

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 425

After parting with Faye, Amelia decided to visit Oscar at work, so she hailed a ride and called the man when she was on her way. It did not take long before her call was answered.

"Hey, are you busy?" asked Amelia with a sweet smile as though nothing Faye said had affected her mood.

"Not really. Have you had lunch yet?" Oscar's voice sounded caring and gentle.

"I have. What about you? Don't you dare forget to take lunch because of work!"

"Yes, ma'am. I've already had lunch too."

"Good. I'll prepare something delicious for dinner tonight."

"You have to give me a kiss before I hang up."

Shyly, Amelia glanced at the driver to ensure that he was not looking at her before quietly blowing Oscar a kiss.

"Still in the honeymoon phase, huh? You're making me jealous," teased the driver after Amelia ended her call.

"He's a busy man, but he does make time for me."

"Someone as pretty as you must have a very capable husband."

"I guess you can say we're comfortable financially. He makes enough for us to get by."

On the way, Amelia had a good time chatting with the driver.

Meanwhile, Oscar smiled to himself as he stared at his phone after the call. Everyone else in the meeting room was curious to see the man smile.

Nonetheless, they felt much less pressured when they noticed the man's change in mood.

Suddenly remembering that he was still in a meeting, Oscar lifted his head to meet the others' gaze, causing them to quickly look away.

Oscar then cleared his throat before continuing with the meeting. "Mr. Waltz, your proposal is worth considering. Just make the necessary adjustments like I told you, and I'll review it again. Now, if nobody else has any more questions, that's it for today."

The manager addressed quickly wiped off the sweat beading on his forehead before responding to Oscar, "Yes, Mr. Clinton. I'll be sure to rectify the mistakes and I promise you won't be disappointed."

"I'm sure I won't be, Mr. Waltz. Hey, take it easy. You'll do just fine," encouraged Oscar with a pleasant smile.

Everyone in the room, including the manager, was surprised to see how laid back Oscar was, for the man had always been highly critical at work. They could not help but wonder who it was on the phone that had such influence over the man. Whoever that person is, they may have just saved us from a terrible day.

After the meeting was ended and everyone else left, Isabella approached Oscar. "Was that Mrs. Clinton, Oscar?" Even though Isabella asked the question casually, she was filled with jealousy on the inside. Seeing how a single phone call from Amelia was enough to turn Oscar's mood around, Isabella envied Amelia's influence over the man.

Oscar stopped walking and turned around to give Isabella a stern look. "Ms. Walker, we didn't hire you to engage in gossip at work. Just because you have my mother's support doesn't mean I can't fire you."

Upon hearing that, Isabella had to take a deep breath to calm herself down. "I just didn't expect you two to be even closer after being apart for two years. I'm

just a little jealous of your relationship. That's all," explained Isabella with a forced smile.

Without saying anything in response, Oscar simply turned his back on the woman and walked away, but she would not leave him alone.

Oscar picked up his phone and called his secretary when Isabella followed him into his office. "Linda, come in here and walk Ms. Walker out."

After that, Oscar ignored Isabella and proceeded to focus on his work.

"Do you really hate me that much, Oscar?" questioned Isabella as she leaned on the man's desk.

Before the woman could say anything else, somebody knocked on the door. "Come in," voiced Oscar.

Linda then entered the room and motioned for Isabella to leave with her. "This way, please, Ms. Walker."

"You get out! This is between Oscar and me. You're nothing but a small-time secretary!" yelled Isabella while looking daggers at Linda.

In response, the secretary smiled politely at Isabella. "Ms. Walker, please understand that I'm just doing my job carrying out my boss' order. If it's all the same to you, I'd very much appreciate your cooperation."

"Do you think that I can't get you fired?"

Never had Linda met anyone as unreasonable as Isabella. Still, there was nothing she could do to the woman since she was indeed just a small-time secretary. If Isabella wanted, I believe she'd be more than capable of getting rid of me.

"Linda, someone like her requires a more personal touch. You're allowed to remove her by force if necessary. And don't worry about your job. There's nobody

in this office who can fire you except me," assured Oscar while he continued to go through his documents.

Both Isabella and Linda were stunned by Oscar's words. Although she was permitted to use force, Linda would rather not offend Isabella and risk losing her job. Once again, the secretary found herself caught in the middle.

"Please come with me, Ms. Walker. I'm sure you and Mr. Clinton will have plenty of time to talk in private, so there's no need for this," advised Linda before gesturing for Isabella to leave the room again.

Furious, Isabella glared at the secretary before eventually walking away.

The secretary then breathed a sigh of relief before taking her leave. "I'll leave you to your work, Mr. Clinton." When she got out, Isabella was already nowhere to be seen.

"I pity you, Linda. I really do. It must've been like hell to be stuck between Mr. Clinton and Ms. Walker like that. You are obviously the cannon fodder," commented one of the fellow secretaries.

"It's all part of the job, I guess. We do whatever we can to help when our boss needs us, no? Hey, maybe you should give it a try next time," joked Linda.

"No, thank you. I don't think I can take that much stress. Mr. Clinton might as well just fire me on the spot."

Linda chuckled and shrugged in response to her colleague.

On the other side, Isabella stomped into the elevator and went down to the lobby, where she just so happened to bump into Amelia.

Still upset because of how Oscar had treated her, Isabella started rushing toward Amelia, who had just gotten out of the cab.

Amelia could sense Isabella's hostility toward her when she saw the look on the angry woman's face.

"What a coincidence, Ms. Walker," greeted Amelia while her eyes involuntarily glanced over Isabella's name tag.

Isabella stared coldly at Amelia for a while before questioning, "Why did you have to come back, Amelia? Oscar and I would've gotten engaged if it weren't for you. Do you have any idea what you've done? You have ruined everything!"

Chuckling, Amelia could not help but be amused when she saw how different Isabella was without the Clintons around. Isabella sure knows how to put on a good show. I swear she's the gentlest person alive when Oscar is around. I wonder if she finds it exhausting to switch between two different personalities like that.

"Ms. Walker, this place is my home. The people I love are all here, so why wouldn't I want to come back?" inquired Amelia rhetorically, making Isabella seem even more like a desperate fool in comparison.

Gritting her teeth, Isabella got so angry that she was lost for words.

"Let me remind you that this is your workplace, Ms. Walker. You don't want your colleagues to think that you're some kind of madwoman, do you? I know just how fast rumors spread, and I'm sure it won't take long before they reach Oscar. So do yourself a favor and behave," added Amelia.

"Are you threatening me?"

"Oh, I would never do that to you, Ms. Walker. It's just a friendly reminder. Of course, it's still up to you whether you want to embarrass yourself."

Glaring at Amelia, Isabella could not believe how bold the woman had become after just two years.