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## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 499 - 500

Chapter 499 Behind Their Backs

Rory opened the bag and saw a really stylish and popular floral dress inside. Many women in the upper-class society yearned to have it. A single piece of the dress cost at least thirty thousand. It was very expensive.

A glint flashed across her eyes as she smiled. "This is too expensive, Amelia. I can't accept this."

"Take it. I had this specially prepared for you. Consider it part of the thank you gift from me to all of you. If you refuse to accept it, it'll make me sad." Amelia blinked and smiled.

"Then... I'll accept it. Thank you, Amelia."

After the present-giving session was over, the people in the design department resumed their work. Perhaps it was because they received an expensive gift from her that they were shocked by her astounding wealth. It would take years for them to make enough money to buy the gift she gave them.

Everyone began to have ideas about befriending Amelia. It wasn't morally pure for them to do that, but reality favored those who had money. Without money, one would have no power and could only bow before those who did. They were jealous of her, but they knew if they could get close to her, they would have a chance to rise to a better position with a higher wage.

That was the reality everyone had to face.

When noon rolled around, Rory finished her work and approached Amelia with a smile. "I'd like to treat you to a meal, Amelia. Consider it my attempt to make up for the regret of not being able to have a meal with you previously."

Amelia tidied up the documents on her table and replied, "Let's go, then."

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Just as the both of them walked out of the company, they saw two men heading in their direction. Amelia held her forehead and suggested, "How about we just eat at the cafeteria? The food there is pretty good."

Before she could head back in while pulling Rory's hand, one of the men uttered her name.

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Instead of stopping, she continued to drag Rory into the company until they vanished from the men's line of sight.

The two men could only watch her return to the company. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say she had escaped.

"What an interesting woman." The other man spoke.

"Who are you?" Carter asked.

"I forgot to introduce myself. I'm June, and I was once Cassie's boyfriend. Since she has dumped me, I've developed an interest in Amelia. What's your name?" June stretched his hand and introduced himself politely.

"Carter Scott," the man replied as he stretched his hand too. Just as he was about to touch June's hand, he suddenly changed direction and punched June's face. The latter failed to dodge in time and fell to the ground after getting hit.

Carter then looked down at him. "Don't even think about getting close to her. She's not someone a foreigner like you can touch. Even if you're the only man alive in the world, she'll still never be with you, so don't think too highly of yourself."

When he finished speaking, he straightened his back and left.

June crawled up from the ground and held his swollen right cheek. He narrowed his eyes as a dangerous look shone from within.

"Carter Scott. You must be the heir to Scott Group, then. The more you don't want me to approach her, the more I want to conquer her. Her man stole my woman's body and heart, so I'm going to play with his woman in return. It's only fair. Only when I win will I be able to let

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this go. Perhaps Cassie may even be so touched that she'll offer her body and heart to me." A resolute and evil glint flashed across his eyes.

He then adjusted his suit before heading back to his car.

After Amelia and Rory entered the cafeteria, they ordered their food and found a good spot to eat. Rory ate her food with infrequent pauses. She would also occasionally raise her head to look at Amelia.

The latter gulped her food down and smiled. "If you have something to say, you can just say it, Rory. You don't want to choke on your food on accident because you're distracted."

Rory felt a little awkward when she was found out. She ate two more mouthfuls of food before raising her head again. "What's your relationship with those two men, Amelia?"

Amelia smiled. "The one from Chanaea is Carter. You met him before. He's my best friend from my university days. I used to have a crush on him, but that was a very long time ago. As for the foreigner, I've only seen him twice before. I'm not very familiar with him, and I don't know why he showed up in front of me again. I pulled you back in earlier because I don't want to cause a scene with either of them at the entrance."

Rory squeezed out a smile while quelling the envy in her heart. Why is she surrounded by a bunch of rich, handsome men while I have to slave away in this godforsaken city just to make enough money to pay my rent and meals? I have basically no money left after paying all my bills every single month. I may wear branded items, but I bet I live a more frugal life than anyone else. Thanks to my sh\*tty job, I have no choice. Even though I keep saying I want to lose weight, all I can eat after going back home is just a pack of instant pasta. Ugh, I almost can't stand looking at her. The presents she gave everyone probably added up to one hundred or even two hundred thousand. That's the amount of money I'll only get after working here for years on end without spending it on anything else.

