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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 475 - 478

Chapter 475 Romantic Arrangements

At night, Cassie threw up so much that only her saliva was left. Amelia took care of her throughout. By the time she managed to put Cassie to sleep on the bed, her clothes were already filled with puke.

Looking at the puke on her chest, she frowned discreetly. However, when she raised her head, her expression became calm again.

“Oscar, look after her. I’ll go and take a bath first. If possible, can you ask someone to send some clothes over?” asked Amelia.

“Just go. I’ll arrange for someone to send you some clothes.” Oscar walked over and patted her head. “Thank you.”

Amelia simply smiled and entered the bathroom.

Oscar stared at Cassie, who was lying on the bed pathetically. He could not understand why he had pined for her for five years like a fool and indirectly hurt Amelia. If he had figured out his feelings earlier, perhaps all this would not have happened and Amelia would not have to suffer the consequences of his unfortunate love life.

Oscar felt regretful.

Clenching his fists, he took a deep breath. It took him the greatest self-control to suppress that gloominess within him. Otherwise, he might lose control of himself and strangle that woman on the bed.

He strode to the windows and called Hugo. After Hugo picked up, he ordered, “Hugo, send a dress to room 2018 at Moonlight Hotel.”

Then he turned off his phone.

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When Amelia came out of the bathroom, the clothes had arrived.

Oscar took the clothes and instructed, "Get Jean to come over."

"Yes, Boss."

Closing the door, Oscar passed the clothes to Amelia and said, "See if it fits."

Amelia took the clothes and entered the bathroom, walking out again after five minutes.

Oscar appraised Amelia, who was now in a red dress. A glint appeared in his eyes as he gazed at her.

Feeling uncomfortable by his stare, Amelia turned around and asked, "Is there a problem with this dress, Oz?"

Oscar walked to her and said infatuatedly, "No, you look perfect. I really want to rip your dress apart. It's a pity that this isn't the right venue."

Amelia rolled her eyes, but she could not help smiling.

Right then, there was a knock on the door. A look of confusion flashed across Amelia's eyes as Oscar walked over to open the door. A girl who was wearing all black and had a sexy figure was standing outside the door.

When she saw Oscar, she immediately greeted him respectfully, "Boss."

"Come in."

The woman entered with Oscar.

Amelia glanced at the woman in confusion before asking Oscar, "Who is she, Oz?"

"She's my bodyguard," replied Oscar briefly.

The woman shot Amelia an icy look, but said respectfully, "Hello, Mrs. Clinton. My name is Jean."

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Amelia nodded at her politely and said with a smile, "Hello, Jean."

Jean merely stood there indifferently.

"Take care of her, Jean. You can leave after she wakes up tomorrow morning," instructed Oscar as he pointed at Cassie on the bed.

"Understood, Boss," Jean complied without even asking for the reason.

Oscar hugged Amelia's waist and said, "Let's go, Amelia."

Amelia followed him out of the presidential suite and asked curiously, "How many things are you hiding from me, Oscar? I haven't seen a lot of the people who are protecting you in secret."

"You'll be their master in the future. Just say the word and they'll carry out our orders with no questions asked." Oscar gave Amelia the right to do that.

Amelia gave a small smile and did not say anything else.

On their way back, Amelia received a call from Rory.

"Rory, it's already so late. Have you gone back?" asked Amelia after picking up the call.

"Everyone is still waiting for the cab. A few colleagues drank too much while singing. Amelia, I heard from our boss that your friend is drunk, so you and Mr. Clinton had to send her back. How is it? Has she settled down?"

"Yeah! Thanks for asking. Don't go home too late, okay? It isn't safe for a girl to walk alone at night."

"Okay, Amelia," replied Rory. "You and Mr. Clinton should go home earlier too. I'll talk to you tomorrow."

"Okay, bye."

After hanging up the call, Amelia said, "It's Rory."

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Oscar tapped his fingers on the steering wheel as he mumbled an acknowledgment. "Do you like her a lot?"

"I can't really say if I like or dislike her. I just think it's tough on her since she's working outside of her hometown with no relatives here. I can't help but be reminded of myself when I just graduated. Well, I see myself in her, so I can't help but take care of her more," said Amelia calmly as she leaned against the seat.

Oscar glanced at her and replied, "Whatever makes you happy."

