

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 539 - 540

## Chapter 539 He Saved Her

Just like that, the confession ended in vain. Jean finished all the liquors on the table, but the more she drank, the soberer she became.

When Kurt left the karaoke bar, he originally wanted to pick up Tony, but he made a detour halfway and headed to Amelia's workplace instead.

After parking his car outside her company's building, he looked through the car window up at the floor where she worked. His eyes glinted as he clenched and unclenched his fists, and he calmed down miraculously.

He sat in the car for an unknown amount of time when his sharp eyes suddenly saw a figure coming out of the entrance. Eyes lighting up, he quickly opened the car door and walked toward the figure. Just as he almost reached the latter, a very low-profile BMW charged toward the figure at breakneck speed.

Kurt's gaze changed, and his mind went blank. By the time he snapped back to his senses, he had already pounced on the person, and they rolled across the ground for a few seconds before coming to a stop. When the driver saw that their car did not manage to hit the person, they swiftly turned around and charged at them both.

Kurt reacted quickly and picked the person up before running into the building, causing the driver to miss again. Fortunately, the driver was not so irrational as to crash into the building.

The car made a U-turn and left at high speed.

Inside the building, the security guards ran over in shock and surrounded Kurt and Amelia while asking anxiously, "Ms. Winters, are you all right?"

Amelia, buried in Kurt's arms, was still in a daze and did not seem to hear the worried questions about her wellbeing. It took more than ten seconds for her to return to her senses amidst the countless voices calling her. When she looked up, she finally realized that she

was still in Kurt's embrace. In order to avert rumors, she struggled to break free from his grasp.

Kurt yearned for the softness in his arms, but when he saw the trepidation in her eyes, he carefully put her down and said worriedly, "Amelia, are you all right?"

Amelia nodded, but her heart was beating violently. She was truly frightened. When the car charged toward her earlier, the image of her being knocked away while pregnant swept over her like a shadow, causing her body to stiffen up involuntarily. Petrified, she could feel her mind going blank and could not move her feet at all.

If not for Kurt's timely arrival, she would have been reduced to a corpse underneath the car.

Her mind was a mess. She could not figure out who hated her so much that they repeatedly framed her and tried to kill her.

"Amelia, are you hurt somewhere? I'll take you to the hospital." Kurt saw that her expression did not look very well. It was clear that she was lost in her thoughts. Utterly concerned, he voiced, "You don't look too good. Let me bring you to the hospital first."

Amelia came back to her senses and forced a smile at him. Then, she looked at the group of security guards who had not dispersed and said, "Thank you all. I'm fine. You can go back to work."

One of the guards said uneasily, "Ms. Winters, are you really all right?"

Having received a nod of affirmation from her, they left.

Afterward, Amelia said, "Kurt, why don't you accompany me to a quiet place? I'm not in the right state to go back to work."

"Sure."

The two found a nearby coffee shop and went inside. Then, Kurt ordered a cup of coffee for her.

Once the waiter served his order, he considerately added some sugar to Amelia's coffee, saying, "Amelia, drink some coffee. It'll wake you up a little."

She picked up the cup, but unexpectedly, her hand holding the handle trembled uncontrollably. Although she tried to stop the tremors by pressing her right hand on it, it was useless. Thus, she placed the cup back down in the end.

With a feeble smile on her face, she said, "I'm still a little scared."

Kurt cast her a worried look. Despite his strong urge to reach out and wrap her little hand in his palm, he knew he could not do so.

"Where's Jolin?" he asked, changing the subject.

Amelia took a deep breath to calm herself down.

"I came down to do something and didn't let Jolin follow along. I didn't expect someone to be so bold as to try to hit me at the entrance of my workplace," she explained, picked up her cup, took a sip, and smiled bitterly. "It seems like someone wants me dead so badly," she added.

A trace of distress flashed across Kurt's eyes as he looked at her. "I've noted down the car's license plate number and will report to the police later. I'll definitely find out the culprit, so don't be afraid," he said in a soft voice.

Amelia put down her cup and said, "Don't tell Oscar about me almost getting hit by a car. I don't want him to worry about me all the time."

Eyes darkening, he swallowed his saliva and asked, "Why? If you tell him, we're more likely to find out the mastermind."

"No need. He worries enough about me, and I don't want to rely on him for everything. I can solve my own problems." She shook her head and refused.

Kurt thought about it and said, "Okay, I promise."

Amelia took another sip of coffee to compose herself before saying, "Kurt, didn't I ask you to take Tony home? Why were you here?"

"I had Hugo to take care of Tony and went to handle an errand with Jean. After it was over, I couldn't suppress the urge to see you. I just wanted to check out your workplace and didn't plan on disturbing you. If not for that car, I would never have appeared in front of you."

