

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 311

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

Chapter 311 There Is Hope

"I just made an appointment with the best ophthalmologist in Beshya, and we're going to go visit him later," uttered Derrick after breakfast.

"How about we do that tomorrow, Derrick? You came all the way here to see Tiff; I'm sure you have a lot to talk about with her. Don't worry about my eyes. It's not like they're going anywhere. They can wait. Now go take her out on a date!" commanded Amelia.

"But Amelia..." Nevertheless, Tiffany was still worried about her friend.

"I have business in Beshya, actually, so I'm going to be here for at least half a month. I have time to spend with Tiff, and you can bet I'll do so. But if you don't do something about your condition, she's not going to just stop worrying about you, even if I take her out on a date. We're both worried about you, and we just want the best for you," explained Derrick patiently.

"Fine, then."

After instructing Jeremy to take care of Tony, Derrick drove Amelia and Tiffany to the hospital.

The physician they visited, Boris Jackman, was a highly experienced ophthalmologist who had already retired for a year. He only agreed to see Amelia because he and Derrick's grandfather were close.

From what Derrick had heard, Boris came from a long line of physicians. The physician's ancestors had been in the medical field since the Civil War and were respected in their time. Because of that, no one doubted the medical skill of a Jackman.

However, besides his exceptional skills, Boris was also known for his odd temperament. For people he liked, he did not mind treating them free of charge. As for those he disliked, even if they were superstars or political figures, Boris would refuse to treat them no matter how much they were willing to pay. Naturally, that created a huge problem for the director of the hospital. Still, there was nothing the director could do about Boris because of his outstanding reputation.

"Hello, Dr. Jackman. I'm Derrick Hisson. I'm sure my grandfather has already mentioned me. Thank you for sparing us your precious time. It means the world to my friend here." Derrick had always been a proud man, but when facing the retired physician, he was as polite as one could be.

After sizing the young man up, Boris guffawed. "My goodness! You look exactly like your grandfather when he was your age. He, too, looked so handsome that it

was almost unbelievable. You're lucky to have inherited his good looks. Hey, no 'Dr. Jackman,' okay? Just call me Boris."

"Very well, Boris."

The physician's smile grew even wider when Derrick called him by the first name. "How's your grandfather? Good?"

"He's doing okay. He spoke a lot about the good old times, and you were in most of them. Even though you two were decades apart in age, he told me there was no generation gap between you two and that there was always something to talk about whenever you two met. He also told me that you were very picky with your patients, even though you're highly skilled. I imagine that your principles must've made you a lot of enemies at the hospital, but my grandfather was different, wasn't he? He misses you, you know? He talks about you whenever he gets the chance," stated Derrick respectfully.

Laughing out loud once again, Boris responded, "Your grandfather has always been a sentimental person. Now that I think of it, it has been a while since I last visited him. I'm going to have to spend time fishing or something with that old man. I miss him dearly as well."

"I'm sure he would love that," agreed Derrick with a smile before gesturing toward Tiffany. "Boris, I would like you to meet my girlfriend, Tiffany. Standing beside her is her best friend, Amelia, who became blind because of a car accident. We hope you can do something to help her regain her sight."

"It's an honor to meet you, Boris," greeted the two women.

After taking a look at them, Boris nodded in acknowledgment. "The honor is mine, ladies. Come here, Amelia. Let me take a look at you."

The physician then took a moment to check Amelia's eyes while also asking Tiffany about her friend's condition. "We'll have to check her brain later. Once we get the results, I'll prescribe her some medications for her condition. For now, I wouldn't suggest performing surgery on her brain because it's far too risky to remove the blood clots. If you're willing to trust me, I promise you that she'll be right as rain."

Upon hearing that, Tiffany widened her eyes in excitement. "You mean Amelia will be able to see again?"

"Her blindness is due to the blood clots around her optic nerve, so if we can remove them, she should be able to regain her vision. However, treating her condition takes time, and it won't be easy. I'll need at least two years. Five at most," promised Boris confidently.

As much as Tiffany wanted to believe the physician, she found his promise almost too good to be true. "But the other doctors all said that it was near impossible to remove those blood clots and that we would put Amelia's life in danger if we were to risk it. I mean no disrespect, Boris. Trust me. I want to believe you. It's

just that we don't want to get our hopes up, only to be disappointed in the end. I hope you don't take this the wrong way."

"You're Tiffany, right? Can I call you Tiffany?" inquired Boris.

To that, Tiffany nodded in agreement.

"I like you, Tiffany. If you were a medical student, I would've very much liked to take you under my wing. People shouldn't just believe whatever they hear. Never apologize for doubting anything or anyone, Tiffany. I can't say that I'm the best ophthalmologist in the world, but I am confident enough to promise you that as soon as we remove those blood clots, Amelia's eyes will work like normal."

"And if we fail to remove them? Is it still possible for Amelia to regain her sight?" Although it seemed like Tiffany was trying to give Boris a hard time, she was actually just concerned about her friend.

The physician simply smiled and said nothing in response.

It was then that Tiffany realized Derrick was right about Boris' odd temperament. He may be weird, but so are most geniuses. Besides, he's probably Amelia's best chance at leading a normal life again.

"Please excuse Tiff's straightforwardness, Boris. She's just worried about me. I know you're only doing this because of your relationship with Derrick's grandfather, but still, I want you to know how much I appreciate you taking the time to see me. I'm not sure how else to thank you, so I sincerely hope that my words are enough to show you my heartfelt gratitude," voiced Amelia, smiling softly.

Boris then proceeded to take another look at Amelia. "Don't worry about it. I can tell that you have a very bright future ahead of you. Not only will you find someone who loves you for who you are, but that person will also be the love of your life. Even though you two will face many obstacles, you'll always find your way back to each other. What's destined cannot be changed."

Amelia was stunned for a while when she heard Boris' prophetic words.

"You can tell someone's fortune?" questioned Amelia somewhat uneasily.

"I spent a few years learning the art of divination when I was younger. I was curious. Some people believe it, and some don't, so I'll let you decide which side you're on. I see that your path is a difficult one, but if you can persevere, you'll bask in bliss for many years to come," replied Boris.

"Is it possible? Will we really meet again?" muttered Amelia to herself. Since she went away, she was convinced that she would never see Oscar again. She dared not to imagine what it would be like if they ever ran into each other. Oscar's probably either going to curse me or treat me like a total stranger. After all, why would he forgive me for disappearing like that? He's either going to hate me or forget about me. Those are the only two possible outcomes for us.

Thinking about how they would be separated forever, Amelia froze like a statue.

“Do you mind if I call you Amelia?” Boris smiled gently at the distracted young woman.

Amelia returned to her senses. Albeit still with a blank look on her face, she responded, “Sure.”

“I wasn’t making things up, Amelia. I really did spend years learning the art when I was a younger man. Just by looking at you, I can tell that you’ll face many unfortunate events until you’re thirty-five, though none of them will be life-or-death situations. After you reach the age of thirty-five, not only will you be happily married, but you’ll also have three beautiful children. You’ll have everything a woman could ever want. Of course, it’s entirely up to you whether you want to believe me or not.”

To that, Amelia responded with another polite smile and assumed Boris was only kidding around. She found it hard to believe that anyone could tell the future.

Without saying anything else, Boris performed a CT scan on Amelia’s brain before checking the result.

“Amelia’s condition is quite serious, so I’d suggest that we take a more conservative approach. If you don’t mind trying some traditional medicine, I can prescribe you something for your headache. It’ll help you sleep better. As for the surgery, I’ll have to discuss it with the other doctors first,” explained Boris, holding a report.

“Thank you, Boris.” Amelia gave the physician a nod of appreciation.

“I’ll have someone send the medications over to Derrick’s place.” After pausing for a while, Boris continued, “The conventional medicine isn’t going to be of any help to your condition, so you’ll have to trust the traditional methods. I can perform acupuncture for your brain. Rest assured. I’m well versed in both types of medicine. Terrence called me himself, so you can bet I won’t disappoint the man.”

“Traditional medicine?” Amelia was somewhat skeptical of the practice. Isn’t this a general hospital? Do they treat patients with traditional medicine here?

“I actually have my own clinic where I treat those who have intractable diseases but can’t afford to go to the hospital. I like a good challenge, and I’m curious about your condition. Since the other doctors told you that any attempt to remove the blood clots could endanger you, I would like to see if I can prove them wrong. If you’re willing to let me try, that is,” stated Boris frankly.

What the man meant to say was that he would like to show what he was capable of by treating Amelia as if she was a guinea pig.

Worried for her friend, Tiffany gave Derrick a look. Can we really trust this guy? Everything he said was the complete opposite of what the other doctors told us.

As if he could read the woman's mind, Boris let out a chuckle. "If you would rather I perform the surgery, I can do that. But remember, you'll be taking a big risk. If that's what you want, I respect your decision."

After some thought, Amelia finally made up her mind. "Let's go with the acupuncture, Boris. I've heard incredible things about what traditional medicine can do, and I'd like to see that for myself. I'm willing to take a chance."

"Wonderful! You won't regret this, Amelia. I promise you that you'll be able to see again. I won't disappoint you. You have my word."

To that, Amelia responded with a soft smile, while Tiffany swallowed everything she had to say about the physician.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 312

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 312 Owing The Clintons

After bidding Boris farewell and leaving the hospital, Tiffany was finally free to speak her mind. "Mr. Hisson, is Boris really... "

Halfway through, the woman suddenly stopped.

"Granddad told me that Boris is a very talented physician and that the man is especially keen on traditional medicine. In fact, acupuncture is one of his specialties. He would never have made Amelia a promise like that if he couldn't do it." Derrick paused for a brief moment before adding, "I know Boris seemed arrogant and strange, but he really is a good man. He has helped many who couldn't afford medical treatments, and he always takes his patients seriously. I trust him. That's why I asked for his help."

"Really?" Tiffany was still doubtful.

"I know how much Amelia means to you. I would never do anything to hurt her," promised Derrick, as he held Tiffany's hands tightly.

Immediately, Tiffany's cheeks turned as red as a tomato.

On the other hand, Amelia still seemed troubled.

"What's wrong, Babe?" inquired Tiffany when she noticed the look on her friend's face.

Coming back to her sense, Amelia quickly plastered on a smile. "Oh, nothing. I'm fine. Just glad to hear that I might be able to see again."

Still, Tiffany could tell that Amelia was upset about something.

"It's going to be okay, Babe. Like Boris said, your eyes will be back to normal soon, and you'll be seeing Oscar again. Things may not be easy now, but in the end, everything will work out for the best. You'll see." Tiffany guessed that Boris' divination was why her friend seemed distracted.

"I'm okay, Tiff," assured Amelia with a smile.

After helping Amelia into the car, Tiffany gently patted the woman's hand. "Babe, after you get your sight back, we'll go on a trip before returning to the city. And if Oscar hasn't remarried by then, you do whatever it takes to get him back. Then the three of you will live happily ever after."

There was a hint of bitterness in Amelia's eyes after listening to her friend.

Amelia never really did hold out much hope for her eyes, to begin with. As for Oscar, she had felt guilt toward the man since she left with Tony without saying goodbye. Oscar had been nothing but nice to her, but she repaid his kindness by manipulating him to gain her son's custody.

Amelia then tried to change the subject. "You don't have to worry about me anymore. Boris promised that I'd be fine, Tiff. Derrick came all the way here to see you, so you should spend more time with him. Go on a date or something. You two deserve it."

