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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 471 - 474

Chapter 471 Get To The Top

When Amelia returned to the office to work, all her colleagues naturally consoled her. Some even said Jamie was a heartless person and that they could not believe she could do something like that to a colleague from the same department. It was a humiliating matter for the company.

However, Amelia responded calmly, "Thank you for your concern, everyone. I don't want to talk about Jamie anymore. We should just let the police handle everything. If they want to teach her a lesson before letting her go or even lock her in jail for a few days, it's not up to my decision."

"Don't worry, Amelia. The police will punish her according to the law. Her prank has seriously affected your job and even your life. It even affected you mentally. She definitely won't get any benefit out of it," said Lydia. Ever since she knew Amelia was the wife of Clinton Corporations' heir, she had been constantly trying to get in the latter's good books. She was doing it more openly compared to Rory, who was better at being subtle.

"Thank you, Lydia. With everyone's concern, I don't feel that sad anymore," Amelia said.

After a brief chat, the crowd slowly dispersed and went back to work.

Right then, the manager walked in with a relatively good-looking man who seemed to be in his thirties. The latter was dressed in a suit.

"Everyone, please be quiet. The boss is here," Eduardo announced, clapping his hands to get the employees' attention.

Hearing that, everyone in the design department got to their feet.

"Hello, Mr. Franklin," everyone greeted in unison.

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Meanwhile, a hint of surprise flashed past Amelia's eyes when she saw the young man's face. She blurted, "Shane Franklin?"

The young man shifted his gaze to her, and his lips curled into a smile. "Amelia, it's really you! When Mr. Clinton gave me a call and mentioned your name, I was a little suspicious, and I couldn't help but wonder if it was the Amelia I know from university. I didn't expect it to really be you. We haven't met for so many years, and now, you've become an employee in my company."

All the staff from the design department stared at Amelia.

"Mr. Franklin, you know Amelia?" someone asked, causing everyone to turn to look at Shane.

Although Shane was not exceptionally good-looking, he exuded a pleasant aura and looked like an educated man. Every single action he made was calm, and he had a faint smile on his lips. He truly looked like an elegant prince with no temper.

"Amelia and I were university friends. We were in the same batch but different courses. Ever since she graduated, we lost contact with each other. I can't believe I'm meeting her again in the company after such a long time. This must be fate. Since it's a happy day, let's all end work early and have a celebration outside," Shane suggested.

"Woohoo! Long live Mr. Franklin!"

At four o'clock in the afternoon, everyone from the design department got off work early. Shane announced he would bring them out for a meal and have fun in a karaoke bar.

However, Amelia was a little hesitant since she wanted to try Oscar's cooking that night. If she were to eat with her colleagues, then Oscar and Tony would be the only ones left during dinner.

Ever since she re-entered the working world, she rarely had control over her time.

Just then, Shane walked over and asked with a smile, "What's wrong? Aren't you going to give your old friend the honor of treating you to a meal?"

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Amelia quickly put away her phone and shook her head. "It's not that. I just kind of promised Oscar that I'd go home and have a meal with him. If I were to stand him up again, I'm worried he might be mad. If that happens, you've got to help me out as my boss."

Shane chuckled. "Oh, I wouldn't dare to. I'm like a tiny, insignificant shrimp in Mr. Clinton's presence. Back then, when he gave me a call, I was so scared that I figured I'd have to treat his wife like a queen. Who would've known that you would be my company's employee? Now, I'm even hoping you could help me put in a few good words to Mr. Clinton. How would I dare to make a fool out of myself in front of him?"

Amelia looked at him in amusement.

If she did not know him from university, she would have thought that he was a cunning entrepreneur that read the situation well. However, she knew he was a person who loved to hide his talents and flatter those who were more capable than him. Nonetheless, that did not mean he was the type to be bullied.

His flattery had the ability to make others float with happiness.

"Mr. Franklin, your words are making me feel as though you're trying to cozy up to Oscar," Amelia said, side-eyeing him. Her attitude toward him was not at all like how an employee would treat their boss.

Shane shrugged. "That's my plan. Why should I take the long and windy road to win Mr. Clinton's favor when I have a good resource like you? I'm not that dumb to make my life difficult on purpose."

