

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 321

/ [Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 321 Unfaltering Longing

Oscar pursed his lips tightly as his expression hardened.

His silence only served as proof to Olivia that her life did not matter to him. Naturally, she was crestfallen. I've suffered all sorts of hardships to raise him and have pinned high hopes on him. Yet, I'm nowhere comparable to the woman he loves.

Indeed, Olivia had realistically depicted the knotty relationship between a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law—whether a man should value his wife or his mother more.

Tears began rolling down her cheeks uncontrollably as she cried, "I've given birth to that rascal for nothing. To think I've given him the best of everything, yet I'm nothing compared to a woman. It used to be Cassie, and now it's Amelia. It's getting out of hand. He even has the intention to throw me aside for a woman who stole my precious grandson from me."

At that point, Owen's expression turned more grim.

"Oscar, are you still not going to apologize? Do you want your mom to get admitted into the hospital again?" he yelled.

Exasperated, Oscar glanced at Olivia and finally gave in. "Mom, I'm sorry."

Olivia did not respond, leaning against Owen.

Right then, Isabella stood up and went over to sit beside Olivia. "Mrs. Clinton, Oscar is a filial son. If there's anything, you two should sit down and talk it out nicely. Don't be mad at Oscar anymore, or else it'll hurt your relationship."

The elder woman glanced at her, then stretched her hand out to give Isabella a few light pats on the back of her hand. "Isabella, I know you're a nice and caring child. Fret not; I'll be on your side."

Isabella smiled. "Mrs. Clinton, I'm not here to cause an argument between you and Oscar. I'd feel uneasy if you two get into a conflict because of me."

Olivia propped herself up from Owen's embrace and held onto Isabella's hand tightly. "Isabella, I know you've suffered a lot while staying beside Oscar. Don't worry; I won't let you suffer any injustice. But we aren't in a great mood today. I think you should go home first in case we frighten you in any way."

Isabella knew Olivia was trying to send her away with some random excuse.

After pondering over it, she smiled. "I shall return now then, Mrs. Clinton. I'll visit you tomorrow if I'm free."

"I'll let the butler see you out."

"Thank you, Mrs. Clinton."

The moment Isabella left, Olivia's face fell in displeasure as she uttered, "Let's have dinner."

"Mom, I still need to finish up some work, so I'll skip dinner. You and Dad can go ahead." Oscar rejected her straightforwardly.

Olivia pushed herself up from the sofa and came before him. "Oscar, are you intending to distance yourself from your dad and me too?"

Oscar was dumbfounded.

"Mom, that's not what I meant."

"Then sit down and have dinner. I won't make it difficult for you anymore. I don't wish to strain our relationship because of a woman."

Figuring that Olivia was trying to make peace with him, Oscar relaxed slightly and sat down at the dining table.

As soon as the family of four settled down, Olivia requested the housekeepers to serve the dishes. Oscar stared at the table, finding it strikingly spacious since his beloved woman, who supposedly should be sitting beside him, was missing in attendance.

Unlike earlier, Olivia's behavior took a one-eighty. She scooped some meat on Oscar's plate and said, "Oscar, I know my attitude hasn't been great toward you and has put you in a difficult position. I'm sorry. Here, have some of these."

Oscar glanced at his plate and her before lowering his head and eating his meal wordlessly.

Contented, Olivia smiled. "That's my son."

After taking a bite of her food, she swiveled her eyes around and said, "Oscar, I won't stop you from looking for Amelia anymore. Your dad has informed the police chief in the city, who has promised to contact every police station to keep a close eye on Amelia's whereabouts. I believe they will find Tony soon, so there's no need to worry about this matter. On the other hand, you should pay more attention to your love life. I think Isabella is a great lady. She's not only pretty and has a good educational background, but she's from a wealthy family too. Most importantly, she adores you. I think you should try to accept her."

Hearing that, Oscar immediately put down the fork in his hand and declared impassively, "Mom, I'm full. I'll make my way upstairs first."

The smile on Olivia's face faded at once.

"Oscar, are you only happy when you drive me mad?" she hissed with displeasure.

Oscar did not want to continue wasting his breath on that matter.

"Mom, I don't mean that."

"Then promise me that you'll get along well with Isabella. Both of you have a similar family background; I'm sure you guys are a perfect match for each other."

Oscar could feel his temples throbbing relentlessly.

"Mom, let's not talk about this anymore today, lest you get angry again. I'll head to my room first. We'll chat again when you've calmed down." Finishing that, he strode away.

With Oscar's departure, Olivia threw her fork on the table angrily. "I'm done eating too. Our family is in a mess now. Why don't we just go our separate ways?"

Infuriated, Olivia left the dining area, leaving Owen and Stephanie behind.

Annoyed, Stephanie stole a glance at her father as she asked, "Dad, so are we still eating?"

Owen could only sigh as he placed his fork down. "Eat by yourself, Stephanie. I'll have a word with your mom."

He then proceeded to walk away from the dining table and brought Olivia upstairs.

Back in their room, Owen asked, "Olivia, you seem to be out of temper recently. What's wrong with you?"

She looked at him and let out a sudden sigh. "I'm sorry."

That made him frown. "Olivia, I'm not asking for an apology. I'm only worried that your health will go downhill if you can't control your temper well. Besides, it'll

also damage your relationship with Oscar. Do you really want to corner him till he moves out of this house?"

Olivia let out yet another sigh. Exhaustion was written all over her face by then.

"Dear, I don't want things to turn out this way either, but I can't stop panicking whenever I think about Tony. All of you have been assuring me that you'll find Tony soon, yet it's been almost three months now. I'm getting extremely anxious, constantly worried about his wellbeing. I know Amelia wouldn't mistreat him, but I can't restrain myself from having those bad thoughts. The more I think about it, the more I can't control my emotions. That's why I needed an outlet to vent my frustrations. It's not that I want to torment Oscar, but if not for his indulgence toward Amelia, she wouldn't have taken Tony away from me. That's why I-I..." Olivia held her head as she explained her misery.

As much as she felt guilty toward Oscar, she could not forgive him for indirectly allowing Amelia to take Tony away. That was why she had constantly been taking out her anger on Oscar, thus resulting in a hostile atmosphere enveloping the entire Clintons.

Owen pulled her into his arms.

"Olivia, I know you're graceful and kind. Stop pressurizing the younger ones anymore. Oscar isn't living his life any better; can't you tell that he's gotten a lot thinner and haggard? And he's also a lot quieter than before," Owen explained.

Olivia only kept quiet.

Caressing her head, he continued, "Olivia, stop pressuring yourself and Oscar. Tony will come back to our side. If you don't like Amelia, we'll ensure that she doesn't get close to him. But for now, all you have to do is try to act like your old self. I'll take care of the rest."

After mulling it over, Olivia murmured, "I'll try to control my emotions."

Owen nodded. Just like that, the couple embraced each other quietly.

Meanwhile, Oscar headed to the study to get back to his unfinished work. Seemingly lost in the many thoughts that were racing through his mind, he looked momentarily disconcerted while waiting for his computer to start up, so much that he did not even hear the knocks.

Seeing that there was no reaction, Stephanie pushed open the door and walked in with a tray in her hand. "Oscar."

He shot her a glance before shifting his gaze back to his computer screen.

Stephanie placed the tray full of dishes on his desk. "Oscar, I've brought you some food. I noticed that you didn't eat much earlier, so eat some now. It's bad for your body if you starve yourself this way. You've got a lot skinnier. At this rate, I'm sure your body can't take it any longer."

Without sparing her another glance, Oscar uttered, "I'm not hungry."

Resting her arms on the desk, Stephanie was starting to lose her temper. "Oscar, have you spare a thought about our feelings? You're torturing yourself for a woman that doesn't even care about you. Do you think others will think that you're a sentimental man? Don't be an idiot, will you? You didn't even act this way when Cassie left you back then. This woman is nothing but a lowly wretch. It's not worth it to behave like this for her."

Oscar looked up and threw a cold glare at her as he pointed to the door. "Get out."

“Oscar—”

“Get out. Don’t make me repeat myself.”

Stephanie took a deep breath and waved her hands to appease him. “Fine, I don’t want to pick a fight with you. Finish the food I’ve brought for you.”

“Take it away with you.”

“Oscar, it’s been so long. Are you still unwilling to forgive me? You only have one sister. Do you really want to break our ties for a woman that couldn’t care less about you?”

Oscar only shot her a cold glance as if he was looking at a stranger.

“Stephanie, if you can’t be respectful toward Amelia, then get out right now,” he snapped while pointing at the door.

Overwhelmed with anger, she clenched her fists tightly. Her lips were even trembling as she said, “Oscar, what’s so good about her? Why aren’t you willing to forgive your own sister because of her?”

“Everything about her is great,” Oscar answered.

Stephanie was seething. “Oscar, your obstinance is indeed scary. You must’ve gotten bewitched by that wretch! You’re beyond hope!”

After blowing off her steam, she stalked out of the study.

Nonetheless, Oscar did not spare her a glance. He sat still with his eyes glued on the desk, except his mind had long wandered off.

It was only moments later that he snapped back to his senses. He reached out for a photo of Amelia smiling brightly and ran his fingers over her face while he mumbled, "Amelia, where are you? Do you know that I'm going crazy just thinking about you? Why are you so heartless for leaving me without telling me anything? Do you not miss me at all?"

Of course, there was no answer from the lady in the photo.

As those sad thoughts took over his mind completely, tears began to well up in his eyes. However, he quickly raised his head high to force the tears back in. He did not want to cry as that would make him seem vulnerable.

Staring at the photo, he murmured, "I'm hopelessly in love with you. Just tell me what you're unhappy with; I'll change everything you want me to. Can you please come back to me?" For the past two months, he had been numbing himself with work so that he would not have time for anything else. That was because he was afraid that his longing for Amelia would drive him crazy should he allow that to take over his mind.

It had never crossed his mind that he would miss someone so much to the point he had almost turned into a completely different man.

He rubbed his throbbing forehead tenderly. Soon, perhaps due to his exhaustion from everything that had happened, he unknowingly fell asleep while holding onto the photo in his hand tightly.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 322

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 322 A Wasted Trip To Beshya

Just like that, Oscar fell asleep in front of his computer with Amelia's picture clutched tightly in his grip. On the next day, Oscar's entire body was throbbing with pain. Although he tried to relieve the soreness by stretching, his arms still felt numb.

When Oscar made his way out of the study, he bumped into Olivia. Although Oscar's demeanor took a sudden turn, he still greeted her politely, "Mom." Due to Olivia's recent involvement, Oscar hardly knew how to face her.

On the other hand, Olivia sized him up. It was clear that Oscar had lost a lot of weight. Furthermore, his sunken eyes and unkempt stubble gave him a very disheveled appearance. Oscar was a far cry from the confident man he once was. Olivia couldn't help but feel anguished on his behalf.

"Did you spend the night in your study?" Olivia asked in a gentle tone.

Olivia's tender mannerisms caught Oscar by surprise. Feeling taken aback by the tone of her voice, he asked her warily, "Mom, what are you up to?"

Olivia merely chuckled in amusement. "Don't you recognize your own mother? Don't look at me like that. Are you afraid that I've been eaten by a monster and replaced with a clone?"

Despite Olivia's light-hearted joke, Oscar was as sullen as ever. He remained rooted to the spot.

"I know that you've been annoyed because I constantly used my health as an excuse. However, your dad has talked some sense to me. I don't want to continue our argument all because I miss my grandson. Sooner or later, Tony will return. All I have to do is wait patiently for his arrival and mend our broken relationship. What if I end up all alone after my daughter marries because I ruined the relationship I have with my son?" Olivia remarked with a smile.

Oscar's mood seemed to lighten when he heard this. Quietly he tried to discern if Olivia was telling the truth.

"I lost my temper because I missed my son." Olivia patted him on the shoulder to reassure his worries. "Do you see me as a heartless monster? Relax, I won't cause you any more trouble. I've instructed one of the staff to cook you breakfast. You should eat more, all right? You've lost so much weight that you look like a bag of bones. Just looking at you makes me worried."

Finally, Oscar's tensed expression eased up.

"Okay." He nodded in reply.

Because Olivia had cleared the air with Oscar, breakfast ended on a high note. As soon as Oscar finished his meal, he went to work. Along the way, he called Hugo and questioned him about Amelia's whereabouts. Yet, Hugo could not give Oscar a definite answer.