Wearing a forced smile, she replied, "Kurt, I'm not trying to blame you. In fact, I'm very grateful for your arrival. If not, I might have become a cold corpse who would never be able to speak again."

Kurt felt a pang of sorrow in his heart, and he said anxiously, "Don't say stuff like that, Amelia. You have us; we'll never let anything happen to you."

"I know. I believe that you guys will protect me well. It's just that there are a lot of people who don't like me. As long as I'm Oscar's woman, I will always be faced with all kinds of unknown dangers. However, I love him and won't regret the choice I made." Although her heart was filled with fear, a faint smile still emerged on the corners of her mouth.

His heart throbbed with pain as he stared at the smile on her face.

The atmosphere suddenly became heavy. The two of them looked at each other but did not know what to say. Gradually, a hint of awkwardness suffused the air.

After a long time, Amelia finally spoke. "Kurt, I remember we used to have so much to say to one another when we were in Beshya. After coming back to Tayhaven, we couldn't talk to each other about a lot of stuff anymore because of many disturbances."

Kurt tugged his lips into a half-smile.

"If you want to talk to someone, I'll always be here for you. I'll never disappear as long as you want to speak with me," he promised solemnly.

His declaration warmed her heart. "Thank you, Kurt. I know that Oscar and the others aren't particularly happy that we're so close to each other, but you've helped me a lot. I understand that our relationship is purely platonic, which is why I can be honest with it."

A gloomy look appeared in Kurt's eyes.

"Amelia, I like you very much, and I'm not satisfied with just being your friend, but I won't interfere with your blissful married life. I'm no match for Boss either, but if you need me, I will always come to your aid."

Amelia chuckled.

Putting on a relaxed front, she said, "Kurt, don't you think I'm very selfish and am just exploiting you?"

He shook his head and said, "I'm your bodyguard and am obligated to protect you. You're not exploiting me."

Amelia held the cup of coffee in her hands, feeling its lingering warmth.

"Kurt, it's really nice to have a friend like you. You're taciturn, considerate, and caring. I believe that anyone who marries you will be very blissful."

But you're the only one I want to marry. Kurt did not voice the thought in his mind. They both knew it very well in their hearts, but their relationship would not be as harmonious as before if that line were to be crossed.

"Let's leave it to fate. If you live well, I might be able to meet a woman suitable for me in the future. If I don't hate her, I will try to date her," he said, instead of making a definite statement because he was afraid Amelia would feel burdened. It was better to let her think that he would consider other women. That way, they could get along a little more comfortably.

Amelia was obviously relieved.

"Kurt, I can feel at ease after hearing that. If I meet a gentle, cheerful woman who I think is suitable for you, I'll introduce her to you. You're not young anymore, so it's time to consider starting a family."

Kurt fell silent.

Smiling, she switched the topic. "Sorry for being nosy."

He came to his senses and said, "No. If you come across someone that suits me, I'll try dating her."

"You don't have to force yourself, Kurt. I was just making a little joke." Amelia smiled again. She knew she had bulldozed him a little earlier.

"I'm not forcing myself. If it's something that you want me to do, then I'll do it," Kurt said seriously.

Amelia's jaw dropped, and she was at a loss for words for a moment.

After thinking about it, she said, "Kurt, you don't have to do this. It was just a casual remark. I won't interfere with your marriage, nor do I want you to take all my words as orders. I hope that you can take your own relationship seriously. Don't force yourself to accept something just because I said so."

Kurt looked at her with a clear and sincere gaze.

"You know me, Amelia. You're not only my ma'am but also the woman I adore. I'm willing to do anything for you, including throwing away my life," he proclaimed very seriously.

When Amelia heard him, the smile on her face faded gradually.

She did not know how to continue the conversation, so she could only flee.

"Kurt, I'll go back to work now. Thank you so much for saving my life today. I also appreciate how sincerely you treat me, but I'm sorry. I can't reciprocate your affections. If you insist on doing this, I will have to try staying away from you." Amelia looked at him as she spoke and then stood up. "I'll leave now."

Kurt also rose to his feet and called out to her. By then, she had turned around.

"Amelia, I'll wait for you. However, if you're happy and joyful for the rest of your life, I'll find someone suitable for me, get married, and have children. I'll quit the organization and leave with my wife. I'll never appear in front of you again," he enunciated each word slowly.

Facing away from him, Amelia suddenly felt tears stinging her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Kurt, and thank you for your tolerance." After saying that, she walked away. However, no sooner had she taken five steps than she stopped again and added, "Kurt, we'll always be good friends who support each other. I've never thought of wanting you to leave."

Then, she left.

Kurt remained standing at the same spot as he watched her walk out of the coffee shop in a daze. His Adam's apple bobbed as misery welled up inside of him.