"Are you trying to get rid of me, Babe? Have you had enough of me already?" questioned Tiffany while pouting playfully.

"Of course not! I just think that you two should spend some time alone. It has been a while, right?"

Tiffany glanced at Derrick, who remained silent in the driver's seat.

When they reached the villa, Tiffany carefully helped Amelia get out of the vehicle. "We're home, Babe. Careful now."

Saying nothing, Amelia smiled in response.

When the three got into the living room, Jeremy carried Tony over. By then, the child was already old enough to recognize the people around him. He was always happy to be around Amelia and Tiffany, but when he saw Derrick, his puppy-dog eyes widened in curiosity. As if he had discovered something exciting, Tony stretched his hand toward Derrick.

Seeing how the child reacted to Derrick surprised Tiffany.

"He seems to like you, Mr. Hisson. You have no idea how long Tony cried before he's finally comfortable around Jeremy. I guess good-looking people do have special privileges. Too bad I'm not much of a looker myself, Amelia. That boy is going to grow up to despise me. I just know it," joked Tiffany, cracking everybody up.

Tony nestled comfortably in Derrick's arms when the man held him. Then, he extended his little hand to touch Derrick's cheek before pecking it. As if he had hit the jackpot, the child clapped his hands excitedly and giggled afterward.

"If that doesn't convince you how shallow that boy is, I don't know what will," commented Tiffany before turning her attention to the child. "Tony, in case you didn't figure it out, that man belongs to me. He's mine. Got it?"

Seeing how jealous Tiffany was, Derrick could barely keep his composure any longer.

Amelia wanted to make her way to Derrick's side but was obstructed by the coffee table, so Tiffany hurried over to help her friend.

"I would like to hold Tony now. It has been days since I last held my boy. I've missed him terribly." Excited to feel her child again, Amelia clenched her right fist.

"Careful," reminded Derrick as he cautiously handed Tony over to Amelia.

With Tony in her arms, Amelia ran her fingers over the boy's soft skin before placing a kiss on the forehead. At that moment, the mother felt like she had everything she could ever want. Everything except the ability to see her child grow up with her own eyes.

"Tony, my dear boy," Amelia called out as she rubbed her cheek against Tony's.

Still too young to understand what was happening around him, Tony waved his tiny arms around and tried to grab his mother's hair.

"Let me hold the child for you, Amelia. I held Mr. Hisson when he was a baby, so you can say I'm pretty experienced." Jeremy was worried that Amelia could not handle the boy since she was blind.

"Thank you, Jeremy, but I'd like to spend more time with Tony. I missed him so much," responded Amelia with a blank stare.

The butler then turned to look at Jeremy, who gave him a slight nod.

"Okay. Do let me know if you need anything," informed Jeremy before backing away respectfully.

"Mr. Hisson, I noticed how every servant in the villa seems to respect you. In fact, they seem to fear you. Is there something I should know about you?" questioned Tiffany half-jokingly.

"They have all served our family for quite a while now, and they're all very loyal. It's just that I'm rarely around here, so they haven't really warmed up to me yet," replied Derrick before reaching out, naturally holding Tiffany's hand as if he had done it a million times.

Even though Tiffany knew that Amelia could not see them, she still glanced instinctively at Amelia out of shyness.

“Not now. Amelia’s still here,” whispered Tiffany to Derrick.

However, Amelia still heard her friend. “You two should head out. Go explore the city. With the number of maids here, Tony and I are going to be just fine. Stop worrying about me, Tiff.”

When Tiffany was about to say something, Derrick interrupted her, “I think we should listen to Amelia. You don’t want her to feel bad, do you? Come on. We can take a walk by the lake and catch up. If Amelia needs anything, the maids will let you know.”

Since both Derrick and Amelia insisted, Tiffany had no choice but to comply.

After the couple went out, Amelia turned to Jeremy, who was still standing by. “Jeremy, I’ll be spending some time with Tony here, so if you have other things to do, feel free to excuse yourself. I’ll call you if I need anything.”

Still, Jeremy was hesitant about leaving the two.

“It’s okay, Jeremy. We’ll be playing right here on the couch. Nothing bad is going to happen,” assured Amelia, as if she knew what was going on inside the butler’s head.

“Very well. I’ll be nearby, so don’t hesitate to call for my help.”

After Amelia nodded in response, the butler finally took his leave.

“Are you happy to see me, Tony? Did you miss me while I was away?” asked Amelia as she shook both of Tony’s hands playfully, to which the boy responded by cooing.

“Oh, what I wouldn’t give to hear you call me Mommy! Still, hearing your baby talk is enough to put a smile on my face. I know I have been selfish. After all, you’re supposed to be with the Clintons. Now you only have me. I hope you won’t hate me for it when you get older. If you choose to go back to them, I won’t stop you. Just know that you’re all I have.”

Even though Boris promised that she would regain her vision, Amelia was still doubtful, since almost every other doctor had told her otherwise. They informed her that unless she found suitable corneas for her eyes, she would be blind for the rest of her life. Seeing how well-respected the other doctors were, she had little reason to question their judgment.

To Amelia, it seemed like Boris had over-promised. It was not that she did not trust the physician’s capability. She just thought that his pride had blinded him.

Amelia only agreed to give Boris a chance because she did not think her situation could worsen. If Boris ended up being right, then she would consider herself lucky. If not, the worst that could happen was her losing her life. Otherwise, she would remain blind, as if nothing had happened.

At that moment, Amelia got so distracted by her own thoughts that she did not even notice Tony breaking free from her grasp. Only after finding the boy's hands again did Amelia breathe a sigh of relief. "Sorry, Tony. I know I got distracted for a while there."

To that, the child responded with his baby talk once again.

Smiling wryly, Amelia held her son close to her chest. I'm sorry, Tony. I won't be able to watch you grow up, but I hope you can accept me the way I am.

Oblivious to Amelia's complicated feelings, Tony started playing around with his mother's fingers.

Seeing how happy and innocent Tony was, Amelia felt her worries fall away. Suddenly, she was hopeful again.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 313

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 313 Forbidden To Return

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Olivia decided to keep silent and ignore Oscar sitting at the bedside.

Staring at his mother's back, Oscar felt as helpless as a baby. "Mom, I know you're upset, but you can't do this to yourself. A nurse called me and told me that you were refusing treatment. Are you purposely acting that way to punish me?"

Still, Olivia said nothing in response.

Releasing a sigh, Oscar moved to the other side of the bed to try and get Olivia to look at him, but the lady quickly turned onto the other side. While doing so, Olivia accidentally hurt herself.

Oscar then hurried back to the other side and lowered himself to look at his groaning mother. "Are you okay, Mom?"

"You don't have to pretend like you care about me, Oscar. I bet you can't wait to see me pass away. Then you won't have to search for Amelia," snorted Olivia.

"You can't neglect your health just because you're angry at me, Mom. We're all worried about you. Nobody wants anything bad to happen to you. I promise you. As soon as you get better, I'll go look for Amelia," assured Oscar, his brows tightly knitted.

"I'm not going to fall for that. You think I don't know what's going on between the two of you? You don't care about me anymore," scoffed Olivia.

"I can understand why you're upset, Mom. But that's not fair. Of course, I care about you!"

Tired of arguing with her son, Olivia decided to shut her eyes.

Letting out a sigh, Oscar asked, "What's it going to take, Mom?"

Hearing that, Olivia was suddenly interested in talking again. "Does that mean you'll do anything I ask?"

"Yes. As long as you're willing to leave Amelia alone, I'll do anything you want," answered Oscar after some thought.

Because of that, Olivia turned her back on her son again. "Get out, Oscar. It's obvious that you only care about Amelia and not me. I don't see any point in continuing this conversation, so just get out."

Oscar already knew something like that was going to happen. From the moment he was told about Olivia's uncooperative behavior, Oscar knew that his mother would use her own well-being against him. Still, he could not figure out a way to get Olivia to listen to him.

The woman intentionally acted like a child to get Oscar's attention.

"Nothing's going to matter if you don't get well, Mom. I promise you that you'll see Tony again, but I'm not going to give up on Amelia." Despite knowing Olivia's wishes, Oscar remained adamant.

Olivia then threw a pillow at her son and shouted furiously, "You get out now! I don't ever want to see you again!"

Oscar continued to look at Olivia without flinching, letting his mother vent. "If this makes you feel better, Mom, have at it."

Still refusing to look at her son, Olivia took a deep breath to calm herself down. "You should go, Oscar, before I say something that I'll regret. Go."

However, Oscar ignored his mother and continued to stay in the room.

"What the heck are you still standing there for? I told you to get out!" roared Olivia with a pale face before the room fell dead silent.

Just when Oscar's face darkened, Owen and Stephanie stepped into the room, noticing the thick tension between the mother and son.

Hurrying over to Olivia, Owen put his arms around his wife to comfort her. "What's wrong? What got you so mad? You have to calm down. Remember what Robert said? You can't get too worked up."

Leaning against her husband, Olivia pointed angrily at Oscar. "I want him out of here now! Seeing him only reminds me of my lost grandson."

"Olivia, I know you're upset about what happened to Tony, but so is everybody. It's not Oscar's fault. You can't blame it all on him. Just calm down, okay? You two have always been able to talk calmly with each other, so talk it out. There's no need to shout, okay?"

Olivia kept quiet as she continued to rest her head on her husband's shoulder.

"Olivia, you have to listen to the doctors. Oscar got so worried that he stayed in the hospital for three days. Trust me. He's sorry for what happened to you, so cut him some slack, all right?"

Olivia remained taciturn and gave no response whatsoever.

Then, Stephanie approached her mother as well. "Oscar's just worried about your health, Mom. Amelia is the one who took Tony away from us, not Oscar. He's having a hard time too, just like everyone in the family."

Just as stubborn as her son, Olivia returned to bed and closed her eyes. "Please leave, Oscar. I don't want to see you right now. If you still care about me, you'll get Tony's custody back. I'll be happy when I see my grandson again. You can do whatever you want after that, except for remarrying Amelia."

"See you later, Mom." After taking one last look at her mother, Oscar walked out of the room.

"I'll go check on Oscar." With that, Stephanie quickly left as well to go after her brother.

Owen sighed after her daughter closed the door behind her. "Is that really necessary, Olivia? All you did was push Oscar away. Is that what you want? To push your son away?"

"You think I was being unreasonable, don't you, Dear?" questioned Olivia.

"That's not what I meant. I just don't want to see you take your health lightly. I want you to come home to me soon. Do you know how much it pains me to see like this? I know you want Oscar to find Amelia, but this is not the way," voiced Owen, running his fingers through his wife's hair.

With her head lowered, Olivia seemed to be deep in thought.

Owen then held Olivia's hand and continued, "I have reached out to all those who are willing to help search for Amelia. Even the police were notified. As long as

she's still in the country and without help from any one of our enemies, I believe we'll locate her very soon. I know you just want your grandson back, and I promise I'll make that happen. All you have to do is promise me that you'll start taking care of yourself."

"I'm sorry, Dear," murmured Olivia apologetically.

In response, Owen smiled softly at his wife. "I just want you to be happy."

"There's one thing you have to promise me. If you do, I'll stop forcing Oscar," stated Olivia, holding her husband by the hand.

"What is it?"

