

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 331

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

Chapter 331 He Is Better Than Oscar

Amelia and the others took the elevator to the tenth floor. Coincidentally, their unit was on the same floor as the unit the other Amelia had bought a few months ago.

Stopping in front of apartment number 1009, Kurt declared, "We're here." He then unlocked the door and gestured toward Amelia and Tiffany. "Go on in."

Tiffany took Tony from Amelia as the latter was helped into the apartment by Rory.

Kurt had purchased a five-bedroom apartment unit with an elegant and classy interior. Even Rory, who had lived in Derrick's villa for some time, could not contain the surprise and envy in her eyes. She discreetly glanced at Amelia, wondering why the other woman was so lucky. She's already a blind woman. Despite that, she still has so many outstanding men at her beck and call. As soon as she expressed that she didn't wish to live in the villa, one of them immediately bought such a luxurious apartment. The good fortune she has is what many women hope for but can never attain. Although she can be considered prettier, I'm younger, much livelier, and better at pleasing men. Unfortunately, I'm not as lucky as her to have never come across men like Derrick and Kurt, who willingly do everything for their ladies.

However, she failed to realize that not all beautiful women could get the attention of men if they did not have a unique inner beauty. A woman who could win a man's heart always seemed to have an attractive inner beauty. If she only depended on her physical appearance, the man would grow tired of her very soon.

After all, it was characteristic for men to get sick of a relationship after a certain period and find interest in other women.

"It's a beautiful place, Amelia, and in a different style compared to the villa. I'm sure you'll love it if you're able to see," Rory said, pretending to compliment the apartment casually.

Amelia shot her caregiver a warning look. For some reason, she was not too fond of Rory, and it had nothing to do with Rory's performance during this period. Rather, it was the latter's opportunistic ways that did not sit well with her.

Rory got the message and immediately put on a timid look. "I'm not mocking your blindness, Amelia. I just..."

A killjoy was the best word to describe the woman. She assumed that no one could tell that she was pointing out someone's flaws but did not realize that she was shooting herself in the foot.

Upon hearing that, Tiffany's face instantly turned grim.

Amelia's expression also stiffened. However, it faded as soon as it appeared. "It's fine. As long as you all like it," she said with a slight smile.

On the other hand, Kurt glanced at Rory as he remarked, "Go and tidy up the rooms. We did not hire you for your enjoyment. Also, please mind your words in the future. You should be tactful and don't assume that you can be brazen just because your employer is amicable. You may leave if you don't wish to work here anymore."

The caregiver's face paled at his words as her eyes flashed with hurt.

Tiffany adjusted Tony's position in her arms while giving Kurt a look of astonishment. She used to think that a taciturn man like him would not utter such harsh words. I see now. It's not that he doesn't have a temper, but rather, no one has ever crossed the line. It's clear to me now that his bottom line is Amelia.

Tiffany smirked, feeling her mood instantly lifted.

A woman like Rory needs to be taught a lesson. Otherwise, she'll assume that everyone has to give in to her.

Although Rory looked at Kurt aggrievedly, she was apologetic when addressing Amelia. "I really didn't mean it, Amelia. I'll go and tidy up the house. It's what I'm paid to do, after all. Please don't hate me. I'll get to work now."

After finishing her words, she hurriedly brought the luggage into the apartment.

"You guys, don't be too harsh on her or else you might upset her. She's still young and hasn't endured many hardships. Besides, it's not easy for her to make a living in a big city like Beshya. Let's take it one step at a time. I believe that she'll change her attitude for the better."

Tiffany hummed before replying, "Your kindness and consideration are the cause of her speaking out of turn all the time, Amelia. She truly thinks that everyone else is a fool apart from her. I hate people like her who become caregivers with the ulterior motive to climb up the social ladder."

Amelia chuckled upon hearing that. "There's nothing wrong with that. Any young girl would choose to find a rich husband over marrying someone poor. She'll think differently when she's in her late twenties, as the hardships of life will open her eyes to reality. So don't be too harsh on her and fuss over her matters. Others will give her a reality check."

Tiffany pursed her lips and didn't say anything further.

It was then that Kurt spoke up, "Let me take you to your room, Amelia. Let me know your thoughts on it. If it's not to your liking, you can choose another room."

Although there was a smile on Amelia's face, she discreetly shied away from his approach. "It's better if I go with Tiff so that you and Derrick can help Rory. She's a girl after all, and you two should act in a gentlemanly fashion."

Kurt's eyes dimmed a little when he heard that, but he quickly reverted to his usual stoic manner.

"All right," was his curt reply. He would carry out any instruction she gave and even commit a crime without blinking an eye if that was what she wanted.

While Kurt was carrying the luggage into the room he had prepared for Amelia, Derrick, who had been silently observing the apartment, suddenly said, "Tiff, Amelia, if you're not happy with the current caregiver, you may fire her. I'll arrange for two honest and more experienced caregivers."

His suggestion was overheard by Rory, who had just walked out of a room.

"Amelia," she uttered with some hesitance as she stared at Derrick with conflicting feelings.

Rory did not expect him to propose firing her all because of a mere joke she made just a while ago. His words affected her more than Tiffany's earlier remark on the same matter as it not only upset her but also dealt a huge blow to her self-esteem. It was rare for her to admire a man. However, that man had never once spared her a second glance and did not display even the slightest bit of reluctance to let her go.

Amelia turned her head toward the direction of the caregiver's voice. "Don't worry, Rory. He's merely joking. Go back to work. Since we've already signed the contract, I won't fire you unless you've made a big mistake."

Rory forced out a smile while tamping down her feelings of humiliation and indignation. "I'll head back to work, Amelia."

Tiffany waited until Rory had left before pursing her lips as she uttered, "Go and help Kurt, Mr. Hisson. I'll show Amelia around."

Derrick did as he was told. Meanwhile, Tiffany supported Amelia with one hand while carrying Tony with the other as they walked around the apartment. She pondered for a moment before asking, "Are you really planning on keeping Rory, Amelia? I can't bring myself to like her."

"You're usually a forgiving person, Tiff. If you were able to forgive those who had previously wronged us, why do you have to insist on chasing her away? It's not easy for her to earn a living in Beshya. It'll become a huge blow to her if we fire her without reason. After all, she didn't do anything wrong, did she?" Amelia replied with a smile.

Sensing that Amelia had no intention to fire Rory, Tiffany tactfully changed the topic.

"The girl we met downstairs really looks like you, Babe. Although you and Cassie had similar features, as soon as I saw her, I thought that you had magically appeared in the elevator," she commented when the other Amelia came into her mind.

Amelia fell deep into her thoughts at those words.

Tiffany, on the other hand, allowed her imagination to run wild. "Could it be that you were adopted and she's your biological sister?"

Amelia was amused by her best friend's line of thought.

"You're talking nonsense again, Tiff. I've never once thought that I was adopted despite my parents not treating me well. Although I long for a loving family, I know that my parents endured many hardships while raising me. Even if they don't wish for anything in return, I'm still grateful for what they've done for me."

Tiffany pursed her lips when she heard that but still said what was on her mind, "That's not what I meant, Babe. I just think that you both look alike, so there is a possibility that you're sisters."

Amelia merely shook her head and changed the topic.

"What do you think of this apartment, Tiff? Do you like it?"

"It's very spacious with five bedrooms and lavish furnishings. Other than the few sofas in front of the TV, there aren't any other obstacles. I'm guessing that Kurt's afraid that you'll trip on them, so he didn't get any additional furniture. He's very attentive and will make a good husband," she replied while giving Amelia a meaningful glance.

Amelia ignored her best friend's implication and simply replied, "He's indeed a good man. He'll definitely get himself a beautiful and obedient wife in the future."

Tiffany sighed internally. It seems like there's no point in acting as a matchmaker for time being.

"Let me show you around your room," she offered once again.

Amelia nodded in acceptance.

As soon as they entered the bedroom, Tiffany immediately noticed a large picture of Amelia hanging on the wall. In the photo, she was standing on a grassy plain facing the lake with her arms wide open as her hair fluttered gently with the breeze. It was the perfect picture of beauty and tranquility.

Although Tiffany could tell that it was taken at Derrick's villa, she had no idea when Kurt took it.

Spying the man entering with some luggage, she pointed at the picture and gave him a knowing look.

Instead of giving her a guilty look for being exposed, Kurt merely smiled as he casually hung some clothes into the wardrobe.

“There’s a lovely photo of you hanging on the wall, Amelia,” Tiffany mentioned deliberately.

“What photo?” Amelia asked curiously.

“You’ve to ask the photographer about this,” replied Tiffany while glancing at Kurt, who was pretending to unpack the luggage.

Amelia frowned in confusion upon hearing that. “Could you explain it more clearly, Tiff? What kind of photo is it?”

“I’m merely joking. I chose one of your prettiest photos from my phone and told Kurt to print it out. Your looks could rival a celebrity. It’s a lovely sight to behold from your bed,” teased Tiffany.

“Not again with another of your jokes, Tiff,” Amelia remarked with a laugh.

Tiffany shrugged in response.

Although she did not tell her best friend about the things that Kurt had done for the latter, her impression of the bodyguard had definitely changed for the better. If Amelia were to marry again in the future, I think Kurt would make a more suitable husband. Although his wealth and status could never be compared to Oscar’s, he’s more caring and attentive than the latter. He may be a man of few words, but he makes up for it through his actions. A man like him gives others a better sense of security, especially women who are indifferent toward love, such as Amelia.

She honestly thought that Kurt was more suitable for Amelia. After all, her best friend would also spare herself from dealing with the complicated relationships within the Clinton family by marrying him.

However, Tiffany knew that she had no say in Amelia’s relationship matters. At most, she could only offer her opinions. It was still up to Amelia to make the final decision. As a friend, she could not overly interfere in Amelia’s relationships.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 332

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 332 Empty-handed

And so Amelia officially moved into the apartment that Kurt had purchased for her. She and Tiffany had offered to pay him back, knowing that the apartment, which was situated in one of the prime locations in the center of Beshya, must

have cost the man millions at the very least. However, Kurt staunchly refused the offer whenever the topic came up. He repeatedly assured the two girls that the house was a gift and that money was not an issue.

It took some convincing, but Amelia and Tiffany eventually acquiesced and dropped the matter after realizing that Kurt had meant every word.

Meanwhile, Oscar was in the midst of tracking down his missing wife. Sitting behind the desk in his office, he steepled his fingers together as he waited for Hugo to report on the progress of the search. "Any news?"

The latter nodded. "I heard through the grapevine that Mrs. Hisson took a sudden trip to Beshya some time ago despite not having fully recovered from her illness, and she had kept the trip a secret from her husband. Apparently, it was to meet her son's new girlfriend. I've gathered information on said girlfriend. The descriptions of her matched that of Tiffany. What's more, following the trip, Mrs. Hisson has mentioned that she doesn't like the prospect of having a novelist as her daughter-in-law. Hence, it's highly likely that Derrick Hisson's girlfriend and Tiffany Winters are one and the same. She's currently staying in a villa owned by Derrick in Beshya."

Oscar's dark eyes drilled into the other man with laser-sharp focus. "Are your sources accurate?" There was an almost imperceptible tremor in his voice.

"Yes, sir."

Unable to sit still for another second, Oscar leaped to his feet. "Book me the next flight to Beshya."

Hugo was on it at once, fingers moving swiftly across the screen of his cell phone as he searched for the next available flight. Within minutes, the task was complete. "I've booked us tickets for a flight in two hours. Should we leave now?"

"Let's go," his boss said.

The duo took the elevator down to the lobby, where they bumped into none other than Isabella. Contempt flashed across Oscar's eyes as he saw her coming toward them, but he managed to school his expression into one of cool apathy.

"Ignore her," he told Hugo.

They walked past Isabella as if she was non-existent. Rather than taking the obvious hint, however, the latter was determined to make her presence known.