Amelia was not mad. Instead, she found it easy to talk to Shane because he was not the type of person to give the other party much stress. Besides that, he was a thoughtful man who had a lot of interesting opinions.

"If I didn't know you before this, I would've cursed you in my heart, thinking you're a cunning and scheming person who wouldn't even miss out on taking advantage of his employees," she said truthfully.

Shane was stunned for a second before bursting into laughter.

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His laughter caused the others who were still waiting for the taxis to look in his direction. Meanwhile, Eduardo waved at Rory, and they walked over to Amelia and Shane. "Mr. Franklin, you two seem to be having fun. Do you mind if I join you both?"

"Sure. Our rides aren't here yet, anyway. We could use another person in the conversation to relieve the boredom." Shane did not mind his presence.

At the same time, Rory leaned close to Amelia and took out a tiny bottle. "Amelia, here. I bought this for you."

After giving her a glance, Amelia took the bottle and studied it. However, she could not identify what it was. Confused, she asked, "Rory, what's this?"

"Just take it. I think it smells quite good, so I bought two of them," Rory said.

"Thanks then." Amelia placed the tiny bottle into her bag, not bothering to be too courteous with Rory.

"Who's this?" Shane scanned Rory, finding her a little familiar, yet he could not recall her name.

"Mr. Franklin, my name is Rory Sanders. I'm a member of the design department. I was Amelia's caregiver back then in Beshya. She thought it was a waste for a graduate like me to become a caregiver, so she introduced me to the headquarters. After that, I was transferred here due to certain reasons," Rory explained in a respectful manner.

Finally, Shane recalled who Rory was. When she was being transferred over, the people from the headquarters specifically called him, telling him to take good care of the fresh graduate. They also mentioned that she was brought into the company by Derrick. Hence, she was someone who could not be offended. However, he totally forgot all about it since he was busy with work. Instead, he only instructed Eduardo to take good care of her. It was no wonder that he found her familiar-looking since Eduardo had brought her to see him in his office once. Nonetheless, her face did not ring a bell since he usually met up with many important people.

"So, it's you. You're quite young and hardworking, eh? You're quite lucky to be able to meet someone like Amelia. Anyway, as long as you're talented, the company won't overlook you.

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Amelia is a genius at designing. You should learn from her as I bet you'll gain a lot from it," Shane said.

"Got it, Mr. Franklin."

"Amelia, you've got to teach your junior well," Shane instructed.

Hearing that, Amelia only smiled in response.

Meanwhile, jealousy grew in the others' hearts as they watched Rory speaking to Shane by using Amelia as her stepping stone. Despite that, they could not do anything apart from being jealous of Rory's advancement.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 472

Chapter 472 Talking About Children

When their taxi arrived at the city's most high-end restaurant, Amelia said to Shane, "Mr. Franklin, I'm going to give Oscar a call. Please go ahead and order the dishes."

Shane nodded.

With that, Amelia went to the washroom and gave Oscar a call.

"Are you done with work?" Oscar's gentle voice came through the speakers.

"Oscar, I've something to tell you, and you must not get angry. Our boss just came back from his business trip and wants to treat our department's staff to a meal and a karaoke session. At the same time, he wants to have a welcoming party for me. I can't reject him since it'll make me stand out, and it's my first day back at work, anyway. So, I'm afraid I won't be able to try your cooking tonight. Is it okay if you cook for me next time?" Amelia said seriously.

"Where?"

For a moment, Amelia did not understand what he meant. "What?"

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“Your company won’t mind their staff bringing along their family members, right?”

Amelia smiled at his words. She could imagine how everyone would be tensed up if Oscar actually came. In fact, they would not be able to have their meal in peace.

“Stop messing around, Oscar. This is a gathering among the company’s staff. If you’re here, everyone will be acting formally. How are they going to enjoy their meal?” she stated with a chuckle.

“Don’t worry. I won’t present myself as a boss in front of your colleagues. Besides, they played a huge part in taking care of you during the parcel threat incident. I should be thanking them. Be a good girl and give me the address. Besides, it’ll be beneficial for your career development if I get along well with your colleagues,” Oscar reasoned.

Hence, Amelia had no choice but to tell him the location.

“Wait for me. I’ll head there now. The hotel you guys are at isn’t far from Clinton Corporations. I should be there in less than half an hour,” Oscar said.