She was so envious of Amelia that her dreams involved her fantasizing about when she would be able to become a wealthy woman like Amelia.

It took a lot of effort for her to calm her heart and suppress her volatile emotions. Then she smiled and spoke. "You're too charming, Amelia. Handsome men basically surround you all day. I'll be happy if I can get even one prince charming like that to approach me."

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Amelia continued to eat and stare at her with a smile. "I'm already married with a child. I don't have that kind of charm you're referring to anymore. A woman gradually loses her value after she enters her thirties. You, on the other hand, just graduated from university and have great potential. Your future prospects are immeasurable. I really think you'll succeed one day. As long as you continue to do your job well, the right man will eventually show himself in front of you. There's no need to rush. You should solidify your career for two more years first before finding a partner. The workplace will sharpen and refine your aura. Once the time comes, you don't even need to find a man. They'll swarm right to you when they hear about you. You just need to keep your eyes peeled and pick a good man."

"You're very interesting, Amelia. I learn a lot from you by sticking with you," Rory replied with an insincere tone.

After lunch was over, they returned to the office together. Rory covered her tummy and said, "I need to go to the bathroom, Amelia. I think I ate too much."

The latter nodded.

The moment Rory sat on the toilet bowl after entering the restroom, she heard the sound of high heels. Someone had just finished their business and walked out of the cubicle next to hers. Then she heard two people talking. The first one said, "Rory is so lucky. Aside from the fact she managed to get her hands all over Mr. Moore, she has also gotten Amelia's favor. Amelia is so wealthy. Even the presents she gave are genuine branded bags. I'm so jealous of Rory."

"Then you need to learn her \*ss-kissing skills. You aren't going to make them like you if you don't flatter them."

"Forget it. I'm not as good as her. Hell, I can barely butter up a woman, let alone a man. Only someone from the countryside can get so crazy thinking about money. She just graduated from university, and she's already thinking about taking shortcuts instead of doing her job well. It's going to be a matter of time before she falls."

"She's young. It's only natural for young people to aim high. She's trying to take shortcuts because she thinks a couple of thousand per month is too low. Still, I have to say; she's quite persistent. At least she's willing to put in an effort to please so many people. However, I don't think Amelia's a softie based on what I observed. There's a chance she already saw

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through Rory's tricks and that she's just playing with her. Rory really thinks herself to be someone special when she's just yet another tuft of grass on the roadside."

The two women then giggled while making their way out of the restroom.

Meanwhile, Rory's face fell as she listened to their conversation. She took a deep breath, loosened her fists, and calmed herself.

After stepping out of the cubicle, she stared at herself in the mirror and sneered, "They're just a bunch of useless women who are envious of me. There's no need for me to get angry. The only thing incapable people can do is badmouth others behind their backs. If they're talking about me like that, it means I'm getting closer to success."

Being in the center of everyone's attention was something she enjoyed very much. Despite the fact that some of the attention included people looking down on her or treating her with disdain, she was still very happy about it. She understood one crucial thing after only spending a short time in real society. The lesson she learned was that one must be willing to dirty their hands if they wanted to reach the top of the social hierarchy. It didn't matter to her what she needed to do in order to get a better view of the world. She had no sympathy for the people she kicked away as she climbed up because if she didn't, she would be the one getting kicked down. The last thing she wanted was neverending sympathy and charity from the people sitting on top of the hierarchy.

After she was out of the restroom, she returned to the design department and saw the two women who had talked about her earlier. She didn't see their faces, but she recognized their voices. I'm going to remember their faces. When the time comes when I finally reach the top, I'll stomp on everyone who ever looked down on me. Revenge is a dish best served cold.

Rory turned to Amelia and put on an elegant facade. She approached the latter and asked, "I'm struggling to come up with good ideas regarding a blueprint I have. Do you mind giving me some pointers?"

Amelia replied with a smile, "Sure."

She then proceeded to explain to Rory patiently how to come up with new ideas that could be added to the blueprints.

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Just as she finished, Rory received a call from Eduardo.

As soon as the call was connected, the manager's voice rang out. "Come to my office, Rory."

"Mr. Moore's looking for me, Amelia. I'll be right back," Rory informed.

