

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 71

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Carter's face darkened at what he had just heard. "Listen, Jennifer. Firstly, what we have is nothing more than an employer-employee relationship. Secondly, there's nothing romantic between us. Please don't say things that might let others have the wrong idea."

As he said that, Carter stole a glance at Amelia, worried that she might have misunderstood the situation.

"You're distancing yourself from me for a woman like her?" Jennifer spat as she shot Amelia a dirty look.

Amelia continued to look straight ahead, not wanting to respond. Even when I'm silent, I still manage to stir up drama. So much for saying silence is golden.

"If you're going to be like this for the rest of the ride, then please get out of my car right now," Carter replied coldly.

Jennifer said nothing more, but the fury in her eyes was evident.

Amelia cleared her throat in a bid to defuse the tension. "I think it'd be better if I sat this one out, Mr. Scott. Why don't you attend the lunch appointment with Ms. Larson? I can just go somewhere else for lunch."

"No, we're almost there. And besides, I've already gotten the hotel staff to prepare a nutritious pregnancy meal for you. It'd be good for the baby," Carter replied, his voice tender.

"You didn't have to go to so much trouble, Mr. Scott. I'm not suffering much from morning sickness, and I'm not picky with food. I'm fine with eating anything."

Jennifer interjected, her voice dripping with sarcasm, "Hey Carter, looks like someone doesn't appreciate your kindness. Why do you keep throwing yourself at a married woman anyway? Do you really want to be seen as a homewrecker and tear up the happy couple?"

Carter tightened his grip on the steering wheel. He was furious, but he decided against arguing back since they were almost at their destination.

The private dining room that had been reserved was already occupied by five other people by the time they arrived. The two women were both about twenty-five or twenty-six years old. Judging by their good looks and acute fashion sense, it was very likely that they were in charge of their company's public relations. As for the three men, one of them looked to be in his thirties, while the other two were in their forties.

As the trio walked in, the five of them immediately stood up to greet them. The older-looking middle-aged man spoke up, "Finally, Mr. Scott! It's good to see you."

"Sorry to keep you waiting. We were stuck in traffic."

"Don't worry about it, we only just got here too."

After exchanging pleasantries, Carter, Amelia, and Jennifer took their seats.

The man who had just greeted them briefly introduced his team before focusing his attention on Jennifer and Amelia. He was taken aback by their sheer beauty.

The two women he brought along were already two of the best-looking ones in his company. And yet, they paled in comparison in the presence of Amelia and Jennifer.

The pair of women were like diamonds and rubies, respectively. When viewed on their own, everyone would be enamored by them. But if you placed them side by side, the diamond's glitter would easily outshine that of the ruby.

"Aren't you going to introduce the two lovely ladies, Mr. Scott?"

"This is Jennifer Larson, our company's Director of design. And Amelia Winters is one of our designers," Carter very briefly introduced.

"Who knew that a handsome man like Mr. Scott would also have a bevy of beauties working for him. Here I was, thinking about how pretty our Ms. Taylor and Ms. Lane are. Then along came Ms. Larson and Ms. Winters, who are even more breathtaking."

"You're too kind, Mr. Reed. Ms. Taylor and Ms. Lane are both incredibly beautiful. There's no need for such comparison when they're all gorgeous in their own way," Mr. Scott remarked.

Mr. Reed gave a hearty laugh in return. "You know, I've always heard that Mr. Scott is a brilliant and well-mannered businessman. They tell me you

are a man of reason and that you always keep your word. Now, I see that you also have quite a way with words. I'm really quite impressed!"

"You flatter me, Mr. Reed."

"Mr. Reed," Ms. Taylor interrupted. "Our guests must be hungry. Shall we place our order?"

"Of course! Sorry, I was so happy I had forgotten about it." Mr. Reed beckoned for the waiter and ordered his share of food. Carter ordered three other dishes before asking the waiter, "Is the pregnancy meal that I requested ready?"

"Yes, Mr. Scott. Should I serve it now, or later?"

It was not a decision for him to make, so Carter turned to Amelia. "Are you hungry now?"

Amelia shook her head. "You can serve it together with the other food. Eating with everyone makes it more pleasant."

"Later it is then."

With that, the waiter nodded and left the room.

Mr. Reed couldn't hold back his surprise. "Ms. Winters, you're pregnant?"

"Yes, I'm five months along now."

"Your husband must have accumulated a lot of good karma to be blessed with someone as beautiful as you," Mr. Reed exclaimed. "Hold on, is Mr. Scott your husband? Is that why he's so attentive towards you? If that's the case, then I must really congratulate the two of you. You make such a handsome couple!"

Jennifer coughed lightly before smiling. "You sure love to joke, Mr. Reed. Carter is my fiancé, both our families have already met. Scott and Amelia are close because they've been good friends since college. And now I'm glad to call Amelia my friend too." After a slight pause, she quipped, "Word of advice, Mr. Reed? Her husband has a bit of a jealousy streak, so you better watch what you say if you don't want to incur his wrath."

After a brief moment of surprise, Mr. Reed laughed it off. "Please accept my sincerest apologies. I do say the darndest things at times. It's truly Mr. Scott's fortune to have such a gorgeous fiancée like yourself."

Jennifer's smile spread even wider now. "Thank you for your compliment, Mr. Reed. We will most definitely invite you to our wedding. When we do, I hope you'll attend."

"I'll hold you to your word, Ms. Larson," Mr. Reed beamed. "I'll be looking forward to that wedding invite. And you can count on me to give you the best wedding gift."

Jennifer raised her glass in agreement. "Cheers."

Carter glanced at Jennifer but did not raise any objections to his relationship with her. After all, he had both their families to think of, and it wouldn't be right to humiliate her in front of so many people.

The food was served just as they got the conversation going. It was a table full of the hotel's most delectable dishes, everything from the quality of the ingredients to the plating was exquisite. Amelia's pregnancy meal was also brought to her, and it looked equally scrumptious next to the other dishes.

"This is the meal I got the hotel to specially prepare for you, Amelia. Let me know if it's to your liking," Carter said, his voice filled with concern.