“Don’t speed. Although it’s not peak traffic hour, there are still many cars out there. Drive carefully, okay?” Amelia reminded concernedly.

“Okay, my naggy wife,” Oscar teased.

After hanging up, Amelia returned to the private room and cleared her throat intentionally. “Everyone, I have something to tell you. Do you guys mind if I bring along my family member?”

Everyone fixed their eyes on her.

“Amelia, is Mr. Clinton coming?” someone asked.

Amelia nodded. “He said he wanted to come and thank everyone. Then again, if any one of you feels uncomfortable with his presence, I can give him a call and tell him to come next time.”

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“Oh, no. Don’t do that!” everyone said in unison. “It’s our honor to have Mr. Clinton here. Not everyone gets the chance to see the face of Clinton Corporations’ heir, anyway.”

Amelia let out a sigh of relief when she heard their words.

As she took her seat, Rory eyed her discreetly before gulping down her glass of water, suppressing the excitement within her.

The more she got to be close to Oscar, the more it made her heart flutter. She even wondered if she would be the one beside him if Amelia was not around.

However, she knew she was not qualified to be with Oscar at that moment. Hence, she sensibly hid her emotions. She decided she would watch him from afar and make a move during the right time to win him over. All she could do for now was to remain calm and observe the situation.

She believed everyone had the right to pursue a relationship. It was undeniable that Amelia cared for her. Unfortunately, they fell in love with the same man. And it was because of this man that Rory had no choice but to do things that were unpleasant to the former. After all, their friendship was incomparable to all the fortune and fame that would come if she succeeded in nabbing Oscar.

Suddenly, Rory put down her glass and got up from her seat, accidentally knocking into the chair. Sensing the commotion, everyone’s gaze fell onto Rory. “Are you okay?” Amelia asked.

Rory took a deep breath and laughed, putting her hand over her stomach. “My stomach is feeling a little unwell. I’m thinking of going to the washroom,” Rory said apologetically.

Amelia shook her head in amusement. “Go on then.”

Hence, Rory left the private room. Immediately after that, Lydia, too, stood up and excused herself to the washroom.

Upon arriving at the washroom, Rory quickly retrieved her lipstick from her bag and applied it carefully onto her lips. When Lydia saw her doing that, she scoffed, “Rory, you’re really a whore. He’s not even here and you’re already acting all flirty. What a waste for Amelia to treat you so well. She’s been taking care of an ungrateful wretch all this while.”

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Rory put away her lipstick and shot Lydia a haughty glance. Feigning ignorance, she said, "Lydia, what are you talking about? I don't understand a single word you're saying."

"Oh, no. I'm sure you do." Lydia approached the basin and took out her makeup pouch, carefully reapplying her makeup as well.

As Rory watched how the older woman cared so much about her looks, she sneered, "Lydia, you're already in your thirties. You're even married and have children. I don't think there's a need for you to doll up yourself just because Mr. Clinton is coming. Besides, I doubt he'll even be attracted to you."

Lydia glanced at her, mocking, "Rory, young people shouldn't be so sarcastic. Besides, you shouldn't be so self-righteous just because you're slightly good-looking. If I were to compare you to Amelia, you're barely even her match. Just take a look at your dark skin tone. You've totally lost the game. After all, what kind of man doesn't like a fair-skinned and elegant woman? So please, tell me, in which area are you better than Amelia?"

Rory's expression changed drastically.

"It's true that Amelia is outstanding, and I actually look up to her as a sister. Just because you have unpleasant thoughts doesn't mean you should assume people think that way too. Moreover, I've seen Mr. Clinton in person before. I only admire him because of how successful he is at such a young age. I don't have other intentions. Please stop trying to harm my relationship with Amelia," Rory said sternly, rolling her eyes at Lydia.

Lydia scoffed. "Oh, how noble of you. Guess what? You're just too inexperienced. If you really want to get into Amelia's good books, then don't be too obvious with your intentions. Otherwise, you'll lose both of them before you can even get them. There's no way a village girl like you can understand the ways of rich people. By the way, Amelia's not a fool. From what I can see, she's a thoughtful person and is even smarter than you. If not, how would she have been able to make Mr. Clinton so loyal to her? Here's a piece of advice: stop wasting your time and efforts. In the end, it's not worth it, and you might end up biting off more than you can chew."