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 540

Chapter 540 I Want You To Leave Her

When Amelia returned to the office, Jolin was the first to rush up to her, nervously sizing her up from head to toe. Amused by her actions, she faked a casual attitude and asked, "What's wrong, Jolin?"

Jolin took two steps back, suddenly bowed her head solemnly, and said in a low voice, "Mrs. Clinton, I'm sorry I couldn't protect you."

Amelia understood what she meant at once.

"You found out?"

"It was my dereliction of duty that allowed such a big incident to happen. When we go back, I'll tell Boss all about it and accept the punishment." Jolin hung her head in shame.

Amelia lifted her chin and said, "No, don't tell Oscar. I don't want him to know about me almost being hit by a car. Can you promise me that?"

Looking straight into her eyes, Jolin blushed and blurted out, "Mrs. Clinton, you're really beautiful."

Amelia was stunned for a moment and could not help but laugh. "Thank you."

Rory was going to walk up to them, but Lydia was one step ahead of her.

"Amelia, are you all right? A security guard came upstairs and told us you were almost hit by a car. We were all worried sick about you. Even Mr. Franklin was shocked. We tried calling you, but you didn't answer the phone," she said worriedly.

Amelia reached into her bag to fish for her phone. Upon unlocking it, she found out that there were many missed calls. Yet, she did not hear her ringtone at all.

"I'm sorry. I didn't hear it," she apologized.

"It's fine as long as you're okay. Mr. Franklin asked you to head to his office when you return. He has something to say to you," said Lydia.

"All right. I'll go up then."

Amelia wanted to take the elevator upstairs. To her surprise, Jolin followed at her heels in alarm.

"Jolin, go back to work first. I'll just be upstairs," she urged.

Jolin shook her head and refused. "I'll go up with you, Mrs. Clinton. I'm worried that something will happen to you again. If that happens, I won't be able to explain myself to Boss."

Amelia was nonplussed.

She deliberately put on a straight face and said, "Jolin, if you insist on acting like this, I'll tell Oscar to send you back because you're interfering with my work."

Jolin's face fell. "Mrs. Clinton, do you hate me now?"

"That's not what I meant. I just don't want you to interfere with my work. I don't want to become a special presence in this company, do you understand?"

Jolin thought about it and gave in at long last.

With that, Amelia took the elevator upstairs.

When she stepped out of the elevator, the secretary greeted her and said, "Amelia, you're finally here. Mr. Franklin is waiting for you inside."

Amelia nodded in response.

As soon as she entered the office, she voiced, "Mr. Franklin, you were looking for me?"

Shane pointed to the chair in front of his desk and said, "Have a seat. It's only the two of us here, so you can just call me by name. You can't be so naughty anymore."



Amelia merely smiled.

“Shane, did you call me up here for something?”

He put down his pen, raised his head, and said, “I’ve reported the incident of you almost being hit by a car downstairs to the police, and they have already come over to collect evidence. I think we’ll soon be able to find out who’s behind this.”

“You called the police?” she exclaimed in shock.

“Shouldn’t I call the police when something like this happens to my employee?” he asked rhetorically.

“That’s not what I meant. I just... You didn’t tell Oscar, right?” Amelia was still concerned about that point.

“Are you very afraid that I’ll tell Mr. Clinton?”

Shrugging, she responded, “No. I’m just afraid that he’ll be worried about me. It hasn’t been two months since I started working here, yet many things have happened. I was injured, insulted, and now I was almost hit by a car. I’m concerned that if he finds out, he won’t let me continue working here or that he’ll send even more people to protect me. I’ll have to send in my resignation letter if that’s the case.”

Shane glanced at her and smiled. “If it were anyone else who suffered such a huge fright, they would all think about how they would tell their husbands while you went the other way instead. You’re still as unconventional as always.”

“I’m not being unconventional. I just think that I can handle it myself. I don’t have to rely on Oscar to do everything.”

He spread his hands and said, “I won’t tell Mr. Clinton about you almost getting hit by a car. It’s up to you to decide whether to tell him or not, but are you really fine? I heard from the guard that the driver was quite fierce. When they failed to hit you once, they turned around and tried to hit you again. It’s clear at a glance that they’re targeting you. I think you should let Mr. Clinton investigate this thoroughly. The police only take our taxes without doing actual work. If we want them to investigate properly, I’m afraid we’ll need someone to give them pressure before they start.”

Amelia nodded with a smile. "I know you care about me. I'll try."

"If you are really frightened by that accident, I can give you the day off. Go back and rest."

"Come on, I'm fine. If there's nothing else, I'll go back to work now. Let's talk another time."

Shane nodded.