Before she could reply, Jennifer interrupted, "Mr. Clinton has repeatedly reminded us to take good care of you, Amelia, especially now that you're pregnant. That's why Carter took the trouble of getting you this meal. His company is no Clinton Corporations, after all. If anything should happen to you under our care, who knows what Mr. Clinton might do to us?"

"Don't go too far, Jennifer," Carter warned in a low whisper. "If you do, don't blame me for getting upset with you in front of everyone."

"Why? Do you feel bad for her?" Jennifer whispered back.

His eyes were filled with unbridled rage as he retorted, "Don't you dare test my patience, Jennifer. You will not like it if you push me over the edge."

Jennifer only replied with a cold, haughty chuckle.

On the other side of the table, the blissfully unaware Mr. Reed continued his conversation with Amelia. "Ms. Winters, the Clinton Corporations that Ms. Larson mentioned, that's the one managed by Oscar Clinton, isn't it? No wonder I found you familiar! Your wedding may have been four or five years ago, but it was still an event of the century. You have no idea how many women wished they were you," Mr. Reed chuckled. "I can't believe I got to meet you. Please send my regards to Mr. Clinton."

"Thank you for your kind words, Mr. Reed. I'm just an employee in the company, and I never interfere with my husband's affairs," Amelia replied politely with a smile.

"Not at all, Ms. Winters. Or should I say, Mrs. Clinton? You're too modest. Everyone knows Mr. Clinton dotes on his wife, so much so that he gives you everything you want. We've been wondering all these years who the woman who had caught Mr. Clinton's eye was, and now I have the good fortune to finally meet you in person."

Amelia twitched upon hearing "Mrs. Clinton". She had grown tired of being called that.

"Please call me Amelia, Mr. Reed. Calling me Mrs. Clinton sounds way too formal," Amelia said, raising her glass towards him. "I'm representing my company today to discuss our contract, and what's a business meeting without wine, right? So, I'd like to toast you, Mr. Reed. Cheers!"

Mr. Reed was so flattered by her gesture that he immediately stood up with his glass of wine. "Mrs. Clin... no, Amelia. I love your frankness, and I accept your toast. Cheers!"

Amelia was about to drink her wine when Carter stopped her and took her glass. "Mr. Reed, we wouldn't want to let a pregnant lady drink, would we? Allow me to have this toast on her behalf. Cheers!"

There was a slight hesitation on Mr. Reed's part, but he drained his glass of wine anyway.

He then silently observed the trio sat in front of him. Carter was taking the utmost care of Amelia in every way he could, while Jennifer was obviously fuming away. It wasn't difficult to see that this was a very complicated relationship. This story of how a woman loved a man who loved another married woman would make for such a good drama.

Alcohol had a funny way of making people bolder and friendlier. As if to prove that point, Mr. Reed asked, "How long have you known Amelia, Mr. Scott?"

"We met when she was in university. Which would make it almost eight or nine years," Carter answered.

"Wow, that's a long time. I admire you, Mr. Scott. You seem to have it all. You're from a prominent family, and you've got both the looks and the brains. You're also blessed with a good friend and such an amazing girlfriend. You've really won in life, haven't you?"

Carter replied with a chuckle, "Getting to know Amelia was the best thing that's ever happened to me. I'm almost thirty and have many friends, but no one is as close to me as Amelia is. If she wasn't already married, I'd want to marry her myself."

As soon as he said that, everyone at the table fell into silence. Jennifer especially was seething and white with rage. Her hand that was under the table was clenched so tightly that her nails dug into her palm.

With her other hand, she tried to scoop some food onto Carter's plate. However, she was shaking so much from anger that it took her a few tries before she managed to do it. "We know you're good friends with Amelia, but you can't go round saying things like that, Carter," Jennifer said, trying to mask the animosity in her voice. "What if Mr. Clinton got wind of this? It may not affect you as much, but others may get the wrong idea about Amelia."

Carter pinned her with a steely gaze.

Mr. Reed felt the tension rising and stepped in like a hero to save the day. "Hear, hear. I would like to give a toast to Mr. Scott, Ms. Larson, and Amelia. Let's drink and eat our fill so that we can go on to discuss the contract."

As the three of them rose to accept the toast, so did Mr. Reed's team. Everyone clinked their glasses of wine, except for Amelia, who had soda in hers.

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Halfway through the meal, Amelia excused herself to go to the washroom.

She exited the room and took a deep breath before leaving for the washroom.

Amelia was washing her hands when the door was suddenly pushed open. It was Jennifer.

Her high heels clicked on the floor as she walked over. Jennifer said coldly, "Carter spoke up for you during dinner. Are you proud of yourself now?"

Amelia turned around and replied, "Ms. Larson, I think you're mistaken. Mr. Scott is only a friend. He just takes more care of me because we've already known each other for a very long time. If you like him, you can go confess,

but don't drag me into it. I don't want my husband to hear any weird rumors."

Jennifer folded her arms. "As long as you don't try to seduce him, he'll fall in love with me someday."

Amelia forced a smile. "Mr. Scott is a grown man. He knows what he wants for himself. It's not something we can decide for him. I'll say it again. I already have a husband. I'm not interested in seducing anyone else."

"So are you not going to resign anymore?"

"I didn't do anything wrong. Why should I resign?"

"Fine, don't resign then. You better make sure I don't find out any dirt about you, or else, I'll make the Clintons kick you out of their family. I'm sure the Scotts will also be on my side."

"Whatever."

Amelia shrugged. What's important between two people is that they understand each other. Otherwise, they're just wasting their breaths. Just like how this conversation is going.

"If there's nothing else, Ms. Larson, I'll leave first."

"Stop there!"

Amelia rolled her eyes in exasperation and asked, "What now?"

"Stay away from Carter. He's mine."

Amelia lowered her head and replied, "Mr. Scott and I are merely platonic friends. Don't blame me for whatever is happening between you two. Tie him up and keep him for yourself if you can. Otherwise, he's my boss, so I definitely will continue interacting with him."