"Ah, if it isn't Oscar!" she greeted eagerly with a smile. "Where are you going?"

However, there was no response from Oscar. Without pausing in his stride, he gave Hugo a look. The bodyguard got the message immediately and extended an arm to stop Isabella from following his boss, who was making a beeline to the door.

The woman glared. "Move aside."

Hugo did not budge. "A word of advice, lady—keep your cheap, toadying ways to yourself. No one will take you seriously if you continue to be this shameless."

Isabella's face burned with anger and humiliation. Riled, she raised a hand to slap him in retaliation, but he caught her arm before the slap could be delivered.

She tried to break free but to no avail. The curious looks and whispers from the onlookers, many of whom were staff of Clinton Corporation, were making her increasingly embarrassed and affronted. "Let go," she demanded as haughtily as she could. "Are you Oscar's assistant or something? I'm going to tell Mrs. Clinton about this and get you fired."

"Like I care," Hugo said coldly as he released her and walked away without a backward glance.

Upset to see that her threat did not have the intended effect on the man, Isabella could only clench her fists, her pretty facial features warped in resentment. "What're you looking at?" she barked at the gossiping onlookers. "Mind your own damn business."

The staff who knew Isabella in Clinton Corporation agreed silently to what Hugo said. However, none dared to voice it aloud. They all knew that Isabella had connections and was in the good graces of Olivia. Objectively speaking, she was very good-looking and not lacking of suitors. If not for the fact that she was so fixated on Oscar, she would have long found someone who would be a good match for her.

Whatever happened to Isabella was the last thing on Oscar's mind. He had already forgotten the encounter with her as he and Hugo rushed to the airport. Fortunately, they got on the flight to Beshya just in time.

Once there, they headed straight to their destination—a villa located in the city suburbs. Having identified all of Derrick's properties in Beshya, Hugo was very certain that this was the one that housed Tiffany and Amelia.

Their car was stopped by the security officers stationed in front of the villa's gates. Hugo got out of the car to speak to the two men. Whatever he said had worked, and the officers granted entry to the car without further delay.

Oscar knocked on the door, which opened to reveal a wary-looking Jeremy. "Yes? How can I help you gentlemen?"

"Sorry for the unannounced arrival. I'm looking for my wife, Amelia Winters," Oscar said politely. "We had a fight a while ago, and she left with our child in a fit of anger. I was informed that she's currently staying here. Would you be able to let her know that I'm here? I would like to see her."

Jeremy gave the visitors a once-over. "I'm sorry, sir, but I have no idea what you're talking about," he said, adopting a confused look. "I've never heard of this

Amelia Winters. I'm hired by the owner of the villa to look after the house while he's away working in a different city. No one's staying here except the owner, and he doesn't even come here that often. There must be a misunderstanding. I do hope you find your wife, sir, but wherever she is, it's not here. If you don't believe me, you're welcome to come inside to take a look for yourself."

Oscar frowned slightly, though he maintained his gentle tone. "Well, in that case, I'll take you up on that offer." He cast a glance at Hugo, who went inside once Jeremy opened the door fully.

The latter looked on placidly as Hugo checked the rooms, coming out empty-handed after each round. However, by a stroke of luck, the bodyguard caught sight of a discarded photo under the bed in the last room. He bent down to pick it up, his eyes widening slightly when he realized that it was a photo of Amelia.

He pocketed the photo before leaving the room, acting as if nothing had happened. "No sign of Ms. Amelia, Boss," he said apologetically.

Oscar's jaw tightened, and his mouth was set in a hard line upon hearing the disappointing news. Regardless, he still remembered his manners. "I'm sorry for our intrusion," he told Jeremy quietly.

The butler assured them that all was well. After the pair left, he called Derrick right away to tell him what had just occurred.

Derrick expressed his approval of how Jeremy handled the matter. "You did well," he said. "One of them was, in fact, Amelia's husband, but that was in the past. They got a divorce a few months ago. He's only here to get custody of his son. Let the other servants in the villa know not to reveal anything related to Amelia. If any one of them breathes a word, not only would they be fired immediately, but I'd also personally ensure that they remain jobless in Beshya for a very long time."

"Certainly, Mr. Hisson," Jeremy replied dutifully. "Not to worry. I've already told all the maids here. They won't tell a soul about the two ladies."

"Good. See to it that it continues to be the case. I'll stay with Tiffany and Amelia till they've fully settled down, but I won't be going back to the villa after that. It's in your good hands. Feel free to invite your son and daughter-in-law for a stay if you want to. I've been entertaining the idea of gifting the villa to you anyway. You've been working for the Hissons for most of your life, and you deserve to be rewarded accordingly."

"I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Hisson," the butler said smilingly. "With all due respect, however, a villa is not necessary. I'll go live with my son and daughter-in-law after I retire in a few years. A villa is too grand a place to live for a humble family like ours. In any case, don't let me take up any more of your time, sir. I'll make sure to take care of everything over here."

Derrick nodded and hung up after a quick goodbye.

Meanwhile, in the backseat of a taxi speeding away from the villa, Oscar was looking out the window with dark eyes and an unfathomable expression.

It was then that Hugo showed him the photo. "Boss, I found this in one of the bedrooms in the villa."

Oscar gave it a fleeting glance, then did a double-take when he realized who it was in the photo. He snatched it from Hugo's hand, looking at the latter with raw hope in his eyes. "How did you get this?"

"I found it under the bed in the room," Hugo said. "It's just my speculation, but if Ms. Amelia's photo was there, it means that she must have some connections with Derrick, and his girlfriend whom everyone is talking about must be none other than Tiffany Winters."

Oscar was silent as he took in the bodyguard's words. All of a sudden, he smashed a fist into the seat, heedless of the surprised look the driver sent him through the rearview mirror.

"I gave specific instructions to monitor Derrick Hisson's movements closely," he said through gritted teeth. "Why did your men let him slip away under their noses? I'm not paying all of you to loaf around on your jobs. I was this close to seeing my wife today, but it turned out to be a fruitless endeavor. If any of you is even half as good as Kurt, this wouldn't have happened. I don't need useless men who couldn't even complete a simple surveillance task."

Hugo lowered his head. "I'm terribly sorry, Boss. I take full responsibility for this."

The outburst proved to be a cathartic release for Oscar. He took in a deep breath, pinching the bridge of his nose tiredly. "I just need you to do your job, got it?" The long search for Amelia was wearing him down both mentally and physically, and he had to rely on sleeping pills to help him rest at night.

He thumbed the photo of Amelia longingly. "I'll only say this one more time—keep a close watch on Derrick. I want my wife back," he murmured, closing his eyes. Perhaps calmed by her presence, albeit only in the form of a photo, Oscar's breathing evened mere moments later, and he fell into a slumber gradually.

"Drive slower," Hugo told the taxi driver when he noticed the peaceful countenance of his boss. "Feel free to take a detour. I'll pay double the fare." It was the first time in ages since he saw Oscar sleep so well during a car ride, and he was not about to interrupt such a hard-to-come-by rest.

"No problem," the driver answered carefully.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 333

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 333 Mixed Feelings

After the call with Jeremy, Derrick wasted no time in pulling his girlfriend aside to tell her what had happened, "Oscar managed to find his way to the villa earlier."

"You're kidding." Tiffany gasped. "How did Oscar find your place so quickly?" Wide-eyed, she quickly clasped a hand over her mouth and looked around for Amelia, breathing a sigh of relief when she saw that her friend was not around. "You're not pulling my leg, are you, Mr. Hisson?" she asked dubiously in a low voice.

Amused, Derrick stroked her hair in a tender gesture. "I wouldn't lie to you, you know that. Anyway, don't think too much about it. Oscar may have found his way to the villa, but there's no proof that you two lived there. Jeremy and the other servants won't tell him about Amelia. Although I have to say, I'm a little surprised that he found the place so quickly. His connections exceeded my expectations. It's a good thing you girls moved before he got there."

Tiffany mulled over his words with a pensive expression. A part of her wondered if her boyfriend's mother, Kate, had something to do with how fast Oscar located the villa. It's such a coincidence that shortly after Mrs. Hisson left Beshya, Oscar made his way here... It's hard to believe she's not involved.

"What's the matter?" Derrick asked with a smile. "Why're you looking at me like that?"

Tiffany was about to voice her speculations but swallowed what she had to say at the last second. "It's nothing," she said instead. "I'm just wondering how long we have here before Oscar finds this place too."

Inwardly, however, she let out a sigh. Geez, why must this man pursue us so relentlessly like we're criminals on the run? I can't figure Oscar out. Why would he agree to let Amelia have custody over their son in the first place, only to do a complete 180 and try to get Tony's custody now? What is he thinking?

The slightly petulant look on her face must have given Derrick an idea of her train of thought. "It's just my two cents worth," he said, carefully weighing over each word, "but it might not be such a bad thing for Oscar and Amelia to see each other again. It's clear that he's making every effort to find her. The amount of energy, money, and manpower expended must be pretty impressive. I don't think he's doing that just because he wants child custody, just as I don't think Amelia is over him. She may seem okay, but there were times I overheard her mumbling to herself about Oscar. I can see that they both still have feelings for each other, so they shouldn't give up on this relationship easily. I'm a firm believer that love can triumph all."

Tiffany listened quietly, looking simultaneously thoughtful and moved by the man's words.

Derrick met and held her gaze, looking deeply and lovingly into her eyes. At that moment, everything else was forgotten, and it was just the two of them, enclosed in their own little world.

As the two exchanged a smile, Derrick gently ran the back of his hand along Tiffany's face.

Rory, who happened to step into the living room, witnessed the tender moment between the couple. Jealousy burned hot and bright in her chest as she watched someone else enjoying the undivided attention and affection from the man of her dreams.

Unaware that she had become a thorn in Rory's side, Tiffany broke the silence and said, "Well, I did think about leaving behind a trail of breadcrumbs that'll lead Oscar to us. But Amelia... She can be very stubborn sometimes, and she has her dignity and pride to maintain. It won't end well for her to see Oscar now."

Derrick held her hand and squeezed it comfortingly. "It's all right. I understand."

Still, Tiffany could not help but dwell on the situation. Unfortunately, the more she tried to analyze it, the more confused she grew. While she no longer clung to the view that Oscar's goal of pursuing them was to get custody over Tony, she was equally uncertain that it was because he wanted to get back together with Amelia. But I can't afford to take any risks. What if it ends up being a ruse and he does in fact only want to keep Tony? It'll be a devastating outcome for Amelia.

Chewing her lip in worry, she asked, "Mr. Hisson, be honest with me. Do you really think that Oscar still loves Amelia? I don't want him to find Amelia just so he could take Tony away from her. Neither Amelia nor I am capable of doing anything if that's the case. We aren't as rich or powerful as the Clinton family, after all."

Derrick said nothing for a brief moment as he recalled that day when he had a meal with Oscar. The latter's determined look was still fresh in his memory. He could tell that Oscar was in deep. There was no way that the man was not still head over heels for Amelia.

With that, Derrick nodded firmly. "I'm very sure he's still in love with her. Oscar is a man who has all the money and power one could only dream of, so he doesn't have to do anything that he isn't willing to. The fact that he invested all resources into finding Amelia means something. Frankly speaking, child custody is really not that important in the eyes of the rich and powerful like the Clintons. With money like that, the Clinton family has plenty of other options. Adoption, surrogacy... The list goes on. In my opinion, if Tony's mother weren't Amelia, Oscar wouldn't even have cared this much."

His words assured and saddened Tiffany in equal measures. She looked at her boyfriend with a hint of melancholy in her eyes. The rich and powerful, huh? Derrick's in that circle too. Does it mean that he wouldn't care if we were to have a child together?

"What's wrong" the subject of her scrutiny asked.

"It's nothing..." Tiffany lowered her gaze, deciding to keep the thought to herself. We only just started dating. It's too soon to talk about marriage and children anyway.