After Oscar ended the call, he diverted his focus back to the road. Moments later, another call came in. It was Julian.

"Julian," Oscar greeted as he answered the call.

"Oscar, I asked my friends to dig around. Earlier, one of my connections notified me. It seems like he saw a woman who looked like Amelia in Beshya. He followed the woman and her son into a neighborhood and discovered that they have taken up residence in unit 1010. He also asked the guards there about them. The guards claimed that the woman moved here two months ago. Furthermore, the woman's friend matches Tiffany's appearance. It all seems too suspicious to be a coincidence. Do you want to see it for yourself?"

When he heard this news, Oscar was so shocked that his grip on the steering wheel slipped. As a result, he nearly lost control of his car. In haste, he regained control of his vehicle. "Julian, which neighborhood is it?" Oscar rasped nervously. Even his fingers were trembling uncontrollably.

Julian quickly gave Oscar the full address.

"All right, I'll instruct someone to book a flight there now," Oscar replied with a gulp.

"Let me tag along," Julian added.

"Sure, I'm going to hang up the call now. I'll call you again once the tickets have been booked."

Without any delay, he called Linda. In the calmest voice he could muster, Oscar said, "Linda, book two tickets for the next flight to Beshya."

"Yes, Mr. Clinton." Linda didn't question Oscar any further. After receiving his instructions, she quickly went online and booked two plane tickets for ten o'clock.

Upon purchasing the tickets, Linda called Oscar again. "Mr. Clinton, I've bought tickets for the flight that leaves at ten. You have one and a half an hour to reach the airport."

"Okay." Oscar ended his call with Linda and quickly informed Julian of the flight time. Both men then agreed to meet at the airport before ten.

Soon after, Oscar received a message from Linda that contained information about his flight.

At half-past nine, Oscar arrived at the airport. Promptly, he called for someone to drive his car home.

Oscar strolled into the airport empty-handed. He didn't have anything besides his credit cards and some spare change. He was in such a hurry to board the flight that he didn't even prepare a change of clothes.

On the contrary, Julian had a small bag with him. "Oscar, why didn't you bring a change of clothes? We might have to spend a few days there," Julian asked when he noticed Oscar's empty hands.

"I didn't have the time to pack. I can just purchase some clothes when we arrive." Oscar made his way to the ticket booth and printed out their tickets before the duo headed to the departure lounge.

When Julian saw how Oscar couldn't stop fidgeting in his seat, he could tell that Oscar was extremely anxious. "Oscar, you need to relax. You are a renowned president."

Oscar chuckled as he crossed his arms and took a deep breath to regain his composure. "Just the mere possibility of seeing the woman I've been searching for in Beshya is enough to make me excited. I thought I'd gotten rid of this stupid habit, but it looks like I still can't control my emotions whenever she is involved."

Julian was afraid that Oscar had set his hopes too high. What if Amelia isn't in Beshya? Oscar might have a mental breakdown.

"Oscar, you shouldn't have such high hopes. After all, my friend didn't get a clear glimpse of the woman's face. He only stated that her side and back profiles resembled Amelia. Hence, we shouldn't jump to any hasty conclusions," Julian said in an attempt to lower Oscar's expectations.

Oscar was taken aback. Nevertheless, Julian's words had helped him to regain his senses.

He laughed bitterly. "I got it. Besides, this isn't the first time I've searched for her. Even if our trip ends up futile, I won't give up until I find her."

Upon noticing Oscar's downcast expression, Julian felt guilty too. If only I hadn't suggested those horrible ideas. Maybe all of this wouldn't have happened in the first place.

Julian couldn't help but chide himself for causing so much trouble.

"It's all right for you still have my support. I'll help you find Amelia. After all, Amelia's departure was partly my fault too. Seeing you in such a helpless state makes me feel guilty," Julian said in earnest.

Oscar merely patted his shoulders in response.

After being friends for so many years, they had formed an inseparable bond and didn't need any words to convey their feelings.

At ten, both men boarded the plane. It only took them half an hour to arrive in Beshya. Once the plane landed, they quickly hailed a cab to the neighborhood.

Alas, they were blocked by security guards who refused to let them enter. Despite Julian's best efforts to convince them, they remained adamant. Fortunately, Julian had a friend who lived in the same neighborhood. After a quick phone call between Julian's friend and the guards, they were finally allowed to enter the apartment building.

Oscar swept his gaze around the neighborhood. He was rather satisfied with this place. Since the security here is tight, I wouldn't have to worry about Amelia and Tony's safety.

Julian and Oscar took the elevator upstairs before making their way to unit 1010. Julian stepped forward and knocked on the door. On the other hand, Oscar had his gaze fixated intensely on the entrance. He was so nervous that his entire body had become as stiff as a board.

Despite Oscar's eagerness, the door remained firmly shut. Gradually, Oscar's excitement was replaced by a feeling of annoyance.

"Maybe she's out right now," Julian mumbled awkwardly.

"Why didn't you ask your friend to keep watch?" Oscar's cold gaze swept to him.

"Oscar, they aren't perverts. Standing in front of a woman's home for an entire day would cause misunderstanding. Since my friends gave me the address, I asked them to take their leave. At the end of the day, they are bound to return home anyway," Julian replied with a laugh.

However, Julian and Oscar ended up waiting in front of the door until it was dark. Just when they began to lose hope, the elevator doors slid open to reveal two young women.

When Oscar saw the woman on the right, his breath caught in his throat. At that very moment, he thought he'd finally meet Amelia. But upon closer inspection, Oscar realized that the woman before him wasn't actually Amelia. This woman merely had an uncanny resemblance to her. Despite their similar appearances, she could never replace Amelia's position as Oscar only had eyes for her.

As realization dawned upon him, Oscar's heart sank in despair and anguish.

"Who are you guys?" the woman who resembled Amelia curiously asked as she noticed the two handsome men loitering outside of her unit.

Julian glanced at Oscar and asked her, "Miss, do you stay here?"

"Yes, my friend and I purchased this unit two months ago. Is there a problem?"

"I am sorry. It looks like we've come to the wrong place. We thought that one of our friends was staying here. However, we must have gotten the address confused. She told us that she would be waiting for our arrival, but there wasn't anyone here to welcome us when we knocked on the door," Julian explained with a sheepish smile. "I'm so sorry for disturbing the both of you. Oscar, let's go."

With that, Julian grabbed Oscar by the arm and dragged the latter toward the elevator. The other woman who'd remain silent thus far finally spoke up. "Amelia, don't you think they were both incredibly dashing? We should have asked for their numbers." It turned out that the woman who resembled Amelia shared her name as well.

"Don't be ridiculous. Although they look handsome, you can tell from their appearances that they are both from wealthy families. They are the type who would break your heart without a second thought. Haven't you learned your lesson when it comes to men like them? Quick, let's head in," Amelia scoffed in reply.

The other woman stuck her tongue out childishly at Amelia as they made their way inside.

Just like that, Julian and Oscar's trip to Beshya ended before it could even begin.

After exiting the elevator, Julian cast a glance at the apartment they'd just left. Deep down, he felt extremely frustrated. Although they spent hours waiting, their efforts ended up fruitless.

"Oscar, I'm so sorry. I should have confirmed the person's identity before telling you about it. You ended up wasting your time because of me," Julian said apologetically.

A dark look loomed across Oscar's face. Similarly, he was in a bad mood too. He sighed and shook his head. "Let's go. It's already late. Should we grab dinner?"

"Oscar, are you all right?"

The man in question merely shook his head. "Would you like to drink with me while we have dinner later? We can drink away our frustrations."

Oscar's suggestion was met with silence.

"You're not going to accept my offer?"

"Of course, I will. I'm just trying to think of a wine that will be suitable for us to enjoy later," Julian responded.

In the past two months, he'd spent most of his time keeping Oscar company. Throughout this duration, both men had developed a habit of drinking. In fact, this marked their third time getting wasted together.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 323

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

### Chapter 323 She Felt Bewitched By A Spell

After they left the neighborhood, Oscar and Julian settled on a fancy restaurant. There, they ordered several dishes and scarfed the food down in a frenzy. Since both men were starving, they enjoyed the food to their heart's content.

Aside from breakfast, they had only had a small snack for lunch before hurrying back to wait in front of the unit. In the end, they still returned empty-handed.

After Julian finished his steak, he felt like his stomach was close to bursting. "Didn't you say that we were going to drink?"

Oscar shook his head. "I changed my mind. Let's book a flight back after dinner."

Julian diverted his focus to Oscar. Although Oscar wasn't someone who would give up easily, it looked like he had lost his motivation to continue this search.

"Are you all right?" Julian questioned.

"I'm fine."

"You don't look like someone who's fine."

Seeing Oscar's sullen mood, he quickly changed the topic. "Oscar, don't you think that the woman earlier looks like Amelia? At first glance, I even mistook her for Amelia. I only realized the truth after we walked closer. Judging from their similar appearances, do you think she might have something to do with Amelia?"

Oscar spared him a brief glance. "Cassie and Amelia are pretty similar too. Do you think that they have a special relationship with each other?"

Immediately, Julian fell silent. His joke isn't even remotely funny!

After they finished dinner, Oscar booked two flight tickets that would depart at midnight.

Along the way to the airport, Julian couldn't help but blurt, "Oscar, I have a feeling that Amelia is in Beshya. Should we get more people to search this area?"

Oscar glanced out of the car window as he spoke. "I've already used all of the connections I have in Beshya. Yet, there is no news about her at all. Even I don't have a single clue about Amelia's whereabouts."

“Don’t be so disappointed. You’ve always managed to achieve anything you wanted. This was just a slight mistake.” Julian patted Oscar on the shoulder to comfort him. “If we double our efforts and utilize our connections, we will be able to find Amelia and Tony in no time.”

Yet, Oscar was still disheartened. All this time, he’d kept his frustrations to himself. Unable to hold it back anymore, Oscar asked, “Julian, do you think she’s hiding on purpose?”

“Of course, she’s hiding from you. Why else would she have left? Oh, I didn’t mean it that way.” Julian quickly backtracked when he realized what he had said. “Oscar, I meant that Amelia must have wanted a change of environment. Don’t overthink it, all right?”

Oscar smiled wryly and said nothing else.

Once they arrived at the airport, Oscar strode in with his hands in his pockets. On the other hand, Julian went to print out their tickets.

As they waited in the departure lounge, Julian nudged Oscar. “Oscar, stop being so moody. This isn’t the end of our search. Are you really so miserable that you can’t even talk to me? Cheer up!”

“I’m just trying to think of the places where Amelia could have gone. Julian, where do you think she will go? I even sent my men to patrol Saspiuburg, but they don’t have any news about her. It means that she must still be in Saspiuburg. Where on earth could she be?” Oscar mumbled under his breath.

He’d already contacted everyone he knew to help with Amelia’s search. Despite exhausting all of his resources, it was as if she had vanished into thin air.

"If she wanted to disappear, she must have either escaped into the wilderness or rural villages. There's a possibility that Amelia fled overseas too. Maybe she is hiding in some villas. Nevertheless, I don't think we should comb through the wealthy districts, right?"

Julian's off-handed remark cleared up Oscar's mind.

Immediately, his eyes lit up with joy. "Julian, you've finally contributed something useful to this search!" Oscar exclaimed excitedly.

When Julian heard this, the corners of his mouth twitched. What does he mean? I've always been helping him with this investigation!

"What came to your mind?" Julian asked.

"Before this, I only paid attention to trains, airplanes, and boats. The idea of searching through the wealthy districts totally slipped my mind. It's all thanks to you that I remember it!" It was as if the stormy clouds around Oscar had cleared up. This new revelation had brightened his mood.

"I wasn't being serious about it. Are you sure you want to go through with this plan?"

"No, your words make sense. Both Amelia and Tiffany aren't ordinary citizens. Furthermore, Kurt has tagged along with them. After working for me in the past few years, I'm sure Kurt has saved up a small fortune. They can afford to purchase a villa in one of the wealthy districts. I should start investigating these districts right away. I'm sure I'll find a solid lead!" Even if Amelia abandoned me, she would never do anything to make Tony suffer. It means that she wouldn't bring Tony to a place that wouldn't guarantee his safety, such as rural villages. I know her like the back of my hand. She would never put Tony at such a risk!

"Oscar, are you being serious?" Julian gaped at him in disbelief.

Oscar nodded in response.