Amelia nodded.

Rory entered the manager's office in her high heels.

Upon pushing the door open, she put on an act and asked, "Are you looking for me, Mr. Moore?"

"Close the door. I have something I want to discuss with you." Eduardo spoke.

She did as he asked.

He pointed at the chair in front of his desk. "Sit."

His solemn expression made her a little nervous as she sat down. She then steadied herself and asked, "What's wrong, Mr. Moore?"

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 500

Chapter 500 Having A Meal Together

"Rory, there's a vacancy for the supervisor position of the design department. At first, the boss and I saw that you were transferred from the headquarters in Beshya and planned to promote you to this position. However, things have changed. We agree that Amelia is the most suitable candidate.

It's not because she's Mrs. Clinton, but because she's really talented in design. The boss has seen her work and has only good things to say about her. In fact, she might even be a little overqualified to be the department's supervisor." Eduardo thought for a while and decided to be frank as he spoke.

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Rory clenched her fists tightly on her lap. Her thin but sharp nails dug deep into her skin.

“Mr. Moore, that wasn’t what you told me previously. You said that the supervisor position would go to me no matter what. No one could take it away from me. It wasn’t that long ago, and yet you’ve changed your mind. What is the meaning of this?” Rory asked as calmly as possible.

Eduardo thought for a while and said, “Rory, you’re still young. Everyone in the design department has worked there longer than you. For now, there’s nothing you can do to get the design department’s supervisor position. Keep working hard for a few more years, and I guarantee that you’ll have a bright future ahead of you.”

Rory started heaving. She felt aggrieved deep inside her heart. From the moment she joined the workforce, she thought of finding someone to back her up. Rory even bribed Eduardo with her most precious stuff. In the end, all she got in return was him saying that she was still young and not qualified enough to supervise her subordinates. She couldn’t help but wonder what exactly did she sacrifice for.

Rory wanted to rush forward and viciously attack the man in front of her. However, she still had her sanity left. Since she was still a fledgling, it would not be worth it if she tore his face off right then and there.

“Mr. Moore, that’s not right. You didn’t say that I was too young to have that position back then,” Rory responded while feeling slightly agitated.

Eduardo, who had been smiling the entire time, instantly grew solemn. He asked, “Rory, are you blaming me now?”

Rory was startled, and she instantly held back her anger. In the next second, her expression changed. “Mr. Moore, you know that’s not what I meant. You gave me your word. Besides, Amelia only started working at the company not too long ago. Do you trust her to become the supervisor? I’m afraid that she might not be able to handle the task well.”

“Don’t worry about it. Mr. Franklin even wanted to give her the position of vice president, but he was afraid that she wouldn’t accept it. She’s the wife of Mr. Clinton. Her resilience is unlike that of a young woman fresh out of school. Mr. Franklin hopes that she could gain experience from the bottom of the corporate ladder first. He’d only give her promotions after she excels at her job. Mr. Franklin has known her since university times, so he knows her

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abilities best.” Eduardo gave Rory a meaningful look. He added, “Rory, I heard that Amelia takes good care of you. You don’t seem grateful, though. You even speak ill of her in front of me. Aren’t you afraid that I’ll tell her about what you said?”

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Upon hearing the man’s words, Rory suddenly froze on the spot.

“Mr. Moore, that’s not what I meant. I-”

“That’s enough, Rory. You should head back to work.”

Rory could only suppress her anger for now.

“I’ll go back to work then, Mr. Moore.” Rory stood up. She could feel her legs wobbling.

As she reached the door, Eduardo’s voice suddenly rang out. “Rory, seeing that we’ve been close to one another once or twice now, let me remind you that you’re still young. Don’t be too ambitious or greedy. Go and spend more time with Amelia. She’s Oscar’s woman, so you’ll benefit by being close to her. Don’t push people away just because you like to compete with them. Otherwise, it won’t do you any good. If you can work under Amelia, your future will be boundless. Think about it.”

Rory’s legs stopped shaking. She then replied softly, “Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Moore.” Having said that, she immediately opened the door and walked out.