Amelia then left the washroom without looking back.

Jennifer stared at herself in the mirror and said angrily, "Amelia, just wait and see. One day, I'll destroy your entire life."

Jennifer then gave someone a call. When the other person picked up, she said, "Loren? Get someone to track a person for me. I'll send you the details via email. I need pictures of her acting intimately with other men."

Someone spoke on the other end of the line, then Jennifer replied, "As long as you give me what I want, money is not an issue."

The other party spoke again, and Jennifer continued, "I'll wait for your good news. You've always handled your previous jobs well, so don't disappoint me this time."

They exchanged a few more words before Jennifer finally hung up.

As she left the washroom, Jennifer put back on her mask of civility. She returned to the dining room and smiled. "Sorry I took so long. I'll finish off this glass as punishment for being late."

The others stood up and drank with her.

They continued drinking for another two or three hours before they finally brought up the contract. Mr. Reed had initially wanted to negotiate for a lower price. However, after finding out that Amelia was married to Oscar, he simply signed the contract right away.

Mr. Reed then turned to Amelia and smiled. "Amelia, could you do me a favor and invite Mr. Clinton to have dinner with me one of these days?"

Amelia smiled back politely. "Mr. Reed, I'll ask him, but I can't guarantee anything. However, he'll usually agree as long as he's not busy with work."

Mr. Reed smiled brightly. "Thanks, Amelia. Don't worry, I just want to make friends with Mr. Clinton. If he doesn't agree to come, then it just means that he doesn't intend to have me as a friend. It's all up to our fate."

Amelia had quite a good impression of Mr. Reed. He was bold and generous and does not nitpick at every little thing. He was definitely someone who would be loyal to his friends. Thus, she answered on behalf of Oscar first.

"My husband is always willing to meet for a meal. However, he's busy with work and has to meet with clients very often. I'm just afraid that he may want to rest at home when he gets some free time."

"Don't worry about it. I'll just give you a call when I'm free. You can help pass on the message to Mr. Clinton then."

Amelia nodded in reply.

They chatted for a while longer before saying their goodbyes.

Back in the car, Jennifer said, "You're such a big shot, Amelia. I think Reed Group only signed the contract so easily because of Mr. Clinton. You're so good at public relations. As long as you're there, you can help us get more benefits."

Amelia stared straight ahead, ignoring her words.

Jennifer started to get annoyed. She had always been the center of everyone's attention since young. Amelia's act of ignoring her only served to strengthen her disgust with Amelia.

"Carter, I think you can just fire everyone else. We only need Amelia as our employee. She's Oscar's wife. Clinton Corporations is one of the city's best companies. Who wouldn't want to befriend Oscar? She's definitely our company's best asset now."

Carter simply focused on driving, paying no attention to Jennifer. She was essentially talking to herself and got even more irritated.

"Carter, can you reply me?"

"You're really noisy."

A mix of emotions flashed across Jennifer's face.

"Carter, you..."

"Jennifer, you're pretty. Many men will fall for your looks," Carter suddenly said.

Jennifer gave him a strange look.

He continued, "But you're not my type. I don't like girls who pick on every little thing. I do like beautiful women, but I have my own definition of beauty. Your appearance is beautiful, but other than that, nothing else is desirable."

That was a huge insult to any woman.

It was equivalent to saying that Jennifer does not have any inner beauty. Her only function was to stand around and look pretty.

That was perhaps a compliment to ladies who place a lot of importance on their looks. However, for Jennifer, this was an insult. She had a good family background, good looks, and graduated from a top overseas university. She could easily find any high-paying job she wanted. Yet, she decided to join Carter's average company as a mere director of design.

Never mind if Carter did not appreciate it, but he was now saying that her only merit was her good looks.

Jennifer could not tolerate this.

“Carter Scott, don’t take this too far. Don’t you know how many deals I’ve closed for you since I joined your company? My upbringing and education are excellent, and my work skills are also good. I can help your company improve tremendously in only a short amount of time.”

There was truth in her words. She was eloquent, beautiful, and had strong abilities as an excellent public relations personnel.

Carter nodded. “I’m thankful that you helped the company to secure many deals. Indeed, the company has become more profitable since you entered. However, you can’t just attack others because of this. If you think you’re above the rest of my employees and can’t learn to work with them, I’ll have to ask you to leave.”

Jennifer looked at him incredulously. “You want to fire me? Just because of this woman?”

Carter glanced at Amelia subconsciously, then denied it. “This has nothing to do with Amelia.”

“If it has nothing to do with her, then tell me, what did I do wrong? I’ve been getting along well with everyone else since I joined your company. No one has complained about me at all. If you’re going to fire me without giving me a reason, I’ll go tell Mrs. Scott.”

Carter pressed his lips together.

Just then, Amelia pointed outside the window and said, “Mr. Scott, you can let me off here. I need to go buy something. I’ll go back to the company myself later.”

Carter stopped the car and asked, “What do you want to buy? I’ll go with you.”

“It’s fine. You can send Ms. Larson back first. I’ll head back by myself later,” said Amelia as she unbuckled her seatbelt.

Carter then unfastened his seatbelt and said, “I’ll just go with you. You’re pregnant, so if there’s something heavy, I can help you carry it.”

He then turned to Jennifer. “Jennifer, drive the car back first. I’ll take a cab with Amelia later.”

Jennifer was furious. "Carter, don't cross the line. Back then, it was the Scotts who requested a marriage of convenience with the Larsons. If your mother hadn't said that you had no partner, my family would never have rushed back from overseas, and I wouldn't be here lowering myself for you right now."

Carter replied, "Since it was my family who said it, you can go marry them. I've never said such a thing."

He then got off the car. Amelia, who had already alighted, shook her head at them. Jennifer was too irrational. Although she was very capable at work, her emotional intelligence was close to zero. She was acting as if she were Carter's girlfriend even though they had no relationship. She tries to control everything around Carter and even gets unreasonably jealous. No man would be able to stand such a domineering woman.

