

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 533

### Chapter 533 A Psychopath

“Ms. Yard, Amelia has already taken Oscar away from you. Are you going to let her do the same to your fiancé now?” asked Jennifer, sneering. She had intentionally asked that question to fan Cassie’s flames of jealousy.

With an aggrieved look on her face, Cassie ground her teeth in hatred. “I will never let June fall in love with Amelia, even if it means destroying him.”

With the corners of her mouth arched upward, Jennifer revealed a smug smile on her face.

“If only you realized this sooner, Ms. Yard. Perhaps, Oscar will not be taken away,” said Jennifer mockingly. She was determined to add fuel to the fire with her words.

Feeling rather humiliated by rage, Cassie glared at Jennifer. “Are you saying that I’m dumb?”

“Ms. Yard, I can’t do anything if you insist on thinking that way. This time, I’ve made a mistake coming to see you. Initially, I thought I got myself an intelligent and amicable partner that I can get along with. I guess my assumptions are wrong,” said Jennifer as she shrugged her shoulders. She added, “I think you don’t need me as your partner anymore, Ms. Yard. Hence, I’ll make a move first.”

“Stop right there!” Cassie stood up and extended her hand to Jennifer. She said, “It’s a pleasure to know you.”

Next, Jennifer broke into a grin as the corners of her mouth arched up. She said, “Ms. Yard, congratulations on making a smart decision.”

When the duo shook hands, their eyes met instantly. They sized each other up with a judgmental look, revealing a manipulative gaze.

Cassie said, “I hope you really have a plan that works this time. If you let me down again, I am going to make sure you pay for it with your life.”

Jennifer sniggered and replied, "Ms. Yard, your words are amusing indeed."

Instantly, Cassie's face fell when she heard that.

"Okay, don't get mad. I'll help you think of a plan. If you want to go back to Oscar, you have to change your temperament. I heard Oscar likes women who are gentle yet resolute. Isn't Amelia like that? You can become gentler toward him. Shower him with niceness without compromising your dignity. That is how you can extend the bait to him. Do you understand? You come from a wealthy family, after all. I'm sure you know how to act in accordance with circumstances," said Jennifer, who assumed she had a great plan.

Meanwhile, Cassie ruminated in her thoughts.

"It's getting late, so I ought to go back. We will contact each other again if there's time," said Jennifer. She wanted Cassie to take her number down, so she said, "Ms. Yard, if you don't mind, just record my number down. You may get in touch with me if anything happens. I will respond to you immediately."

Cassie took down Jennifer's number and placed a missed call on the latter's phone.

Jennifer waved her hand a few times and said, "I shall not take up too much of your time, Ms. Yard. I'll make a move first."

After Jennifer left, Cassie sat alone in the pavilion. She ran through various thoughts in her mind. After clearing her thoughts, her angry temperament gradually simmered down.

Cassie got up and left after she sat for a while more. Then, she drove back to the Yard Manor. Once Cassie arrived and got out of the car, she noticed June strolling leisurely. Cassie had felt good earlier on after spending some time alone. After she saw June, her good mood vanished in the blink of an eye.

After scurrying over to June with hurried footsteps, Cassie glared furiously at him.

When June saw Cassie, he grinned devilishly. “Honey, you are back! I’ve been waiting for a few hours for you,” said June. He reached over to hold Cassie’s waist, but the latter evaded his move.

With her eyes narrowed, Cassie questioned June, “Did you go and see Amelia?”

June opened his arms wide in nonchalance. Then he chortled and replied, “Honey, even if I had a relationship with Amelia in the past, you are the one I love most in my heart. It’s true.”

Cassie was livid. What a shameless man! It’s perverse and low-down! How despicable!

Instantly, those menacing words flashed past continuously in Cassie’s mind.

“June, just how shameless can you get? You should know that Amelia is the woman I hate most. Why are you still in endless entanglements with her? Do you really hate me so much?” uttered Cassie as she gritted her teeth in anger.

Even after June heard those words, the sinister smile on his face remained constant. No matter how Cassie looked at him, she found his menacing smile exceptionally irksome.

“Baby, how can you say that? I’m doing all this for your sake. Once I get hold of Amelia, you can make use of the opportunity to take Oscar back. That way, we can both get what we want. Aren’t you happy about that? I don’t think you look particularly happy to me. Please don’t tell me you are actually jealous?” said June. After that, the latter looked in jest at Cassie.

Cassie revealed a panicked look on her face as if someone had exposed her secret. As she took two steps back instinctively, she noticed the playful look in June’s gaze. Instantly, she knew June was teasing her again.

By this time, Cassie felt fury had raged through her chest. Feeling embarrassed, Cassie shouted furiously, “June, don’t try to test me with a method like that. I would rather be jealous of a beast. I will feel no jealousy for a despicable, shameless, and perverse scoundrel like you. In my eyes, you are nothing but a thoroughly disgusting parasite.”

June did not understand what Cassie meant by a parasite. However, his face darkened for a while. His gaze turned vicious, as he looked like he could murder someone.

Cassie was scared by June's darkened countenance, so she retreated another step. With a quivering voice, Cassie muttered, "Don't tell me you are going to murder me?"

June's expression changed instantly again, with no warning. With a leisurely smile, he chuckled and said, "Honey, you are fond of joking indeed. You are perfect in every way. I can't bear to take your life away. I'm even thinking about growing old with you. Don't you hate Amelia? After she becomes mine, I will make her our lowly slave. What do you think about that?"

Cassie glanced at June in disbelief. She felt June was being absolutely ludicrous with his naïve thoughts.

"June, don't brag about it if you don't have what it takes to salvage the situation. After too much bragging, you are bound to get caught one day. Two years ago, you promised me you will exact revenge on Oscar. Now, two years have passed. Oscar is still the high-and-mighty heir to Clinton Corporations. On top of that, Amelia is back. As for you, have you done anything at all? You keep talking big in front of me. I think that's all you are capable of – bragging," mocked Cassie as she snorted at him.

June's gaze darkened immediately as his eyes glinted turbulently in subtleness.

"What is it now? Did I hit the nail on the head? June, don't you wish you can strangle me now? If you have the means to do it, just strangle me to death right away. Otherwise, don't blame me for shooting my mouth. I have to warn you first. Stop messing around with Amelia. I don't care how many other women you have out there. I can keep my hands out of it. However, you simply cannot touch Amelia. Once you lay your hands on her, I swear nothing will salvage the hate I have for you," said Cassie.

June suppressed the look of turmoil underneath his eyes. He laughed and said, "Are you feeling jealous?"

Cassie waved her hand at him and brushed him off. "Just piss the hell off! Don't touch me."

Instead of complying with Cassie's words, June pulled her forcefully into his arms. He lowered his head and pressed his lips to hers.

Initially, Cassie struggled to break free from June. Slowly, her resistance came to a stop as she turned soft in his arms. With no choice, Cassie yielded to June's forceful kiss. She only regained her senses after a cold gust of wind blew across her body.

Instantly, Cassie pushed June away from her. Immediately, she pulled down her skirt, which was lifted earlier on.

"You've got to show me some respect," said Cassie with narrowed eyes. Fuming away, Cassie sounded like she was still mad at June.

June broke into a mocking guffaw. He seemed to insinuate that Cassie was putting up a pretense. "Honey, you are just putting up a show now. Don't you find it laughable at all?"

Cassie felt her face turn pale, then red from embarrassment. She was exceptionally annoyed by June's words.

"Shut your mouth this instant!" Cassie exclaimed.

"Well, I can't do that. If I really shut up, who else can kiss you so passionately? You have no idea how mesmerizing you sound to me every time. I love watching you, enthralled in a daze. I've got plenty of footage of you in that state. As long as you wish to see it, I can upload it online anytime. I believe Mr. and Mrs. Yard would love to see it too," said June sardonically.

When Cassie heard that, she felt hot and cold flushes across her face instantly.

"Shut up now," yelled Cassie, infuriated. "You are a maniac. You are simply perverse."

Suddenly, June's eyes flashed with a hint of gloom. He clenched his fists hard, only to release them after a while. In the next moment, he resumed smiling like before, as if he was in a good mood.

“Oh honey, did that break your spirit already? In fact, I’ve been good to you. In a while, shall we admire the video footage of your mesmerizing, lovely daze upstairs? You don’t even know how cute you are when you have no clothes on,” said June, his tone perverse.

“What a psychopath you are,” uttered Cassie. Immediately, she walked past June and fled straightaway.

Meanwhile, June remained rooted to the spot. June gazed longingly at Cassie as she disappeared from his sight gradually. He arched his lips up in a smile and muttered to himself, “Baby, even if you want to return to Oscar’s side, you have to see if I’d agree to it first. Don’t worry about it, though. In this life, it is fate that you can only belong to me.”

With leisurely steps, June strolled back. He appeared to be in a better mood than before.

That night, Cassie could not escape from June’s evil clutches.

After a long night together, June brushed against Cassie’s hair. The latter had already fallen asleep from exhaustion. June sneered and said, “Woman, it is fate that you will never escape from my clutches.”

Eventually, the duo slept in. Then Cassie woke up first, just before noon. When she got up, she turned to look at June next to her. Immediately, Cassie kicked him mercilessly with her leg. After June woke up from the kick, Cassie threw a punch right at June’s body.

“Scram!” shouted Cassie as she was enraged.

June was not angry with Cassie at all. Instead, he got down from the bed slowly. After putting on his clothes, June kissed Cassie on her lips once. With an eerie smile, June said, “Honey, it’s been seven or eight years now. I’m still as obsessed with your body as before. What shall I do? I really can’t bear to let go of your hands.”

With her head turned the other way, Cassie replied abhorrently, “What a sicko.”

When June heard that, he was unfazed. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 534

Chapter 534 His Face Was Slashed

After Cassie got ready, she headed downstairs. However, she did not stop to eat her breakfast. Instead, she simply said, "Mom, I'm heading out"

Elizabeth stated, "But you haven't eaten breakfast yet!"

"It's almost eleven o'clock, so it's way past breakfast time now. I'll have lunch outside in a bit. Also, tell Dad that I'm planning to help out at his company. I want to start from scratch."

A hint of surprise flashed across Elizabeth's eyes when she heard that.

She asked, "Cassie, are you sure?"

"Of course I am, Mom. Can't talk right now. I'm in a hurry. We can talk when I come back," Cassie explained, leaving in a hurry.

"This child, I swear." Elizabeth shook her head helplessly. She turned around and saw June on the couch, realizing that he was still there. "June, Cassie hasn't really calmed down yet. Don't mind her attitude."

June replied, "Don't worry, Mrs. Yard. I like her the way she is. Honestly, I'm a bit of a masochist. Don't laugh at me, please. Though she's being hot and cold to me, I'm fascinated by her uniqueness. I think she's very different from other girls. Maybe this is why I loved her all these years. I loved her and no one else. Don't you think that her petty attitude is cute?"

Elizabeth was thrilled to hear those words coming from him.

She was growing more and more fond of June, her future son-in-law. She pondered it before asking, "June, you and Cassie have known each other for so many years. Have you thought about getting married? I know you realize by now that Cassie may not be able to get pregnant. But with such advanced technologies nowadays, there's probably something that can heal her. Look-"

June's face fell in despair. He said in a low voice, "Mrs. Yard, I already raised the prospects of marriage two times to Cassie. Unfortunately, she keeps rejecting me. I don't think she's ready for marriage yet."

Hearing this, Elizabeth's face contorted in anger.

"That girl, I swear. She causes nothing but trouble. I can't believe she'd rather die than be with a good man while also refusing to let go of a man who's rude to her. At this point, I think she's just doing this to get on my nerves."

Elizabeth paused before continuing, "Don't worry, June. I'll help you persuade her. The sooner you guys get married, the sooner I can calm down. Otherwise, I won't sleep well at night."

"I'd appreciate that, Mrs. Yard."

June sat for a while and smiled politely. "Mrs. Yard, I'll go look for Cassie. She went out alone, so I'm a little worried for her."