As if reading her mind, Derrick's expression turned serious. He hooked a finger under her chin and gently tilted her face up. "Tiff," he said solemnly, "don't you understand what I mean? I'm saying that if a man loves a woman, he'll love the child he had with her. I love you, and I'm serious about our relationship. If we ever have children in the future, I'll love them because you're their mother."

The impassioned statement had Tiffany blushing furiously. There were butterflies in her stomach. "I... I'm going to check on Amelia," she stammered out an excuse before rushing away in an attempt to cover up the sudden shyness she felt.

Derrick chuckled and watched her go with a tender expression. However, the look melted away into displeasure when he caught Rory nearby. The girl was pretending to wipe the coffee table while surreptitiously glancing his way.

Instantly, a frown crept up on his face. He had never liked Rory and her ilk, who were essentially gold-diggers, trying to leverage on their youth and beauty to secure a rich husband.

Hence, he remained standoffish to Rory. Unfortunately, the aloofness only served to make him more desirable in the girl's eyes, and she was already fantasizing about how to get him to notice her more.

Meanwhile, Tiffany was alone in the bedroom with Amelia after Kurt left with a sleeping Tony in his arms.

"Amelia," she called softly and sat down on the bed next to her friend.

"Hey, what's up? Why aren't you spending time with your boyfriend?" Amelia smiled, teasing gently.

"He's busy with something," Tiffany said, coming up with a random excuse. She bit her lip in uncertainty, silently debating with herself whether to spill the beans about Oscar's visit to the villa. "Amelia, I..."

On the one hand, ignorance is bliss... But on the other hand, Amelia has a right to know. It'll only make things worse for everyone if Oscar does find her and catches her by surprise.

Amelia sensed the hesitation in her friend's voice. "Tiff, what is it? You know you can tell me anything."

"Well... Okay, I do have something to tell you. You have to promise to stay calm though."

The serious tone had Amelia sober up. She took a deep breath before saying, "Okay. Whatever it is, I'm ready to hear it."

Inwardly, she was mentally preparing herself in the event that Tiffany was here to deliver bad news about the blood clot in her brain. While she would have accepted it if her condition had worsened, she could not help but worry about her son.

"Tiff, if anything happens to me, please send Tony back to the Clintons," she said quietly. "He's Oscar's son and the family's firstborn. They'll raise him well, I'm sure."

Knowing her friend had misunderstood the situation, Tiffany hurriedly assured her, "No, Amelia, that's not what I was going to say. It's just that... Oscar came to Beshya today. He found Derrick's villa and went there to look for you."

Amelia's eyes widened slightly as she had not expected to hear about Oscar from Tiffany.

Her chest tightened, awash by a myriad of feelings she found hard to suppress.

It took her several moments before she could find her voice again. "He's really here? Let me guess. It's to get me to hand over child custody, isn't it?" A bitter smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. In her opinion, it was the most likely reason why Oscar was looking for her, especially since he had already hooked up with another woman. She was not so conceited to think Oscar was so smitten with her that he would travel all the way to Beshya just to fix their relationship.

A part of her had always been unconvinced that Oscar loved her as much as she did him. He wouldn't have gotten together with Isabella so soon after our divorce otherwise. The notion that he had slept with Isabella left a bitter taste in her mouth. It's so ironic... I backed out because of Cassie, but it was ultimately Isabella who got together with Oscar. What a classic tale of two dogs fighting for a bone while a third runs away with it.

She chuckled self-deprecatingly. Oh well. It's over now. I already divorced him, after all. There's no point being melodramatic about it.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 334

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

Chapter 334 She Merely Lost Her Eyes

"Are you all right, Babe?" asked Tiffany, as Amelia's ever-evolving mood got her quite concerned.

Amelia appeared rather grim once she recollected herself. "I'm fine. Don't worry about it."

Tiffany clasped her friend's hand between her own palms. "I'm sure it's nothing. Even though Oscar went to the villa, I'm quite positive that Jeremy and the others wouldn't divulge anything that they shouldn't."

That yielded a shake of the head and a subdued smile from Amelia. "I'm okay. It's just that after so many months, I wasn't expecting him to still be finding me. Could Tony really be so important to him that he wouldn't even grant me my only wish?"

All Tiffany understood was that Amelia might be under some degree of misapprehension. "Babe, doesn't it occur to you that perhaps he might actually not be completely over you?"

Amelia disagreed and replied with some poignancy, "I know my own place. He's already got Isabella, and they are perfectly suited for each other, so I assume that he wouldn't be pandering over some woman who left without a word."

In actuality, Amelia was lacking in self-esteem way before she lost her sight. Even though she did her best to adopt a cheerful disposition, it would be disingenuous to claim that she was wholly unaffected by her own physical impairment. However, her mood had been mostly stable, and what had transpired did not make her temperamental. As far as that went, she was already managing the situation better than most.

She handled herself well compared to those who unexpectedly lost their sense of sight, or at least, the optimism she exuded sometimes led others to forget the fact that she was blind.

Tiffany hesitated when she regarded Amelia's unfocused gaze. "Have you considered the possibility that Oscar might be going to this extraordinary length to locate you simply because he wants you back?"

That caused Amelia's body to stiffen momentarily, and then she eked out a bitter smile. "I can't see anymore. When he could practically have any woman he wants, someone like myself won't be good enough for him."

When it came down to it, it was her own inferiority complex that ultimately convinced her that her disability made her unfit for the seemingly perfect Oscar. The standout of a man was like the glorious sun that stood in stark contrast to the dying star that was herself. To her, clamoring to remain by his side would be unbecoming.

Tiffany's brows creased into a furrow. "You're a great person, Babe. I forbid you to think less of yourself."

"I'm already blind, Tiff. I can't even get myself to the restroom without help, and I am also dependent on Kurt and you to take care of Tony should he gets sick. Someone like me..." Amelia's smile belied a hint of emptiness in her tone.

"Amelia." Tiffany was not amused, and she was having none of it.

"Everything that I've said is the truth laid bare, Tiff, and I've made my peace with it, really," Amelia countered gently.

"Stop putting yourself down like this. You've great qualities. Otherwise, you wouldn't have had so many guys who were into you," Tiffany replied in protest.

Amelia shrugged her off in good humor before she stood herself up from the bed, resolved to move on from the topic. "Could I get a little help, Tiff? I'd like to get some air over by the window."

Tiffany gladly complied. She pushed the windows out when they got there, and Amelia quietly let the coolness of the breeze that entered caress her own face.

That seemed to have lifted the latter's spirits as it showed on the corner of her lips. "Things aren't actually too bad for me right now, Tiff. I have a steadfast friend like you. Tony is growing well day by day, and..." She allowed herself to take a moment before she continued, "There's also Kurt. Do help me to set him up with a gentle and thoughtful girl. He's been nothing but good to us, so I don't want to impose upon him any more than I already have."

Tiffany glanced over and sighed.

"How is Kurt not good enough, Babe? Why won't you give him a chance?" Tiffany saw that as her opening to bring up a past conversation.

Amelia placed a hand on her own chest. "You've already learned how to love someone, Tiff, and also experienced what that felt like. Hence, you ought to understand that once you have someone in your heart, there will no more room for another. Even if it's no longer possible between Oscar and myself, I can only regard Kurt as a dear friend and nothing more."

"Forget it. Have it your way." The resigned Tiffany relented in finality.

When she turned toward the doorway and expectantly spotted the stone-faced Kurt standing there, Tiffany shrugged and conveyed her thoughts to him by mouthing them. "Not that I don't want to help, Kurt. I've already done what I could. You should know that you've got to be patient as you've got your work cut out trying to woo this one."

Conversely, the man turned his attention to Amelia. His previously staid eyes appeared more distant than before.

He continued to regard her silently before he made his approach. Tiffany then whispered softly, "Kurt's here."

That caught Amelia slightly off guard.

Kurt came briskly before Amelia and regarded her intently. "How are you settling in so far?"

She acknowledged him with a nod and a smile. "It's been quite pleasant here. I can still sense things even though my eyes cannot see, so thank you for your thoughtfulness, Kurt."

Her response seemed to soften the steely expression on his face. "That's good to know. I can go find another place if you are not comfortable here."

Amelia quickly shook her head. "There's no need to go to all that trouble. I think it's great here. After all, property prices in Beshya aren't exactly the most affordable, and a spacious unit like this couldn't have been cheap. Since you bought it only because of Tiff and me, it's only right that I pay you back."

"That won't be necessary," declined Kurt flatly.

Amelia's consternation then showed on her exquisite features.

"This house is expensive, Kurt. I can't..."

"We're friends, Amelia, and considering that Tony's my godson as well, you don't have to stand on ceremony with me. The way I see it, material purchases are trivialities. To be honest, prior to our meeting, I have amassed quite a fortune over the years and really have no idea how to spend it. But now, I'd gladly splurge on Tony and you." Those words might seem frivolous, but they came across as sincere with the way Kurt communicated them.

Amelia was a little perplexed and also somewhat pressurized by Kurt's openness about his romantic overtures.

His attempts, forceful yet gentle at times, felt like a meticulously weaved net steadily cast over her. It stealthily entrapped her and left her feeling overwhelmed.

She instinctively took a step back. "You don't have to do this, Kurt, because frankly, this is becoming kind of stressful for me."

The look in Kurt's eyes alluded to his mild disappointment, but nevertheless, he responded in earnest, "I'm sorry for putting you in such a position, but I'm not giving up. As long as you remain single, I will continue to be hopeful."

With that, he made straight for the exit.

Amelia's trepidation was obvious. "Kurt..."

"He's gone, Babe," Tiffany helpfully pointed out.

She could not help but quietly bemoan as she looked upon Amelia. Sometimes, being the subject of unwanted attention could make being unlucky in love seem preferable in contrast.

A flummoxed Amelia turned to Tiffany and blinked her unfocused eyes several times haplessly. "Why do you think Kurt fancies me?" How could he have fallen for her, seeing that they had never been intimate in any manner before?

This was something that Amelia had never been able to wrap her head around, and she doubted that she would be able to handle any more emotional debt in view of everything that was already on her plate.

Tiffany reached over and tidied up her friend's fringes. "Don't fret your little head over it, Babe. There wouldn't be as many men and women who are tormented by love if it's so easy to rationalize."

"I don't want to become indebted to Kurt," Amelia exhaled in despondence.

"Don't be like that. I think he's committing himself quite willingly."

"It's precisely for that reason that I can't put him through this. He's a good man, but it's impossible between us. As such, I shouldn't be leading him on."

With a frown, Tiffany persisted. "On top of being pretty cute, Kurt's highly skilled and also very capable financially. Even though he might have brushes with danger at times while out on missions, he still comes across as being very dependable. Why won't you consider it? It's not as if he can't hold a candle to Oscar. A major plus is that he doesn't come with the family baggage Oscar has. You can't get any better than that, Babe."

"You're quite the gifted Pandarus, Tiff. If only you aren't so fixated on pimping out your own friend for your first dealing," the hapless Amelia responded genially.

Tiffany then feigned offense and proceeded to attack Amelia in her sensitive spots. The other woman, who was very susceptible to ticklishness, howled, "I'm sorry, Tiff. I won't do it again." Amelia sought a desperate retreat while she begged for mercy.

Tiffany started to burst out laughing as well. "Call me Pandarus, will you? What a callous girl you are! Truly, it saddens me that you'd even question my intentions while my hair is fast turning white just worrying for your future happiness here."

After messing around for some time, the two finally collapsed together on the bed in exhaustion.

"It's been a long time since we last loosened up like that, right, Babe?" said Tiffany as she tried to catch her breath.

