

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 66

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“Mr. Clinton, when our divorce has been finalized, I won’t ask anything of you if you’ll let me have our child,” Amelia said.

“No,” Oscar refused without a moment’s hesitation. “I won’t allow a Clinton to be left out in the cold like this.”

Amelia’s eyes widened. She said incredulously, “But Mr. Clinton, Ms. Yard is already pregnant. If my child remains with the Clintons, what would he do without either of his parents by his side? Why won’t you let him come with me instead? He’ll only be another sticking point between Ms. Yard and yourself if he stays here.”

Oscar frowned, looking wrathful. “He’s a Clinton. He’s not a sticking point,” he declared.

A sardonic grin appeared on Amelia’s face. She said scornfully, “What he’ll have instead of real parents are a stepmother and a stepfather. Mr. Clinton, you and Ms. Yard have children of your own. What makes you think that you’d be able to care for mine on the same level?”

Oscar’s frown deepened. “You’ve gravely misunderstood Cassie. At the rate this conversation is going, there’s no way it can end well. Perhaps we should discuss this when you’ve calmed down a bit more.”

Amelia wriggled out of his embrace. “I’m perfectly calm now, Mr. Clinton, so I would like to discuss this now.”

Oscar looked at her wordlessly.

Amelia pressed on, insisting, “We didn’t even consider the possibility of having a child when we signed our marriage papers all those years ago. Why can’t you revert to that original mindset now that we’re divorced? I’ll leave with no strings attached. All I want is my child.”

Amelia paused and took a deep breath. Then she continued, “You’ll have other children with Ms. Yard. But this may be the only child I’ll ever have in my life. If you’ve ever loved me even a little, please give me custody of him.”

Oscar continued looking at her.

"Will you, Mr. Clinton? Say something." Amelia returned his gaze resolutely.

Oscar fished for a cigarette. As he brought it to his lips, however, he suddenly remembered the doctor's orders not to smoke in the presence of a pregnant lady. He lowered his cigarette again.

Oscar got off the bed, crossing over to the couch, then sat down. Matter-of-factly, he said, "Amelia, don't we have a rather good arrangement now? When you asked for romance, I created countless swoon-worthy moments for you. When you got pregnant, I permitted you to carry the child to term. If money is what you want, I'll see to it that you receive a hefty sum upon the finalization of the divorce. You can lead a carefree existence for the rest of your life. These are riches some women can't even dream of. Tell me, what is it that you're lacking?"

Amelia laughed bitterly. Her label as a gold digger now eclipsed her. She couldn't blame Oscar for thinking she could be bought off by money.

When she had married Oscar four years ago, she never once imagined they'd get divorced one day, much less under such tumultuous circumstances.

"Mr. Clinton, I only want the child," Amelia repeated firmly.

"You can have him, but I'll freeze every one of your accounts. You won't be able to take a single cent with you," Oscar threatened. In his mind's eye, he thought Amelia's grubby personality would immediately back off when faced with this threat to her wealth. He thus never saw her reply coming.

"Great. I hope you'll honor your word, Mr. Clinton," Amelia replied without missing a beat.

Astonished, Oscar looked at her and asked, "Are you certain of this?"

Amelia simply nodded.

"We've been married for nearly five years. It's not a long period of time, but it isn't insignificant either. I'm thirty now, and I've given you some of the best years of my youth. I'll never regret having met you. Let's save ourselves the sleepless nights and finalize our divorce in five days. And please help me to convey my thanks to your mom. She's always treated me well, and I don't think I'll be able to bear her disappointment."

A warning gleam appeared in Oscar's eyes. Menacingly, he asked, "Are you that eager to get away from me?"

Amelia shook her head wearily and said, "A love triangle will always leave victims in its wake, Mr. Clinton. I'm already at the losing end, so I don't wish to prolong my entanglement in this childish and hopeless affair."

Oscar strode over. Towering over her, he bent down and seized her chin, saying, "Amelia, I don't want to get a divorce now. As for the child, I'll let you have him, but as far as I'm concerned, this is game over."

Baffled, Amelia looked at him. Then she asked evenly, "If you no longer love me, Mr. Clinton, then why do you insist on keeping me chained to your side? What's the point of that?"

Oscar stroked her face absently. "Leave that up to me," he replied.

Resigned, Amelia shook her head. "Mr. Clinton, has anybody ever told you that you're an absolute devil?"

Oscar replied cheerfully, "You're the first, but I like the sound of it. You're my wife, so I don't mind you calling me that."

His ability to remain unfazed by her insults left her feeling most helpless. Trying another tactic, she lowered her gaze and meekly pleaded, "Have mercy on me, Mr. Clinton. I don't wish to continue playing games with you anymore."

Oscar's hands dropped to his side. Flatly, he intoned, "You were just discharged. Stay at home and rest. I'll be heading out for a while."

Amelia knew that it was, in fact, Cassie who was on his mind. However, she refused to concern herself with that. In the brief exchange that had just occurred, she had allowed herself to think that there was a glimmer of hope for her relationship with Oscar—until Cassie reappeared.

Whatever affection Amelia thought she'd glimpsed in Oscar was merely wishful thinking on her part.

After Oscar left, Amelia sat dejectedly on the bed. Suddenly, the shrill ringing of the phone startled her out of her thoughts.

Amelia fumbled around for her phone. When she picked it up, Carter's name flashed luminously across her screen. She instantly felt a rush of guilt.

Amelia answered the call. "Carter."

On the other end, Carter asked anxiously, "Have you been discharged yet?"

"I got out today. I'm very sorry, Carter. I've barely worked for a month at your company, and I've already taken half a month's worth of leave. Perhaps it would be better for me to resign. I don't want to make things too difficult for you."

Carter laughed gaily. "This position's reserved for you. It's a small matter, so don't take it to heart. Your health is of paramount importance. By the way, if you're still interested in going to Saspiuburg for training, I'll leave a spot open for you."

Amelia was silent.

After a few minutes, she finally said, "Carter, thank you for all the help you've given me, but I don't think I should go to Saspiuburg. Please let someone else have the spot."

"All right," Carter agreed.

"My body's mostly recovered, and I can actually return to work tomorrow. Will that be okay for you? Will it cause you too much trouble?" Amelia asked worriedly.

On his end, Carter smiled to himself. In a low voice, he replied, "Silly, enough of your nonsense. If you feel up to it, come in tomorrow then."

"Okay."

"Have a good rest, and bring back that fearless iron lady I used to know. I look forward to working with her again," Carter teased.