With that, Lydia walked out of the restroom, leaving a furious Rory, whose face was distorted in anger. When Rory saw her ugly reflection, she slammed her hand against the mirror.

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Prideful as she was, she was an ambitious person who hated it when others brought up her origin. It only made her want to go from rags to riches even more. She wanted everyone to see that she was still valuable in the market and could get married into a rich family with her abilities even though she grew up in a village.

In the modern world, money was everything. As long as a person could get married into a rich family, everyone would instantly become loyal dogs. No matter how despicable the measures taken were, no one would dare to comment on anything.

At that thought, Rory put away the ferocious expression on her face and practiced her prettiest smile in front of the mirror until she was satisfied with it. Only then did she leave the washroom.

When she returned to the private room, Oscar was already there. Her heart immediately started pounding. However, as soon as she saw Lydia's subtle smile, she instantly composed herself and took careful steps forward. "Hello, Mr. Clinton. You and Amelia have such a good relationship. From what I can see, both of you are practically a match made in heaven."

It was only then that Oscar finally glanced at her.

Amelia said, "Please have a seat, Rory. You don't have to be so formal with Oscar here."

She pretended to not have seen the sparkly look in Rory's eyes. As long as Rory did not go overboard, she was willing to turn a blind eye to it. After all, Oscar was constantly swooned over by many females. If she were to be concerned about all of them, she would either die of jealousy or anger.

Thus, Rory took a seat while her eyes stole glances at Oscar. Despite that, she did not dare to go overboard since Amelia was there.

Oscar, on the other hand, merely ignored Rory's gaze. Instead, he kept piling food onto Amelia's plate, saying, "Amelia, I've already picked the bones out of this piece of fish. Here, give it a try. You should still be careful, though. There might still be bones in it."

Amelia took a bite of the fish and smiled. "It tastes amazing. You should try it too."

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Both of them acted affectionately toward each other as though there were no one around them. However, the scene left everyone stunned. They had thought Oscar, who always presented himself coldly, would not be so caring toward his wife and son. To their surprise, Oscar acted way better than all the other husbands on earth.

As Shane watched them, he chuckled. "Mr. Clinton, I feel like I'm watching a rare scene of you treating Amelia so well. This is really not like you. Either way, even I am not so affectionate to my wife. I feel like I'm not a match for you even as a husband."

Oscar piled some more food onto Amelia's plate and looked at Shane. "Mr. Franklin, you're married too? By the way, I called one of your company's management team members before calling you back then. I didn't know you were the true person in charge here."

"Oh, you flatter me, Mr. Clinton. My company cannot be compared to yours. But then, I started a family before establishing my business. I got married five years ago, and now I have a pretty little princess." Shane looked blissful at the mention of his family.

Hearing that, Oscar's feeling of rivalry toward him lessened, and he chatted merrily, "I didn't know you got married at such a young age. Then again, men who marry earlier will have a stronger sense of responsibility toward their families. Maybe you should bring your child out someday. We can share our experiences of bringing up children."

Soon, the dining table was flooded with conversations about children.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 473

Chapter 473 Loving Women Without Self-Love

Since Oscar acted humbly, everyone had a good time during the meal and talked freely. Some even downed a few glasses of alcohol and became so drunk that they began calling Oscar by his first name as though they were close friends.

Seeing that, Amelia instinctively stole a glance at Oscar, worried he might get angry because of their actions. To her surprise, he held her hand underneath the table to reassure her he was fine.

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After getting familiar with everyone, finding out Shane and Amelia were university friends, and knowing Shane was a man with a family, Oscar finally got cozy with them.

“Mr. Franklin, please take good care of my wife in the future. If there’s any project that requires Clinton Corporations’ collaboration, I’ll consider yours first,” Oscar promised.

Shane could already imagine a shower of money notes raining down on him.

He grinned. “Mr. Clinton, those words of yours sound better than those celebrity singers’ songs. Please do consider our company often. Looks like making friends in university is useful after all.”

His words caused Oscar to stare at him.

Seeing his reaction, Shane touched his face and said mischievously, “Am I being too aggressive? Perhaps I should rephrase my sentence. Amelia, I’m really thankful for getting to know you back in university. I say, I really do have good judgmental skills. I knew you weren’t an ordinary person, and it looks like I was right.”