"Too long." That felt nostalgic to Amelia as well. After graduation, they dove right into their journeys as rookies in the workforce. They bungled their way through that dog-eat-dog world they were in, leaving themselves without space to slow down and take stock. Had it not been for the setup that happened, perhaps they might both still be struggling inside the corporate arena, trying painfully to keep their heads above water. Perhaps then, she might not have

gone through that five bittersweet years of marriage with Oscar as well. It was also quite probable that Tiffany would not have left the corporate world to become the celebrated author she was now; adored by countless readers and whose published novels were hailed as instant classics.

The way that incident reshaped the fates of both Tiffany and herself left her wondering whether she should hate Faye or thank her for everything she did. If it were not for the latter's machinations back in the day, perhaps they would both still be caught up with scrapping tooth and nail for meager earnings.

The wheels of fortune are in constant motion. In retrospect, what appeared to be a crisis could very well turn out to be a welcome opportunity.

That being said, she felt somewhat grateful to Faye, for it was the latter who brought about her meeting with Oscar, which subsequently led to their union as man and wife. Even though it was only on paper and they inevitably ended up divorcing, it gave her a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to experience the greatest love of all. With that, she could see herself dying without regrets.

Tiffany suddenly recalled something amusing. "Babe, I just remembered how you looked when you began working. So fresh-faced with your two braided pigtails and no makeup, you were so fair-skinned too. If anyone told me that you'd become an alluring beauty that no one could take their eyes off in a few years, I'd definitely smack the heck out of them for daring to mar your innocence with the notion of sexiness. Then out of nowhere, you started dressing more fashionably and becoming prettier and more sensual in the process. However, we both seemed to have lost the purity and carefreeness of youth."

Meanwhile, Amelia held her silence.

She, too, reminisced about the times when she was younger and oozing with naivety. Regardless of how much she resembled Cassie on the outside, her gradual gravitation toward Oscar perhaps spurred her own subconscious desire to transform herself and to shake off the burden of being Cassie's doppelganger. Deep down, she simply did not want to exist as the latter's substitute.

The smiling Tiffany sat upright. "Enough of that. Being alive and well and living in relative comfort already makes us better off than most people, so what more can we ask for?"

Amelia's lips curled into a smidgen of a smile.

Indeed, apart from losing her sight, she found little else to complain about. Fate merely took away one amongst many things that she most cared about. With everything else that mattered still firmly within her grasp, she really did not seem to have too much cause for dissatisfaction.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 335

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 335 Making His Move

Having stayed over for four days, Derrick was prepared to return home. "I'm going to head back, Tiff," he said after breakfast while he wiped his lips with a napkin.

The silverware stiffened between Tiffany's fingers when she heard that. All of a sudden, the previously enjoyable breakfast she was having had lost its appeal.

Emotions rushed up inside her like a tidal wave while she looked toward Derrick. The more time they spent dating, the more she became like other women who were in love, demonstrating a reluctance to be apart from the man she loved.

"So soon?" The expression of longing that might be commonplace elsewhere was a bit of an anomaly when it evoked on Tiffany's face.

"The company has negotiations for two more television adaptations that I'd be handling, so I have to get back earlier to make preparations. Take care of yourself when I'm not around. Remember to eat on time and don't skip your meals just because you're rushing a manuscript. Also, the adaptation rights to your previous novel have been firmed up, and we'll be getting the top stars in the country to take up the male and female lead roles. Shooting will commence in six months, and once that has wrapped up, I'll be turning my focus to marketing. Rest assured that your fame will only grow once the production airs, and you, my girlfriend, can surely consider yourself amongst the finest writers by then."

Though those words did not count as sweet nothings, they were more than music to her ears.

A discernible hot flush washed over Tiffany's cheeks as she moved to remind him, "Have a safe flight and remember to call when you arrive. Know to balance things and don't push yourself too hard. Have your meals with regularity. Also, do call me whenever you can find the time."

Tiffany rambled a bunch, but Derrick was all smiles as he listened. He did not express any overt aversion to it even though what she said was largely irrelevant.

Only after they were done being lovey-dovey did Derrick regard Amelia in earnest. "Tiff, Amelia, Oscar has already found his way to my villa in Beshya. I think he may be onto me, so it may no longer be convenient for me to come back here. Both of you have to be careful, and be sure to call Jeremy should you ever need anything. He has worked at the Hissons for decades now and has proven himself smart and capable. On top of that, his extensive connections throughout Beshya means he should be a tremendous asset to you."

That left those at the dining table with mixed feelings as made visible on their troubled faces, with Amelia feeling especially guilty because of the numerous sacrifices Tiffany had to make on her account.

"Why don't you follow Derrick back, Tiff? I think Oscar will be too preoccupied to question why you've returned if you go back quietly. Should he ever run into you, you can tell him that we've already fallen out and that you have no idea where I've taken Tony. With Derrick's protection, he shouldn't be able to do anything to

you." After some consideration, Amelia proposed what she thought would be the most ideal solution to their predicament.

Whatever traces of the wistfulness that might be present within Tiffany's heart immediately dissipated when she heard what Amelia said.

She became slightly somber. "What's that supposed to mean, Babe? Are you trying to chase me away?"

Amelia was nonplussed. "You know that I don't mean it that way, Tiff. It's so hard for Derrick and you to finally come together, and time is what you need at this very moment to foster your relationship. There's no need for you to whittle your days away here with a blind bat like me. Besides, you can't possibly be by my side all the time as you'll eventually have to get married and start a family of your own."

Tiffany took a deep drawl as she tried to settle her own emotions.

That was when Derrick offered up a timely interjection, "It'll be good for Tiff to stay here with you, Amelia. Considering how close she is to you, she'd be worried and unhappy if I were to drag her off somewhere else, so it's just as well that she stays to take care of you and I fly back whenever possible. As the adage goes, absence makes the heart grow fonder. It'll make our time together that much more precious."

Once again, Amelia's attempt to speak was hijacked by Tiffany.

"I like Beshya, Babe, and I think that it's a nice place to settle down in. Derrick has also talked about relocating the publishing company office here. After all, Beshya's a major city and a gathering place for outstanding talent. Thus, shifting here could be better for the company's development," Tiffany explained.

Amelia wanted to respond, but again, Derrick spoke up before her, "It's as Tiff put it, Amelia. It really is my intention to establish a branch office, and Larson Group also has a branch office set up in Beshya. In the future, I'll have an increasing number of opportunities to make work trips here. You don't have to worry about the distance affecting my relationship with Tiff because I'm serious about her, and we'd be looking to tie the knot when the time is right."

Amelia breathed a sigh of relief as she was genuinely concerned that her presence would drive a wedge in the relationship Derrick and Tiffany had worked so hard to build together. Knowing that the two of them already had their own plans mapped out did help to lessen her unease.

In fact, it was Tiffany herself who helped to pack Derrick's luggage. She had already gotten that out of the way the day before once she learned that Derrick would be leaving. Nevertheless, hearing about it that day still proved difficult for her. That was why she deliberately took things slowly in the hope that it could delay Derrick's departure.

However reluctant she was, she had to let him go when the time for him to leave approached so that he could get to the airport in time.

After Tiffany sent him to the airport, she held him tightly. "Take care, and call me when you get there."

Derrick ran a hand through her hair. "Cheer up now. I'll be back in Beshya sooner than you realize."

Tiffany withdrew herself from her man's embrace, then without regard for the urbanites who passed them, she stood on her tiptoes and planted a kiss upon his cheeks. "Hold it together should Oscar come calling. Don't let him in on Amelia's whereabouts."

"Don't you trust me on this?"

Tiffany shook her head.

"I do, but I'm worried that Oscar will deliberately implicate the publishing company that you worked so hard to build up because of Amelia," she replied with a frown.

Derrick dotingly stroked her nose and laughed. "Don't worry. Your man isn't such a pushover. I'll give Oscar a good run for his money."

They held off their goodbyes for as long as they could before Derrick finally passed through security and boarded the plane.

Afterward, Tiffany drove back to the apartment. Rory approached the moment she spotted her pulling up. "You're back, Tiffany. Is Derrick, I mean Mr. Hisson, already on the flight home?"

Tiffany shot her a look. "You're just a caregiver, Rory. Don't you think you're being a little too nosy?"

That left Rory looking discomfited.

Tiffany then walked right past her and into the room to check in on Amelia.

Once in the room, Tiffany chuckled when she saw Tony on the bed practicing turning himself over.

Amelia's ears perked up, and she asked affably, "Is that you, Tiff?"

Tony was happily playing on his own when Tiffany approached. She picked him up and fiddled with him. "Tony's put on some weight again, Babe. I can totally see him becoming a pudgy little boy if he keeps this up, but he's going to be the most handsome one there is."

The boy was indeed growing fast, and his features were becoming more exquisite as his face elongated.

"He definitely has an appetite, but things should improve when he starts to gain height," replied Amelia assuredly.

Tiffany plopped herself down beside her friend while she continued to play with the baby in her arms. "What was on your mind just now, Babe?"

"It's nothing. I just thought about how nice all of you've been to me and how there's nothing I could do to repay you guys," said Amelia as she shook her head.

"What's up with this melancholy, silly." The amused Tiffany laughed.

Amelia laughed as well, except an inexplicable sorrow crept up on her as she did.

She held Tiffany's hand and regarded her solemnly. "Call Derrick when he gets off his flight later and ask him not to pit himself against Oscar anymore. As the Clintons rule the roost there, it will not bode well for Derrick's company should he oppose Oscar. There's no reason for him to risk ruining his life's work for an outsider like me."

Tiffany eked out a consoling smile. "Babe, you must have faith that Derrick has what it takes to counter Oscar and trust that he'd be fine. I will not allow the Clintons to snatch Tony away from you either, as he is very dear to all of us."

Amelia remained ill at ease as the Clintons continued on the up and up while she had already lost her sense of sight. Hence, she had a hunch that Oscar would eventually track her down no matter where she went. What did she even have at her disposal to resist them with when that time arrived? On account of her disability alone, the prospect of the judge awarding her legal custody over Tony bordered on the impossible.

Beneath her calm veneer, Amelia was panicking inside. She feared that the motivation behind Oscar's dogged search for her was merely to recover baby Tony whom she had quietly spirited away. Once behind the impenetrable walls of the Clinton residence, she was afraid that she would never have another chance to lay her eyes upon her son again.

Judging from the awful expression on Amelia's face, Tiffany had a good guess as to what was bothering her friend. Seeing how aggressive Oscar had been, she too was secretly concerned for Derrick and worried about the lengths Oscar might go to get Amelia's location from him.

On both sides were the people she cared for the most. She did not want to see Amelia hurt, nor did she wish for their initial act of willfulness to lead to the ruination of the career Derrick had painstakingly established for himself.

Tiffany was in a dilemma.

Elsewhere, Derrick had barely stepped off his flight when he found himself intercepted by two men in black and ushered to a car. After which, he calmly followed and settled himself into the back seat. "Gentlemen, should I not at least expect a name since your boss is inviting me over for a chat?"

If the men heard his query, they offered no response to it.

Derrick did not press further, and he uncharacteristically refrained from putting up any semblance of resistance. That was because he was quite certain that Oscar was the one behind this. It took him a little by surprise how quickly the latter was able to have someone move on him the moment he alighted, and it occurred to him that Oscar might be becoming impatient.

Derrick scratched his chin. The chance to cross paths with someone who was sharp brought out that long-dormant competitiveness within himself. He had been aware of Oscar's fame for some time and lamented the fact that they never had the opportunity to collaborate owing to a difference in business direction. Now that a chance to cross swords had presented itself, he was keen to witness for himself the capabilities of the one hailed as the wizard of the corporate world by those old foxes.

He was practically rubbing his hands in anticipation of their meeting.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 336

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 336 Face Off

The two men dressed entirely in black drove the car into the gateway of a grand villa. Upon arriving at the entrance, one of the men opened the door for Derrick. "Mr. Hisson, we've arrived. Please exit the car," he uttered in a cold voice.