"Go. I think you should have dinner outside and watch a movie before coming back. Since you're neither married nor have kids yet, you should have some fun," Elizabeth suggested.

"Understood, Mrs. Yard. I'll be leaving now."

As soon as June left, he called Cassie on the phone. However, Cassie did not answer his phone call. He could only send her a text message. The text message read: Call me back. Otherwise, I'll upload one of the videos I helped you record.

Soon enough, Cassie dialed his phone number.

June answered the call and asked, "Where are you?"

"June, what is the meaning of this? Who do you think you are, and why do you care? I'm warning you--"

"Where are you? Don't make me ask again," June firmly interrupted her.

"I'm at Amelia's workplace," Cassie replied.

June was rather shocked. He thought that she went back to look for Oscar. To think that she went to see Amelia, instead.

As if June saw the rays of love, a smirk formed on his face. He was now in a good mood. Though Cassie is as tight-lipped as ever, I'm sure that she subconsciously thinks about me. Maybe not too much. However, I know that I have a place in her heart somewhere. These are the fruits of my labor. As long as I keep working hard, Cassie will be mine one day.

June was proud and confident in himself. But then, he asked, "What are you doing with Amelia? Honey, don't do anything reckless."

Cassie asked mockingly, "Why? Are you worried?"

"Honey, behave. She hasn't taken the bait yet. I haven't even enjoyed her wonderful body yet. Don't mess with her, or I'll get really angry at you," June warned.

"And what if I did do something to her?" Cassie asked in a sinister tone.

June responded, "Honey! If you dare to do anything to her, I might have to burn you with a cigarette butt the next time we're in bed. I think you'll like that gift of mine."

"You're such a pervert. Go die in a ditch somewhere." Cassie immediately hung up the phone in a fit of rage.

June tossed his phone over to the back seat, unaffected by Cassie's words. He then looked into the rear-view mirror and saw two cars following him. June curled his lips and sneered. He stepped on the pedal without a care in the world, and the cars on his tail also accelerated. The three vehicles drifted across the nearly empty roads.

Soon, they reached the highway and were heading toward the suburbs.

June parked the car in a large open field. He then put on his glasses and got out of the car. The two cars chasing him also stopped. As the doors of one of the cars opened, Kurt, Hugo, and Jean emerged. As for the other car, four to five unknown young men in black suits also got out.

“Oh, so it was you guys. Could it be that Mr. Clinton wants to harm me?” June fearlessly asked. “I remember how he and I have been on the same boat together over the past two years. We had been at peace with each other ever since. I can’t think of any reason how I’ve offended Mr. Clinton.”

Hugo said, “June-”

He was interrupted as soon as he opened his mouth. “Call me by my Chanaean alias. I am John Wick. You can call me Mr. Wick or just John. Whichever you prefer.”

Hugo eloquently corrected himself. He continued, “Mr. Wick, our boss already told you to stop harassing Mrs. Clinton. Otherwise, he’ll cause you trouble and have the police personally deport you back to your country. You’ll make history as the only foreigner who’ll get blacklisted by Chanaea because of the media.”

June laughed.

He said, “That’s a very funny joke.”

“Mr. Wick, you can take me as a joke all you want. I know you’re capable of challenging the Clintons. The Adertons are indeed one of the largest families abroad. Don’t forget that you’re in Chanaea, though. As a foreigner here, you have no right to be this arrogant,” Hugo warned.

June shrugged. For some reason, he decided to change the subject. “You there. What’s your name?”

“Hugo,” Hugo replied.

“Mr. Hugo, go back and tell Mr. Clinton that I have no intention of stealing his woman. You’re a man as well, so you know how we like to chase after fine ladies. I’m very interested in Ms. Winters, but I won’t

pursue her because she's taken already. Mr. Clinton shouldn't worry about me. Is he so insecure that he thinks I can steal his woman from him?" June nonchalantly said.

Hugo simply looked at him without saying anything.

Jean coldly said, "Hugo, there's no need to waste your breath on someone like him. You should just break him on the spot. I think he'll stop causing trouble after that.

As Hugo listened to her words, his lips twitched.

"Kurt, what do you think of my proposal?" Jean asked.

Kurt was stunned. He replied, "It's fair enough."

Jean rubbed her hands in anticipation. In the blink of an eye, she began her attack. She moved quickly and had strong momentum. June, who was carefree at first, did not let his guard down as Jean attacked him. He pulled himself together and fought back.

Jean was very good in hand-to-hand combat. Although she was a woman, her strength was not inferior to that of an adult man. Therefore, June found it hard to handle her. He was losing his ground. In the end, Jean kicked him in the stomach, and he fell directly to the ground.

Jean clapped her hands together. She looked at the man lying on the ground in disdain and coldly said, "You're from a seemingly powerful family. And yet, you're weak when it comes to hand-to-hand combat. You're only able to bully weak and stupid women, huh? Killing a man would only dirty my hands."

Kurt stepped forward and looked at June condescendingly. In the next second, he suddenly stepped on June's foot. June groaned in pain. He was tough, so he did not roll on the floor crying.

Kurt was crushing June's hand with his foot. He coldly warned, "Stay away from Amelia, or I'll kill you."

June's eyes showed how conflicted he was. At that moment, he was really scared. He did not bring any bodyguards with him today. June was so used to abusing the power of the Yard family to make a fortune over the past two years. He got so arrogant that he forgot how powerful Oscar was. As they discussed just now, the Adertons were indeed quite influential. However, they were all abroad. Their influence in Chanaea was lesser compared to that of the Clintons. If he kills me here, he'll be able to dispose of my corpse very cleanly. The Adertons will want to confront him, but I'm afraid that they'll be powerless against him.

Kurt stated, "June, don't even think about getting the Adertons to trouble the Clintons. You're not the only heir to the Adertons, after all. Not to mention, you've been in Chanaea over the past two years. Do you think your cousins care? A smart man would never think about women. Only a fool would talk about love. You should leave immediately if you're smart. Otherwise, you'll have everything to lose when the Adertons get a new head. I believe that you don't want to see that happening."

June's face contorted. He viciously glared at Kurt.

Kurt increased his strength. June's face twisted in pain. He could not help but groan, and he was in so much pain that he could barely get any words out.

June knew that his right hand would break if Kurt added more weight to it.

Perhaps, Kurt never intended to break his hand. It was probably why June only felt pain on his skin and tendons. At least he knew the bones in his hand was not broken yet.

"I told you this before. Don't come any closer to Amelia. If not, then I'll rip your arm off," Kurt warned.

June looked him in the eye. Not only was he enduring the pain, but he also smiled.

"Could it be that you're in love with Amelia?" June revealed. "You have every reason to love her. And yet, here you are using force to bully a foreigner like me. Don't you think you're being quite despicable and shameless here?"

"Shut up!" There was a hint of awkwardness and embarrassment on Kurt's face after getting exposed.

June scoffed. He sarcastically stated, "So it's true! If Mr. Clinton knew that his subordinate had such filthy thoughts about his woman, I wonder what he'd think? Ah, yes, I remember something. When Amelia went missing for two years, you were with her. Only a fool would believe you when you said nothing happened between you and her. She hooked up with you and then went back to Mr. Clinton. I think I can do the same. At least I have a better family background than you. Your ideal lover is a hopeless romantic who can please you. Is that right?"

"I told you to shut up!" Bloodlust reflected in Kurt's eyes as he said that. He wanted to kill the man on the ground badly. Fortunately, he still had his last shred of rationality left. Otherwise, June would have been killed and silenced forever.

"Kurt, get up, or I'll kill you. I know how foul-mouthed this guy can be." Jean stepped forward and pulled a dagger out of nowhere. She squatted down and swung the dagger at June's face. "Aren't you quite fond of your face? How would you feel now that I've drawn a line on your face?"

June looked at Jean. He even dared to wolf whistle at her. With a sinister smile, he said, "I'm willing to die at the hands of a beautiful woman like you. As the Chanaean saying goes, men die happily after sleeping with beautiful women."

A cold glint flashed across Jean's eyes. Her subordinate quickly moved, causing a red mark to appear on June's face in the blink of an eye. Blood flowed out of the cut.

June groaned in pain. He knew that falling prey to Kurt and the others today was bad. However, he also knew that they would only hurt him physically. June knew that Oscar did not want him dead just yet, so he had no fears.

Flesh wounds were inevitable. He might as well take advantage of them.

June smiled and said, "Pretty lady, you seem to have left a mark on my face. Is it because you want me to treat you to a meal?"

Jean suddenly smiled. She asked, "You want to take me out?"

“Yup. I think the food will be very delicious since I’ll be with a beautiful woman such as yourself. The only thing is, I’m not sure if I can treat a beautiful woman like you to a meal.”

“Of course you can.” As soon as the smile on Jean’s face disappeared, her subordinate swiped at June. Another red mark appeared on June’s face as blood flowed down his cheek.

This time, June stubbornly refused to voice his pain. He looked at Jean and coldly stated, “Pretty girl, you’d better kill me today while you still can. If not, you’ll fall into my hands one day. I probably won’t dish out a simple punishment like this by then.”

A murderous light flashed across Jean’s eyes. She responded, “You want to die? Fine! I’ll grant you your wish, then!”

“Jean.” Hugo stepped forward and grabbed her hand that was holding the dagger. He said, “Don’t act so impulsive. Otherwise, we’ll have a tough time explaining what happened to the boss when we get back.”

Jean reluctantly replied, “Understood.”

Jean stood up and looked down at June with an awkward expression on her face. She said, “He’s nothing but a lowlife wearing luxurious outfits. I can’t believe he thinks he’s a distinguished casanova.”

Hugo said, “I think I’ve taught him a lesson already. Let’s go, now.”

Jean nodded. She then bent over, taking June’s car keys and phone from June’s body. As she tossed the phone over to Kurt, she said, “Kurt, get into the car with Hugo. I’ll drive this guy’s car back. Didn’t this guy say he was a self-proclaimed womanizer? I guess I’ll let him have his moment.”

Hugo and Kurt both understood what Jean meant. They did not stop her, though. Instead, they returned to their car and drove away.

Within one short minute, June was left bleeding in the large open field.

June wanted to lift his right hand, but he never expected it to hurt that much. He could not help but hiss in pain.

When the pain in his hand subsided a little, he got up from the ground. Today was June's most humiliating day. He raised his hand and touched his face, finding that his fingers were stained red. Luckily, Jean did not give him long and deep cuts. Otherwise, his face truly would be disfigured this time.

Their warnings did not frighten June. Instead, his desire to retaliate was more heightened than ever.

In the beginning, June only approached Amelia to make Cassie jealous. But now, he wanted to have Amelia. He longed to seduce Amelia and let Oscar have a taste of his own medicine. After getting into and losing two intense fights, June was a loser. He also wanted Oscar to become a loser and to feel the frustration of getting betrayed by his significant other.

"Oscar, have you gotten weaker or something? We'll see who'll be the real winner in the end!" June spat on the ground again, gritting his teeth in anger.

"One day, I'll step on you under my heel and laugh at your failure. Just you wait."

Only the trees surrounding June bore witness to his behavior. Currently, he had no idea how he would return to the city. Should I try to walk back when it's dark out? Maybe I can stop a car once I reach the highway? I have to think about this.

June looked at the large open field. His expression completely darkened. He had no idea how long it would take to walk back to the city on his bare feet. As a pampered son from a well-to-do family, it was simply an impossible task for him. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 535

Chapter 535 Complaining To The Clintons

June walked for a long time before a car finally stopped and sent him back home. Elizabeth was appalled to see June in that horrible state when he arrived at the Yard Manor.

She cried out in shock and instructed their maid to quickly call their family doctor. Elizabeth helped June to the sofa and got him to sit down. She then asked someone to bring the medical kit and apply medication for him.

With his bad temper, June said wittily, "Mrs. Yard, I'm fine. It's just a scratch."

"Look at your face. How can you say that it's just a scratch? No, this won't do. You must go with me to the hospital. Otherwise, it'd be a big problem if your wound gets infected," Elizabeth said with a worried tone.

