

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 531

When the servers brought their dishes, Jennifer cleverly changed the topic. "Try this out, June. The food in this restaurant is pretty good and authentic. You're a foreigner, so you should definitely give these a try. Maybe you'll learn to love it."

June picked up his fork and tried a bit of everything from the dishes laid out. "Not bad."

"Are you going to stay in Chanaea from now on?"

"I don't think we're close enough for me to answer that question, Ms. Larson."

"I'm simply curious because I want to know why a foreigner like you is willing to do so much for Ms. Yard, yet you still can't make her look in your direction. I heard she had been camping at the Clinton Corporations for a couple of days now, like a homeless stray that no one wanted. It's quite pitiful, really. Aren't you going to play the part of a hero and save her?"

Her words were like a bomb exploding inside his head.

His expression turned extremely dark. "You know, it's quite despicable to reveal people's scars sometimes. Don't act as though you know me very well. I'm leaving right now. Consider this meal my treat."

He immediately stood up and tried to leave. Jennifer, on the other hand, calmly spoke. "Is that all it takes to piss you off, June? Seems like you don't handle being upset that well."

That caused him to return to his chair.

"Oscar played with your woman and abandoned her, June. Now she can't even get pregnant. Are you really okay with this? If I'm you, I sure as hell won't be. Of course, your attitude dictates your actions because you foreigners have a different way of thinking compared to Chanaeans." She waved her hand.

He pulled out a cigarette, lit it, put it into his mouth, and puffed out smoke. The stench of the cigarette entered Jennifer's nose. She furrowed her eyebrows, though she didn't stop him from continuing to do that.

"What's your plan?" June puffed out smoke again.

"I have the same goal as you. If we want to crush Oscar, we need to start with the woman he loves. I think you're doing a better job than me on that front." She grabbed a bite of vegetables, put it into her mouth, and chewed slowly.

He kept smoking cigarettes instead of eating. "You hate Oscar? I didn't find a woman called Jennifer having any sort of affair with him in my investigation."

"That's because I didn't. However, if your mother was driven insane by him, you'll know how I feel." She didn't hide the truth. "The enemy of my enemy is my friend. I have people in Amelia's company. So, if we work together, I don't believe we can't ruin her reputation forever."

"No wonder there's a saying in Chanaea that women are wicked. Seems like it'll be my best call not to offend women here."

"Men are the ones who spread that saying. If you ask any women, they'll say men are wicked. After all, there are times when men are so wicked that they can cut off all of their connections to achieve their goal."

June stayed silent.

Both of them had an unpleasant lunch before exiting the building. Jennifer showed him the pictures on her phone. "Say, if Ms. Yard sees these pictures, do you think she'll get jealous, June? I'm telling you. You can't always treat women nicely when you're trying to court one. You need to make them moderately jealous so they'll only keep you in mind. Besides, Amelia is her nemesis. If you change your mind and chase after her nemesis, I bet she'll get jealous, even if she doesn't want to. Consider this my gift. What do you say? Wanna make a bet with me?"

"How do you want to do it?"

"If Ms. Yard gets jealous, you'll help me seduce Amelia. That'll also make Oscar feel the pain of losing a loved one. I think that'll be interesting." She narrowed her eyes with gritted teeth.

"Sure. As long as you can make Cassie mine again, I'll help you take down Oscar."

"Deal."

Both of them exchanged a sinister look with a smile.

"I'll 'accidentally' meet with Ms. Yard later, so you'll just need to wait for my good news. As long as her heart isn't made of wood, she'll get jealous and become possessive of you. Just don't forget to fulfill your promise. I heard gentlemen aren't willing to let beautiful women down. Is that true?"

June laughed. "You're a lot more pleasing to the eye compared to when we initially met, Ms. Larson."

"Thank you for your praise." Jennifer smiled gracefully. "Do you need me to send you back?"

"No need. Just take me back to Amelia's company. My car's still there, and I still need to keep a close eye on her. Learning about the enemy is key to defeating them, right?"

"Be careful, though. She's not a dumb woman who will fall for your bait that easily. If you make a mistake by being too eager, you may find yourself in a lot of trouble. When that happens, you may lose everything," she reminded.

He patted his chest. "I genuinely love Cassie, yet she never looked my way. I interacted with Amelia in order to make her fall for me, yet she didn't want to."

"I didn't expect you to be such a devoted man."

"A lot of men may appear to be a womanizer, but they actually have a woman they really want to protect. It's just that those women don't love them back."

Jennifer snickered. Still, I'm a little jealous of Cassie. At least she'll still always have a man who's willing to protect her, no matter how far she falls, unlike me. All I get is men's disdain regardless of the effort I put in.

"You know, what you said kind of makes me jealous of Ms. Yard." What she said was indeed a half-truth.

He had already entered the car. Thus, she shrugged, walked around the car, and got in. Then she drove the car back to Amelia's company.