Amelia cheered up. "Got it. I won't let my personal issues affect my work."

"Rest well. I'll hang up first then," Carter replied.

After the call had ended, Amelia stared at her phone for a while, lost in thought. Cradling her belly, she whispered, "Sweetheart, your daddy's determined to marry Cassie. It's not that Mommy wants to give up, but I am always destined to come out poorer from this love triangle."

Amelia sat on the bed for a good ten minutes before deciding that she might as well lay down for all her trouble. She closed her eyes and tried to sleep, but the unending clamor of her thoughts made peace and sleep a distant dream.

Amelia tossed and turned, but her thoughts returned unflinchingly to Oscar. It was in this state of longing that she finally drifted off to sleep.

It was six in the evening when she was woken up by the maid for dinner. After she had gotten pregnant, she was prone to long bouts of drowsiness. She found herself wrestling frequently with her increasingly heavy eyelids. Hence, going to work was good for her as it provided an environment in which she didn't dare to fall asleep.

Amelia headed to the bathroom for a quick wash-up. She then changed into a flowy dress that left her feeling less restricted before proceeding downstairs.

She was greeted by the sight of Olivia already seated at the dining table. She smiled and made her way over to her, asking concernedly, "Mom, are you feeling better now?"

Olivia returned her smile warmly. "I'm all better. Why are you here all alone? Where's Oscar?"

Amelia hesitated, then replied falteringly, "Something came up at work. His employee had called him back to manage it."

Olivia's face darkened. A woman of the world, her keen eye saw right through Amelia's reply to the heart of the matter—work was merely an excuse and Oscar was with Cassie this very moment, no doubt.

"Mom, something really came up at work. One of Oscar's secretaries had personally called to inform him of it," Amelia consoled.

Olivia's heart ached for Amelia. She stifled her dissatisfaction toward her son and pulled Amelia closer to her. "Since Oscar is busy, we shan't wait for him to eat dinner then. It's late, and my darling grandchild can't be made to endure hunger."

Stephanie pouted and whined, "Mom, aren't you exaggerating? Amelia's just pregnant. It's not as if she has a national treasure with her or something. Isn't pregnancy something that every woman will go through? You're fussing over her as if she's royalty."

Olivia gave Stephanie a hard look, then said, "You'll only know the pain of being pregnant when you actually get there. You can choose to be civil and eat your dinner here, or I can get the maid to send the food up to your room."

Olivia's stern speech subdued Stephanie.

When the steaming hot dishes arrived, Olivia affectionately turned to Amelia, saying, "Amelia, these are nutritious dishes that I've prepared especially for you according to the doctor's instructions. Try it and see if it agrees with you."

Amelia replied modestly, "Mom, there's no need to go to such trouble. I'm five months in, but I've yet to experience morning sickness or any particular cravings. There's no need to put yourselves out for me. I don't want to ruin the menu."

Stephanie snorted. "Come on! Don't waste your acting talent here. Why don't you go ahead and forge a career in showbiz?"

Olivia gave Stephanie another warning look and said, "Steph, Amelia is pregnant. Can't you be a little more understanding? What if you agitate her and she ends up having a miscarriage?"

Stephanie burst in exasperatedly. "Mom, she's not the only woman who will ever get pregnant! Cassie also has Oscar's—"

Thwack! A firm sound of silverware clattering onto the floor was heard.

Olivia was seething. "Steph, if you keep this up, I'll get your father to pack you off to study overseas! If I can't tame you, I'll get someone else to do it. I won't let anyone speak badly of our family on your account."

Stephanie bit her lip, looking hurt beyond measure. "Mom, I don't like this woman. I don't care if the child she's carrying is related to me. Don't even think about asking me to get along with her."

Owen gave Stephanie a stern look. "That's enough from you, Steph! Amelia has rarely come over to spend the night. Stop angering your mom, or I'll make a large deduction from your allowance for this month."

That was sufficient to quell Stephanie.

"Let's eat," Owen commanded. His family promptly obeyed.

The tension hung heavy in the air, however. Stephanie ate a few mouthfuls, then set her plate down. "Dad, Mom, I'm done eating. I'll head back to my room."

"Stop right there!" Olivia ordered. She pointed toward Stephanie's half-eaten dinner and said, "Steph, you're only allowed to leave this table when you've finished all your food."

Stephanie turned around in a huff. "Mom, I had too many snacks before dinner. I don't have much of an appetite now."

Olivia was on the verge of a retort when Amelia stood up, saying, "Steph, please go ahead. I've had my fill, and I'll be going out for a walk to aid indigestion. Why don't you stay to accompany your parents?"

Stephanie clearly resented Amelia's graciousness. She spat, "Stop being such a hypocrite, Amelia! When you're here, this entire place feels suffocating. I'm going out for a breath of fresh air."

Having displayed her annoyance, Stephanie turned and stomped off.

Amelia remained where she was with an indecipherable expression on her face.

Olivia was evidently displeased. She pulled Amelia toward her gently and said, "Amelia, Steph is just young and ignorant. Don't take her words to heart."

Amelia recovered herself. Smiling, she replied, "Mom, I'm fine. I'm just a little full from dinner. I'm gonna head out for a short walk; I'll be back in a while."

"I'll come with you," Olivia said.

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"Don't trouble yourself, Mom. I can take care of myself. I'll be back in half an hour," Amelia protested genially.

Seeing that Amelia was resolute, Olivia reluctantly agreed.

After Amelia had left, Olivia's face resumed its vexed expression. "Did you see Steph's behavior just now? She has no manners and doesn't behave like a lady at all."

Ever the mediator, Owen said, "All right, let's not get all worked up. Steph has disliked Amelia all along. We'll invite Amelia over less often to prevent such squabbles from happening again. It puts you in a difficult position as well."

Olivia bristled and snapped back at Owen, "What are you talking about? Amelia's part of our family. Along with Oscar, she'll be the owner of this house in the future. What do you mean by inviting her over less often? Besides, the two of you are always so busy with your own lives. Who do I have to talk to other than Amelia? Or would you prefer I leave with her?"

Bemused, Owen replied, "Don't get hysterical, Olivia. I just don't want an outsider to drive a wedge between your daughter and yourself. You wouldn't want Steph to hate you, would you?"

Olivia was silent.

"Let's eat. The children can handle their own affairs," Owen said kindly.

