

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 39

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Cassie was so exasperated that her chest hurt. He's been faking it all along?

"That's enough, June. It's over between us, so there's no point trying to stay in touch. You should leave Chanaea if you know better, lest you wanna stay stuck in a foreign land."

June glared at Cassie viciously. "You're threatening me?"

While speaking, he took out a few CDs. "These are our videos. You like it exciting, don't you? Would Oscar still think of you as the innocent, unsullied girl if I were to show him these? I said you look like an angel, but I left out another word. You're a fallen angel; you might be able to deceive every man with your looks, but you're actually wilder than any other woman out there."

Cassie's face immediately paled. Her lips couldn't stop quivering as her teeth chattered.

"We were in love for four years, June. Do you really have to do this?"

June fiddled with the CDs in his hand. "Come back to me and I'll tell our families that we're getting married. I'm sure the Yard family would be thrilled about you having such an outstanding boyfriend."

Cassie refused to cave in. "You've gone too far, June! We can't go back to the past anymore. You're well-off and good-looking, so I'm sure many other girls are into you. Can't we go back to being friends?"

"I told you that the game's not over until I say so. If you can't get over Oscar Clinton, I'll show him what kind of woman you are. I heard he still thinks you're a pure and sheltered girl, but only an idiot would ever think of you as a shining angel."

Cassie trembled all over.

She had never expected June to be such an animal. Throughout the four years they were together, the man had treated her like a princess and used his power to pave the way for her career. That was how she had managed to become the best pianist in just a few years. On top of that, June had always treated her kindly, but it was only now that she realized the man was nothing but a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"You're a monster, June."

"Come back to me, and I'll turn back into the nice guy you've always known," June said in an arrogant tone.

Cassie raised her chin haughtily. "I'm not the ignorant young woman from back then anymore, June. You won't be able to win me over like that. If we're not meant to be, we're not meant to be. That's how love is. You can't call yourself a man if you keep acting like a sore loser."

June got up, his tall figure making Cassie feel slightly cornered. "Have you forgotten, Baby? You told me that you'd be mine if I turned you into a well-known pianist when we went to Erihal together. But now that you've gotten a little famous, you want to return to your ex? That's not going to happen."

Cassie gritted her teeth. "What do you want, June? Is it money? A new market in Chanaea? Just say the word, and the Yard family will work with you. But when things do take off, please stop clinging onto me. I don't love you, so I won't be happy if you force me to stay."

June suddenly grabbed hold of Cassie and kissed her by force. Then, he led her to the bed before pinning her down. "June!" she screamed. "Touch me, and I'll call the cops!"

June couldn't care less; he continued to smother her in kisses.

Despite the woman cursing at him relentlessly, she soon felt herself being led away by June's impeccable skills. Two hours had passed by the time they were done.

Cassie lay in bed exhausted as June caressed her smooth body. "Baby, you keep saying you want to break up with me, but your body obviously tells me otherwise. Can Oscar even satisfy you like this in bed?"

Cassie slapped his hand away, got off the bed, and picked up her clothes on the floor. "It's over between us, June. Consider this a repayment of debt. Try anything funny again, and I won't hesitate to make you pay."

June immediately dragged Cassie back onto the bed and began to rip her clothes apart.

"Trying to get rid of me, eh?" he sneered while gazing at her condescendingly. "Since when were you this naive?"

Cassie's face fell. "What on earth do you want?"

“Nothing much. I just want you to come back to me.”

“We can’t go back to the past, June.”

“That’s not what your body says. You know how much chemistry we have in bed. I don’t think any other man can make you feel as good as I can. Come back to me; I don’t mind if you still love Oscar.”

“We can never get back together, June.”

June stripped her bare, and thus began another round of lovemaking.

The two bodies intertwined until the sky turned dark. By the time they separated once again, Cassie could practically faint from exhaustion.

June continued to caress her soft skin. “I love your body too much, Baby. It’s so smooth and silky. It’s no wonder everyone says that you Astorians don’t seem to age. You look as young as a fifteen-year-old.”

Cassie pushed him away and glared at him coldly. “Are you done with your nonsense?”

“You were on fire, Baby,” June remarked with a wave of his hand. “I’m happy, so I’ll stop fussing over you and Oscar. But remember, you’re mine. If I see you getting all cozy with other guys, don’t blame me for what happens next.”

With that, June got off the bed, revealing his perfect build.

While putting on his clothes, he gazed at Cassie as though she was a prized possession. “You should try your best to please me while I still love you, Baby, instead of running away like a fool. I have to have you. If you don’t listen to what I say, I suppose Oscar would look forward to seeing your true colors.”

Cassie’s face turned pale with fright, for she had never expected to have gotten herself involved with such a monster.

She grabbed a pillow and threw it at him. “You’re going too far, June! I love Oscar. If you do something to make him leave me, I’m taking you down with me.”

