

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 292

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Chapter 292 Unforgettable

Amelia was still chanting Oscar's name when Tiffany entered the room. It seemed like Amelia was muttering to herself, but somehow, it also seemed like she wanted Kurt to hear her. "She's been through a lot. She may look glamorous living with the Clintons, but people have no idea how hard it was for her. I truly hope that she finds herself someone who loves her dearly; Someone who will love her no matter what she becomes," stated Tiffany.

Kurt seemed to have thought of something when he heard Tiffany but remained silent for the moment.

"Still, no one knows when someone like that is going to show up," murmured Tiffany as if she was talking to herself.

"I'm sure that someone will reveal himself soon. He's probably a lot closer than we think," responded Kurt, whose eyes remained fixed on Amelia.

"Wait a second. You're not referring to yourself, are you, Kurt?" questioned Tiffany with a brow raised.

In response to that, the man nodded decisively.

"Even if she becomes blind, you're willing to stay by her side?" continued Tiffany, finding the sudden revelation somewhat unbelievable.

Before that, she had already noticed how Kurt treated Amelia differently, but she never expected the man to be willing to care for her friend, who could become disabled one day. At that point, Tiffany knew she had to find out if Kurt meant every word he said.

"Anybody would be lucky to have Amelia. That much I know. Blind or not, that woman will always be a catch for any man," promised Kurt.

"Kurt, there are things you can't just take back. Are you sure you're willing to care for Amelia even if she goes blind one day? You'll have to tend to most of her needs. You know that, right?" asked Tiffany in all seriousness, still somewhat skeptical of the man.

Kurt nodded determinedly once again before replying, "If Amelia will have me."

"Kurt, I know you'll do better than Oscar. You have my support. Keep it up, and I'm sure you'll win her heart someday soon. You two make a better match anyway," commented Tiffany while the man kept silent.

Tiffany then covered Amelia with the blanket and sighed as she stared at her friend, who was still muttering Oscar's name. "Kurt, don't get me wrong. I know

you're one of the good ones, but it seems you'll have to put in a lot of effort to win this one over."

"I know. I'm ready for it."

For that, Tiffany gave the man a big thumbs-up. "I have to say, Kurt. I'm impressed. Still, this is your former boss' ex-wife we're talking about here. Aren't you worried about what's going to happen if Oscar finds out what you're trying to do?"

"They're divorced now, aren't they?" Since Amelia was single once again then, Kurt assumed she was fair game.

"I like how you think." Tiffany chuckled at the man's rhetorical question.

Still, there was a sense of insecurity in Kurt's eyes when he looked at Amelia, and Tiffany could see it.

"Kurt, I'm worried that your love for her might end up unrequited. Even though I pray that she'll find someone who truly loves her, I know she's loyal to a fault. It's not going to be easy to change her mind."

"I'm willing to give her the time she needs. No matter what, I'll be by her side."

Tiffany let out another sigh as she witnessed those around her struggle for love. The love triangle her friends found themselves in was more dramatic than anything she could hope to come up with for her novels.

"Why don't you go check on Tony and have Martha clean up the mess? I'll take care of Amelia. Don't worry." With that, Tiffany gestured for the man to leave the room.

After taking one last look at Amelia, Kurt nodded and left the guest room without another word.

Then, Tiffany went into the bathroom to get a wet towel to clean her friend up. "Why are you doing this to yourself, Amelia? If you never wanted to divorce the man, then why did you? Obviously, you still can't get over him, so why torture yourself like this?"

Suddenly, Amelia lifted her hand to cover her forehead and cried, "It hurts... My head hurts!"

To help ease the pain, Tiffany quickly massaged Amelia's head. Although the pain had slightly subsided, Amelia suddenly jumped out of bed before rushing to the bathroom. Concerned, Tiffany immediately followed Amelia inside, only to find her friend puking her guts out.

Patting Amelia on the back, Tiffany waited until her friend was done vomiting before handing the woman a clean towel. "Here, clean yourself up."

Even though Amelia's cheeks were bright red, she felt much better after barfing.

"Babe, are you okay?" inquired Tiffany concernedly.

Frowning, Amelia shook her head and rubbed her forehead. "My head still hurts."

"I'll ask Martha to fix you up something for the hangover. It serves you right for not knowing when to stop." A part of Tiffany wanted to rebuke Amelia for the impulsive behavior, but the other knew that her friend had been through enough.

"Tiff, I didn't do anything stupid just now, did I?" asked Amelia embarrassedly.

Tiffany gave her friend a look before answering sarcastically, "Not at all. All you did was repeatedly called out Oscar's name. Heck, you even held my hand and confessed your love for the man to me. If you really love him that much, why did you get a divorce?"

Instead of replying to the question, Amelia fell silent for a while. "Sorry."

Looking at how pitiful Amelia was, Tiffany sighed and decided to go easier on her friend.

"I'm not trying to tell you how to live your life, Babe. I just hate seeing you like this. Since you've already decided to divorce the man, you have to let him go. You know there's no point holding on to him like that. Why torture yourself?"

With her downcast eyes, Amelia continued to keep her silence.

Tiffany then let out a long sigh before continuing, "Babe, this isn't who you are. Remember how strong-willed you used to be? What? Have the years spent with the Clintons changed you?"

"I just need some time, Tiff. I'll be back to my normal self soon. I won't get drunk like this again," promised Amelia with her head still lowered.

Tiffany grabbed Amelia by the hand and swung it back and forth. "Babe, you still don't understand. I'm not mad that you got stupid drunk; I just don't want you to see you torture yourself. Do you have any idea how painful it was for me to watch you beat yourself up like that?"

Seeing how worried and disappointed Tiffany was, Amelia knew there was no point in continuing the discussion, so she changed the subject. "Ouch! My head really hurts, Tiff."

Tiffany knew Amelia did that on purpose, but she decided to let it slide and prioritized easing her friend's headache instead. "Stay here. I'm going to go fix you up something myself," informed Tiffany after walking her friend to the bed.

"Thanks, Tiff." Amelia smiled softly at Tiffany to show her sincere appreciation.

"If you really want to thank me, go easy on yourself. You're not exactly the poster child for perfect health. If anything bad happens to you, I don't know who's going to take care of you."

"I have you, don't I?" questioned Amelia rhetorically with a big smile.

"Glad to hear that you remember you still have me. It's not healthy to keep all those emotions bottled up inside. Remember to let me in every once in a while, okay? I'm going to go to the kitchen now. Be right back."

After Tiffany left the room, the smile on Amelia's face faded gradually.

She then took her phone out and started going through the photos of Oscar and herself. In every one of them, Amelia could not seem happier when she was next to her ex-husband. It was not that long ago when the two took the pictures, but they were nothing more than a reminder of the past then.

Caressing the image of her ex-husband, Amelia whispered to herself, "Even though I was convinced that you never loved me, I couldn't bring myself to let you go, Oscar. I really tried. Even when I was drunk, I couldn't get you off my mind. I thought alcohol could help me escape, but it only made it worse. I underestimated my love for you. I thought I could move on after we got a divorce, but I was wrong. Whenever I am reminded that I'd never get to see you again, my heart aches. You wouldn't believe how much it hurts. How did we end up like this? What happened to us?"

Before long, tears started rolling down Amelia's cheeks, for she did not expect to miss the man so much.

Amelia was upset when she saw how nonchalantly Oscar signed their divorce papers, but still, she pretended not to care and signed the documents indifferently as well. On the way to the Civil Affairs Bureau, Stephanie sent her a text message: Amelia, I'll see to it that you leave our family for good. You'll be blind soon, so what makes you think you're worthy of my brother? He probably thinks you're unworthy too. That's why he agreed to go to the bureau with you. That's right; He knows. In fact, even my parents know about your situation. They only let you have custody of the child out of pity. When you finally lose your sight, we'll take Tony back. Whether you like it or not, you're destined to be all alone.

After reading the message, Amelia chose not to respond but deleted the text instead.

It made her wonder if Oscar was really that heartless, but in the end, she could not bring herself to ask the man directly. Amelia was afraid to seek out the truth, for she feared that it would destroy her.

Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted when Tiffany returned with a remedy for her hangover. Hurriedly, Amelia put her phone away before her friend could see it.

"Here, this will help you feel better." Tiffany handed a hot cup of chamomile tea to her friend, who quickly wiped away her tears and pretended like nothing happened.

"You sure know how to take care of others, Tiff. Any man would be lucky to have you."

For that, Tiffany rolled her eyes at Amelia. "I'll consider myself lucky when you learn how to stop tormenting yourself. How about that?"

After chuckling at her friend's humorous response, Amelia finished her tea in one big gulp.

"Better?"

Amelia nodded in response.

"Get some rest. Don't worry about Tony. Kurt and Martha are looking after him."

As she was told, Amelia then got into bed. "You and Kurt probably did a much better job taking care of Tony. I'm ashamed to call myself the boy's mother."

"You're right to feel that way. If you want to make it up to Tony, I suggest that you focus on getting well soon. After all, how can you expect to take care of the boy if you can't even take care of yourself?"

To that, Amelia nodded understandingly.

"Now sleep. I'm right next to you."

Since Amelia was still slightly hungover, it took her a while before she finally fell asleep.

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Chapter 293 Not Meant To Be

Amelia, Tiffany, and Kurt were having breakfast the following day when somebody banged on the front door. Baffled, Amelia quickly moved her gaze onto Tiffany, who seemed just as mystified.

"I'll go see who it is," informed Kurt after setting his fork down.

Checking the monitor beside the door, Kurt could see a good-looking man standing right outside. He just so happened to have met the man a couple of times when they were both working for Oscar.

Furrowing his brows, Kurt was somewhat reluctant to let the man in. However, at that moment, Tiffany inquired, "Who is it, Kurt?"

"Some lunatic. I'll take care of it. You guys enjoy breakfast," replied Kurt without turning around.

"If there's a lunatic out there, I think it's best you stay inside, Kurt. Let him bang all he wants. I'm sure he'll leave once he's had enough," suggested Amelia with a weak voice. Because of the hangover, she still had a headache and was as pale as a ghost.

Amelia only regretted drinking too much the night before when the hangover took its toll on her.