Amelia turned around and gazed at Oscar in amusement. She teased, "I thought you would give me a long lecture and tell me to stay away from her."

"Why would I do that?"

"I don't know. It's my instincts."

Oscar stroked her head and said, "I wanted you to stay away from her, but you should do what makes you happy. A newbie who has just started working probably can't stir up any trouble. But I don't really like that girl. Don't be too nice to her."

Chuckling softly, Amelia said, "I know. I'm not new to society, nor am I a three-year-old toddler."

Amelia sounded so confident here, but she did not expect that one day she would meet her downfall in the hands of a Rory.

Oscar drove into the neighborhood, parked the car, and unbuckled Amelia's seatbelt for her. He held her hand and said, "Let me bring you to a place."

Amelia followed him out of the car obediently and came to the empty plot of land behind the apartment. Looking at the grass, she shot a puzzled glance at Oscar and asked, "Why did you bring me here?"

Oscar hushed her. Amelia was confused, but she held her tongue.

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Suddenly, bright flashes of light appeared in the night sky. Looking up, she saw that the sky was illuminated by colorful fireworks.

Amelia's eyes widened.

When she saw the words that the fireworks formed, she could not hold her tears back anymore.

Honey, let's spend the rest of our lives together.

Oscar pulled her into his arms. "Do you like it?"

Amelia leaned against his chest and choked out, "When did you prepare this?"

"I had Hugo prepare this in the afternoon. I wanted to show you at midnight, but Cassie messed up everything," said Oscar. "Although it's a little late, I hope you don't mind my cliché act of romance."

After speaking, Oscar took out a red box from his pocket and opened it. Amelia saw the diamond inside the box, which shone dazzlingly under the night sky.

Oscar took out the huge diamond ring in the box and slipped it on Amelia's left finger. "I asked someone to customize this for me. Our names are carved on it. Although it's quite tacky to give such a present, it's a piece of my sincerity. See if you like it!"

Looking at the diamond ring on her finger, Amelia felt like crying and laughing. It was not that she could not afford a diamond ring, but she was moved by how much effort Oscar had put in for this romantic moment. Truth be told, women do not have high expectations—all they want is for their men to dote on them genuinely.

"When did you prepare this?" asked Amelia with a grin as she wiped her tears away.

"I've prepared this before I went to Beshya to pick you up. I chose to give it to you today because it's exactly seven and a half years since we got married, divorced, and reconciled again. After we get remarried, we'll celebrate our anniversary every year. I remember everything that you said. Since you like romantic moments, I'll give those to you. Although I'm not really a romantic guy, I'll try my best to learn and make you feel my sincerity."

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Amelia wrapped her arms around his waist and leaned against his chest, listening to the steady beating of his heart. She said softly, "Oscar, I love this gift. Even if you give me a ring weaved from grass, I'll love it too. What matters is that I can see your sincerity. I don't want a lot. All I want is your heart."

"You silly woman." Oscar stroked her soft hair.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 476

Chapter 476 The Devil

Oscar and Amelia enjoyed a night of passion, while Cassie woke up with a splitting headache in a hotel the next day. She held her head and groaned from her hangover.

"Awake?" A woman's cold voice rang out in the room.

Startled, Cassie lifted her head and met the gaze of an unknown, expressionless woman. She croaked, "Who are you?"

Jean ignored her question and shot straight to the point. "That's not important. If you're clear-headed, I'm leaving."

She was almost at the door when Cassie screeched, "Stay right where you are."

Jean grimaced, having hoped that she could leave without fanfare. Still, considering Cassie's friendship with Oscar and Amelia's orders to look after Cassie, Jean could only swallow her indignation at dealing with the hungover woman's rudeness.

"Yes?" Jean turned around.

"Who sent me here last night?" Cassie tapped her head, struggling to recall what had happened after her argument with Amelia. Despite her best efforts, nothing came to mind. It was as if her brain had stopped remembering anything at that exact moment.

"Boss and Mrs. Clinton sent you home after you drank yourself into oblivion. You looked even more pathetic than the homeless ruffians on the street," Jean scoffed as her gaze

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roved over Cassie. "I have no idea what Boss saw in you in the first place. You're way below Mrs. Clinton's league. In fact, I'd venture to say you're like a swan that regressed into an ugly duckling."

Cassie's face twisted with rage, and she threw a pillow at Jean, shrieking, "Get lost! Get out of my sight!"