“Love? You said the same about me too. Or have you forgotten?”

“If it weren’t for my career and future, I would’ve never chosen to be with you. Not even ten of you could ever compare to one Oscar,” Cassie spouted in exasperation.

June's gaze instantly darkened. "You'd better be more careful with your words, Baby. Piss me off, and I'll destroy your reputation. Once I upload those videos on the internet, not only will Oscar not want you anymore, but your career as a pianist will be over too."

Cassie screamed as her entire body quivered, "June, you scumbag! You said you love me, but can you really call this love? How could you do this to me? Is this how you love someone?"

June leaned back on the couch and responded lazily, "Baby, I'm just teaching you a lesson. I want you to understand our little game of love will never end until I say 'cut'. I don't want to fail when it comes to chasing my women."

Cassie whipped out her phone. "Aren't you afraid I'd call the cops?" she threatened.

"Go ahead. I'm sure Oscar would love to see all those hickeys on your body."

Cassie felt at a loss.

"When will you ever let me go, June?"

"When I'm tired of you."

"You're despicable! This isn't how love should be! How dare you call yourself a man?"

"When I get my woman back, no one would say I'm not a man."

Cassie wrapped herself with the blanket before getting out of bed and calmly sitting on the couch across the room.

"If you're bothered by how much money you've spent on me, I'll return everything. Give me a number, and I'll do my best to reimburse you."

"You know I don't lack money, Baby."

"Then what the hell do you want?"

"Have you forgotten? I only want you. Come back to me, and I'll love and spoil you all you want."

"You're crazy, June! I told you it can never happen again, but you just can't get over me. You're not a man at all!"

"I'm not a man? Did you forget what we did all night?"

Cassie was rendered speechless. She could only glare at him.

"What's there not to like about being with me, Baby? I'll give you all the branded purses you want. If it's a villa you want, you'll get it, and it'd be under your name too. I can give you everything. I don't see why you'd want to leave me."

Without responding to him, Cassie picked up the telephone and dialed a number. "Please send a set of woman's clothes over to Room 1409. Make it quick."

Then, she immediately hung up.

"I'm not going to sugarcoat anything, June. I'm done with you, and I'm done playing games with you. Stop clinging to me if you have even the slightest bit of shame. I'm tired of all this, and I'm sure you don't like it either."

"But I just love it when you're mad, Baby," June responded nonchalantly. "You have such an innocent face, but you're always so wild in bed. I can't get enough of you."

"Shut your mouth!" Cassie roared.

"And you're just as enchanting when you're mad. Everything you do captures my heart. I'm the one who understands you the most; are you really going to leave me?"

"You can get everything you want, June. You're practically God's favorite child! So why won't you let me go?"

June shrugged. "You just answered your own question. Do you think such a perfect guy like me would ever let a woman dump him?"

At the end of day, his ego would never allow it.

"Fine. Then you break up with me, okay?"

"But I don't want to. Your body's just too good. I've met so many other women, but you're the one I like most. I don't want to let you go."

Just as Cassie was about to cuss at him, a knock came on the door.

She opened it to find a female receptionist standing outside.

"Hello, Miss. Here's the outfit we've prepared for you. Do give it a try and let us know if you're happy with it."

Cassie took the clothes and shut the door right away.

Then, she walked into the bathroom to get changed. Upon walking back out, June's eyes lit up as he saw her. "Your body's amazing as always, Baby. I personally chose this outfit and left it with them. It suits you so well."

Cassie grabbed her purse. "I don't care what you're after, June. If you dare tell Oscar anything about us, I'm going to make you pay even if it kills me."

June grabbed her from behind. "Why are you in such a rush to leave? Just stay for the night."

Instead, Cassie shook him off and headed for the door.

"I'll call you whenever I need you, Baby, so I hope you'll come over right away. Don't ignore my calls, or I might just accidentally send those videos to Oscar."

"You scumbag!"

Cassie glared at him before opening the door to leave.

June watched the door slam shut. "I've spent way too much time and money on you, and now you're leaving me after you've had your fill? Do you think I'm an idiot? You're mine, and only I get to dump you."

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 40**

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Cassie did not know what June was thinking about. After exiting the hotel, she closed her eyes to enjoy the breeze as she thought, June can still blackmail me. If he uploads it on the internet, not only will my reputation suffer, but I'm afraid Oscar won't love me anymore.

No. I've spent far too long to finally know which man truly treats me well. Back then I was too young, and that's why I betrayed Oscar once. Now, I won't let Oscar go anymore.

The relationships she had with other men were not long-lasting; Oscar was the only one she wanted to spend the rest of her life with. There was no way she was going to let Oscar go anymore.

After taking in a deep breath, she took out her phone to dial the number she memorized by heart. Once the call went through, she sobbed, "Oz, is that you? I'm feeling down. Can you come and keep me company for a while?"