"It's going to be fine. I know how to fight, remember? Lunatics like this guy don't stand a chance against me. I'll be back before you know it. Enjoy your breakfast." With that, Kurt opened the door just as quickly as he closed it behind him so that Amelia and Tiffany could not catch a glimpse of the person outside.

Leaning his back against the door, Kurt narrowed his eyes at the man in front of him.

"Who are you? I'm here for Amelia. She's inside, isn't she?" questioned Carter Scott as he glared at Kurt hostilely.

"You've got the wrong place, pal. There's no Amelia here." Kurt decided to lie to the man.

"Isn't this Tiffany's place?" continued Carter with knitted brows.

"Nope. As I said, wrong place, so I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave. If you refuse, I'll call the police," warned Kurt with a stern face.

The two men then stood their ground and sized each other up.

After a while, Carter unexpectedly dashed past Kurt to open the front door and went inside before the man could respond.

Amelia, still having her breakfast, immediately jumped up when she saw Carter barge in. "Carter? How did you—"

Before Amelia could finish her sentence, Carter rushed forward to wrap his arms tightly around her.

"Let me go, Carter! You're squeezing me! I can't breathe," exclaimed Amelia as she tried to break free from the man.

However, Carter ignored Amelia's demand and continued to hold her.

“Carter, could you please just let me go? Tiff and the others are here.”

Tiffany tried to help free Amelia after her friend gestured to her for help. However, before she could even reach Amelia, Kurt swiftly snatched her friend away from Carter. The two men then proceeded to look daggers at each other.

“Let go of her now!” ordered Carter when he saw Amelia in the arms of a strange man.

Instead of doing as he was told, Kurt tightened his arms around Amelia, further upsetting Carter.

“Who the heck is that, Amelia?” questioned Carter.

With her head still hurting, Amelia had enough on her plate as it was and would rather not deal with Carter’s sudden appearance. Her divorce with Oscar already had her completely drained.

“What are you doing here, Carter?” asked Amelia, trying to change the subject.

Still glaring at Kurt, Carter took a deep breath before inquiring, “I heard that you and Oscar divorced. Is that true?”

Amelia could feel heartache again as the man’s question only served to open her wound.

“What do you want, jinx?” As she always did, Tiffany stepped forward once again to protect her friend.

However, Carter’s eyes remained on Amelia as if he did not hear a single word Tiffany had said.

Tiffany rolled her eyes at Carter when she was ignored by yet another man. At that point, she was already used to being disregarded by men whenever Amelia was around.

“Someone told me that you and Oscar divorced, Amelia. I need to know. Is that true?” repeated Carter.

“How does that have anything to do with you, jinx? Are you trying to rub salt into her wound? Or are you here because you think you have a chance now?” Tiffany glowered at Carter in disbelief.

“Is it true, Tiffany? Did Amelia get a divorce?” inquired Carter, who finally decided to shift his attention to Tiffany.

Carter was overjoyed when he first heard the news, for he thought he would never see the day where Amelia would become available again. As if he was granted a scarce opportunity, Carter thanked the stars for Amelia’s new marital status.

On his way over to Tiffany's, the man even jumped multiple red lights just so he could get to Amelia as soon as humanly possible. Carter wanted nothing more than to see Amelia the instant he heard the news.

"So what if she did, jinx? What's it to you?" With her brows furrowed even tighter, Tiffany reached out to give Carter a push.

When Carter took a step forward, Tiffany thought he wanted to snap back at her. Instead, the man pushed her aside to get to Amelia. "You don't know how glad I was to hear that you're single again. I mean, it feels like I am finally given a chance to pursue you. Would you go on a date with me, Amelia?"

"I am divorced, Carter, but that doesn't mean I want to start a new relationship just yet. All I want now is to watch Tony grow up. Thank you for coming over to see me."

Gazing at Amelia, Carter had never been surer that she was the one for him. "I don't mind waiting. If there's even a glimmer of hope, I'll wait until the day you're ready to accept me into your life."

Seeing how determined the man was to win her over, Amelia sighed. "You don't have to do that, Carter. Even though Oscar and I are divorced, I still love him, so don't waste your time on me. It's not worth it. You're a good man; I'm sure you'll find someone who loves you."

"Amelia, when I fell into a coma, you promised me that you'd give me a chance. Do you remember that? You made me a promise. I may not know why you two divorced, but I'm sure this is my chance to show you how much you mean to me. Please don't turn me down just yet. I have so much to give; I will be there for you until the day you accept me."

After hearing that, Amelia quietly took a few steps back while Kurt stepped forward to shield her from Carter. Sensing that Kurt had similar feelings for Amelia, Carter intensified his glare at the man. "Who is this guy, Amelia?"

"He's the bodyguard Oscar assigned to protect Tony and me."

"But I thought you two divorced."

When Amelia heard the word "divorce," her face hardened. She disliked hearing it because all it did was remind her that she would never be with Oscar again.

"I'm afraid that you have to leave now, Carter. Tiffany and I have a lot to do today. We have to go check out a few places." In other words, Amelia was politely asking the man to take his leave.

However, Carter did not seem to get the message. "Well, I just so happened to own an apartment nearby. You and Tony can stay there."

Sighing, Amelia responded, "Thank you for the kind offer, Carter, but I think we'll pass. I don't want to owe you anything."

"Hey, even if we aren't a couple, we're still friends, right? I'm just offering my help as a friend. That's all," insisted Carter.

At that moment, Amelia could feel her headache getting worse, so she started rubbing her forehead.

"Are you okay, Amelia?" asked Carter worriedly.

When the man tried to get close, Amelia quickly stepped back to keep her distance. "I'm fine. I just had a little too much to drink last night, and my head is punishing me for it," replied Amelia as she shook her head.

"I know just the right medication for headaches. Let me go get it for you."

Still thrilled to find out that Amelia was single again, Carter acted like a teenager eager to impress his crush. The man was ready to do anything to show just how much he had changed.

Back then, he almost ruined Amelia's impression of him because he was overhasty. Carter wanted to make up for it ever since but never got the chance, so when he heard about the divorce, he figured the time had come. Even though Carter worried that Amelia would be hurting after ending her marriage, he was too excited to keep away. He had already let Amelia go once five years ago, but that time, he was determined to make her his.

"You don't have to do that, Carter. I'm fine. Really," promised Amelia helplessly.

"But you look as pale as a sheet. You need to take medications. Or better yet, I'll send you to the hospital. You don't look so good. I won't let anything bad happen to you. You know that, right?"

Grunting, Tiffany decided that she had had enough of the persistent man. "You just don't get it, do you, jinx? Amelia doesn't want to see you! I can promise you that she'll feel better the second you step out that door. Yes, she's divorced, but that doesn't mean she needs you in her life. Honestly, I think she and Kurt make a better match. She's finally free to live the life she wants now, so let her, okay?"

Carter was completely confused when he heard Tiffany, so the woman pulled Kurt over to make her point more apparent. "You see this man here, Mr. Scott? Besides his family background, he's no less of a man than you are. In fact, he's much more reliable than you. Given the same situation, I don't think he would've run off like you did five years ago. What else can you offer Amelia besides your wealth and social status? I can't believe you just barged in here to ask her to give you a chance. Why the heck would she do that? So that your family gets another chance to humiliate her again?"

Immediately after that, Carter's face turned grim.

"I love Amelia, that much I'm sure of. Even after all these years, I've never given up on her. I dreamed almost every night about how I would make up for my mistake. I just need a chance to prove myself, and I promise I'll make her the happiest woman in the world."

Smirking, Tiffany was obviously doubtful of the man's words.

She knew what the Scotts were like, so she never thought it was a good idea for Amelia to marry into the family. Faye never liked Amelia; If the young woman were to marry Carter, it would not be difficult to imagine Faye giving her a hard time. Tiffany knew the love Carter promised could only do so much, for she had witnessed families fall apart just because in-laws could not get along.

"I'm going to be completely honest with you, jinx. I don't think you're the right man for Amelia. Even though she's divorced now, you're definitely not the type of person I'd suggest she marry. You make a good friend, but you're not husband material. At least not until you work things out with your mother," criticized Tiffany straightforwardly.

"I promise my mother won't be a problem. I just need Amelia to give me a chance to prove it," stated Carter with his fists clenched.

"You have no idea what you're talking about, jinx. Amelia just escaped a horror show that is the Clintons. Do you think she's going to be stupid enough to plunge head-first into another? Let me tell you. Nobody in the right mind is going to do something that idiotic."

Clenching his fists even tighter, Carter seemed to be getting impatient.

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Chapter 294 Selling The House

"Mr. Scott, I think you should leave. I need to accompany Amelia to view some houses. Goodbye. I won't see you out." Tiffany made it very clear that it was time for him to leave.

Carter pretended he didn't understand her words as his gaze remained on Amelia. "Amelia, are you going house viewing? I'll go with you," he offered earnestly.

Amelia felt powerless to reject his advances.

Kurt glanced at him and spoke up. "Mr. Scott, I'll help Amelia with that. We don't need your help."

Carter glowered at him and demanded, "Why is a bodyguard this talkative?"

Kurt kept a straight face and didn't bother responding to him.

Amelia walked over to Carter and told him, "Thanks for coming today, Carter, but I'm pretty busy today. Can you please leave now? I'll prepare a spread for you sometime later. I'm really sorry."

Carter's passion gradually died down. He clenched his hands tightly before releasing them. Gazing at Amelia affectionately, he declared, "All right, I'll leave now. If you need me, I'm just a call away. I'll definitely come right away to help you whenever you need my help no matter what it is."

"Carter, thank you," she thanked him gratefully.

Gazing at her, Carter suddenly pulled her into his arms.

Amelia froze at the sudden hug and began struggling to free herself. Carter leaned nearer and whispered in her ear, "Amelia, when I heard about your divorce, I was afraid you'll be hurt, but at the same time, I was extremely delighted. You're single, and I have the right to pursue you. I know you're not in the mood for a new relationship now, but I can wait. Please leave a space for me in your future life instead of treating me as a friend. I'll do my best to make you happy."

He released her after saying that and lowered his head to gaze at her. "I'll take my leave now and come again tomorrow," he assured.

After Carter's figure disappeared from sight, Amelia remained in a daze.

Tiffany patted her on the shoulder. "Babe, are you all right?" she inquired in concern.