“Do you know how big Chanaea is? This country is made up of countless provinces. Moreover, Chanaea has a large population of wealthy citizens. How long is it going to take for you to search every single province?” Julian asked.

“No matter how long it takes, I’ll never give up. If I don’t have enough men to conduct this search, I will request help from the police department. As long as I pay them, they will do anything for me. I am sure I’ll find Amelia one day. Even if it takes years, I’m willing to continue looking for her.” A look of determination flitted across Oscar’s gaze as he spoke.

Julian glanced at Oscar in admiration. I don’t think I could ever be as determined as him. His undying love for Amelia is beyond my understanding.

Since they both came from wealthy families, Julian had grown up with Oscar. There was no denying Oscar’s fearsome capability as a businessman. Yet, he was very cold. Julian and his friends used to joke that Oscar’s love life would be non-existent unless he had a soulmate. After all, Oscar prioritized work above everything else. Much to everyone’s surprise, the workaholic started having a relationship with Cassie. Unfortunately, she merely used him for her own benefit before she backed out from the wedding. In the blink of an eye, Oscar ended up marrying Amelia, who he only met a handful of times. Their sudden marriage was a topic of hot debate amongst the elites. Many people assumed that they would get a divorce soon. However, Oscar and Amelia’s marriage lasted for five years. In this period of time, Julian had witnessed Oscar’s gradual change as he began to fall in love with Amelia.

None of them had expected the stoic Oscar Clinton to have developed such a deep infatuation with his wife.

Such devotion was so astonishing that they felt embarrassed.

After all, people like them loved to fathom Oscar's love life and dying to make fun of him. However, his dedication to Amelia had proved them wrong.

Julian gave Oscar a thumbs up. "You have my respect. Remember when we used to tease you by saying that you'd be the last person in our group to marry? We even joked that you would only enter a marriage of convenience. Yet, you ended up marrying a woman with ordinary family background and stayed together with her for five whole years. Even after everything that has happened, you have not given up on her. I'm afraid I can never live up to your devotion and determination."

"Don't phrase it that way."

Now that Oscar's mood had lightened, they amiably chatted until it was time to board the plane. As Oscar shut down his phone, he missed a call from an unknown number. Even after the plane had landed, he ignored the call, thinking that the caller must have gotten the wrong number. Because of this, Oscar had missed Amelia's call. She had called him at the break of dawn. Although she didn't have his contact saved, she had memorized his number. When her call went to voicemail without ringing, a look of utter disappointment crossed her face.

"Oscar, I just wanted to hear your voice..." she mumbled as she cradled the phone close to her chest. "Why did you turn off your phone? Did you know how much courage I had to muster to call you?"

When Tiffany awoke, Amelia's dazed look caught her by surprise, even more so when she noticed the phone in Amelia's grip. "Babe, what's the matter? Why do you have your phone with you? Are you planning to call someone?"

Amelia finally returned to her senses. "I'm fine. I just had trouble sleeping. Did I disturb you?" she rambled in panic.

Upon seeing the look of alarm on her friend's face, Tiffany felt an inkling of suspicion. "Babe, let me keep your phone. It's late and you should try to get some sleep."

After a moment of hesitation, Amelia handed over her phone. When Tiffany glanced at the screen, she caught sight of the contact name "Oscar." Immediately, she glanced at Amelia thoughtfully. Nonetheless, Tiffany did not bring it up.

Tiffany placed the phone on the shelf and said to Amelia, "You should sleep. Don't forget your appointment with Mr. Jackman tomorrow. Your state of health has improved after receiving his treatment. You have also stopped waking up so frequently at midnight. If this continues, the blood clots in your brain will begin to disperse. It won't take long for you to regain your eyesight!"

Amelia, who was still disappointed that Oscar hadn't picked up her call, merely nodded her head half-heartedly in response.

"Go to sleep. Don't overthink it, all right? Even if you are suffering now, things are taking a better turn." Amelia didn't press her for any more details.

Without another word, Amelia laid on the bed and closed her eyes. Yet, she felt as if she had been bewitched by a spell. Even after Amelia shut her eyes, Oscar's images continued to plague her mind. Although they'd divorced, and she even abandoned him without an explanation, she still couldn't forget him. Amelia once assumed that Oscar would fade away from her memories. On the contrary, her memory of him remained crystal clear. She even dreamt of Oscar every night. In her dreams, he would treat her with warmth and tenderness. Then, he would eventually interrogate her in a cold voice. Why did you take Tony away? How could you deprive me of the right to see my child?

Eventually, Amelia would wake up drenched in cold sweat. Following the nightmares, she often had great difficulty falling asleep again.

Dreaming about him is like a drug. Once I've got a taste of it, I can't help but get addicted to it.

As Oscar continued to haunt her dreams, Amelia found herself longing for him even more. Despite the painful memories, she could not stop herself from

missing him. Furthermore, she could not bring herself to forget about him at all. Deep down, she still yearned to hear Oscar's voice.

It felt as if someone had cast her under a magic spell and bewitched her to miss him.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 324

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

### Chapter 324 Something Goes Wrong

On the following day, Jeremy arranged a car to send Amelia and Tiffany to Boris' clinic right after they took their meals.

Surprisingly, the clinic was very well equipped and even more high-end than any other hospital. Every medical equipment there cost at least a few hundred thousand. The most important thing was commoners who had rare illnesses and could not afford to foot the medical bills were given priority to receive treatment there. As for the rich, Boris was only willing to treat certain ones by charging them a large sum of medical fees. In other words, he treated the wealthy ones in striking contrast to the commoners.

Initially, Amelia was suspicious of Boris for having something up his sleeve, but she had gradually believed in him. She even started to see a ray of hope, looking forward to the day she could see with her eyes again.

The moment they stepped into the clinic, they were greeted by Collin, Boris' assistant, a young man in his mid-twenties. Having the passion of the typical millennials nowadays, he was exceptionally staid when carrying out his tasks.

"Ah! Amelia, Tiffany, you're here! Mr. Jackman is attending to a patient in the room. He hopes you won't mind waiting for a while here." He served them tea with a cheerful smile.

Amelia flashed him a smile. "Let him take his time. It doesn't matter if we have to wait longer."

Collin looked intently at her and complimented, "Amelia, you're looking greater with rosy cheeks! What's more, you're a lot prettier than when I first met you. Undoubtedly, you're a beauty!"

Feeling amused, Amelia chuckled.

Tiffany teased him deliberately, "Collin, you're obviously biased toward Amelia. I'm a beauty as well, yet you didn't even give me any compliments? Hmph! How annoying!"

"Tiffany, you're a beauty as well! Both of you look gorgeous in a different way," Collin flattered, causing both women to burst into laughter.

Tiffany gave him a thumbs-up right away. "Collin, I bet any woman will easily fall for your sweet words!"

Shaking his head, Collin refuted exaggeratively, "Tiffany, if it's that easy to win the women's hearts, the property rates will not have shot up drastically. See how those demanding future mothers-in-law stand in benefit, requesting big houses and luxury cars as if they're contributing desperately for the property market!"

Tiffany almost choked on her saliva, laughing her head off at his exaggerated body language.

“Collin, I’m sure you’re getting quite a good pay other than learning a lot from Mr. Jackman. How’s it possible that even someone like you have to rack your brain to please the mothers-in-law? You’re good-looking, making good money, and from a well-educated family, exactly the typical type of son-in-law that they are dying to have. I’m sure all of them will be huddling around you wherever you are. There’s no need for you to be humble,” Tiffany mocked.

Collin touched the back of his head and grinned sheepishly. “I’m just joking based on what I read from the internet. But mothers-in-law are undeniably the property developers’ diligent marketing assistants. They must have joined hands long ago.”

Tiffany smiled again without uttering any words.

After having small talks for a while, Amelia was called into the room for acupuncture. Suddenly, Collin glanced at Tiffany nervously with his hands intertwined outside the room.

Tiffany shot him a glance quizzically. “Collin, what’s the matter with you? Do you have anything to tell me?”

He nodded and asked hesitantly, “Tiffany, I’m actually thinking of asking you if Amelia has a boyfriend.”

At that very moment, Tiffany almost raised her palm to pat on her forehead. She could not help but sigh inwardly at Amelia’s captivating charm, which had been irresistible for men of her age or even a few years elder than her all this while. Good gracious! Even the millennials are falling heads over heels for her now! Should I be happy for her on that?

She sounded Collin out tactfully, "Collin, could it be you've special feeling toward Amelia?"

Collin's face was flushed red instantly. His eloquence when Amelia was still around moments ago was gone. "I feel that Amelia is quite a nice person. Apart from looking gorgeous, she's gentle and kind-hearted."

Tiffany put on a solemn expression.

She asked earnestly, "Collin, how much do you know about Amelia? Are you still willing to pursue her even after knowing that she has lost her eyesight?"

Collin nodded and his eyes were gleaming with determination. "I know Amelia has a son. She lost her eyesight due to the blood clots pressing on the optic nerves in her brain after a car accident. Anyway, I don't mind any of these, and I love everything about her. As long as she's willing to accept me, I don't mind being her son's stepfather at any time and vow to take good care of them. No doubt, I'm a few years younger than her. But you can't say that I'm immature and naive for being younger. If she's willing to spend the rest of her life with me, I'll learn to be more mature by all means so she can rely on me. I won't let her go through any painful moments again. My major is medical, and I'll put effort into gaining knowledge from Mr. Jackman. By hook or by crook, I'll find the way to cure her eyes!"

In an instant, Tiffany was touched by his words. People like to comment that millennials tend to be playful and immature. But from what I see, this is just a generalization. Millennials nowadays seem to be picking things up pretty fast. Many of them are able to deal with things independently. Apart from coping with things maturely, they never lack the passion for life.

She stood up and patted on Collin's shoulder admiringly. "Collin, well-said! But Amelia doesn't like to be in a relationship with someone younger. Hence, I bet there's a long way for you to pursue her. After all, you're not the only one who falls for her. I presume it'll be extremely challenging for you to win her heart. If you confess your love to her impulsively, you might scare her away!"

Collin nodded at once. "I know that. I'll wait patiently for Amelia to know me better before the ideal time to confess my love to her. Regardless of whether she likes me or not, I'll continue to work hard. Since she has a preference for mature men, I'll work harder, so I'll become more mature."

"Collin, you're undoubtedly a decent and strong-willed man. You have my support!" Tiffany buoyed him up with confidence. She would not stop Amelia's admirers from going after her. Furthermore, she was more than happy if there was an earnest man who volunteered to take great care of Amelia for the rest of her life. In the meantime, she would be keeping a watchful eye for her. She would not easily let any man approach Amelia unless it was proven that he was sincere, and that she liked him.

Recalling how Amelia made a call the night before, Tiffany knew that she was still deeply in love with Oscar. Even though they had parted with each other, Amelia could not put him out of her mind. Thus, Tiffany would definitely support her if she made up her mind to go back to Oscar.

Looking at how Amelia forced a smile in front of everyone, she would rather let her bring Tony back to the city where Oscar was. Who knows, breathing in the same air with him in the same city might cheer her up?

Tiffany fell into a trance. She even intended to notify Oscar discreetly if Amelia's eyes managed to be cured one day. But will Oscar still be waiting for her at that time? No matter how devoted to love he is, will he still be the same after parting with her for a few years?

She was not sure about that. The type of men devoted to love is only fictional characters in my novels. In reality, I don't think it's possible for any ordinary man to be bound to the so-called eternal love, let alone an eligible bachelor like Oscar. Since there are handfuls of women who easily fall for him, he might just let loose and have fun with them!

If Amelia were to go back to him after her eyes are cured, will she end up leaving after going through the disgruntling moments once again? Tiffany was not even sure.

"Tiffany! Tiffany!" Collin waved his hand in front of her, breaking her reverie.

Tiffany came to herself and looked into his eyes with a smile. "What's that?"

Mimicking Tiffany's countenance when she sank in thought, Collin grinned mischievously like a big boy and mocked, "Tiffany, I thought your soul was floating away moments ago!"

Tiffany glared at him and snapped, "Hmph! Collin, how dare you pull my leg. Don't wail later when I ask Amelia to stay far away from you!"

Collin pleaded with her at once.

When they were bickering with each other, Hendrick Cooper, a doctor assisting in the clinic, darted toward them. "Collin, quick! I need a hand! Something happens to Ms. Winters. We need to perform a checkup for her on whether she needs to undergo an operation."