If a man loves a woman, he would love even the bad parts about her. However, if he doesn't love her, regardless of how good her personality was, he would always find something to dislike.

Jennifer then rushed out of the car and stood in front of Carter. "What do you mean by this? Don't forget that our parents have already agreed on our engagement and will spread the news soon. Now, you're telling me to go marry your parents. What are you trying to say?"

Carter moved to block Amelia from Jennifer's view, then replied coldly, "What engagement? Why haven't I heard of it?"

Jennifer's eyes flicked in anger. Carter continued, "Jennifer, I only treat you as my younger sister. I'm okay with being your friend, but I'll never marry you."

Jennifer looked upset. "Carter, do you really hate me so much?"

Carter frowned. His frustrations had long been growing, but since he was in public, he endured his anger and said, "Jennifer, let's talk about it when we get back."

However, Jennifer was stubborn. "I want an answer today. Tell me. Are you breaking off our engagement because of this woman?"

When she said that, the onlookers looked at Amelia weirdly.

Carter frowned. "Jennifer, this is our problem, don't drag innocent people in. Amelia and I are just friends. Even without her, I'd never fall for you. You're pretty, have a good family and education, and you're very good at work. I'm sure many other men are interested in you. Stop bothering me. Otherwise, we can't even be friends."

Jennifer laughed coldly. "You are the only person I will ever like. I rarely fall for a man, and both our families also approve of us being together. You must marry me. I won't accept anything else."

Disregarding Carter, even Amelia had started to frown upon hearing that.

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I have never seen one who is so ridiculous and unreasonable. A relationship should be out of free will. If you want to add a label to it, you'll turn it into a business.

Amelia said, "Ms. Larson, you might as well calm down and have a good talk with Mr. Scott. Your hysterical yelling won't help. You are a smart woman with strong working ability, so you should know that pressing hard against men will only bore them. It's better to calm down and talk nicely, isn't it?"

Jennifer glanced at Amelia reluctantly. She knew she had no choice but to accept her advice.

Jennifer took a deep breath. "Carter, sorry, I overreacted just now. I will go back to the company first, and we will go back to your house in the evening. Anyway, I think you should discuss these matters with your parents first. Would you please not call off at the last minute when the engagement preparation is ready? That would be disrespectful to both of our families, and it will also discredit my reputation."

Carter nodded. "I will go back with you tonight."

Jennifer glanced at him with complex emotions, turned back to the car without hesitation, and drove away.

Carter seemed exhausted, but he was gentle as usual when facing Amelia.

"Amelia, I'm sorry. Did I scare you just now?" he said apologetically.

Amelia shook her head and expressed, "Carter, I think Jennifer is serious about you. If you are not into her, it is better to cut off with her fast completely. She has strong self-esteem and was doted upon by everyone around her ever since she was born. I'm afraid she cannot accept being rejected by anyone. Her feelings towards you are likely not out of true love but of a desire to have you fall for her. You have to handle it wisely."

Carter just smiled. "Don't worry about me. She is just a little bit stubborn because her family spoils her. I will solve it, but she is making things difficult for you. I feel guilty about this."

Amelia comforted him. "She is mean with her words, but that's not really harmful to me. She is serious about you. That's the truth. If you don't deal with it properly, with her stubborn temper, I'm afraid it will be disadvantageous to you."

Carter grinned gently. "Why, do you care about me?"

Amelia shook her head, amused, and walked toward the supermarket across the street while adding, "Carter, I am very grateful for you to take care of me, but I already have a husband, and I don't want him to misunderstand. Plus, I don't want to be stuck between you and Ms. Larson."

Carter's eyes clouded over, but he still managed to squeeze out a smile. "Amelia, as long as you are not divorced, I am just a friend. When you do get divorced, I hope you can leave a place in your heart for me. Don't conclude too harshly. At least give me a chance, then you can decide if I am the right man to spend the rest of your life with."

Amelia glanced at him and sighed. "Am I worth it?"

Carter shrugged. "I gave up on you four years ago, and I have been regretting that decision. When you contacted me on WhatsApp some time ago, I was so excited that I barely got any sleep, and I woke up every morning with a smile on my face. I think God gave me a second chance, so don't reject me, please?"

With a heavy heart, Amelia opened her mouth only to find that she was at a loss for words. She eventually remained silent and said nothing in response to his confession.

After Amelia bought what she needed, she returned to the company with Carter and entered the design department. Her colleagues shot her weird looks as she entered the office.

Amelia was confused. In the end, Jessica was the one who approached her and whispered, "Amelia, Ms. Larson announced that Mr. Scott and her are about to get engaged. She accused you of seducing Mr. Scott, which caused them to break up. She also said that you are a b\*tch who seduces men even though you are married. I think you ought to be cautious. People gossip."

Amelia's expression darkened, but she endured the shame. "True gold fears no fire; true blue will never stain. I'm innocent, so the rumors will eventually break."

Jessica added anxiously, "Amelia, I think you'd better go and clarify this issue. Otherwise, it will be difficult for you to stay in the company if the rumors ferment."

Amelia smiled. "Jessica, don't worry about me. I will dig myself into a hole if I clarify now. It's better to wait and do nothing now."

Jessica curled her lips. "Amelia, you are too kind. If I were you, I would go and slap both her cheeks and warn her not to make rumors behind people's back."

"What about after that? I'll have no choice but to leave when she fires me, right?" Amelia responded amusedly.

Jessica touched her nose and giggled. "I'm just kidding."

"Go back to work," Amelia ended the conversation.

Jessica went back obediently and sat down.

Amelia sighed internally. She thought this company was good, and colleagues could get along with each other. But she was too naive. Surviving in the workplace was a social discipline. No matter where one is, there will be conflicts as long as there are people.

One never knew what other people were hiding behind the facade of smiles; someone could come to you all cheery but secretly hate your guts. Amelia knew all this was inevitable. She initially joined this company because of her relationship with Carter. Most people treat her nice out of respect for Carter. But there must be some people who would be jealous of her good fate. She had skipped the internship stage and got into the Saspiuburg training directly. It would be fantasy to think no one would hate her.