Amelia snapped back to reality and glanced at Tiffany while shaking her head. She didn't utter a word.

Knowing what was on her mind, Tiffany suggested, "Babe, should we go buy some necessities for Tony? We're going to leave soon, right? I think we should prepare Tony's stuff in advance so we won't panic when it's time to leave."

Amelia inclined her head before saying, "Tiff, if your work forbids you to leave, you should stay instead of leaving with me. I will give you a call after settling down at my new place."

"Babe, if I remain here, do you think Oscar and the Clintons won't find you? When they discover where you are, they will demand Tony's custody. Do you want that?" she asked nonchalantly.

Tiffany's words hit the nail on the head.

Amelia fell silent as she pondered Tiffany's words.

Indeed, if Tiffany remained in the city, Oscar would find her through Tiffany. As she had tricked them, the Clintons definitely locate her in every way possible and

take legal action to win back Tony's custody. If that were to happen, her past efforts would be in vain.

"All right. I'll head to the company and talk to Shannon and Der... Mr. Hisson. We can leave after that. I'm planning to sell this house. I've already found a buyer, and he is coming here this afternoon to sign the agreement." Being a woman of action, Tiffany had made up her mind swiftly. Back when Amelia told her about the divorce, she had already started planning everything.

This house was just a place for her to sleep at night. She had no family. Her relatives and friends weren't in this city, too. Just like a wandering dandelion, she would settle down wherever she landed. Though she was slightly reluctant to part with this house, it wasn't that hard to sell it off.

Amelia shot Tiffany a surprised look, for she had no idea Tiffany would sell this house off. She found a buyer so swiftly! She didn't even tell me about it.

"Tiff, why are you selling the house suddenly?" Amelia inquired.

"We're going to leave, right? I don't know when we'll return. If I don't sell it, it's going to remain empty," Tiffany replied casually.

"But you work hard to buy this house. It's meaningful. Isn't it a pity to sell it off?" Amelia didn't share her sentiments.

"I do feel a little reluctant, but it's just a house. We can buy a new house elsewhere." This house was nothing but a mere shelter for Tiffany. Though she had lived here for some time, it wasn't that hard to part with it.

"But—"

Tiffany cut in impatiently, "Babe, enough. It's just a house. I can buy another house after selling it. It's not that serious."

Amelia said nothing else. She knew Tiffany was doing this for her sake. She couldn't stop but feel guilty.

I'm lucky to have such a friend in life.

Shrugging nonchalantly, Tiffany said, "I'll head to my company now. If everything goes well, we can leave tonight or tomorrow. The earlier, the better. Otherwise, when Oscar finds out about our plan, we won't be able to leave."

Amelia bobbed her head.

After chatting briefly, Tiffany bade goodbye and headed to her company.

Inside the general manager's office, the strikingly handsome Derrick was looking at Tiffany, his face devoid of expression. Tiffany couldn't stop her heart from racing at his unwavering stare.

Derrick was special to her. In fact, she couldn't help but wonder if she had fallen in love with him. Every time they met, her heart would race uncontrollably and leap to her throat.

Gulping nervously, Tiffany revealed, "M-Mr. Hisson, I'm here to inform you that I'll be leaving this city soon. If you wish to publish my work, our collaboration will go on as usual. Otherwise, I'll have to find another publisher."

Derrick said nothing and shot her an amused look.

Tiffany's skin prickled with apprehension under his stare. Though she was afraid of Derrick, she couldn't stop her heart from falling head over heels in love with him. Usually, she could talk with others casually, but her composure would disappear before him. Besides her racing heart, she would also feel a little shy.

Even though they often met, her condition didn't show any signs of getting better. She'd be reduced to a shy woman before him.

"Mr. Hisson, if you don't speak, I'll consider it a silent consent. You must be busy, so I'll leave you to your work," Tiffany said with a wry grin.

When she turned to leave, Derrick finally parted his lips to say, "Did I say you can leave?"

Halting in her tracks, Tiffany spun around and offered a flattering smile. "Mr. Hisson, is there anything else?" She looked like a pug trying to butter up to its owner.

Derrick nearly burst out laughing. She never fails to amuse me.

"Are you sure you're leaving the city?" Derrick asked. He got to his feet and went past his desk, heading for Tiffany.

To Tiffany's dismay, her heart began thumping wildly again. If Derrick appears before me every day, I won't die naturally at an old age. Instead, I'll die because my heart is beating too fast. It'll stop working one day after reaching its limit, and I'll meet my end.

"Mr. Hisson, can you please keep a distance from me?" she asked carefully. Derrick was too handsome. She couldn't bring herself to ruin the good impression she had on him.

The only time I managed to stay calm was when Derrick thought James was his love rival. I could remain calm back then, but after that, I could no longer think straight before him.

Indeed, her mind had gone blank. If someone were to ask her,

"How much is thirty-five minus seven?", she'd say, "I don't know." She wasn't lying, for she couldn't do the simple calculations now.

Instead of doing as told, Derrick inched nearer. He lifted Tiffany's chin and forced her to meet his gaze. Licking his sexy lips, he drawled, "Tiff, are you avoiding me on purpose? Otherwise, why would you leave the city?"

Tiffany's brain came to a standstill. She watched blankly as Derrick's face came closer until his slightly cool lips covered hers in a kiss. All of her self-control and reason immediately broke down.

She stared at Derrick as he ended his kiss and shifted away. Blinking profusely, she stood transfixed, stunned by his move.

Pleased with her reaction, Derrick couldn't help but find her extremely adorable.

"I'm pursuing you. Do you think I'll let you leave?" Derrick asked in an overbearing tone as he reached out to caress her hair.

As his icy palm landed on her head, Tiffany shivered and regained her composure. She immediately took a step backward instinctively to keep a safe distance away from Derrick.

Derrick's expression shifted.

Forcing herself to calm down, Tiffany looked at him. "Mr. Hisson, I'm glad to be able to collaborate with you. You can continue publishing my manuscripts if you wish. Otherwise, I'll find another publisher. I must leave." There was a finality to her tone that warned him not to continue the topic.

Derrick gazed at her in amusement. "Did you forget our contract is valid for five years? You can't afford to compensate us if you breach the contract, right?"

Giving him a perplexing look, Tiffany thought about it before answering, "I didn't say I want to breach the contract. Even if I'm not here, I can still hand in my manuscripts like before. I'm a freelance novelist, so I can email my manuscripts to Shannon. If there are signing events, I'll attend them as usual. The only change is that I'm going to leave. Why did you interpret that as I have the intention of breaching the contract?"

Derrick's lips curled into a smirk. He loved it when Tiffany was quick enough to retort his words. Good job. Quick-thinking, Tiffany!

"You didn't say you want to breach the contract. I am against the idea of you leaving unless you provide me with a valid reason. Otherwise, I won't allow my woman to be far away from me," Derrick said honestly. He didn't bother beating around the bush.

Instantly, Tiffany's eyes glistened as her heart skipped a few beats. She immediately looked away.

"Mr. Hisson, I'm here to inform you of my departure. I won't breach the contract and will continue to write in a different city. Regarding the events after

publishing a book, I'll join them as usual. The only difference is that I will no longer remain in this city," she said, her gaze downcast.

Stepping forward, Derrick pulled her into his arms. He then tightened his arms around her to stop her from struggling.

"Hey, are you torturing me on purpose? No woman has ever made me so emotional. You're the one and only. Instead of being content, you forced me to pursue you. I might be young enough to do that now, but when I'm old, I can't continue courting you, can I?" Derrick sighed. His sexy voice was deep and music to Tiffany's ears.

Her heart raced uncontrollably.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 295

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Chapter 295 Agreeing To Be His Girlfriend

"M-Mr. Hisson, it's late, so I need to go." Her heart was beating so fast that all she wanted was to flee the scene.

Derrick grabbed her wrist and pinned her to the wall in an imposing manner. His face inched nearer to hers as he asked softly, "Tell me. Don't you like me at all?"

Upon meeting Derrick's mesmerizing eyes, Tiffany felt her throat go dry. She swallowed subconsciously.

Pleased by her reaction, Derrick ran his right thumb across her cheek tenderly. "You do like me, huh? Why won't you accept me, then? You promised to give me a chance, but you keep going back on your word. I don't trust you at all. That's why you won't get to leave this city. What if you disappear into thin air? I won't take that risk unless you agree to my condition."

Tiffany blinked at him in confusion.

"I'll let you leave if you agree to be my girlfriend," Derrick stated his condition. Like a sly fox, he had everything under his control. He was determined to make Tiffany his, and she would be his wife. After spending three years to court Tiffany, there was no way he'd let her leave this easily.

Tiffany blinked again, for she couldn't catch up to him.

"Be my girlfriend, and I'll help you keep your secret," Derrick announced with a playful smirk.

"What do you know?" Tiffany glanced at him warily.

"I know everything about you. You are leaving this city out of a sudden because of Amelia Winters. I heard her divorce with Oscar Clinton had been finalized," Derrick revealed confidently.

Tiffany's expression changed drastically as hostility flashed across her gaze. Her initial shyness was long gone.

"Mr. Hisson, what do you want? If you dare lay a hand on Amelia, I'll make sure you pay for your actions!" she hissed.

Derrick chuckled. Ruffling her fringe, he remarked, "Tiff, don't you realize you care for Amelia more than you care for me? If I weren't sure about your sex, I would've thought that you're madly in love with Amelia."

Tiffany froze in an awkward manner.

She shot him an indignant look and declared, "Nonsense! Amelia and I are innocent. We're merely friends!"

Derrick guffawed out loud as his mood further improved.

"Tiff, do you know how adorable you look? I wish I could give you a kiss." He was rather lavished with praises on her.

Nevertheless, Tiffany tensed up at his words.

Derrick was a sly fox. Since he mentioned Amelia's divorce, it wasn't just an offhand remark. Clearly, he'd do something about it. Thus, Tiffany had to keep her guard up to deal with any sudden situations.

"Don't furrow your brows. You look like an old lady," said Derrick as he massaged her forehead.

"Mr. Hisson, what exactly do you want? How did you find out about Amelia's divorce?" Tiffany took two steps back and asked with a voice of forced calmness.

"I know everything about you." Derrick wasn't about to keep it a secret from her. "Having a few sleeves up my trick to pursue a beautiful lady is allowed."