To her surprise, Oscar was not the one who picked up the call; it was Amelia. "I'm sorry, Ms. Yard. I'm Amelia, his wife. I think you should call someone else if you're feeling down. It's best not to pine for a man with a wife. You're from a wealthy family, so I'm sure no one in your family has taught you to become someone's mistress, right?"

Cassie paled. As there was no one around her, she dropped the act. "Where's Oscar? Why do you have his phone?"

Amelia chuckled. "Ms. Yard, that's funny. Oscar's my husband. If I don't have his phone, who else would? Ms. Yard, if there's nothing else—good day."

"Get Oscar to pick up the call."

"He's in the shower."

"Tell him about the call when he comes out."

"Ms. Yard, are you drunk? Are you asking me, his wife, to ask her husband to call you? I think you're a little too naive for your age, Ms. Yard."

"Amelia, you'd better not push your luck. Don't assume that I don't know Oscar and you had a marital agreement. You'll be divorcing him soon. Stop hoarding a title that doesn't belong to you."

"So what if it's a marriage with a contract? I'm his wife right now. Once I'm pregnant with his baby, Ms. Yard, there'll be no place for you in our family."

Cassie's expression darkened.

"Amelia, aren't you afraid that I'll tell Oscar what you said?"

"The Ms. Yard I know likes to pretend to be innocent and weak, so I don't think she'll talk behind people's backs. After all, she's the kind who tries her best to leave a good impression on guys. No woman who likes to talk behind others' backs will be liked by men."

At that, Cassie ended the call.

Amelia stared at her dimming screen, a sneer emerging on her face. "How wild mistresses are nowadays. I can't believe she's actually confronting the actual wife and thinks she's right. How shameless."

Then, Amelia deleted the call history and leaned back against the headboard as she read her novel. When Oscar came out from the bathroom in a robe, she put down her book. Noticing how damp his hair was, she pulled open the drawer and took out a hairdryer.

"Come here. I'll dry your hair for you."

Hearing her, Oscar walked over.

As she dried his hair for him, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, you weren't out today for business matters, were you?"

As he enjoyed her gentle actions, he replied truthfully, "I went to meet Cassie."

"Mr. Clinton, you're quite honest. Aren't you afraid that I'll feel upset hearing that?" Amelia murmured.

"You've already known about Cassie before we got married. Why would you feel upset?" Oscar replied nonchalantly.

For a moment, Amelia paused in her tracks. With a quiet, bitter laugh, she thought, This must be the difference between love and not.

Instantly, the atmosphere turned tense.

Amelia was about to put away the hairdryer after drying his hair when he grabbed her hand and asked, "Are you unhappy?"

Amelia gave him a smile. "Do you even care about that, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar furrowed his brows. He hated when she was sarcastic. To him, his pet should be obedient, not talking back to the owner.

"What's with that tone?"

Amelia glanced at his hand and muttered, "Mr. Clinton, could you let go of my hand first? You're hurting me."

After letting go of her, he questioned, "Tell me. Why are you unhappy?"

"Mr. Clinton, you always talk about another woman in front of your wife. Do you think I'd be happy?"

Oscar frowned.

“Have you fallen in love with me?”

With a smile that did not quite reach her eyes, Amelia answered, “Mr. Clinton, this has nothing to do with love. This is about possessiveness. No pretty woman would like to hear a man praising the beauty of another woman in her face.”

Casting her an odd glance, Oscar asked, “What’s wrong with you?”

His words sent a pang of agony to Amelia’s heart. He’s really hurting me with the love I have for him.

“It’s getting late. Let’s sleep,” she said instead. Pulling the blanket higher, she shut her eyes and ignored him.

However, Oscar turned her around and persisted, “What’s wrong with you? You’re being sarcastic.”

Amelia shook her head.

“Just assume that I’m on my period so I’m in a bad mood.”

“Isn’t your period supposed to come in ten more days? Has it started earlier?”

Amelia’s eyes flew open, and she shot a frustrated glare at him. “You’re smart when you’re in negotiations, but aren’t you good at pretending to be a fool when you’re around me?”

Oscar’s brows knitted into a knot.

“Be clear with your words.”

Amelia grinned. “What do you want me to say, Mr. Clinton?”

Oscar stared at the bare-faced Amelia, his heart skipping a beat. She was too much like Cassie, but at the same time, there was something about her that Cassie did not have.

She was like a poppy flower when she had her makeup on. Despite knowing that she was poisonous, many men would still want to have her. Yet, without makeup, she seemed less aggressive and much softer. If he were to stare at her, he would actually realize that she was prettier than Cassie.

At that very moment, it was as if someone had whisked Oscar's heart away, and he found himself in a daze as he gazed at her.

"Mr. Clinton, what's wrong?" Amelia's voice brought him back to reality.

