

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 540

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.