"You have to promise me that you'll stop Oscar from remarrying Amelia. I won't allow that selfish woman to return to our family. She's not worthy of Oscar or Tony," revealed Olivia earnestly.

Owen hesitated for a while but nodded in agreement in the end. "Okay. If that's what you want, I'll make it so."

The couple treated Oscar as if he was a robot to be controlled and Amelia a mere commodity. They thought they could buy anyone to be their daughter-in-law and discard those women just as easily. Never had they considered their own son's feelings, much less Amelia's.

Besides the fact that Amelia took her grandson away, Olivia also hated the woman for going against her. She made a vow to herself that she would never allow Amelia to return to her family.

Even though Olivia seemed soft and gentle in public, she was a controlling person underneath. She only acted docile because her family members had never defied her before. However, after Oscar and Amelia refused to listen to her, Olivia revealed her true self. She knew that everyone was worried about her health, so she decided to use that as leverage. No matter how assertive Oscar was, Olivia knew that he respected her greatly.

Still and all, Olivia did not realize that she was actually hurting her son by driving him into a corner like that.

Compared to Elizabeth, Olivia was even more devious. She despicably took advantage of her husband's and her son's love for her to get what she wanted.

On the other side, Stephanie called out to her brother as she tried to catch up to him, "Oscar, wait!"

Turning around, the man stared at his sister indifferently.

Afraid of what Oscar would say, Stephanie gulped nervously before continuing, "Are you really siding with Amelia instead of your own mother?"

Instead of responding to Stephanie, Oscar simply turned back around and started walking away.

Gritting her teeth, Stephanie quickly ran ahead to block her brother's way.

"Amelia left you without even saying goodbye. That should be enough to tell you how much she really cares about you. She never loved you. That woman was just toying with you. Is she really worth getting Mom upset like that? Is she?" exclaimed Stephanie heatedly.

"You just watch what you're saying to Mom. As for Amelia and me, that's none of your business, so stay out of it," ordered Oscar coldly before striding past his sister.

Dissatisfied with her brother's response, Stephanie shouted from behind him, "One day, you'll see Amelia for who she really is. Everything I did, I did it for you, Oscar! You know I would never do anything to hurt you. That woman doesn't deserve your love, Oscar!"

The man turned a deaf ear and continued walking until he was out of Stephanie's sight.

"I'll show you, Oscar. Amelia is not who you think she is. You can marry anybody you want except for her because she's unworthy of your love. You're too good to be squandered like that. I won't allow it," grunted Stephanie to herself as she stood in the middle of the lobby.

She stayed there so long that passersby started giving her strange looks, but it did not bother her at all.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 314

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Chapter 314 Arrange A Meeting

Oscar went downstairs and got into his car. With both hands on the steering wheel, he looked outside the window. Then, he slapped the steering wheel in a fury and let out a growl.

After venting his anger, he wanted to start the car, but his phone rang. He picked it up and saw that it was a call from Hugo.

Upon answering the call, he said, "Hugo, is there any news about Amelia?"

Hugo replied, "Not yet, Boss. However, I did find out that Tiffany is currently in a relationship with the CEO of the publishing company she works in. According to the information, they have gotten together before Tiffany and Ms. Amelia left for Saspiuburg. I'm uncertain whether the news is true for now, but the employees of the publishing company have witnessed that their employer has been courting Tiffany."

Oscar's eyes instantly darkened. He clenched his phone tighter as he said in a deep voice, "Arrange a meeting with the CEO for me."

"Yes, Boss," Hugo answered.

"Give me a call after he agreed to meet me. I'll hang up now." Upon finishing speaking, Oscar ended the call.

Hugo promptly did as he was told. Five minutes later, he phoned Oscar again. After he said something, Oscar replied with a sullen look, "I got it. I'll meet him next month then. I'll wait for him since he's not in the city now."

Upon hanging up the phone, Oscar clutched his chest tightly. He noticed that his heart was racing because of the phone call. Knowing that he could get an answer from Derrick, Oscar could not contain his excitement. He did not mind taking extreme measures in order to find Amelia.

Since Derrick only owned a small publishing company, Oscar had his ways to intimidate him.

He glanced at the rearview mirror and found himself looking disheveled. Looking at his unshaved beard, gaunt face, and the dark circles under his eyes, he realized that he had lost the charm he had as a man.

He furrowed his brows as he fell into deep thoughts. A moment later, he made up his mind and drove toward the most popular hair salon in the city.

Arriving at the salon, two hairstylists immediately came to greet him. One of them smiled and asked, "Mr. Clinton, to what do we owe this honor of your presence? Did you come to see our boss or are you here for a haircut?"

"I came for a haircut, Mike. And I'll be requesting you for it. I want a haircut that'll make me look young and lively, yet mature at the same time. You get what I mean?" Oscar said to Mike, the hairstylist who spoke to him.

Mike gave Oscar an 'OK' sign before he invited the latter to take a seat politely. Then, he proceeded to cut Oscar's hair.

Less than ten minutes later, Oscar was more than happy with what he saw in the mirror. Mike was extremely skillful. The seemingly random haircut had actually proved that he was an outstanding hairstylist. Because of this, Oscar would always let Mike style his hair.

"Mr. Clinton, take a look. Do you like it?" Mike asked.

Looking at his matured, but young-looking self in the mirror, Oscar nodded calmly. "I trust your skill. I'd like it if you could give me a shave, too."

While Mike was focused on shaving Oscar's beard, he could not help but ask jokingly, "Mr. Clinton, what's with the sudden interest in keeping up your appearance? Did Amelia ask for it?"

Since there was no news about Oscar's divorce, many people did not know that he had already divorced Amelia. Therefore, everyone thought that the couple was still together.

Undeniably, Oscar enjoyed living in that misunderstanding.

He glanced at Mike, hinting the latter to stop being nosy.

"Mr. Clinton, it's done. Is it all right?" Mike was fiddling with the shaver as he questioned.

After taking a look, Oscar nodded and said, "I'll get someone to transfer the money to your account. I'll get going now. Tell Gary that I'll have a drink with him some other day."

Mike replied, "Mr. Clinton, why don't you stay for a while? Boss was talking about you yesterday. If you leave now, he'll probably look for you at your company soon."

Oscar left without looking back. From afar, he said, "I have something to do later. I'll give him a call when I'm free."

"All right. Have a good day then, Mr. Clinton," Mike replied.

With that, Oscar walked out of the hair salon.

Now that he was done getting a haircut, he went to a boutique next to get a new set of suits. He wanted to intimidate Derrick with his appearance during their meeting.

In reality, men would usually focus on these details as they competed with each other, probably because they were all petty creatures.

Oscar thought that if he could successfully intimidate Derrick, it would be easier for him to get some information about Amelia.

Time went by in the blink of an eye. The day for Oscar to meet Derrick had arrived. While waiting for the day to come, Oscar had come close to losing his mind. He tried to suppress the frustration from waiting by immersing himself in work. However, being a humane employer, he still allowed all his employees to get home from work on time. He knew that he should not let them work frantically like him. After getting the olive branch, all the employees still worked hard, but none of them worked until the wee hours as Oscar did.

When it was almost time, Oscar had already arrived at the venue where he would meet Derrick. It was a classic-looking restaurant. He had booked an average-sized private room which was located beside a lake.

When the usher led Oscar into the private room, Derrick had not arrived yet. However, half a minute later, the man in question appeared in a suit.

Oscar was stunned for a moment when he saw Derrick's handsome face, but he quickly returned to his senses.

He had to admit that he had never seen such a gorgeous man in his life. Yet, Derrick's beauty did not make him appear girly at all.

Derrick walked toward Oscar and graciously stretched out his hand. "Hello, Mr. Clinton. We meet again."

Back when Amelia's life was hanging by a thread after the accident, Derrick and Oscar met at the hospital. However, since Oscar was too focused on Amelia, he couldn't be bothered to think about Derrick, who was introduced to him as Tiffany's superior.

Looking at Derrick now, Oscar realized that he was an outstanding man. His beauty was oppressive, while his actions revealed a sense of maturity and confidence. Oscar could tell that Derrick was a capable man instead of a man who only had good looks.

In reality, not only were women called eye candies but men who had good appearance would be addressed as eye candies as well.

While Oscar was giving Derrick an accessing glance, the latter was scanning him as well. Both of the intelligent men were competing with each other in silence.

Derrick chuckled and broke the silence. "Mr. Clinton, are you mesmerized by my beauty? Seems like you've fallen into a daze there."

Oscar looked away and changed the topic. "Take a seat."

Derrick sat down.

"Mr. Clinton, are you treating me to a meal today because you recalled that I'm Tiffany's superior? Usually, my small publishing company wouldn't have many interactions with a big company like Clinton Corporations," Derrick questioned as he fiddled with his fingers.

Oscar flipped open the menu and answered, "It's so late now. You haven't eaten, right? If you don't mind eating with me, let's talk while we order our food."

Derrick snapped his fingers as he smiled. "That's exactly what I'm thinking. While I was on my way here, I was so worried that you won't let me eat since you were

so anxious to talk to me. It seems like I've misjudged you. And for that, I apologize."

Oscar glanced at him before he lowered his head to continue looking at the menu.

Not long after, he summoned a waiter over and ordered a couple of dishes before saying, "You should order some, too. It's my treat."

With that, Derrick ordered another four dishes.

After the waiter left with the menu, Derrick leaned against the back of his chair lazily.

"Mr. Clinton, I know you didn't ask me out just to have dinner with me. So why don't you just get to the point now? Otherwise, I would feel awkward eating later. I really hate being unable to eat in peace," Derrick explained calmly.

Looking at him, Oscar did not beat around the bush. "Are you in a relationship with Tiffany?"

Derrick was stunned for a moment. He did not expect Oscar to have such good connections. In actuality, only a small number of people knew about his relationship with Tiffany. Since Oscar knew about it, he was clearly a capable person.

"Mr. Clinton, I have no idea what you mean. I've been busy with work lately. When did I have a new girlfriend?" Derrick started playing dumb.

"Tiffany is the best-selling author of romance novels in your company. Everyone around knows that you're into her. Am I right?" Oscar questioned.

Derrick chuckled as he stared at Oscar. The latter looked like he was well-prepared to refute him. "I admit that I do like Tiffany. I've been courting her for three years. It's a shame that she doesn't feel the same for me. Otherwise, I would've won her heart already. Who told you that she's my girlfriend? I don't even know about that myself."

Oscar pulled out a cigarette from his pocket and asked, "Do you smoke?"

Derrick took the cigarette that Oscar gave him and lit it with a lighter. After taking a drag, he exhaled some smoke and said, "I haven't smoked for so long. Cigarettes are undeniably a man's good friend."

Holding a cigarette between his fingers, Oscar did not light it up.

Right at that moment, the waiter came over and served the dishes one by one in fluid, trained movements. The table was extremely big, but there were only six dishes served. Compared to the usual number of dishes, the food on the table now was quite little.

Derrick picked up the silverware in front of him before he said, "I've just returned from a business trip in Beshya. In the past two weeks, I was busy with work, so I didn't eat well. I'm actually starving now. So, Mr. Clinton, I hope you don't mind me digging in."

"Let's eat," Oscar replied.

The scene of two handsome men eating together was pleasing to the eye. It did not matter that both of them were enemies because everyone loved seeing beautiful scenes.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 315

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 315 Stalking

Upon finishing eating, Derrick wiped his mouth with a napkin elegantly. "Mr. Clinton, I've finished eating. Shall we continue with the chat? But, if you really enjoy sitting here appreciating the view with me, I don't mind playing along with you," was what Derrick said, but he and Oscar both knew that that scene would not be a great memory for them.