"You had me followed?" Tiffany demanded angrily.

"Not really. I hired a private investigator to find out about your private life and discovered Amelia's divorce," came Derrick's reply.

A wave of fury crashed through Tiffany when she heard that. Suddenly, it occurred to her that Derrick was a dangerous man. He forced her to a corner and didn't bother hiding his possessiveness. She couldn't imagine how life would be like living with someone like him. If he were to keep an eye on her daily life, it would feel like she was a prisoner. That was unacceptable!

"Mr. Hisson, either you've gone nuts, or my ears must've played tricks on me. I need to calm down and consider whether I'll continue working with your company. A superior who spies on his employees is rather undesirable." Tiffany gave him a curt wave as she scurried to the door hastily.

Derrick's expression changed abruptly.

"Listen, Tiff. It's not what you think," he implored in a low voice.

"I know what I saw! You're a whack! Even Oscar isn't as perverted as you are. I can't believe I wasted time wondering if I should accept you. Let me tell you this—I won't accept a pervert who had me tailed!" Tiffany glowered at him and screamed.

Instead of getting mad, Derrick yanked her into his arms and said, "You're stubborn and difficult. I had to find excuses to make you come to the company. When I visited you at home, you pretended you weren't home. As I missed you a lot, I had no choice but to ask someone to take a few pictures of you. I found out about Amelia by pure coincidence. She kept appearing in your neighborhood, and I was afraid she ran into some trouble that rendered you helpless and worried. Thus, I asked someone to check it out. I thought I could help you in secret if it's a complex matter. I can't believe you called me a pervert. That's upsetting."

Tiffany froze, forgetting that she was in Derrick's arms.

Planting a kiss on her cheek, Derrick asked tenderly, "Tiff, will you be my girlfriend? I've been courting you for three whole years. A stone would've melted under my warmth. Please say yes? If you say yes, I'll help you keep it a secret from the Clintons and cover up for you. Otherwise, the Clintons are capable enough of finding you no matter where you go."

Tiffany mulled over it.

Indeed, the Clintons could use their connections to find them. They will find us one day. When that day comes, they'll resort to unscrupulous means to get Tony back. If...

She stared at Derrick thoughtfully. If Derrick is willing to help us, perhaps we can confront the Clinton family. But isn't making use of him a despicable action?

As though he could sense her thought, Derrick pinched her nose playfully and quipped, "I don't mind you using me."

Tiffany felt her cheeks burning at his words. She gave his chest a light shove and said, "Stay away from me. I can't think properly when you're right next to me." I don't want to fall for your trap and sign some unfair agreement.

Of course, she didn't say the last sentence out loud.

Derrick released her obediently. He wanted to charge ahead at full force but was afraid he'd scare her away with his overbearing manner. Thus, he treated her as a boiling frog and used three years to make her develop feelings for him. When she had gotten used to his presence, she would never get away from him.

Clearly, Derrick was a very experienced player. Back then, women used to flock around him, so all he had to do was to enjoy their advances. This was the first time he had to plan that long to win a woman's heart.

If they ended up dating, he'd definitely be a great boyfriend to her. If they get married in the future, he'd be a trophy husband, too. As he was devoted to her, Tiffany would be happy with him.

Tiffany took a step back and waited until she came back to her senses. After a brief consideration, she said, "Mr. Hisson, if I say yes, will you protect Amelia for real?"

Derrick teased her deliberately, "I thought you'd agree willingly. Instead, you have a condition."

Frowning, Tiffany stated firmly, "Mr. Hisson, if you think my request is too much, forget it. I'll take my leave." With that, she spun on her heels and made to leave.

Derrick took her hand hastily and said, "Did I say anything? You're seriously stubborn. It's like riding a rollercoaster whenever I'm with you." He was staring at her with an expression halfway between exasperated and indulgent.

"If you think I'm difficult to please, then stay away from me," Tiffany whined, her lips pouted up in displeasure.

Derrick chuckled.

"You're still mine no matter how difficult you are. Be my girlfriend, all right?"

Tiffany fell silent. After thinking over it, she nodded reluctantly.

Surprise appeared in Derrick's gaze. He immediately flung his arms around her and asked earnestly, "Tiff, was that a yes?"

"If you don't believe me, I'll leave now."

There was no way Derrick would let her leave easily. He pushed her to the wall and covered her lips in a fervent kiss. Urging her lips to part, he plunged his tongue into her mouth forcibly. They were soon immersed in a long, passionate kiss.

Tiffany had no idea a kiss could be this exciting. Her mind went blank as she enjoyed Derrick's kiss.

It wasn't time yet, and they were in his office. Otherwise, Derrick would've done the deed then and there. As it had taken him a lot of effort to get Tiffany, he didn't want to jump on her abruptly.

If they were to make love, he'd choose a well-lit place with the perfect environment. He wanted Tiffany to feel the throes of unparalleled pleasure and passion.

When Tiffany was barely gasping for air, Derrick released her and pressed his forehead to hers. "Tiff, you're mine now," he drawled sexily.

Tiffany knew her cheeks must be crimson red right now. Feeling shy, she dared not meet his gaze and mumbled, "That's right." She then pushed Derrick away and fled the scene hastily.

As the door shut behind her, Derrick busted out in a burst of merry laughter.

My woman is indeed cute.

Tiffany took the elevator downstairs. Her cheeks were still heated after she exited the building. Looking up at the building, she suddenly felt a sense of warmth for it. I can't believe I just agreed to be Derrick's girlfriend!

Perhaps Amelia's suffering had changed her mind. Instead of avoiding the matter, it would be better if she agreed to give it a shot to date Derrick. Back in his office, she couldn't lie to herself and claim she felt nothing for him. Her feelings for him were deeper than she had expected.

Derrick Hisson, I have decided to be your girlfriend. I hope you're serious about our relationship, or I'll make sure we will never meet again.

That was what Tiffany thought as she stared at the building silently.

She was elated to be Derrick's girlfriend and could barely hide the grin on her lips.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 296

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Chapter 296 Heartbroken

Back home, Tiffany hugged Amelia who opened the door for her. "I'm sorry, Babe," she said apologetically.

Amelia was confused. "What's wrong?" she inquired.

"I'm in a relationship."

Amelia was rather surprised before breaking into a grin. "Isn't that a happy thing? Why did you apologize to me?"

"You just got a divorce, and I got myself a boyfriend. That doesn't feel right."

Amelia gave her a hug as she was amused. "I'm glad you found someone. At least one of us is happy now. That man who stole your heart should be Derrick, right?"

Tiffany didn't deny her guess.

Delighted, Amelia gave her another hug. "Congratulations, Tiff! Since you're now a couple, you should stay back. It's hard to keep a long-distance relationship. Besides, you've just got into a relationship. If you leave with me, it'll be a huge blow to your unstable relationship. I don't want to ruin it."

Tiffany rejected her at once. "Amelia, don't push me away. I've told Derrick everything, and he has agreed to it. After we settle down in another city, I'll let him know where we are. Just take it easy. I'll make sure that our relationship goes well. If he falls out of love with me because we're apart, then there's no need for me to stick around him."

Though a long-distance relationship would test each other's feelings, it was also the perfect opportunity to find out how much Derrick loved her.

If he remained steadfast and loyal, she'd consider marrying him and go through every obstacle together, hand in hand.

"Tiff, you-"

"Babe, I know what I'm doing. As an adult, I am capable of handling my own love life. Don't forget that I'm a freelance novelist who has a unique and sharp approach to my relationships. I pondered over it thoroughly before agreeing to become Derrick's girlfriend, so I won't break up with him easily. I am sure he'll make arrangements for my work. You just don't worry for I'm all ready. When are you leaving? Tonight or tomorrow? Let's book the flight tickets now," Tiffany said.

Amelia thought about it and answered, "Tiff, I want to visit Oscar in secret. I won't get to see him after we leave, so I want to etch his face in my mind."

Tiffany stared at her silently.

Flashing a forced smile, Amelia said, "I know how useless I am, Tiff. I promise you I'll just want to see him one more time. I'll then try to bury him deep in my heart."

"All right. I'll give you a ride there." Tiffany caved in.

Amelia gave her a hug.

Patting her back, Tiffany chided, "All right, stop this. You want to see him, right? Let's go. After that, I'll book flight tickets for tonight. We need to leave before Oscar realizes something is wrong."

Amelia stood still for a moment before bobbing her head.

After leaving instructions for Kurt to take care of Tony, the ladies left the apartment.

Tiffany drove out of the neighborhood and sped off onto the road. "Tiff, didn't you say someone will view your house a few days later? Is it all right to leave tonight?" Amelia queried worriedly.

"Don't sweat it. I've arranged for someone else to take care of that," Tiffany replied, her gaze focused on the street.

"I'm glad to hear that."

Amelia fell silent and leaned back in her seat.

Tapping the steering wheel absent-mindedly, Tiffany turned to her and wetted her lips before saying, "Babe, Oscar gave you a lot of assets after the divorce. Are you seriously going to return the titles to the Clintons by courier? I can't believe you're planning on closing your bank account, too."

Amelia shut her eyes and mumbled in acknowledgment. Her voice was weak as she explained, "Since I've decided to leave, it should be a clean break."

Tiffany glanced at her. She could understand how torn and miserable her friend felt. "Well, as long as that makes you happy," she replied.

"Even without the assets, the money Oscar gave me over the years is enough for Tony and me," Amelia added.

"I can afford to take care of you and Tony even if you don't have a cent under your name," Tiffany exclaimed.

Amelia just chuckled without saying anything.

They chattered away idly, and the car soon rolled to a stop opposite of Clinton Corporations.

"Babe, we're here," said Tiffany after she parked the car.

Amelia's eyes snapped open as she studied the huge and impressive building opposite the road. Her lips curled into a very small smile.

Just the sight of the building gave her the illusion that she was in the same space as Oscar.

A hint of confusion appeared in her gaze as she looked at the entrance of Clinton Corporations. Without warning, she blurted out, "Oscar, do you still remember the first time I came to Clinton Corporations? You were in a meeting. I remember how upset you were at my sudden appearance, and I was terrified by your response."

She chuckled lowly. The humiliation in the past had become a part of her memory.