Dumbstruck, Collin and Tiffany followed him hastily. Tiffany was a bundle of nerves when she asked, "Dr. Cooper, what's going on? Amelia was still fine moments ago, wasn't she? How can anything happen to her suddenly?"

On pins and needles, Hendrick's forehead was beaded with sweat. "I don't really know what happened. Initially, everything went well. But we don't know why she's drenched in cold sweat all of a sudden and starts convulsing. Anyway, I don't have much time to explain to you in detail. Collin, hurry up!"

After Hendrick and Collin rushed into the room, Tiffany waited by herself anxiously outside, clueless about the condition in the room. She had no choice but to keep her fingers crossed, praying hard that nothing would happen to Amelia.

When the door opened again, it was already one and a half hours later. Wiping the cold sweat off his forehead, Hendrick uttered in relief, "Fortunately, it's only a false alarm."

Tiffany darted forward and asked anxiously, "Dr. Cooper, is Amelia all right? How's her at the moment?"

"She's all right. But she convulsed and passed out as she could not adapt to the effect of the acupuncture right away. Don't worry. She'll be fine after having a rest for a few hours." Hendrick tried to reassure her.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Tiffany asked, "Dr. Cooper, when will Amelia's eyes fully recover?"

Nonetheless, Hendrick was a bit hesitant.

"What's that? Anything wrong with Amelia's eyes?" Tiffany asked right away; her heart skipped a beat.

Hendrick had to be frank with her. "Ms. Winters' condition is rather sophisticated, and the problem can't be resolved within a short period. But not to worry, this clinic is well-equipped. If Mr. Jackman intends to conduct an operation for her, skillful doctors from all over the world are surely willing to come over at any time to give him a hand. Even though he has an odd temperament, he has many apprentices who are well-known in the medical field. If Ms. Winters' condition is eligible for the operation, I'm convinced he won't mind having them come over to help him. Apart from that, I've to emphasize Mr. Jackman's expertise in acupuncture. It might not take long for the blood clots in Ms. Winters' brain to be completely dissolved."

Even so, Tiffany did not feel relieved at all. My goodness! Amelia convulses and passes out this round. How about the next time?

Feeling a prickle of fear, she did not know if she had done the right thing by accompanying Amelia to undergo acupuncture there.

Perplexed, she felt that troubles never came singly. Numerous hiccups on Amelia all this while had caught her off guard.

“Dr. Cooper, many thanks for today.” Tiffany still sounded courteous, although she was flustered.

“Tiffany, I’m not saying that Mr. Jackman can work miracles that he’s able to bring someone dead back to life. But since he has promised to cure Ms. Winters’s eyes, he’ll surely be able to do so. I can assure you that Mr. Jackman is a man of his word. Not to mention, he’s definitely far better than those despicable doctors scheming to gain profit from their patients.” Hendrick tried to convince Tiffany as if he could read her mind.

Feeling embarrassed, Tiffany blushed crimson. “I’m sorry. I don’t mean that...”

“Ms. Winters’ condition is beyond my expectation. Don’t think too much. Please excuse me. I still have something to attend to.” Hendrick walked away after cutting her off.

Tiffany remained in the same spot as she stared blankly into space; her mind turned mushy.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 325

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 325 Trust

Amelia only came to her senses after resting for almost six hours in the clinic. “Amelia, are you feeling any discomfort?” Tiffany asked her in great concern as she helped her up.

Amelia shook her head. "I'm fine. Don't worry. Boris, Dr. Cooper, and the others are keeping an eye on me here. Nothing will happen to me."

Wearing a look of shame, Boris advanced toward them. "Amelia, I'm sorry. You convulsed and passed out due to my negligence just now. It was my fault."

A faint smile appeared on Amelia's face. "Boris, you don't have to feel sorry for that. It's just natural for various unprecedented scenarios to occur during treatment. Didn't you mention that my passing out was unexpected? Hence, I'm confident with your great skill. I strongly believe that you'll be able to cure my eyes."

Boris felt a rush of warmth in his heart. It never occurred to him that Amelia would fully trust him.

Because of his great skill in the medical field, he tended to have his nose in the air during his younger days. Nevertheless, he had been through a lot all these years and was numb to the discouraging human nature of harsh reality. Therefore, he knew too well that it was almost impossible for the patients to trust their doctors fully.

Patients flattered the doctors when they needed help for their treatment. However, whenever any problems occurred, the doctors would surely turn into the target of public criticism. Subsequently, they were bombarded with oppressive words from the patients criticizing their skill relentlessly.

That undoubtedly revealed humans' true colors, but the truth was terrifying.

Somehow, Amelia's sheer trust toward Boris really touched him. As mixed emotions seized him, he vowed to save her life and cure her eyes by all means. If not, he would never conduct any operations for the rest of his life again.

As for Amelia, it never crossed her mind that her sensibility would grant her sincerity from others.

Because of that, Boris sought help from his apprentices from all over the world to work out a solution. They stayed up all night to discuss how they should treat Amelia's illness to minimize the level of risk. As for acupuncture, he did not dare to take the risk and give it a try for her again shortly.

"Amelia, you're indeed a decent child. In fact, you're giving off such unique vibes that I've lacked throughout my lifetime. Don't worry. I'll leave no stones unturned to cure your eyes. If I fail to do so, I won't conduct any operations ever for the rest of my life." Boris gazed at Amelia with a hint of determination in his eyes.

Both Amelia and Tiffany were astounded by his words.

Amelia uttered warily, "Boris, please don't say that."

Boris comforted her again, "Don't feel pressured, okay? As I'm already in my old age, I plan to entrust this clinic to someone trustworthy after I manage to cure your eyes later. It's a tiring day for you. Go back and have a good rest. I'll finalize the way of treatment after having discussions with the other doctors. As for acupuncture, I won't apply that on you in this period of time."

"Boris, you don't have to do so. I have got a hunch that acupuncture is workable for me. After all, it's just an accident this round. I'll come again for another session two days later after having proper rest. Didn't you say that we're not supposed to stop halfway after we've kicked start with acupuncture?" Amelia smiled as though she was not traumatized at all by the convulsion and blackout moments ago.

Dumbfounded, Boris questioned, "Amelia, aren't you afraid?"

"Boris, I wish to state that my stance remains the same, and I have trust in you. Other than that, I heard from Tiff that this clinic is fully equipped with advanced medical facilities. In fact, the equipment here is even better than the ones in the biggest hospital in Beshya. By getting my treatment here, I'm sure you won't let anything happen to me," Amelia replied confidently.

Boris smiled upon hearing her words. "Amelia, you're undoubtedly an interesting patient. Fine, I'll continue to have acupuncture for you then since you trust me so much."

"Boris, let's go with that then. I'll make a move with Tiff first," Amelia uttered courteously.

"No problem. Collin, please send them off," Boris instructed Collin at once.

"Noted." Collin nodded respectfully at him.

Once stepping out of the clinic with Amelia and Tiffany, Collin threw Amelia a glance and asked in great concern, "Amelia, are you sure you aren't feeling any discomfort now?"

Amelia chuckled. "I'm fine now. You were in the room just now, weren't you? I must have given all of you a real scare just now when I suddenly passed out. Sorry for that."

Hearing that, Collin was back to his usual self again with a grin. "I'm thankful that you're fine now. It really scared the crap out of me just now."

Tiffany could not help but roll her eyes at him. My goodness! What kind of lousy way is this to pursue a lady! Undeniably, he seems to be staid and mature at work, but he is not comparable to the others in wooing a woman.

Huh! Tiffany let out a deep sigh. She guessed Amelia would never consider being in a relationship with a younger man. Even if she had never met Oscar, Collin would never have any chance alongside Carter and Kurt.

"Collin, you should go back to the clinic now. Amelia and I are leaving now," Tiffany said to him.

He glanced at Amelia reluctantly. "Amelia, take care. Give me a call if you feel like eating anything. I'll get them for you."

Amelia felt that his words sounded ambiguous, but she told herself it could be Collin's way of treating everyone with hospitality. After all, she was not an exceptionally gorgeous woman lovable by others, and Collin was younger than her. Hence, she did not think that he would have any feelings toward her.

"Collin, thank you so much." She looked at him sincerely.

After chatting for a while with Collin, Amelia and Tiffany hopped into their car. Collin stared longingly at the car that gradually faded in the distance. There was a flicker of disappointment in his eyes.

There was a sudden pat on the back of his head, followed by Boris' voice. "Silly boy, stop building castles in the air. You are not a match for Amelia. In her

opinion, you're still quite naive and can't give her the sense of security that she needs."

Feeling dejected, Collin retorted, "Mr. Jackman, am I still not mature enough? Anyway, I'm all ready for self-improvement, so I'll be mightier to back her up. Compared to my peers, I feel I'm rather mature for my age. Thus, I'm pretty sure I'm worthy enough for her."

"She's destined to lead a wealthy life that you can't afford. Work harder to save up enough money. Then, find a girlfriend who is gentle and loving. You should put your feet on the ground." Boris tried to enlighten him.

"Mr. Jackman, I don't see it that way. I have a stable job, good looks, and I'm from a rather well-off family background. If a secure base is what she needs, I can afford one as well. Why are you insisting that I don't suit her?" Collin refuted indignantly.

Boris shook his head. "You silly boy, take heed of my advice and don't shoot yourself in the foot. Otherwise, it'll be too late for you to cry over spilled milk then."

"Mr. Jackman, I know you're saying these for my own good. But to me, I can't be a coward when it comes to love. One day, I'll surely regret if I restrain myself from pursuing someone I love," Collin replied adamantly.

Boris shook his head again at his adamancy and decided to let him be. He knew too well that young men like him were hard-headed in general. Thus, he decided to just go with the flow.

On the other hand, Tiffany held Amelia's hand in the car anxiously. "Amelia, are you sure you're fine now? You must tell us if you feel any discomfort. Don't keep it from us, okay?"

Amelia burst into laughter. "I'm fine. I was only overcome by a sudden wave of dizziness during the acupuncture session just now. After coming to my senses, I found out that I actually passed out from you."

"You almost scared me to death just now! Hmph! I wonder how you can still laugh out loud now. Let's just put a stop to the acupuncture. Oh my! I can't take it if anything happens again!" Tiffany whined, furrowing her brows.

Patting on the back of her hand, Amelia gave her a reassuring smile. "I'm fine. Take it easy. It's just an accident."

"For the so-called accident, who knows if it's because they're not as skillful as they seem to be. Of course, I'm not doubting Boris' skill. But he's already in his old age. Unavoidably, his memory might have deteriorated gradually due to age. What if things turn the other way around and he makes a major mistake during your treatment?" A hint of anxiousness was written all over Tiffany's face.

Feeling amused, Amelia was at a loss for words to refute her.

"Tiff, I know you're worried about me. However, we shouldn't doubt Boris, Dr. Cooper, and the others' expertise in the medical field. It's indeed a humiliation to a highly experienced doctor. Never mind if you're commenting on that to me. Bear in mind not to say so in the face of the others," Amelia reminded her solemnly.

Tiffany heaved a sigh again. "I know that, but I don't have the heart to let you take the risk. Why don't we go to the proper hospital for a checkup? No doubt, Boris' clinic is well-equipped, and there are quite a few doctors there; yet, I don't think they're reliable. Even though Boris was specially invited by Derrick, I still prefer you to receive proper treatment in the hospital. I don't wish to see you take the risk and have any acupuncture again."

"Tiff, stop lamenting on this. Please don't lose touch with reality because of my issues. Don't ever say this to Derrick and strain your relationship with him. I'm grateful to him for making the arrangement, so don't end up arguing with him because of me. If not, I'll move out of the villa with Tony. I guess we'd better stay

apart so I won't become a burden that drives the wedge between the two of you," Amelia said earnestly.

Tiffany got worked up. "Babe, what are you talking about? Have I ever mentioned that you're a burden to us? Fine, it's my fault. Let's just carry on with acupuncture if you feel like having it. I don't mean anything too. Don't treat me as a sinner who has just committed a grievous crime, okay?"

Amelia burst out laughing right away. "Tiff, you look cute when you're whining!"

Tiffany snorted, but she could not stifle a laughter.

Still smiling, Amelia turned to look out of the car window. But of course, she could not see anything.