Olivia once again resumed eating. By way of soothing his wife, Owen said, "When Steph is back, you can talk things out with her. Steph has been spoiled since she was young and must be feeling jealous now that your attention's shifted to someone else. I can understand why she's objected so strongly to Amelia's presence here."

Olivia nodded.

Amelia had wandered to the little artificial lake within the Clintons' grounds. Drawing nearer, however, she noticed a tall, slender figure already standing there. It was none other than Stephanie.

Amelia hesitated. She considered retreating soundlessly back the way she came, but Stephanie had already turned in Amelia's direction as she approached. Their gazes met.

It's the clash of the titans!

The thought sprung unbidden to Amelia's mind.

Stephanie's eyes gleamed with hatred. She marched over, exclaiming, "Amelia, you're really something! Not only have you seduced my brother, but you've also managed to get my mom under your thumb. You must be pleased with yourself."

Amelia gazed at Stephanie for a moment, then said serenely, "Steph, I've always treated you like family. I don't know what I did to make you hate me so much, but I've constantly been trying to win you over. I hope you can give me a chance."

Stephanie folded her arms across her chest. "Amelia, do you know what it is that I hate most about you? You're clearly a gold digger, yet you're constantly playing the victim to gain sympathy. It annoys me to no end."

Amelia walked over to the side of the lake. She took a deep breath, then turned and said, "Steph, if I really wanted to get rid of you, I have a thousand and one other ways to turn your own mother against you. It's up to you whether you choose to believe me or not."

Stephanie sneered, "Are you threatening me?"

Amelia shook her head. "I'm not. I rather hope that we can coexist in peace. Your mother is very kind to me, and I don't want to make things difficult for her. I hope that you'll stop throwing a tantrum whenever we meet."

Derisively, Stephanie said, "And what if I refuse?"

"I've checked. There are cameras installed in every corner of the Clinton residence. This lake is the only place on the grounds without any. If I threw myself in right now and accused you of pushing me in, which one of us do you think your family will believe?" Amelia said.

Enraged, Stephanie shouted, "Amelia, are you really low enough to stoop to such underhand tricks? Are you really asking to be thrown into the lake? I'll grant your wish and push you in for real. It won't matter what my parents think as long as you drown to your death. They'll find a way to cover it up for me."

Stephanie looked at Amelia, daring her to reply.

Amelia was slightly taken aback. She'd never imagined that Stephanie would be reckless enough to even speak of killing her out loud.

"Stephanie, it seems that you're not just a spoiled rich girl after all; you're also a foolish woman who is far more confident in yourself than you have any right to be."

Stephanie said disdainfully, "Coward! I just said that to frighten you. Do you think that your devious plans will work? Even if you do get thrown into the lake, my parents will only be mad at me for a few days. Do you think you're really that important to them?"

Amelia retorted, "Why don't you ask your mother just how important I am to her? Or don't you already know the answer?"

Provoked, Stephanie cried, "You..."

Amelia had walked away, but she turned back and gave the former a sidelong glance. "Stephanie, if I were you, I wouldn't do anything to humiliate me in front of your mother. It only makes her feel for me more. If you truly want to sabotage someone, do it more subtly. Your incessant whining only makes you look like a silly b*tch yapping away."

With her arms akimbo, Stephanie replied vehemently, "Amelia, if you continue to incite me like this, don't blame me if I knock you over and cause a miscarriage!"

"Push me then, please, if you don't mind your parents packing you off overseas and your brother cutting off all ties with you forever," Amelia replied. "Mr. Clinton's going to divorce me soon, anyway, and I can't take my child with me."

Stephanie's chest heaved as she gnashed her teeth with rage. "Amelia, has anyone ever told you that you're absolutely despicable?"

Amelia merely shrugged. "Thanks for the compliment, but no one's actually ever told me that."

Stephanie drew her hand back in a swift motion, fully intending to land a slap on Amelia's face. However, her hand was caught in mid-air by Amelia. The latter brandished her swollen belly in front of Stephanie, saying, "Watch yourself, Steph. Your mother's looked forward to this grandchild for the longest time. If anything happens to him, you'll be stuck overseas while I get to stay right here. Within a few years, you'll find yourself working for your own money."

Stephanie wrenched her hand away from Amelia's grip. She leaned in and said, "Amelia, don't be so shameless. Try to enjoy it while it lasts. Cassie's coming back. It's time for you to scamper back to wherever you belong."

Amelia shrugged again. "Don't worry about me. Even if I get divorced, your brother will be giving me a hefty sum nonetheless."

"You shameless gold digger," Stephanie snarled. "You make me sick. You'd better get out of my sight before I make you."

She then swaggered off.

Amelia watched her retreating figure for a while, then raised her eyes toward the starry night sky. She sighed heavily.

That was how the maid found her after a long time.

Amelia followed her back to the house where Olivia was waiting. She dashed forward and clasped Amelia, saying, "What in the world were you doing? It's gotten so late!"

"The moon was lovely tonight. I was so caught up watching its reflection shimmering in the lake that I must have lost track of time somehow. I'm sorry to have worried you," Amelia said apologetically.

Olivia said indulgently, "Now that you're pregnant, you shouldn't be wandering off by yourself. If you want to take a walk tomorrow, let me accompany you at least."

Amelia returned her smile. "Mom, I'm going back to work tomorrow. I feel bad for taking half a month's leave when I'm merely a new employee. If it weren't because of Carter, I'd have been fired long ago."

Olivia furrowed her brows and made as if to speak. Amelia quickly continued, "Mom, I rather like this job. Besides, if I don't go to work, I'd only be letting my thoughts run wild all day."

Olivia had no choice but to agree. However, she chided, "Amelia, you can go ahead to work, but don't hesitate to resign if it's taking a toll on you. If you're bored, I can always get Oscar to give you a sinecure at Clinton Corporations. Don't tire yourself out."

Amelia said gaily, "Don't worry, Mom. I know my limits; I'll take care of myself."

Olivia nodded in approval.

"I'm a little tired now. I'll head upstairs first to rest," Amelia said.

"Go ahead then. I noticed that you didn't eat much for dinner. If you get hungry in the middle of the night, I'll get the maid to prepare a light supper for you," Olivia said reassuringly.

Amelia nodded.

She slowly walked up the stairs. The moment she entered the bedroom, she received a call from Oscar. Amelia picked up the phone only to be greeted by Cassie's voice on the other end of the line.

"Amelia, Oz has gone to take a shower. He'll be staying over at my place tonight. He asked me to call and tell you to be careful over at the Clintons'. Be sure not to slip and fall, or you'll squash that lump inside of you for sure," Cassie said rudely.

