caught the pillow with his quick reflexes and quietly walked over.

“Get lost!” Cassie shouted in anger.

June walked over to the bed and looked down at Cassie, who was sitting on the bed, glaring at him. He said solemnly, “Are you done? I’ve given you two years to fool around. Shouldn’t you be more mature now?”

Cassie held her head and said in frustration, “June, what do you want from me? I’ve been leading a befuddled life for the past two years, and my body can’t take it anymore. Are you happy now? Can you please leave my house and go back to your country?”

June bent down, propped one hand on the bed, grabbed Cassie's chin with the other, and said in an ominous tone, "Baby, I've wasted so much time on you. Do you only think I wanted revenge? I could have done it without investing my time in you if I wanted revenge. Do you really not understand my feelings for you?"

Cassie tried to break free, but her struggle was futile. She could only glare at June.

"Baby, you have been a good girl for the past two years. What happened? Why are you suddenly going against me? Tell me, who did you meet last night? Was it Oscar? I think it was. There's no other person who can ignite your fighting spirit." June smiled creepily. His words were so disturbing that Cassie had goosebumps all over her body.

"Baby, how loyal can you get? You wanted revenge, and you regretted it in the end. I heard Amelia has returned, and the two of them are like lovebirds. But look at you, you're so skinny. If it weren't for the fancy clothing, I would have mistaken you for a beggar. I'm afraid Oscar won't even bother to look at you." June humiliated Cassie with his words. He told her the truth that Cassie didn't want to admit.

"Bullsh\*t!"

Cassie began to struggle again.

A murderous intent flashed across June's eyes. He got up and pressed Cassie under him and covered her mouth with his palm.

"Honey, I've been so kind to you. I gave you everything you wanted and listened to your every word. Can Oscar treat you the same? No. But why won't you stop thinking about him? It's making me very angry, and that is why I want to punish you. But how should I do it?" There was a

menacing glow in June's narrowed eyes, which caused Cassie to feel threatened.

Cassie struggled with all her strength. June leaned into her ear and said, "Honey, struggle harder if you want your mother to come over. I don't mind her watching you being raped. Your mother is a beautiful woman with tender and smooth skin. Or should the two of you pleasure me together? What do you think?"

Cassie's eyes widened in disbelief.

June patted her cheek as if everything was fine. "Don't worry. I'm just joking. She's my future mother-in-law, and she deserves all the respect. I wouldn't dare to touch her."

What a lunatic! He's a lunatic with a twisted mind!

Cassie shouted in her mind.

However, June was aroused by Cassie's fearful look. He ripped open her dress and stared at her slim and supple figure, caressing her body as if admiring a fine piece of art.

"Baby, your figure never fails to fascinate me. Oh, how I wish to suck you dry."

He violated Cassie's body aggressively, stripping her of her pride and dignity.

Once he was done, he kissed her, who couldn't speak from enduring the pain, and said, "Honey, this is your punishment. Do you like it? If you ever think about other men behind my back again, I will meticulously torture every inch of your body until you remember what I said."

Cassie could only feel the pain. Not only did June torture her physically, but he had also tormented her mentally. At that moment, she had an indescribable fear of having intimate relationships.

“You’re a f\*cking pervert!” Cassie mustered her strength and cursed through gritted teeth.

“Thanks for the compliment, Baby. I thought you knew it from the beginning.” June owned up to it.

Cassie simply closed her eyes.

“Honey, I’ve been treating you so well. Shouldn’t you consider my proposal? My family has seen your photos, and they like you. They even asked me to arrange for you guys to meet up. Let’s go on a trip to my home country. You’re about to be their daughter-in-law, and you will have to meet my parents sooner or later,” June said while playing with Cassie’s hair.

Cassie kept her mouth shut.

“If you don’t answer me, I’ll take it as a yes. I’ll set up the engagement party with our families. Don’t worry. I won’t mistreat you. I’ll invite every influential figure in the city, including the man you can never forget. I think you’ll be delighted if he can witness your engagement, right?” June licked Cassie’s cheek and smiled gently. “You’re a tainted woman, and I’m a dirty man. We’re a match made in heaven. I want him to witness our marriage. Don’t thank me. I’m just doing it to grant you your wish.”

Cassie opened her eyes and glared at June, amazed by the shamelessness of this man.

June playfully ran his fingers across her eyes and said, “Honey, are you touched by my thoughtful generosity?”

