

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 589

June, who was just done talking with Jennifer over the phone, stared at the woman on his phone screen. Smirking, he said, "Cassie, you're mine. Don't ever think about escaping from me. You don't have to worry as I've already sent people to follow Amelia. As long as she falls into my trap, I'll have a way to ruin her completely and avenge you. By then, you'll have to marry me."

He broke into a smile that was full of confidence as if Amelia was already wrapped around his finger.

Because there were extra drawings that Amelia needed to complete, she had to work overtime. Meanwhile, Oscar was also having a meeting to discuss a difficult project. Both husband and wife were busy with their respective work. Thus, Amelia could only ask Jolin to pick Tony up from the Clinton residence.

Before leaving, Jolin was rather worried.

She looked at Amelia and said, "Mrs. Clinton, will you be okay on your own?"

"Yes, I will be. Don't worry. If Oscar is still busy when I'm done with my work, I'll take a cab back," replied Amelia.

"All right, then. I'll go pick Mr. Anthony up. If anything happens, simply give me a call or scream loudly. There are two bodyguards around. They'll do their best to ensure your safety," reminded Jolin attentively.

Amelia nodded, and after Jolin left, she went back to work.

By the time she was done, it was already nine-thirty at night. Picking up her phone, she found that there were no incoming calls or a single message. Amelia sighed in disappointment.

Upon tidying up the documents on the table, she checked the complete drawings and sent them to Shane.

Stretching her body, her eyes darted around the empty office. Amelia stood up and took her bag, then switched off the lights before leaving the design department.

Amelia was the only person left in the entire office. She took the elevator down, making her way out. Just then, her keen senses told her that someone was watching her from a corner.

It was only when she followed the fiery gaze that she saw no one. Amelia shook her head and figured that it was merely a hallucination as she had overworked herself today.

She wanted to hail a cab but failed to do so even after standing beside the road for nearly ten minutes. Amelia did not know whether it was her bad luck or that there were no cabs available today.

Right when she was contemplating calling Oscar, a car stopped in front of her. As the windows wound down, a head popped out.

Amelia looked at the person. It was none other than June.

"Amelia, did you just get off work?" asked June, smiling like a gentleman.

Amelia forced a polite smile and said, "Hello, Mr. Wick."

"Don't act so polite with me. Just call me John. We're friends, aren't we? Get in the car. I'll take you for a ride," said June while opening the car door.

However, Amelia rejected his offer courteously, "No, it's okay. I've already called someone to pick me up."

June smiled and closed the door. Just as Amelia thought he was giving up, he opened the door from the other side and got out of the car. He then went around the car and walked to Amelia.

"Amelia, are you afraid of me?" he asked.

"How could I be? You're overthinking."

"If that's so, you should get in the car. I'm sure you won't mind, will you?"

Amelia took two steps back inconspicuously as she gave him a gracious smile and said, "No, it's fine. I believe that, as a gentleman, you won't force women to do things that we don't like, right?"

June smiled again.

He held up his hands and said, "Amelia, did you misunderstand something? I just saw that you were standing alone on the roadside and thought that I could send you home as a friend. Isn't this a gentleman's behavior?"

As soon as Amelia turned around and tried to leave, June forcefully grabbed her hand and pulled her into his arms.

Startled by his actions, she began struggling violently. However, June was so strong that she could not budge at all.

"Let go." Thinking of those vague photos, Amelia felt a pang of panic.

Lowering his head to look at her, June's gaze was filled with intense infatuation. He caressed her as he said in a low voice, "Amelia, if the photos of me kissing you are delivered to the Clintons, what do you think will happen?"

Amelia's eyes widened in shock, glinting with anxiety.

June's lips curved into an evil smirk. "Amelia, it looks like there are times that you're scared."

Panting, she said coldly, "What are you trying to do?"

"I'm not trying to do anything. I just suddenly think that you're beautiful and that I want to be together with you."

"Aren't you afraid of pissing Oscar off?"

"Why would I be? It feels more challenging trying to snatch his woman away. He did this to my face. Every time I look in the mirror, I remind myself of what he's done to me. One day, I'll get revenge directly. Once the lurking lion wakes up, I believe that it will be greater than a tiger like him." Being captivated by Amelia as he was gently stroking her face, he said, "Don't worry, Amelia. When I successfully take you away from Oscar, we can watch him suffer together."

Looking at June whose face was nearing her, Amelia felt her heart was overwhelmed with disgust. She moved both her arms, attempting to escape. Yet, it was utterly useless.

The face that was inches away from Amelia almost touched her lips. Feeling grossed out, she could not help spitting at June. This was her first time behaving so rudely.

June wiped the spit away as anger flashed across his eyes. However, he quickly held back his emotion.

He insisted on kissing Amelia. Little did he know, a strong punch landed on his face before his lips could touch hers. Losing focus, he loosened his grip on Amelia and fell backward.

At the same time, someone pulled Amelia into their arms. Amelia let out a cry in shock and looked up to realize that it was Oscar.

Subconsciously, she let out a sigh of relief and cracked a smile. "Oscar, I'm so glad that you're here!"

Oscar looked down at her and said softly, "Don't worry, I'm here."

June got up on his feet and touched his swollen face. He wanted to open his mouth and try to speak. Instead, he gasped in pain.

"Mr. Clinton, you came right on time. Otherwise, I would've kissed Amelia. I believe she tastes delicious, or else you wouldn't have fallen for her, right?" said June casually.

A murderous intent flashed across Oscar's face as he said in a cold voice, "You're playing with fire."

After letting go of Amelia, he immediately rushed in June's direction. Before June could realize it, Oscar had already kicked him to the ground. Then, Oscar brusquely placed his foot on June's body.

Amelia, who was stunned by Oscar's combat skills, only gathered her wits after hearing June's cries. She rushed forward in her high heels and hugged Oscar from the back. Yet, the latter, who had lost his head, shook her off.

As she was pushed away, the heel of her shoe snapped, making a crisp sound. Amelia twisted her ankle and tumbled to the ground.

"Oscar, I'm hurt," she whimpered.

The man, who had lost his composure earlier, finally regained his senses upon hearing her cries.

He ran over, bent down, and lifted the foot that she was holding, asking, "Does it hurt a lot?"

Amelia shook her head and answered, "I think I've twisted my ankle."

Oscar examined her foot and calmed down upon seeing that there were no fractures.

He scooped her up in his arms, then looked down at June, who was heavily injured, and said, "June, don't test my patience again. Otherwise, not even the Adertons could save you. I'll end you with no hesitation. This time, I'm teaching you a lesson. If you don't learn from it, I'll disfigure you. I believe this would be more painful than dying, wouldn't it?"

Carrying Amelia in his arms, Oscar turned around and left. June struggled to get up from the ground as he wiped the blood off the corner of his mouth. After spitting out a mouthful of blood, an unexpected smile appeared on his face.

"Oscar Clinton, is this really all you have? You can't even bear the slightest provocation. If I keep making persistent efforts, it won't be difficult to see you lose control. The more enraged you get, the easier the medicine in your body dissolves. By that time, you'll become a bad-tempered and violent person. I shall wait and see how you can continue to manage a company as big as Clinton Corporations. I'll seize this opportunity and replace you. Sooner or later, Clinton Corporations will be mine," mumbled June, gritting his teeth.

While waiting for that day to come, the thought of Oscar falling beneath him came to his mind. By then, June would become an invincible winner, and Oscar, on the other hand, would fall from cloud nine and end up as a shameful loser.