Amelia's fists clenched. Her reply, however, was breezy. "Ms. Yard, did you call me just to show off?"

"I'm sorry. I don't have that much time on my hands. I just wanted to tell you that in my eyes, you're nothing but another failure. So what if Oz saw those photos of mine? He's so in love with me that he thinks I'm still that innocent girl of yore. That's something that you definitely won't be able to convince him of about you."

Amelia almost flung her phone aside in anger. She forced herself to take a deep breath, however, and swallowed her rage. "Congratulations, Ms. Yard. Be warned, though, that your sins will eventually find you out."

Someday someone will catch you at one of those seedy places you frequent. You might be able to explain it away the first or second time, but it'll get old real quick."

"That's not your area of concern. Even if I go to those seedy places as you say, I'll bring Oz with me."

"That'll be nice. Ms. Yard, if you have nothing else to say to me, I'll hang up now," Amelia said. The exhaustion accumulated from the night's happenings was catching up with her.

"Wait," Cassie said urgently.

"Anything else I can help you with, Ms. Yard?" Amelia inquired sarcastically.

"If you know what's best for yourself, divorce Oz now. Don't hang around and wait to be chased out, though that is what going to happen eventually."

"Don't you worry about me, Ms. Yard," Amelia replied easily. "Your position as the Clintons' daughter-in-law is more precarious than mine. His mom loves me, and it so happens that you're not in her good books at the moment."

"You..."

"Ms. Yard, allow me to wish you and Mr. Clinton a good night. Treasure it; I'm afraid you won't be having too many more of such happy days together." Having said that, Amelia firmly hung up the phone.

She threw the phone aside, feeling her strength utterly drain from her. Tears gathered in the corners of her eyes, threatening to spill over.

She wasn't as upset about her misfortune as she was over the fact that so few people cared. Her own husband was in love with another woman; the entire Clinton family, besides Olivia, was entirely on his side. She was constantly treated as an outsider. And even though the Clintons knew that she was pregnant, none of them had truly rejoiced for her.

When Cassie had gotten pregnant, not only did the Clintons not shame her for it, but they had actually rallied in her defense. Amelia had always scorned soap operas for being unrealistic, never imagining that her own life would be far more dramatic than some exposés.

No one envied the rich man's wife for her role. Over the years, the pride and self-confidence that she had at the start had been so battered and bruised that nearly nothing of it was left.

Another sigh escaped her. She was at a complete loss. At that moment, it seemed as if the path ahead lay entirely obscured in shadow.

Amelia collapsed onto the bed, fully dressed, and closed her eyes. Amidst her scattered thoughts, a single tear emerged and tumbled down her cheek.

Oscar returned home at around two in the morning. He gently pushed the door open, entered, then shut it softly behind him. Tiptoeing over to the bed, he saw Amelia curled up like a hedgehog in full defensive mode. Her cheeks were still stained with the tears that she must have unknowingly shed through the night, dreaming of the saddest things.

Oscar's heart twinged. He bent down, wiped away her tears tenderly, and kissed her on her lips.

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Perhaps it was the day's proceedings that made Amelia uneasy even in sleep. Oscar's light touch woke her up immediately. He saw that her eyes were reddened from crying and felt another pang in his heart.

Amelia blinked rapidly, then reached out and caressed Oscar's face. "Mr. Clinton, it seems that I'm only able to receive such affection from you in my dreams. I may be nothing more than a toy to you in reality, but in my dreams, perhaps I can be your wife."

Oscar was stunned for a moment. He then realized that Amelia must have thought she was still fast asleep.

Looking at her bleary eyes, Oscar couldn't help but laugh. He'd never really witnessed this vulnerable side of her before.

Seeing him laugh, Amelia couldn't help but be pleased. She leaned forward and kissed Oscar sensually on the lips, saying in a low voice, "Mr. Clinton, will you touch me? I want to be the only one you touch."

Oscar's eyes shifted. Like a wolf ready to devour, he clambered atop Amelia, careful not to let any weight rest on her belly. He looked straight

down into her face and said enigmatically, "Do you really want me to touch you that much?"

Amelia giggled, still imagining herself in dreamland. "Mr. Clinton, this feels incredibly real. I've dreamed of this moment so many times before, but never like this. I can almost feel your hunger! That's just as well. You'll forget all about Cassie and only think about your wife now."

Oscar's heart was racing. He said, teasing, "You don't want me to think about Cassie?"

Amelia shook her head firmly. "Mr. Clinton, how I wish you belonged to me alone."

Having declared thus, she pulled Oscar close and kissed him fervently on his lips, finding a savage joy in the impossibility of that moment.

She would not think about letting go.

Meanwhile, Oscar had abandoned every other thought. In their passion, both of them had lost themselves entirely to the world and time.

After the affair came to its inevitable conclusion, Amelia drifted off to sleep in exhaustion. Oscar couldn't help but smile. "You sure know how to get out of things! I came here wanting to talk to you, but you've already fallen asleep."

The next day, Amelia woke up to find herself wrapped in Oscar's arms. She was momentarily baffled but quickly cast her confusion aside when she caught sight of his sleeping face. A smile still lurked at the corners of his mouth. She reached out and playfully pinched his cheeks.

Oscar woke up in pain.

He grabbed hold of Amelia's hands and demanded, "What are you doing?"

Amelia leaned her head on his chest and said somewhat dully, "Mr. Clinton, when did you come back?"

"Have you forgotten how you pounced onto me last night?" Oscar nudged Amelia.

Amelia's cheeks immediately turned crimson. Recalling the events of the previous night, she thought with a shudder, Wasn't all that just a dream?

Among the memories rapidly filling her mind were the words she'd said last night. She would never have considered uttering them under normal circumstances.

"Feeling shy?" Oscar asked, feeling uncharacteristically jovial.

Amelia buried her face in his chest and said shyly, "Mr. Clinton, about last night—"

"Last night, you merely clasped me in your arms and said that you wanted me. You didn't say anything else," Oscar interrupted.

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief. However, there was a niggling feeling that Oscar was merely feigning ignorance.

Perhaps Oscar was aware that her interest in him had already exceeded that of a financial backer. He knew that she loved him but was unready or unwilling to accept that fact.

"Mr. Clinton, didn't you meet Ms. Yard yesterday? Weren't you going to stay over at her place?" Amelia asked.

"Are you upset that I didn't?"

