

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 543

Amelia took the elevator to the top floor. Isabella trotted behind her and entered the elevator as well. Linda's heart fell when she saw the two people coming out of the elevator.

One was Oscar's beloved, while the other was his pursuer. Linda dared not to imagine what would happen when these two women met.

"Mrs. Clinton, why are you here?" Linda asked politely.

"Is Oscar here at work? I want to have lunch with him," Amelia replied with a smile.

"Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Clinton didn't come to the company today." Linda shot Amelia a quizzical look. She remembered the latter was staying under the same roof with Oscar. She wondered how Amelia did not know that Oscar did not come to the company today.

Amelia had roughly guessed what Linda was thinking, the former nonchalantly brushed it off. "He was sending Tony to Olivia's place. I thought he had reached here. It's all right then. Can I wait for him in his office?"

Without further ado, Linda invited Amelia to the office but was stopped by Isabella at the entrance. Isabella exclaimed, "Linda, you're Oscar's secretary. Your job is to keep any self-invited guests away when he's not around. Have you forgotten about this? I don't mind asking Oscar to fire an incompetent secretary."

A gleam of impatience shone in Linda's eyes. She had had enough of Isabella's imperiousness in the company. However, she had no say over Isabella's actions due to the latter's domineering status.

Linda gathered up every patience she had within herself and said, "Ms. Walker, Mrs. Clinton is not a self-invited guest. She's Mr. Clinton's wife. I'm sure Mr. Clinton will not say a word even if Mrs. Clinton requests this office for herself."

Isabella glared at Linda and entered the office. She was now in the same space with Amelia.

Linda felt like her head was throbbing. "Ms. Walker, I believe you still have work to do. Please leave the office. Don't make things difficult for me."

Isabella crossed her arms in front of her chest and said, "I need to report a project to Oscar. I will wait for him here. You can leave and do your work now."

Linda was stumped and gave Amelia a sideways glance.

Sensing her dilemma, Amelia chimed in, "Linda, you can leave first. Don't worry about Ms. Walker and me here. We'll be fine."

"All right, Mrs. Clinton." Linda pondered for a moment before she asked, "Which coffee would you like, Mrs. Clinton? Or perhaps you would like some tea?"

"Water is fine." Amelia smiled.

Isabella ordered, "Give me a cup of coffee without sugar."

"No problem." Linda left and closed the door on her way out.

Amelia walked to the window and called Oscar. The call rang for a long time without anyone picking it up. Just as she was wondering if Oscar was avoiding her, he finally picked up the phone.

"Amelia."

"Oscar, aren't you coming to work yet?"

"I'm still here with Mom. I need to settle some matters first. I will go to the company in the evening. Where are you now? How do you know I'm not in the company?" Oscar paused for a moment before he continued, "Are you in Clinton Corporations?"

"You were not around when I woke up this morning. I know you're upset. I don't want to leave our problem hanging until the next day. That's why I come to the company hoping to have a talk with you. Please give us this chance to solve our disagreement. I don't want our relationship to go sour."

Oscar fell silent on the other end of the line.

"Amelia, I'm not mad with you. I merely want you to stand your ground. I do not object to the appearance of your pursuers, but your attitude toward them speaks everything to me. If you keep your distance from all the males, I won't be bothered at all. Do you know someone has sent me photos of you and Kurt drinking coffee? You already knew that someone had been targeting you. Yet, you're still in contact with them. Don't you know that you are leaving a bad impression on Mom? Can you please refrain yourself for my sake?" Oscar sighed wearily.

Amelia's face gradually turned pale as she listened to him.

"Amelia, please think about what I just said. I've told you before. I will never give up on you with the premise that my woman has only me in her heart." With that, Oscar hung up the phone.

Amelia stared at the phone that had been disconnected. She suddenly felt heavy at heart.

"What's the matter? Did you have an argument with Oscar?" She jumped when Isabella's voice suddenly boomed behind her.

Amelia kept the phone and said, "Ms. Walker, I will excuse myself first."

Then, she walked past Isabella before the latter interrupted, "Amelia, do you like the photos?"

Amelia stopped in her track, turned around, and looked at her with mixed emotions. "Did you hire people to take those photos?"

Isabella sat on the couch. Her lips quirked up into a sneer. "Amelia, I never knew you were this charming. Not only does Oscar fall for you, but Carter is also hung up on you. Not to mention Kurt, who has always been loyal to you. I always wonder what good do these men find in you that they all throw themselves at your feet."