It took her a while to realize the person occupying the driver's seat wasn't Oscar. She gave Tiffany an awkward smile and said, "Tiff, I'm sorry. I thought you were him."

Tiffany felt bad for her. "If you can't forget him, just let him know the truth. I believe there's a way to treat your condition."

Amelia laughed bitterly as pain appeared in her eyes. "Tiff, there's no going back. I'm going to lose my eyesight permanently soon. Besides, the blood clot in my brain will take my life anytime. I don't want him to face life and death again. We're already divorced, and he might not want me back. Perhaps he has already found himself a lover."

It was clear that Amelia was lying to herself. Tiffany wanted to say something, but she saw Amelia's gaze widening in shock at the sight of something opposite them.

Confused, she followed Amelia's gaze and saw an infuriating scene—Oscar was walking out with a young lady. Rather, the young lady was clinging to his arm intimately. She looked eager, like a bird who had just been released from a cage.

A wave of fury crashed through Tiffany. She turned to Amelia worriedly and racked her brains to figure out how to comfort her friend. However, she could only offer awkwardly, "Babe, this might be a misunderstanding. Don't overthink. I believe Oscar isn't someone who'd set his sights on another woman that quickly. Calm down. Why don't I head down and ask him about it?"

The sight of the two of them was like a sharp blade driving into her heart. Amelia's entire body started trembling in anguish.

She forced out a placating smile. "That's all right. I'm glad to see that Oscar has found a new lover before I leave. The Walker family and the Clinton family have been friends for a long time. They have similar family backgrounds and look every inch the perfect couple. I should be happy for him." That was what she said, but she couldn't stop her eyes from turning red.

Tiffany felt upset for her friend and began cursing Oscar inwardly.

"Babe, do you know that woman?"

Amelia nodded. "We've met a few times. She's the eldest daughter of the Walker family."

Tiffany's fury morphed into incredulous laughter. As a romance author, this cliché scene was enough to make her imagination run wild.

"You mean before your divorce, Oscar has already met Ms. Walker before?" Tiffany demanded blatantly.

Amelia bobbed her head weakly. She looked away from Oscar and Isabella, who had arrived at their car. "Tiff, let's go," she implored softly.

I knew it. I was the only one who refused to let go of the past. Oscar claims to love me, but after our divorce is finalized, he immediately went on to see another woman. I've overestimated his feelings for me. Now that he's with another woman, it's useless to cling and pine after him.

Amelia wasn't about to cause a scene, for she was the one who chose to leave. Appearing before the couple right now would only humiliate each other.

"Leave now? Why should we do that? You have lost your appetite because of him, and his sister caused you to lose your eyesight. I can't appease my anger if I can't teach him a lesson. Just you wait. I'll expose his true colors now!" With that, Tiffany unbuckled her seatbelt in a flash, about to get down from her car.

Grabbing her hand, Amelia shook her head and pleaded, "Don't go, Tiff. Please. We're already divorced, so I don't have the right to interfere in his love life. Let's leave tonight. I don't want to embarrass myself before leaving."

Tiffany glanced at Amelia's pleading gaze and relented with a sigh. She shut the door as the air tensed up.

Amelia collapsed back in her seat and said feebly, "Tiff, let's go."

Tiffany slammed the steering wheel and shot a furious glance at Oscar's car before driving away in a huff.

On the way back home, Amelia remained strangely silent as she stared outside blankly.

Tiffany glanced at her. She parted her lips to say something but ended up letting out a sigh.

They returned to the neighborhood in silence. After parking the car, Amelia sat up and pretended nothing had happened earlier. "Oh, we're here. Tiff, you can head up without me. I need some time alone. It won't take long."

"Babe, you can vent your frustrations at me. I won't leave you alone to wallow in self-pity. If I give you some space, I'm sure you'll overthink."

Amelia kept a smile on her lips, but it was a bitter one. "Tiff, I'm all right. I'm glad Oscar has found a new partner this soon. It's true."

"If you're happy, stop flashing that unsightly smile." Tiffany exposed her lie without hesitation. "Just express your sadness. I won't laugh at you. Acting this way will only make my heart ache for you."

Amelia unbuckled her seatbelt and shook her head. "Let's go down. We need to pack up. Remember to book the flight for twelve tonight."

Tiffany watched helplessly as Amelia got down from the car. She gave up and alighted from the car before going to her friend. "Are you all right?"

"Do I look like I'm not okay? I'm happy for him, really," Amelia answered with a smile.

Tiffany sighed, feeling sad at Amelia's stubborn act and pretense.

"Babe, you don't have to put on an act before me."

"Tiff, I'm really fine."

Tiffany was about to say something but gave up on comforting her friend.

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Chapter 297 I Miss You

On the other hand, Oscar gave Isabella an irritated glance. She was occupying his passenger's seat. "Ms. Walker, what do you want? I'm busy and have no time for your games."

With a smile hanging on her lips, Isabella answered, "Oscar, Mrs. Clinton told you to bring me to lunch. You won't go back on your word, right?"

Oscar eyed her coldly before ordering, "Get out."

Isabella's smile froze on her face.

"I'm sorry, Oscar. I just want to have lunch with you. I haven't got the chance to treat you to a meal since my return. Can you join me for lunch for the sake of your mother?" Isabella backed down.

An ordinary man would be unable to refuse Isabella's offer. However, Oscar was no ordinary man. He'd only show his tenderness to his beloved and treated other women harshly.

"Get out," he repeated.

The smile on Isabella's face faded away. She leaned in her seat and said wistfully, "Oscar, do you hate me that much? I like you a lot., and you've divorced Ms.

Winters. We're both single now. Are you going to be so cruel to a beautiful lady who is pleasing you?"

"I'm not interested in desperate women. Even if Amelia doesn't exist, you're not my type. Stop clinging to me. Otherwise, I will take action even if you're a Walker."

Isabella stiffened at his warning. However, her years of experience working overseas allowed her to bite back the humiliation rising in her heart.

Flashing a pleasant smile, she uttered, "Don't get mad, Oscar. I want to let you know that I'm interested in a position in the Sales Department in Clinton Corporations. Here is my resume. If you think I am a suitable candidate for the position, please hire me."

Having said that, she whipped out her resume from her bag that she had worked hard to prepare and handed it to Oscar.

Oscar took her resume and flipped through it quickly. The resume was nicely done and packed with content. Isabella had graduated from a prestigious university. She didn't major in sales, but her experience would allow her to work in any position in any company.

"It's a great resume. I believe any company will welcome you gladly. Nevertheless, I'm sorry to say that Clinton Corporations isn't hiring for now. I can introduce you to another company that allows you to put your experience and knowledge to good use," Oscar said as he returned her resume to her.

Isabella's smile faltered. However, she didn't give up. "Oscar, I met Ms. Winters yesterday. She gave me a necklace and left me a message. Don't you want to know what she told me?"

At the sight of the crystal necklace in her hands, Oscar's expression changed. He snatched the necklace from her and demanded, "Why do you have this necklace?" It was a gift he had prepared for Amelia back on the yacht, so the necklace was very important to him.

A smug and calculative look flashed across Isabella's eyes. "Oscar, it was Ms. Winters who gave me the necklace. She also left a message for you."

Glowering at her, Oscar retorted, "Impossible. Tell me. Did you steal this necklace? If you don't tell me the truth, I'll make sure you return to Anglandur at once."

Isabella cowered at his furious glare. She took a deep breath and calmed down before saying, "Oscar, that's an insult. Though our family isn't as wealthy as yours, I can afford all the luxurious items that I want, let alone a mere crystal necklace. Why would I steal it? It was Ms. Winters who had given it to me!"

Yes, she didn't steal the necklace. Back in the Clinton residence, she once saw the necklace on Amelia's nape. Pretending to be interested in it, she borrowed it for

a closer look before hiring someone to make the same necklace. Otherwise, she wouldn't have an excuse to invite Oscar out.

Oscar grasped the necklace tightly as about a dozen expressions crossed his face. After a long moment of silence, he asked, "What did Amelia say?"

Isabella put on a modest smile. "I'll tell you what is it under one condition—allow me to work in Clinton Corporations."

Oscar rolled his eyes. "Is that a threat?"

Giggling, Isabella replied, "Oscar, don't be mean. I have feelings for you, so I wish to work in your company. First come, first served, right? Of course, you can assume that I stole this necklace from Ms. Winters. You're divorced now, so I can't really threaten you using this necklace, right?"

Oscar glowered at her. "I'll ask Jerry to arrange a position for you."

Isabella's smile nearly slipped from her lips.

Oscar, you still can't forget Amelia, huh? Even though you're divorced, you still care for her.

The realization made her a little unhappy.

"Oscar, looks like you still can't forget Ms. Winters," she remarked.

"Say it," Oscar ordered curtly.

Isabella tensed up momentarily before revealing, "All right. I'll say it. Ms. Winters wants you to stay away from her after the divorce. She doesn't like ambiguities."

Oscar's expression soured upon hearing that. He stared at her icily and exclaimed, "Nonsense!"

Unbuckling his seatbelt, he declared irritably, "If I knew you were going to say nonsense over lunch, I would've remained in my office."

As he opened the door, he added, "Don't be presumptuous. I only agreed to let you work in Clinton Corporations because of my mom. Next time, don't use defective items to play games with me."

Having said that, he alighted from his car and left Isabella alone in the car.

Through the window, Isabella looked at Oscar's figure striding into the building as her lips curled into a smirk. "Oscar, you're far more attractive than I've expected. I like how domineering and possessive you are. The more indifferent you are, the more obsessed I am with you. I think I'm going to fall in love with you," she mused happily.

Obviously, she wasn't going to let him slip out from her hands. Meanwhile, Oscar entered the building and entered the elevator wearing a grim expression. Once he stepped out of the elevator, he ordered, "Linda, I want to see Jerry now."

Linda nodded in acknowledgment. "Got it, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar stalked into his office, and Jerry showed up soon.

She knocked on the door politely and entered after Oscar granted her entry.

"Mr. Clinton, you wanted to see me?" Jerry stood before his desk.

Without looking up, Oscar instructed, "Jerry, arrange a position for Ms. Walker in the Sales Department."