Rory returned to her usual self as soon as she left the office. She was quite the character. Even though she was in her twenties, she was rather composed. Not many millennials would be able to achieve that. Most people her age would be thinking about having fun and wasting their youth, while Rory was focusing on how to climb up the corporate ladder. She wanted to become the top dog and obtain a better life for herself. Although her methods were not quite right, no one could deny that she was a diligent and motivated girl. The only problem she had was getting misguided by her dream of having a good life.

Rory returned to the design department and kept herself busy with work. Perhaps, she wanted to turn her grief and anger into motivation. It was probably why she was working so hard. When it was time for her to get off work, she had completed all her tasks.

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Rory packed up her stuff. She then approached Amelia and spoke in a righteous tone. "Amelia, are you done? Let's go. If those unruly men are still downstairs, I'll be your knight in shining armor."

Amelia lifted her head and gave Rory a look. She shook her head and laughed. After turning off the computer and packing all the documents into her bag, she stood up and responded, "Let's go."

They left the design department and ran into Shane, who was walking toward them. Both Amelia and Rory greeted in unison, "Mr. Franklin."

On the other hand, Shane only looked at Amelia. He replied, "Just got off work, Amelia? The timing is just right then. Let's go downstairs together. I have something to tell you, and it'll only take a few minutes of your time."

Amelia nodded and replied smilingly, "Sure."

The three of them got on the same elevator and descended downstairs. When they got out of the elevator, Rory said, "Mr. Franklin, Amelia, since you have something to talk about, I won't disturb you then. I'll get going now."

"Stay safe!" Amelia responded.

As soon as Rory left, Shane asked, "Do you really like that girl?"

Amelia shrugged and responded, "I don't have anything to like or dislike about her. She simply reminds me of how I was during my younger days. She's just as hardworking as me."

"Well, it's true that she's similar to you in that sense. However, she's different in that she cares about material things. Maybe that's why she works so hard," Shane stated jokingly, which was a rare sight to behold.

Amelia looked at him and let out a chuckle.

She continued, "But isn't it normal for girls to think like that? I was afraid of being poor when I was young. Who doesn't want to make a better life for themselves through their efforts? I admire her quite a bit. If she can get what she wants through her hard work, why not?"

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"I'm just afraid she might be a tad rash," Shane stated, implying something more.

Amelia shot him a glance. She then smiled and asked, "Shane, you don't seem to like Rory very much, do you?"

Shane shrugged and responded, "There's nothing to like or dislike about her. She's just my subordinate. If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't have paid her any attention. If you want to help her, then you have to consider if she's worth your help or not. Some people are simply ungrateful. The more you help them, the more they'll take it all for granted. I reckon you should be cautious of that."

"I'll take note of that," Amelia replied smilingly.

After a while, she changed the topic. "Wasn't there something you wanted to tell me? Tell me already. Oscar will be here any minute now."

Shane replied with a smile, "Amelia. If we didn't reunite after so many years, I wouldn't have known you've changed so much. You were quite beautiful in university and had a sense of youthfulness and innocence. However, when I compare you to the way you are now, I realize that you've adopted a sense of ladylike charm too. Meeting you for the first time after so many years, I was like, d\*mn! You've transformed into a goddess! I've always thought as women age, the less beautiful they become. But how's it possible that you're the opposite? You're aging like fine wine!"

His words amused Amelia thoroughly, causing her to break into laughter.

"Shane, we've known each other for so long. You wouldn't be you if you didn't say something like that," Amelia responded.

Shane simply shrugged his shoulders. Then, he went straight to the point and stated, "Amelia, I'm going to promote you to be the supervisor of the design department. What do you think? Initially, I wanted you to be the director of design, but you just joined the company. Many people were quick to say that you got in because of connections. They were not convinced of your capabilities. Anyway, you can gain more experience as a supervisor. When the time is right, I'll promote you to become the director. Based on your abilities, I believe you'll manage this well."

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Amelia shot him a weird glance and said, "Why did you suddenly promote me to be the supervisor? I've only been here for less than a month. Also, I'm still on probation. How could I advance so quickly and be the supervisor?"

After pausing for a moment, she continued, "Shane, please don't favor me just because of my identity. If I did care about my position, I'd go to Clinton Corporations or ask Oscar to set up a design-related company for me. I'll just be the boss of the company. However, I chose to be here to gain experience. Treat me how you would toward other employees, and don't give me any special treatments. If I were to become a supervisor, I'd prefer it was because of my capabilities. I won't consider anything else."