No wonder when Jennifer said that the relationship between her and Carter was ambiguous, everyone believed it. However, it was true that she had been cosseted by Carter in this company, to the extent where he would go all out for her. If this continued, the gossip would be even messier.

At first, Amelia thought her colleagues would only be skeptical of these rumors. She didn't expect that they would take it seriously.

Amelia overheard her colleague's gossip in the toilet. She used to love gossiping too. She did not expect this time; she had become the female lead of the scandal.

Two female colleagues in her department made up the gossip. Amelia believed she had a good relationship with the two of them, which is why she was shocked to hear those malicious words coming out of their mouths.

One of them gossiped, "Yvonne, I didn't expect Amelia to be this kind of slut. She is pregnant but still hooks up with Mr. Scott. No wonder people say beautiful women are more likely to be unsettled. I didn't believe it before, but now I do."

Another whispered, "That's the privilege for gorgeous women. No man would want to look at us even if we want to hook up. So we can only find a grounded man to marry and have children. Our fates are no better than her, who can wear fancy jewels and be pampered by a man like Mr. Scott. Who knows, maybe Mr. Scott isn't the only one. I bet she's been frolicking with more than one man behind her husband's back."

"That is nasty for you to say so, but I'm afraid I have to agree with that. Look at her slutty face. I won't be surprised."

Two of them giggled in the washroom for a while before they walked out together.

Amelia, who was still in a toilet cubicle, couldn't help but sob soundlessly. All those accusations were false. She couldn't believe her friendly colleagues would say such insulting things about her. She did not expect that they would make such an assumption without proof.

That somewhat froze her heart.

That reminded her of the incident four or five years ago, where a friendly female colleague also betrayed her. She was accused of selling a company's contract to an opponent, which almost made her go to prison. Fortunately, the company withdrew the lawsuit, but she had to bear millions of debts. If Oscar hadn't lent her a hand, she would not be able to pay her debts. It had been a nightmare.

But she did sell herself out in the end. She sold her marriage to Oscar, who helped her pay off the debt.

Over the years, she had been thinking about what would her life be like if she had not met Oscar?

She would not dare to imagine. In times of desperation, one will do anything, including robbing the bank or selling their bodies to exchange for more money.

She didn't have the guts to rob the bank, and she could only sell her body in exchange for money.

After hearing the words of two colleagues, Amelia had mixed feelings in her heart. She had experienced multiple tragedies over the years. A few rumors from two people will not make her miserable for too long. But still, she was a human with feelings.

Amelia put on some makeup, and then she left the washroom after confirming there was no one outside.

Back to the design department, Jessica approached and whispered, "Amelia, are you okay? What took you so long?"

Amelia shook her head, reluctant to explain more.

Jessica was considerate enough not to further question.

Everyone was working civilly. Suddenly, Carter pushed the door open and clapped his palms.

"Everyone, can I have your attention for a minute?"

All the employees in the design department raised their heads.

Carter's face was stern. He glanced at the crowd contemptibly. "In just one day, the rumors have been spreading. I won't question who spread them, but I want to clarify that the company is a place to create profit, not gossip. If this continues, it will not only affect my reputation but also damage the reputation of the other party."

After taking a breath, he continued, "First of all, Amelia, a female employee of the design department, and I have been friends for many years. I care for her as a good friend. I don't know how it came out that I had an affair with her. I'm still single, so this rumor is not harmful to me, but she is already married, and now she is with a child. I don't want her to have a rift with her husband because of such a rumor. Second, between Ms. Larson and me is just a pure colleague relationship. Her parents and my parents have also been friends for many years. She had just been hired into our company recently. She has a high degree of education, and everyone can see that her ability is outstanding. That's why she is promoted as the design director in such a short period. I want to clarify that I'm not in a relationship with her either. I hope all of you stop listening to unfounded rumors."

Every word he said fell into Jennifer's ears, who was standing behind him.

"Mr. Scott, are you so eager to cut the relationship between you and me?" Jennifer was a little hurt.

Carter took an intense glimpse at her. "Come to my office."

Upon speaking, he left the room steadfastly.

Jennifer followed behind him with misty eyes.

As soon as Jennifer and Carter left, the design department employees launched into heated conversations. The two female gossipers blushed with a touch of awkwardness. They peeped at Amelia with guilt but could not bring themselves to spit out an apology. Two other male colleagues were relatively straightforward, on the other hand. As soon as they heard Carter's clarification, they ran up to apologize to her.

Amelia just smiled and didn't say much. She only treated them as formal colleagues in the department. Hence she didn't put much care into this.

She had now been betrayed twice in a row, which made her determined not to have a close relationship with any of these people.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 74

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

For some people, no matter how good you are to her, she will not appreciate it.

After Jennifer returned to the office with Carter, Carter accused, "Jennifer, what's your agenda?"

Jennifer's eyes were red, but she tried to act arrogantly. "I have no agenda. I just want to declare in front of everyone that I am your girlfriend and that we'll be engaged soon. What's wrong with what I say?"

Carter was pissed and amused at the same time. He had never seen a weirdo like Jennifer. She was rather relentless, shameless, and stuck to him like a piece of gum on his shoe.

"Jennifer, don't you feel shameless about yourself?" Carter provoked.

Jennifer also sat on the sofa. "You will soon be my fiancé, and I am not wrong, so why should I be?"

Carter scowled. "Jennifer, I don't like you. You are not my girlfriend. You will only annoy me more like this. You are young, attractive, and capable. Why bother with me? I don't think I have done anything to make you misunderstand my feelings for you."

Jennifer answered, "You also admit that I am young, attractive, and capable. So, which part of me is it that you don't like? Tell me, and I will change it."

Carter could feel a faint throbbing on his forehead. "Jennifer, stop messing around, would you?"

"Carter, I really love you. Although we have not known each other for a long time, I had heard your name from my parents and seen your photos. You are my ideal Prince Charming. So when Mrs. Yard proposed to arrange a marriage for me, I persuaded my parents to come back here just to see you. For you, I am willing to be merely a director of design. I can even use my own contacts to market your company. Can't you feel my sincerity?"