Amelia went downstairs and returned to the design department. At the sight of her, the others put down the work in their hands and gathered around her, asking, "Amelia, are you really okay?"

"Thank you all for your concern, but I'm really all right. Go back to work, you guys. Save me the embarrassment," she replied and laughed.

The hectic day ended at six in the evening. Jolin stuck to Amelia closely, which amused the latter.

"Jolin, take it easy! I'm really fine. You're acting as if the sky is falling," said Amelia.

Rory also felt unsettled. "Amelia, you also scared me today. When I heard the news of your accident from the guard, I was so shocked that my arms went weak. I called you several times, but you didn't answer. I almost wanted to call the police."

Amelia said, "The guard probably exaggerated the incident. I'm unharmed, so don't worry about it."

They headed downstairs together and bade each other farewell. Then, Amelia finally got into the car that Jolin called over an hour ago.

When she got into the car, she said, "Jolin, I hope you won't tell Oscar about today's accident. Can you promise me that?"

Jolin looked at her and asked, "Why, Mrs. Clinton?"

"No reason in particular."

The former contemplated for a moment and said succinctly, "Understood, Mrs. Clinton."

Oscar had not returned yet by the time they arrived at the condominium. Amelia gave him a call, and he picked up and said, "Amelia, I still have a bit of work to do here. Eat dinner with Tony first."

"Okay. Don't work too hard, and remember to eat something."

"I know. I'll hang up now."

After ending the call, Oscar looked at the newly taken picture instead of working. The woman in the photo was naturally his wife. However, the man in it was Kurt. The two people were all smiles in the picture and looked quite intimate, as though they were a couple who had been in love for a long time. There was a lack of fervor that new couples usually had, but it was clear from the look in their eyes that they shared a strong bond.

Oscar's eyes became particularly grim. He then slammed his clenched fists on the top of his desk.

He was a man. If he could still maintain a poised smile after seeing his woman appear in photos repeatedly with different men other than himself, then he would not be a real man.

Upon getting to his feet, he stood by the window and looked at the slowly darkening sky outside. His gaze was impenetrable that no one could tell what he was thinking.

He took out his phone and dialed Hugo's number. When the call connected, he said, "Tell Kurt to come to the office."

"Yes, Boss."

Oscar hung up the call.

It took Kurt nearly an hour to arrive.

He knocked on the door outside and waited for Oscar's permission before coming in.

"Boss," he greeted respectfully after closing the door behind him.

Oscar did not even turn to look at him as he said, "Look at the photo on the desk. I hope you can give me a clear explanation."

Kurt walked over. When he saw the figures in the photo, his eyes flickered as a dark idea crossed his mind.

However, it was fleeting, and he quickly regained his composure.

"I can explain this photo, Boss," said Kurt.

"Go ahead." There was no emotion perceptible from Oscar's voice.

"I couldn't resist going to Amelia's workplace. I didn't plan on meeting her, but I couldn't help but call her out for a cup of coffee during her lunch break. We only talked for about ten minutes before she left. I didn't think we'd be photographed in that short amount of time." Kurt frowned and then said, "Boss, I think someone is deliberately targeting Amelia. I can get to the bottom of this myself and find out the mastermind."

Oscar turned around and strode up to him with an oppressive aura. When his piercing gaze landed on him, Kurt's courage fled his mind. Perhaps that was the effect Oscar had on him after years of accumulation.

"Kurt, how do you think I treat you?"

"Boss, I'm very grateful to you for cultivating me. You're my benefactor. Without you, I might have died in that pile of garbage," Kurt said with a solemn countenance.

Oscar narrowed his eyes and said somewhat dangerously, "Your benefactor? If you really thought of me as your boss and benefactor, you wouldn't have gone to seduce my woman. Do you think I won't dare to do anything to you if you use Amelia as your shield?"

Lowering his head, Kurt replied, "Boss, I had no such intention. I've always maintained a completely platonic relationship with Amelia. I admit that I adore her and admire her character, but I know that I'm not worthy of a woman like her. That's why I've always maintained a certain degree of respect for her and have never done anything out of line to her. If there really was something going on between us, I think two years would've been enough for us to get together. There's no way she would've come back to you."

Oscar raised his hand and slapped Kurt with such force that the latter's head snapped to the side.

Kurt did not even dare to grunt.

He did not forget to defend Amelia either. "Boss, Amelia and I are innocent. The photo was obviously shot at a deliberate angle. I will find out who schemed against her and clear our name."

"No need. I want you to leave Amelia immediately. Make whatever excuse you want to explain your departure. I don't want so many men with questionable intentions hovering around my woman," Oscar uttered coldly.

Kurt raised his head, completely dumbfounded. For a moment, he did not know whether Oscar was being serious or not. It was difficult to discern.