Jean gladly left the massive presidential suite, leaving a stunned Cassie on the bed.

Her gaze was unfocused. She was seemingly lost in her thoughts.

Suddenly, Cassie scrambled off the bed and ran barefoot into the bathroom.

She began appraising herself in the mirror, gently running her hand over her pale face. A self-deprecating laugh bubbled out of her. No wonder she called me an ugly duckling. I'm giving those poor ducklings a run for their money. Her gaze traveled across the mirror as she took in her bloodshot eyes, dark eye circles, and pale lips. Stray freckles dotted her face, and there was a light smattering of bumps on her forehead. It was a horrifying sight.

"Ah!" Cassie wailed as she cupped her face, questioning her sanity in accosting Oscar in such a state.

Two whole years had passed, and despite her claims of hating Oscar and plans to sabotage Clinton Corporations with June, Cassie had never gotten over Oscar. She could never bring herself to execute their plans and had chosen to drown her sorrow in alcohol.

Cassie broke down and muttered to herself, "This isn't me; this can't be me! How can I look like this?" She could not come to terms with the fact that Oscar had seen her in such an unkempt state. Oh God, he already hates me enough. He must've been so disgusted last night.

She suddenly felt like throwing up.

Exhausted after her mental breakdown, Cassie collapsed on the floor, staring mindlessly at the luxurious fixtures in the bathroom. A spark of determination flickered in her gaze, pushing her to get off the floor. She murmured in a frenzy, "I have to change. I have to get back on my feet again. Oscar sent me here last night because he still cares about our old relationship. I'm sure he hasn't gotten over me! I just need to return to my old, innocent self,

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and he'll love me again. Yes, yes! That's right! I'll go home, eat a little, and put on some nice makeup. Oscar loves a caring woman. I'll be kind and caring toward him, and he'll remember how nice I was."

Invigorated by a sense of purpose, Cassie arranged for a hotel employee to bring her some fresh clothes.

She changed and began applying her makeup meticulously, successfully covering the dark eye circles that had horrified her earlier.

Cassie scrutinized herself in the mirror, pleased with the results of her artfully applied makeup. Unfortunately, she could not do much about her gaunt face.

June called her as she left the hotel. She ended the call, only to receive a text message instead.

Cassie read the message. Honey, answer the phone. I got a fright when you disappeared last night. I've been searching for you all night. Now be a good girl and come home. If you're really into that stuff, I'll get some for you. I just didn't want you to get addicted. You're my only baby. I can't find a better toy if you're out of action.

Cassie fumed at the contents of the text. Her anger and hatred for June ballooned. I wouldn't be in this pathetic state if not for him!

It would not have been an exaggeration to call him the devil incarnate. Cassie recalled how he had dragged her straight to hell to avenge his past humiliation at her hands. She had followed him to every unsavory establishment imaginable and had been encouraged to drown her sorrows in sex and booze. It had been the lowest point of her existence.

Things were different now. Cassie had recovered the motivation and courage to pursue Oscar. She had had enough of escaping reality through all manners of shady pursuits. It was as though she had received an epiphany regarding her life and June's intentions. She never hated June more than at that moment, and she believed that he had single-handedly orchestrated her downfall.

Her phone began ringing with another call from June.

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Rage consumed her entire being as Cassie answered the phone and yelled, "June! You're despicable! I've wallowed under your control for years. Turning me into an alcoholic was one thing, but now you're trying to groom me into becoming a drug addict? Are you intent on ruining my life?"

Ignoring her rants, June asked, "Tell me where you are. I've gone mad trying to find you the whole night."

"June, you sicko. Go to hell!" Cassie snarled. "Aren't you just preening after causing my downfall? Well, you can leave Chanaea happy now! Get lost, and don't ever come back! I despise you!"

June's voice hardened when he realized she was serious. "Honey, I know this is just the alcohol talking. I'm letting your harsh words slide since you're just acting out in your hungover state. Come now, be a nice girl, and tell me where you are. I'll fetch you right away. Don't throw a tantrum." He dropped his volume and added, "I'm sure you wouldn't want your parents to worry."

His faux concern struck a raw nerve, and Cassie exploded, "Keep my parents out of this! You pretentious *sshole! I've never met a man as vile as you!"

She hung up before giving him a chance to reply.