A few months had elapsed ever since she lost her eyesight. Within such a short period, she had gone through a lot. Her life in the past few months was indeed an emotional roller coaster ride for her. There were countless nights whereby she was shrouded by sheer helplessness. Regardless of how well she pretended as if nothing was bothering her, nobody but her could feel the inexplicable fear when the world before her eyes turned pitch black. Even when Tiffany was keeping her company, she could not just voice out her despair. Instead of bothering Tiffany with her own problem, she would rather overcome the fear all by herself.

She had gradually adapted to the darkness. Nevertheless, her pride seemed to have vanished into the darkness as well. She could not resist but feel inferior with her impairment.

Amelia had been in her deep thought for quite a while till Tiffany's voice sounded alongside her. "Amelia, we're here. Let's get out of the car. Come, let me help you down. Be careful."

As she stretched out her hand, Tiffany, who stood next to the door on her left, helped her down cautiously.

“Frank, thank you so much,” Amelia uttered politely.

“Ms. Winters, don’t mention it. Go in now. I’ll get the car washed first,” Frank replied cheerily.

“Frank, see you.” Amelia and Tiffany bid goodbye to him simultaneously.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 326

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

### Chapter 326 Making Life Difficult For The Guests

Rory hastened her steps when she saw Amelia coming into the salon. She then went over and held the latter by the arm. “Amelia, someone’s here to see you guys.”

Amelia was puzzled at her statement. After all, she and Tiffany had never kept in contact with anyone after they left the city. Hence, she could hardly think of anyone who could possibly know their whereabouts.

Rory glanced at the woman on the couch and tugged Tiffany while tilting her chin slightly toward the woman. Tiffany immediately followed Rory’s gaze, and her eyes widened in disbelief. Wow... What a dashing woman!

Before she could even come back to her senses, Jeremy walked toward her and gave her a friendly reminder. “Mrs. Hisson’s here. You’d better watch what you say.”

Tiffany and Amelia looked at him blankly.

"Mrs. Hisson? You mean... Derrick's mother?" Tiffany asked cluelessly. She recalled Derrick telling her that his mother was still recuperating. Besides, the woman sitting on the couch was so young Tiffany could not believe that she was actually his mother.

Nonetheless, there was no time for Jeremy to explain anything to Tiffany at that moment, so he said, "Hurry over. She's been waiting for a while now. Patience is not her virtue, so think twice before saying anything, alright? We can't afford to land on her bad side."

Tiffany looked at Amelia beseechingly and pulled her over together.

Then, Jeremy led the way and introduced the two ladies. "Tiffany Winters, Mrs. Hisson," Jeremy said while gesturing toward Tiffany. "She's the girl Mr. Hisson mentioned, and this is their mutual friend, Amelia." He looked at Rory and decided not to introduce her. After all, he figured the high-toned lady of the house would not want to know someone so insignificant as a caregiver.

The woman seated on the couch gave off an air of elegance yet aloofness. She felt so distant, although they were in the same room.

At the same time, Tiffany beheld the exquisite being, doing the math in her heart. If she's Derrick's mom, that means she's in her fifties or sixties, but hell, she looks like she's in her twenties, and Derrick really takes after her. It's just that she has a feminine spell to her looks. Tiffany held her breath as she perused the woman. She's easily one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. I'll venture to say she's a rare beauty. Even Amelia, Cassie, and Jennifer pale in comparison to her.

Tiffany's thoughts were not baseless. It was true that Kate would capture simply anyone's eyes. Her beauty was the most exquisite in all regards—she was gentle, enticing, and desirable. Her sole existence was enough to prove that God had favorites when it came to His creation; her beauty must be divinely-inspired.

Tiffany finally knew where Derrick got his charms from. It was no wonder that an apple would not fall far from its tree, yet Tiffany did not allow herself to dwell in admiration of Kate's beauty.

She had her guards up because she knew fatality lay behind the facade of Kate's beguiling looks.

True enough, Kate had been carefully scrutinizing the girl ever since she walked in. Her defined brows arched in indifference as she then shifted her gaze to Amelia.

Her burning gaze made Tiffany cringe. Though it was the first time Tiffany saw Kate, she knew what that look meant. She looks at me as though I'm some inexpensive goods in a shop. It's clear that she looks down on me. She might even think I'm just some cheap girl.

"I heard Derrick has a girlfriend." Kate finally broke the silence. "Crystal told me that he's involved with some woman lately. I can't help but wonder just what kind of woman is able to capture my son's attention and be his plaything, so I flew over on purpose. I hope my visit has not been a bother to the both of you."

Kate's voice rang tenderly. Her melodious voice won the audience over despite the spite in her message.

Meanwhile, Tiffany felt life was unfair that someone could be so attractive that anyone would readily excuse their impoliteness just because of their looks.

Frowns stitched on Amelia and Tiffany's brows as they listened to Kate's scathing words.

Before long, a subtle smile curved on Amelia's lips. "It's an honor to meet you, Mrs. Hisson," she said apathetically. "You should've informed us of your little visit, so we could head to the airport to pick you up. Anyway, Tiff and I are only staying here temporarily, so we won't be in your way."

Kate looked at her intently. "Well, well. I would've been happier if you were the one Derrick was dating. After all, one should at least have some standard, even if it's just a fling. I thought my son would at least choose someone who's sexy and pretty."

Hearing her words, Amelia squeezed Tiffany's hand and emboldened herself. "I'm afraid you're wrong, Mrs. Hisson. I thought wealthy families like yours prefer women who are obedient and capable of managing the house? I believe someone too attractive would not fit that requirement."

At that, Kate finally stood up. She walked over without haste until she stood in front of Amelia. After taking a look at Amelia's eyes, she smiled.

"You're blind, aren't you?" she asked.

Upon hearing that, Amelia froze for a moment. She nodded slowly after a pause.

"Yes. I lost my sight because of a car accident. Thanks for asking," she said without any hint of inferiority.

Upon that, Kate covered her mouth and smiled. "What a shame. You're too pretty to be blind."

At that moment, Tiffany could not take it any longer, so she stood in front of Amelia. "Excuse me, Mrs. Hisson. You might be Derrick's mother, but that doesn't give you the leeway to be rude. You should at least behave in a manner fitting to your looks. You're too pretty to be without manners."

At once, Kate relocated her gaze at Tiffany. "Ha... I have to say I'm totally disappointed with Derrick's taste. I can't believe he really chose you of all the women out there. I bet he's got tired of fancy dishes and is now looking for something bland and cheap."

Tiffany scoffed out loud.

"With all due respect, Mrs. Hisson, you're the most fetching woman I've ever seen. I finally understood why people say the pretty ones are the deadly ones. In fact, you're a walking example yourself. Your looks are nothing but a waste on you." Since Kate was utterly disrespectful toward them, Tiffany did not see why she should not let the woman have a taste of her own medicine.

If she had behaved courteously toward them, Tiffany would have been nicer, but deriding Amelia was the last straw.

Kate smirked at her repulsive comments. "Tsk-tsk. What a sharp and unforgiving tongue. Did you just talk back to someone older than you? Let me warn you, sweetie. Don't even dream about marrying Derrick. I don't care if he's being serious with you or not."

Kate's words added fuel to the fire, and Tiffany was on the verge of lashing out. However, Amelia's grip tightened around her hand, which signaled her to stop before she could do something rash.

Quickly, Amelia stood forward and smiled. "What about lunch, Mrs. Hisson? It's almost two already."

"I already had lunch," Kate replied tersely.

"Then we should at least sit and talk. I believe you're kind enough to be the big person over here. I'm sure you won't mind our little banter earlier on."

Kate then went back to the couch quietly until she sat down. "Get them some drinks, Jeremy. We can't let our guests sit without having a drink at least, can we?"

Hearing that, Jeremy shot his worried gaze at the two ladies.

Before he could do anything, Kate spoke again. "Jeremy, you should just ask the maids to bring some tea. Meanwhile, you should get some rest yourself." It went without saying that Kate was trying to get him out of the way.

Jeremy looked at the woman reluctantly and finally nodded.

The maid brought in cups of tea not long after. "Mrs. Hisson, the drinks are ready. Is there anything else you need?" the maid asked.

Kate waved her hand. "That's all. You may leave. No one is allowed to come in unless I say so."

"Sure, Mrs. Hisson."

The maids and the butler all behaved reverently toward Kate as if she was a queen. Truth be told, she had the appearance fitting for a lofty queen. Anyone would agree that she was pleasing to the eyes.

Beauty had always been her biggest pride.

The woman took up the cup and blew on the hot tea slowly as if she was an aristocrat.

Amelia wanted to speak to Kate directly, but because she could not see, she was unable to tell where Kate was sitting exactly. Thus, she tilted her head slightly in an upward motion and spoke, "Mrs. Hisson, I heard from Derrick that you've not been feeling well yourself and was admitted to the hospital. I wonder if you're feeling better now."

"Thanks for asking. I'm getting better already. Otherwise, how else would I be able to come here on my own? I took a flight here just to see just which girl has bespelled my son. Besides, when I heard she even has the gut to offend Crystal, I told myself I simply have to come and take a look. I thought it would be an extremely attractive girl who has my son fall head over heels for her, but well..." Kate swept her gaze across and looked at Tiffany. "I have to say I'm deeply disappointed," she ended with a sneer.

At that point, Tiffany felt an urge to lambast the insolent woman, but she did everything she could to suppress her anger. First, she was Derrick's mother. Second, what she said was not entirely untrue. Although Tiffany herself could be considered a decent-looking girl, her looks amounted to nothing in comparison to Derrick.

It was her own thoughtlessness that she was more upset with. She should never have thought that Derrick and her relationship would be smooth sailing. Just three months into dating, his mother was already here to make a fuss.

Come to think of it, Amelia and I are really in the same boat. She went blind, and now I'm getting an earful from my boyfriend's mom.

Beside her, Amelia acted as if she did not hear Kate's taunting remarks. She wore a faint smile on her face instead. "Mrs. Hisson, I think it's still too early to pass judgment on Tiff. She's a woman of both inner and outer beauty. Young as she is, she became a best-selling author all by her own merits and efforts. It so happened that Derrick's publishing company was promoting romance novels, so they got the chance to work closely together. I'm sure there must be strengths he saw in her that made him fall in love with her. You said Tiff was just a plaything, but I believe you know better than anyone else what kind of a person your son is. I don't think he's a playboy. You know how serious he is with this relationship."

Kate smiled while listening to Amelia.

"Amelia Winters, right?"

"Yes. Mrs. Hisson. Amelia will do."

"I have to say you're good with words" —she replied before a short pause—  
"speaking of, have we met before? You look familiar to me."

Amelia felt her heart tug at Kate's sudden question. She had completely forgotten that back in that city which she missed terribly, everyone in the high society probably knew each other. There was a high chance that Olivia knew Kate. Those women in that circle would definitely know her since she was Oscar's wife.

A quick shudder took over her hands when she thought of that. I can't stay here any longer. People would recognize me at this rate, and all my plans would go to the drain if the Clintons found out about me.

Thoughts raced through Amelia's mind, and her grip tightened until her nails dug into her palm.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 327

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

### Chapter 327 We Are Moving

Kate spoke while Amelia was still deep in thought. "Ah, I finally remember. You look a lot like Oscar Clinton's wife. That woman really made an impression. She's classy—and not blind."

As soon as they heard that, both Amelia and Tiffany became anxious.

Kate sensed their restlessness. "Don't tell me you're actually his wife. I met her a few times about two to three years ago. I do have to say, you bear a lot of resemblance to her, but your vibe is a little different. Anyway, I heard she divorced Oscar some time ago, and the family has been looking for her since. So if you're really her, I will have to let Olivia know."

The two women felt like they were about to be pushed off the cliff. They even suspected that Kate knew this secret all along.

Crap! She must've come knowing I was Oscar's wife just so she could chase us out. Wait, don't overthink, Amelia. It might just be a coincidence. Stop jumping right to the worst-case scenario. She might not be that evil.

After that train of thoughts, Amelia took a deep breath and tried to calm herself. "The Clintons? I'm afraid I'm not following."

Kate took a good look at her and decided to drop the act. The woman crossed her legs and sat back on her couch like a queen. "Fine. Let's just say I did a background check and confirmed that you were indeed Oscar's wife. I'm not interested in how both of you come to know Derrick, neither am I interested in what you both did to him until he's willing to give up the whole family just so he can keep you guys under his wings, but let me make this clear: The Hissons have no intention whatsoever in making the Clintons our enemies. I don't want to incur their wrath because of you two. They are looking for you now—Wait, let me correct myself—They are looking for the child you have with you, so you're left with two options. It's either both of you leave and stay away from Derrick, or I'll inform the Clinton family. I'm sure you're aware of what they're capable of. You won't get to see Anthony ever again if they find out."