Furrowing her brows, Jerry answered carefully, "Mr. Clinton, the Sales Department is full. We have enough manpower. I'm afraid the others will complain if we recruit a new employee." Back when Jerry was appointed the manager of the Sales Department, most of the employees were upset, too. If she wasn't competent enough to strike a few lucrative deals, they wouldn't take her seriously.

"Just do as I say. If she isn't competent enough, I'll arrange an easier job for her that won't require her to think much," Oscar commanded with a dismissive wave.

"Got it, Mr. Clinton." Jerry had no choice but to obey his order.

As Oscar proceeded to ignore her and was reading a file in his hands, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, is there anything else? Or I'll take my leave."

Hearing that, Oscar finally spared her a look. "Did Amelia get in touch with you?"

Jerry was stunned. Though she had no idea why her boss wanted to know about that, it didn't stop her from responding honestly. "Mr. Clinton, I called Mrs. Clinton yesterday. We had a brief and casual conversation." Oscar hadn't announced their divorce to the public yet, so only a few people knew about it.

"Did she mention me?" he urged.

Jerry paused for a moment before asking curiously, "Mr. Clinton, you're married to her. You sleep in the same bed every night. If you want to hear her praise, why don't you ask her outright?"

Feeling awkward, Oscar coughed twice in an unnatural manner. "Just say it," he instructed.

Oh, they must've fought. No wonder Amelia acted strangely last night, Jerry mused silently.

"Nothing much. She told me to remind you not to work nonstop and take your meals on time. She wants you to rest and take care of yourself."

Oscar's gaze softened as the corners of his mouth turned up into a grin. "Did she really say that?"

Jerry nodded.

After getting her confirmation, Oscar's mood lightened.

"Anything else?"

Jerry pondered over it, but found it hard to explain.

"What's wrong?"

Finally, Jerry decided against revealing it and shook her head. "She only told me to remind you to take good care of yourself instead of burying yourself in work."

"All right. You can leave now." Oscar waved.

"Alright, Mr. Clinton. I'll take my leave now."

Once Jerry was out of sight, Oscar played with his pen pensively. A minute later, he got to his feet, put on his suit jacket, and strode out of his office.

"Linda, clear my schedule this afternoon and reschedule everything to tomorrow," he commanded.

"But Mr. Clinton, Mr. Fendler from Saddle Group is on the way here for our two o'clock meeting," Linda said hastily.

"Postpone it. Say something came up. I'll treat him to a meal tomorrow to make up for missing the meeting." By the time Oscar finished saying that, he was already in the elevator.

Downstairs, he exited the elevator and hurried out of the building. Isabella was nowhere to be seen.

After getting into his car, he started the engine and sped away. He was driving at a fast speed, for he couldn't wait to see Amelia. Though the woman was heartless enough to demand a divorce, she still cared for him. He didn't want to wait until a few days later to see her.

Huh, I guess absence makes the heart grow fonder.

We have only been separated for a day, but it feels like a year has passed.

He had never felt this way before and thought it was all a lie, but now the longing was gnawing at his heart.

The more he missed her, the more he understood how painful love was.

He only realized how deeply in love he was with Amelia after their split.

I shall let her know that I'll pursue her and make her my wife again. I'll love and protect her with all my might. We'll raise Tony up together. One day, when he inherits Clinton Corporations, we can travel around the world and leave our mark in every country.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 298

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Chapter 298 Have A Talk

Oscar drove at top speed. It only took him twenty minutes to get to the neighborhood where Tiffany lived. After parking the car, he quickly took the elevator upstairs.

Standing in front of her apartment door, Oscar was going to knock on the door, but then he withdrew his hand almost immediately. He adjusted his suit and made sure his appearance was immaculate before knocking on the door.

Shortly after, the door was opened from the inside, and he came face-to-face with a middle-aged woman.

"Are you Mr. Clinton?" the woman asked after a moment of contemplation.

Oscar replied, "Yes, I am. Is Amelia here?"

"Sorry, she's not in at the moment. She went out with Tiffany and should be back in the evening. Would you like to come in and take a seat, Mr. Clinton?" the woman said.

Oscar nodded in response.

As the woman stepped aside to allow him to enter, he asked, "Where is Tony?"

"He's in the nursery. Kurt is watching over him. Go in and check on him. I'll prepare some fruits for you," said the middle-aged woman while wiping her hands. She was not wary of Oscar, as she knew that Amelia had once been married to him.

He nodded before entering the nursery.

At that moment, Kurt was carrying Tony, and an odd expression flashed across his face when he noticed Oscar coming in. Nevertheless, he brought Tony over to him while greeting respectfully, "Boss."

Oscar fixed his gaze on his son as he stretched out his hands. "Let me carry him, Kurt."

Kurt hesitated momentarily, yet he still did as he was told to and handed Tony over to Oscar.

However, Tony, who was quiet while being carried by Kurt, started bawling as soon as he was placed in Oscar's arms. His high-pitched howls caused the usually calm and collected Oscar to feel awkward. His son's cries left him nonplussed.

Oddly enough, it seemed that Tony tended to put Oscar in awkward and helpless situations as though he held a grudge against him. Despite that, Oscar felt his anger dissipating quickly upon gazing at Tony's facial features that were very similar to Amelia's.

Kurt looked concerned when he saw the baby wailing in Oscar's arms. "Boss, Tony probably hasn't seen you in a while, so he's not used to it. Let me carry him instead."

Oscar shook his head before instructing, "Leave the room for now. I wish to speak to Tony."

Kurt hesitated upon hearing that. He was obviously reluctant to leave Tony with his boss, as he was afraid that his clumsiness would scare the baby.

"What's the matter? Can I not spend some time alone with my son? Or perhaps you wish to take my place since Amelia and I have divorced? Don't forget that I trained you, Kurt. You are a bodyguard, and Amelia is your client. During your training back then, I had already set the rule that you mustn't develop feelings for your clients. Has it slipped your mind?"

After Kurt heard Oscar's words, his expression changed.

Oscar gazed at him with piercing eyes. "If I could promote you back then, Kurt, I can also ruin you right now. Amelia is mine, and you can never lay your hands on her. Remember who you are and don't cross the line. Otherwise, I'll have to get rid of you."

Kurt lowered his head to hide the emotions in his eyes. His fingers slowly curled into fists as a myriad of emotions overwhelmed him.

"Get out," Oscar said coldly.

Despite his order, Kurt merely stood right where he was. A murderous look flashed across Oscar's eyes as he sensed that Kurt was beginning to defy him.

"Are you planning to go against me, Kurt?" Oscar inquired warningly.

"I dare not, Boss. I merely think that since you and Amelia have already divorced, any single man would have the right to pursue her," Kurt said. Unexpectedly, he refused to obey Oscar's order.

Oscar's gaze instantly darkened as he strode toward Kurt. Although they had little height difference, the menacing aura Oscar exuded made him seem more overbearing in comparison.

Perhaps it was due to the fact that Kurt had been working under Oscar as a bodyguard since he was young. Kurt had always felt great reverence for Oscar. Therefore, he felt intimidated when he confronted Oscar.

"Have you fallen in love with her?" asked Oscar.

Kurt lowered his head. "I'm sorry, Boss. I didn't mean to," he replied, indirectly admitting to it.

Oscar suddenly let out a laugh.

"Well, isn't that great? Amelia is pretty and also very kind. It's normal for a guy to be attracted to her. However, I thought that you weren't interested in relationships, so this caught me by surprise." He reached out to pat Kurt's shoulder, but he deliberately used more force as he went on, causing Kurt to scrunch up his face in pain.

"But don't you forget that she's mine, Kurt. She still belongs to me even after our divorce. I've never once thought of letting her go. Should you dare to touch her, there won't be any need for you to remain by her side any longer," threatened Oscar.

Kurt stood perfectly composed as he stared back at Oscar impassively. "Boss, as long as Amelia remains single, I have the right to pursue her. If she decides to rekindle her relationship with you, I'll return to being her bodyguard. I'll also make sure to conceal my feelings deep within me."

Oscar let out another chuckle upon hearing that.

"Well, well, Kurt. It has only been a few months, and you already dare to defy me. As expected of the subordinate that I personally trained. Aren't you afraid that I'll take measures to get rid of you? I don't feel comfortable leaving a love rival by her side," he said as he stared at Kurt.

Hearing that, Kurt could not keep his composure anymore.

"Unless I die, I'll return to her side no matter what happens." Kurt stared at Oscar, and they both knew that none of them would back down.

The smile vanished from Oscar's face. He then declared, "I must say that you have guts, Kurt. Don't worry. I won't let you leave her side. Instead, I'll make sure that she willingly marries me once again. As for you, you'll be nothing but her confidante in this lifetime."

Kurt simply pursed his lips in response.

While the two were in a standoff, Amelia's and Tiffany's voices could be heard coming from the outside. Oscar quickly composed himself and carried Tony out of the room.

"Amelia."

Amelia froze in her tracks momentarily when she noticed Oscar coming out of the nursery. However, as soon as the image of him holding Isabella's hand came into her mind, she felt jealousy overwhelming her.

Unbeknownst to her, Isabella had deliberately held onto his hand at that time and even whispered to him shamelessly, "If you forcefully break away from my hold, I'll shout aloud that you're molesting me. I don't think you'll enjoy being a laughingstock in public, right?"

Back then, Oscar was displeased after hearing Isabella's words, as there had never been a woman who dared to challenge him that way. He had initially thought of shrugging her off and leaving immediately. However, as soon as he recalled that Amelia had asked Isabella to pass on a message to him, he had no choice but to endure her presence.

Amelia, who knew nothing about the truth, was saddened by the memory. Therefore, her attitude toward her ex-husband held a tad more aloofness and indifference as she inquired, "Are you here to visit Tony?"

Oscar frowned upon sensing her indifference. He disliked the way she talked to him.

He walked toward Amelia, but the latter backed away immediately.

Oscar's brows drew even tighter together. He had no idea what had transpired during these two days after the divorce that would cause her to react in such a manner.

"Amelia, I had been busy in the office for the past two days, which is why I only came to see you now. Are you mad at me?" he explained while looking at her.

Indeed, how can you not be busy? You were frolicking with a beauty!

Bitterness washed over Amelia as that thought came to her.

Unaware of her thoughts, Oscar repeated, "Are you really angry with me?"