Following the man's instructions, Derrick made his way out of the car and tidied his rumpled clothing. A teasing smile formed on his face when he noticed the luxurious villa. "It looks like your boss sees me as a valued guest. I was under the impression that I would be locked in a dark, dingy cell. Is he being more benevolent because I'm the head of a publishing company?"

When they heard Derrick's casual remark, the corners of their mouths twitched. It was the first time they saw someone who remained so composed despite being invited to the villa.

Is he truly so bold? Or is he just foolishly conceited?

Nonetheless, their stony facades did not crack. "Mr. Hisson, please enter. Our boss is waiting for you."

Derrick nodded at them before he strode into the villa.

Hugo, who had been notified of Derrick's arrival, was already waiting for the latter in the lobby. "Mr. Hisson, please follow me upstairs. Our boss is waiting for you," he called out cordially.

With what seemed like a smile, Derrick glanced at Hugo and said, "I can't believe you guys hosted such a grand welcoming ceremony for my arrival. I'm afraid I'm undeserving of it."

Hugo did not appear amused by Derrick's joke. "Mr. Hisson, you should head upstairs. Our boss is not a patient man."

Without another word, Derrick followed Hugo's instructions. Although he had been forcibly brought here the moment he landed, Derrick's nonchalance made it seem as if he was a distinguished guest of this villa.

As Derrick entered the study, he instantly caught sight of a broad-shouldered silhouette standing by the window. The corners of his lips twitched upwards slightly. It looks like my predictions were correct. Who else would it be if not Oscar Clinton?

"Mr. Clinton, this truly calls for celebration. What a coincidence that our paths crossed again." Derrick clapped his hands in delight. It sounded as if he had just reunited with his long-lost friend.

Oscar turned around and sized Derrick up before pointing toward the sofa. "Take a seat."

Derrick did as he was told. "Since you went through all this trouble to bring me here, I'm assuming you didn't do it just to catch up with me," Derrick said as he raised his brows.

Oscar handed him the picture he had received from Hugo. "One of your men must have informed you that I dropped by your villa in Beshya. This is the picture I found whilst I was there. Would you care to explain?"

When Derrick noticed the photograph of Amelia that was handed to him, his eyes darkened. Yet, his dark gaze vanished as quickly as it appeared. "Mr. Clinton, would you believe me if I told you that I've secretly been in love with Amelia all these years? I instructed someone to take this picture in secret so that I could gaze at it and relieve my lovesickness," he remarked with a smile.

Immediately, Oscar shot him a warning glare.

Derrick merely shrugged. "Even after I've spoken the truth, you refuse to trust me. What else can I say to explain it?"

A murderous glint seemed to gleam in Oscar's fearsome glare. With a low voice, he said, "Derrick, don't test my patience. I know that you are one of the successors of the Hisson family. Indeed, it is common knowledge that the Hissons are one of the most influential families in this city. However, even your grandfather is afraid of the Clintons. As his grandson, are you willing to sacrifice

your entire family and place them in a difficult position just for two women? I've caught wind that your mom's sickness plagues her every year. Aren't you afraid that her health might deteriorate if she hears what happens to the Hissons? I'm not joking around. In order to find my wife, I will not hesitate to do even the most unspeakable things. Every day, I am closer to the brink of insanity. It's best if you do not push me off the edge."

Hearing this, Derrick jolted in shock. Yet, it was not because he was startled by Oscar's threat. Rather, it was the sadness in Oscar's gaze that moved his heart. Being the Clintons' heir, Oscar possessed immeasurable wealth and the devotion of his countless supporters. With such power at his disposal, Oscar was practically invincible. For him to be so desperate, Amelia must mean the world to him.

Only those who had experienced true love could understand the heart-wrenching pain of missing their loved ones.

At the same time, Derrick noticed that Oscar had lost a considerable amount of weight. Not only were his cheeks sunken in, but he also had a look of despair in his eyes. Overall, Oscar looked like a trapped wolf that had its eyes fixated on its prey.

"Mr. Clinton, although it has only been a while since we last met, you've lost a lot of weight. You should take good care of your body. Don't neglect your health for the sake of work. It is important to have a balance between work and leisure," Derrick replied as he skirted around the topic Oscar brought up earlier.

Oscar's scowl deepened. "Derrick, we both know that's not what I want to hear."

Derrick couldn't help but sigh. It won't be easy to fool Oscar.

"Mr. Clinton, let me tell you the truth. When Amelia and Tiffany first fled Saspiuburg, they called me and asked for my help to cross Beshya's borders. I pulled a few strings to get them there and allowed them to stay in a villa that I purchased in Beshya. After half a month, they told me that they were leaving. Initially, I wanted to stop them. I'm sure you are aware of the feelings I have for Tiffany. I wanted to get in a romantic relationship with her. Unfortunately, she did not reciprocate my feelings. I'm not the type of man to cling to someone, so I bought them flight tickets to Zaprington. They claimed that the beautiful scenery there would be a fitting environment for a child to grow up in." Derrick's words were a mixture of truths and lies. Although Derrick was a good liar, the unconvinced look on Oscar's face clearly meant that he had not bought into the statement.

Derrick shrugged nonchalantly. "Mr. Clinton, I've told you nothing but the truth. There's nothing I can do if you still distrust me."

"I want Amelia's phone number. Don't you dare claim that you don't have it."

"Mr. Clinton, are you joking? Amelia is your ex-wife. How can you not have her phone number?"

“Derrick, don’t play games with me. I want her new phone number,” Oscar thundered.

Promptly, Derrick held his phone out to Oscar. “Mr. Clinton, I’m afraid I don’t have her number too. If you don’t believe me, you can scroll through my contact list to have a look for yourself. If Amelia’s number is there, I’ll hand it to you without a fight.”

Oscar made no move to take the phone in Derrick’s outstretched hand. “Derrick, since you refuse to tell me the truth, don’t even think of stepping a single foot out of this villa,” he uttered coldly.

“Are you planning to put me under house arrest?” Derrick asked in a casual tone as he remained as cool as a cucumber.

Derrick’s question was met with silence from Oscar’s end, which signified the latter’s affirmation of his question.

Derrick lightheartedly chuckled as he stuffed his phone back into his pocket. Deep down, he let out a sigh of relief. He was terrified that Oscar would actually take his phone. Everything would be doomed if he saw Amelia’s name saved in my contact list.

Derrick crossed his legs and said, “What if I say no?”

“If you fancy yourself faster than my guards’ bullets, you are free to put up a fight,” Oscar retorted sharply.

Once again, Derrick shrugged his shoulders.

Since Derrick was alone, he could hardly put up a match against Oscar’s guards. Furthermore, Derrick reckoned himself a true gentleman and refused to use his fists unless absolutely necessary.

“Oscar, you’ve won.” Only an idiot would be foolish enough to invoke more trouble by attempting to escape.

Meanwhile, the man in question did not even bat an eye.

“Mr. Clinton, how long do you plan to keep me here? When I first returned from Beshya, I informed Granddad and Mom about my trip. Once they notice my absence, they will send someone to come looking for me. What if my grandfather comes knocking on the Clinton residence? Despite your father’s lofty status, I’m sure he will not turn down an old man. Our families have always co-existed peacefully with each other. Are you willing to cause such tension?” Derrick glanced at Oscar as he spoke.

“As long as you tell me everything you know, the peace between our families will remain. But if you refuse to cooperate, don’t even think of leaving this villa.”

Derrick let out a bark of laughter. He seemed even more amused than ever. "Mr. Clinton, it is against the law to put someone on house arrest."

"I'm only inviting you here as a guest. You aren't tied up, and I have not demanded a ransom from the Hissons too. Furthermore, you entered my car willingly. You also made no move to resist my men the entire journey here. When did I ever kidnap you?" Oscar dead-panned.

Derrick's bright grin grew wider. However, his smirk looked out of place in the gravity of this situation. "Mr. Clinton, this is the first time that I've met someone who is better at giving excuses than me. I must admit, I'm impressed."

Oscar folded his arms across his broad chest as both men locked gazes with each other across the room. Neither of them refused to be the first one to concede in this face-off.

After several moments, Derrick finally rose to his feet. "Since you have no intention of letting me leave, will you be giving me a room to stay in? I spent my days in Beshya attending countless meetings. After my long flight, I'm feeling a little exhausted. Would you mind letting me take a nap?"

Much to everyone's surprise, Oscar did not protest. Instead, he instructed his staff to escort Derrick to a guest room.

Once Derrick left the room, Oscar called for Hugo to enter.

"Boss."

"Have you installed security cameras at every corner of this villa?" Oscar asked.

"Rest assured, boss. Everything has been prepared."

"I want eyes on him 24/7. The moment he calls someone, I want you to investigate it. If he ever contacts Tiffany, make sure you check the source of that call too."

Hugo nodded in response. Suddenly, he thought of something and said to Oscar hesitantly, "Boss, now that we have captured Derrick, why don't we interrogate him? This way, he will spill the beans about Mrs. Clinton's whereabouts."

"Don't forget that he is one of the successors of the Hisson family. Old Mr. Hisson is rather fond of him too, so I can't harm him out of respect for Old Mr. Hisson. I do not wish to destroy the relationship between our families unless it is our last resort," Oscar explained. Truthfully, there was another reason too. Although Oscar could interrogate Derrick using forceful methods, he couldn't turn a blind eye to Derrick's close connection with Tiffany. Once Oscar reunited with Amelia, he didn't want Tiffany sowing discord between them because of Derrick.

I can't underestimate Tiffany's influence over Amelia. Tiffany might be able to destroy our relationship with just a single sentence. After all, women can be terrifying if they are provoked.

A woman's wrath was capable of bringing a man to his knees. Hence, Oscar was reluctant to lash out against Derrick. He was afraid that Amelia might vanish into thin air if he ever did something that displeased her. The mere thought of never meeting her again was enough to make Oscar's heart sink in despair. I never want to experience this torturous suffering again!

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 337

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

Chapter 337 The Visit

Derrick ended up staying at the villa for five days. As though he knew Oscar was keeping him under surveillance, he refrained from using his phone. Yet, despite appearing calm as if he were on vacation, deep down, anxiety roiled in him. In the past five days, he had not contacted Tiffany and was worried that she would assume the worst. However, his hands were tied.

He had a hunch that Tiffany would call him the moment he switched on his phone. When that happened, the bodyguards lurking in the dark would be able to trace the call to its source and find out Amelia and Tiffany's address. It was too big of a risk for him to take, so he resorted to enduring the captivity.

Derrick could play the waiting game. It was a battle of patience between him and Oscar, and he had nothing to lose. Once the Hissons showed up to free him, he would be able to explain everything to Tiffany.

The more anxious he was, the more indifferent he appeared to be on the surface, whereby he carried out his daily activities as if it were just another day.

The bodyguards who were monitoring him were in awe of his tenacity. One of them blurted out, "Hugo, by the looks of it, Mr. Hisson is a hard one to break. He looks unruffled despite being held captive. I think that our boss finally met his match."

Hugo landed a hard smack on the man's head. "Stop spouting nonsense and keep your eyes on the man. If he gets the best of us, that'll be the end of our career. Boss doesn't need a bunch of good-for-nothings who take his money but produce no results."

Everyone else fell quiet.

"Hugo, you know we're loyal to Boss. We saw how badly Mrs. Clinton's departure affected him, and we honestly empathize with his plight. If we could, we would search the end of the world to find Mrs. Clinton." A bodyguard broke the heavy silence. They had started working for Oscar in their youth and thus were devoted to him, their loyalty unwavering throughout the years.

Hugo mulled over his words before clearing his throat and saying, "All right. I trust that you're all sincere about helping Boss. Therefore, please keep your mind to it and watch Derrick closely. If you find any clues, investigate them immediately."

"Yes, sir!" the bodyguards boomed in unison as they threw themselves into work, micro-analyzing Derrick's every action.