June held her back. "Mrs. Yard, I'm really okay. But I'm hungry. Can you please prepare some food for me?"

"Okay, I'll get you some food." Elizabeth's attention was diverted as she hurriedly asked her maid to prepare food for June. After that, she asked them about the family doctor's whereabouts, then sat on the sofa and asked June who had hurt him.

At first, June did not want to tell Elizabeth about what happened. However, the latter insisted on knowing. Thus, June pretended to be in a dilemma as he answered, "Mrs. Yard, I was brought to the outskirts by Oscar Clinton's men. That's why I ended up in this state. They took my phone and wallet, and I walked all the back. Fortunately, I met a kindhearted person while on my way back, and they sent me home."

"Oscar Clinton? Why did he beat you up?" Elizabeth was stunned and did not understand why Oscar had assaulted June.

June acted as if he was too embarrassed to speak.

"June, just tell me what happened. Don't worry. I'm here. I won't let anyone bully you and will stand up for you. You'll be considered my son in the near future."

Only then was June willing to voice out, "Mrs. Yard, Oscar asked his bodyguard to convey a message. He said he didn't want me to marry Cassie, and he had his fun toying with her. I got so mad and wanted to teach them a lesson. But I was outnumbered, and all his men were highly-skilled fighters. That's why I was beaten up instead. I'm sorry, Mrs. Yard. I failed to seek justice for Cassie."

Elizabeth's initially composed face was contorted with rage, and she responded bitterly, "Oscar Clinton is such a bully! Our family has repeatedly avoided him, yet he's so overbearing. I'll ask Olivia if she's only responsible for giving birth to her son, not raising him well. How could her son be so arrogant and disrespect anyone?"

A hint of smugness flashed across June's eyes. Sometimes, the best weapon was when a woman acted like a shrew. She could annoy anyone with her words.

Oscar Clinton, you're competent, aren't you? Then I'll let an older woman go against you. I don't believe that you'll find trouble with her since you're the younger generation. I'll slowly get my revenge for what you've done today. Just wait and see how I'll manipulate you.

When Charlie entered the house, he could sense that something was off. Charlie frowned in puzzlement. But before he could ask, Elizabeth rushed over and furiously said, "Charlie, look at what Oscar did. He has beaten June up. You know very well how June treated Cassie in these two years, and you can also feel how respectful he is to us. Now that he's hurt, what do you think we should do?"

Charlie looked at the injuries on June's face and his gaze darkened. "June, did Oscar really do this to you?"

"Mr. Yard, I'm fine. Don't ruin your relationship with them because of me," said June as he rose to his feet from the sofa.

Elizabeth could not calm the rage burning within her. "June, forget about the harmonious relationship with them. They've gone overboard with bullying us. How could we let him off just like that? Whatever it is, we must seek justice for you. Look at you. How are you going to work in this state?"

She paused for a while before turning her gaze to Charlie and continued, "Charlie, they're going over our heads now. Oscar even said that Cassie was a girl he had played and slept with. If you can accept this, then I have nothing else to say."

"Let's go to the Clinton residence," Charlie responded after pondering.

Elizabeth was satisfied after hearing what Charlie said. "June, could you come with us to the Clinton residence?"

June thought for a while and acted like he was in a dilemma. "Mrs. Yard, am I troubling you both? My injuries are not that serious."

"Look at yourself. How could you say that it's not serious? Don't worry about us. We'll do whatever we need to seek justice for you today."

The Yards and June then marched into the Clinton residence.

Olivia could not help but feel shocked when she heard that the Yard family, who had cut off ties with them for two years, had appeared in front of her doorstep.

"Did they say what the matter was?" Olivia asked calmly.

"No, Mrs. Clinton. They just said they wanted an explanation from you, and they will lodge a police report if you refuse to do so," Olivia's maid replied truthfully.

Olivia thought about it. Eventually, she answered, "Let them in."

Elizabeth strode into the Clinton residence like an arrogant, wealthy woman while Charlie and June followed behind.

"It's been a while, Charlie. How are you?" Olivia only greeted Charlie.

Elizabeth walked forward and blocked Charlie from Olivia's sight. "Olivia, do you only have eyes for men?"

Olivia was not bothered by the way Elizabeth spoke. Instead, she politely and coldly responded, "Have a seat. We don't have to fight the moment we meet."

Elizabeth glared at her but was sensible enough not to argue.

The three of them took a seat, and Elizabeth cut to the chase. “Elizabeth, this is Cassie’s fiancé, and they’re getting married soon. It was supposed to be a joyous occasion for our family. However, now that your son has beaten June, I want to seek justice for him. It has been two years since we steered clear of each other. Your son can’t be the only one who’s happily married with a child. My daughter is finally getting married, but Oscar wanted to stir trouble. Either Oscar apologizes to June himself, or we’ll see each other at the police station.”

Olivia glanced at June and sized him up. The two pieces of white gauze on June’s face completely ruined the beauty of his handsome face.

“Did Oscar really do this to you?” Olivia asked in a doubtful tone. She believed that Oscar was not an impulsive person. If he did it, he would not leave any evidence behind. Unless Oscar deliberately left evidence.

Sometimes, this was quite like the way Oscar did things. With the power he had, Oscar could be reckless.

“Do I need to lie? I’ll stay here until you give me an explanation. I want to know what Oscar is thinking. Cassie has been avoiding him for two years, but he wants to drive her into a corner,” Elizabeth uttered disdainfully.

Olivia pondered for a while before asking her butler to call Oscar and ask him to come home.

After Oscar answered the phone, the butler relayed the message, and the former responded, “I understand. Give me two hours. Tell my mother to wait for my arrival.”

Oscar had wanted to remove his tie, but he put it back on after receiving the call.

Amelia walked toward him and asked, “What’s the matter? Mom called you. Did something happen?”

“Some nuisance people are causing trouble at home. I’m going over to have a look,” Oscar replied nonchalantly.

Amelia responded, “I’ll go with you.”

“You stay at home with Tony. Otherwise, you’re not around when he wants to look for you.”

“It’s okay. With Kurt accompanying him, he won’t act up.”

After hearing that, Oscar did not say anything else.

The two of them rushed to the Clinton residence. When they arrived, there was a tense atmosphere in the living room. It felt like an inflated bubble that would burst with a touch.

“Mom,” both Oscar and Amelia called out politely in unison. With outsiders around, Amelia did not call Olivia “Mrs. Clinton” like she used to.

Olivia waved her hand at them. “Come and take a seat. Tony isn’t here with you both?”

“It’s late, so I asked Kurt to put him to bed,” Amelia explained.

Olivia did not answer. At the same time, her phone rang. It was a text message.

Olivia took the time to read the text. However, her expression turned grim after seeing the picture that was sent to her phone. She glanced at Amelia and June. Olivia’s stare became cold as she looked at Amelia.

“Amelia, do you know this foreign gentleman sitting across you?” Olivia asked tentatively.

Amelia turned to look at June. When she saw him, the look in her eyes changed. It was evident that Amelia was surprised to see him.

"I've met Mr. Wick a few times. I know that he's Ms. Yard's fiancé. I don't know anything other than that," Amelia answered honestly.

Olivia did not continue since there were guests with them.

However, Elizabeth glared at Oscar and snapped, "Olivia, stop talking nonsense. Since Oscar is here, ask him why did he beat up my future son-in-law? If he can't give me a good answer, I'm staying here today."

"Oscar, tell us the truth. Did you ask people to hurt the gentleman sitting across you?" Olivia asked as she took a deep breath.

Oscar shot an indifferent glance at June. "Mom, am I supposed to admit that I've hurt whoever that comes here saying so? There's no need for them to use such tactics even if they need money."

As he said that, he turned his gaze to Elizabeth. "Mrs. Yard, just tell me if you need money. Seeing that you were close to my family before, I'll help with whatever I can. But there's no need for you to come up with something like this, beating up a perfectly good man. He looks quite ugly in this state."

After hearing what he said, Elizabeth's face scrunched up in anger. She slammed her hand on the table hard and yelled, "Oscar Clinton, what do you mean by that?"

"It has been two years since we met, Mrs. Yard. Not only do you look older, but your intelligence has also deteriorated a lot."

Elizabeth was enraged. She sneered and said, "Oscar, you've become sharp-tongued after two years of not meeting."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mrs. Yard. However, I don't have the power to distort the truth like you. I need to exert actual effort for that," Oscar skillfully answered back.

"You..."

Olivia shot Oscar a glare. "Oscar, don't be rude to your elders."

"Okay, Mom," answered Oscar.

Olivia looked at June and said, "Mr. Wick, you said that my son had sent people to hurt you. Do you have evidence to support your claim? If you don't, I'll sue you for defaming us."

As soon as Olivia asked, June fell silent instead. It was true that he could not show them any evidence of Oscar beating him because Oscar's subordinates had long wiped out all the evidence.

The Clintons were the rulers of this city. As a foreigner, June could never go against the local tyrants, no matter how powerful he was.

Nevertheless, June was not here today to see what Oscar would do. Instead, he wanted to see Olivia's expression after she saw the picture. June refused to believe that Olivia would be magnanimous if her daughter-in-law could be having an affair with him. What made the matter worse was that June had appeared before them. Any bright person would think otherwise when they put two and two together.  
Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 536

Chapter 536 A Replay Of The Photo Incident

"Olivia, you intend to deny this matter, don't you?" asked Elizabeth, narrowing her eyes.

Olivia smiled politely, showing no trace of dissatisfaction with her unpleasant tone. She was always gracious and elegant in front of people. Compared to her, Elizabeth looked like a clown who spoke discourteously after being driven into a corner.

Although they both came from prestigious families, Olivia was always the better one in terms of looks and temperament.

"Charlie, did you join them today because you also thought Oscar did that matter? We had a minor argument two years ago and had not been on speaking terms since then. Now that you've come over, do you really want to waste it on arguing?" Olivia stated in a gentle voice as she looked at Charlie.

Elizabeth's expression suddenly turned grim. Glaring at Olivia, she said, "Olivia, can you not be so shameless? I'm right over here, yet you dare to seduce my husband in front of me. You're really despicable. Don't forget that your son and daughter-in-law are still beside you. I'm ashamed of you."

Olivia maintained a straight face.

At that moment, Charlie spoke. "Don't make such coarse speech. I think there must be some misunderstanding."

"Charlie, is your heart softening when you saw this woman? As soon as she displays a weak front, you forget that June is actually our future son-in-law. Don't forget how filial he has been to you during these two years. If you still have a conscience, you shouldn't have spoken such heartless words!"

Hearing that, he sighed and made the wise choice to subside.

June piped up, "Mrs. Yard, I have no evidence either. Even if I knew who did it, I can't do anything to him. Please calm down, and don't get angry because of me."

When Elizabeth heard him, she became even angrier.

"Oscar Clinton, you won, but don't get too complacent. If something untoward happens to June, I will never let you get away with it. You already hurt my daughter once. If she loses her happiness a second time because of you, I will end your life," Elizabeth said, gritting her teeth.

She rose from the couch and continued, "Charlie, June, let's go. We came here today in vain, but I believe the evil ones will get their retribution eventually. It's only a matter of time before it happens."

Elizabeth left the Clinton residence in a huff. As she got into the car, June said, "Mrs. Yard, I have some good news for you. I have just sent Mrs. Clinton several photos, and they all show the intimate interactions between Amelia Winters and another man. I don't think she'll have a good time tonight."

At his statement, she shot him a glance and was noticeably less angry.

“Are you being serious?”

June nodded.

“June, why didn’t you say it earlier? I could’ve watched Olivia, that hypocritical woman, fly into a rage. Well, at least you took revenge for me. Didn’t she think Cassie was willful for escaping from her marriage that year? Not only did her current daughter-in-law run off with her grandson for two years, but she’s also having an illicit relationship with a man. She is simply a promiscuous woman. I don’t think she’s any better than me. Hah, she deserves it,” Elizabeth snarled, venting her spleen.

Charlie remained silent as he glanced at June in the rearview mirror with a pensive expression.