"I think you may have forgotten that we've already divorced, Mr. Clinton. I don't have the right to care about whether or not you were truly busy. Anyway, I won't stop you from visiting Tony."

"What's wrong, Amelia?" Oscar took a long stride forward, intending to approach her. However, she hid behind Tiffany like a startled kitten.

Staring intently at her, he asked in a solemn tone, "What's wrong with you, Amelia?"

Amelia continued hiding without saying a word.

Tiffany, on the other hand, glared at Oscar as she remarked, "Can you drop the act, Mr. Clinton? In the past, I merely thought that you were a two-timer. Who would've thought that it had gone up to three now? Are you delighted that three women are fighting for your love? You're straight-up trash, the worst I've ever seen!"

Oscar frowned as he stared at her with a piercing gaze. "What do you mean by that? Explain yourself, Tiffany."

"Mr. Clinton, you should admit to it, since you have the guts to do it. Don't you think it's hypocritical to keep hiding it? Amelia has already divorced you, so you can marry any noble, rich girl out there for all I care. Just stop acting so loving toward Amelia, okay? It's disgusting."

"What noble, rich girl?"

"Must you still put up the act, Mr. Clinton? Do I have to remind you about you and—"

"Tiff!" Amelia raised her tone as she stopped her friend.

Hearing this, Tiffany swallowed those words, simply shrugging before giving a curt reply, "Do whatever you want, Mr. Clinton. Hug Tony for a little longer if you like."

You might not get to hold him again in the future. Anyway, all the ladies love you, so you'll naturally have more children when you marry someone else later.

"Tiffany, what noble, rich girl were you talking about? Tell me clearly!" Oscar asked persistently with a puzzled look.

As Tiffany decided to walk away, he turned his gaze toward Amelia. "Could there be a misunderstanding between us, Amelia? Did someone spread rumors about me in front of you?"

Amelia shook her head, avoiding his gaze the entire time. "No. Tiff is merely spewing nonsense. I'm tired. I'll head in to rest. Leave after you're done seeing Tony."

Oscar reached out and grabbed her wrist. "Let's have a talk, Amelia."

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Chapter 299 Without You

Amelia merely looked coolly at him. "My head hurts, so I would like to rest, Mr. Clinton. Besides, I think there's nothing left for us to talk about after the divorce."

"Let's talk," he insisted while gazing at her eyes.

Amelia started struggling to free herself from his hold. Noticing this, he immediately tightened his grip. "Keep moving if you wish for Tony to fall, Amelia"

She gave him a look of melancholy and relented.

"Let's talk," he repeated once more.

At that moment, Amelia felt nothing but exhaustion. After pondering briefly, she nodded.

Oscar handed Tony over to Tiffany before dragging Amelia into the bedroom and locking the door behind them.

Tiffany ran toward the bedroom door with Tony in her arms, yelling as she banged on the door, "Oscar! Don't you dare to harm Amelia, or I'll call the police."

"I'm fine, Tiff. We're just talking. Take good care of Tony." Amelia's voice came from inside.

Still carrying the baby, Tiffany could only kick the door in frustration. In the end, she had no other choice but to sit back down on the sofa while Kurt solemnly glared at the bedroom door.

After glancing at Kurt, Tiffany let out another sigh. "Come over and have a seat, Kurt."

However, Kurt still remained where he was, spacing out.

Preoccupied with coaxing Tony, Tiffany stopped caring about Kurt.

Meanwhile, Oscar had trapped Amelia between him and the wall in the bedroom as he asked, "Why are you treating me so coldly, Amelia?"

Amelia suppressed the bitterness within her as she looked up at him with feigned nonchalance. "I think you've misunderstood, Mr. Clinton. I've always treated

outsiders like this. If my attitude has offended you in some way, then I'll apologize. I didn't mean it."

Oscar's face turned gloomy after he heard her words. He lifted her chin and drew closer to her until they were one inch away from kissing.

However, Amelia turned her head aside and pushed him, making use of that opportunity to scurry away.

She took a deep breath to calm her racing heart.

"Mr. Clinton, we've already divorced, so I hope you can treat me with some respect," Amelia said icily, concealing her true feelings.

Oscar stared at her as a troubled look flashed across his eyes.

"What's wrong with you, Amelia? Why are you treating me so coldly? If you refuse to say it, I'll send someone to find out the truth."

Amelia turned to look at him. "I think you've misunderstood, Mr. Clinton. I merely felt that there was no need for any entanglements with each other after the divorce. Don't come over if you're busy. I don't wish for others to misunderstand your intentions."

"Do you really mean it?"

Amelia lowered her gaze.

"Look at me," he said.

After taking another deep breath, she obediently raised her head to meet his intense gaze.

"Why must you treat me so coldly? Yes, we've indeed divorced. But we're still friends. You've always been easy-going toward your friends, so why must you distance yourself from me? If I've done something wrong, please let me know. Don't push me away."

A flash of annoyance appeared in her eyes as she listened to his words.

Oscar Clinton, you already have Isabella, so why are you saying such provocative words? Don't you know that your current behavior is extremely repulsive?

"Don't forget that we've divorced, Mr. Clinton. Although I'm not sure how other divorced couples interact, I will never be friends with you. Please leave immediately. I need to pack my things." Amelia assumed a cold expression as she looked at him.

All of a sudden, Oscar walked up to her and pushed her onto the bed before falling on top of her in an intimate position.

He reached out to stroke her hair as he said softly, "I miss you so much, Amelia. Having not seen you for two days, I finally understood what it meant by 'absence makes the heart grow fonder.' Please don't treat me coldly. I regretted letting go of your hand so carelessly. Let's start over. You said that I had someone in my heart before our divorce. That's fine. I can pursue you all over again so that you'll understand my feelings. Let's get along well."

As Amelia gazed at Oscar's eyes that were glowing with sincerity, the frustration that had lingered in her heart grew stronger. She suddenly had the urge to tear his mask off to find out how thick-skinned a person had to be to remain unmoved in the face of many women's pursuits.

The deeper her love was for him, the more intense the hatred she felt when she discovered that he had quickly moved on to another woman after the divorce.

I would be lying if I said that there wasn't resentment in my heart when I saw Oscar holding hands with Isabella. Even though we have already divorced, I still feel a sense of betrayal. No one will be able to understand the heart-wrenching pain I'm experiencing.

Amelia's expression was indecipherable as she looked at him. All of a sudden, as if she was taking revenge on him, she propped herself up and struck his head, causing his face to scrunch up in pain.

Oscar collapsed to one side, hugging his head as he groaned in pain.

The satisfaction of revenge she initially felt gradually turned into concern when she saw him remaining in that position for a while without letting go of his head.

"Are... Are you okay?" At the end of the day, Amelia still cared about him.

Since Amelia had loved Oscar for so many years, there was no way her feelings for him could vanish within a day. Even if he chose to betray her, she knew that she would not be able to forget him for the rest of her life.

To her, he was like a large, mysterious castle that she could not get out of and would only fall deeper into as time elapsed.

Oscar's continuous moans of pain made Amelia even more worried. She tried to approach him to check his condition, but he dodged her touch.

"Let me have a look. I didn't do it on purpose. Do your eyes hurt? I'm so sorry about this. Let's go to the hospital." Amelia was close to breaking down in tears from anxiety.

Hearing those words, Oscar finally spoke up. "Kiss me. I might recover immediately after that."

It was then that she finally realized that she had been tricked by him.

“How dare you trick me, Oscar,” exclaimed Amelia angrily as she prepared to leave the bed. However, before her feet could touch the ground, she was pulled back and pinned down by Oscar.

Due to their closeness, she could finally see the large red patch that spread above his nose bridge, and it ruined his handsome look.

Amelia’s mouth gaped in shock as she did not expect the collision to be so severe. Yet, she could not help but feel extremely satisfied deep down.

Finding his current appearance funny, she could not help but let out a chuckle.

The corner of Oscar’s lips curled upward as well when he noticed her smile. However, he pretended to be pissed when he uttered, “Such a heartless woman to reduce me to such a state. Judging by your force, I would be blind now if you had hit my eyes.”

Amelia, who was being extremely sensitive to the word “blind,” grew distant once more. The smile on her face gradually vanished as she said, “Please leave, Mr. Clinton. I’m feeling a little tired.”

Oscar was extremely confused by the sudden change in her expression. He thought that the tension between them had eased quite a bit. However, things went back to the way they were before in just a blink of an eye.

“What’s the matter with you, Amelia? Could you please tell me?” he asked patiently.

His words seemed to have further angered her as she shook her head violently before remarking, “Who do you think you are, Oscar? Who gave you the right to care about my matters? Don’t forget that we’ve already divorced. You can drop the facade of a good husband. Don’t you know how hateful you are for treating me tenderly even though you already have another woman? I don’t wish to argue with you. I’m just begging you to give me some space. There’s no point in acting affectionate after the divorce. I don’t know how to face you with your current behavior.”

She paused for a moment before attempting to speak calmly. “I’m sorry. My words were quite harsh. Still, I’m begging you. Please don’t come here again.”

Oscar’s expression instantly darkened after he heard what she said.

He could not help but feel irritated as he solemnly looked at the slightly hysterical Amelia. Their current situation was entirely different from what he had envisioned, seeing as his attempts at a romantic pursuit only resulted in her distant treatment. He had no idea what went wrong.

"What exactly is the matter? You can always tell me your grievances. Why do you have to push me away?" he asked in a solemn tone.

"You've misunderstood, Mr. Clinton. I don't have any grievances. I'm simply tired," she huffed with a shrug.

Oscar looked intently at her in response.

Despite that, she merely shuffled backward as she stared coldly at him.

Oscar felt extremely frustrated when he noticed that she was resisting his touch. He slowly curled his right hand into a fist, lifted it, and hit the bed heavily as he let out a growl like a wild beast.

Startled by his actions, Amelia pulled the blanket over herself while gazing fearfully at the man who looked as though he was about to pounce on her.

Oscar punched the bed several times with a flicker of malice glinting in his eyes. He then took a couple of deep breaths to suppress his rage and only looked toward Amelia after he had calmed down. "I'm sorry. I lost control of myself just now. Did I scare you?"

Amelia kept moving backward. Seeing that, Oscar knew she was resisting him.