Amelia slowly rose. Ignoring Oscar's burning gaze on her bare body, Amelia slowly got dressed and headed for the bathroom.

Oscar followed her in. He was only wearing a pair of boxers, and the sight of his taut, muscular body would have made any woman swoon over him.

Oscar gently hugged Amelia from behind and whispered in her ear, "Are you upset?"

Amelia shook her head. She took her time to rinse her mouth, then said, "Mr. Clinton, you and Ms. Yard are both extremely eligible individuals. Together, you're a match made in heaven. I've just been a substitute all this while, just waiting for her to come along. It doesn't matter whether I'm upset or not, does it?"

Oscar frowned. "Didn't you say you weren't upset? You're so bitter with jealousy that you're almost rank with it."

Amelia turned to face him. She said earnestly, "Mr. Clinton, Ms. Yard is carrying your child now. Are you overjoyed?"

Oscar was speechless. Truthfully, Cassie's pregnancy hadn't excited any feelings whatsoever in him. Even when Cassie had placed his hand over her

belly to feel the baby's movements within, he had remained absolutely unmoved.

Oscar claimed to love Cassie. When Cassie had returned, however, he wasn't as enthusiastic to see her as he had expected himself to be. He could put up with her pettiness but found himself lacking the urge to touch her, hold her, and claim her for his own.

The previous night, Cassie had said, stroking her belly, "Oz, I practically gave up my entire career for you and this child. You don't seem as pleased as I expected you to be. Tell me honestly, do you still love me?"

He'd taken Cassie into his arms and comforted her then, saying, "Don't be silly. You've really let your imagination go this time, haven't you? Of course, I still love you. I wouldn't be here otherwise."

Reassured, Cassie had smiled and then asked excitedly whether he hoped for a boy or a girl. She'd then launched into a discussion of baby names.

Oscar had responded with vague interest. However, he knew that he was no longer quite as thrilled as he had once been.

Observing Oscar's reaction, Amelia presumed that he was too overcome with happiness to speak. She muttered, "Mr. Clinton, I suppose it's a sort of happiness that can't be put into words. That's just so. With the woman you love bearing your child, I wouldn't believe you even if you said you weren't happy."

Oscar tilted her jaw, forcing her to look into his eyes. In a husky voice, he asked, "Are you jealous?"

Amelia struggled against his strong grip. "Mr. Clinton, I'm sticky all over with perspiration. I need a bath. Could you go out, please?"

"I'll join you," Oscar said suggestively.

Amelia bit her lip, saying, "Mr. Clinton, I'm going to be late for work. I'll have to pass up on the privilege this time. Ms. Yard can have the honor of playing out the steamy shower scene with you instead."

Oscar gave her a look, then left.

After he had gone, Amelia caught sight of her pale self in the mirror and sighed. She quickly undressed and showered herself.

When she had finished, she told Oscar, who was reclining on the sofa, "Mr. Clinton, I'll make a move first. I've got to head off to work."

"Wait," Oscar said, just as Amelia reached for the door.

"What is it, Mr. Clinton?"

"I've changed my mind. Have the child. I'll give you enough money for you to live off comfortably the rest of your life. My only condition is that you must leave this city and never see your child again," Oscar stated.

Amelia gaped at him in disbelief. A look of despair flitted across her eyes.

"Mr. Clinton, are you being serious?" Amelia asked through gritted teeth.

Oscar merely nodded.

"You're a cruel man, Oscar. Well, hear me—I will take my child with me. If you insist on leaving him here with the Clintons, I'd rather miscarry than let you have him. He means more to me than life itself," Amelia vowed.

Oscar was slightly taken back by the strength of Amelia's ardent gaze.

"Are you threatening me?" he asked.

"I am," Amelia said evenly. "I love this child, and he may be the only thing I'll have to count on in this life. You have everything you could ever ask for, so you don't know just how precious something can be. If I leave my child with you, you'll merely treat him as a toy to be played with and consequently abandoned. When your child is born to that woman, what would you care about mine? Someone like you only knows how to look down on others. By the time you realize he's a real child and not just your plaything, he'd already be ruined."

Oscar's gaze remained on Amelia unwaveringly. He'd never imagined that her impression of him was so unbearable.

"Is that what you really think of me?" he asked.

"Yes," Amelia said without hesitation.

Oscar stood up and strode over to Amelia. Towering over her, he said coolly, "Give me a reason."

Bewildered, Amelia replied, "What reason?"

"A reason barbaric enough for me not to want my own child," Oscar replied.

Amelia's lip trembled. She'd been made articulate by the heat of her passion, but she found herself at a loss when it came to cool logic.

"So there's none?" Oscar stroked her ear and said patiently, "You're too unkind, Amelia. I've always treated you well. You've never even seen the limit on your credit card. Everything you eat and wear is the best that money can buy. I've given you everything, except perhaps my own heart. How dare you say that I'm cruel? What about yourself? Have you forgotten all the good I've done for you?"

Oscar's handsome face was merely inches away from Amelia's. She found herself mesmerized.

He suddenly leaned closer and took her in his arms. Amelia tried to escape but to no avail, finding herself engulfed in his embrace. He whispered in her ear, "You heartless woman! I was only joking with you just now. I will give you custody of the child if you want him. There'll be conditions, though."

Stunned, Amelia looked at him.

Oscar tenderly stroked her nose and said, "What is it?"

Amelia was rather disoriented. She couldn't tell what the real Oscar was like. Was he harsh or affectionate? Cold or loving? Whenever she started taking him seriously, he would immediately transform into an entirely different persona. Her heart had been both mended and shattered by him in turn.

"Oscar, which is the real you?" Amelia asked impulsively.

Oscar's eyes gleamed. Then he laughed and said, "It's morning, and your brain's probably still lacking oxygen. Look at you asking such a silly question!"

Amelia joined in, "I guess I slept for too long; I'm probably still half-asleep."

"Let's go downstairs and get breakfast. I'll send you to work," Oscar said.

Amelia nodded gratefully.

After breakfast, when they had both gotten into Oscar's car, Amelia asked again, "Mr. Clinton, you'll really give me custody of my child?" Her hands were placed protectively over her belly.

"I won't renege on my promises to you. But as I said, I do have a few conditions," Oscar emphasized.

Amelia gave him a look. "Say them."

"After the divorce is finalized, I will give you a sum of money. As for the alimony, I'll send you money every month on the condition that I get to meet the child twice a month," Oscar said firmly.

"Won't Ms. Yard object to that?" Amelia asked.