I need to re-evaluate June. Perhaps he’s not as gentle and refined as he appeared to be and may even be more cunning and scheming than I’ve imagined.

“June, you’re such a great son-in-law! You love Cassie and know me well. I am very relieved to leave Cassie in your hands,” Elizabeth praised June, but a moment later, her expression soured. “June, I am too incompetent that I failed to stand up for you.”

June chuckled and said, “Mrs. Yard, I don’t mean to blame you. I’m a man, so how could I ask you, an elder, to uphold justice for me? I only came here with you today because I wanted you to see the livid expression on Mrs. Clinton’s face. Nevertheless, I didn’t expect her to be more composed than me.”

Elizabeth snorted disdainfully and said, “She is the most hypocritical of all. She pretends to be gentle and magnanimous in front of others, but I bet she loses her cool like a maniac when no one is around. At the thought of Amelia Winters facing her wrath later, I feel exhilarated.”

Her spirits lightened miraculously, but the atmosphere in the Clinton residence did not improve after she and the others left.

“Oscar, what’s going on?” Olivia demanded, her face darkening.

“What do you mean?” It was a rare moment to see Oscar playing dumb.

“Oscar, you know what I mean.”

Her son shrugged and said, “He’s been bothering Amelia the last few days, so I asked someone to teach him a small lesson. I’m not that weak to be incapable of dealing with a foreigner.”

When Olivia heard his reply, she glanced at Amelia, who met her gaze despite feeling guilty.

The corner of the former’s lips twitched before she unlocked her phone. The message she had just received appeared on the screen, and she placed her phone on the table, asking, “Can someone explain to me what these photos means?”

Naturally, both Oscar and Amelia saw the photos.

Oscar’s eyes darkened, but he was not too surprised.

Meanwhile, a thought appeared in Amelia’s mind. This is the same trick as two years ago. Two years ago, it was with Carter, and two years later, it was with June. I don’t have a relationship with June, yet they managed to take such ambiguous photos. It seems that there are still many people who don’t want me to live happily. There are always people who want to disrupt my life with Oscar in hopes of forcing me to leave him and the Clintons miserably again and give up on the happiness I’ve worked so hard to obtain.

Oscar grabbed her hand and said calmly, “Mom, I was there when these photos were taken. The man in the photo took advantage of the time I was talking to the waiter and made inappropriate gestures to Amelia. He tried my patience repeatedly, so I had someone teach him a lesson. Not anyone can touch my wife.”

Olivia still had disbelief in her eyes as she asked, “Is that true?”

“Mom, I’m a man. I’m not as open-minded as you think. Do you think I can still stay calm like this when my wife is intimate with another man behind my back?” he asked rhetorically.

Scrutinizing his expression, she put herself in his shoes, thought about it, and felt that her son would not be so big-hearted.

“Okay, I’ll believe you for now. I don’t like women being so close to other men when she’s already in a relationship with a man. Do not remarry Amelia for the time being. I am going to take some time to observe,” said Olivia.

“Mom...” Oscar called out in a low voice.

“All right. Go back first. It’s getting late.” There was a hint of gloom in Olivia’s countenance. Rising to her feet, she continued, “I won’t interfere in your marriage, but I don’t like women with poor character. Such women can never become the daughter-in-law of our family.”

After saying that, she walked straight up the stairs, leaving the couple alone.

Amelia thought for a moment and said, “Sorry.”

Oscar pulled her up and said, “Let’s go. Mom only said that in the heat of the moment. She will be fine tomorrow.”

Instead of responding to him, she walked out and got into the car silently.

It was rare for them to remain hushed.

After the car had driven out of the Clinton residence for over ten kilometers, Amelia spoke. “Oscar, I really have no relationship with June at all. He invited me to a meal, and I went for it, but we didn’t do anything. I really don’t know how that photo came about. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t overthink it. These photos are nothing. Even if they took a photo of you lying in bed with a man, I wouldn’t think anything of it. I didn’t say that in a fit of anger. During the time when you were away for two years, I swore that I’d forgive anything you did as long as I can find you,” Oscar said seriously.

When Amelia heard that, her heart ached.

“Do you still think I would cheat on you?”

The man tilted his head to look at her. “No, you won’t cheat on me. It’s just that you have too many men around you.”

Although she immediately understood what he was saying, she still felt uneasy.

She did not know how things turned out that way when she had stayed away from every man, yet, she was photographed in such ambiguous pictures. At that moment, she felt mortified. It was as though she was back to the unpleasant time two years ago when she was photographed with Carter.

Oscar raised his hand, stroked her hair, and said, “Don’t worry too much. I won’t be bothered by pictures like that. Even if you tell me you’re in love with another man one day, I won’t let you go.”

A smile graced her lips.

Little did she know that, in the near future, she would have the urge to ask Oscar why he let go of her after such a short time and did not keep his promise.

However, at that point in time, she would be so heartbroken from seeing him accompany another woman to try on wedding dresses that she would not be able to question him.

“Don’t be silly.” Amelia chuckled, but she was no longer as distressed.

“It’s good that you are laughing. Don’t think about those pictures. As for June, I’ll deal with him,” Oscar said.

In response, she nodded in agreement. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 537

## Chapter 537 Heart Problems

While Oscar had just put a lid on Amelia's photos, something happened on Tiffany's side.

When Amelia heard of her friend's incident over the phone, a peculiar thought popped up in her mind. We sure are best friends, getting into trouble at the same time. Mine happened last night, and then she called me the next day. Well, I really do not know how to describe this coincidence.

In a gentle voice, she spoke to Tony, who was looping his arms around her neck. "Be a good boy, Tony. I'm going to visit Tiffy, and I'll be back very soon. Behave and stay at home with your daddy, okay?"

Tony remained in her embrace and said reluctantly, "I don't want to stay at home, Mommy. I want to go with you. I haven't played with you for a long time."

Left with no choice, Amelia brought him along and asked Jolin to help her apply for a leave of absence before rushing to Tiffany's place at the fastest speed.

When Tiffany opened the door, she was shocked by her appearance and quickly asked, "Who did this to you, Tiff?"

Covering her cheek, Tiffany said, "Come inside first."

After Amelia led Tony into the house, she headed to the refrigerator to take out a few ice cubes so that Tiffany could use them for cold compression.

In the meantime, Tony climbed onto the couch and blew on the bruise on Tiffany's face. "I'll blow it for you, Tiffy. Pain, pain, go away," he comforted sweetly.

His thoughtfulness amused Tiffany.

In one swift motion, she pulled him into her arms and ruffled his hair while saying, "My face doesn't hurt anymore now that you're here, Tony."

Tony let her do as she pleased and even assured her, “Don’t be afraid, Tiffy. I’ll protect you. I’ll chase those big bad guys away, and I won’t let them bully you anymore.”

Tiffany froze after hearing his words, and tears almost fell from her eyes.

Upon spotting Amelia walking out of the kitchen, she quickly suppressed the sadness in her heart.

Amelia passed the cold compress to her and said, “Soothe it with ice. Otherwise, you won’t be able to go show up anywhere with that face.”

Tiffany accepted the towel containing ice cubes and pressed it against her bruise. “Thank you, Babe. I didn’t disturb you when I called you at work, did I?” she mumbled.

Instead of replying, Amelia merely stared at the heart-wrenching wound on her face.

“Tell me. Who hurt you?” she then asked, going straight to the point. “I hope you won’t lie to me, or my trip here would be unnecessary.”

Tiffany’s expression turned doleful.

Amelia gazed at her silently and did not pressure her into telling the truth.

In the end, Tiffany spoke. “His mom hit me.”

Naturally, Amelia knew who she meant.

“Why did she strike you? I don’t think Mrs. Hisson is an uncultured person.” Amelia managed a calm reply.

A wry smile touched Tiffany's lips, and she explained, "I had a minor dispute with Crystal, but Mrs. Hisson kept siding with her. I was so angry that it escalated into an argument. I didn't expect Mrs. Hisson to throw a cup at me when she got infuriated. She missed the first one, so she kept flinging cups at me. I don't know how many cups she had thrown at me, but in the end, I became like this."

Amelia also felt furious after hearing about the incident.

"What did Derrick say?" Amelia asked as she contained her rage.

Tiffany continued with bitterness lingering on her expression. "He left after sending me back here. I'm starting to doubt whether or not I made the right decision in choosing him, Amelia. Everything was great when we first started dating. I didn't expect to be beaten up by his mother two years later. After everything, he just told me to rest up and then left. We're not even married, and he's already tired of me. Just now, I considered breaking up with him."

Derrick's attitude vexed Amelia equally. However, she did not believe that he was such a person and thought there should be some sort of misunderstanding going on.

"Calm down, Tiff. Don't think about breaking up yet, and talk it out with him first. I don't think Derrick is that kind of person, so you shouldn't be so quick to criticize him. If you don't remain levelheaded, it will only destroy your relationship," Amelia advised collectedly.

A look of helplessness flashed across Tiffany's face as she held the cold compress against her cheek.

"I am levelheaded, and I've thought things through. Even if Oscar calls me his sister, an impostor will always be an impostor. I am a best-selling author that earns millions annually, but it's nothing to the Hissons. They aren't the least bit impressed. Derrick's grandfather doesn't like me, and his mother has expressed her contempt for me outwardly. At first, I refused to give up no matter how much his family made things difficult for me because I had him by my side. But now his behavior... I don't know if I can go on," she said defeatedly.

Tony stood up and blew on her face. "It doesn't hurt, Tiffy. I'll protect you."

Tiffany let her hand down and forced a smile. "I'm fine, Tony. You're such a good boy. By the way, I bought you a present and put it in the room. Go and play with it. I have something to talk to your mom about."

Tony glanced at her and Amelia before nodding in response.

Once the boy headed into the room, Amelia sat beside Tiffany and comforted her, "Don't overthink, Tiff. Everything has a solution. I'm sure Derrick is not like that. Even if you don't believe in yourself, you have to believe in him."

"I want to trust him, and I did so last time. However, I don't know if I can still trust him this time. When his mother flung cups at me, he was standing at the landing of the stairs and only ran downstairs after a dozen seconds. Yet, he stood in front of his mother and told me to calm down. I couldn't help but laugh at that time. His mother was the one who hit me, but he wanted me to calm down instead."

Amelia frowned, her expression solemn.

If Derrick truly behaved that way, then there had to be something wrong with his character. No matter what, she would never agree to let Tiffany marry him.

Since the Hissons did not bother to hide their dislike toward Tiffany, she would have to walk on eggshells at their place after marrying into their family if he did not protect her.

"Did Derrick call you after that?" Amelia inquired.

Tiffany shook her head.

"Have you spoken with him?"

"After sending me home, he left without consoling me. I'm not shameless enough to call him, Babe."

Amelia empathized with Tiffany, as it would be degrading if the latter were to call Derrick first when he was indifferent to her in the first place.

“What do you plan to do then? Will you really break up with him? You two have been dating for two years. Can you bring yourself to separate with him?” Amelia asked the crucial question.

Tiffany fell silent.

At that, Amelia also subsided and did not push for an answer.

Sometime later, Tiffany stated sullenly, “I don’t want to break up with him, Babe. I love him. Considering my fiery temper, I would’ve taught Mrs. Hisson a lesson just like what I did to Mrs. Scott if I didn’t love him. Now, I can endure some unjust treatment for his sake, but he has to do the same for me as well. It will be hard to continue this relationship if he can’t go through thick and thin with me.”

Amelia held her hand and consoled her, “Don’t think about it, Tiff. Everything will be okay.”

Just then, the doorbell rang.

The two women exchanged looks before Amelia said, “It can’t be Derrick, right?”

Deep down, Tiffany was hopeful.

“I’m going to get the door. You two have to sit down and clear the air if it’s him. Don’t argue with each other, understand?” Amelia only headed to the door after exhorting her.

When she opened the door and saw the person outside, she froze for a second and blurted out, “Why are you here, Kurt?”

“I heard something happened to Tiffany, so I came to see her,” he responded. In actuality, he was there to see Amelia but did not verbalize it.