Carter rubbed his bulging temples.

"Carter, are you unwell?" Jennifer noticed his discomfort.

"Jennifer, I know you are very kind to me, and I am very grateful that you can come to work in my company. But the engagement is another matter. It is impossible for anything to happen between you and me. But if you are willing, I will treat you like a sister. "

Jennifer clenched her fist in dismay.

She stared at Carter aggrievedly. "Why exactly is Amelia better than me?"

Carter confessed truthfully, "You are better than her in all aspects. But you are not her, so I can't have feelings for you. The place in my heart is already taken. I am sorry."

Jennifer abruptly stood up, strolled to the desk, and leaned forward with her hands on the desk. Her sexy figure could make any man's nose bleed.

However, Carter just glanced at it for a second and then subconsciously looked away.

Jennifer noticed the waver in his eyes. She smiled coquettishly and then unbuttoned two buttons on her shirt, revealing her bosom, making her appear even more seductive.

“Carter, you’re obviously having reactions to my body. Why don’t you admit it? As long as you want, you can have me and everything I have.”

His whole face darkened towards her attitude. He bellowed in a frustrated tone. “Button up your clothes.”

Not only did Jennifer not obey, she boldly went around the desk to sit on Carter’s thighs but was pushed away by Carter unexpectedly. He commanded coldly, “Dress up. Don’t make me disrespect you.”

Jennifer’s eyes turned red again. She felt ashamed, bitter, and annoyed when she met Carter’s unsentimental eyes. She was the princess of superior family background and had never been treated by men like this.

Now, she had even resorted to seducing but was wholly rejected.

Jennifer wept, “Carter, do you really hate me this much?”

“I don’t hate you. I just that I don’t like you.”

“Carter, no matter what, it was your family who arranged the marriage. Mrs. Yard also said that we should be engaged. So even if you don’t want to, it’s gonna happen.”

Carter responded angrily, “You are simply unreasonable.”

“I become unreasonable because of you. I have never liked someone so much. You are the only man I have ever fallen for. No matter what, you have to be responsible for me.”

Carter was so cross that an unnatural bout of laughter escaped his throat. He pointed to the door and stated firmly. “Get out. I will talk to my parents about the engagement. No one can force me to do things that I don’t want to.”

Jennifer glanced deeply at him, then turned and stalked out.

In the evening, Carter received a call from Mrs. Scott, asking him to take Jennifer back to the house. He knew that it was unavoidable, so he called Jennifer, and they went together to his house.

The Larson couple were also there. Jennifer and Carter entered the hall together, and Jennifer greeted everyone politely. She then sat submissively in front of the elders.

In front of the elders, Jennifer looked like an obedient girl, well behaved, and always spoke softly.

Carter has never seen a woman who can act so professionally without revealing any trace of a lie.

He even thought that she should as well pursue an acting career.

Mrs. Scott was obviously delighted with her. "Jennifer, how are you doing in Carter's company?"

Jennifer replied sweetly, "It is perfect. The colleagues in the company are nice to me, and they all took extra care of me. I am thrilled to be able to work there."

Mrs. Scott became even more satisfied after hearing her answer. "Carter, Jennifer works in your company. You should care for her more, understand?"

Carter nodded without any expressions.

Despite the warm atmosphere, he suddenly dropped a surprising statement. "Mom, I already have someone I like, and I will bring her home for you to see soon."

After that sentence came out, everyone's face shifted tensed.

"What's going on?" Mrs. Larson's expression darkened. "Mrs. Scott, you have to give me an explanation. In the beginning, you were the one who said you wanted to have an alliance with the Larsons via marriage. That's why we brought Jennifer back here."

Mrs. Scott smiled and comforted, "Don't worry, Carter is just joking." After that, she stared intensely at Carter. "Carter, don't make this kind of joke in front of Mrs. Larson."

Carter affirmed earnestly. "Mom, I do have a woman I like. I will bring her back to you after a while, and what marriage are you talking about? Why don't I know about it?"

Now, Mrs. Scott's face became very unpleasant.

"Son, if you repeat this, I'll get mad. I had finally persuaded the Larsons family to come back from abroad to discuss the marriage between you and Jennifer. But now you get all cranky. Do you want to piss off your mother?"

Carter glanced at Mrs. Scott. "Mom, I am almost 30, and I think I can decide my own marriage. You looked for a bride for me without my consent. Mom, if you still treat me as your son, you should respect me."

Mrs. Scott said, "Carter, how dare you blame your mother! I don't care. Jennifer is the girl I like. She is the only one who can be the daughter-in-law of our family. If you disagree, don't call me your mother anymore."

Carter's expression shifted again. He rose from the sofa. "Mom, you are mad and irrational now. I will go upstairs and talk to Granddad. Let's discuss later."

After speaking, Carter was about to go upstairs but was stopped by Mrs. Scott.

"Carter, sit back down." Mrs. Scott uttered with an uncompromising attitude. Carter had no choice but to return to his seat.

"Carter, since you already know everything, then I will be honest with you. Our family intends to have a marriage alliance with the Larsons. You have met Jennifer. Her family background, appearance, and education are the perfect match for your status. The power of the Larsons is comparable to that of our family. Jennifer is a perfect girl with such excellent conditions. What else can you ask for?"

Carter glanced at Mrs. Scott and murmured, "Mom, I know that Jennifer is excellent. Surely there will be countless men who are interested in her, but I'm not interested."

Mrs. Larson could not hold back her anger anymore. "Carter, I thought you were a gentle and mature kid, but it seems as though I was wrong about that. Who do you think our Jennifer is? Is she an item that you can just sell to anyone? Honestly, if your family didn't intend to have a marriage alliance with ours, I wouldn't even bring her here."

Carter stood up and bowed solemnly towards Mrs. Larson. "Mrs. Clinton, I am truly sorry. My mother talked to you about this without notifying me. I can compensate for the inconvenience caused to your family. But please forgive me as I cannot agree with this engagement. I don't have feelings for Jennifer. I can't marry a woman I don't love even if she is excellent."