Oscar looked at him and replied, "Derrick, you know exactly why I'm seeing you. Tell me. Where is Tiffany?"

Derrick let out an abrupt chuckle as he looked at Oscar with a teasing look.

"Mr. Clinton, if my memory's correct, you were supposed to be madly in love with your wife. After the car accident, you stayed beside her without eating and drinking. Hell, even your affectionate look moved me. But now you're asking about Tiffany? You can't possibly... Mr. Clinton, if you've fallen for another person, that person can't be your wife's best friend. Otherwise, you would ruin their relationship." Derrick was extremely good at playing dumb.

Still holding a cigarette between his fingers, Oscar was not bothered by Derrick's words. He said, "I remember that you've established your publishing company by yourself. You did not rely on your family, and it proved that you're a capable man. If you tell me Tiffany's whereabouts, I'll consider collaborating with your publishing company. Recently, I'm quite interested in the publishing of novels and films."

Derrick laughed even more. He replied, "Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Clinton. However, I'll have to let you down. I wish that I know Tiffany's location too. Before she left, she sent me an email telling me that she was ending the collaboration with my publishing company. She was willing enough to pay a huge amount of money to terminate the contract. Then, she sent a lawyer to my office to talk about the termination of said contract. After I sent the lawyer away, I immediately went to Tiffany's house, but she had already left. I even called her, but her phone number had already been deactivated by then."

Pausing for a moment, Derrick shrugged and added, "I have no idea where she is now. I believe that I'm the person who's the most desperate to know where she is, don't you think so?"

Oscar stared at Derrick.

He could not tell if Derrick's smile was genuine. After Derrick pondered for a moment, he said sternly, "Mr. Clinton, I'll be honest with you. I really don't know where Tiffany is. I've been pursuing her for three years, but she has always been avoiding me. Both of us never interact with each other in our daily lives, apart from the occasional work interactions. If you don't believe me, you can investigate the matter, since you have great connections."

Oscar's eyes instantly darkened at that.

Derrick shrugged again as he said, "Mr. Clinton, you might have wasted your money on this meal. However, since we're here, I have a request for you. If you happen to find Tiffany, please inform me. I want to know the reason why she left without even telling me. I've sincerely pursued her for three years. I can't just let her trample all over my sincerity like this."

Oscar was still staring at him. It was as though he was trying to identify if Derrick was telling the truth.

Derrick sounded really frank. He was not afraid of the sense of oppression that Oscar was radiating.

After some time, Oscar realized that his hope had been completely shattered.

"Derrick, I'm not going to force you, but I have a favor to ask. If you see Tiffany, ask her to tell Amelia that I miss her. I'll be waiting for her to change her mind. Whenever she's ready to come back, I'll be here waiting for her even if it'll take forever," Oscar said.

Derrick's heart skipped a beat. While scanning Oscar's expression, Derrick did not expect him to be so sentimental. Even though Amelia had left without a word, Oscar did not give up on searching for her. He was even willing to wait for her forever.

Being a man himself, Derrick knew that Oscar's words were genuine. Although the latter was good-looking and capable, he could hold up against all other temptations and keep himself committed to one woman alone. Derrick knew that it was rare, and not every man could do that.

He could not help but be in awe of Oscar. Looking at Oscar, Derrick realized that although he appeared to be heartless, he was actually a passionate man. No wonder Amelia still can't forget him even though she has left for Beshya. If she's able to get over the fact that she's blind, Oscar would be the best man for her.

It was not easy for women to find the man who would treat them wholeheartedly. Some women were extremely capable in their careers. However, they were aware

that the more capable they were, the more difficult it was for them to find the right man for them. Most of the men they met were just liars.

Derrick's impression of Oscar changed for the better. Yet, he still continued on with his act. "Mr. Clinton, what happened to you and Amelia? Both of you have a child now. I would have thought you guys are living happily together. Why are you asking Tiffany to tell Amelia this? Did anything happen to you and Amelia while I was away for the business trip?"

Oscar lit his cigarette before he took a drag. Upon standing up, he walked to the window sill and looked at the moonlight that was reflected on the surface of the lake water. A hint of coldness flashed across his eyes.

After some time, he answered, "We got a divorce." Probably because he had been keeping too many things to himself, he could not help but reveal his thoughts.

Derrick pretended to be surprised.

"What? Both of you were so close. Why did you get a divorce in such a short time?" Derrick exclaimed.

Oscar let out a bitter laugh. He did not expect himself to divorce Amelia as well. Even worse, Amelia had left him non-hesitantly without a word. Now, he could not find her anywhere. Oscar was also in disbelief that he was talking about his personal problems with a man he had only met several times.

Clearly, he had suppressed his emotions for too long. He could not control himself but started talking about his problems that night.

"We've divorced for almost two months now. She and Tiffany left without a word. I have not gotten any news about her in the past two months. That's why, when I found out that you're in a relationship with Tiffany, I wanted to meet you. If you happen to find Tiffany, please inform me. As Amelia's best friend, I'm sure Tiffany wants her to be happy, too." Oscar started putting on his best pitiful act.

For a moment, Derrick was moved by him, but he continued playing dumb.

Before he got Amelia and Tiffany's permission, he would never reveal their whereabouts. This was between Amelia and Oscar, and he would never try to interfere in another's relationship. If Oscar had enough perseverance, he would get Amelia back soon. If they were destined to be together, they would not be apart for long.

"I'm quite surprised to see you being so obsessed, Mr. Clinton. I promise that I'll tell you if I ever get any information about Tiffany. Since we're already here today, why don't we just become friends?" Derrick asked.

Oscar turned around before he shook Derrick's hand. "I'm happy to become your friend."

By the time they left the restaurant, the two of them looked like they were the best of buddies.

“Mr. Clinton, I hope that you’ll find Amelia soon. Don’t hesitate to call me if you need help. I’ll be happy to assist you. I have to run some business errands now, so I’ll take my leave first. Goodbye.”

“Goodbye.”

Derrick got into his car and drove off.

Looking at the car that was leaving, there was an indecipherable look in Oscar’s eyes. He took out his phone and made a call. “Hugo, send someone to keep an eye on Derrick twenty-four-seven. the moment he does something odd, report to me immediately.”

With that, he ended the call.

Oscar lifted his head to look at the moon. It looked extraordinarily round and bright that night. Yet, it was a shame that he had lost the woman who used to join him for moon-sighting.

In truth, he was just probing Derrick because he did not believe that the latter did not know Tiffany’s whereabouts. However, Derrick was much more difficult to deal with than he thought. Oscar also discovered that Derrick’s family background was as powerful as the Clintons. Derrick was the heir of a wealthy family. In fact, he was the second generation of officials. His uncles were all high-ranking people who served in the military. Therefore, Oscar knew that he could not use the usual measures to deal with Derrick. Before he was certain about the latter’s power, he knew that taking action without a plan would be a rash move.

Oscar had sent someone to stalk Derrick. He believed that the latter would let something slip sooner or later if he truly knew Amelia and Tiffany’s whereabouts.

Oscar was losing patience after he had searched for Amelia for so long. He was not afraid to deal with Derrick, but he did not expect the latter to be so skilled. After sending so many top-tier bodyguards, Derrick had managed to avoid all of them. In fact, he only revealed what he wanted to show the others. None of the bodyguards could capture Tiffany appearing in Derrick’s life.

Since Oscar did not get any news of Derrick seeing Tiffany for so long, he became frustrated. Due to the lack of information about Amelia, and also Olivia threatening him with her own health, Oscar immersed himself in a massive workload and also started to rely on sleeping pills.

Without Amelia by his side, he could barely sleep. Sometimes, when he was exhausted, he would go to sleep with the help of sleeping pills. He knew that he could only sleep well if Amelia returned to his side.

Certainly, all these were in retrospect. Oscar did not expect himself to rely on Amelia that badly later.

He got into his car and slowly drove off.

Meanwhile, Derrick immediately noticed the car that was following him after he left the restaurant. It was not that Hugo's man was being careless, but Derrick had guessed that Oscar would not be so gullible. Otherwise, the latter would not be able to expand Clinton Corporations so well. Hence, Derrick had been careful when he was driving, so he quickly noticed that someone was stalking him.

He smirked and revealed an evil-looking smile. I like these exciting games. Life is so boring. Finally, there's something to keep me entertained. Oscar, your men had better not let me down. Let's see who's the winner of this game. Who's hiding, and who's seeking? It depends on how you see it.

Derrick could feel his blood boiling in anticipation. He was excited to see who would win in the game of cat and mouse in the end.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 316

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

Chapter 316 Spend More Time With Him

Derrick drove back to his apartment. After taking a hot shower, he lay on his sofa lazily and took out his phone to dial a number.

The moment the call was connected, Derrick's expression and voice became gentle. "Hey, Tiff, it's me."

Tiffany told Amelia that it was Derrick calling her and that she was going outside to talk on the phone.

Upon getting Amelia's permission, Tiffany walked out and asked, "Mr. Hisson, did you see Oscar today? Did he find out anything?"

Derrick pretended to be mad as he replied, "Tiff, I've been thinking about you all day, but you're asking me about another man? I'm really upset. I won't answer your questions unless you give me a kiss through the phone."

Tiffany cringed hard when she heard that. After being together for almost two months, Derrick had gradually revealed the childish side of him in front of her. His aloofness had completely vanished. Seeing the man acting like that, Tiffany suddenly had the urge to break things off with him.

Naturally, that was impossible, so she could only accept him.

"Stop fooling around, Mr. Hisson." After being familiar with each other, Tiffany could finally interact with Derrick calmly instead of being nervous all the time.

Derrick continued to fool with her for some time. That was an act of romance between the two of them. Moreover, Derrick realized that Tiffany enjoyed seeing him acting coquettishly. Since she could not resist him, Derrick took advantage of it.

"Tiff, if you don't blow me a kiss, I'll hang up the phone right now." Just when Derrick was about to hang up the phone for real, he heard a soft smooching sound through the receiver.

He smiled with satisfaction.

Feeling embarrassed, Tiffany chided, "Are you happy now? Hurry up and tell me. Otherwise, I won't answer your phone call within this month."

Derrick knew the limits, so he said in satisfaction, "I met Oscar. He's quite an interesting man."

"What happened? Did he find out Amelia's location?"

Derrick answered, "He sent someone to stalk me." He wanted to see Tiffany being anxious for him. Clearly, he loved to tease her.

"Did they do anything to you?" Tiffany questioned anxiously. She knew exactly how ruthless Oscar was.

"Tiff, you're underestimating your man. I'm fine. That being said, I do have to be more careful if I visit you in Beshya. After all, those men who Oscar sent to follow me are experts," Derrick explained solemnly.

"If so, don't come over yet. Amelia's effort would go down the drain if Oscar finds us," Tiffany said.

Hearing that, Derrick was in disbelief.

"Tiff, what did you say?"

"Mr. Hisson, I'm sorry. I would like to see you, too, but we can't let Oscar find Amelia. I'm uncertain of his feelings for Amelia, so I can't let her take the risk. I hope you understand this," Tiffany explained with a sense of guilt.

Even though Derrick was mad, he chuckled.

His laughter gave Tiffany the goosebumps.