“Come in first.” Amelia stood aside to let Kurt in.

As the two walked in, Tiffany’s expectant gaze turned to one of disappointment at the sight of Kurt.

She sat back down on the sofa and forced a smile. “You’re here, Kurt.”

Kurt’s gaze changed almost imperceptibly when he saw the bruise and wounds on her face. “Who did this to you?”

“An unreasonable old hag did it. Will you avenge me, Kurt?” she asked jokingly.

“Just say the word,” he replied, implying that he would take revenge for her as long as she gave him the word.

“You’re okay with that?”

Kurt nodded. He was never one to go back on his words.

Tiffany finally displayed a genuine smile and waved her hand. “No need. I was just joking with you. I couldn’t ask you to attack people for me.”

Kurt did not speak further, but he offered, “Let me know if you need help. You still have Amelia and me. We’ll always be your friends.”

His words warmed her heart. Even if those were just empty promises, the fact that he said such caring words during her predicament was enough for her.

“Having each other’s backs for two years in Beshya didn’t go to waste, Kurt. Those words meant a lot to me. I wouldn’t have known you could say those things if I hadn’t gotten into trouble,” Tiffany remarked.

Kurt tugged his lips into a slight smile.

The three of them chatted for a while more. When the doorbell rang again, Amelia glanced at Tiffany, who shrugged as she did not have high hopes. "Maybe it's Oscar."

Kurt stood up and volunteered, "I'll get the door." With that, he went to open the door.

When he returned, Derrick was following behind him.

At the sight of him, Tiffany felt the pent-up grievances from when his mother hit her arise, and her eyes turned red. Not wanting Derrick to see her in such a miserable state, she quickly turned away.

"I'm going to check on Tony," Kurt said.

After he entered the bedroom, Amelia pointed to the couch on the other side and informed, "Tiff has told me about some things, Derrick. I shouldn't involve myself in your relationship issues, but Tiff is my best friend. She felt wronged, and I was hoping you could give me an explanation."

Derrick glanced at Tiffany, and his eyes darkened when he noticed she was avoiding his gaze. He sat on the couch with his fingers interlocked. It seemed like he was thinking about something.

"I'm sorry," he said in a deep voice. It was unclear whether those words were directed to Amelia or Tiffany. At the same time, it was impossible to discern the meaning held by his apology.

"We don't want your apology, Derrick. Shouldn't you explain why you deliberately neglected Tiff? Back then, you promised you would take good care of her, and you've been doing great in these two years. Why did you suddenly change?" Amelia questioned.

Derrick cast his eyes downward in contemplation. "My mom fell sick."

Amelia and Tiffany were stunned.

"What happened?" the former asked calmly while the latter stared at him nervously.

“My mom has palpitations, and her body would convulse. When she threw the cups at Tiffany, I knew she was in grave condition. She can’t be too agitated, or things will become terrible. On usual days, she’s completely fine. But she’ll easily get a myocardial infarction if she becomes too enraged. That’s why I rushed Tiff back here,” Derrick explained with a weary expression.

“Is Mrs. Hisson all right?” Tiffany fumbled for words as she licked her lips, her misery and resentment fading away.

“I didn’t know that, Derrick. I didn’t mean to make her angry. I’m sorry, I didn’t know...” In a panic, she babbled on incoherently.

“She’s doing all right,” Derrick comforted her with a faint smile.

Meanwhile, Amelia was nonplussed. These wealthy ladies live in easy circumstances, yet they have all sorts of health conditions. Mrs. Clinton is usually doing well, but her heart starts having issues whenever the situation is disadvantageous to her. It’s the same with Mrs. Hisson. Sometimes, I can’t tell whether they truly have a condition or if it’s just a scheme for them to achieve their motive. After all, the world is vast. The chances of meeting two equally beautiful affluent ladies with heart problems are low.

Amelia snorted but did not speak her mind. She would be apathetic if she did. Regardless of whether or not she made sense, her words would undoubtedly affect Derrick and Tiffany’s relationship. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 538

Chapter 538 Rejected

After listening to Derrick, Amelia regained her composure.

“Derrick, your mom doesn’t like Tiff, and she has an ideal daughter-in-law in mind. You were aware of this, yet you insisted on pursuing Tiff. What are you going to do now?” she asked with a frigid calm.

Derrick glanced at her without a tinge of frustration. Instead, he replied seriously, “I’ve never thought of letting Tiff go, and I’ve planned to marry her. My family knows about this. Though I respect them, it doesn’t mean that they can dictate my marriage. Even without the support of my family, I can provide a good living for Tiff.”

Only then did Amelia's expression soften.

After contemplating for a while, she said, "Derrick, I've had a high opinion of you since the beginning, which is why I allowed you to pursue Tiff despite the fact that you two have different family backgrounds. Your attitude and behavior toward her have been satisfactory all this while, so I hope you won't let me down this time around too."

Derrick tugged his lips into a smile. "No matter what happens, I won't let her go. Perhaps my recent actions have hurt Tiff, but I can't disregard my mom's health condition. If I'm someone who only focuses on my love life and neglects my mom, I don't think you would've approved of me."

Amelia burst out laughing upon hearing his words.

"You're sharp-witted indeed," she remarked as she got up from the couch. "I'm glad that you two have reconciled. It's time for me to go to work. My workload is quite heavy these two days, so I'll leave you two alone. You have to explain everything if anything happens next time. Don't cast Tiff aside and let her overthink. Though she looks tough, she's fragile inside. If you love her, be more considerate of her feelings. Don't let her make wild guesses all the time."

"Will do," Derrick agreed without any hesitation.

Amelia gave him a few pieces of advice before leaving with Tony and Kurt.

When they arrived downstairs, she said, "Kurt, bring Tony home first. I'll drive to my workplace."

Tony gazed at his mother pitifully and asked, "Mommy, are you really leaving?"

"Tony, be a good boy. I'm going to work, and I'll be home in the evening. Go back with your godfather now, and I'll buy you some snacks tonight, all right?" Amelia negotiated with him.

With that, the boy nodded reluctantly. However, he seemed somewhat despondent, judging from how he had his lips pouted.

“My good boy, I’m going to work now,” she cooed and lowered her body to peck him on the cheek before turning around. To her surprise, someone grabbed her wrist in the next second. She turned around and saw it was Kurt.

Without a change in her expression, Amelia withdrew her hand from his grip and asked, “What’s wrong, Kurt?”

Kurt looked into her eyes intently. He wanted to hug the woman without a care in the world, but he knew he was in no position to do so. Hence, he could only suppress his feeling.

“Be careful on the way,” was all he said.

Amelia nodded in response. “I’m leaving. Take care of Tony.”

Kurt nodded.

Then, she got into the car and drove off right away.

Tony only retracted his gaze when her car was nowhere in sight. Looking up at Kurt, he asked, “Daddy, don’t you love Mommy?”

Kurt shifted his attention to the boy. As he lifted his hand and tousled the latter’s hair, he stated, “You’re a little kid. Don’t bother yourself with these things.”

Tony pouted his lips and said, “Daddy, I’m not a kid anymore. I’m a little man. I know you like Mommy; I saw you sneak glances at her many times. You like Mommy, but why would you want to let Big Meanie be with her? Adults are so complicated.”

Kurt’s eyes darkened. A wry smile touched his lips briefly. Then, he tousled Tony’s hair again and said, “All right. Let’s go home.”

The boy pursed his lips but did not say anything else.

With Tony in his embrace, Kurt headed toward his vehicle. All of a sudden, a fiery red car screeched to a stop right in front of him.

The car window rolled down, revealing a familiar-looking woman, who poked her head out and said, "Get in, Kurt. I have something to talk to you about."

Seeing that it was Jean, he hesitated briefly before opening the car door and getting into the back seat.

Through the rearview mirror, Jean shot a glance at Tony, who was in Kurt's arms. A hint of gloominess flashed across her eyes.

"Why is Mr. Anthony here?" Jean asked in a seemingly casual tone.

"It's none of your business." Kurt's attitude toward her was rather cold. "Why did you seek me out?"

"Do you mind having a drink with me at a karaoke bar? I need to tell you something," Jean replied coldly. However, if one paid close attention to her voice, one would be able to tell that it carried a hint of a pleading tone.

Putting Tony on his lap, he said, "No, Mr. Anthony is here."

"We can send him home first. Kurt, we have known each other for many years. We have carried out tasks and experienced life-and-death situations together. Can you really bring yourself to be so heartless?" she continued, her gaze turning cold.

After mulling over it, Kurt agreed at last but did not send Tony home. Instead, he asked Hugo to take care of the boy. Since Amelia and Oscar were working and Molly was well on in years, he felt uneasy about letting her take care of Tony.

Once he brought Tony to Hugo, Jean drove him to a karaoke bar. They requested a big private room that could accommodate over a dozen people. Jean even took the initiative to order a lot of liquors.

When the waiter served her order to the room, she took out a cigarette from her bag and asked, "Do you want one?"

"No. I've quit smoking," Kurt said as he shook his head.

At that, Jean's eyes flickered. A bitter smile crept onto her face and disappeared within seconds. "I remember that you used to be a smoker and would smoke a few cigarettes to clear your mind whenever you felt frustrated. Smoking kept you clear-headed. Can I know why you quit smoking?"

He glanced at her and replied flatly, "Amelia doesn't like the smell of smoke, and Tony is still young, so I stopped smoking unknowingly."

"As simple as that?"

Kurt cast a glance at her again and inclined his head.

"Everyone in the organization says that you're interested in Mrs. Clinton. I didn't believe it at first as I thought you had never fallen in love with any woman throughout all these years. Thus, I deemed it impossible for you to fall in love with someone so quickly. I thought I knew you well, but I was wrong. The truth gave me a hard slap on my face." Jean took a puff of her cigarette. Through the smoke, there was a glazed look in her eyes. It was as though she was reminiscing about something.

Kurt got up from the couch and said coldly, "Jean, if all you wanted to tell me is such nonsense, I'll make a move now. I'm too busy to listen to your yak."

After saying that, he strode away.

The man had no sooner taken three steps forward than she hugged him from behind, pressing her soft body against his back.

“Kurt, I’ve loved you for so many years. Why can’t you give me a chance? Mrs. Clinton already has Boss. It’s impossible for you to be together with her. Do you really want to offend Boss because of her?”

Kurt was startled as a confused look crossed his eyes. It was apparent that he had no idea about Jean’s feelings for him. Before he met Amelia, he knew nothing about relationships at all.

However, he soon regained his senses and removed Jean’s hands from his waist without a sense of chivalry.

He took two steps forward before turning around. Looking at her ashen face, he said, “Jean, we are only colleagues. It never crossed my mind that you like me, but I won’t fall for you. Let’s forget about everything you said today and remain as colleagues.”

Jean concealed the sorrow in her eyes, walked forward, and looked into his eyes. “Is that all that can happen between us? Just colleagues and nothing more? I’ve mentally prepared myself for so many days to confess to you. Don’t you want to give it some consideration?”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t love you.”

Upon hearing his rejection, she let out a sorrowful chuckle. However, she was never a sentimental woman and thus could never beg a man for his love.

Taking in a deep breath, she soon regained her repose.

“Do you really love Mrs. Clinton?”

“Yes,” Kurt admitted honestly without any intention of hiding it.

“Tell me. Am I any less than her?”

"It's about feelings. I only treat you as my colleague. But to her, I want to protect her all the time. In my heart, she is like a fragile glass, even though I know she isn't. She's like the fire in the winter, lighting up the darkness within me. Perhaps that's why I'm smitten with her."

Jean let out a sorrowful chuckle again after listening to him.

"You're frank indeed. But aren't you afraid that I'll hurt her?"

"Can you defeat Boss?"

That rendered her speechless.

"You can leave now. I'll drink alone to drown my sorrows. I knew I would be embarrassed after confessing to you today, so I had the foresight to order so many liquors. Now, I can get myself wasted."

Kurt looked over at the table full of liquors. A hint of hesitation flashed across his eyes.