Cassie scrunched up her face. “No. I’m just disgusted by your shamelessness.”

“Honey, you forgot. You’re just as shameless as I am. That’s why we’re meant for each other. I still remember when you danced indecently with other men on the dance floor, sat drunk on the couch, and kissed several men. It’s because you were so raunchy that I thought you were attractive. No couple in the world can be as perfect as us,” June said, infatuated.

Cassie remained silent and continued to look daggers at him.

June stroked her eyes and said, “That’s it, Honey. I could get off just by watching you look at me like that. We have the same dirty blood. I’m the only suitable man for you. Can Oscar tolerate your ugly side? Can he stand you getting it on with another guy? He can’t. That’s why I’m the only one worthy of being with you. Promise me you’ll marry me. It doesn’t matter if you can’t have children. We are still young, and we should have fun while we’re young. What’s even a child? As long as we have the money, we can have as many children as we want. That’s not a problem at all. Let’s be together, okay? Stop thinking about Oscar. I’m the only one who can grant you eternal happiness.”

“You’re crazy,” Cassie snapped through gritted teeth.

She was utterly frightened by June’s madness, especially in the past two years. His mindset wasn’t the same as ordinary people’s. He was like an absolute lunatic with a twisted mind. Cassie was afraid that she might die in the hands of this man one day.

She was playful, but she didn’t want to lose her life for no reason.

She wanted to escape his grasp. She didn't want to be with him anymore, fearing that he would ruin her life sooner or later.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 478

### Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 478 Winning An Argument

Cassie pushed June away and jumped down from the bed despite the pain. Then, she quickly took out a black and white business suit from the closet and put it on in front of him before leaving the bedroom without turning back.

June calmly got off the bed as he already had his fill. He found Cassie's occasional resistance rather exciting. To him, the two of them were like cat and mouse. Cassie was the little mouse who tried her best to run while he enjoyed the chase, playing with Cassie in his palm, gradually shedding her dignity. By the time he was done with her, she would belong to him entirely and she wouldn't have the notion of running away anymore.

For so many years, he had been casting his net and patiently waiting for the fish to take the bait. He believed that Cassie would eventually be his. However, to Cassie, his methods were ruthless. He was like a pervert. But to him, these actions were just his way of loving her.

Cassie ran downstairs, but Elizabeth stopped her. "Cassie, where are you going? It's almost time for dinner."

Cassie looked at Elizabeth with her teary eyes and said in a hoarse voice, “Mom, you’re killing me by letting me be with that pervert. If you like him that much, why don’t you and dad make him your son?”

With that, she ran out of the house.

Elizabeth was confused. She didn’t know what had happened at all.

June came down shortly after, wearing white clothes and black pants, looking like a handsome and cultured gentleman.

“Mrs. Yard,” June said politely.

Elizabeth fiddled with her hair and asked, “June, what happened to you and Cassie?”

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Yard. We just had a little argument. It’s fine. I’ll look for her later and apologize to her.”

“That girl,” Elizabeth said while shaking her head. “You’ve been so nice to her, but she doesn’t know how to appreciate it. She has always been doing things her way, and it’s my fault for spoiling her too much. Don’t let her get too far. We’ll leave her alone for now. Let’s eat.”

“Mrs. Yard, I’m afraid I won’t be joining you. I have to look for her. It’s only natural that I care for my woman. It doesn’t matter if she is stubborn. If I don’t care for her, who else will?” June’s expression was gentle when he spoke about Cassie. His eyes were shimmering with adoration as he portrayed the perfect boyfriend who pampered his girlfriend.

Elizabeth became even more pleased with June.

“June, it must be tough on you.”

“Not at all, Mrs. Yard. She’s cute even when she’s stubborn or arrogant, or even when she gets angry and chases me away. I love her so much that her flaws became her best quality.” June smiled. “I’ll be leaving, Mrs. Yard. I’ll come back with Cassie to have a meal with you someday. I have to go coax her now. Otherwise, she will make a fuss and start saying that I don’t love her at all.” June spoke affectionately as if Cassie was a cute little girl who loved to make a fuss in a relationship.

After June left, Elizabeth nodded with satisfaction. Her daughter had finally found a good place to call home. However, she didn’t know that her future son-in-law, who seemed perfect on the surface, had been bringing her daughter to inappropriate places to demoralize her constantly. He had indulged in the gratifying process of her corruption to the point where she was one step away from the point of no return.