"Mr. Hisson, are you all right?" Although both of them were very close now, Tiffany got used to addressing him as 'Mr. Hisson.' To her, that was an intimate title between the two of them.

"My girlfriend doesn't want to see me. How could I be all right?"

"Mr. Hisson, that's not it. I'm just--"

"Tiff, have you ever thought about it? If there's ever a time where you have to choose between Amelia and me, whose side would you take?" Derrick asked seriously.

Tiffany was stunned into silence for a long while at that.

Letting out a sigh, Derrick said, "Tiff, I know I'm being petty, but I'm feeling aggrieved because of how much you care for Amelia. My love rival isn't a man, but your best friend. I can't even complain about it. Would you even sacrifice your love just for Amelia?"

"I wouldn't, of course," Tiffany refuted instinctively. Yet, her voice sounded guilty.

"Really?" Derrick deliberately stressed his words. "Tiff, I'm willing to take care of Amelia with you, but please give me more of your attention, okay? I'm jealous of her sometimes, really. You might think that I'm being petty, but no man would want to see their woman being so focused on someone else."

Tiffany felt guilty. She was at a loss now, after hearing Derrick's complaints.

"D-Derrick, if you're not satisfied with me, maybe we should split up for some time. You can tell me your answer after you think it through. I'll let you make the decision on whether to break up or not. However, ever since the day I've promised to be with you, I've never thought of giving you up. Yet, I can't just leave Amelia in this situation. You should think about it. I'm hanging up now."

Derrick was stunned. He did not expect the conversation to escalate so quickly.

Anxious, he said, "Tiff, hold on. Don't hang up yet. I have something to say."

"Is there anything else?" Tiffany's voice had turned cold.

Derrick burst out laughing. He realized that Tiffany was adorable when she was mad. It was the first time they had a minor conflict ever since they got into a relationship.

"Are you mad?"

Tiffany let out a sigh and answered, "I'm not mad, but I can't believe that you're so bothered by how I'm treating Amelia. Amelia and I met when both of us were poor. She helped me a lot. Now that she's having a hard time, I can't leave her. She's my best friend, and I won't give up on her. If you're unhappy with it, I think we should give up on our relationship."

"Tiff." Derrick's voice sounded stern. "It's fine for us to have some minor conflict, but I hope that you won't mention breaking up so easily. I don't hate Amelia. I'm willing to take care of her with you. I'm just jealous. I'm jealous of her because

she has all your attention. Yes, I know I'm a man and that I shouldn't be so petty, but I just wish that you could give me more of your attention."

Tiffany was stunned.

"I..." She was at a loss for words.

"All right, that's enough. It was my fault. I shouldn't have gotten jealous. I'm sorry. Don't take it to heart. Anyway, I'll deal with Oscar. Without your permission, I won't let him find Amelia."

Derrick added, "Don't overthink things and take care of yourself. Also, dream about me tonight. Lastly, don't ever mention breaking up again. Otherwise, I'll expose Amelia's whereabouts to Oscar, and I'll bring you back to my side, even if I have to use force."

Tiffany chuckled and replied, "Mr. Hisson, are you threatening me?"

Derrick let out a laugh and said, "Desperate times call for desperate measures, after all. If you don't talk about breaking up, I'll let you do whatever you want. Keep in mind that you're stuck being my woman for the rest of your life."

Upon hanging up, Tiffany was still smiling. Yet, when she turned around and saw Amelia standing behind her, her smile disappeared.

She approached Amelia and held her. "Amelia, why are you standing here?"

Amelia smiled at her and replied, "I wanted to get some fresh air."

Tiffany stared at her best friend, afraid that the latter had overheard her conversation with Derrick.

"Amelia, I-"

"What's wrong? I just arrived. I overheard you and Derrick flirting with each other. Did I disturb you?" Amelia asked innocently.

Tiffany felt relieved. She was scared that Amelia would be troubled if the latter had heard Derrick's words.

"No. I'm just curious as to how you got here. I mean, look at you, you can even walk out here by yourself now. It's amazing. Looks like your eyes are recovering. I'm so happy for you." Tiffany held Amelia as they walked back inside.

Amelia grinned without saying anything.

"My eyes won't recover so easily. If it's so easy, there wouldn't be people who are blind for their entire lives," Amelia said.

"Babe, stop talking so negatively. Mr. Jackman has great medical skills. You even said so yourself, that you're sleeping better after the acupuncture, and your headache is cured. All this just proves that acupuncture is working. Soon, the blood clot in your brain will probably disappear."

Thinking about the great possibility, Tiffany added, "Mr. Jackman will keep his word. He promised that your eyes will recover in three to five years. I believe that he said that because he's confident. Otherwise, he'll only ruin his own reputation. Stay positive. We can celebrate your recovery in advance."

Amelia merely smiled as Tiffany convinced her, but she was not feeling happy at all.

She knew that acupuncture might not cure her eyes. Otherwise, there would not be so many blind people in the world. In truth, she was well aware that Boris was just using her as a lab rat for his acupuncture.

If he succeeded, she would recover. If he failed, she would stay blind.

Amelia also knew that Boris had outstanding medical skills, but it was not that impressive. In her opinion, Boris was just being overconfident in himself when he vowed that her eyes would recover in three to five years.

Helping Amelia walk up the stairs, Tiffany said, "Babe, I'll need to write a manuscript for Shannon later. I'll be busy, so just give me a holler should you need anything."

"Go on and do your work. I'll be fine. Stop treating me like I'm some sort of fragile porcelain doll. Didn't you see my improvement within these two months? I've already gotten used to my condition." Amelia smiled. In actuality, she was not doing well. She kept walking into furniture, and her body was covered in bruises now. Once, she even walked into her wardrobe and injured her waist. It was so painful that she could not even straighten her back.

After giving it some thought, Tiffany replied, "All right. I'll get to work, then. You should go to bed after your shower."

Amelia nodded.

Tiffany had just sent Amelia to the guest room when Amelia grabbed her hand abruptly and said, "Tiff, spend more time with Derrick. He's your boyfriend. It's only normal to spend more time with your partner."

Tiffany looked at her in confusion. "Babe, did you hear something just now?"

Amelia shook her head as she chuckled. "I just think that you should spend more time with him. It's already difficult to be in a long-distance relationship. Don't spend all your time taking care of me and writing manuscripts. Give Derrick more attention."

Tiffany pondered for a moment and said, "All right. I'll spare more time to talk to him. Don't worry about us. If we're meant to be, nothing can split us. If we're not... well, we would still break up even after we've gone through ups and downs. Don't overthink things. Get some rest. Anyway, I'll be sitting there to write the manuscript. Just call out if you need me. Okay?"

Amelia was stunned for a moment before she nodded.

"Okay."

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 317

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 317 Constant Reminder

After working on the manuscript overnight, Tiffany fell asleep at six in the morning. Hence, Amelia did not wake her when she woke up. She carefully got out of bed and took the cane beside her bed. It was a cane specially made for blind people.

With the help of the cane, Amelia arrived at the bathroom. After some time, she was finally able to walk up to the sink and find her toothbrush. Then, she washed her face and brushed her teeth.

After washing up in the bathroom, Amelia walked out and called out to Tiffany softly. Since there was no response, she walked slowly to the door and opened it before walking out of the guest room.

Initially, she wanted to walk to the nursery to see Tony and Kurt, but she did not want to wake them. Hence, she turned around and walked down the stairs.

While holding the cane, she accidentally missed a step and fell down the stairs.

The maids who were working downstairs were shocked to see Amelia tumbling down the stairs. They immediately surrounded her. Outside, a maid informed Jeremy, who was trimming the tree branches in the yard, about Amelia.

"Gosh. What's wrong? Are you all right?" Jeremy hurriedly ran up to Amelia, who was already sitting on a chair with the help of the maids.

Amelia was fortunate this time. She fell down the stairs from the first floor, but she only had some minor scrapes on her arms.

Although she was still in shock, she forced a smile. "I'm fine, Jeremy. Don't worry. Also, don't tell Tiff that I fell down. I don't want her to worry."

After living with Amelia for two months, Jeremy knew that she was a kind woman. Her beautiful appearance matched her kind personality very well. Although she had become blind, she never once complained about her grief. She had always been strong. Jeremy thought of her as a perfect woman.

"Don't worry. I won't tell her. But, are you really okay? Should I call the doctor over to give you a once over?" Jeremy questioned worriedly.

Amelia shook her head as she replied, "Jeremy, I'm fine. There's no need to trouble the doctor." Ever since she was blind, she tried to avoid troubling others. She would minimize all the issues. Since she was a prideful woman, she would not let her blind self appear to be useless in front of others.

Amelia's arms were actually hurting from the fall. She reckoned that she was bleeding, but no one else could see her injuries because she was dressed in a long sleeves dress.

"Really? You should tell us if you're injured. Mr. Hisson reminded us to take care of you before he left. He even said that there's a clinic in the villa in case of any emergencies," Jeremy said.

Amelia shook her head and said, "There's no need for that. I'll feel guilty. I..."

Jeremy chuckled and explained, "Amelia, there's no need for you to feel guilty. This clinic has long been planned to be built in the villa. This villa is huge, and there are many maids working here. Not to mention this place is located quite far from the city. If the maids got sick, it's quite troublesome for them to visit the hospital. That's why we need a clinic here. We'll need around five doctors with impressive medical skills to work here too. I've talked about it with Mr. Hisson before. It just so happens that your condition has sped up the progress. In fact, all the maids would be grateful for you."

Amelia thought about it and said, "Jeremy, tell Derrick that I'm thankful for his kind thoughts."

Jeremy laughed and said, "Sure. I'll tell Mr. Hisson. You should have your breakfast. Do you want me to wake the two of them?"

Amelia shook her head. "No. Tiff spent the entire night writing manuscript. She only fell asleep in the morning. Kurt got back in the wee hours, too. They must be exhausted, so just let them sleep in. They'll come down for breakfast later."

"All right. I'll get the maid to get you your breakfast." Jeremy ordered the maid to serve the breakfast. After giving it some thought, he said, "Amelia, I think we should let assign a personal maid to take care of you. It's dangerous for you to walk around now. It'll be bad if you fall from the stairs again. Would you consider it? It's for your own good."

Amelia's smile faltered.

"Amelia, I'm not forcing you. I just want you to be safe. If a maid takes care of you, Tiffany can work more efficiently. Also, Kurt can focus on taking care of Tony as well as working on his missions. What do you think?" Jeremy explained logically.

Amelia held her silence.

"Amelia, don't blame me for saying this, but Mr. Hisson and Tiffany just got into a relationship. They're supposed to be madly in love now. Yet, both of them can't see each other much, and Tiffany has to spend most of her time on you. I feel bad for Mr. Hisson," Jeremy said.

Amelia was stunned. In the end, she still caused trouble for others because she was blind.

She lowered her head and said, "Jeremy, I'll leave everything to you, then."

Jeremy felt bad for her, but when he recalled Derrick's envious look when he saw Tiffany spending all her time on Amelia, he knew he had to go through with this.

"All right. I'll arrange it later. I'll find an honest and reliable maid to take care of you. Have your breakfast. I'll continue trimming the plants outside." Jeremy got a maid to serve Amelia's breakfast and put the silverware in Amelia's hand. "Amelia, do you need a maid to feed you?"

Holding the silverware, Amelia paused. "There's no need for that, Jeremy. You should get back to work now. I'll be fine on my own."