Cassie took a cab back to Yard Manor, and to her dismay, June was entertaining her mother in the living room like the perfect son-in-law. June had shrewdly kept Elizabeth in the dark about Cassie's wayward exploits over the past two years.

June's presence infuriated Cassie, who strode over to him and thundered, "You pretentious *sshole! What are you doing here? Get out of my house right now!"

"Sorry, Baby. I shouldn't have stopped you from going to the bar last night, but I only had your well-being in mind. If you need to blow off some steam and visit a bar tonight, I'll go with you. Please don't be mad at me, okay? It's all my fault," June apologized sweetly.

His act merely riled Cassie, who pointed at his nose and accused, "Just drop your pretense already, June! I'm this close to puking at the sight of your faux concern."

June's worried expression remained admirably in pace.

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“What are you doing, Cassie?” Elizabeth interrupted her daughter’s rant with a stern reprimand. “Dear God, you’ve been getting more out-of-hand these few years. Where are your manners? Only June is patient enough to deal with your antics. Hurry up and apologize to him. Don’t think about frequenting bars, either. Those shady places are hardly suitable for a lady like you.”

Cassie continued pointing at June as she muttered indignantly, “Mom, do you know what he’s done to your daughter over the past few years? He has been playing you and Dad for fools for years! He has brought me to bars, nightclubs, and the wildest parties you can’t even imagine! He’s a devil; my downfall is entirely his doing!”

“Nonsense!” Elizabeth turned to June next and placated, “June, Cassie must’ve been triggered by something last night. I hope you can forgive her tantrum. I’ll have someone whip up your favorite dishes later. You must promise to stay for a meal.”

June smiled affably and replied, “Of course, Mrs. Yard. I guess I’m in for a treat today. Thank you so much for the invitation.”

Cassie was instantly overwhelmed by a sense of hopelessness at the sight of her mother falling for June’s elaborate lies. My obstinance over the years has utterly shaved away at my parents’ patience. They’d rather believe in a stranger than their own daughter at this point.

Sadly, she concluded that she had brought this fate upon herself.

Cassie implored, “Mom, he’s the bad guy here. You can’t believe him, or he’ll rob our family of our wealth.”

“Cassie, what is wrong with you?” Elizabeth frowned. “I haven’t even begun to lecture you for staying out the whole night. Go upstairs and clean yourself up. Don’t throw a tantrum here like some madwoman.”

Cassie trudged upstairs, defeated. She turned around and stared at June, conflicting emotions in her gaze. June happened to look up and met her gaze, shooting her a satisfied smirk.

Frightened, Cassie sped for the safety of her bedroom.

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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 477

Chapter 477 Perverted Lunatic

Elizabeth glanced upstairs and tugged June's hand. "June, we spoiled Cassie too much. She was traumatized because of Oscar previously, and she lost all of her interest in playing the piano that she loved the most. She must be suffering. I hope you can bear with her as her boyfriend and don't be mad at her."

June smiled gently. "Don't worry, Mrs. Yard. I have been chasing after her for many years. She's precious to me. I know she can't forget about Oscar, but I believe she will fall in love with me one day. I plan to get engaged to her soon. Perhaps she will stop thinking negatively once she settles down and gets married."

"Oh, June, do you really think so?" Elizabeth asked.

June nodded and sighed.

"Mrs. Yard, I have long wanted to set a wedding date on my schedule, but Cassie has been suspecting that I have ulterior motives toward her and wanted to take over the Yard family by using her. This might sound awful, but compared to my family's wealth and status, the Yard family is substantially wealthy, but it's close to nothing compared to the Adertons. The riches in your family don't interest me at all."

"June, Cassie tends to overthink. Don't be offended by her. Go upstairs and check on her, and try to talk to her nicely," Elizabeth said.

"All right, I'll go up and check on her, lest she have negative thoughts again," June said softly.

However, his face turned terrifyingly wicked when he got upstairs.

June twisted the doorknob. Noticing that the door wasn't locked, he opened it and went in before closing it behind him.

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Before he could take more than three steps into the room, a pillow flew toward his face. He caught the pillow with his quick reflexes and quietly walked over.

“Get lost!” Cassie shouted in anger.

June walked over to the bed and looked down at Cassie, who was sitting on the bed, glaring at him. He said solemnly, “Are you done? I’ve given you two years to fool around. Shouldn’t you be more mature now?”