"You're afraid of me?" he asked in a low voice.

Amelia shook her head. "No. I'm just a little tired and wish to sleep." She was indirectly telling him to leave.

Oscar forced a smile after taking a deep breath. "Have a good rest. I'll come back tomorrow. Let's talk again once you've rested well. Looks like I showed up at the wrong time."

Getting down from the bed, he elegantly adjusted his suit and said without turning around, "I'll let you rest, Amelia. I'll get going now. I hope that we'll be able to talk amicably tomorrow." With that said, he walked toward the door. However, Amelia's voice suddenly rang out from behind. "I don't wish to see you, so don't bother coming tomorrow."

Oscar's hand stilled on the doorknob. He gulped before replying in a low voice, "Rest well. I'll definitely come back tomorrow."

After saying that, he opened the door and left.

Amelia slumped on the bed as she stared at the closed door blankly, feeling as though her soul had left her body.

Oscar, my heart has stopped beating without you. I'm now like a walking corpse.

Sadness washed over Amelia as the thought came to her mind.

At the end of the day, I still forced him to leave. There'll probably be no chance of us meeting again in this lifetime.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 300

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 300 Good Impression

Immediately after Oscar had left, Tiffany handed Tony over to Kurt and entered the bedroom. When she noticed that Amelia was lying on the bed in a daze, she quickly went to her bedside and called out softly, "Amelia... Amelia..."

However, Amelia merely blinked her eyes and looked at her like a doll without a soul.

Seeing this, Tiffany sat down and patted her on the shoulder. "Are you all right?" she asked with concern.

With a slight shake of her head and a bitter smile, Amelia replied, "My heart hurts, Tiff. Despite being aware that he has someone else, I'm still easily led on by his every move. I hate myself for being so weak. If only I didn't love him so much, then I wouldn't feel so awful."

Tiffany held her hand and pulled her up while saying encouragingly, "You're the best, Babe. You just can't move on from it yet. It'll get better after a while."

Amelia's eyes were still blank and empty even after she heard what Tiffany said. It was as though her soul had left along with Oscar.

"Babe, if you can't bear to leave him, just go and get him back. I can tell that he still has feelings for you, so you'll definitely succeed if you make the first move."

Amelia glanced at her best friend before getting down from the bed. "I'll go and pack my bags. The flight is at midnight, so there isn't much time left," she said softly.

Tiffany also got down from the bed. "There's still a few hours till midnight. Besides, I already packed your bags yesterday. Our flight to Saspiuburg will take only an hour and a half. There will be a private car taking us to the city when we arrive there. Our purpose to fly there is only to confuse the Clintons who intend to investigate us. Once we've left the city, let's take a boat and settle in a small town in Jazona. How about that?"

Amelia threw her a sideways glance. "Haven't we decided on this previously?"

"I'm just confirming our plans with you. My only worry is that you'll change your mind when the time comes," Tiffany commented with a shrug before reaching out to pinch her best friend's cheeks. "Smile for me, Babe. You should have seen

the look on your face just now. It was as though you had lost your soul. My heart ached for you when I saw your expression.”

Amelia forced a smile upon hearing that.

Seeing how miserable her best friend was, Tiffany tried to cheer her up by cracking some jokes. After some time, she finally said seriously, “I asked Derrick to create two fake identity cards for you and Tony. Due to your special statuses, Oscar’s men will be able to track you both down if you used your real identity cards to board the plane. However, you need not worry, as the information on the cards is recorded on the household registration website. In other words, the name is real, and the person was merely changed to you.”

“Thanks for helping me out, Tiff.”

“There’s no need to thank me. Smile for me, and I’ll take that as your act of gratitude.”

Hearing this, Amelia offered her a smile.

Tiffany smiled back. Her smile had a healing effect which was very comforting to the receivers.

“You and Oscar are already divorced, Babe. Technically speaking, you don’t have the right to care about who he is with at present. Despite wanting to beat him up, I don’t have a good reason to do so. I understand that you’re upset and can’t let go of the feelings you have for him during these five years. But let bygones be bygones. You still have to consider your own life, especially your eyes. The medical knowledge here is very advanced, which is why I don’t want you to leave. The medical supplies in the small town we’re heading to cannot be compared to the ones here. It could be detrimental to your treatment if you were to be treated there. Despite knowing that, you still insist on taking your health lightly.”

Listening to her nagging, Amelia merely turned around and pretended to fold her blankets.

Seeing her reaction, Tiffany knew that it was probably best for her to stop talking.

The visit from Oscar earlier on made Amelia depressed, and as a result, the entire apartment was filled with a dreary atmosphere.

She ate very little during dinner. Although Tiffany kept piling her plate with food, she only took a few bites before placing down her silverware. “I’m full. Carry on with your meal, Tiff, Kurt. I’ll go for a walk for better digestion.”

Tiffany frowned when she noticed how little her best friend ate. “Is that all you’re eating, Babe?”

“I’m full now.”

"Have it your way. I'll heat the leftover food and leave them in the pot. You can have them later if you get hungry," Tiffany replied after some time.

"Okay."

After the meal, Amelia went to the nursery to play with Tony. She spent two hours playing with him before returning to her room to rest.

As soon as the clock struck ten, Amelia got up and left the guestroom with her two pieces of luggage. Kurt and Tiffany were already waiting for her outside.

"Babe, are you all ready?" Tiffany asked.

Amelia nodded her head in response.

"Let's go, then. Otherwise, we'll be late."

The three left the apartment along with Tony. Before entering the elevator, Tiffany kept looking back at the home she had lived in for many years and only withdrew her gaze when the elevator door closed.

As they walked out of the apartment lobby, they noticed a tall figure leaning against a bright red BMW.

Amelia and Tiffany did a double-take, assuming that Oscar had found out about their plans to leave. However, upon closer look, they discovered that they were mistaken.

Tiffany's mouth gaped with disbelief. "Why are you here, Mr. Hisson?"

The man was none other than Derrick.

He straightened his back and flicked the non-existent dust off his clothes elegantly before walking toward Tiffany.

"I'm your boyfriend. How can I not send off my lady?" he said to her with a smile.

Tiffany felt a blush creeping up her cheeks. She was not used to being pampered by a man in front of others.

She instinctively looked at Amelia to observe her reaction. Her best friend had a faint smile on her face as she held out her hand graciously. Derrick did the same and shook her hand politely.

"May I address you as Derrick? It's a pleasure to meet you this time as Tiffany's boyfriend," said Amelia with a chuckle.

Derrick smiled back at her. "I'm also happy to greet you as her boyfriend. Tiff has explained your situation to me. Don't hesitate to look for me if you need help. I won't object if it's within my means."

Amelia put on a gracious smile. "It seems I have Tiff to thank for this."

Derrick took the luggage from Tiffany and wrapped his other arm around her waist. "Let's go. I've prepared a private plane for you both," he said.

Tiffany immediately blushed upon hearing this. Her tone instinctively turned warm and loving as she replied, "D-Derrick, we've already bought plane tickets." As the two had just made their relationship official, she was still not used to addressing him affectionately by his first name.

"I'll send someone to check in for you all. Don't worry. I'll make it seem as though you've all boarded the plane to Saspiuburg. The Clintons will surely be misled by the false trail," said Derrick confidently.

As soon as he heard that, Kurt began to scrutinize the other man discreetly. He had to admit that Derrick was a flamboyant man. He was tall and well-built, and he had delicate facial features that did not make him seem feminine. He would definitely stand out among the crowd.

Kurt silently remarked as he sized Derrick up. This was no ordinary man.

While he was doing that, the man turned to look at him and asked politely, "May I know who this person is?"

"He was sent by Oscar to protect Amelia and can be considered her private bodyguard. He's professionally trained and very skilled at fighting. He's amazing, so I've chosen him to be the prototype of the main character of the action novel I'm writing!" It was hard to tell if Tiffany was doing this intentionally as she kept heaping praises on Kurt.

This time, it was Derrick who began scrutinizing Kurt. "You're good at fighting? Let's find a time to spar. If your skills are truly impressive, I can hire you as an instructor, and you just need to tell me your desired salary."

"Okay," replied Kurt briefly. He never spoke much in front of strangers, which gave others the impression that he did not get along well with people.

Derrick drove them to the location of the private plane and parked the car. "We're here."

Amelia got out of the car with Tony in her arms, followed by Tiffany from the front passenger seat. Kurt was the last to get out.

A small private plane that was two meters high was parked not far from them.

"Let's go. I'll show you around the plane," Derrick said as he put his arm around Tiffany's waist. At that point, the staff members had already taken out all the luggage from the trunk of the car.

Tiffany had always known that Derrick was rich. However, it was only when she got on the plane and looked at the lavish interior that she realized his family background was more prestigious than she had imagined. Although she was proud to have such an outstanding man as her boyfriend, she could not help but feel pressured at the same time.

Can I really hold on to such a good man?

She was afraid that the pressure from his family would stress her out after being with him for a long time.

"Do you like it? I had it decorated to suit your preferences."

Tiffany tried her best to sound normal. "There's no need to do this for me." Having written romance novels about domineering CEOs spending money on their ladies for many years, she had never once thought that she would experience it in person.

"You're my girlfriend, so I'm happy to pamper you," said Derrick sweetly. After saying that, he turned to address Amelia. "Have a seat, Amelia. The plane will take off soon."

After the four of them sat down, Amelia asked, "Where are you sending us to, Derrick?"

Derrick replied, "I own a villa at Beshya. You can settle down there. I heard from Tiff about your eyes and thought that it would be better for you to settle down in an upscale area like Beshya instead of a small town. Firstly, in Beshya, there is good medical equipment to treat your eyes, and secondly, Tony will be able to receive proper education here when he grows up. Don't worry. The security system in the villa is very advanced and won't disclose your personal information. I can guarantee that Oscar will never find this place."

Amelia did not expect him to plan everything out in such a short period.

"Although I owe it to Tiff for such a good treatment, I would like to thank you for your help." She did not refuse Derrick's offer, as she knew full well that living in a big city would be advantageous for Tony's future education.

"We'll be a family in the future. Since Tiff cares a lot about you, your well-being is important to me as well," he replied.

Amelia could not help but think highly of Derrick. If this isn't an act, he'll be the perfect man for Tiff.