Jeremy replied, "Okay. I'll go trim the grasses then. You can call the maid if you need any help."

Amelia nodded.

After Jeremy left, Amelia could smell the aroma of the soup in front of her. She suddenly lost her appetite. There was a series of mixed emotions stirring within her.

She took several bites before she stopped eating. Taking the cane which had been placed on the chair beside her, she tried to walk out the door. Yet, a maid quickly ran up to her and asked anxiously, "Ms. Amelia, are you heading out? Let me help you, lest you fall again."

Amelia felt sadness welling up in her chest, but she had no other choice.

"Thank you." Even though she did not want to be treated as a blind person who had trouble walking around, she did not want to reject others' kindness.

The maid held her arm and walked her out the door. While walking, she said, "Ms. Amelia, since you can't see anymore, you should stay indoors. Just let the maids help you if you need anything. It's really dangerous for you to wander around. You gave everyone a shock when you fell down the stairs earlier. If anything happens to you, we'll be fired. You shouldn't be so willful. I'm begging you. To be honest, we're actually quite nervous to see you moving around alone. You'll get us into trouble if anything happens to you."

The smile on Amelia's face dimmed upon hearing that.

Looking at her expression, the maid added, "Ms. Amelia, don't blame me for saying these, but we're just employees who work here. This job offers great benefits, and we really appreciate this job. You're Mr. Hisson's friend, and he values you greatly. He reminded us to not let you hurt yourself. Otherwise, he'll sack us. If Jeremy tells Mr. Hisson about your fall just now, all of us would get fired. So, please take care of yourself. Don't keep leaving us on edge."

As she listened to the maid's words, Amelia could feel them stabbing into her heart. Everyone was acting like a savior, and yet, they kept reminding her that she was blind. They had no idea that their words were just adding more salt to her injury, hurting her time and again.

"I'll take care of myself," Amelia said coldly.

Looking at Amelia, the maid swallowed a lump and asked, "Ms. Amelia, are you mad at me?"

Amelia shook her head before she answered, "No. I want to be alone for a while. Could you leave first?"

"All right. I'll get back in. Are you sure you're fine being alone?" The maid was worried. "You can't see things now. All of us are worried about you. Should I keep you companied? If anything bad happens to you, all the maids would be doomed."

The more upset Amelia was, the more she wanted to appear strong.

"I'll take care of myself. Could you leave first? I'd like to feel the gentle breeze here."

The maid could sense Amelia's coldness, so she did not press on the matter. "All right, Ms. Amelia, I'll get in first. I hope that you won't tell Mr. Hisson about what I said, or else I'll lose my job."

Amelia's expression stiffened as she clenched her fists.

"Get back in. I won't tell Derrick about it."

With that, the maid entered the house happily. Meanwhile, Amelia was not in the mood to enjoy the windy weather anymore. Thinking about the maid's words, Amelia realized that she had not gotten used to herself being blind. She kept trying to avoid facing the reality of her situation, but everyone around her kept reminding her about it.

The fact that she was blind was right in front of her, and she had no choice but to face it head-on. Deep down, she was writhing in intense pain.

She refused to accept that she was a useless person. However, it seemed that she was the only one thinking that.

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 318

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

Chapter 318 Being Harsh

Amelia stood outside until Tiffany woke up and rushed out to find her. As her face was pale, Tiffany asked hastily, "Babe, do you feel unwell? Or do your eyes hurt?"

Flashing a nonchalant smile, Amelia assured her, "I'm fine. It's just that I haven't enjoyed the breeze in a while and ended up standing here longer than expected. After losing my eyesight, my hearing, touch, and tastebuds had grown sharper. Back then, I didn't think this was possible, but now that I'm blind, I finally realized what it is like. It was fun to feel and hear the breeze whispering in my ear."

Tiffany scrutinized her carefully.

"Babe, you're unhappy," she stated.

Amelia's smile faltered.

Taking her hand, Tiffany asked, "Did someone bully you? Tell me about it."

After regaining her composure, Amelia burst into giggles. "Everyone is kind here. No one would bully a blind person like me."

Tiffany felt bad to hear that.

"Amelia, don't say that! You only lost your eyesight temporarily. You'll recover after receiving treatment. You're gorgeous, smart, kind, and compassionate. Don't belittle yourself!" she frowned and chided.

Amelia chuckled gaily.

"Let's head in. After being roasted under the sun for a few hours, I feel my mind going blank. I've lost my eyesight. If something goes wrong with my brain, I'd be a useless person for sure," she joked.

Tiffany led her in after making sure she was all right.

After lunch, Tiffany was still hanging around when Jeremy said, "Amelia, I've hired a caregiver for you. She's twenty-five and grew up in the countryside. As she's honest and responsible, she'll be a great caregiver for you. The chauffeur just brought her here. Do you want to see her now?"

Amelia turned in the direction she assumed Jeremy was standing and nodded.

"Thank you, Jeremy."

Tiffany placed her fork down and frowned. "Jeremy, why did you hire a caregiver for Amelia to take care of her around the clock? I can take care of her myself. Amelia doesn't feel comfortable around strangers and can't get used to a stranger taking care of her. Her eyesight loss is temporary, and she isn't a cripple. There's no need to arrange for someone else as the person will be in her way."

Amelia chuckled. "Tiff, Jeremy is being thoughtful. Let's not waste his efforts. If there's someone to take care of me, you can focus on your writing, and Kurt won't have to worry about me at work. It's a win-win situation. Cheer up!"

Tiffany glanced at her and asked, "Really? Do you mean that?"

She knew how prideful Amelia was, for they had been best of friends for years. Though Amelia could no longer see, she wouldn't allow a stranger to take care of her daily life. Instead, she'd do her best to do everything herself so she wouldn't trouble the people around her.

Lowering her gaze, Amelia said gently, "I think it's all right to hire a caregiver who'll take care of me around the clock. After all, I can't see and can't get around easily. If someone's here to take care of me, you won't have to worry so much about me. Am I right?"

Tiffany assumed something must've happened during the past few hours when she was asleep. Otherwise, Amelia wouldn't have agreed to hiring someone.

With that thought in mind, Tiffany turned to Jeremy and ordered, "Jeremy, tell that girl to leave. I can take care of Amelia, so there's no need to hire a caregiver. It'll be a waste of money. Besides, we don't know if she has an ulterior motive."

Despite her instruction, Jeremy remained standing defiantly.

Amelia parted her lips to say, "Tiff, I was the one who asked Jeremy to hire a caregiver. It isn't easy for her to get the job, and I don't think it's nice to kick her out before she arrives. Let's meet her. If she's all right, we shall hire her."

Tiffany had no choice but to comply.

They waited for around half an hour before the girl was brought in by a maid.

Tiffany studied the young girl, who seemed to be around twenty-five years old. Her skin was tanned, but her features were all right. She had huge eyes, a dainty nose, and heart-shaped lips. With her oval face, she resembled the celebrity, Angelina Jolie. Tall and attractive, she had a curvaceous figure that was overall nice.

However, it felt strange to hire to be a caregiver, for she seemed a little unreliable. Though she was tanned, she was pretty and attractive. One would believe her if she claimed to be a fresh graduate.

Tiffany frowned, displeased with the candidate. What if she pretends to be obedient but mistreats Amelia behind our backs? That isn't great.

"What is your name? Where are you from? With your looks, you can definitely get another better job. Why are you willing to be a caregiver?" As she wasn't satisfied with the young girl, her questions grew sharp.

The young girl replied calmly, "My name is Rory Sanders. I was born in Xenhall, a small town neighboring Hallsbay in Horington. I'm a fresh graduate and didn't manage to get a job in Beshya. After finding out about this job that supposedly pays well, I decided to try it out. The person who introduced this job to me is the butler's relative. If you agree to hire me, I'll do my best. I haven't received a cent from my family after graduating, so I desperately need money now."

Tiffany scrutinized her carefully. Hmm, she's honest. But if she's a fresh graduate, she won't want to work here long term. After spending some time with the rich and getting used to the wealthy lifestyle, she'll definitely get attracted by money and become materialistic no matter how honest she is. Especially since she's pretty. What if she uses Amelia to get what she wants?

She refused to let someone else use Amelia as a stepping stone. Though Amelia wasn't a fool, she was a soft-hearted person.

"Rory, I believe you got to know about your employer on the way here. Amelia here has lost her eyesight temporarily and needs a caregiver to take care of her. You're a university student, so I don't think you're patient enough for such rough work. I'm sorry, but we can't hire you," Amelia rejected her outright.

Rory asked calmly, "Why? Are you assuming I can't take good care of her just because I'm a university graduate?"

"No, we want a long-term caregiver. Perhaps the pay is enough for you to work here for a month or two, but how long can you stay? Amelia's an introvert, so she doesn't like to get close to someone before being forced to get another new caregiver. You're not a suitable candidate. I'm sorry about that. We'll make sure you get compensated properly," Tiffany said.

Instead of replying to her, Rory went to Amelia and introduced herself. "Hello, my name is Rory Sanders. Before coming here, I indeed planned to work for six months before resigning. But if my job is to take care of someone as pretty as you, I'm willing to work long-term. Can you give me a chance?"

Amelia was stunned. She quickly regained her composure before chuckling. "All right, you can stay. If you find a better job, let me know. We won't force you to stay," she assured her.

Rory had no idea Amelia was that easy going.

"Is that a yes?"

"You're buttering up to me. Isn't that because you want to work here?"

Rory was speechless. She hadn't expected a blind woman to be this humorous. In fact, she thought she would be tasked with taking care of a strange and hot-tempered blind person.

On the way here, she was extremely nervous.

Upset, Tiffany uttered, "Amelia..."

"What is it?" Amelia grinned.

Tiffany had no choice but to swallow her disapproving words. "Nothing."

Turning to Jeremy, Amelia said, "Jeremy, I think Rory is a great candidate. Arrange a room for her. She'll take care of me in the day, and I'll share a room with Tiff at night."

"Got it."

Jeremy left to arrange for Rory's room. Meanwhile, Rory started checking the luxuriously decorated villa out. Clearly, she had something else in mind.

Tiffany took in her reaction without saying a word.

It was clear that Rory wasn't as honest and responsible as Jeremy claimed. There was no way a pretty girl with a bachelor's degree would lower herself to be a caregiver. Either her family was poor, and she was in need of money, or she wanted to use this job to get connected to the rich and powerful. After getting into the upper-class society, she'd get to know more wealthy people. With her connections, she could use her degree to get a better job as a white-collar worker. That would be easier for her to marry into a wealthy family.

Tiffany didn't want to think of the worst, but Rory didn't seem like she was born into a poor family. Hence, the second possibility remained. By no means Tiffany was against a gold digger, but she refused to let anyone use Amelia as a stepping stone to improve their lifestyles.

I won't allow someone with an ulterior motive to remain by Amelia's side.

"Rory, right? Do you find this villa gorgeous?" Tiffany queried with a half-smile as though she was mocking Rory for being captivated by the luxurious interior design.

Rory immediately snapped back to reality and spotted Tiffany's mocking gaze. Flustered, she answered, "Of course. I was born in a small town. Before I entered university, I was practically living under a rock. This is my first time seeing such a gorgeous villa. I've only ever seen them in TV shows."

"Do you want to stay here forever? Or become the mistress of the villa?"

Rory's expression froze.