Elizabeth was unaware of it. Hence, she became more and more satisfied with June, and she adored June more than Cassie.

Cassie drove straight to Clinton Corporations. She parked her car and went directly into the building. However, she was stopped by the receptionist before she could get into the elevator.

“Miss, do you have an appointment?” the receptionist asked politely.

Cassie looked at the receptionist and didn’t recognize her. “Are you new?”

“The previous receptionist has resigned.” Seeing that Cassie was dressed luxuriously and knew that there was a new receptionist, the receptionist didn’t dare offend her with a tough attitude. “Miss, who are you looking for? Do you have an appointment with someone?”

Cassie raised her chin and said aggressively, “I’m the only daughter of the chairman of Yard Group. The Yards and the Clintons have been

family friends for many years. I came here to look for Oscar. Does a mere receptionist like you dare to stop me?"

The receptionist was stunned.

Politely, she said, "I apologize for not recognizing you, Ms. Yard. However, Mr. Clinton has ordered that anyone without an appointment is not allowed to enter the company. I'm just doing my job. I can call someone from the secretary's office. If you really have an appointment with Mr. Clinton, I will let you in. Please hang on for a moment." She then picked up the phone and dialed the secretary's office number.

Cassie immediately grabbed her hand and said coldly, "What is the meaning of this?"

The receptionist tried to rein in her temper. "Cassie, I'm just following the procedures. Why don't you give Mr. Clinton a call?"

If he could answer my call, I wouldn't be here arguing with you.

"I'm warning you. Don't go too far. Otherwise, I'll report you to Mrs. Clinton and drive you out of Clinton Corporations," Cassie threatened, having lost her patience.

The receptionist was in a dilemma when she heard a female voice.

"What's going on?"

Relieved to see the person approaching them, the receptionist smiled.

"Ms. Walker, this person is Ms. Yard. She wants to see Mr. Clinton, but she doesn't have an appointment."

Isabella walked forward and gave Cassie a once-over. She tried to recall who the woman was. "Cassie Yard?"

She had met Cassie a few times before. However, she didn't recognize Cassie because she had lost a lot of weight. Even though she was wearing make-up, she looked pale and frail as if a gust of wind could sweep her away.

Cassie, however, immediately recognized Isabella. She sneered, "Well, if it isn't Ms. Walker? I heard Amelia is back and is together with Oscar. I was wondering when you would marry Oscar. The upper-class society is spreading the news about your engagement, but I saw Oscar taking good care of Amelia yesterday. I'm afraid you have no place in this marriage."

Isabella's expression changed.

She took a deep breath and tried her best to calm down. Then she smiled professionally and said, "Ms. Yard, what happens between Oscar and me has nothing to do with you. At best, you're just Oscar's ex-girlfriend, and I am his current girlfriend. Mrs. Clinton is very fond of me. No matter how close Oscar and Amelia are, I am the one he will marry due to family pressure. In the end, I will still be the victor."

Cassie snorted. What a shameless b\*tch.

"By the way, Ms. Yard, Oscar has established a new rule. No one from the Yard family is allowed to enter Clinton Corporations. Have you forgotten how your family came to make a fuss at the company a year and a half ago? You're a group of people from a noble family who did things that even a bunch of hooligans wouldn't do, affecting the reputation of Clinton Corporations and your family. If it hadn't been for Oscar, the losses of Clinton Corporations caused by you and your mother would have been immeasurable. If I were you, I would be ashamed to come here," Isabella reminded Cassie of the terrible things she had done.

Cassie remembered it as well. More than a year ago, she had instigated her mother to make a scene at the company, which caused the Yard family and the Clinton family to fall apart. She was heartbroken by Oscar's cold eyes when he looked at her back then. That was when she fell into June's manipulation and gradually became addicted to the hedonistic and inappropriate places.

"Seems like you remember everything you did back then," Isabella said. "Kindly leave, Ms. Yard, or I will call for security."

Cassie gritted her teeth and stared deep into Isabella's eyes. "Don't get too cocky, Ms. Walker. I can leave now, but I will not give up. If you can stay by Oscar's side, then so can I."

Having said that, she turned around proudly and hurried out of the building.