"Go, or I'll force myself on you. But I won't give up on you so easily. After all, I've liked you secretly for so many years. I was hesitant to confess to you, and you fell in love with someone else. This time around, I won't give up on you anymore," Jean continued.

Kurt's response to her was a glance before turning around to walk away.

"How heartless," Jean grumbled, yet her eyes turned red in spite of herself. As she lived a dangerous life, it was hard for her to fall in love with someone. To her chagrin, her first confession failed so miserably.

It was indeed pathetic. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 539

Chapter 539 He Saved Her

Just like that, the confession ended in vain. Jean finished all the liquors on the table, but the more she drank, the soberer she became.

When Kurt left the karaoke bar, he originally wanted to pick up Tony, but he made a detour halfway and headed to Amelia's workplace instead.

After parking his car outside her company's building, he looked through the car window up at the floor where she worked. His eyes glinted as he clenched and unclenched his fists, and he calmed down miraculously.

He sat in the car for an unknown amount of time when his sharp eyes suddenly saw a figure coming out of the entrance. Eyes lighting up, he quickly opened the car door and walked toward the figure. Just as he almost reached the latter, a very low-profile BMW charged toward the figure at breakneck speed.

Kurt's gaze changed, and his mind went blank. By the time he snapped back to his senses, he had already pounced on the person, and they rolled across the ground for a few seconds before coming to a stop. When the driver saw that their car did not manage to hit the person, they swiftly turned around and charged at them both.

Kurt reacted quickly and picked the person up before running into to building, causing the driver to miss again. Fortunately, the driver was not so irrational as to crash into the building.

The car made a U-turn and left at high speed.

Inside the building, the security guards ran over in shock and surrounded Kurt and Amelia while asking anxiously, "Ms. Winters, are you all right?"

Amelia, buried in Kurt's arms, was still in a daze and did not seem to hear the worried questions about her wellbeing. It took more than ten seconds for her to return to her senses amidst the countless voices calling her. When she looked up, she finally realized that she was still in Kurt's embrace. In order to avert rumors, she struggled to break free from his grasp.

Kurt yearned for the softness in his arms, but when he saw the trepidation in her eyes, he carefully put her down and said worriedly, "Amelia, are you all right?"

Amelia nodded, but her heart was beating violently. She was truly frightened. When the car charged toward her earlier, the image of her being knocked away while pregnant swept over her like a shadow, causing her body to stiffen up involuntarily. Petrified, she could feel her mind going blank and could not move her feet at all.

If not for Kurt's timely arrival, she would have been reduced to a corpse underneath the car.

Her mind was a mess. She could not figure out who hated her so much that they repeatedly framed her and tried to kill her.

"Amelia, are you hurt somewhere? I'll take you to the hospital." Kurt saw that her expression did not look very well. It was clear that she was lost in her thoughts. Utterly concerned, he voiced, "You don't look too good. Let me bring you to the hospital first."

Amelia came back to her senses and forced a smile at him. Then, she looked at the group of security guards who had not dispersed and said, "Thank you all. I'm fine. You can go back to work."

One of the guards said uneasily, "Ms. Winters, are you really all right?"

Having received a nod of affirmation from her, they left.

Afterward, Amelia said, "Kurt, why don't you accompany me to a quiet place? I'm not in the right state to go back to work."

"Sure."

The two found a nearby coffee shop and went inside. Then, Kurt ordered a cup of coffee for her.

Once the waiter served his order, he considerably added some sugar to Amelia's coffee, saying, "Amelia, drink some coffee. It'll wake you up a little."

She picked up the cup, but unexpectedly, her hand holding the handle trembled uncontrollably. Although she tried to stop the tremors by pressing her right hand on it, it was useless. Thus, she placed the cup back down in the end.

With a feeble smile on her face, she said, "I'm still a little scared."

Kurt cast her a worried look. Despite his strong urge to reach out and wrap her little hand in his palm, he knew he could not do so.

"Where's Jolin?" he asked, changing the subject.

Amelia took a deep breath to calm herself down.

"I came down to do something and didn't let Jolin follow along. I didn't expect someone to be so bold as to try to hit me at the entrance of my workplace," she explained, picked up her cup, took a sip, and smiled bitterly. "It seems like someone wants me dead so badly," she added.

A trace of distress flashed across Kurt's eyes as he looked at her. "I've noted down the car's license plate number and will report to the police later. I'll definitely find out the culprit, so don't be afraid," he said in a soft voice.

Amelia put down her cup and said, "Don't tell Oscar about me almost getting hit by a car. I don't want him to worry about me all the time."

Eyes darkening, he swallowed his saliva and asked, "Why? If you tell him, we're more likely to find out the mastermind."

"No need. He worries enough about me, and I don't want to rely on him for everything. I can solve my own problems." She shook her head and refused.

Kurt thought about it and said, "Okay, I promise."

Amelia took another sip of coffee to compose herself before saying, "Kurt, didn't I ask you to take Tony home? Why were you here?"

"I had Hugo to take care of Tony and went to handle an errand with Jean. After it was over, I couldn't suppress the urge to see you. I just wanted to check out your workplace and didn't plan on disturbing you. If not for that car, I would never have appeared in front of you."

Wearing a forced smile, she replied, "Kurt, I'm not trying to blame you. In fact, I'm very grateful for your arrival. If not, I might have become a cold corpse who would never be able to speak again."

Kurt felt a pang of sorrow in his heart, and he said anxiously, "Don't say stuff like that, Amelia. You have us; we'll never let anything happen to you."

"I know. I believe that you guys will protect me well. It's just that there are a lot of people who don't like me. As long as I'm Oscar's woman, I will always be faced with all kinds of unknown dangers. However, I love him and won't regret the choice I made." Although her heart was filled with fear, a faint smile still emerged on the corners of her mouth.

His heart throbbed with pain as he stared at the smile on her face.

The atmosphere suddenly became heavy. The two of them looked at each other but did not know what to say. Gradually, a hint of awkwardness suffused the air.

After a long time, Amelia finally spoke. "Kurt, I remember we used to have so much to say to one another when we were in Beshya. After coming back to Tayhaven, we couldn't talk to each other about a lot of stuff anymore because of many disturbances."

Kurt tugged his lips into a half-smile.

"If you want to talk to someone, I'll always be here for you. I'll never disappear as long as you want to speak with me," he promised solemnly.

His declaration warmed her heart. "Thank you, Kurt. I know that Oscar and the others aren't particularly happy that we're so close to each other, but you've helped me a lot. I understand that our relationship is purely platonic, which is why I can be honest with it."

A gloomy look appeared in Kurt's eyes.

"Amelia, I like you very much, and I'm not satisfied with just being your friend, but I won't interfere with your blissful married life. I'm no match for Boss either, but if you need me, I will always come to your aid."

Amelia chuckled.

Putting on a relaxed front, she said, "Kurt, don't you think I'm very selfish and am just exploiting you?"

He shook his head and said, "I'm your bodyguard and am obligated to protect you. You're not exploiting me."

Amelia held the cup of coffee in her hands, feeling its lingering warmth.

"Kurt, it's really nice to have a friend like you. You're taciturn, considerate, and caring. I believe that anyone who marries you will be very blissful."

But you're the only one I want to marry. Kurt did not voice the thought in his mind. They both knew it very well in their hearts, but their relationship would not be as harmonious as before if that line were to be crossed.

"Let's leave it to fate. If you live well, I might be able to meet a woman suitable for me in the future. If I don't hate her, I will try to date her," he said, instead of making a definite statement because he was afraid Amelia would feel burdened. It was better to let her think that he would consider other women. That way, they could get along a little more comfortably.

Amelia was obviously relieved.

“Kurt, I can feel at ease after hearing that. If I meet a gentle, cheerful woman who I think is suitable for you, I’ll introduce her to you. You’re not young anymore, so it’s time to consider starting a family.”

Kurt fell silent.

Smiling, she switched the topic. “Sorry for being nosy.”

He came to his senses and said, “No. If you come across someone that suits me, I’ll try dating her.”

“You don’t have to force yourself, Kurt. I was just making a little joke.” Amelia smiled again. She knew she had bulldozed him a little earlier.

“I’m not forcing myself. If it’s something that you want me to do, then I’ll do it,” Kurt said seriously.

Amelia’s jaw dropped, and she was at a loss for words for a moment.

After thinking about it, she said, “Kurt, you don’t have to do this. It was just a casual remark. I won’t interfere with your marriage, nor do I want you to take all my words as orders. I hope that you can take your own relationship seriously. Don’t force yourself to accept something just because I said so.”

Kurt looked at her with a clear and sincere gaze.

“You know me, Amelia. You’re not only my ma’am but also the woman I adore. I’m willing to do anything for you, including throwing away my life,” he proclaimed very seriously.

When Amelia heard him, the smile on her face faded gradually.

She did not know how to continue the conversation, so she could only flee.

“Kurt, I’ll go back to work now. Thank you so much for saving my life today. I also appreciate how sincerely you treat me, but I’m sorry. I can’t reciprocate your affections. If you insist on doing this, I will

have to try staying away from you.” Amelia looked at him as she spoke and then stood up. “I’ll leave now.”

Kurt also rose to his feet and called out to her. By then, she had turned around.

“Amelia, I’ll wait for you. However, if you’re happy and joyful for the rest of your life, I’ll find someone suitable for me, get married, and have children. I’ll quit the organization and leave with my wife. I’ll never appear in front of you again,” he enunciated each word slowly.

Facing away from him, Amelia suddenly felt tears stinging her eyes.

“I’m sorry, Kurt, and thank you for your tolerance.” After saying that, she walked away. However, no sooner had she taken five steps than she stopped again and added, “Kurt, we’ll always be good friends who support each other. I’ve never thought of wanting you to leave.”

Then, she left.

Kurt remained standing at the same spot as he watched her walk out of the coffee shop in a daze. His Adam’s apple bobbed as misery welled up inside of him. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 540

Chapter 540 I Want You To Leave Her

When Amelia returned to the office, Jolin was the first to rush up to her, nervously sizing her up from head to toe. Amused by her actions, she faked a casual attitude and asked, “What’s wrong, Jolin?”

Jolin took two steps back, suddenly bowed her head solemnly, and said in a low voice, “Mrs. Clinton, I’m sorry I couldn’t protect you.”

Amelia understood what she meant at once.

“You found out?”

“It was my dereliction of duty that allowed such a big incident to happen. When we go back, I’ll tell Boss all about it and accept the punishment.” Jolin hung her head in shame.

Amelia lifted her chin and said, “No, don’t tell Oscar. I don’t want him to know about me almost being hit by a car. Can you promise me that?”

Looking straight into her eyes, Jolin blushed and blurted out, “Mrs. Clinton, you’re really beautiful.”

Amelia was stunned for a moment and could not help but laugh. “Thank you.”

Rory was going to walk up to them, but Lydia was one step ahead of her.

“Amelia, are you all right? A security guard came upstairs and told us you were almost hit by a car. We were all worried sick about you. Even Mr. Franklin was shocked. We tried calling you, but you didn’t answer the phone,” she said worriedly.

Amelia reached into her bag to fish for her phone. Upon unlocking it, she found out that there were many missed calls. Yet, she did not hear her ringtone at all.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t hear it,” she apologized.

“It’s fine as long as you’re okay. Mr. Franklin asked you to head to his office when you return. He has something to say to you,” said Lydia.

“All right. I’ll go up then.”

Amelia wanted to take the elevator upstairs. To her surprise, Jolin followed at her heels in alarm.

“Jolin, go back to work first. I’ll just be upstairs,” she urged.

Jolin shook her head and refused. "I'll go up with you, Mrs. Clinton. I'm worried that something will happen to you again. If that happens, I won't be able to explain myself to Boss."

Amelia was nonplussed.

She deliberately put on a straight face and said, "Jolin, if you insist on acting like this, I'll tell Oscar to send you back because you're interfering with my work."

Jolin's face fell. "Mrs. Clinton, do you hate me now?"

"That's not what I meant. I just don't want you to interfere with my work. I don't want to become a special presence in this company, do you understand?"