Amelia clenched her fists so tightly that red and deep nail marks started appearing, yet that was not what was agonizing her.

"You're despicable!" Tiffany seethed.

Despite that, Kate remained calm as she straightened her fingers and marveled at the splendid manicure on her nails. "No, I'm not. This is just how I protect my son. Derrick is too good for you, and you don't deserve him. I'm simply doing what every mother would do for their children. I want him to marry someone worthy of him, not someone who is of no use to him."

Tiffany turned pale. She had always thought Kate was a frail and sickly woman. It was until their encounter that she saw for herself what kind of a woman she was.

Amelia sucked a deep breath and forced a smile. "It seems like you came prepared. Aren't you afraid of the things that Derrick will do when he finds out? You might be his mother, but I bet no child will like their parents interfering with their private affairs."

With a light smile, Kate shook her head and replied, "You have nothing to worry about. I know my son. He just lost his judgment for a moment. After both of you are gone, I will see to it that things work out between Crystal and him. I'm sure everything will be back on track once I clear the distractions."

At that, Amelia smiled in disbelief. The rich really have a particular mindset of their own. They are so entitled. Who do they think the rest of us are? They are so full of themselves that they have no regard for people like us. I wonder what gives them this obnoxious confidence. Who do they think they are to control people's lives like that?

Almost immediately, Amelia loathed the woman. She had been making concessions because this had to do with her best friend. Tiffany had done so much for her, so she could not let her own problem ruin the rest of Tiffany's life. With that in mind, she straightened her back and looked up.

"Mrs. Hisson, Derrick is not a child anymore, so you have no right to meddle with his affairs even if he's your son. You're only risking your relationship with him if you're fixed on going on with your plan. You're a smart woman yourself. You know both of them just got together, so of course, driving a wedge between them now will only make him hate you. Why are you in a rush to make yourself the bad person? Why not just let things take their course and see if their relationship lasts?"

"Amelia, darling, things are getting difficult for you now, so you should just think of yourself first. Olivia made it clear that she would do anything to acquire Anthony's custody. Given your blindness, I doubt you can persuade the judge that you can be the best parent for your child," Kate said coldly.

When Amelia heard that, she was shook to the core.

Tony was her weak spot, and Kate saw through that from the very beginning. There was no way Amelia could retaliate.

At that moment, Tiffany could not keep her silence anymore. "Watch what you're saying, Mrs. Hisson. This has nothing to do with Amelia. I will leave the very moment Derrick asks me to, and I will not leave unless he breaks up with me. Leaving without a word is just not how I do things. As for informing the Clintons, you can go ahead. We have it on black and white that the family agreed to grant Amelia custody of Tony. Yes, they might be capable of anything, but we won't let them break the contract without putting up a fight, and I assure you, we will fight."

Kate looked Tiffany in the eye. At first, she thought the two women were just eloquent and that they would crack under pressure, but she was wrong. They were neither timid nor spineless, and they most certainly did not back down immediately, as she imagined they would.

"Does that mean that you both are unwilling to leave?" Kate asked.

"No, we will actually." Tiffany's reply came, much to Kate's surprise. "This is the Hissons' property. How can we be so shameless to insist on staying when the owner has come all the way to clear the precinct? It's not easy living under someone else's roof. Give us a few days' time. We will leave once we find a house, but I won't break up with Derrick unless he's the one who wants it."

Well, that's unexpected.

Kate had to admit that Tiffany was strong-willed, but it was exactly this trait that put Kate off. She did not like an opinionated daughter-in-law. She wanted someone who would do as she said—someone she could control. Kate relished having everything within her hands, but Tiffany was the direct opposite. That girl was simply too assertive for Kate's liking.

"Are you really not afraid of me informing the Clintons? Who are you to even stand in their way? You can talk quite boldly, and you did, but when it comes to the walk, both of you are nothing compared to them. Just in case you're counting

on Derrick, he's not so irrational to make an enemy out of them at the expense of his own family. It hasn't even been half a year since both of you started dating. Do you think he will really put himself and his business at stake just for you?" Kate was confident. She curated her words in a careful fashion just so she could cause Tiffany to waver, and her attempt was successful.

At that instant, Tiffany could not say otherwise. It was true that Derrick and she had just started dating, and their relationship was still not strong enough for them to face such a formidable hurdle together. Besides, Tiffany did not want to gamble on Amelia's family and future. Amelia has already lost her sight, so I can't let her lose her son too. She will be so devastated if that happens.

Amelia knew what Tiffany was thinking. Thus, she reached out her hand and felt for Tiffany's and gripped her, telling her that she had her full support.

"Mrs. Hisson, it's up to you whether you tell the Clintons or not. We have no say over your decision. I'm sorry we can't be here any longer since we're spent after the day. However, I assure you that you have nothing to worry about. We will move out as soon as possible." Speaking, Amelia stood up and pulled Tiffany along with her, making Amelia follow after her shaky steps. If it were not for Tiffany, she would have walked into the table.

"Tiff, help me to the nursery," Amelia said once they got upstairs.

Tiffany led her to the room as requested.

When they entered, Kurt was already holding the child. "Kurt?"

"I'm here," the man said, walking over with the child in his arms.

Hearing that, Amelia heaved a sigh of relief. "Let me hug him."

Kurt then passed the boy to her.

Tony was already seven to eight months old, and he was taller and bigger than most children of his age. Given his lovely features, it went without saying that he was everyone's favorite. He had grown to become attached to Kurt and Amelia. Hence, the little boy smiled when he felt a familiar embrace.

Amelia wrapped her arms around him and felt a sense of assurance in her heart.

She played with the boy for a while before she looked in Kurt's direction. "Kurt, could you pack our bags? We're leaving in a bit."

Kurt did not raise any questions but did as he was told.

"Amelia, we should find a place first. There's nowhere we can go except for the hotel now," Tiffany said. She did not want the baby to travel around too much.

"I think it's better to leave immediately. Mrs. Hisson is not someone we can take lightly. Besides, we don't know if she has already told the Clintons or not. I'm afraid we won't be able to leave if we delay any further."

"I beg to differ. She's too clever to do that. Informing the Clintons is her last card, so she won't just use it without contemplating thoroughly. Besides, Derrick is no softie. She won't risk their relationship so easily. It will strain their relationship if she crosses us. Given how scheming she is, she will definitely hatch her plan carefully."

Tiffany was convinced on this.

Conniving people would often miss the best opportunity because they thought too much.

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 328

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

## Chapter 328 Giving In When Necessary

Amelia chewed on Tiffany's words and relented. After all, what she said made sense, so they decided to stay for the day. "But you'd better tell Derrick we're moving in advance. Don't tell him about Mrs. Hisson, though. You're his girlfriend. I think it'll be out of line for you to complain to him about her, so it's better that he finds out about her visit from other people. Plus, you shouldn't talk about it even if he doesn't find out."

Tiffany nodded, but she quickly recalled that Amelia could not see her. "Alright," she quickly said.

Amelia turned toward Kurt and gestured at him to take Tony. "I'll go and pack Tony and my stuff first. You can pack yours later. As for the house, I have a few friends that I know over here. We should probably try to contact Reese and see if there are any houses available for us."

"Oh, about that. I forgot to tell you that I got an agent to scout for a house two weeks ago. The agent already purchased a property for us, and it's in Beshya. From what I know, the security and amenities around that area are unquestionable. I was just thinking about asking you when will be a good time to move."

Amelia listened to him in surprise. It did not even cross her mind that Kurt had already settled accommodation for them a long time ago.

Nevertheless, his kindness unsettled Amelia. She knew in her heart how Kurt had always looked out for her and Tony. It was obvious that he saw her not just as his employer, yet Amelia could not and would not reciprocate his feelings.

“Don’t worry about it, Amelia. We’re friends, and I’m Tony’s godfather. It’s only natural that I do all these for him. You don’t have to feel indebted toward me.” Kurt saw through Amelia and addressed the issue directly.

“Thanks, Kurt.” There was so much she wanted to tell him, but Amelia swallowed her words and replied shortly.

Kurt smiled without answering as he watched the two women walk out of the nursery.

“Amelia, have you never ever considered Kurt? He’s a good man,” Tiffany asked after they arrived at their room.

“Tiff.” Amelia sounded solemn.

Tiffany said no more.

Seeing that Tiffany had remained silent, Amelia softened her tone and turned in Tiffany’s direction. “Kurt and I can only be friends. I’m forever grateful to him for his help and what he did for Tony, but there’s already someone special whom I will never forget in my heart. It’s impossible for someone else to take his place, so I don’t want to lead Kurt on or give him any false hope.”

Tiffany helped Amelia to the bed and crouched down in front of her. After that, she tilted her head to look at her friend.

“Amelia, you knew the Clintons would never forgive you when you took Tony and left without saying a word to them. Even if Oscar is willing to mend fences and wait for you, do you think his mother will let you marry into the family again? You know it’s never going to happen, so why don’t you consider Kurt? Try to get to know him and let him into your heart. He might not be the most romantic man, but he can make a good husband. You’re still young, and you can’t just spend the rest of your life waiting and not moving on.”

Amelia smiled bitterly. She did not know what else to say to make Tiffany understand her feelings. To her, Oscar would always be the only man in her life, and she would never have eyes for anyone else other than him.

“Tiff, you should call Derrick and talk to him about what happened. Don’t get into a fight with him over this.” Amelia changed the topic. She did not want Tiffany to project her anger toward Kate on Derrick.

Tiffany stood up and took out her phone to call Derrick. However, before she could say anything, Derrick told her, “I’m already in Beshya, Tiff. I know my mom’s already at the villa. I don’t know what she said to you, but don’t let it bother you. I’m here.”

Tiffany was surprised Derrick already knew about what happened and that he even took a flight straight to Beshya because of this.

“Alright,” Tiffany replied sheepishly before ending the call.

“What’s the matter, Tiff?” Amelia asked.

“He’ll be here in a bit.”

Amelia was equally astonished. She never thought that Derrick would reach here that soon.

Right after that, the two women fell into silence, trying to process everything.

As Derrick himself said, he arrived at the villa in no time. Kate was startled when Jeremy told him that Derrick was already here. “Were you the one who told him?” she asked, glaring at the butler.

“I didn’t, Mrs. Hisson. Even if I had told him, it would take him more than two hours to get here.” It was apparent that Derrick was already aware of Kate’s visit before she even arrived.

Just as Kate was about to further question the man, Derrick charged into the room.

His mother quickly put on a gentle face and went over to welcome him. “What brings you here, Derrick?”

Derrick glanced at her, saying, “I thought you’re still recovering? Why are you here?”

With a calm demeanor, Kate patted his shoulder and replied tenderly, “Well, I miss Jeremy’s cooking badly, but I know all of you are busy and won’t have time for me, so I took a plane here myself. I stopped by to visit Crystal as well since she’s your fiancé. I know you’ve been occupied with work and might have neglected her, so I went in your stead.”

Derrick knew this was all a show, but he decided not to call Kate out since she was still adamant about putting up the act. Instead, he pointed out a fact sternly. "Mom, Crystal has nothing to do with me. She was never my fiancé; she's not, and she will never be. I've already met someone I want to spend the rest of my life with, and I believe you've also met her too."

At once, Kate's countenance fell, and a frown emerged on her exquisite face.

Just as the mother and son were about to confront each other, a voice came from the staircase. "Derrick!" Tiffany called out while coming down with Amelia.

Derrick sought the voice, and a cheerful smile broke out on his face the moment he saw Tiffany.

"Tiff! Come over. Let me introduce you to my mom. There's no way you can run away forever." Derrick totally disregarded his mother and bid Tiffany join him.

Tiffany helped Amelia down the staircase and came over to Derrick's side, nodding slightly toward Kate.

"I believe you've met my mom, Tiff. I don't think I need to tell you who she is," Derrick said before turning toward Kate. "Mom, this is Tiff, my girlfriend. I have always wanted to bring her to see you, but since you're here today, I might as well introduce her to you."