Cassie held her head and said in frustration, “June, what do you want from me? I’ve been leading a befuddled life for the past two years, and my body can’t take it anymore. Are you happy now? Can you please leave my house and go back to your country?”

June bent down, propped one hand on the bed, grabbed Cassie’s chin with the other, and said in an ominous tone, “Baby, I’ve wasted so much time on you. Do you only think I wanted revenge? I could have done it without investing my time in you if I wanted revenge. Do you really not understand my feelings for you?”

Cassie tried to break free, but her struggle was futile. She could only glare at June.

“Baby, you have been a good girl for the past two years. What happened? Why are you suddenly going against me? Tell me, who did you meet last night? Was it Oscar? I think it was. There’s no other person who can ignite your fighting spirit.” June smiled creepily. His words were so disturbing that Cassie had goosebumps all over her body.

“Baby, how loyal can you get? You wanted revenge, and you regretted it in the end. I heard Amelia has returned, and the two of them are like lovebirds. But look at you, you’re so skinny. If it weren’t for the fancy clothing, I would have mistaken you for a beggar. I’m afraid Oscar won’t even bother to look at you.” June humiliated Cassie with his words. He told her the truth that Cassie didn’t want to admit.

“Bullsh*t!”

Cassie began to struggle again.

A murderous intent flashed across June’s eyes. He got up and pressed Cassie under him and covered her mouth with his palm.

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“Honey, I’ve been so kind to you. I gave you everything you wanted and listened to your every word. Can Oscar treat you the same? No. But why won’t you stop thinking about him? It’s making me very angry, and that is why I want to punish you. But how should I do it?” There was a menacing glow in June’s narrowed eyes, which caused Cassie to feel threatened.

Cassie struggled with all her strength. June leaned into her ear and said, “Honey, struggle harder if you want your mother to come over. I don’t mind her watching you being raped. Your mother is a beautiful woman with tender and smooth skin. Or should the two of you pleasure me together? What do you think?”

Cassie’s eyes widened in disbelief.

June patted her cheek as if everything was fine. “Don’t worry. I’m just joking. She’s my future mother-in-law, and she deserves all the respect. I wouldn’t dare to touch her.”

What a lunatic! He’s a lunatic with a twisted mind!

Cassie shouted in her mind.

However, June was aroused by Cassie’s fearful look. He ripped open her dress and stared at her slim and supple figure, caressing her body as if admiring a fine piece of art.

“Baby, your figure never fails to fascinate me. Oh, how I wish to suck you dry.”

He violated Cassie’s body aggressively, stripping her of her pride and dignity.

Once he was done, he kissed her, who couldn’t speak from enduring the pain, and said, “Honey, this is your punishment. Do you like it? If you ever think about other men behind my back again, I will meticulously torture every inch of your body until you remember what I said.”

Cassie could only feel the pain. Not only did June torture her physically, but he had also tormented her mentally. At that moment, she had an indescribable fear of having intimate relationships.

“You’re a f*cking pervert!” Cassie mustered her strength and cursed through gritted teeth.

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"Thanks for the compliment, Baby. I thought you knew it from the beginning." June owned up to it.

Cassie simply closed her eyes.

"Honey, I've been treating you so well. Shouldn't you consider my proposal? My family has seen your photos, and they like you. They even asked me to arrange for you guys to meet up. Let's go on a trip to my home country. You're about to be their daughter-in-law, and you will have to meet my parents sooner or later," June said while playing with Cassie's hair.

Cassie kept her mouth shut.

"If you don't answer me, I'll take it as a yes. I'll set up the engagement party with our families. Don't worry. I won't mistreat you. I'll invite every influential figure in the city, including the man you can never forget. I think you'll be delighted if he can witness your engagement, right?" June licked Cassie's cheek and smiled gently. "You're a tainted woman, and I'm a dirty man. We're a match made in heaven. I want him to witness our marriage. Don't thank me. I'm just doing it to grant you your wish."

Cassie opened her eyes and glared at June, amazed by the shamelessness of this man.

June playfully ran his fingers across her eyes and said, "Honey, are you touched by my thoughtful generosity?"

Cassie scrunched up her face. "No. I'm just disgusted by your shamelessness."