"Cassie's warm-hearted and gracious. She'll definitely support me meeting my own child," Oscar declared magnanimously.

Amelia gave a wry smile. Despite all the evidence pointing to the contrary, Oscar firmly maintained that Cassie was indeed as pure as she made herself out to be.

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No wonder they call it true love. Even if there were incriminating photos of Cassie with another man at a nightclub, a simple explanation from her had Oscar wrapped around her little finger once more. No matter if the explanation makes absolutely no sense, he still thinks of her as some innocent little lady.

Amelia just closed her eyes and remained silent.

"Are you tired?"

Amelia shook her head.

"So what did you think of what I just said?"

"After the divorce, I will get sole custody and sizable alimony, not to mention a more-than-adequate amount of child support. Since I love money so much, do you think I will reject your proposal?" Amelia shrugged while replying.

Oscar's lips curved into a smirk, and he appeared to be in a good mood.

When they reached the Majesty Group building, Oscar parked the car on the side of the road. As Amelia removed her seatbelt to get out, she said, "Mr. Clinton, drive safe." She then opened the door to alight from the car.

Oscar halted her. "As your chauffeur for today, shouldn't I get a little something as a thank you?"

As Amelia turned around, she saw Oscar gesture at his cheek. Chuckling, she kissed his cheek and meant to leave immediately, but Oscar was faster. He held her head in place and gave her a French kiss.

When they finally broke apart, Amelia was blushing furiously. She appeared coquettish and looked even more seductive than before. Even Oscar's gaze had changed as he swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing.

Amelia rolled her eyes weakly at him and tidied her mussed-up hair before leaving the car quickly.

Once she entered the office, everyone stared at her knowingly. She felt awkward at the attention, which didn't end when she reached the design department. Some of her close colleagues even smirked when they saw her. The atmosphere was unsettling and perplexing.

One of her more familiar female colleagues came up to her and stared at her neck. She chuckled, "Amelia, it looks like your husband is a pretty passionate person. I'm sure you both enjoyed a pretty intense night yesterday."

Amelia felt her cheeks heat up. How can I discuss my sex life with other people!

"Jessica, what nonsense are you saying! We're at work; don't talk to me like that, or Mr. Scott will have your head if he sees us," Amelia replied.

Jessica just pointed at her neck and laughed. "Amelia, there's a very prominent hickey on your neck. I'm not sure anyone is going to think otherwise."

Amelia hurriedly pulled out a compact mirror from her purse. There was indeed a hickey on her neck; she hadn't worn a high-neck blouse today, and the hickey was like a flashing neon sign for all to see. No wonder everyone was staring at me since I entered the lift; it's all because of this hickey!

This is all that jerk's fault! He must have snuck a hickey while I was distracted from all the kissing in the car!

How can I face my colleagues with a hickey like this! I'm going to be the laughing stock for ages! I know they're not mean, but I'm not that thick-skinned!

She brought her purse with her into the washroom and dabbed some powder on her neck. Once the hickey appeared less obvious, she let out a sigh of relief.

When she returned to her desk, Jessica pounced on her again. "Amelia, if your husband still has the energy to bed you when you're pregnant, I wonder how good his stamina must be? You should bring him along sometime. I'd like to see which man has stolen the heart of such a hottie like you; you must know every male in the design department has eyes for you."

Amelia rolled her eyes at Jessica. "Jessica, you know the company rules. They'll dock our pay for gossiping during working hours. If you carry on like this, I'm going to tell Mr. Scott."

Jessica stuck her tongue out playfully. "Amelia, you've gone over to the dark side! Siding with Mr. Scott against me! But alas, I'll forgive you because you're so pretty."

Amelia shook her head resignedly.

But Jessica wasn't done. She suddenly spoke with a mysterious vibe. "Amelia, when you were in the hospital, a gorgeous woman joined our company. Why, her beauty is even comparable to yours! She quickly rose through the ranks to become the director of design. She's our new boss now, you know."

Amelia glanced at her and repeated herself. "Jessica, if you continue gossiping like this and get your pay docked, don't blame me."

Jessica's eyes widened as she spoke in a disbelieving tone. "Amelia, are you not at all curious about who this femme fatale is? There are two gorgeous women in our company now, and it's driving all the male colleagues crazy. I mean, you're married, but they can still hope."

Amelia didn't know whether to laugh or cry at her antics. "Jessica, I know you millennials have all sorts of ideas up your sleeves. But please, just go back to your desk and work. We can talk about stuff outside of work during our lunch break, ok?"

Jessica chuckled to herself while returning to her desk. Her desk was next to Amelia's, so she continued whispering to her as she switched on her computer. "Amelia, I'm telling you. Even though that new director is

gorgeous, she's really hard to get along with. When you two meet, I hope you both don't make a big show of preening your own feathers."

"Jessica, tone down on your wild imagination, ok?" replied Amelia.

Jessica was born in the 90s and had just joined the company this year. She still has some of that school-going childishness and a boundless amount of energy and imagination. Although her endless smiles and laughter really did help her to get along with pretty much anyone. She may look like an air-headed girl, but she's really capable too.

"Amelia, she's coming over here. Be careful ok, don't become the target of her temper." Jessica had just ended her words before she quickly turned towards her desk, looking as if she was prepared for some impending disaster.

Amelia turned her head around and saw a man and a woman enter the design department. One of them was Mr. Scott, and the woman was none other than Jennifer Larson, who she'd met the other day.

In less than a month, someone who wants nothing to do with me is suddenly my boss.

When Jennifer saw her, surprise flashed over her eyes. She immediately turned towards Carter. "Mr. Scott, is this the employee who's been absent for half a month?"

Carter nodded.

Jennifer continued. "Mr. Scott, I remember company rules stating that employees, who are serving their three months' probationary period, are not allowed to apply for long periods of leave. I checked the records, and it turns out she applied for leave after only working for a couple of days. Shouldn't the company enforce disciplinary action, Mr. Scott?"

"I approved her leave. Do you have a problem with that, Ms. Larson?" Carter replied lightly.

Normally, a smart woman would never argue with a man over such petty matters. Jennifer was a capable worker, but her superiority complex would not allow another woman to monopolize the attention of a man she liked. I have to send her packing no matter what!

"Mr. Scott, I am the director of design now. Don't I have a right to penalize employees who are taking leave when they're not supposed to?" Jennifer lifted her head and replied in a sharp tone.

Carter just glanced at her before addressing Amelia. "Amelia, come to my office for a moment."