Kate faked a cough. "Derrick, is this a joke? You're already engaged. You're not supposed to have a girlfriend. I know you can be a little playful sometimes, but you can't just lead people on and hurt them later, not to mention bringing them home. Don't behave like all the other rich spoiled brats. You can't just bring any girl home like they always do. To be honest, I have nothing against you fooling around before you get married, but you have to at least consider Crystal's feelings. The Halliwells are not people we can meddle with. They are influential in Beshya. What will her parents say if they find out about this? How am I supposed to explain this situation to them?"

Gloom settled over Derrick's face the moment she said that.

Nonetheless, Tiffany sensed Derrick's anger and swept him a quick look.

Although Amelia was unable to see a thing, she could feel that things were about to get thorny. "Why not we sit and talk?" she interjected quickly but politely.

The three of them looked at each other, and everyone proceeded to take a seat.

Kate looked straight at Tiffany, who was seated beside Amelia, and cut to the chase after sitting down. "Let me just put this plainly, Derrick. I'm not against you dating this girl, but Crystal is the girl our family chose and acknowledged as your future wife. Both of our families have already made plans about this. We're just waiting for the both of you to say yes, and we'll be all set to get you two engaged. Of course, both of you can get married without getting engaged as well. Crystal is already twenty-six or so, meaning she's already old enough to be married by now. She can't just waste her time waiting for you, so you'd better settle down soon."

At that, Tiffany's body became tense and so did her grip. Amelia, who stood beside her, held her fist and patted her lightly as she tried to comfort her friend.

Derrick frowned as his mother spoke. "I'm not here to pick a fight with you, Mom, but you have to know that there's nothing going on between Crystal and me. I hope you respect my choice. I already have a girlfriend, and both of us are in a serious relationship. We plan on courting for a year or two before we get married. You know how much I love and respect you, so I hope you could give us your blessing."

Derrick's words assured Amelia. She was now more confident of the person her best friend was about to marry. Given her experience, to survive in a powerful and established family, the person one would eventually marry needed to be someone who could take a stance and could protect them. This was the only way to ensure that a relationship would persevere.

Now that Derrick said so, Amelia felt there was no need for her to worry about Tiffany being bullied. At that moment, Derrick had proven himself to be responsible.

On the contrary, Kate was far from feeling pleased. The last hint of a smile vanished from her face, and she looked as scary as Derrick was. The woman stood up from her chair. "Come with me, Derrick," she ordered, her voice coarse, before she turned to go upstairs.

Derrick looked at Tiffany before following his mother. "It'll be a short one. I'll be back in no time, so don't you worry."

Tiffany nodded and watched him go.

"Tiff, Derrick is someone who will stand up for you, so don't shoulder all the burden on your own. Things might not be as bad as you think they are."

Tiffany sighed. "I'm not worried about his character. It's just that the Hisson family is way more complicated than I imagined. His mother is beautiful and shrewd. There's no way it's going to be easy dealing with her. I'm just afraid her appearance will only make things difficult for us."

"Don't overthink. As long as you and Derrick are able to persist in this relationship, both of you will be able to overcome any hurdles. You're a strong woman. I always remember how you went through the hardest time with me in the prison. For goodness' sake, you didn't even flinch or hesitate when I was in trouble. I'm sure you'll be able to go through this as well, so just believe in yourself."

Hearing those reassuring words, Tiffany smiled, and her mood instantly lit up.

In hindsight, she believed Derrick had really started to grow on her. Although they had not dated for long, she found herself worrying about him and their

relationship more recently. On the one hand, she had to take care of Amelia, and on the other, she was doubtful about whether she and Derrick could actually make it till the very end. I think I must have really fallen in love with him.

Sensing Tiffany was deep in thoughts, Amelia spoke again. "Tiff, always remember to be polite toward Mrs. Hisson. She's Derrick's mother, which means she's your future mother-in-law. You need to learn to give in when it's necessary. Don't let your temper get the best of you, or Derrick will be torn between the two of you. This is what I've learned over all these years. People from this kind of family usually prefer someone more soft-spoken and tame when it comes to marriage, so you just need to know when to take a step back."

"Understood," Tiffany said slowly.

Amelia smiled at her reply. For some reason, she felt as if she was marrying off her own daughter.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 329

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

### Chapter 329 Talking It Out

Over in the study, Kate's beautiful eyes burned with anger. "Derrick, you and Crystal were arranged to be married since both of you were young. Both of our families have agreed to such an arrangement, and you've never said otherwise. You can't just marry someone else now, especially someone who is in no regard better than Crystal. Do you know what this means for the two families?"

Derrick looked at her face intently. After all these years, age had not left a single trace on her face. With a heavy sigh, Derrick responded, "Mom, you know I said my piece of mind a long time ago. I told you that I didn't want to marry her from the very beginning. I even said I would give up the right to inherit everything in the family, so why do you and Dad insist on me marrying her? Do I mean anything to both of you? Is money more important than my happiness?"

Hearing that, Kate turned grim. "How could you say that, Derrick? This is so hurtful. You know I did everything for you. Our family is extended and huge. There are so many family members who are vying for the inheritance. I don't understand why you're giving away everything that's meant for you. I will never allow you to do something this stupid. Everything in the family is rightfully yours, so you'd better come home, inherit the family business, and do what you're supposed to do instead of wasting your time and effort on that shabby

publishing company of yours. End things with that girl. She'll only drag you down."

Derrick was dismayed at his mother's words.

When Kate realized how her words had disturbed him, she softened her tone. "Derrick, I don't mind you having some fun around before you get married. I believe Crystal will understand too. She might even turn a blind eye to your behavior after you guys get married, but she still has to be your wife. I have other ways of making Tiffany leave even if you insist on continuing this relationship. Don't forget the whole Clinton family is looking for that friend of hers."

Derrick's heart smoldered with rage. He hated his mother's entitled behavior to the core. To her, everything—including relationships—were nothing but tools.

"You should get going, Mom, since you're still unwell. I'll ask the chauffeur to send you to the airport. Dad must be worried if he knows you came all on your own."

Kate, however, stood up and moved closer to Derrick. "Are you hurrying me off, Derrick?" she asked, her eyes curved into a smile.

Derrick looked her in the eye. "No way. I'm just concerned about your health. You should be resting at home. Imagine what Dad will feel with you coming here unattended."

All the while, Derrick had always respected Kate. Yet, their relationship had never progressed beyond pure respect, simply because he never felt it was possible to draw closer to someone like her.

Meanwhile, Kate felt exasperated. Derrick was her only son. Now that he refused to budge, she felt she was losing control over his life.

Hence, she swept her silky hair on her shoulder and put up a pitiful look. "Derrick, are you going to just dismiss what I said and continue dating her?"

The man was caught in a difficult spot. He did not want to vex his mother. After all, she was still weak, and Derrick did not want to agitate her. People always said that God was fair, and Derrick could not agree more. Kate had the beauty all women coveted, but she did not have health. She looked perfect, but no one knew she had always struggled with enduring headaches. It would happen about every half a year. Her sickness was unpredictable, and she had combated it for dozens of years. Every time her sickness recurred, she would be in great pain. That was why Derrick would try his best not to provoke her.

"Mom, you know I've always listened to you, but I love Tiffany. She's the only person I will marry. If you're set on objecting to our relationship, I will give up everything I have from the family, including my right of inheritance. Everything you've been planning will go to ashes if that happens."

This was the best Derrick could do, but Kate was not satisfied.

"Is this a threat?" Kate blinked her eyes.

"I'm just stating the truth, Mom. I'm not threatening you. I've just started dating Tiffany, and I don't want you to become a drag on our relationship. I hope you'd understand."

After some thought, Kate rolled her eyes around and decided to drop the matter. She knew that this was not the best time to act. If she were to chase Tiffany out right now, then she would be in for an ordeal. After all, Derrick was fixated on this relationship, and it would only make her the bad person if she came in between. What was more, Derrick might even revolt and walk out of the house, and this would be too much of a loss for her. Therefore, she decided to just watch and wait for now. She would be constantly on the lookout. When the timing was right, she would exploit every crack in their relationship and drive a wedge between them.

Kate relented after some deliberation. "Fine. Both of you can go ahead if that's what you want, but she'll have to meet our family's standards, else a breakup will be the only option for both of you. Then you'll have to marry Crystal."

"You have nothing to worry about, Mom. I'm sure Granddad will be fond of her. They have a lot in common—especially their temper."

Kate rolled her eyes and pursed her lips. "I don't care if your granddad likes her or not. She will have to learn the etiquettes if she wants to step into the family. Also, Amelia is Oscar's ex-wife. The Clintons have already spread words around asking people to keep an eye out for her, so she can't stay here anymore. I don't want her to be the reason for contention between the two families. You have no say over this matter because it concerns the whole family. Our family might be huge, but the Clinton family is no mean character either. You'll have to concede on this, or I'll inform them right away."

When Derrick heard that, he pondered in silence.

"Derrick?" Kate called him again since he did not reply. She thought he was going to take Amelia's side, but to her surprise, Derrick was sensible.

"I'll sort this out, Mom. You don't have anything to worry about," he said after some thought.

Kate wanted to add on, but before she uttered a word, she figured she should just let Derrick settle this on his own.

"Mom, I hope you'll at least try to get to know Tiff. Both of you are my two favorite people in the world," Derrick said earnestly.

"I'm sorry, Derrick, but as I said, Crystal is the only suitable candidate for you in my heart. This means I will never like Tiffany. I don't mind you dating her, but you'll have to marry Crystal. I'll never agree to you marrying Tiffany." With that said, she turned and left.

Behind her, Derrick fell into a profound silence as if he was contemplating something.

Kate left right after. Just as her arrival was abrupt, her departure was a quick one too. She bid Derrick farewell and had the driver send her to the airport after that.

Tiffany and Amelia stood outside the hall, watching her car pull off. "Let go inside," Derrick told them.

Tiffany sighed when the car was finally out of sight. "She's not satisfied with me, is she?"

Derrick caressed her cheek and flashed her a smile. "Don't fret about it. She just needs some time to come around. It's just a matter of time before she accepts you as my girlfriend."

Forcing a smile on her face, Tiffany uttered, "I don't think so, though. She has already chosen a wife for you. I bet she's annoyed I came out of nowhere and messed up her plan. She must hate me to her bones."

Derrick took a glance at Amelia and just smiled without saying a word.

Luckily, Amelia was quick to catch on. "Tiff, why don't you and Derrick spend some time together? I'll go check on Tony."

"I'll bring you upstairs," said Tiffany.

Amelia nodded, and they went upstairs. "Tiff, do talk things out with Derrick. Don't forget to ask him about Crystal, and see if she's really his fiancé. You don't want to be the other woman," Amelia reminded her after they reached the room.

"I will."

After Amelia went into the nursery, Tiffany went back to Derrick and suggested talking outside.

Hence, they went out into the garden for a breath of fresh air. "Derrick, who is Crystal to you? I'm your girlfriend now, so I don't want to be blindsided about anything. I don't want to be the last person to know about my boyfriend being engaged to someone else—that's if you are," Tiffany asked as they walked across the lawn.

Derrick stopped upon hearing her. He then turned her around to face him and looked at her searchingly. "Tiff," he said in all solemnity, "she's not related to me in any way."

Derrick then told her about his relationship with Crystal. Both their families had established ties since their great-grandparents' generation. Their great-grandfathers were old friends who stuck to each other through thick and thin. This friendly relationship continued after they passed on. There were even arranged marriages between the families during Derrick's grandfather's generation. Derrick's grand-uncle married one of the Halliwells, so they were considered relatives. Not long after Kate gave birth to Derrick, Crystal's mom gave birth to her. When Kate brought him to visit the Halliwell family, Derrick, who was still a boy back then, held onto baby Crystal's hand and said he wanted to marry her. Their parents were overjoyed when they saw this. That was how they ended up setting their marriage in stone. The two families had always seen

both of them as promised to each other, but after they grew up, Derrick felt no attraction toward Crystal.

He did not see her as a woman. On the contrary, Crystal grew fond of him as years passed. She had harbored unrequited feelings for him over almost thirty years, and it was hard for him to cut all ties with her. Derrick knew Crystal was just not the girl he wanted to marry. All this while, it was Crystal who refused to let him go.

“Tiff, I want you to know that I’ve never ever given her the idea that there was the slightest possibility between us. Trust me when I say there’s nothing going on between us. You’re the one I love, and I want to marry you one day,” Derrick reiterated after telling her everything.