Even Amelia felt Tiffany was overreacting. No one would feel comfortable after hearing Tiffany's rude words, especially a young girl who was new here.

It wasn't wrong for a woman to be materialistic. Besides, they didn't even know this young lady was one. It didn't seem right for Tiffany to make a judgment and mock the young lady without holding back.

"Tiff," Amelia cautioned.

Tiffany twitched her lips and smirked. "It was a joke. You won't mind, right?"

Rory forced a smile.

Amelia said, "Rory, Tiff didn't mean that. She loves to joke around, so take her words with a pinch of salt. If you need anything, just let me know."

"All right," Rory responded obediently.

Tiffany became the bad cop. "Rory, we're paying you handsomely. In order to prevent you from slacking off, I'll set a few rules. If you can abide by the rules, I'll allow you to stay. Otherwise, please pack up and leave," she announced.

Rory bobbed her head.

"First of all, stay at Amelia's side around the clock. Second, we'll sign a two-year contract. You aren't allowed to get another job within the timeframe. If I find out you're secretly finding another job, you'll have to compensate us. Third, don't be noisy or talk behind our backs. Four, no making unreasonable demands. Five, no bringing your boyfriend back. Six, no bringing your relatives here, too. We're not a shelter for refugees. Seven, when you work, don't go flirting with other men," Tiffany declared.

Rory frowned as she found Tiffany's last few conditions extremely insulting.

Perhaps she had an ulterior motive for accepting the job, but no woman would refuse to be pampered. She hadn't really done anything against the law, so she couldn't fathom why Tiffany treated her so badly.

However, she tried her best to suppress the anger in her.

Amelia spoke up. "Tiff, stop messing with her. Rory's new, so don't scare her away."

Shrugging, Tiffany answered, "All right, then. I'll ask Jeremy to print out the rules that were stated earlier. Just make sure to abide by them."

Tersely, Rory responded, "Yes."

Amelia comforted her, "Rory, you must be tired from the journey. I believe you are starving. Let me ask the chef to prepare something for you."

Warmth spread all over Rory's heart as her lips curled up. "Thank you."

After Amelia arranged for Rory's meal, Tiffany immediately interjected coolly, "Amelia, it's almost one. Time for your nap." It was obvious how much she disliked Rory.

Amelia gave in and nodded obediently.

"Rory, you can go to your room and rest after finishing the food. You'll start working tomorrow."

"All right." Rory pondered over it before she said, "On the way here, the chauffeur told me my employer is Amelia Winters. Is it all right to address you as Amelia? It sounds more natural."

"Sure. You can call me anything you want," Amelia answered cordially.

Rory munched on her food happily. After finding out that Amelia was an easy-going person, the idea she buried in her heart earlier popped up in her mind again. Just like Tiffany had guessed, she viewed the position of a caregiver as a shortcut to get to know more wealthy people before marrying into an affluent family. However, she realized most of them were arrogant and merely took her as a charity case.

People from different worlds would rarely end up together as they were not meant to be together. Most of the time, she would end up being a laughingstock.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 319

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

Chapter 319 There Is Someone In Her Heart

Back in the bedroom, Amelia sighed and chided, "Tiff, you were really harsh to Rory. No matter what, Jeremy was the one who introduced her to the job. Being rude to her is equal to being rude to Jeremy. He's an old staff, so that's not good."

"Babe, are you blaming me?" Tiffany arched a brow and asked.

"Tiff, you know I didn't mean that. I don't want you to end up as a prickly hedgehog because of me. I may be blind, but my heart isn't. I can sense if someone is sincere or not. Rory is just here as a caregiver, and there is no conflict of interest between us. There was no need to put her in a tight spot," Amelia answered honestly.

Tiffany helped her to the bed and explained, "I wasn't trying to put her in a tight spot, but she gives off an evil vibe. I was afraid she wanted to use you and gave

her a stern warning beforehand. If you don't put her in her place, she'll get the wrong ideas. Especially since she's a good-looking young lady."

Amelia burst into giggles at her explanation.

"Tiff, since when did you major in psychology?" Amelia teased. "You've just met her, right? How did you know she's evil? Sometimes, we can't judge a person by her looks. We've been in her shoes, so you should know how upset it feels to be misunderstood by someone else. Why are you doing the same thing to her now?"

Tiffany sighed and caved in.

"All right, I was wrong. I'll apologize, okay?" she grumbled unhappily.

Amelia reminded her gently, "You should apologize to Rory, not to me. Show your sincerity."

"Babe, why are you defending someone else? Am I not your friend?" Tiffany pretended to be furious and huffed.

Amelia chuckled, and her mood was lifted. Thanks to Tiffany, she felt much better now.

After a short nap, Amelia got up and washed up with Tiffany's help. They then headed to the nursery to check on Tony.

"Kurt, good afternoon. Did you have a good nap? Was Tony fussy?" Amelia turned to where she thought Kurt was and asked.

After Amelia could no longer see, Kurt didn't bother hiding his affection for her. His gaze was both warm and adoring.

It was obvious that he was head over heels in love with her.

Though they hadn't known each other for a long time, Kurt found Amelia's strong and optimistic character charming. It had nothing to do with her outlooks. There were plenty of gorgeous women out there, but Amelia was able to attract the men around her. It meant that she possessed qualities that most women lacked.

"Amelia, you... I..." It was rare to hear Kurt stutter.

"Kurt, what's wrong? If you need anything, just let me know. I'm listening," Amelia answered good-naturedly. After losing her eyesight, she was no longer as arrogant as before and was usually mild-mannered. However, her bottom line remained. Though she seemed gentle and nice, her guard was always up.

To others, she was a sexy and mild-mannered woman, but none of them could see the impenetrable wall around her heart. The door was opened to only one man, hence the other men who admired her and harbored feelings for her could never enter her heart.

Tiffany took one look at his flushed cheeks and teased, "Kurt, look how crimson your cheeks are. Someone might think you're proposing to Amelia!"

Amelia gave her a playful slap. "Tiff, stop it. I don't mind your jokes, but Kurt is still single. What if someone else takes it wrongly?"

Tiffany had the intention of bringing them together, so she waved it off nonchalantly. "So what? Both of you are single. It's normal if Kurt wants to pursue you! You're pretty, right? You'll make a perfect couple!"

As she was getting overboard, Amelia immediately changed the topic so things wouldn't turn awkward for Kurt and her. "Kurt, where is Tony? I'd like to hold him."

After handing Tony to her, Kurt plucked up his courage to confess his feelings. "Amelia, I happened to pass by a jewelry store during my mission and saw a necklace that suits you. I bought it as a gift for you. Here you go." A jewelry box appeared in his palm as he offered it to her earnestly.

Amelia was stunned, for it was pretty obvious what it meant when a man offered a gift to a woman.

Her mind went blank at once. It had never crossed her mind that Kurt would have romantic feelings for her!

Kurt opened the box and took out the necklace inside. It was a crystal necklace that glittered under the light. There was a heart pendant with Amelia's smiling face printed on it.

Tiffany inched nearer to get a better look. Wow, this is a pretty gift.

"Amelia, don't hurt Kurt's feelings. Just hurry up and accept it," Tiffany urged.

Amelia was stumped. She knew what it would mean if she were to accept the gift. Unfortunately, her heart belonged to someone else, and had no space for another man.

"Kurt, I..." She struggled to find the appropriate words to reject Kurt, for she was afraid they couldn't even remain friends.

Kurt could sense her hesitation and cut in. "Amelia, don't take it the wrong way. I just thought this necklace suits you. There's no hidden meaning behind my gesture. I know you're not looking to enter a relationship right now, so I won't force you as long as you agree to let me remain by your side."

His plan was to boil the frog. Keeping Amelia company would one day lead to her opening her heart to him so he'd get to enter her heart. Huh... this is not going to be easy.

Instead of feeling touched, Amelia was stressed out. Kurt's sudden confession made her feel rather pressured.

"Kurt, you don't have to do that. I mean it." She thought over it briefly before trying to convince him to change his mind. "I'm blind, divorced, and have a child. I'm not as good and perfect as you imagine. You can find an obedient and outstanding young lady with your qualities. We're not meant to be."

Flashing a smile, Kurt answered, "I don't think I'm worthy of being your partner for now. However, I'll do my best to improve myself and grow stronger so I can protect you. When that day comes, I'll be your support."

Amelia patted Tony absent-mindedly, feeling helpless at his reply.

"Kurt, you-"

"This is the first time I've ever given someone of the opposite sex a gift. Just think of it as a gift from a friend. Don't reject it, please? I think it suits you a lot!" Kurt held the necklace up and pleaded earnestly. His voice was actually trembling.

Amelia was caught in a dilemma.

Tiffany stepped in to mediate. "Amelia, just take it. It's rare for someone like Kurt to buy a gift for a woman. Don't hurt his feelings. If you say no, that will be awkward, especially since you're both friends," she said.

In the end, Amelia had no choice but to accept the necklace.

Kurt asked, "Amelia, can I help you put it on?"

Though Amelia was initially startled by the request, she acquiesced out of courtesy.

Carefully, Kurt helped her to put on the necklace. Tiffany inched nearer and commented, "It's quite pretty, Amelia. It's a crystal necklace and it looks perfect on you."

Suddenly, Amelia fell into a daze. It was as though she traveled back in time to a huge yacht where another man prepared a lot of surprises for her. After their candlelight dinner, he gave her a unique necklace. Though it wasn't expensive, it was part of her memory.

She'd never forget what happened on the yacht back then, and how the man did his best to make it a romantic occasion for her.

"Babe, come back. What is going on in your mind?" Tiffany's voice rang in her ear.

Amelia returned to her senses and forced a smile. "Thanks for the necklace, Kurt."

To everyone's surprise, Kurt gave her a hug and whispered in her ear, "Amelia, give me a chance to prove that I can make you happy other than Boss."

Stunned, Amelia immediately struggled out of his reach. Kurt wasn't holding her tightly so he released her once he realized her intention.

With Tony in her arms, Amelia spun on her heels and fled the scene. Tiffany promptly went after her. "Amelia, where are you going?" she hollered.

Amelia took a deep breath and came to a stop. After a brief silence, she said, "Kurt, you're a good friend of mine. I appreciate what you've done for me and Tony, but we can only be friends. I'll leave with Tony now. Let's just pretend that nothing happened, and we are friends." She didn't bother turning back.

Having said that, she left in a haste. Tiffany dared not stop her and scurried ahead to open the door for her before helping her out.

Back in the room, Tiffany realized Amelia wasn't talking while holding Tony in her arms. Licking her lips, she asked, "Babe, what are you thinking? I think Kurt's a fine man. Perhaps he'll be a-

"Tiff," Amelia cut in sternly.

Tiffany quickly shut up.

Rubbing her temples, Amelia explained, "Tiff, Kurt and I are just friends. I'll never overstep the boundary, so stop acting like you're Cupid. I hate to be matched with someone else. Plus, I'm blind. I can't even take care of myself. There's no way I'll drag another man into this mess. Stop trying to set us up."

Tiffany knelt before her as pain flashed across her gaze.

"Babe, I'm doing this for your sake. You will never return to Oscar, right? Why won't you open up and accept someone else? Are you seriously going to remain single forever if you don't recover?"

Sighing, Amelia answered, "Tiff, I've just gotten a divorce. I have no plan of starting a new relationship."