Half an hour later, a bodyguard piped up, "Hugo, we know many torturous methods to get information. Why aren't we using those on him? He's human, after all. I'm sure he'll spill the beans after being tortured."

Hugo smacked him upside his head. "Get those thoughts out of your mind. We're not going to inflict any physical harm on the man unless we receive orders from Boss. You better watch yourself. If you ever cross Boss, you'd be considered lucky to be able to walk out of here alive," he warned.

"Hugo, you know that it's just all talk. I'm just angry on Boss' behalf. I can't believe the audacity of Mrs. Clinton! Boss loves her wholeheartedly, yet she just vanished with their son. If I were him, I would—" He was interrupted by yet another firm smack on his head.

"Don't even think about badmouthing Mrs. Clinton and do your job properly. I'm going outside for a smoke." Having said that, Hugo turned and left the room.

With no outlet to vent his anger, the indignant bodyguard unleashed his fury on Derrick. He pointed at the monitor as he threatened, "Derrick, you better watch out. Make sure you don't expose yourself, or I'll screw you up so badly that you'll regret being born."

Naturally, Derrick had no idea that he had incited such rage. He went on with his day, his calm demeanor giving nothing away. Contrary to his serene state, the tense atmosphere at the Hisson residence was suffocating.

The Hissons were seated on the couch, their expressions grim. Kate wiped away the tears on the corners of her eyes and said, "The last I heard from Derrick was five days ago when he called me to say that he was back from Beshya. No one has seen him since. I've gone to the company and was told by everyone that Derrick never showed up. It's not like him to act so irresponsibly. Something must have happened to him, or else he would not have cut off all contact and disappeared without a word."

Although Kate was not impressed by Derrick's choice of a girlfriend, she still cared deeply for her only son and would give him the world if she could. Therefore, his disappearance worried her the most.

Derrick's father, Finnick Hisson, enveloped his wife in an embrace and tried to soothe her. "Don't worry about it. Dad already sent some men to look into it, so I'm sure we'll hear from them soon."

Tears ran in rivulets down Kate's face. She was a timeless beauty, and despite her age, she maintained a youthful appearance. When she cried, the forlorn look on her face would twist one's heart in anguish.

"Darling, I'll go insane if anything happens to Derrick. I wouldn't be able to accept it. He's my only son." Her weak and helpless whimpers made Finnick's heart ache for her. Seeing his wife in such misery, he wished nothing more than to drive all her troubles away.

"There, there. Derrick is a grown-up. It's possible that he just switched his phone off to get some alone time," Finnick reasoned.

Despite his comforting words, Kate still wept. Her tears slipped between her fingers and plopped on her shirt. As the droplet seeped into the fabric, her sorrow seemed to have also seeped into the hearts of everyone present.

A heavy blanket of solemnness settled in the room.

At that moment, a lean youth dressed in a suit approached them. He bowed deferentially at Terrence before reporting, "Mr. Terrence, we have news about Mr. Derrick. He was taken by the son of the Clinton family five days ago. We deduced that Mr. Derrick is still with him."

Terrence frowned, his glassy eyes taking on a glacial look. "Oscar Clinton?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," came the reply.

"Is this information reliable?" Terrence asked in a grave tone.

"We've checked all the footage from the airport surveillance cameras and cross-checked the number plate of the car that took Mr. Derrick. We are certain that the car belongs to Mr. Clinton, so it would be rational to think that he currently has Mr. Derrick," the youth replied.

"All right, I understand. You may leave for now." Terrence dismissed his subordinate with a wave.

"Yes, sir."

After the youth left, Finnick spoke. "Dad, Derrick and Oscar have never crossed paths in business. We do have acquaintance with the Clintons on a superficial level, but that's no reason for Oscar to have Derrick over as a guest for such a long time. Do you think there has been a misunderstanding somewhere along the way?"

Kate, who had been leaning against Finnick for support, sat upright. Her tears ceased as she pondered over his speculation. After learning that Oscar was involved in Derrick's sudden disappearance, she had an inkling of what had

happened but never expected Oscar to take action so quickly. Judging from the situation, the man was intentionally taking it out on them.

While her mind was churning, she heard Terrence's voice reverberate through the room. "Misunderstanding or not, we'll have to pay the Clintons a visit. Although we're not as influential as them, we're not to be messed with. I can't sit by and let my grandson suffer."

A thought popped up in Kate's mind, and she said softly, "Dad, Finnick and I will visit them. You're not as young as you used to be; there's no need to inconvenience yourself for Derrick."

Terrence waved her off and replied, "Don't worry about it. I was also planning to meet Oscar. Though I've heard about him through my friends in the business scene, I've never met him officially. It'll be an excellent opportunity to see for myself if the young man is as brilliant as they make him out to be."

Kate parted her lips to say something, but she felt Finnick drawing circles on her palm—a signal for her to hold her tongue.

Terrence stood up from his seat and instructed, "Finnick, you and your wife should go and prepare some gifts. The Clintons are a prominent family, so make sure that the gifts are not too modest. We'll head over this afternoon."

"Yes, Dad." Finnick stood up to answer.

Terrence was revered by the Hisson family, so anything he said was equivalent to an imperial decree.

Once the gifts were ready, Kate tugged at Finnick's arm and said, "Darling, Dad has quite a temper, and he's used to getting his way in our family. I heard that Oscar is pretty aloof despite his young age. Do you think that Dad will get riled up by Oscar if he comes along?"

Amused by his wife, Finnick assured, "You have to stop treating my dad like a frail old man. He's been involved in the business scene for decades, so he's been through more than we can ever imagine. He wouldn't be so easily aggravated. Moreover, I've met Oscar before. Although he is quite distant, he's polite and respects his elders. He's not the delinquent you think he is, so don't worry about it. We, the Hissons, have fought through many challenges, and we are to be feared instead of being fearful of others."

Kate opened her mouth to rebut but was ultimately rendered speechless.

That afternoon, Terrence personally paid a visit to the Clintons, accompanied by Kate and Finnick.

Owen and Olivia were taken aback when the Hissons showed up. After all, the two families rarely had any contact in business, and the Hissons only occasionally made it on their guest list for parties. The fact that they would visit out of the blue indicated that there was a hidden motive.

In spite of their confusion, the Clintons welcomed their guests with open arms.

After exchanging pleasantries, Olivia escorted Terrence to his seat. "Mr. Terrence, we haven't seen you ever since you passed on the company to your children. We miss your presence a lot. How are you doing lately?" she asked with a warm smile.

"I'm doing well. I hope we didn't bother you by visiting you on such short notice," Terrence replied.

"Of course not! Mr. Terrence, you're a legend of sorts. It's hard for us to meet you without reason, so it's an honor to have you visit us." Olivia was courteous as ever.

Humans were weak against compliments, and Terrence was no different. When he heard her flattery, he let out a hearty laugh.

After they were seated, Olivia voiced tactfully, "Mr. Terrence, surely you didn't come all the way here just to have a casual chat with Owen and me. There must be something big that warranted this visit. Please be open with us. If it's within our abilities, we'll definitely help you out."

Terrence met her eyes and chuckled. "It's nothing much. My rascal of a grandson disappeared after returning from a business trip to Beshya. My subordinates found out that he had gotten into a car the moment he left the airport, and the car just so happens to belong to your son, Oscar. We haven't heard from Derrick in five days, and his phone has been switched off. He hasn't been to the company either, so I took it upon myself to come and ask Oscar where he has been keeping my grandson."

Olivia was astounded by that piece of news. "Mr. Terrence, it must be a misunderstanding. Oscar barely knows your grandson, and kidnapping someone is simply not in his nature. No one from the Clinton family would stoop so low as to harm another individual for monetary gain."

Terrence merely smiled. "I, too, hope that this is a misunderstanding. My guess is that the two youngsters are just playing around. However, five days is long enough. I'm getting bored without Derrick around to play chess with me, which is why I'm here to ask for him."

Owen and Olivia exchanged glances.

The latter turned to look at Terrence. "Just a moment, Mr. Terrence. I'll call Oscar right now and ask him to come home. If Derrick really is with him, we'll make sure that Oscar lets him go home. If not, then it must have been a misunderstanding."

"Thank you."

Olivia nodded her acknowledgment and quickly contacted Oscar. After ending the call, she informed Terrence, "Mr. Terrence, please wait a while. Oscar is on his way home as we speak."

Terrence simply smiled and remained silent.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 338

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

Chapter 338 Missing Someone Is Torture

Two hours later, Oscar entered the room, walking tall and regal. As soon as he appeared in the doorway, all three of the Hissons turned to look at him. Three persons, three pairs of eyes with three different expressions. Terrence was admiring him, Kate was comparing him to Derrick, and Finnick was simply looking at him in mild wonder. After all, he was a brilliant young man; easily liked by all.

Oscar looked back at the three people seated on the sofa. He recognized Terrence right away. After all, he was once a formidable man in the business circle. When Oscar was just starting out in the business world, he had been lucky to receive guidance from more experienced mentors. He respected Terrence for his straight and honest business mind, unlike the others.

“Dad, Mom, Mr. Terrence,” Oscar greeted them politely.

“Oscar, come sit with us,” Olivia called out to him, waving him over to them.

Once Oscar was seated, Olivia began explaining the purpose of the Hissons’ visit. “Oscar, tell me honestly, were you the one who grabbed Derrick from the airport?”

Oscar did not bother denying the truth. He nodded and said, “I had something to ask him, so, I sent someone to pick him up.”

Olivia’s eyes widened in surprise. She had thought that the Hissons had come to accuse her son of something he had not done. She had not expected this turn of events.

“What was so urgent that you needed to keep him for the past five days? Do you know that this could be considered unlawful detention? Mr. Terrence has even come here personally to ask for Derrick. You have to let him go this minute,” Olivia said in a disapproving tone.

“I wanted to hear certain information from Derrick’s personally. However, his lips are a little tight. So, I have decided to keep him with me for a few days while they loosened up,” Oscar said simply.

Kate cleared her throat delicately and said in her soft voice, “Mr. Oscar, if Derrick had done you wrong, I apologize to you on his behalf. However, he is my only son, and I will be heartbroken indeed if something were to happen to him. So, would you please free him first and we can talk about everything else later? I believe the Clintons are not vengeful people. I don’t think there’s any need for you to keep my son locked away for so many days.”

Oscar glanced at Kate. Surprise flashed across his eyes.

He was taken aback by her beauty. However, he returned to his usual self within a split second. He finally knew where Derrick had gotten his good looks from.

"I think there is a misunderstanding here, Mrs. Hisson. Derrick is staying with me willingly. I've not locked him away forcefully. If you don't believe me, you can ask him yourself," Oscar replied casually.

Kate stared back at Oscar in obvious disbelief.

"If that is true, then can Derrick return home? I haven't seen him in several days. Actually, I miss him a lot," Kate stated gently.

Oscar nodded.

"Since Mr. Terrence has personally come to my door, I wouldn't dream of keeping his grandson away from him," Oscar declared.

He had already known that the Hissons would come knocking eventually, so he had never expected to keep Derrick locked away for a long time. He just wanted to teach Derrick a lesson. As long as Derrick kept in contact with Tiffany, he was sure that he would find Amelia one day. Derrick would eventually lead him to her.

After all, Oscar was in no hurry. No matter how clever Derrick was, he was sure to slip up sooner or later. At this moment, it was a waiting game between him and Derrick.

Oscar's response was swift. He immediately called Hugo right in front of Terrence and said over the phone, "Hugo, you can release Mr. Derrick now."

Although Hugo seemed surprised by his order, he merely replied obediently, "Yes, Boss."

After ending the call, Oscar turned to Terrence and said, "Mr. Terrence, you will see your grandson when you get home."

Terrence gave Oscar a measured look and said with a smile, "Oscar, if my grandson has offended you in any way, let me know now. I'll have a word with him once I get home. The Clintons and the Hissons have always been on friendly terms, and I have watched you grow up. There is no need for you to be so formal with me."