Upon that, Tiffany’s heart was a mess. To be precise, she was jealous. What happened between Derrick and Crystal was way more dramatic than what went into her novels. Both of them were like childhood sweethearts. They had known each other for almost thirty years, and nothing could beat such a lasting relationship. Besides, Crystal was an attractive woman. Tiffany found it unbelievable that Derrick felt nothing for her at all.

“I see, so you guys have known each other since young, and everyone thought both of you were meant to be. I think it’s a pretty straightforward arrangement, though. Why do you still want to start a relationship with a girl you met halfway through your life when you have someone as good as her? Besides, she’s been with you since the very beginning.” Tiffany had no idea how sour she sounded right then.

A bright smile curved on Derrick’s lips when he heard jealousy seeping through her words. Tiffany rolled her eyes seeing that he was making fun of her.

Derrick immediately pulled her into his arms and chuckled deeply.

Still smiling, he rested his chin on Tiffany’s shoulder and asked, “Are you jealous?”

Tiffany snuggled in his arms and sighed. "I'm not. I just feel like your love life has been going smoothly all this while. Why do you want to change course? You know your mother doesn't like me. I don't even know what I should do to make her come around."

It pained Derrick to see her dispirited. "Don't worry about it, Tiff. What matters here is my feelings for you. My mother will give in in the end. She might look as if she's calculative and scheming, and you might think she's difficult to deal with, but she loves me more than you know. She will cave in the end."

Hopefully.

Tiffany could only wish.

Frankly speaking, Tiffany had her reservation before they started dating. She was apprehensive at first, but since she had already made up her mind to enter into this relationship, she would not give up just so easily. She had expected Kate's reaction, but when Kate actually showed up and expressed her disgruntlement, Tiffany still felt upset. While it was true that dating only involved two sides, marriage was a matter of two families. If they were to get married one day, she would want their marriage to last for life.

Tiffany shook her head, trying to shake off the negative emotions. She felt they should talk about something else. "By the way, I talked to Amelia just now, and we thought we should probably move. We've stayed here long enough, and we don't want to bother you anymore. Kurt has already found us a house. It's true that I'm your girlfriend, but we're not married yet. At the end of the day, I'm still not the rightful owner of this house, so don't try to change my mind. I don't want to be caged here like a pet forever. I know you'll say that whatever you have is mine, but we're still not legally married yet, so I think it's better to err on the safe side for now."

Derrick was at a loss for words. Tiffany had said it all.

She stole a look at him and continued, “Derrick, I want our relationship to be honest and clear-cut. I cherish this relationship. That is why I refuse to let money become a point of contention between us. I won’t be this calculating after we get married.”

Derrick saw the resolution in her eyes. He had no choice but to agree. “Alright. I promise to let you move out, but you’ll have to let me send you to your new place. I need to make sure you’re somewhere safe.”

Tiffany smiled faintly, nodding. “Okay. Now that you’re in Beshya, feel free to come over to my place.”

Not knowing whether to laugh or cry, Derrick touched her nose lovingly. “Ah... What should I do with you, huh? I had never allowed anyone to boss me around—not until I met you. How dare you break this unbending rule?”

“Do you regret dating me now? It’s still not too late, you know. We’re not married yet.” Tiffany giggled.

“I don’t regret anything. You’re stuck with me forever now.”

At that point, Tiffany was in a phenomenal mood. She smiled widely, giving herself over to the full enjoyment of this blissful moment.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 330

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 330 They Finally Met

Since Amelia and Tiffany were moving, Derrick saw to it that they had everything they needed. As for Rory, she did not know if she should leave with the ladies or stay back. After all, she was on Jeremy’s payroll and was hired to take care of Amelia in the first place.

She was utterly dumbfounded when she saw Derrick for the first time. Never in her life had she met someone so charming and handsome. He was so perfect it was as if he walked straight out of a fairy tale. The man took her breath away when she first saw him. She could hardly conceal the admiration in her eyes. In fact, she was so taken over by her infatuation Tiffany had to glare at her to ward her off.

Standing beside the car, Rory took another look at Derrick before turning toward Amelia. "Do you want me to go over and take care of you?"

Rory had her own hidden agenda. She was enthusiastic and dutiful, not because she actually felt reluctant to leave Amelia. It was because she knew working for them was the only way for her to see Derrick again. Since Derrick would choose someone who looked average, just like Tiffany, Rory figured she stood a chance with him as well. She told herself she just needed to put in some effort to attract his attention. Ultimately, her goal was to make it to the doorstep of a wealthy family and enjoy a good life. She wanted a life of material gratification.

She had worked hard her whole life for the day when she could finally realize her dream. In the later part, she met all sorts of rich people while she was serving Amelia. She first fell for Derrick, and then Oscar. She pulled many ridiculous tricks just to gain their attention, but she ended up making a joke out of herself every single time. After everything she went through, she came to the realization that marrying into an affluent family was not the only way to attain happiness. A plain and simple life could also bring happiness.

She understood this lesson late, but it was better late than never. She eventually married someone ordinary and enjoyed her simple family life with the people she loved. If she had insisted on staying in the circle of the rich, she would lose herself for wealth and materialistic pursuits, but all this happened much later.

Before Amelia could answer Rory, Tiffany beat her to it. "Rory, you're a college student. You can do much better than just being a caregiver. I already got Derrick to find you a job in Beshya. It's a secretary position at a huge advertising

company. You'll be working for the general manager. What do you think? I think this job is the best fit for you. Besides, the compensation is agreeable too. Six thousand a month is just the initial salary. It can only increase from there. And there will also be annual bonuses and other employee benefits. I can see you flourishing in this career if you try your very best."

Tiffany thought Rory would gladly take up this appealing offer. After all, this was not a chance that would come by easily. Rory had just graduated, so a job like this would be a much-coveted opportunity. To Tiffany, there was no reason why Rory would turn her down, but to her disappointment, the girl rejected this job without even a second thought.

Tiffany was appalled at Rory's decision. She was no idiot, and she knew exactly what plan the young girl was brewing in her mind. It was conspicuous what her intention was, but Tiffany did not want to expose her. She knew someone like Rory would turn out to be crooked if no one taught her a lesson. Someone should let her understand that her beauty should not be exploited as a tool for her to charm other men for the wrong reason.

Those successful men out there were not dimwits. They had seen a lot of women with the same tricks.

"I really appreciate your kindness, Tiffany, but I would rather stay with Amelia to take care of her. Besides, we have already signed a contract, and I haven't even served my term. So, I can't just leave and take up a new position with another employer. It has not even been a month, and I need to, at least, be professional," Rory said with a straight face, but to Tiffany, she sounded like she was writing a drama script.

Despite Rory's attempt to make everything sound reasonable, Tiffany squinted her eyes and looked at the girl carefully.

Rory quickly went over to hold Amelia by the arm, talking to her endearingly. "Amelia, I like you a lot, and I'm willing to go wherever you go. Can I follow you?"

Amelia, of course, knew from the start what Rory was playing at. She did not want to judge Rory at first because they had not known each other for long, but now that Rory had rejected Tiffany's offer, she understood everything. After all, she had spent so many years living among the Clintons. There was no way she would not see through this ploy.

She might have lost her sight, but she was still clear-headed. Even so, Amelia thought the girl had not done anything to harm her. Although Rory might have impure intention, she had not acted on it, so Amelia decided to just turn a blind eye. At the end of the day, Rory had just stepped into society, so it was understandable that she had her own naive thoughts and immature fixations. Amelia thought she would change her mind after experiencing the real world, that she would soon realize seducing men with her looks would only end up hurting herself.

Even at this point, Amelia still wanted to give Rory the benefit of the doubt. She did not want to make her into an utter villain because living like those people would be too pathetic.

"Rory, I think you should really consider taking up this job. The remuneration is good, and it's a prospective job. You know it's impossible for you to score a job at a company like this given your qualifications and work experience. Tiffany asked Derrick for a favor to help you land this job, so I do think you should just accept it. You're already in your twenties, and you can't be a caregiver your whole life. You've been responsible and dedicated in your service to me, and I really like you too. Hence, I hope only for the best for you."

A mysterious sheen glimmered in Rory's eyes, and a sweet smile quickly followed. "Amelia, nothing can sway my decision to stay by your side. Looking for a job can wait. It's not too late to start in two years' time. I know you care for me, but I really do want to be here for you. You've been so nice to me."

Seeing Rory's insistence, Amelia had no choice but to let her stay. Amelia could not pinpoint exactly what Rory would want to gain from staying with her. She was not part of the Clintons anymore, so there was hardly anything the girl could attain from her.

While the women were talking, Kurt had already got on the driver's seat, and Derrick sat beside him. Meanwhile, Amelia carried Tony and went into the car along with Tiffany and Rory after that.

The car pulled off from the villa with Kurt driving toward the city center. About half an hour later, they arrived at a neighborhood. This happened to be where Oscar and Julian came not long ago while they were looking for Amelia. It was not long before Kurt's car arrived that Oscar and Julian left.

Once the car stopped, Tiffany got off first. She turned around to help Amelia and carried Tony with her other hand. "Careful."

"Just take care of Tony, Tiff. I can manage. Rory's here to help me anyway," Amelia said, stepping out of the car warily.

"Alright. You watch out for yourself," Tiff replied before turning toward Rory. "You look after her."

The latter nodded submissively. "Sure. I won't let anything happen to Amelia, so don't worry."

The three women headed off toward the house while Derrick and Kurt stayed behind to get their bags and luggage off the car.

Rory shot Derrick a cursory glance as she helped Amelia to the house. Just a look at him was enough to make her cheeks flush and her heart flutter, yet she reminded herself that it was still too early for her to make a move on him.

Come on, Rory, you're a nobody. You don't deserve someone as flawless as Derrick. Wait, I shouldn't be thinking like this. Tiffany is not super pretty herself. Well, it's not that there's anything wrong with her. It's just that she's way too common compared to Derrick. He should be with someone of equal standing. He's good-looking, successful, and rich. Tiffany, on the other hand, is just a regular girl. She's not from an ultra-rich family either. She's just another Cinderella. If someone like her is able to get Derrick's heart, I should have an equal chance as well. I'm younger and prettier than her. I should believe in myself. Yes, I, Rory Sanders, deserve a man like Derrick.

For a moment, Rory seemed to have forgotten that love was not just about looks or ability.

While Rory was counting Tiffany's flaws in her mind, the latter was busy helping Tony and Amelia get to the apartment. She pressed the button on the elevator and waited for the door to open patiently. When it finally did, and two people walked out, Tiffany was startled. One of them was equally shocked when she laid eyes on Amelia.

Never in her life had Tiffany seen someone who looked so similar to Amelia. She leaned closer, asking, "Amelia, you have a sister?"

"Huh?" Amelia's gaze darted around aimlessly. "What are you talking about, Tiff? It's not like you don't know about my family. I don't have a sister."

Then who is this girl? She looks so much like Amelia!

When the two women walked out of the lift, Tiffany took the liberty to take a careful look at them. In fact, Oscar and Julian had met these two ladies before.

The one who resembled Amelia approached Amelia and spoke first. "Nice to meet you. I'm also Amelia, Amelia Hutton. I heard they say I look a lot like you. Now that I see you in person, I'm afraid I have no choice but to agree. Are you staying here as well?"

Amelia could not attest to what the woman said since she could not see anything. All she knew was the woman's voice sounded soothing and melodious.

Though Amelia was apprehensive, she still replied politely, "Hi, I'm Amelia Winters. I can't believe we have the same name! This must be fate. I'm sorry, but did you say we look alike just now?"

Amelia Hutton perused the girl before her, and a sense of pity rose in her heart. What a fine face if it wasn't for her blindness. Anyway, now that we've met, I can only say that it's meant to be. Who knows we might actually be related?

Of course, something this unusual could only happen in dramas.

"Indeed. We look identical. Do you mind if we exchange phone numbers? We're neighbors anyway, so we should hang out sometime. Besides, I really wonder if we're actually related to each other," Amelia Hutton said with a cheeky smile.

Amelia smiled and agreed to give her her phone number.

"Alright. I'll give you a call one of these days. Make sure you join us!" the new girl said.

"Sure thing."

"All right. I won't delay you two any longer. We'll get going," Amelia Hutton said before leaving with her friend. They bumped into Derrick and Kurt on their way out. As expected, Amelia Hutton was amazed by Derrick's looks, but she was purely impressed by his unbelievably exquisite appearance, unlike her friend, who squealed in excitement when she saw the men. Her friend was flabbergasted when she saw both Derrick and Kurt.