"That's just for now. When you fall out of love with Oscar, you will change your mind. You've built a tall wall around your heart. Why won't you walk out of it? You'll realize how warm the sun is and how great the view is out here," Tiffany persuaded.

Amelia smiled without saying a word.

Sometimes, when a person has occupied your heart, accepting others is a form of compromise. I don't want to force myself to do that or waste his time.

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 320

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

Chapter 320 Battle Of Wits

While Amelia was running away from the sudden admiration she received from Kurt, the man she had been missing did not fall short of admirers too. Unbothered by Oscar's indifference, Isabella still headed to the office to send him the packed lunch she had specially prepared.

"Linda, is Mr. Clinton inside?" she asked, smiling politely.

Looking at her, Linda appeared slightly courteous yet aloof as she said, "Ms. Walker, Mr. Clinton is still busy with work. I think you should take your leave first."

Isabella raised the lunchbox in her hand. "I've prepared lunch for Mr. Clinton. No one can function well on an empty stomach. Look, it's almost one. He'll get sick if he doesn't take his meals on time." Finishing her words, she strode past Linda and opened the door without knocking on it.

"Ms. Walker, you can't..." Linda followed behind in an attempt to stop Isabella but to no avail since the latter was moving too quickly.

"Oscar, I've brought lunch for you—" In high spirits, Isabella lifted the lunchbox in her hand, but before she could finish speaking, a gold pen came flying toward her. It would have hit her if she were not agile enough to dodge the incoming object.

Stunned, she gulped and looked toward the direction of the man, who was casting death glares at her.

Similarly, Linda's face was white with shock. She was distressed at the thought of how her livelihood would be at stake if Oscar blamed her for Isabella's reckless behavior.

Undoubtedly, there was a possibility that Oscar would act that way. Ever since he turned into a workaholic, his life had only revolved around work to the point that he was no longer even as lenient to his subordinates. His frighteningly fearsome appearance was similar to that of Lucifer.

"Mr. Clinton, Ms. Walker insisted on walking in. I couldn't stop her... I-I..." Linda cautiously tried to explain herself. She was panic-stricken that Oscar would blow his top should she say anything inadequate.

Oscar shot her a glance and uttered, "Linda, if you're lacking the capability to restrict people from barging into my office without my permission, then I guess there's no need for you to be working as my secretary anymore."

Feeling an increasing amount of uneasiness and panic within her, she immediately stuttered, "Mr. Clinton, I-I'm sorry. I apologize for my incompetence this time."

"Get out."

Linda heaved a sigh of relief at Oscar's order. She would not have known what to do if he had chosen to take immediate actions against her.

In truth, she hated Isabella for acting that way. Does she have no brains? It's enough if she gets herself into Mr. Clinton's bad books, but why must she drag me along? Just because she looks pretty and has a good family background, she thinks every man will fall for her? She's thinking too highly of herself! Ugh, she should know her place! Does she really believe that Mr. Clinton will fall for someone like her? Even a fool knows that would never happen! Such a brainless woman! Get hated by Mr. Clinton alone; don't get others involved!

Indignation raged within her. She could not believe that she was implicated and, as a result, suffered several rounds of reprimands from Oscar just because of Isabella's actions.

A woman like her deserves to be taught a lesson so that she'll know that not all men would fall for her pretense! She shouldn't act as she pleases just because she has a privileged background!

The extremely aggrieved Linda had a lot of grumbles inside her, yet there was nothing she could do except glower at Isabella and close the door behind her after leaving the room.

Meanwhile, Isabella was feeling delighted internally at Oscar's differential treatment. Her smile broadened as she assumed she had a special place in his heart.

"Oscar, I've prepared lunch for you. Dig in before you continue with your work." Still holding onto the lunchbox she specially prepared at home, she walked over to him excitedly.

However, Oscar merely regarded her coldly. "Isabella, if you think Clinton Corporations isn't a great fit for you, you can always leave now. The company hires you in hopes that you can bring us benefits instead of doing your job perfunctorily. We don't want to hire a freeloader."

The smile on Isabella faded. Looking at him resentfully and aggrievedly, she stretched her hand out. "Oscar, all I want is for you to eat what I've specially cooked for you. Look at the number of blisters I got from the oil spatters while learning to cook for you. Please eat some? I've put in a lot of effort to make them."

Oscar's gaze only grew colder.

He pointed toward the door and ordered, "Get out. Don't make me repeat myself. And in the future, don't enter my office without my permission."

Tears welled up in Isabella's eyes at once. She inched toward Oscar and carefully placed the lunchbox on his desk before she said in a pitiful tone, "Oscar, this is my gesture of goodwill. Eat a bit, will you? On the account that I've hurt myself while learning to cook for you, eat some of it. Otherwise, I'll cry before you now."

Had it been any other man, Isabella's coquettish and meek acting would have long softened their hearts. Their relationship would perhaps even have gotten to the next level. That said, it was a pity Oscar only had one woman in his heart. Therefore, her behavior could only prompt him to see her as a pretentious woman.

With a cold expression on his face, Oscar said, "Isabella, don't force me to go against my principles of not hitting women. The way you're acting now disgusts me. Take your lunchbox with you and leave. Also, head to the finance department to get your salary sorted. You don't have to return for work from tomorrow onward."

Taken aback by the man's words, Isabella froze.

"Oscar, what did you just say?"

"Isabella, you should learn to have some dignity. I don't like clingy women like you. Besides, your actions are affecting my work and life. You've succeeded in making me feel disgusted. Take it that I'm pleading you; please take your leave now," Oscar uttered impassively.

Unable to believe what the man had just said, she stared at him with reddened eyes. Then, in a petulant tone, she voiced, "Oscar, you're cruel. Too bad I've fallen head over heels with you. Trust me—you'll fall in love with me one day. Anyway, I've put in lots of effort to prepare this lunchbox, so show some appreciation and eat it even if you don't like it. I'll take my leave and head back to work now. And I'll prove to you that I'm not a useless employee to this company."

Having said that, she covered her face and left hurriedly. However, once she was out of Oscar's office, her countenance did a one-eighty. Gone was the pitiful expression, and what replaced it was a grim one. The resentment and anger in her eyes could barely be concealed.

Looking at the lunchbox left on the table, Oscar called Linda in and ordered, "Throw that out immediately."

Linda nodded in acknowledgment and picked it up from the table. "Mr. Clinton, is there anything else you need?"

"Do not let Isabella get anywhere near my office in the future, Linda. I don't see the need for you to remain in the company if such a situation ever arises again. Do you understand?"

Linda politely replied, "Yes, Mr. Clinton. I'll be wary in the future and strive not to disappoint you."

"You may leave first."

Nodding at him, she replied, "Then I'll get back to work, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar only gave a light nod as a reply.

Such a trivial episode did not seem to affect Oscar for the least bit. He soon got back on track and drowned himself in work for several hours, which only came to a stop when the ringtone from his phone broke his train of thought. Whipping out his phone, he realized it was Olivia.

At once, he knitted his brows. He felt somewhat a little repulsed by Olivia's random calls as it had disrupted his otherwise peaceful and quiet day.

As much as he did not want to pick up the call, he was left with no other choice because Olivia was way more persistent than he would have expected. She had dialed over ten consecutive calls, leaving him with a seemingly ceaseless ringtone that ultimately led him to pick up the call.

"Hey, Mom," Oscar muttered as he massaged his throbbing head.

"Have you gotten off work? Come straight to the Clinton residence. I have something to tell you." Olivia sounded extremely assertive over the phone.

"Mom, I still need to wrap up some matters, so I don't think I can head back anytime soon. I'll find some time to visit after I clear my work. If it's anything urgent, you can tell me through the phone; I'll be listening."

"Come back here, right now."

Getting visibly annoyed, he suppressed his anger and answered, "Mom, stop it. I'm not lying; I'm still busy with work. Actually, I won't head back tonight. I'll just spend my night at the apartment."

"Oscar, are you trying to get out of this by giving me excuses? Come back here immediately. Otherwise, I can't guarantee what might happen to me." Olivia was getting increasingly irked.

"Mom, you've misunderstood. I've always respected you. As such, I hope I can receive your love and blessings."

"Then come back now. Or else don't call me 'Mom' from now on."

With no other options, Oscar eventually compromised. He was afraid that Olivia would put her threats to action and hurt herself. Thus, after packing the necessary items he needed for work, he rushed to the parking lot and drove back home at once.

"Dad, Mom." Upon stepping foot into the living room at the residence, he greeted his parents, completely neglecting the existence of Isabella and Stephanie, who were both sitting at one side.

Olivia pointed at the sofa seat right next to her. "Oscar, have a seat here."

He did as instructed.

"Oscar, Isabella cares so much about you and has even expressed her admiration toward you. Can't you treat her better at the company?" She looked at him and went straight to the point.

"Isabella and I are just strangers, Mom. I hope you won't try to set us up as that'll only bring me troubles." Oscar furrowed his brows and patiently added, "Besides, she isn't doing her job well at the company. Her performance is not on par with the standards of a graduate from a renowned university. A person like her isn't a good fit for the company, and it's unfair to the other employees who actually have a talent. Thus, I've dismissed her. She doesn't have to report for work from tomorrow onward."

Sneering, she snapped, "Oscar, it seems like you've got everything planned out, huh? To think you even had the audacity to come up with such an excuse. Isabella's doing a great job at work. I've called the Sales Department to ask about her performance, and everyone is full of praises for her. What exactly are you dissatisfied with her?"

Feeling frustrated, Oscar abruptly stood up. "Mom, I still have some unfinished work. I'll excuse myself first."

"Stop right there," Olivia firmly called out.

At once, he stopped in his tracks.

"Could it be that you still can't forget Amelia?" Olivia glared at him.

"Mom, she's my wife. And she's the only one who is fit to be my wife." Oscar was firm with his answer.

"You rascal! Did you forget how she had wrecked our family? I haven't seen my precious grandson even till now. Yet you still have that vile woman in your mind? Will you only be contented if I die before your eyes?" she berated.

Oscar was instantly overwhelmed with mixed emotions.

"Mom, I love and respect you. Never have I ever hoped for anything untoward to happen to you. My yearning for Amelia would never affect how I treat you," he solemnly explained.

“You can only choose one—either me or her.” Olivia, on the other hand, remained stubborn. “She’s no longer the daughter-in-law of the Clintons ever since she left with Tony wordlessly.”

Growing impatient, Oscar took a deep breath. “Mom, can you stop acting this way? I’m sick of all of this. I’ve been trying to appease you while looking for Amelia all this while. I honestly have had enough of everything. Let me take a breather, will you? Your tantrums are making you less gentle and thoughtful, and I’m gradually losing the good impression I have of you. I don’t wish for you to grow into a horrible figure in my heart.”

An ugly scowl appeared on Olivia’s otherwise beautiful face.

Owen quietly held her in his arms and consoled her.

“Oscar, apologize to your mom. She’s doing this for your own good.” With a frown, he tried to ease the tension.

Nevertheless, Oscar stayed silent. He was tired and did not want to give in any longer.

Seeing his reaction, Olivia could not hold her tears back anymore as an inexplicable sadness arose within her. “I’m too mortified to live on. Everything I’ve done was for our family’s sake, yet my son doesn’t understand me and even claims that I’m acting unreasonably. I’m really heartbroken.”

At that, Oscar’s face darkened even further.

“Oscar, apologize to your mom. I don’t think you’ll want to see anything happen to her either, right?” Owen cautioned.