He turned and left the office. Jennifer shot an ambiguous glance at Amelia before stomping away on her heels.

Jessica expressed her annoyance and said, "Amelia, you need to be careful. Women get jealous easily, even more so for those who are beautiful. I'm pretty sure she has a target on your head."

Amelia tidied up the things on her table and laughed. "Sweetie, you've watched too many dramas, and you're mixing up fiction and reality. All you need to do now is to do your work properly. I'll arrange for an appointment for you so you can see a doctor about your penchant for overthinking."

Jessica wasn't angered at her words but merely pouted. "Amelia, why are you so mean! I'm just worried for you, yet you make fun of me. Don't make me angry."

Amelia just smiled and spoke to the rest of the office. "Everyone, I'll need to leave for a moment. If my luck has run out and my boss wants to sack me, I hope you will all remember and miss me."

The male colleagues reacted strongly to her words. "Don't worry Amelia, we have your back. If that Ms. Larson is being unreasonable, we'll all quit in solidarity."

Amelia laughed. "Ok, with your words, I feel ready to face anything ahead of me."

Everyone burst out in laughter. "Amelia, if your husband hears this, he's going to be so jealous."

Surprisingly, Amelia cracked a joke. "He's always stewing in jealousy."

After some friendly banter with her colleagues, Amelia made her way to Carter's office. Jennifer was already inside.

Amelia nodded politely in her direction. "Jennifer."

Jennifer, however, replied coolly. "In the office, please address me as Ms. Larson."

Amelia answered smoothly. "Ms. Larson."

Jennifer hmped lightly, her eyes full of hostility towards Amelia.

Amelia was bewildered at her demeanor. I've only met her twice before this, but why does she have such a poor impression of me? The only reason I can think of is men's problems, with the man in question being Carter.

"Mr. Scott, what did you want to speak to me about?" asked Amelia as she tried to shake off the unpleasant thoughts in her head.

Carter looked at her and asked caringly, "Amelia, are you ok? Is the baby giving you problems?"

Amelia shook her head. "Thank you for your concern, Mr. Scott. I'm feeling fine now."

Carter nodded his head. "Good. I reserved the spot in Saspiuburg for you. If you've decided to go, I'll make the necessary travel arrangements."

Amelia replied, "Mr. Scott, please don't trouble yourself. I'm five months pregnant now, and I don't think my husband's family will allow me to travel to Saspiuburg for training. You can let someone else have the slot; I recall there are training opportunities next year. I can always go with the new hires then."

"Amelia, is it? Don't you think you're asking for too much? You come and go as you please and take this training opportunity for granted. Do you somehow own this company or something? You're taking advantage of Carter's kindness, with no thought to how this will affect his image in the eyes of his other employees. Utterly selfish behavior," said Jennifer unforgivingly as she crossed her arms.

Carter smiled apologetically at Amelia before addressing Jennifer coldly. "Ms. Larson, I hope you don't let your personal feelings get in the way of your work. I personally approved Amelia's leave as she was hospitalized after a car accident. Any reasonable boss would approve her reasons for taking leave. Don't you think your preconception of the situation is making you sound like a shrew?"

Jennifer's expression soured as she gritted out, "Carter, you're telling me off because of that woman?"

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"Ms. Larson, I hope you don't misunderstand. I'm merely looking at the facts objectively. If my tone came across as harsh, then I'd like to apologize for that. If there are no other matters, please get back to work. I need to talk to Amelia about some other issues."

Carter invited Jennifer out of his office.

Jennifer stood up. Shooting a frosty glance at Amelia, she walked towards the door.

She paused at the door and turned around. "Mr. Scott, I have a lunch appointment this afternoon. Since Amelia is a company employee, I'd like to bring her along. Surely you can't disagree with me on this."

Before Carter could reply, Amelia agreed. "Ms. Larson, I'll join you on your lunch appointment."

"Good, just don't pull any tricks up your sleeve. We need to make profits, not pay for incompetent slackers." She opened the door and left.

Carter scrunched his brows and said apologetically, "Amelia, don't listen to her."

Amelia shook her head. "Mr. Scott, I won't think too much about it. She does have a point, though. The company shouldn't be paying for slackers, and I did take a pretty long leave after only working for a few days. It's natural for others to feel uncomfortable about it. But don't you worry Mr. Scott, I will pour in a hundred percent of my effort to prepare a satisfactory questionnaire for you. I'll prove to everyone that you didn't hire me for my looks but my abilities."

Carter smiled gently.

He gestured for Amelia to sit down. "Amelia, don't be so nervous. The company is progressing well, and everyone has their own assigned work. While you were absent, your department colleagues very enthusiastically covered your workload. They didn't want you to tire yourself out on account of your pregnancy. You just need to thank them properly later."

"No wonder my desk has been so clean! So they helped me to complete all my work! It looks like you have an eye for hiring people who are both capable and kind. Don't worry! I will work even harder for colleagues like them."

Carter's gentle smile was comforting and soothing.

Amelia was caught up in his gaze for a moment before she realized what she was doing. Calming herself down, she replied, "Mr. Scott, if there's nothing more, I'll get back to work. After all, I still have a lunch appointment with Ms. Larson later."

Carter nodded.

When Amelia reached the door, Carter's voice rang out behind her. "Amelia, I'll follow you to the lunch appointment. They'd meant to invite me anyway."

Amelia replied, "Mr. Scott, you're the head of this company. Of course, you can attend if you please. You needn't inform me especially."

When she got back to the design department, her colleagues were clamoring for gossip on her fate in the company. Suddenly there was a loud noise, and everyone shot back to their seats.

Jennifer had entered and was the culprit behind the loud noise.

"Everyone, this is working hours. I hope you're actually working during the mandated hours. A company will soon become a mess if rules are ignored," Jennifer said with a strict tone.

Jennifer's curves were accentuated in her power suit. Coupled with her tactfully applied makeup, she was extremely gorgeous. She looks indisputably innocent and sexy at the same time. Even when she's stern, it's hard for people to hate her.

She's simply too beautiful. This is an age where looks are prized above others. Even if she scolds others fiercely, no one can really bring themselves to hate her.

Amelia looked at Jennifer's get-up. I must admit she's a woman who's not only beautiful but also incredibly talented; otherwise, she wouldn't become the director in such a short span of time.

When everyone looked like they were busying themselves with work, Jennifer appeared pleased and looked at Amelia. "Amelia, are you free now? Please come to my office."

She immediately left after her orders.