"Honey, you forgot. You're just as shameless as I am. That's why we're meant for each other. I still remember when you danced indecently with other men on the dance floor, sat drunk on the couch, and kissed several men. It's because you were so raunchy that I thought you were attractive. No couple in the world can be as perfect as us," June said, infatuated.

Cassie remained silent and continued to look daggers at him.

June stroked her eyes and said, "That's it, Honey. I could get off just by watching you look at me like that. We have the same dirty blood. I'm the only suitable man for you. Can Oscar tolerate your ugly side? Can he stand you getting it on with another guy? He can't. That's why I'm the only one worthy of being with you. Promise me you'll marry me. It doesn't matter if you can't have children. We are still young, and we should have fun while we're

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young. What's even a child? As long as we have the money, we can have as many children as we want. That's not a problem at all. Let's be together, okay? Stop thinking about Oscar. I'm the only one who can grant you eternal happiness."

"You're crazy," Cassie snapped through gritted teeth.

She was utterly frightened by June's madness, especially in the past two years. His mindset wasn't the same as ordinary people's. He was like an absolute lunatic with a twisted mind. Cassie was afraid that she might die in the hands of this man one day.

She was playful, but she didn't want to lose her life for no reason.

She wanted to escape his grasp. She didn't want to be with him anymore, fearing that he would ruin her life sooner or later.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 478

Chapter 478 Winning An Argument

Cassie pushed June away and jumped down from the bed despite the pain. Then, she quickly took out a black and white business suit from the closet and put it on in front of him before leaving the bedroom without turning back.

June calmly got off the bed as he already had his fill. He found Cassie's occasional resistance rather exciting. To him, the two of them were like cat and mouse. Cassie was the little mouse who tried her best to run while he enjoyed the chase, playing with Cassie in his palm, gradually shedding her dignity. By the time he was done with her, she would belong to him entirely and she wouldn't have the notion of running away anymore.

For so many years, he had been casting his net and patiently waiting for the fish to take the bait. He believed that Cassie would eventually be his. However, to Cassie, his methods were ruthless. He was like a pervert. But to him, these actions were just his way of loving her.

Cassie ran downstairs, but Elizabeth stopped her. "Cassie, where are you going? It's almost time for dinner."

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Cassie looked at Elizabeth with her teary eyes and said in a hoarse voice, "Mom, you're killing me by letting me be with that pervert. If you like him that much, why don't you and dad make him your son?"

With that, she ran out of the house.

Elizabeth was confused. She didn't know what had happened at all.

June came down shortly after, wearing white clothes and black pants, looking like a handsome and cultured gentleman.

"Mrs. Yard," June said politely.

Elizabeth fiddled with her hair and asked, "June, what happened to you and Cassie?"

"Don't worry, Mrs. Yard. We just had a little argument. It's fine. I'll look for her later and apologize to her."

"That girl," Elizabeth said while shaking her head. "You've been so nice to her, but she doesn't know how to appreciate it. She has always been doing things her way, and it's my fault for spoiling her too much. Don't let her get too far. We'll leave her alone for now. Let's eat."

"Mrs. Yard, I'm afraid I won't be joining you. I have to look for her. It's only natural that I care for my woman. It doesn't matter if she is stubborn. If I don't care for her, who else will?" June's expression was gentle when he spoke about Cassie. His eyes were shimmering with adoration as he portrayed the perfect boyfriend who pampered his girlfriend.

Elizabeth became even more pleased with June.

"June, it must be tough on you."

"Not at all, Mrs. Yard. She's cute even when she's stubborn or arrogant, or even when she gets angry and chases me away. I love her so much that her flaws became her best quality." June smiled. "I'll be leaving, Mrs. Yard. I'll come back with Cassie to have a meal with you someday. I have to go coax her now. Otherwise, she will make a fuss and start saying that I

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don't love her at all." June spoke affectionately as if Cassie was a cute little girl who loved to make a fuss in a relationship.

After June left, Elizabeth nodded with satisfaction. Her daughter had finally found a good place to call home. However, she didn't know that her future son-in-law, who seemed perfect on the surface, had been bringing her daughter to inappropriate places to demoralize her constantly. He had indulged in the gratifying process of her corruption to the point where she was one step away from the point of no return.

Elizabeth was unaware of it. Hence, she became more and more satisfied with June, and she adored June more than Cassie.

Cassie drove straight to Clinton Corporations. She parked her car and went directly into the building. However, she was stopped by the receptionist before she could get into the elevator.