Isabella smirked and said to the receptionist, "If she ever comes back, you can call the security guards to escort her out of the building. Remember, she's the woman Mr. Clinton doesn't wish to see the most. Don't try to be clever, or you'll be dismissed from Clinton Corporations."

"Yes, Ms. Walker," the receptionist responded.

Isabella turned around and walked toward the elevator. Having won an argument against Cassie, she felt exceptionally good.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 479**

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 479 Luck With The Ladies

After work, Oscar saw a black figure running toward him at blazing speed. He instinctively sprang into a defensive position and evaded the

figure's embrace. He wanted to return with a kick but stopped upon hearing her voice. "Oscar."

Oscar frowned as a flash of frustration and coldness appeared in his eyes.

"Cassie, enough!" Oscar reprimanded her.

Cassie, on the other hand, was enraptured as she inched closer to Oscar. She could not contain her excitement. At the thought of something, she shyly played with her hair and asked, "Oz, you're getting off work?"

Oscar was obviously impatient and vexed. "Cassie, I don't have time for games. Look for someone else to entertain you if you're bored. Stop showing up in front of me."

Oscar turned around and walked away. He did not want to spend even an additional second being around Cassie.

Cassie ran toward Oscar's front and blocked him in his path. Her hands were trembling out of nervousness as she was looking at Oscar at a close distance. Immediately, her face blushed.

It had been a year and a half since they last met. However, the moment she caught sight of Oscar, it was clear to her that her feelings toward him had never changed.

Cassie swallowed a lump in her throat and said in an anxious tone, "Oscar, I missed you so much. I apologize for all those arguments that we had last time. Is it true that you sent me back to the hotel last night after I was drunk? I owe you big time. I know that you still love me,

right? I want to treat you to a meal as my token of appreciation for what you did for me last night.”

“How childish,” Oscar replied curtly.

He moved aside in order to walk past her. However, Cassie followed him closely behind, refusing to leave him alone.

Oscar opened the car door, and Cassie immediately dashed into the passenger seat. Then she shamelessly put on the seatbelt.

Oscar got in the driver’s seat and said, “Get out.”

Cassie, however, refused to budge, and she was adamant about staying.

Oscar was irritated by Cassie’s stubbornness. Before he could get out of the car, Cassie said, “Oscar, if you leave, I’ll wait for you at your company every day. Since I’m no longer playing the violin or managing the company, I have ample time.”

Oscar hesitated. He glanced at Cassie coldly and said, “What are you trying to do? Speak your mind.”

Cassie merely looked at Oscar in an infatuated manner. Although he was clearly annoyed, she was still attracted by his good looks.

“Oscar, it’s been a long time since we’ve last met. You’re still handsome as ever! I really regret leaving you at the altar seven years ago. I must be crazy! If not, I wouldn’t have left you!” Cassie harked back to those days. “Oscar, my happiest memories are with you. For the past two years, I’ve been suffering at the thought of losing you. I dreamed about you so many times, but I have to force myself to forget about you, and it was unsuccessful. I’ve been drinking a lot to numb myself. If you didn’t send

me back to the hotel last night, I wouldn't have had the courage to find you. After last night, I realize that I cannot move on from you."

"Are you done?"

Cassie was not affected by Oscar's aloof reaction. She muttered, "Oscar, I want to treat you to a meal. Would you accept my invitation?"

Oscar looked at her glacially. "Cassie, don't make me hate you even more."

Cassie stilled for a moment before she broke into a smile.

"Oscar, for the past two years I've picked up the habit of drinking and partying at nightclubs. If you don't like it, I will stop. I know I've slept with a lot of random men, but I will change. Just give me a chance."

"I have no interest in knowing anything about you. However, I do need a favor from you." Cassie's eyes were full of hope. "Please get out of my car."

Cassie's face fell.

"If you have a meal with me, I promise I'll leave," Cassie swore.

"I don't feel like eating with you," Oscar said ruthlessly.

"If you don't, I'll continue pestering you every day. If you want me to leave you alone, then have a meal with me," Cassie threatened shamelessly.

Oscar laughed in exasperation.

Cassie stared at him dazedly, saying nothing.

“Cassie, I thought you would have become smarter after all these years, but you’re still the same. You are still as thick-skinned as ever.” Oscar put on a straight face. “I don’t have time to play games with you. If you like waiting in front of my company, then suit yourself!”

Oscar pushed open the car door and got out, and Cassie quickly followed suit.