Amelia got up as Jessica sent her an encouraging gesture. Amelia said wryly, "I'm just going there to discuss some matters, must you be so dramatic? If the boss sees this, you'll be in hot soup again."

That elicited some laughter from the others.

Amelia left the design department and entered Jennifer's office.

"Ms. Larson, you were looking for me?" asked Amelia.

Jennifer pointed at the chair in front of her. "Sit. We need to talk."

Amelia sat down and said calmly, "Ms. Larson, please tell me whatever it is you have on your mind. I have to get back to work soon; after all, I've been on long leave and have a lot of work to complete."

Jennifer set down the fountain pen in her hand and contemplated the woman sitting in front of her. Suddenly she said, "Amelia, you're really a very beautiful woman." Just like a foxy b*tch.

Amelia was stunned at the compliment and answered politely, "Thank you for your compliment, Ms. Larson. But you are definitely more beautiful than me."

Jennifer crossed her arms and spoke in a haughty tone. "Amelia, you're the wife to the sole heir of Clinton Corporations, am I right?"

Amelia's smile was still plastered on her face, though her gaze had cooled down considerably.

"You investigated me?"

"I won't consider it an investigation; I was merely curious about the woman who had Carter wrapped around her little finger. Well, I supposed I'm not surprised. After all, you look just like a temptress. You know, the kind of woman who enjoys leading men on. And how could they not fall for your tricks?"

Amelia stared at her coldly. "Ms. Larson, I hope you can be more civil. While you are humiliating me, you're actually dragging yourself through the mud. You're a rich heiress with a good education; don't ruin your own image once you open your mouth."

Jennifer sneered at her. "Amelia, you have a rather sharp tongue which I really don't appreciate. I know that Carter has feelings for you, but you're here to work and not to seduce him. Please refrain from flirting with your boss during working hours."

Amelia was boiling with rage.

I've seen slanders, but none as warped from the truth like this! She must be paranoid if she's spouting these words.

"Ms. Larson, I'm just going to repeat myself. Nothing is going on between Mr. Scott and me. You come from an elite background, so I hope you can have a better moral fiber." Amelia stood up and continued, "If there's nothing else, I'm going back to work."

Jennifer halted her angrily. "Stop right there!"

"Yes?"

"Amelia, is this the kind of attitude you use when you're talking to your direct supervisor?"

"Ms. Larson, this is working hours, and I hope you can separate your personal grievances from your work."

"You want me to be objective?" asked Jennifer. "Alright, get me all the blueprints from the past couple of years."

Amelia stared at her, before nodding and leaving the office.

Amelia collated all the required original blueprints in a short while, and the stack was even taller than herself. Her colleagues in the design department couldn't help asking, "Amelia, what are you doing with all these?"

"Ms. Larson wants to use them, so she asked me to collate them for her."

Jessica appeared angry. "Isn't she just making your life difficult? We already submitted these blueprints to other companies, and they've all been reviewed. What does she want to do with them now? You're pregnant right now, and the way she's treating you is just plain unreasonable."

The male colleagues were also angry. "Amelia, we'll help you carry them to her office."

"Thank you," replied Amelia as she turned to comfort an indignant Jessica. "Alright, don't I have all of you helping me? I'm not exhausted; don't be so angry on my behalf, or you might get wrinkles on your young face."

Jessica couldn't help but laugh at her teasing words.

Looking at the tall stack of documents in her office, Jennifer asked Amelia, "What is the meaning of this?"

Amelia replied, "Ms. Larson, these are all the blueprints you requested. There are more outside; if you would like to see them all, my colleagues will help me to move it in."

Jennifer's expression darkened. "Amelia, you must be really talented at socializing. You've barely worked in the company, but you seem to have

your colleagues at your beck-and-call. I wonder if your seduction techniques work on all genders?"

Amelia replied, "Rapport between colleagues boils down to sincerity. If you're calling me a temptress, I think the term suits you more as you are much more beautiful than me. You can also build rapport with them if you'd like."

Jennifer sneered. "You can leave."

Amelia nodded.

Shortly after she returned to the design department, she heard that Jennifer had been called into Mr. Scott's office. Jennifer then left the office, glowering.

Jessica launched into another one of her gossip sessions. "Did you hear? Ms. Larson got called into Mr. Scott's office. The secretary told me when she brought coffee in, she saw that Ms. Larson's eyes were red. I'm pretty sure she was told off by Mr. Scott for picking on you. She was called in so quickly after the incident. Let's see whether she dares to be unreasonable next time."

Amelia just glanced at her. "Jessica, you shouldn't gossip during working hours. I'm sure Mr. Scott had some work-related issues to discuss with Ms. Larson. You shouldn't come up with such fantastical scenarios in your head, or you might accidentally blurt them out and become Ms. Larson's next target."

Jessica stuck her tongue out and replied softly, "I just don't like the way she does things. She was only Mr. Scott's assistant when she first joined the company. In less than a month, she's become the director of design, and it feels unfair to me."

A male colleague cut in. "Jessica, if you have her family and education background, you'll be able to become a director in such a short time too."

That shut her up.

The morning flew by thanks to the flurry of incidents.

Jennifer appeared at the door to the design department. "Amelia, let's go."

Time for the lunch appointment.

"Good, you're all here. I'm joining you today." Carter's voice drifted in.

Jennifer turned her head. "Mr. Scott, you're going as well?"

Carter nodded.

"I thought you're sending me to the lunch appointment because you said you were busy? Why-" Halfway through her sentence, Jennifer looked at Amelia and understood the situation.

Her expression cooled considerably. "Since Mr. Scott wants to go, you don't need to attend the appointment anymore." This was directed at Amelia.

Carter merely said, "Let's go together. It's good to have two beauties around when we're discussing business."

Jennifer spent the lift ride down fuming with anger.

Carter would drive to the appointment. He invited Amelia to take the front passenger seat, and Jennifer was relegated to the backseat.

Already fuming with anger, Jennifer became even more enraged at the sight of Carter's concern towards Amelia.

"Carter, what is the meaning of this?" Jennifer crossed her arms and asked aggressively.

"There's no other meaning; you're free to think what you like," replied Carter nonchalantly.

"Carter, when I joined the company, Mrs. Scott made you promise to take good care of me," said Jennifer.

"In barely a month, I've promoted you to the director of design; isn't that pretty good care?"

"If you truly care for me, why do you let this woman work at your company? Don't forget we're to be married in the future; if you're hung up on this woman, can you imagine the shame I would face?" Jennifer said pettishly.