After he got off the car, he went into his own car while she drove away.

Jolin, who was still on the ground floor instead of the design department, saw that. She furrowed her eyebrows, gave it some thought, and approached him.

She knocked on June's car window. He retracted the window down and gave her a half-smile. "Ms. Wright. What a coincidence."

The moment he finished speaking, an intricate dagger was placed next to his neck.

He was shocked, though he calmed down quickly and pretended as though nothing dangerous was happening. "What is the meaning of this, Ms. Wright?"

"Don't get close to Mrs. Clinton or I'll kill you."

"Mrs. Clinton? You mean Amelia? Ah, I see. You're sent here by Mr. Clinton. I suppose he's quite protective of Amelia, huh? He even managed to sneak you in as an employee of the company." His half-smile persisted.

"You talk too much." The look in her eyes turned colder as she pushed the dagger toward his neck, causing a bloody streak to appear.

He instinctively wanted to touch his wound, but she stopped him. "Don't move, or else you'll be getting more than just a shallow slice."

His hand was lowered. "This is a society of law and order, miss. You know, you're a girl, so you really shouldn't be waving a dagger and threatening people out of nowhere. A woman should act more lady-like—"

"Shut your mouth."

He waved his hand in a surrendering manner. "All right, all right. I'm going to shut up. Before that, can you move your dagger away first? It's only natural for men to go after fine ladies, and your mistress is one hell of a fine lady. I'm simply interested in her and want to invite her to a meal. There's no need for you to get so... threatening if she disagrees, right?"

"Scram!"

The smile on June's face became less tense as he turned his head. It was uncertain if he was looking at Jolin or the car window. Suddenly, he smiled brighter and said, "Amelia's here. You can talk to her if you've got something to say."

She didn't believe him.

He shrugged. "You don't want your Mrs. Clinton to see your violent side, do you? Otherwise, she may reject you and tell on you to Mr. Clinton. Then you'll lose your job."

Hesitation flashed across her eyes, and she couldn't help but turn to look in the direction he was suggesting. It gave him a window of opportunity to grab the dagger in her hand and stick the weapon close to her neck.

When she turned back, she stared at him coldly.

June smirked. "All is fair in a battle. You're still too inexperienced, miss. If you want to fight me, I suggest you raise your intelligence and emotional quotient first. Also, it's not elegant at all pulling out a dagger in public."

He slapped the dagger on her face. "You know, I wanted to put a scar on your face, but you're not pretty at all. You said you're a woman, yet you dress like a man. Your appearance is not enticing to a man whatsoever, so I'll be leaving now. See you around, girly."

Just as he was about to withdraw his hand, Jolin grabbed his wrist and snatched her dagger back. As she did, she cut the back of his hand, causing blood to spill out.

June swiftly held his hand as he glared at her with hatred. "You're insane. I can call the cops on you, you know!"

Her dagger returned to its rightful sheath before she glanced at him with disdain. "I'm going to leave you with a warning. Never underestimate your enemy. You better stay far away from Mrs. Clinton."

She traced her thumb across her neck before leaving.

June's face darkened as he remained in the car and slammed his good hand on the steering wheel. How dare a woman who dresses up like a man bully me! I won't stand for this!

"Jolin, is it? If I don't kill you, I'll make my last name Wright!" He narrowed his eyes and muttered dangerously.

Jolin, of course, had no idea he hated her to the bone. She was a straightforward woman, so she automatically filtered out everything that didn't matter to her mission, including danger aimed squarely at her.

After she returned to the design department, Amelia asked, "Where did you go?"

"I came across an annoying rat, so I taught him a lesson on your behalf. I think he won't do anything stupid to you in the future."

Amelia had no idea who the rat Jolin was referring to.

"You should focus on doing your job well, Jolin. There's no need to pay attention to unimportant people because they can't hurt me yet. Don't do things too drastically and unintentionally offend other people," she reminded in a low voice.

It was easy for her to see that Jolin was a person with a one-track mind. She's the type of person who doesn't consider anything else, including relationships with other people, in order to succeed in her mission to protect me.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton. My mission is to protect you. Other people don't have the guts to do me any harm." Jolin smiled.

Amelia nodded instead of saying anything else and returned to her work.

Time passed quickly when she was focused on her work.

Most people in the design department had left when it was six o'clock.

"I need to head to the restroom for a while. Can you wait for me, Mrs. Clinton?" Jolin asked.

"Sure. No rush."

Jolin nodded and left.

Rory approached Amelia. "Do you want to leave together, Amelia?"

"I'm waiting for Jolin."

That caused Rory to furrow her eyebrows. "You seem to tolerate Jolin a lot, Amelia."

Amelia smiled and stayed silent.

Rory hid the dissatisfaction and envy swirling in her eyes and smiled. "I'll wait for her with you then, Amelia."

Amelia didn't say no, but she didn't say anything else either.