The Larsons' face had grown awfully outraged.

"Carter, what do you mean by this?" Mrs. Larson accused.

Carter bowed again. "Mrs. Clinton, I'm genuinely sorry, but I really can't marry Jennifer. I already have a woman I adore. She is the only one I will marry."

Mrs. Larson abruptly stood up and held Jennifer's hand. "Jennifer, let's go. The threshold of the Scotts is too high. We're apparently not fit to entertain them anymore."

Jennifer took Mrs. Larson's hand and pleaded, "Mom, Carter's behaving like this because he had a little conflict with me. Don't be offended. He was just expressing his temper."

Mrs. Larson obviously didn't believe it. "Really?"

Jennifer nodded right away.

Mrs. Larson sat back and resumed her calmness. "Carter, it is normal for young people to have conflict. But you can't use your engagement as a way to vent your anger. I have already discussed all the details with your parents about the engagement. Besides, we have even notified all our relatives and friends. All that's left is the ceremony for now."

Carter turned his head to look at Mrs. Scott. "Mom, what the heck is going on?"

Mrs. Scott avoided his eyes.

Carter rose again. "Mom, I'll go upstairs now. I hope you can respect me more. If you don't want things to get ugly, don't blame me for speaking frankly."

Mrs. Scott walked swiftly and stopped in front of him. "Son, you are a grown-up now, so don't mess around."

Carter could not believe his own mother's stubbornness.

His parents worked with outsiders to decide his fate without asking for his opinion and are now blaming him for his reluctance.

"Mom, I can forgive you for anything you have done, but you shouldn't decide my marriage without informing me. Please at least respect me, or I will consider leaving this house."

Mrs. Scott was so furious that she raised her hand and slapped Carter across his face. "Carter! You really hurt my heart! I did everything for your own good. Why can't you be a little more considerate?"

Carter held his cheek in his hand, but his eyes were abnormally calm. "Mom, what you consider good is killing me."

Mrs. Scott wanted to speak, but her hands were shaking. She hesitated and only managed to say the following sentence. "Carter, I didn't mean to hit you. Does it hurt?"

Carter shook his head and uttered gravely. "Mom, I really thought you wouldn't interfere with my marriage anymore after that incident."

Mrs. Scott was shivering all over, with mixed emotions of rage and fear. She repeated, "Carter, I am doing this for your own good."

Carter looked back at her with complex emotions. "Mom, I'll go upstairs to see Granddad." Carter bypassed Mrs. Scott and went upstairs.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 75

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Mrs. Scott wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes. Awkwardly, she uttered, "Mr. Larson, I'm really sorry for making a fool in front of you."

Mrs. Larson frowned. "I don't think Carter is willing to marry my daughter."

Mrs. Scott smiled. "Laura, stop joking. Carter is just shy. I will talk to him later. They will get engaged. Even if they had a conflict, they would still get married."

Mrs. Larson pretentiously flicked at the dust on her body before she spoke. "Faye, you and I have known each other for twenty to thirty years. Although our family has been abroad these years, we still keep in touch. Thus, our relationship has never faded. I thought you had already talked to Carter about the engagement. You have disgraced us by putting us in such an awkward situation."

Mrs. Scott responded with a smile. "Laura, it's my fault. Don't worry, Jennifer is so gorgeous and considerate. Sooner or later, Carter will fall in love with her. Don't you have confidence in your daughter?"

Every parent liked their children to be praised. Hearing Mrs. Scott's praises, Mrs. Larson was exuberant as if she was the one being praised.

"Faye, you are right about that. The only weakness of Jennifer is that she is impeccable. Lots of men adore and pursue her. But ever since she saw the photos of Carter, she made a fuss about coming back. To her, Carter is her ideal Prince Charming. My daughter likes him, and you also intend for them to get married. This is why I brought her back. Faye, don't let me down."

Mrs. Scott smiled and assured, "Laura, don't worry, I want Jennifer as my daughter-in-law."

"Faye, I'm taking you for your word." Mrs. Scott expressed, "I think Carter was angry only because he was kept in the dark. We will leave now. We will pay a visit again when Carter has figured it out."

"That's great. I'll walk you to the door."

Mrs. Scott sent them to the gate and reassured them lovingly, "Jennifer, don't think too much. You're so gentle and nice. It's Carter's blessing and honor to be able to marry you."

Jennifer smiled softly. "Mrs. Scott, I believe that Carter and I will be a couple. Even if he has someone in his heart now, I believe he will eventually see my good side. We still have a lot of time. I can wait."

Mrs. Scott became even more satisfied. "Jennifer, I like your sensibility. Don't worry. You are the daughter-in-law of the Scotts. I will never approve of others."

A flash of smugness flashed in Jennifer's eyes as she grinned. "Mrs. Scott, I'm relieved to hear that. Please go in and rest well."

"Bye. Have a good night." Mrs. Scott smiled, "Jennifer, come over during the weekend, and I will take you shopping. I saw a pair of beautiful shoes a couple of days ago. I think you will like it. Let's go and try. I will buy it for you."

Jennifer enthusiastically wrapped her arms around Mrs. Scott. "Oh, Mrs. Scott, what should I do? I like you more and more. I wish you are my mother-in-law now."

Those words delighted Mrs. Scott comprehensively.

"My lovely girl, I can't wait for you to be my daughter-in-law."

Jennifer expressed some more compliments to Mrs. Scott before leaving with her parents.

Mrs. Scott's face contorted with rage once they left.

"Darling, look at your son. He is all grown up and doesn't even respect me as a mother." Complaining with great dissatisfaction, Mrs. Scott snatched the newspaper from Mr. Scott's hand.

Mr. Scott responded, "Faye, I told you. It would be better if you discussed this with Carter first. The previous incident with Amelia Winters resulted in him not speaking to us for over two years. Do you want to force your son away again?"