Oscar smiled and replied, "If you say so, then I'll not be so formal with you in the future. Well, it's getting quite late now. Why don't all of you stay for dinner?"

Finnick and his wife quickly stood up and both turned to lend a hand to the octogenarian Terrence.

"We'd love that but thank you," Terrence declined politely. "We have dinner prepared at home. Besides, I haven't seen my grandson in a while. I'd like to go home and play a game of chess or two with him. We won't bother you any longer. Let us host you someday. I'll get the cook to prepare a feast for your family. Consider that an apology for whatever wrong my silly grandson has done to you."

Olivia and Owen also got up from their seat. Olivia said to Terrence, "Oh, you shouldn't be so nice to Oscar. You'll spoil him!"

The Hissons smiled at Olivia's statement.

"Oscar is smarter than I thought! He is certainly much better than my silly grandson. If only Derrick had half of Oscar's sensibilities and returned to the Hisson Group to help me out instead of wasting his time in his barely-surviving publishing company, I wouldn't be so worried about him! I don't have many years left anyway." Although Terrence spoke disparagingly of his grandson, his face was lit up with pride and joy at the mention of Derrick.

It was clear that Terrence was, in truth, very proud of Derrick.

"You are too humble!" Olivia exclaimed at Terrence. "Everybody knows that your grandchildren are all accomplished in their own right. Even the grandchildren who aren't working for the Hisson Group are renowned in their respective fields. You are a winner in life! Your children are filial, and your grandchildren are all outstanding!" Olivia's praise was an impeccable statement of fact.

Everybody loved hearing praises, especially a man like Terrence who was so used to being flattered all his life. Hearing the praises from Olivia, whom he considered to be almost his equal, put a huge smile on his face.

The Hissons finally left the Clinton residence on a good note.

As soon as the door shut behind them, Olivia's face turned dark. She glared at Oscar and asked coldly, "Oscar, what on earth is going on? How did you get involved with the Hissons? Mr. Terrence even had to show up personally at our door! You are getting too bold!"

"Mom, it's just a minor misunderstanding. I'll sort it out," Oscar replied sullenly.

Olivia looked at her son's face and her expression softened. She lowered her voice and said patiently, "Oscar, the Hissons and us are in different fields of business. We are not at odds with each other. I have come across Derrick several times. He is about your age and a brilliant young man. What I'd like you to do is to befriend him or if you can't be friends with him, then at least don't make an enemy out of him. Don't put our two families in an awkward position with each other. In the business world, a friend is always better than a rival."

"I understand," Oscar said, lowering his gaze.

Owen wrapped an arm around his wife and said gently, "It's alright, Olivia. It's getting late. Let's sit down for dinner. Oscar must be tired after a long day. I think he could use a hot bowl of soup right now."

Olivia relented and dropped the subject.

Since Stephanie had gone out with her friends, it was only the three of them at the dinner table that night.

Olivia spooned some soup into her mouth and frowned, suddenly recalling something. She raised her head and looked at Oscar. "Oscar, if I remember correctly, Derrick was Tiffany's former boss, right?"

Oscar paused, his silverware frozen in midair. After a long while, he finally nodded in affirmation.

Revelation flashed across Olivia's face. She asked in a rather excited voice, "Does Derrick know Tiffany's whereabouts? Is that why you trapped him?" Tiffany has left with Amelia back then. If Derrick knows where Tiffany is, then he must know where Amelia is as well!

Olivia's hand trembled and her lips quivered. It took her a long while to find her voice. Finally, she asked, "Oscar, do you know where Amelia is? Have you found Tony?"

Oscar glanced at his mother and said, "Calm down, Mom. I was holding Derrick because I really wanted him to tell me personally where Tiffany was. Unfortunately, he parted ways with Tiffany not too long ago. However, I've ordered my men to investigate further. Indeed, he has not had any contact with Tiffany since they went their separate ways. Otherwise, I would not have released him at Mr. Terrence's request."

Disappointment darkened Olivia's eyes.

She looked intensely into Oscar's eyes, trying to decipher whether he was lying.

"Oscar, you're not lying to me, are you?" Olivia asked with a tinge of hope.

Oscar smiled bitterly and said, "Mom, no one wants to locate Amelia more than me. If I knew where she was, do you really think I'll still be sitting down here having dinner with you?"

Olivia's disappointment was palpable.

Owen pacified and urged, "Eat up, Olivia. It's such a rare treat for us to be able to sit down together for dinner as a family, so stop pestering Oscar. I'll have my men keep an eye out for Amelia as well. As soon as I hear anything, I'll immediately tell you myself. I'll also get the police to look into this. I believe we'll have Tony back in our home soon."

You've promised me that before! It's been a few months, but I have seen nothing!

Olivia kept her thoughts to herself since she had noticed that Owen had lost a lot of weight in the past few months. She knew that he had been worrying about Tony. Tony's sudden disappearance had been hard on everyone. After all, Tony was the first grandson of the Clinton family. They had all been waiting for his arrival for five years. However, Amelia had whisked him away without even giving them the chance to say goodbye. The longing that they had for him was heartbreaking.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 339

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

Chapter 339 You Cannot Marry Her

Olivia sucked in a deep breath and asked, "Oscar, do you really have no news of Amelia at all?"

Oscar shook his head in reply.

Olivia was drowned in an air of despondency.

"Olivia, give us a little time. I truly believe Tony will return to us," Owen pleaded.

Olivia merely lowered her head and continued eating in silence. Her heart was aching. The family dynamics had changed since Tony was taken away. She did not want to drag the entire family into her grief.

Olivia's sudden silence turned the atmosphere at the dining table cold.

The Hissons returned to their home and searched for Derrick. However, they did not find him there. Kate anxiously called one of their maids and asked, "Belle, is Derrick back home yet?"

"No, Mrs. Hisson, Mr. Derrick hasn't returned yet," the maid replied truthfully.

Kate frowned and waved the maid away.

After thinking for a while, she pulled out her phone and dialed Derrick's number. Finally, the line connected.

"Derrick, where are you? It's been five days since you returned from Beshya. Why haven't you come home to visit your parents and grandfather?" Kate admonished her son in a dissatisfied tone.

"Mom, I'm driving over now. I'll be reaching soon," Derrick replied.

Kate's face lightened up. "Drive carefully then! By the way, have you eaten? I'll get the cook to prepare something delicious for you."

"Please don't bother, Mom. I've already eaten. Granddad and you can go ahead and eat. Don't wait for me," Derrick said.

"Okay, then, drive carefully!"

After she got off the phone, Kate turned to Terrence and said, "Derrick will be home soon."

A smile appeared on Terrence's face. "It's good to have him back."

Half an hour later, Derrick finally drove up the driveway of the Hisson residence. As he was parking his car, a maid walked into the house and announced, "Mr. Derrick is home."

Kate got up in a hurry and rushed to the front hall just as Derrick was walking through the door.

Kate grabbed her son's hands and scanned him from head to toe. She heaved a sigh of relief when she saw that he was not injured at all.

"Derrick, why did you get yourself involved with the Clintons? You were gone for five days. I was worried to death! If it weren't for your grandfather going over to the Clinton residence to ask for you, I don't think Oscar would have let you go free at all!" Kate complained.

Derrick walked towards Terrence and greeted him respectfully, "Granddad."

Terrence was clearly very fond of his grandson. He smiled at him and said, "It's good to have you back. Don't misbehave again in the future!"

"I understand, Granddad. It's my fault for causing you to worry about me all the time," Derrick replied.

Terrence stood up and with the help of his cane, limped over to Derrick and asked, "I hope the Clinton boy wasn't too hard on you."

Derrick shook his head and said with a smile, "Granddad, you've misunderstood the situation. Oscar and I have known each other for a long time. He asked me to go over just to ask me something. It wasn't kidnapping! I wouldn't have allowed anyone to hold me against my will. Otherwise, wouldn't your efforts in getting me the best martial arts teachers since young go to waste?"

Terrence studied his grandson's face carefully as if he could read the truth in his eyes.

Derrick kept a neutral expression on his face.

Satisfied, Terrence patted Derrick's shoulders and said, "It seems that I have misunderstood that young man. I'll have to make amends with Oscar. One can't falsely accuse a junior on a whim just because of seniority."

Derrick helped his grandfather onto a chair. "Don't worry about it, Granddad. I'll pass your apology to him. Five days ago, when I returned from Beshya, Oscar did send someone to pick me up from the airport, but I left him a short while later. However, one of my business contacts called me after that and invited me to his yacht. Since there isn't much going on at my company, I just accepted his invitation. I only realized once I was on the yacht that my mobile phone was completely drained of battery. I didn't think of telling you since you rarely call me anyway."

Terrence did not bother checking the truth of his grandson's story. He merely replied, "I know you youngsters love having fun. You must be tired from the five days on the yacht. Go take a shower and get a good night's sleep. I'm also getting tired. I'm going up to my room to rest now."

Derrick grabbed ahold Terrence's arm and said, "Let me help you, Granddad."

When Derrick came downstairs again after walking his grandfather to his room, Kate said to him, "You go and take a bath too, Derrick. I'll bring you a glass of warm milk in a bit."

"Thanks, Mom."

Derrick went upstairs to take a hot shower. There was a knock on his bedroom door the moment he got out of the bathroom. He pulled open the door to see Kate standing there with a glass of milk.

Kate handed the glass to Derrick who downed it quickly. As soon as he had set the empty glass down, she asked him straight to the point, "Derrick, tell me honestly, did Oscar kidnap you because of Tiffany?"

Derrick's brows knitted for a moment before smoothing out quickly.

He gave Kate a disbelieving look and said, "Mom, you're thinking too much."

"Am I really thinking too much? I've told you not to step on Oscar's toes because of Tiffany, and never drag our family into it! What the h*ll were you even thinking? You have compromised our entire family!" Kate wrinkled her pretty nose at her son. Even while she was reprimanding someone, her voice was still as gentle as a songbird. It was not a harsh scolding at all.

Derrick looked right into his mother's eyes. They really do look very much alike. He merely replied, "Don't worry about it, Mom. I'll handle this."

Kate had not been angry before this because she had been so worried about Derrick, but after seeing her son trying to dismiss her and push her away, her temper flared.

"Derrick, what is with your attitude? Don't forget that I'm your mother!"

"Mom, I have always loved and respected you from the bottom of my heart. I have never questioned you. Please stop pestering me about this, okay? The fact that Oscar managed to locate my villa in Beshya so easily... You and I both know who we have to thank for that."

Kate's heart sank. She looked at her son sadly. My son... I spent so many years raising him. He has always been filial to me, but now, he has forgotten his mother because of a woman. How can I not be upset?

"Derrick, are you behaving like this to me because of Tiffany?"

Derrick sucked in a deep breath. He was aware that the tone of his voice earlier had not been kind. "Look, Mom, I'm sorry. I should not have spoken to you like that earlier. It's just that I don't want you to be involved in this matter. I'm old enough to deal with my own problems. You should just relax and be the lady of the house. Let me take care of these issues myself. Is that okay?"

Kate raised one beautifully arched eyebrow at her son and asked stubbornly, "What if I say no?"

Derrick rubbed his temples thoughtfully and said, "Well, Mom, if you think that the fact that I'm now in Oscar Clinton's bad books is no big deal, then you can go tell the world. If the company that I've worked so hard to build comes crashing down, well, I have nothing to say."

Kate kept quiet.

Derrick looked at his mother. His heart softened and he tried to reason with her. "Mom, I really love Tiff. That's why I want to marry her. It's not just for fun. Please try to accept her for my sake. Both of you are the most important women in my life. I won't be happy without either one of you."

An indecipherable expression crossed Kate's face. However, it did not mean that she accepted Tiffany as her daughter-in-law.