Oscar collected himself and cleared his throat. "Where's my phone?"

Strangely staring at the table, Amelia pointed at the phone on it. "Isn't it right there?"

Oscar tapped his nose subconsciously before asking casually, "Did anyone call me?"

Amelia giggled. "Mr. Clinton, whose call are you waiting for? Ms. Yard's?"

Frowning at that, he gave up on checking his phone as he uttered curtly, "Sleep."

With that said, he lay down and turned off the bedside lamp.

In the dark, Amelia lay in the crook of his arm. "Mr. Clinton, aren't you going to call Ms. Yard? What if she's waiting for you to wish her good night? She might get angry and ignore you if you don't call her."

"Sleep. It's late."

Amelia continued fearlessly, "Mr. Clinton, you don't need to care about how I feel. Call her quickly. Didn't you say you love her? How can you not understand that she wants to hear your voice?"

Turning around to pin her under him, Oscar's magnetic voice traveled into her ears. "Are you complaining that I'm too unconcerned about you?"

"Don't misunderstand my words, Mr. Clinton. I'm just kindly giving you a reminder."

Hanging his head, Oscar kissed her parting mouth. Then, without any hesitation, he undid her pajamas, and they began their intimate act.

Amelia was so exhausted thereafter that fatigue overcame her. However, the abruptly ringing phone interrupted them.

Anxiety suddenly washed over her heart when she heard Oscar's voice. "Hello."

On the other end of the call, Cassie wailed, "Oz, someone's trying to bully me. I'm scared!"

Immediately, Oscar sounded worried. "Where are you?"

Amelia could not hear the following words that Cassie said, but she saw Oscar fumed, "Wait there. I'll come to you right away."

Having said that, he then rushed down the bed to put on his clothes before leaving the room. Amelia trailed behind him as she pulled a sleeping robe to cover herself up. "Mr. Clinton, where are you going?"

"Something has happened to Cassie, so I'm going to take a look." With that, he opened the door and left. Amelia had wanted to tell him that she was going to go with him, but the man did not even give her the chance to voice that.

Oscar sped his way to Cassie. In half an hour's time, he reached the bar Cassie was at. After parking his car, he got down only to see that the bar was more like a nightclub. He frowned but did not hesitate in entering. Right as he stepped into the property, he saw several gangsters trying to tow Cassie toward the outside.

Seeing red, he strode over and punched one of them before pulling Cassie behind him. Worriedly, he asked, "Cassie, are you okay?"

Cassie stared at him and suddenly wailed, "Oz, why were you so late? I was so scared that I won't see you again."

At that second, Oscar wanted nothing else but to embrace her and console her, but he needed to deal with the gangsters first.

"Hey, who are you?" the gangster who had been hit hissed.

"Boss, who cares about who he is. He's dressed well, so he must be some kid from a rich family. Why don't we take him and blackmail his family for some money? That'll be enough to last us some time."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

With a shout from the leader, the gangsters swarmed forward. Pushing Cassie aside, Oscar instructed, "Get to somewhere safe and hide."

While Cassie hid among the crowd, Oscar easily fought against the group of gangsters. "I've called the cops. Keep this up if you plan to spend your next few days in the station."

Hearing his words, they shared a look with each other. One of them yelled, "Boss, what do we do now?"

The leader yelled back, "What are you standing around for? Are you waiting for the cops to come to get you?"

As soon as those words left his mouth, the group of gangsters fled the scene.

Cassie pounced at him as her tears fell. "Oz, are you okay? This is all my fault. If I didn't come to the bar, you wouldn't be surrounded by them."

Oscar wrapped his arms around her waist and muttered, "It's too chaotic here. Let's go out before we continue."

Only after paying for the damages of the broken tables and chairs then did he lead Cassie out of the place. Once they entered his car, he buckled her seatbelt for her as he queried, "Cassie, were you hurt?"

She shook her head.

Then, he checked her over, and when he realized that she only had slight bruising on her wrist, he sighed in relief.

Tentatively peeking at him, Cassie whispered, "Oz, are you angry?"

He nodded and asserted, "I am. I'm angry about why you, a girl, have come to such a chaotic place in the middle of the night. I'm even angrier about the fact that you didn't call others along."

Cassie wept, "I'm sorry, Oz. I was just feeling upset. I never thought that the local bars would be such a chaotic place after my four years of absence. I didn't mean to do this; I did call you earlier and asked you to keep me company, but Ms. Winters was the one to pick up the call. She told me that you're going to sleep with her soon, and she told me to stop wrecking other people's families as a mistress. Her words made me upset. We evidently have feelings for each other, but I'm suddenly the third wheel of your relationship with her. I was confused and sad, so I wanted to get a few drinks at the bar. I didn't expect this to happen."

By the end of her explanation, Oscar's expression was darker than night.