His words were getting too outrageous.

Nonetheless, Amelia merely stared at him in amusement, totally not bothered by his words. “Mr. Franklin, stop messing around. Otherwise, Oscar is going to think you’re using me. Then, he’ll cancel all the collaborations with our company. You won’t have the time to mourn when that happens.”

Shane immediately made a zipping motion near his mouth, which made Amelia chuckle. He’s still as cheeky after so many years.

After the meal, the crowd went for karaoke. When Amelia got into the car, she gave Kurt a call to check in on Tony. Realizing Tony had not thrown a temper because of her eating out, Amelia let out a sigh of relief.

“Kurt, please take good care of him. He always listens to you,” Amelia said.

“Don’t worry. Nothing will happen to Tony when I’m around,” Kurt assured.

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After exchanging a few sentences, she ended the call.

“Are you relieved now?” Oscar asked.

Amelia nodded in response.

As Oscar drove, he could not help but comment, “Looks like Kurt is more capable than the actual father.”

Amelia looked at him, chuckling. “Are you jealous?”

“A little.”

Amelia immediately burst out laughing before she teased, “Oscar, did anyone tell you that you’re actually quite cute?”

“Those who said I’m cute have either lost their jobs or are in the process of losing them. But if you’re the one who said it, then it’s a form of compliment,” Oscar said with a serious expression.

Amelia grinned, feeling in a good mood after their banter.

Shortly after, both of them arrived at the city’s largest karaoke bar. As they entered the private room, the crowd urged them to sing a love song. Hence, they had no choice but to satisfy their request.

As soon as Oscar started singing, everyone’s gaze was drawn toward him.

He had a deep and mellow voice, which made his singing amazing, instantly attracting everyone’s attention.

As he sang, Rory, who sat in the corner of the room, watched him without saying anything while her heartbeat raced. She never imagined a man could make her feel that way. Even Derrick, who was so outstanding, could only make her heart flutter because of his looks. However, this time, she felt she was truly in love with Oscar. He makes others feel at ease. The fact that he treats Amelia so well shows that he’s a person who cares for his wife. I’ll definitely be extremely happy if I can get married to him.

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However, she forgot the fact that men like him only treated their chosen women well. As for the other women, they were like dust in the air that could not trigger his feelings for them.

Meanwhile, Oscar and Amelia interlocked their fingers while gazing into each other's affection-filled eyes.

After finishing the song, the crowd urged them to sing another. Surprisingly, Oscar was in the mood, and he pulled Amelia forward to continue singing another song.

Both of them sang without a care in the world. Rory, on the other hand, stared at them with distaste. She was so frustrated that she had dug her nails deep into her flesh.

Suddenly, a voice whispered into her ear, which instantly snapped her back into reality.

"See that? That's called mutual affection. All Mr. Clinton sees is Amelia. As for you, I'm afraid you don't even have the chance."

Rory quickly turned around in the direction of the voice. Of course, it was Lydia who spoke.

Immediately, annoyance filled Rory's heart. Ever since she was transferred to this branch, Lydia, who was about ten years older than her, had been making her life difficult in every possible way. Sometimes, Lydia would even provoke her through words, as though her presence annoyed her.

"Lydia, I've always thought Mr. Clinton and Amelia are a match made in heaven. Everyone can see that they're suitable for each other. Besides, Amelia has always treated me as a younger sister. I'm truly happy for her being able to marry well," Rory said sincerely.

Lydia glanced at the singing couple who were not far away and tutted as if she was doing it on purpose to annoy Rory. "Amelia is so lucky to have a man like Mr. Clinton to love her. Back then, people always said he was an icy person and handled matters decisively. Never have I imagined him to be so gentle toward his wife. I'm afraid Amelia is the only person who can make him act that way. As for anyone else, it's impossible."

Rory's face was almost twisted in anger, but she quickly recollected herself when Lydia looked at her.

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Once the song was over, Amelia put down her microphone and said to Oscar, I'm going to the washroom."

"Do you need me to accompany you?" Oscar asked.

Amelia suppressed her laughter and rolled her eyes at him before leaving.

After entering the washroom, she relieved herself and walked to the basin to wash her hand. Suddenly, the door was kicked open with a bang, and in came a woman who staggered as she walked. It was obvious that she had had too much to drink.