Jolin thought about it and gave in at long last.

With that, Amelia took the elevator upstairs.

When she stepped out of the elevator, the secretary greeted her and said, "Amelia, you're finally here. Mr. Franklin is waiting for you inside."

Amelia nodded in response.

As soon as she entered the office, she voiced, "Mr. Franklin, you were looking for me?"

Shane pointed to the chair in front of his desk and said, "Have a seat. It's only the two of us here, so you can just call me by name. You can't be so naughty anymore."

Amelia merely smiled.

"Shane, did you call me up here for something?"

He put down his pen, raised his head, and said, "I've reported the incident of you almost being hit by a car downstairs to the police, and they have already come over to collect evidence. I think we'll soon be able to find out who's behind this."

"You called the police?" she exclaimed in shock.

"Shouldn't I call the police when something like this happens to my employee?" he asked rhetorically.

"That's not what I meant. I just... You didn't tell Oscar, right?" Amelia was still concerned about that point.

"Are you very afraid that I'll tell Mr. Clinton?"

Shrugging, she responded, "No. I'm just afraid that he'll be worried about me. It hasn't been two months since I started working here, yet many things have happened. I was injured, insulted, and now I was almost hit by a car. I'm concerned that if he finds out, he won't let me continue working here or that he'll send even more people to protect me. I'll have to send in my resignation letter if that's the case."

Shane glanced at her and smiled. "If it were anyone else who suffered such a huge fright, they would all think about how they would tell their husbands while you went the other way instead. You're still as unconventional as always."

"I'm not being unconventional. I just think that I can handle it myself. I don't have to rely on Oscar to do everything."

He spread his hands and said, "I won't tell Mr. Clinton about you almost getting hit by a car. It's up to you to decide whether to tell him or not, but are you really fine? I heard from the guard that the driver was quite fierce. When they failed to hit you once, they turned around and tried to hit you again. It's clear at a glance that they're targeting you. I think you should let Mr. Clinton investigate this thoroughly. The police only take our taxes without doing actual work. If we want them to investigate properly, I'm afraid we'll need someone to give them pressure before they start."

Amelia nodded with a smile. "I know you care about me. I'll try."

“If you are really frightened by that accident, I can give you the day off. Go back and rest.”

“Come on, I’m fine. If there’s nothing else, I’ll go back to work now. Let’s talk another time.”

Shane nodded.

Amelia went downstairs and returned to the design department. At the sight of her, the others put down the work in their hands and gathered around her, asking, “Amelia, are you really okay?”

“Thank you all for your concern, but I’m really all right. Go back to work, you guys. Save me the embarrassment,” she replied and laughed.

The hectic day ended at six in the evening. Jolin stuck to Amelia closely, which amused the latter.

“Jolin, take it easy! I’m really fine. You’re acting as if the sky is falling,” said Amelia.

Rory also felt unsettled. “Amelia, you also scared me today. When I heard the news of your accident from the guard, I was so shocked that my arms went weak. I called you several times, but you didn’t answer. I almost wanted to call the police.”

Amelia said, “The guard probably exaggerated the incident. I’m unharmed, so don’t worry about it.”

They headed downstairs together and bade each other farewell. Then, Amelia finally got into the car that Jolin called over an hour ago.

When she got into the car, she said, “Jolin, I hope you won’t tell Oscar about today’s accident. Can you promise me that?”

Jolin looked at her and asked, “Why, Mrs. Clinton?”

“No reason in particular.”

The former contemplated for a moment and said succinctly, “Understood, Mrs. Clinton.”

Oscar had not returned yet by the time they arrived at the condominium. Amelia gave him a call, and he picked up and said, “Amelia, I still have a bit of work to do here. Eat dinner with Tony first.”

“Okay. Don’t work too hard, and remember to eat something.”

“I know. I’ll hang up now.”

After ending the call, Oscar looked at the newly taken picture instead of working. The woman in the photo was naturally his wife. However, the man in it was Kurt. The two people were all smiles in the picture and looked quite intimate, as though they were a couple who had been in love for a long time. There was a lack of fervor that new couples usually had, but it was clear from the look in their eyes that they shared a strong bond.

Oscar’s eyes became particularly grim. He then slammed his clenched fists on the top of his desk.

He was a man. If he could still maintain a poised smile after seeing his woman appear in photos repeatedly with different men other than himself, then he would not be a real man.

Upon getting to his feet, he stood by the window and looked at the slowly darkening sky outside. His gaze was impenetrable that no one could tell what he was thinking.

He took out his phone and dialed Hugo’s number. When the call connected, he said, “Tell Kurt to come to the office.”

“Yes, Boss.”

Oscar hung up the call.

It took Kurt nearly an hour to arrive.

He knocked on the door outside and waited for Oscar's permission before coming in.

"Boss," he greeted respectfully after closing the door behind him.

Oscar did not even turn to look at him as he said, "Look at the photo on the desk. I hope you can give me a clear explanation."

Kurt walked over. When he saw the figures in the photo, his eyes flickered as a dark idea crossed his mind.

However, it was fleeting, and he quickly regained his composure.

"I can explain this photo, Boss," said Kurt.

"Go ahead." There was no emotion perceptible from Oscar's voice.

"I couldn't resist going to Amelia's workplace. I didn't plan on meeting her, but I couldn't help but call her out for a cup of coffee during her lunch break. We only talked for about ten minutes before she left. I didn't think we'd be photographed in that short amount of time." Kurt frowned and then said, "Boss, I think someone is deliberately targeting Amelia. I can get to the bottom of this myself and find out the mastermind."

Oscar turned around and strode up to him with an oppressive aura. When his piercing gaze landed on him, Kurt's courage fled his mind. Perhaps that was the effect Oscar had on him after years of accumulation.

"Kurt, how do you think I treat you?"

"Boss, I'm very grateful to you for cultivating me. You're my benefactor. Without you, I might have died in that pile of garbage," Kurt said with a solemn countenance.

Oscar narrowed his eyes and said somewhat dangerously, "Your benefactor? If you really thought of me as your boss and benefactor, you wouldn't have gone to seduce my woman. Do you think I won't dare to do anything to you if you use Amelia as your shield?"

Lowering his head, Kurt replied, "Boss, I had no such intention. I've always maintained a completely platonic relationship with Amelia. I admit that I adore her and admire her character, but I know that I'm not worthy of a woman like her. That's why I've always maintained a certain degree of respect for her and have never done anything out of line to her. If there really was something going on between us, I think two years would've been enough for us to get together. There's no way she would've come back to you."

Oscar raised his hand and slapped Kurt with such force that the latter's head snapped to the side.

Kurt did not even dare to grunt.

He did not forget to defend Amelia either. "Boss, Amelia and I are innocent. The photo was obviously shot at a deliberate angle. I will find out who schemed against her and clear our name."

"No need. I want you to leave Amelia immediately. Make whatever excuse you want to explain your departure. I don't want so many men with questionable intentions hovering around my woman," Oscar uttered coldly.

Kurt raised his head, completely dumbfounded. For a moment, he did not know whether Oscar was being serious or not. It was difficult to discern. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 541

Chapter 541 Sorry For Not Considering Your Feelings

"Boss, all I hope for is to stay by Amelia's side. I don't have any other wishes. Please, don't kick me out," Kurt sincerely begged with his head lowered.

Oscar pointed toward the picture on his desk. "Do you know what will happen if these photos end up with my parents?"

Kurt pursed his lips, his gaze fathomless as he clenched his fist. Kurt opened his mouth to speak but couldn't think of a rebuttal in the heat of the moment.

"I'm sorry." Out of the thousand words Kurt could say, he could only apologize.

"If you really want the best for Amelia, it would be best for you to keep your distance from her. Don't cause any trouble for her. Otherwise, I wouldn't mind getting rid of you," Oscar threatened while narrowing his eyes.

"Understood." Kurt groaned.

"You can leave. I hope I won't hear about today's matters from Amelia."

"I won't let her know about it, Boss." Kurt turned and walked away. His usually straight posture was slightly bent.

A murderous glint flashed through Oscar's eyes as he watched Kurt leave the office, who soon vanished from his eyes.

Oscar organized his belongings and went downstairs. Then, he drove his car and left the office.

Kurt was in a car too, even though he was supposed to leave the office long ago. He observed the vehicles passing by through the car window.

Hugo, who sat in the back seat, cleared his throat and spoke. "Have you seen enough? Let's get going."

Kurt looked toward Hugo through the rearview mirror and frowned. "Hugo, is it true that I don't deserve Amelia?"

Hugo crossed his arms and chuckled. "Kurt, you and Mrs. Clinton are from two entirely different worlds, yet you were trying to build a relationship with her. Everyone in the organization felt like it was a miracle that the boss didn't punish you for it."

Kurt smiled bitterly. "All I hoped for was to become close to her and take care of her. I never hoped to have any special relationship with her. Was it wrong for me to think so?"

Hugo straightened his posture. He extended his arm and patted Kurt on the shoulder. "Kurt, stop dreaming about it. Amelia belongs to our boss. The more you hold on to it, the more the Clintons will make her suffer. Besides, I'm worried that something might happen to you. You're my partner, so I don't want anything terrible to happen to you. You should earnestly carry out your duties as a bodyguard and join missions whenever possible. Once you've made enough money, you can leave the organization and marry a cute and obedient lady. Then, you can have a precious child or two of your own. Stop daydreaming about stuff other than that."

Kurt's eyes dimmed. "Let's go," he said grimly.

As soon as Kurt finished his sentence, he violently stepped on the gas out of habit, causing the car to drive forward at full speed. Hugo's whole body leaned backward, so he hurriedly placed his hand against the front seat. If it weren't for Hugo's quick reflexes, he would've crashed into the front seat.

Hugo settled back on his seat in a state of shock. "What the hell? Are you planning to kill me, Kurt?" he scolded.

Kurt did not answer. Instead, he increased his driving speed. It was as if Kurt was planning to end his life with how fast he was driving.

Hugo tightly held onto his seat at the back and took several deep breaths to calm himself down.

"Slow down, Kurt. We're in the city area. Do you want the both of us to go to the police station?" Hugo yelled.

Hugo's words fell on deaf ears as Kurt chose to ignore him. Hugo suddenly had the urge to punch someone.

Kurt drove out of the city toward the highway. Then, he sped up once more. Within half an hour, Kurt parked the car by the seaside.

Once the car stopped, Kurt undid his seatbelt. With a grim expression and darkness in his eyes, he pursed his lips and stared at the ocean before him.

“Screw you, Kurt. Are you planning to kill the both of us?” Hugo raged. With how fast Kurt drove, Hugo felt like he was moving at the speed of light in the backseat. Hugo almost threw up like a useless person.

“Hugo, accompany me for a walk.” Kurt did not bother to look at Hugo as he opened the car door and got out of the car.

Hugo had no other choice but to get out of the car because Kurt was his greatest buddy. Since the latter had something on his mind, he felt obliged to accompany him. Otherwise, Hugo would not be fit to call himself Kurt’s best friend.

They sat by the beach, and Hugo spoke. “Kurt, what did you want to say?”

Before Kurt could reply, their phones rang simultaneously.

Hugo fished out his phone and noticed the phone screen displayed Jean’s name. “Oh, it seems like there’s another mission for us.”

Hugo picked up his phone. No one except him knew what was said on the other end of the phone. “All right. I’ll head over with Kurt right now.”

After Hugo hung up the phone, he explained, “Let’s go. We have a mission. It’s at Anglandur.”

Kurt stood up from the beach and patted his pants. “Let’s go,” he replied in a low tone.

They headed to the car and got into it. This time, however, Hugo was driving.

He drove to the airport, and they walked into the airport once they arrived. Jean approached them once she saw them. “I bought plane tickets for 11 a.m., so you have half an hour left.

Hugo nodded. After the staff checked the three of their tickets, they entered the terminal. "Why is this mission so urgent? Didn't the boss promise to give us a few days' worth' of holiday?" Hugo asked.