"I'll allow you to have fun with her, but I will not accept anyone other than Crystal as my daughter-in-law. Your grandfather would agree with me. Your grandfather may seem easygoing, but he is a cunning old man whose thoughts are impossible to guess. He has worked hard to build the Hisson Group. He will not allow you to marry a woman who is of no help to the company. You should just give up on her."

Derrick's face clouded over. He knew that his mother was speaking the truth.

"Derrick, you are a smart young man. Do not let a mere woman mislead you. Sometimes, people like us must sacrifice certain things, such as relationships and marriage. Anyway, these are all mere illusions," Kate said solemnly, looking straight into her son's eyes.

Derrick clenched and unclenched his fists. His heart knotted up.

“Mom, I can lead the company to greatness with my abilities alone. I don’t need to marry someone just to help the business. Anyway, Tiff is amazing in her own right! She has become a best-selling author with her own hard work, and she has made a lot of money! She is an independent and ambitious woman. I don’t think she is inferior to any other girls.” In fact, compared to the other girls who spent their days eating, drinking and enjoying themselves, Derrick very much preferred Tiffany’s independence. Although she could be eccentric when she was at work, she had great intellect and she was very articulate. Perhaps, this was because she was an extremely imaginative person.

“Even if she is a best-selling author, she is still a common girl with no real connections! What can she help you with? Write you a few books for you to publish? Write you some short stories to read at bedtime?”

Derrick kept quiet.

He and his mother disagreed with each other on the topic of Tiffany. They each held firm to their own opinions, and it was a waste of energy to argue any further.

“Mom, I don’t want to argue with you anymore. Go on out of my room. I want to go to bed now,” Derrick said simply, kicking his mother out of his bedroom.

Kate, too, did not want to push her son any further. She merely said, “Okay, then, sweet dreams.”

When Kate reached the door, she could not help but turn back and say, “Derrick, I’ll never accept Tiffany. I can allow you to have fun with her, but the woman that you marry must be Crystal. Otherwise, don’t blame me for doing something crazy. You don’t want anything bad to happen to your mother just because of a woman, right?” After saying her piece, Kate shut Derrick’s door and walked away.

Derrick’s head was pounding with pain. It was too much to take in.

He stood rooted to the spot for a long while. Finally, he walked over to the window and called Tiffany. He spoke a few words to her and wished her good night before hanging up.

Derrick gazed silently at the bright, full moon shining outside his window. With the high standards of the Hissons, it was not going to be easy for him to marry Tiffany.

However, he definitely would not give her up. His love for her ran too deep. Otherwise, he would not have spent three years with her—three very difficult years before Tiffany agreed to be his girlfriend.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 340

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 340 A Blessing In Disguise

Upon hanging up the call, Tiffany, who was in Beshya, let out a sigh. Noticing that, Amelia, who was sitting beside her, questioned, "What's wrong? Didn't Derrick call? Why are you still feeling so dejected?"

Tiffany shook her head and replied, "I don't know. I can't help but feel anxious. I used to think that it was so absurd for you to be easily affected by Oscar's slightest action. Now that I'm experiencing it myself, I finally understand that it's nothing surprising. Just like what you told me, a word or a gesture from that special someone could send ripples through one's heart."

After a few attempts, Amelia caught Tiffany's hands and changed the topic. "Derrick has completely switched off his phone these few days. Is Oscar giving him a hard time?"

Worried that Amelia would complicate the matter, Tiffany answered, "He didn't mention anything to me. Anyhow, I think he did that because he's too busy at work. Don't overthink things. Perhaps it has nothing to do with Oscar."

Amelia could tell that Tiffany was just trying to console her as she fell silent and hung her head low.

"Tiff, if Oscar ever puts Derrick in a tight spot, tell him he has my permission to reveal my current address. I was the one who left in haste with Tony without considering the consequences. Seeing that they are searching for me high and low, it's about time I close this chapter with the Clintons."

Hearing that, Tiffany widened her eyes in disbelief. "What's this nonsense, Amelia? Do you know what will happen if the Clintons know where you are? You will certainly lose Tony's custody as well as the chance to see your son again!"

Taking a deep breath, Tiffany took a deep breath to calm herself down. "Sorry, Amelia, I didn't mean to yell at you. I'll take whatever you said as a joke. Please don't say something so upsetting ever again."

Amelia lifted her head, and the sparkle in her eyes had noticeably disappeared. "Tiff, I don't want to create more problems for you."

"Don't you think that way, not even once. I do this for your sake, out of my own free will."

Getting all worked up, Amelia ran her hands through the sheets frantically. Tiffany had no clue what Amelia was trying to do, so she grabbed her arms at the first instance.

"Tiff, listen to me. I didn't say those words for fun. I've thought it through. It's meaningless to play hide and seek with them because Oscar will never give up looking for me. I'm getting very sick and tired of running away from him throughout the days of my life. Since they intend to find me, why don't I tell him? However, I won't give them Tony." Amelia was resolute.

Releasing a gasp, Tiffany protested, "Amelia, I don't agree with you. It took us an eternity to plan and make that hard decision to leave the city that's filled with lots of memories. And you want to return now? You know the Clintons like the back of your palm. Do you think you can fight them? Don't be silly. We shall stay here as long as our location is not exposed to Oscar."

"Then, are you willing to see Derrick suffer because of us? He's the one you're going to marry in the future. Don't ruin your relationship because of this. It's not worth it." Amelia continued, "I've lost my vision, and my marriage is a disaster. I don't want you to repeat the mistakes I've made. I won't forgive myself if you do."

Tiffany fell silent after hearing that.

Holding her arms tightly, Amelia added, "Tiff, listen to me, will you? Tell Derrick that he doesn't need to worry about me. If Oscar gives him a hard time, he's not obliged to keep my whereabouts a secret. I won't blame him if ever Oscar finds me. I mean it."

"How could you say that, Amelia? What do you take me for? I gave up my career to run away with you. Is this how you think of me? Am I a person who would sacrifice friendship for love? Am I really that despicable to you?" Anger laced Tiffany's tone of voice as she was terribly exasperated at that moment.

Amelia had ants in her pants upon seeing how emotional Tiffany became. "Tiff, that's not what I meant. I... I'm just..."

"Just what? Cut the crap! Don't utter a word about dragging me into this mess. I sold my house to come to Beshya with you without any complaints. Why do you keep pushing me away? Doesn't our friendship mean anything to you?" Tiffany flung Amelia's hands away. Enraged, she remarked, "Let me cool down, Amelia. I can't think straight right now."

With that, she stormed off.

"Tiff... Tiff!" Amelia struggled to get up and stammered in the direction of the door. It was an extreme challenge for her. Five steps later, she tripped and fell. Unfortunately, her head hit the wall, resulting in blood gushing out of the big wound.

She tried to prop herself up but to no avail. The injury was quite severe that she started experiencing dizziness. Bringing a hand to her head, she felt something gluey dripping down from her temple.

Right then, Rory pushed the door open, and she was shocked to the core to find Amelia lying on the floor with a head injury. Rushing toward the other woman, Rory helped her up. "Amelia, are you okay?"

"My head hurts..." Amelia replied weakly.

It was a dreadful fall, whereby her forehead was smashed into the wall. The impact was so tremendous that she started having a concussion.

“Help!” Rory screamed at the top of her lungs. “Is anyone here? Amelia fell down, and she’s drenched in blood. Help!”

Upon hearing her cry, both Tiffany and Kurt came running toward them. Their hearts skipped a beat when they saw Amelia in such a state.

Feeling exceptionally awful and worried, Tiffany darted over to Amelia. “Oh no, I’m so sorry, Amelia. Don’t scare me. It’s not my intention to be upset with you. I just needed to distance myself for a bit and catch a breather. How did this happen?”

“I’m fine, just a little bit dizzy. I think I need to take a rest.” Amelia raised her head and squeezed these words out of her throat before she fainted.

“Amelia! Amelia!” Tiffany cried, panicked.

Immediately, Kurt handed Tony over to Tiffany, who both tagged along when he carried Amelia out of the house. Initially, Rory wanted to follow them at once. However, when she thought about Tony’s needs, she ran back to the nursery and packed Tony’s blanket, milk, and a few other necessities before joining the rest.

When the four of them got into the car, Rory covered Tony with his blanket. “Tiffany, kids can catch a cold easily in the evening, so I brought some thicker clothes for Tony.”

Tiffany looked Rory straight in the eye, and finally realized that the latter was not as annoying as she thought. Feeling rather uneasy, she muttered, “Thank you.”

Rory smiled without saying anything.

Although her main objective of sticking around Tiffany was to get to know more wealthy people, she maintained her professionalism. Since she had agreed to take up the caregiver position, she persisted through her job in spite of any challenges. To her, good working ethics were of utmost importance.

Kurt could not care less about the ladies in the backseat. He focused on the road and spent only twenty minutes getting to Principal General Hospital. On normal days, the journey would take approximately half an hour.

When Kurt carried Amelia into the hospital, several doctors and nurses were already waiting for them at the entrance with a stretcher. This was because Tiffany had contacted Derrick when they were still on the way. Derrick knew Robert personally. Blessed with his help, the medical professionals heeded his instructions and were prepared to assist right away.

The nurses sent Amelia to the operating room, along with other doctors. Her injury might not be as serious as it seemed, but Kurt and Tiffany would rather be safe than sorry. Hence, they decided to send her to the hospital for a checkup since she had a blackout. They thought it would be a simple treatment. To their surprise, Amelia was nowhere to be seen, even after three long hours in the operating room.

Similar grave expressions crept up on Kurt and Tiffany's faces. With Tony in her arms, Tiffany paced back and forth. She gazed at the light indicator outside of the operating room anxiously, and then cast a look at Kurt. "It has been a couple of hours, right? Why isn't she out yet?"

Intense guilt washed over Tiffany. I'm the one to be blamed. Had I not argued with her, she wouldn't land herself in the hospital once more. It's all my fault.

Seeing how Tiffany grew increasingly anxious, Rory offered a helping hand. "Let me carry Tony, Tiffany."

Tiffany glanced at Rory, and then at Tony, who was fast asleep in her arms. Shaking her head, she responded, "It's okay."

Rory did not insist.

With a downcast face and a pair of clenched fists, Kurt stared silently at the doors of the operating room. No one could read his mind.

The trio waited for quite a few hours before the light indicator went off. When the door was pushed open, they dashed across the hall at lightning speed. "Doctor, how's my friend?" Tiffany queried, swamped by anxiety.

"There's a minor wound on her forehead, but the accident is actually a blessing in disguise. Unexpectedly, the bump unclogged some of the blood. It was the best time to perform the much-needed surgery. Coincidentally, the few doctors who were with Ms. Winters in the operating room are the cream of the crop in neurology, so they have successfully withdrawn the blood clots. Now, we just need to observe her condition for one more day. If nothing untoward happens, she will get better in no time," the chief doctor explained with a bright smile.

When Derrick referred Amelia to the hospital, Robert had given his order for the team to take good care of her. Fortunately, the doctor had studied Amelia's symptoms. Hence, he was very familiar with her case.

Upon hearing that, Tiffany smiled from ear to ear. Her hands were shaking with excitement. Carrying Tony in her arms, she asked further, "Doctor, will Amelia be able to see again?"

Hearing that, the doctor sighed. "It's too early to tell, as it depends on her recovery. Thanks to the amazing Mr. Jackman, who has been constantly performing acupuncture on her. With his excellent medical skills, the blood clots inside Ms. Winters' brain have slowly disappeared. Rest assured that with the help of Mr. Jackman, it's only a matter of time before she regains her vision. Let's

take one thing at a time. Mr. Jackman is a renowned doctor in the medical world. If he says that he's confident to heal Ms. Winters, then the success rate is as high as eighty percent. Don't be too worried."

Tiffany bobbed her head. Indeed, I've been too eager. I need to take it slow. Yes, everything is going to get better!