Amelia gave the woman a casual glance. However, when the woman lifted her head, a hint of surprise flashed in Amelia's eyes when she saw the woman's face.

At the same time, the woman seemed to have snapped out of her drunkenness as soon as she saw Amelia.

She stumbled toward Amelia and smiled wryly. "What a coincidence, Amelia! I can't believe I would actually meet you in such a place. Didn't the rumors say you left two years ago? What now? Did you get your ass back here because you can't let Oscar go? You're really shameless, aren't you?"

Amelia took a few steps backward, avoiding the woman's breath that stank of alcohol.

"Ms. Yard, please have some self-respect," she said calmly.

True enough, the drunk woman was Cassie. Nonetheless, Amelia was quite shocked to see her in such a state. It had only been two years since they last met, yet the former seemed to have lost a lot of weight. Her originally slim face had now become quite bony, and her eyes seemed sunken in and bigger. Even the light makeup could not conceal the paleness of her face.

In just two years, the talented woman had now become a memory. The current version of Cassie was in a miserable, depressed, and self-degrading state.

Amelia did not know that unrequited love could make someone end up like that. Truth was, she did not approve of Cassie being in this state. Even though she had left Oscar back then

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while deeply in love with him, she had only thought that she would never be able to love another man again. She had never once thought about wallowing in her despair.

To her, no man could ever love a woman who did not love herself.

“Self-respect?” Cassie laughed as though she had heard the funniest joke on earth. At the same time, her body swayed due to the overindulgence in alcohol.

“Ms. Yard, you have had quite a few drinks. Here, let me call your family to come and pick you up.” Amelia frowned, not wanting to speak sense into a drunkard anymore.

“Stop putting on an act, Amelia,” Cassie slurred out while waving her hands.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 474

Chapter 474 Taking Care Of The Drunk Woman

Amelia did not want to waste any more time with Cassie, so she moved aside and left the washroom. To her surprise, although Cassie was drunk, she was exceptionally strong. Like a beast, she pounced on Amelia and slammed her against the wall.

Amelia groaned in pain. Ugh, that is going to leave a bruise.

She gazed at Cassie, who was pressing against her. After being drunk, she became like an unreasonable madwoman. How unlucky of me to have met her today!

“Let go of me, Cassie!” ordered Amelia through gritted teeth.

Cassie raised her head and looked at Amelia drunkenly. She stroked Amelia’s cheeks and asked in a puzzled tone, “Amelia, when I look at you closely, you look quite similar to me. So why does Oscar prefer you over me? I don’t think that I’m inferior to you in any way. Why doesn’t he want me?”

Amelia turned her head to the side, avoiding Cassie’s breath, which stank of alcohol.

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"You're drunk. I'll ask someone to send you back. Let's talk after you sober up. You should have a good sleep. You won't remember any of this after you wake up," coaxed Amelia gently, not wanting to provoke someone who was drunk.

Cassie glared at Amelia, her eyes burning with rage. She raised her hand and tried to scratch Amelia's face, but Amelia quickly dodged it. She grabbed Cassie's hand and said solemnly, "Cassie, stop being so unreasonable!"

Cassie flung Amelia's hand away and slapped her.

Amelia was stunned by that slap. She never knew that a drunk person could be so strong. Didn't people say that drunk people are weak?

Cassie stared at Amelia through blurry eyes. She laughed in delight and said, "Amelia, I've finally slapped you. I've been yearning to slap you for two whole years. You sl*t! It's all because of you that I am who I am today! I can't have children, and the man I love also doesn't want me anymore. Even the orchestra fired me! You've ruined my bright future, and I can only drown my sorrows in alcohol. Look at me! Do I still look human to you?"

Amelia regarded Cassie coldly. Is she pretending to be drunk?

Looking at the state that Cassie was in, Amelia did not feel any pity for her. After all, there must be a reason for her miserable state now. Although Cassie looked quite pitiful, she had brought it on herself. She had been pestering Oscar, dooming their relationship to failure. Amelia, despite being his official partner, did not even hold Cassie accountable. It was ridiculous for Cassie to blame everything on her.

They were both women—she did not understand why a fellow woman would want to make things difficult for her.