"Miss, do you have an appointment?" the receptionist asked politely.

Cassie looked at the receptionist and didn't recognize her. "Are you new?"

"The previous receptionist has resigned." Seeing that Cassie was dressed luxuriously and knew that there was a new receptionist, the receptionist didn't dare offend her with a tough attitude. "Miss, who are you looking for? Do you have an appointment with someone?"

Cassie raised her chin and said aggressively, "I'm the only daughter of the chairman of Yard Group. The Yards and the Clintons have been family friends for many years. I came here to look for Oscar. Does a mere receptionist like you dare to stop me?"

The receptionist was stunned.

Politely, she said, "I apologize for not recognizing you, Ms. Yard. However, Mr. Clinton has ordered that anyone without an appointment is not allowed to enter the company. I'm just doing my job. I can call someone from the secretary's office. If you really have an appointment with Mr. Clinton, I will let you in. Please hang on for a moment." She then picked up the phone and dialed the secretary's office number.

Cassie immediately grabbed her hand and said coldly, "What is the meaning of this?"

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The receptionist tried to rein in her temper. "Cassie, I'm just following the procedures. Why don't you give Mr. Clinton a call?"

If he could answer my call, I wouldn't be here arguing with you.

"I'm warning you. Don't go too far. Otherwise, I'll report you to Mrs. Clinton and drive you out of Clinton Corporations," Cassie threatened, having lost her patience.

The receptionist was in a dilemma when she heard a female voice. "What's going on?"

Relieved to see the person approaching them, the receptionist smiled. "Ms. Walker, this person is Ms. Yard. She wants to see Mr. Clinton, but she doesn't have an appointment."

Isabella walked forward and gave Cassie a once-over. She tried to recall who the woman was. "Cassie Yard?"

She had met Cassie a few times before. However, she didn't recognize Cassie because she had lost a lot of weight. Even though she was wearing make-up, she looked pale and frail as if a gust of wind could sweep her away.

Cassie, however, immediately recognized Isabella. She sneered, "Well, if it isn't Ms. Walker? I heard Amelia is back and is together with Oscar. I was wondering when you would marry Oscar. The upper-class society is spreading the news about your engagement, but I saw Oscar taking good care of Amelia yesterday. I'm afraid you have no place in this marriage."

Isabella's expression changed.

She took a deep breath and tried her best to calm down. Then she smiled professionally and said, "Ms. Yard, what happens between Oscar and me has nothing to do with you. At best, you're just Oscar's ex-girlfriend, and I am his current girlfriend. Mrs. Clinton is very fond of me. No matter how close Oscar and Amelia are, I am the one he will marry due to family pressure. In the end, I will still be the victor."

Cassie snorted. What a shameless b*tch.

"By the way, Ms. Yard, Oscar has established a new rule. No one from the Yard family is allowed to enter Clinton Corporations. Have you forgotten how your family came to make a

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fuss at the company a year and a half ago? You're a group of people from a noble family who did things that even a bunch of hooligans wouldn't do, affecting the reputation of Clinton Corporations and your family. If it hadn't been for Oscar, the losses of Clinton Corporations caused by you and your mother would have been immeasurable. If I were you, I would be ashamed to come here," Isabella reminded Cassie of the terrible things she had done.

Cassie remembered it as well. More than a year ago, she had instigated her mother to make a scene at the company, which caused the Yard family and the Clinton family to fall apart. She was heartbroken by Oscar's cold eyes when he looked at her back then. That was when she fell into June's manipulation and gradually became addicted to the hedonistic and inappropriate places.

"Seems like you remember everything you did back then," Isabella said. "Kindly leave, Ms. Yard, or I will call for security."

Cassie gritted her teeth and stared deep into Isabella's eyes. "Don't get too cocky, Ms. Walker. I can leave now, but I will not give up. If you can stay by Oscar's side, then so can I."

Having said that, she turned around proudly and hurried out of the building.

Isabella smirked and said to the receptionist, "If she ever comes back, you can call the security guards to escort her out of the building. Remember, she's the woman Mr. Clinton doesn't wish to see the most. Don't try to be clever, or you'll be dismissed from Clinton Corporations."

"Yes, Ms. Walker," the receptionist responded.

Isabella turned around and walked toward the elevator. Having won an argument against Cassie, she felt exceptionally good.

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