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Amelia stared intently at Isabella as realization dawned on her. "So you're the one that lunged the car toward me. Ms. Walker, I've made a report to the police and have given them all the details, including the car plate number. The case is now under investigation. I will advise you to be more careful."

"Amelia, please stop pointing fingers at me. I'm not that idiotic to hire a man to knock you over. I merely sent snoopers to do some investigations on you. To be frank, I'm quite surprised that they were able to produce such good photos for me. I've sent all of them to the Clinton residence. I don't think that Mrs. Clinton will be lenient to the woman who has cuckolded her son," Isabella exclaimed smugly.

Instead of lashing out after hearing that, Amelia managed to regain her cool. She chuckled. "Ms. Walker, I'm still Oscar's wife even after you have done so many things behind my back. We're living happily ever after as a family of three. You better watch out. I'm sure you don't want all your efforts going to waste."

Then, she left the office.

Isabella scoffed and got up from the couch. "Amelia, I will see how long you can put on your act. The devil cannot hide his cloven hoof."

Linda immediately greeted Amelia when the latter walked out of the office. "Mrs. Clinton, are you leaving already?"

"Oscar is deferred by something else. I will go look for him. Please carry on with your work. You don't have to worry about me." Amelia beamed and left.

Amelia left the company and got into her car. She leaned back against the car seat while looking at the bustling street outside the car window. Mixed emotions surged through her heart. She thought Oscar and her had finally built a stable relationship after they had been through all the ups and downs together. However, it turned out she had overestimated both the strength of their relationship and Oscar's tolerance toward her pursuers.

No man could remain indifferent toward his woman's pursuers.

Amelia heaved a sigh. If she were to be more careful, things would not have turned this way.

Her phone rang and snapped her out of her thoughts. Amelia glanced at the screen. It was from Jolin.

"Hello?" She answered the call.

"Ms. Amelia, are you feeling all right? Why didn't you come to work today? Boss just called and asked if you're in the company. I'm a bit worried, so I decided to give you a call. I've managed to dig something up. The car was aiming to kill you. Don't go anywhere. I'll come to you now."

Amelia smiled and consoled, "Jolin, don't worry. I'm currently downstairs at Clinton Corporations. I'm about to head back to the company now. I'm fine."

"Ms. Amelia, please wait over there. We can continue talking once I'm there." Jolin's voice sounded edgy.

Amelia frowned. She guessed that something must have happened to get on Jolin's nerves.

"All right." Amelia hung up the phone.

Perhaps Jolin's words had indeed left an impact on her, but Amelia glanced around nervously after she hung up the phone. There was nothing suspicious. Maybe Jolin has been overthinking. However, I still have to be careful.

Soon, Jolin arrived at the scene. Amelia got off the car when she saw the former. Just as Amelia wanted to walk toward Jolin, a car sped toward her. Jolin spotted the roaring vehicle and dashed toward Amelia at her quickest speed while yelling, "Mrs. Clinton, get out of the way!"

Amelia noticed the car that was speeding toward her as well. At that moment, the memory from the past traumatic experience came again vividly to her mind. Her mind was shouting to her, telling her to dodge out of the way, but her legs felt so heavy and remained rooted to the spot.

Her eyes widened in fear, her palms felt clammy from the uncontrollable sweating, and even her calves were trembling, albeit almost unnoticeable to naked eyes.

Jolin mustered up all her strength to run toward Amelia. She hurriedly wrapped her arms around the latter's waist and lunged sideways, successfully dodging the crash from the BMW.

Seeing that the murderous plan had failed, the BMW did not proceed with a second attempt. Instead, it fled the scene at full speed. Jolin said to Amelia, who had just barely missed death by a whisker, "Mrs. Amelia, wait for me here. I'll go after the culprit."

With that, Jolin hopped into Amelia's car and chased after the person.

Amelia's mind went completely blank. It took her almost a minute to recollect herself.

She drew out a long breath and slowly regained her composure.

If it were an ordinary person who had encountered two life-threatening accidents in merely a few days, the person would have already experienced a mental breakdown. It was rare to have a person like Amelia be able to calm herself down within a short period of time after experiencing multiple traumatic experiences.

Amelia raked through her mind but still could not pinpoint anyone who would harbor this much hatred toward her. Besides, the person had gone all out to try to take her life. Wouldn't the person be worried about receiving revenge from her?

Amelia shook her head. She had to wait for Jolin to capture the culprit, and the truth would come to light after that.

A menacing gleam flashed in Amelia's eyes. She wanted so much to tear the instigator to pieces. She did not expect her tolerance would cause the person to advance further and almost drive her to a dead end.