"Listen up, Cassie. I have never done you wrong. I am Oscar's official wife. Even though it was a contract marriage, we are still officially registered as a married couple. Now that you have decided to return, you're intervening in our marriage. Because of you, our marriage was on the rocks. You have harmed me as well, so you should be apologizing to me," stated Amelia sternly.

Since Cassie was drunk, her mind was muddled. Her body swayed as she tried to say something, but she collapsed on Amelia instead.

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Everything happened so suddenly that Amelia did not know how to react. They were still arguing earlier, but Cassie fell asleep on her in the next second.

Oscar's voice sounded outside the washroom. Heaving a sigh of relief, Amelia yelled, "Oscar, come in! There's no one else here."

As he entered and saw someone leaning against her, he stretched out his hand to lift the person away. However, when he spotted the red marks on Amelia's face, his expression turned grim.

"What happened to your face?"

Amelia shook her head, wanting to avoid that question. "I'm fine, Oscar. Take her away from me. She's a bit heavy, and I feel like she's crushing me."

Oscar took the person away obediently. When he took a closer glimpse at the person, his expression darkened even more.

"Did she hit you?" demanded Oscar.

Amelia touched her face and said, "I'm fine, Oscar. We'll bring her out first. We know her after all. It's not nice if we just abandon her in the washroom."

"You really don't mind if I carry this woman?" Oscar asked, suppressing his fury.

Amelia walked over, stood on her tiptoes, and kissed his lips to calm him down. "Carry her. She's a poor thing." Although there was a reason for her miserable state now, Oscar was still somewhat responsible for her downfall.

Oscar gazed into Amelia's eyes and eventually relented.

"I'll call them and say that we're going back first," Amelia said once they exited the washroom.

She called Shane and explained to him briefly what had just happened.

Thereafter, she suggested, "Oscar, let's just send her to a hotel nearby."

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Oscar silently carried Cassie into the backseat of the car before opening the car door for Amelia. He then returned to the driver's seat and started driving to the nearest hotel.

He asked for a presidential suite and carried Cassie there.

Upon entering the room, Oscar tossed Cassie onto the bed roughly. He walked toward Amelia, pulled her into his arms, and said gloomily, "I'm sorry for making you suffer, Amelia." He was the one who committed the mistake, but Amelia had to bear the consequences.

Amelia knew why he apologized. Patting his back, she assured him with a smile, "We're husband and wife. There's no need for you to apologize to me. However, you've got too many girls flocking around you. If there are a few more women coming our way, I might not be able to survive."

Amelia was just cracking a joke, but to her surprise, Oscar hugged her even more tightly. "I'm sorry."

Amused, she said, "Oscar, I've never blamed you. Let bygones be bygones. We'll just let everything pass naturally, okay?"

Amelia felt guilty when she looked at the state Cassie was in. Back then, she had tried to make Cassie sleep with Oscar just so she could leave him. This was something that she would never forget. She had given Cassie hope but plunged her back into despair again, so much so that Cassie needed to drown her sorrows in alcohol. To be honest, Amelia was partly responsible for it.

It was undeniable that her thoughtless actions had harmed three people at the same time.

She was unhappy, and Cassie had lost so much more despite thinking that she had succeeded. The three of them became entangled with each other and ended up where they were today.

Mixed feelings surged through her. For a moment, she did not know what to do.

Ignoring Cassie, who was lying on the bed, Oscar hugged Amelia and said, "Let's go."

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However, Amelia suggested, "Let's wait for a while more. It's not good to leave a drunk girl like that without anyone accompanying her. If she throws up in the middle of the night, accidents might happen."

Oscar looked at her broodingly.

Amelia met his gaze and asked with a chuckle, "Are you trying to guess if I'm being genuine or not?"

"You know I won't think of you that way. I just don't understand why you're being so forgiving to your ex-love rival," Oscar said honestly.

Cassie was like an unremovable thorn in their relationship. From time to time, she would appear and stir up some trouble.

Amelia burst into laughter. "Actually, I hate her as much as she hates me. But if we leave her here alone and something bad happens, I'll feel bad. It's one thing for me to hate her, but I can't possibly betray my conscience like that."

Oscar's eyes glinted.

"I'm lucky and honored to have married you, Honey," said Oscar sincerely.

Amelia smiled. "Then you should be nicer to me in the future."

"I will."

Just as he promised, Oscar treated Amelia very nicely and gave her all the trust he had.

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