“Oscar, wait for me.” Cassie chased after him. Oscar took out his phone and started dialing a number. “Hugo, get Jean to drag this woman away. From now on, she is not allowed to get anywhere near me.”

After that, he promptly hung up.

Cassie hugged Oscar from the back like a koala bear.

“Let go!” Oscar was fuming. He wanted to shake her off, but she refused to let go. “I said let go!”

“No! It took a lot of courage for me to come and look for you. It was wrong of me to run away from our marriage seven years ago. But when I came looking for you two years ago, you hurt me too! I even lost my ability to give birth. I suffered more than you, but I couldn’t bring myself to hate you. I think we can start over. Please give me a chance! Don’t be so cruel to me!” Cassie choked out.

Oscar forcefully pried her hand away, but she quickly hugged him again.

At that moment, a shadow dashed across them and grabbed Cassie’s hand.

“Boss, do you want me to chop her hand off?”

“Just drag her away from me,” Oscar said indignantly.

Jean forcefully dragged Cassie away. However, Cassie reacted as though she had experienced some kind of trauma. “Leave me alone. Don’t touch me! She’s molesting me! I’m being robbed!”

Jean’s face twitched a little. It was her first time witnessing someone as shameless as Cassie causing a scene in public for a man. If the two of them were to be in the same room, she would have already jumped on the man.

“Wow, what a good show. Looks like I came at a very bad time.” A female voice could be heard.

Oscar and Jean looked in the direction of the voice and saw Amelia standing about three meters away from them.

Oscar was stunned, and he swiftly let go of Cassie.

“Amelia, why are you here?” Oscar stuttered. He pointed at Cassie, who had fallen to the ground. “Amelia, she is not... I have nothing to do with her... We are...”

Amelia couldn’t help but chuckle. She walked toward Oscar’s and teased him, “Oscar, speak about luck with the ladies. Aren’t you happy that a pretty lady just threw herself at you?”

Oscar felt wronged but, at the same time, amused.

“Honey, you know I was being harassed,” Oscar said in a cutesy manner. “I feel so dirty having been touched by her. You must make it up to me later when we get back home.”

“How can I make it up to you? I think Ms. Yard will be more than happy to serve you.”

The two of them started showing off their affection.

Jean quietly excused herself, leaving as quickly as she came.

“Amelia.” Cassie struggled to stand up. She stared ferociously at the woman who had just ruined her plans.

“Ms. Yard, nice to meet you. I see that you’re finally sober now. Last night you were bickering with me before you passed out. It was I who sent you back to the hotel and took care of you. However, it was not a pleasant experience to have vomit all over me. It’s good that you’re fine. I was even worried that something bad might happen to you,” Amelie said in a friendly manner as if she was oblivious to Cassie’s murderous stare.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 480

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 480 Nonsense

“Nonsense!” Cassie was devastated. She was convinced that it was Oscar who had sent her back to the hotel. However, the truth turned out to be different. Undoubtedly, it was a piece of shocking news to her. “It was Oscar who sent me back. Why are you so evil? How could you claim credit for something that you didn’t do? Do you think I will be grateful because of what you said? Dream on!”

Amelia smiled in response.

“Ms. Yard, I was the one who changed your clothes and bathed you, and it was you who wanted to argue with me last night. I’m not really sure what makes you think it was Oscar who did all that.”

Cassie was annoyed by Amelia’s smile.

“This is not the end, Amelia. Oscar will be mine one day.” Cassie looked daggers at Amelia. And before leaving, she looked at Oscar longingly one last time.

Amelia was grinning from ear to ear. She said in a soft voice, “Oscar, what should I do? I think she hates me. That’s the problem with me! Not only do I attract men, but I make women hate me too!”

Oscar wrapped his hand around her waist and said, “Ignore her. She’s crazy.”

He walked toward the car with Amelia in her arms. He opened the door, let her in, and helped her with the seat belt.

Then, getting into the driver’s seat, he started the engine and drove off. From time to time, he would turn to look at Amelia. As Amelia had her attention fixated on the scenery outside and the two of them barely spoke, the atmosphere immediately turned awkward.

Oscar held out his hand and grabbed her wrist. “I’m sorry.”

Amelia came back to her senses and gave a small smile. “What? Why are you apologizing to me?”

“Aren’t you angry at me?”

Amelia was confused.

“Oscar, what makes you think I’m angry?”