Shane shook his head and laughed. "And I've just said that you're not the same as before. You're still the same after so many years."

"You should consider picking someone else to become the supervisor. I'd like to strive for accomplishments before being able to climb up the corporate ladder. If you let me be the supervisor now, I'll think that you're doing that because of the Clintons, not my achievements," Amelia replied.

Shane glanced at Amelia. He knew that she meant every word she said and that she wasn't a pretentious person.

"And to think that I almost made you the vice president. You'll definitely reject me outright by then. Most people yearn to advance their careers in a short time. And yet, you rejected me without wasting a second," Shane stated.

"I've just joined the design department, and many people are more talented than me. If I were to become their supervisor, even if they won't say anything bad about me, they'd think that I got this position through connections. If that's the case, why would I need to conceal my identity and work here? I could have just agreed to Oscar's suggestion and let him start a company for me. I haven't worked for many years, so I don't know much about management. Let's talk about this another time." Amelia paused for a while before continuing, "When the time comes, and I'm confident with my skills, I'll try my best to earn the position even if you don't want to give it to me by then. I'm only asking you to give me a fair assessment when the time comes."

After hearing her words, Shane broke into laughter.

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"I can't argue with you at all." Shane's words indirectly meant that he was willing to compromise.

"Shane, why don't you bring your wife the next time we meet? You were quite famous back in school, and we've lost contact for so long after that. I wonder how amazing of a woman she is to be able to capture your heart." Amelia changed the subject.

"She's just an ordinary woman. Of course, she's gentle and quite independent. These qualities of hers are what I'm most attracted to." When Shane talked about his wife, his gaze immediately softened.

"It seems like you love your wife a lot," Amelia stated.

"Well, we're definitely not teenagers anymore," Shane responded smilingly.

Amelia laughed and shook her head.

The two of them stood side by side in front of the company building. Shane suddenly said, "Amelia, I thought you would end up with Carter. The way you looked at him back then was so obvious. Everyone could tell that you liked him very much."

Amelia shrugged. She smiled and replied, "It's been many years. Any young girl would have experienced falling in love with an unattainable prince. Carter was like a prince who I never won over. So many years have passed now, and I've long forgotten how infatuated I was with him. And now that I have a husband and a child, I only hope that they can live happily and healthily. I don't even think about anything else now."

Having experienced a car accident and losing her sight in the past, Amelia had gained much perspective and viewed the world differently. She felt that fame, fortune, and money were nothing more but material gains.

"Yo, your prince is here," Shane said, signaling the direction with his lips.

Amelia looked in the direction and noticed Carter, who had just gotten out of the car.

Carter went over and saw Amelia standing beside Shane. He could not help but be stunned for a moment.

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“Long time no see, Mr. Scott. I hope you still remember me.” Shane was the first to speak.

“Shane, when did you return to the country?” Carter asked with a frown.

“Return to the country? I never left. I was preparing to leave back then, but something came up, so I had to stay behind. Now, I’m the CEO of the company and also Amelia’s boss.” Shane extended his hand and smiled. “I can’t believe you still remember me after graduating from university.”

Carter extended his hand and shook hands with the man.

“Since you’ve been staying in this city all this time, why didn’t you contact me?” Carter asked.

“It’s a long story. You know, it’s rare for the three of us to be here in the same place. We should go out and have a meal together. What do you think?” Shane asked as he glanced at Amelia.

Carter, on the other hand, also shifted his gaze toward her.

Amelia smiled and responded, “Let me ask Oscar first. He told me to go to the Clinton residence and have dinner there. I’m worried that my mother-in-law might have already prepared food for us.”

Carter’s expression instantly darkened.

“It’s fine. There’s no rush, after all. We have all the time in the world to go out and have a meal together.” Shane smiled.

“Let me call him first.” Amelia took out her phone as she spoke.

She dialed Oscar’s phone number and chatted with him for a while. When she put him on hold, she asked, “Oscar told me to go ahead, but he also said he wanted to join. Do you mind?”

“Of course not! If Mr. Clinton can come, the more, the merrier,” Shane replied.

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“Okay. I’ll tell him to come over then.”

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