Mrs. Scott choked for a moment and then argued unconvincingly, "What do you mean I forced him out? I'm doing this for his good. Amelia Winters is married to a rich family now, so he should let her go completely and marry Jennifer. That's the best choice for him."

Mr. Scott took back his newspaper, turning a deaf ear to her.

Mrs. Scott got even angrier at that. "Dear, are you listening to me?"

Mr. Scott said without raising his head, "Faye, don't blame me for not reminding you. Our son is different from four years ago. He is strong enough to compete with anyone in the Scott family. If you still want to enjoy prosperity, you should make up with your son and let him come back to Scott Group. Otherwise, the group may one day fall into the hands of outsiders. What will your life become like? Think about it."

Mrs. Scott sat down beside Mr. Scott dejectedly.

"Dear, what you said makes sense, but Jennifer is perfect in every aspect, and she is a brilliant match for Carter. Don't you want to see them together?"

"Of course I want to, but only if my son likes her. Four years ago, we did what we thought was right to force Amelia away. My son ended up not talking to us for years. To the extent where he only told us about his company after it succeeded. I think he wants to have his own business to be able to contend with us in terms of his marriage."

Mr. Scott paused for a moment and revealed his honest thoughts. "Four years ago, we might still be able to influence his life, but now, I'm afraid it's difficult."

Mrs. Scott sat on the sofa, lost in thought.

Carter came down from upstairs, picked up his suit on the sofa, and said, "Dad, Mom, I won't stay for dinner. There are still some things to settle at the company."

Mrs. Scott queried, "Carter, are you really mad at me?"

Carter said without looking back, "Mom, I will not be angry with you, but I won't allow you to make these pointless decisions for me in the future. I wish I marry the woman I like.

"Is it true that you still want to marry Amelia?"

"Yes. She is the only one I will ever want to marry." Carter stated firmly.

Mrs. Scott almost fainted. "Carter, this is way too over."

"Mom, if you love your son, you should stop doing this. I'm not fond of Jennifer; even if she is the best, I will never marry her. If you insist on this, you will only make it awkward for everyone."

With hands trembling, Mrs. Scott yelled again, "Carter, do you really want to piss me off?"

"Mom, I still have work in my company. I'm done playing games with you." Upon speaking, Carter walked away without looking back, leaving Mrs. Scott alone in wrath.

Carter drove out speedily to a club nearby the center of the city. He avoided the noisy crowd and went straight to the bar, where he ordered a cocktail. Walking to a corner with his drink, he noticed someone he least expected to meet. Oscar Clinton.

Oscar was well dressed in an elegant suit, which seemed a bit out of tune with the boisterous club. Carter was shocked to find him there.

Oscar threw a glance at him. "Take a seat."

Carter sat across him and asked, "Why are you here? Where's Amelia?"

Oscar took a sip of wine and said, "Don't you think it's a bit too abrupt for Mr. Scott to ask about my wife?"

Carter took a sip of wine with unchanged emotion. He turned his head to look at the frantically writhing crowd on the dance floor and mocked, "This place seems unsuitable for a married man like you, even more so when your wife is pregnant. Since your wife is my friend, shouldn't I ask?"

Oscar changed his posture again, looking at Carter lazily. "Mr. Scott, no one can compare to you as a hypocrite. You show your care to my wife, but you have lustful intentions toward her. But I trust her, and that's the only reason she is still working for you."

Carter's hand slowly clenched into a fist.

"Mr. Clinton, don't judge me with your unpleasant thoughts. I am innocent with Amelia, and I will never touch her when she is still your wife. But if she is divorced, I have the right to pursue her. After all, she is stunning. It's just a pity that someone doesn't cherish her."

Oscar's eyes flashed with a glint of emotion, but it was immediately hidden by the dazzling lights. He lifted his glass and elegantly took a sip of the alcohol. "Mr. Carter, you are indeed a frank person. Has my wife ever provided you any sort of special services, resulting in your obsession toward her?"

Carter looked at him with displeasure and asked, "What service does Mr. Clinton think Amelia will offer me?"

"That, you have to ask yourself." Oscar's casual attitude completely annoyed Carter.

"Once again, don't assume things with that sordid mind of yours. Although Amelia looked seductive and beddable, she was a naive woman. If there were anything between us, it would have happened in college. Many rich guys were after her, even married men wanted to pay a high price to be her sugar daddy, but she rejected them. She had to work three part-time jobs in addition to her classes. But she never gave in. If not for the betrayal and the debts five years ago, do you think she will be willing to marry you?" Carter gritted his teeth and said.

As to why Carter would be so angry, it was firstly because Oscar did not know how to cherish Amelia and verbally abused her. Secondly, if it was not because of his own inability and the betrayal of his family, he would have been together with Amelia.

Oscar drank the cocktail gracefully while expressing casually, "People get married because of fate. God sent Amelia to my side. You didn't rescue her four years ago. So, she is destined not to be yours."

Anguish flashed in Carter's eyes. That incident was his biggest regret in life. Four years ago, he could not withhold his own family. Four years later, he became strong. So strong that even his grandfather could not afford to ignore him. They dared not to interfere with his marriage anymore. They needed him to inherit the family business as he was the best in the family.

His grandfather was an intelligent man. He understood that if he wanted Carter to go back and inherit the family business, he would have to compromise at some price.

“Never mind. I’ve heard that your mistress, the princess of the Yard Manor, is now with child. I think you would eventually have to give her status, right? So since you are bound to divorce Amelia, I guess I still have my chance.”

Oscar put down the wine glass in his hand. His eyes turned defensive. “Did you investigate me?”

Carter laughed frankly. “Know your enemy is the first step to success. You are a strong rival. If I don’t investigate thoroughly, I will have no chance of defeating you whatsoever, won’t I?”

Oscar adjusted his posture, playing gracefully with his slender fingers. “Mr. Carter, it’s not that I want to ruin your spirit. The truth is no matter how well you investigate, Amelia’s heart will still be with me. While we were having sex yesterday, she clutched my back and said that as long as I don’t leave her, she is even willing to share me with Cassie.”

Carter’s fists were clenched even tighter upon hearing that.