“My intuition.” Oscar retracted his hand. He patted himself hard on the chest and managed to make Amelia laugh.

He grabbed her hand again and said, “I will try to distance myself from all the women out there.”

Amelia’s smile faded slightly, and she withdrew her hand from his grip.

She looked out the window again and muttered, “Oscar, you don’t have to restrain yourself because of me. The old you were rash and inconsiderate, and you would never care about others’ feelings. You have sacrificed enough for me. Besides, it’s not that I’m suppressing myself, but I understand that a brilliant man like you will attract unwanted attention from women or even men. As long as you can stay loyal to me, I don’t care if you are surrounded by women.”

Oscar gazed at her before parking the car.

“Oscar, why did you—” Amelia didn’t get to finish her sentence as Oscar had abruptly captured her lips with his.

Their lips were locked together, and Amelia thought that she was losing her consciousness and that perhaps she would be the first woman to pass out from kissing.

When Oscar was finally willing to let her go, Amelia regained her senses after what appeared to be a mind-blowing kiss.

She took some deep breaths before saying, “Oscar, what’s wrong?”

The kiss was too intense, and it took her breath away.

“That’s my solution if you choose to ignore me in the future,” Oscar said through clenched teeth. His eyes darkened.

Amelia brushed her finger against her lips and lowered her head, hiding the emotions in her eyes.

“Oscar, I’m not as open-minded as I look. If I had known that Cassie would come and find you, I would have never sent her back to the hotel. I did not expect her to throw herself at you. I think I might have invited the enemy into our house.” Amelia sounded depressed.

She was jealous when she saw Cassie hug Oscar. However, she had chosen not to say anything as she was used to hiding her feelings. Hence, not many people could really tell what she was thinking.

In fact, she hated those women who tried to get close to Oscar. As she was his woman, he should not be surrounded by other women.

Nevertheless, she had to keep her cool and refrain from lashing out at those women.

She had the right to be angry, but she must take care of her reputation. Hence, all she could do was swallow the bitter pill.

From her perspective, her marriage with Oscar was still unstable. She wasn’t sure if Oscar would still love her if she grew old and lost her beauty. When that happened, she wondered if Oscar would still be able to resist the seduction of beautiful women out there.

After all that she had gone through with Oscar, she didn’t want such trivial issues to be the breaking point of their marriage.

“You’re jealous. That’s great. It means you love me.” Oscar touched her forehead, smiling warmly. “Trust me. I know what’s important and not

important to me. Cassie and I are over, and I will never want her back in my life. I love you and only you.”

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief.

“Now, are you feeling better? Let’s pick Tony up. He is always with Kurt, and I’m feeling threatened as his father.”

The atmosphere in the car instantly lit up.

Meanwhile, Cassie was blocked in her path in the alley. She was struggling to break free from a man’s restraint. “June, let go of me.”

June took out his phone and taunted her, “Honey, take a look at how you hurled yourself at Oscar. Jeez, I mean, look at him. He’s not interested in you!”

Cassie snatched his phone away and browse through the album. The next second, her face flushed red in anger.

She glared at June and said, “You’ve been following me?”

“Honey, how can you say that? I’m just worried about you.” June shrugged in response. He took a few steps back before lifting her chin. “Honey, you’re the heiress of the Yard family, and many men will kill to date you. If you want to look for handsome men, I can help you with that. But why is it that you want somebody who obviously has no interest in you? I think you must love the feeling of being berated.”

“Shut the hell up,” Cassie seethed.

June’s expression changed, and he clutched his phone tightly. Then he inched closer to Cassie and pressed her against the wall. “Honey, since

you're a person who has no dignity and likes to cling to men who don't like you, perhaps we can have some fun here."

Cassie's eyes widened.

"June, don't you dare!"

June smirked mischievously. He ripped off her clothes, causing her to gasp in shock. She opened her mouth and wanted to scream, but June quickly whispered in her ears, "If you scream, everyone will witness the heiress of the Yard family being abused."

Cassie stared at him, ashamed.

June started kissing Cassie.

After a while, June carried Cassie in his arms and covered her body with his jacket. He then took out his phone and made a call. Shortly after, a luxurious car appeared at the entrance of the alley.

Once in the car, June commanded, "Drive."

The car started moving.

June caressed Cassie, but she quickly pushed his hand away.

June was amused by her reaction, and instantly, his spirits lifted.