"I don't know. I heard that this mission is quite urgent. The boss took it very seriously. Once we reach Anglandur, there will be someone in charge to explain what we have to do on this mission, so let's get there before we discuss anything." Jean's face was void of expression while she glanced toward Kurt.

Kurt and Hugo only nodded in response without uttering a single word.

Then, the three of them boarded the plane and switched off their phones.

A person dressed in black who remained hidden all this while left the airport. He took out his phone and called someone. When the call connected, he spoke. "Boss, the plane they boarded has taken off."

"Follow the instructions I gave you in advance. Find a way to make Kurt stay in Anglandur for the rest of his life without killing him," Oscar said on the other end of the phone call.

The person in black hesitated before speaking. "Understood, boss. I'll find a method to notify Hugo and Jean. With the both of them present, Kurt will surely stay in Anglandur forever."

After ending the call, Oscar kept his phone in his pocket and left his study as if nothing had occurred. He walked toward the bedroom, and his gaze landed on Amelia, who was fast asleep. He smiled at the sight, and his mood instantly brightened up.

Oscar changed into his pajamas. He then lay down on the bed and extended his arm, pulling Amelia into a hug. Oscar sniffed the fragrance from Amelia's hair and whispered, "Amelia, you're mine. I won't let anyone else snatch you from me."

Oscar fell asleep feeling satisfied. On the other hand, Amelia opened her eyes and woke up. In the darkness, Amelia had mixed feelings. She gently removed Oscar's hand from her waist and slowly turned to see Oscar's relaxed expression while he slept. It made Amelia feel happy, yet she had various other emotions.

Amelia clearly heard every word Oscar said while he was in his study. She was aware that Oscar intended to deal with Kurt. The thought brought bitter feelings to Amelia's heart. Oscar was a man that she loved, while Kurt was a man that helped her out a lot. No matter who it was, she hoped that nothing horrible would ever happen to them.

If Kurt were to stay in Anglandur permanently, he would have to live alone in a foreign country. Amelia did not wish to see that happening.

Hence, Amelia wanted to phone Kurt to warn him in advance as she was not an ungrateful person who would sit back and watch someone else suffer.

Amelia got out of bed and rushed into the bathroom before dialing Kurt's phone number. However, the only thing she heard was the robotic voice of a lady stating that the phone was not turned on.

Amelia guessed that Kurt was still on the plane, so she started to get anxious. After thinking about it, she realized that there was no point in worrying for now. All she could do was leave the bathroom and lie down on her bed. Oscar immediately snuggled up to Amelia and embraced her, pulling her into his chest.

Oscar nuzzled in Amelia's neck and mumbled softly, "I love you, Amelia. Please don't leave me. Please don't become too close with other men because I'll be jealous."

Hearing what Oscar said, Amelia's heart ached. "I'm sorry, Oscar. It's my fault for not considering your feelings." Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 542

Chapter 542 What A Small World

Throughout the night, Amelia tossed and turned in bed because of Kurt. She occasionally dreamt while being half-asleep, and it felt as if she was watching Kurt being brutally murdered at Anglandur. Waking with a jolt, she found herself drenched in a cold sweat.

Amelia wiped off the beads of sweat on her forehead and found Oscar deep asleep when she turned over. She looked at her phone and realized that it was only half-past four. Worried, she got out of bed and gave Kurt another ring.

Kurt answered her call almost immediately, to which Amelia warned, "Kurt, it's me. Be careful as someone intends to make your stay in Anglandur forever."

Unable to rein in the exhilaration coursing through him, Kurt asked, "Amelia, are you concerned about me?"

"Kurt, stop with your nonsense. Just be extra careful. I'm ending the call now. Remember my words. Someone intends to harm you, and it might be someone around you, so please be careful." With that, Amelia hastily hung up the phone.

When she opened the bathroom door, she was so startled at the sight of Oscar right by the door that she nearly dropped her phone.

Gulping nervously, Amelia stammered with a hint of guilt, "Oscar, you're a-awake? Did I wake you up?"

Oscar only cast a glance at her before turning around.

Amelia's heart sank as she immediately hurried after him and whispered, "I'm sorry, Oscar."

Remaining unresponsive to Amelia, Oscar lay on the bed and shut his eyes.

While crouching by the bedside, Amelia reached out and stroked Oscar's stubble, murmuring, "Oscar, I'm sorry. I don't mean it. It's just that Kurt has helped me out before, so I can't just sit by and watch him die. As a Chanaean, it will be a torment for him to be stuck in a foreign country. Since I'm aware of the danger that he'll face, it's impossible for me to do nothing about it."

Oscar remained in a sullen silence with his eyes closed.

At the sight of this, Amelia furrowed her brows while her heart churned. She only wanted to help Kurt and did not expect that it would affect the relationship between her and Oscar.

“Oscar, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you. That call to Kurt doesn’t mean anything, so please don’t get me wrong.”

Again, Oscar remained silent.

Straightening her body, Amelia leaned her head against Oscar’s body gently and muttered, “Oscar, say something. Your frosty attitude is breaking my heart.”

With that, Oscar finally opened his eyes and stared at Amelia impassively. He said flatly, “Amelia, have you fallen in love with Kurt?”

Amelia shot up and gaped at Oscar, her eyes widening in disbelief.

She gritted her teeth. “What did... what did you say?”

Oscar repeated, “Have you fallen in love with Kurt?”

Pools of tears began welling up in Amelia’s eyes as she bit her lips. “Oscar Clinton, do you know how revolting your question is?”

Oscar sat up abruptly on the bed and gazed at her coldly.

Holding Oscar’s gaze, Amelia clenched her teeth and stated, “Oscar Clinton, you disgust me.”

This was their first argument ever since Amelia had returned to Tayhaven.

After everything Oscar and she had been through, she presumed that their relationship would be strong and unwavering, and she did not expect that things would turn out this way.

Burying her head in her palms, Amelia could hear her head buzzing in pain.

She rose to her feet, but they were extremely numb because she had been crouching down for a long period.

She frowned deeply and could not help hopping around multiple times at the same spot. At the sight of her struggle, Oscar's face darkened, and he eventually could not bear watching it, so he got out of bed. Scooping her up in his arms, Oscar placed her on the bed and started massaging her numb calves.

Sadness surged within Amelia as she struggled slightly. "Let go of me. Didn't you say that I'm in love with another man?"

"Stop moving!"

With bloodshot eyes and a broken heart, Amelia lowered her head and asked, "Oscar, are we breaking up?"

Oscar's gaze darkened, but he continued massaging her calves gently.

Lifting her head, Amelia peered at Oscar and reached out to grab his hand, placing it on her cheek. "Oscar, can we please stop arguing?"

Oscar heaved a long sigh and could no longer maintain his solemn expression. Then, he started pouring his heart out.

"Amelia, I don't mean to get mad at you. It's just that your attitude terrifies me. You're both my wife and Tony's mom. But sometimes it feels like you, Tony, and Kurt is a family of three while I'm the outsider instead. Although I may seem omnipotent, I don't have a heart of stone."

Amelia sat pondering over his words.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it."

Oscar sighed. "Let's get some rest. I'll not harm Kurt, so don't worry about it. If you intend to protect him, I shall fulfill your wish and not even touch a hair on his head. Will you be satisfied then?"

A tinge of guilt flashed across Amelia's eyes.

"I'm sorry. I really didn't mean it. I just..."

"Go to sleep. Otherwise, you'll not be able to wake up on time tomorrow morning."

Looking into his eyes, Amelia could not bring herself to spill her thoughts.

Both of them lay in utter silence on their bed. As Amelia turned over, the view of Oscar's back tugged at her heartstrings. After confessing their feelings for each other, Oscar had always coaxed her to sleep while holding her in his arms. This was the first time in which they spent their night in silence with Oscar's back facing her.

Letting out a sigh, Amelia eventually could not help hugging Oscar from his back and backing down. "Oscar, it's not what you think. Please forgive me. Can you?"

"Get some rest."

Amelia's hand froze as she smiled wryly.

"Oscar, are we really breaking up? Are you planning to ignore me for the rest of your life?" Amelia murmured behind him but received no answer.

A bitter feeling welled up in Amelia's heart as she slowly loosened her grip and turned around. With heavy hearts, both of them were sleepless throughout the night.

The next day, Amelia woke up with a throbbing headache. When she turned over, Oscar was nowhere to be seen.

Disappointment flashed across her eyes as this was the first fight between Oscar and her ever since she had returned to Tayhaven.

She was aware that she did make a mistake this time, but she felt aggrieved that Oscar did not offer her an opportunity to explain.

Although she was partly at fault, there was truly nothing between her and Kurt. She thought that Oscar would understand her, and she did not expect that they would get into such a big fight.

Amelia mused to herself, "Oscar, are you planning to end our relationship? No, this mustn't happen. I've only managed to get together with Oscar after going through so many hurdles and difficulties, so I can't give up so easily. I'll have to at least try explaining and patch things up. If I still fail after giving my best, then at least I'll have no regrets in the future."

Feeling revitalized, she got out of bed and washed up in the bathroom. She then got dressed in a youthful yellow dress.

After going downstairs, she chuckled as she greeted, "Molly."

Molly praised, "Good morning, Mrs. Clinton. Your breakfast has been prepared. You're looking especially gorgeous today. From afar, you look like a university student in her early twenties who's a newbie in society."

Amelia laughed. "Thanks, Molly. Say, Molly, where's Oscar? Also, has Tony been sent to the Clinton residence?"

"Mr. Clinton was up early today. After having breakfast, he took Tony there. You should hurry up and eat. Don't you still have to get to work?" Molly walked out of the kitchen with Amelia's breakfast.

Taking a seat, Amelia was engrossed in enjoying her breakfast. However, she lost her appetite at the thought of Oscar's attitude.

Without eating much, she took her bag and prepared to leave. "Molly, I shall make a move first."

“Mrs. Hutton, you’ve barely eaten anything.”

“I’m going to be late for work. I’ll need to go now.”

Amelia drove to the Clinton Corporations and made a call to Eduardo on her way there, applying for a half-day leave due to some personal matters.

Without any question, Eduardo approved of her leave.

Parking her car outside the Clinton Corporations, Amelia lifted her head and peered at the skyscraper through the car window, with a nostalgic feeling surging within.

At the thought of Oscar’s attitude last night, apprehension began creeping into her. She was afraid that Oscar would display his temper to her if she went up there. Rather than being afraid of getting embarrassed, she was more concerned about getting hurt by Oscar’s attitude.

Inhaling deeply, Amelia pushed open her door and got off the car, striding toward the office. The receptionist, who had just recently started working, recognized her and chirped politely, “Hi, Mrs. Clinton.”

Amelia nodded at her.

At the sight of her, the senior employees immediately started greeting her, “Hi, Mrs. Clinton. Are you looking for Mr. Clinton?”

Amelia nodded courteously at each of them in return.

“Amelia Winters, why are you here?” Whirling toward the voice behind her, Amelia cursed in her heart to have such foul luck in running into Isabella.

However, Amelia plastered a grin on her face. "What a coincidence, Ms. Walker. I'm looking for Oscar. This is an enterprise owned by the Clintons. As the official lady of the house, I believe I have every right in coming here."

Narrowing her eyes, Isabella reined in the jealousy surging within her. "Amelia, don't forget that you've gotten a divorce with Oscar. Mrs. Clinton likes me, not you. So stop being so shameless in embarrassing yourself in the company."

"Well, Ms. Walker, likewise."

"You..."

All employees moved to make way for them while watching them with their interest piqued. One of them was the ex-wife that their boss had been waiting for for two years. Whereas the other was the daughter of the Walker family and had been pursuing their boss for two years with great momentum. The whole situation was cloaked in melodrama.

"Ms. Walker, if you'd like to make a scene right here, feel free to do so, but don't get me involved in it. You should be mindful of your manners at the company." Amelia's lips curved into a faint smile. It was as if she was providing a kind reminder.

Isabella's striking face contorted with anger as she gritted her teeth. "Amelia Winters, you sure have a silver tongue."

"Thanks for your compliment."

Isabella gave a sneer in response.