

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 351

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Chapter 351 Defeat

A picture popped up on the screen of the cell phone. It was Amelia. She was dressed in hospital robes and propped listlessly against some white pillows. There was a sickly pallor to her skin, and her eyes had glazed over.

Despite her feeble state, she turned toward the camera and forced a smile.

Her tone was mellow when she spoke. "Hi, Oscar. It has been a while. Are you doing all right? I must look pathetic now. To be honest, I feel quite conflicted that you've come to Beshya to see me. I'm glad that you still care for me, but at the same time, I'm worried that you are propelled by resentment for how I deprived you of a relationship with Tony."

She paused momentarily and brought a hand to her head. "Oscar, you should have known by now that I underwent brain surgery a few days ago. It hurts quite a bit, and I don't want you to see me in such a miserable state. We've been married for five years; you know better than anyone how much appearances matter to me. I look hideous right now, so I have to leave before you arrive," she continued, her warm smile twisting into something more rueful.

Amelia faltered yet again. The color drained from her face, turning it a ghastly white. Tiffany entered the frame and asked Amelia if she was doing all right.

Instead of replying, Amelia shook her head and urged Tiffany to leave. She composed herself before squeezing another smile at the camera. "Oscar, I look ugly, don't I? I must be worlds apart from the sexy, alluring woman in your memories. I wanted to clean myself up before making this recording, but time is running out. I just wanted to tell you that I miss you, and don't look for me. I'll return once my eyes are healed. If, when the time comes, you're still looking for a wife, we can rekindle this relationship. However, if you've found another person to make you whole, I'll bless you with all my heart and never appear in your life again."

With that, the video ended abruptly.

Oscar caressed the image of Amelia's face with a thumb. A myriad of emotions churned within him as his eyes reddened.

"Stupid woman!" His voice cracked with emotion.

He could not speak for a long time after. His suppressed sobs seemed to reverberate through the otherwise silent room.

At that moment, his strong facade crumbled. He was never invincible—Amelia had always been his Achilles' heel.

"If this is what you truly want, I'll respect your decision. However, I'll only give you a couple of years, and that'll be the end of my patience. If you're not back by then, I'll bring you back myself," Oscar vowed hoarsely.

After collecting himself, Oscar summoned Hugo.

"Yes, Boss," Hugo answered.

"Hugo, go to Mr. Jackman and ask him to relay a message from me to Amelia. Tell her that I'm going back tomorrow and that she should focus on getting her treatment. After I get back, I'll search the ends of the world for a cornea donor that suits her. If she can't fully recover in Beshya, I'll find a donor for her. Even if it means giving up everything I own, I'll make sure that she regains her eyesight. Also, tell her that I'll never give up on her," Oscar instructed. His voice rang with resolution.

Noticing Oscar's grim expression, Hugo asked tentatively, "Boss, are you sure you don't want to bring Mrs. Clinton back?"

Oscar shook his head. "Not for the time being. Tell Mr. Jackman to give her the best treatment he can offer. Warn him that if anything happens to her, I'll thrash his clinic and destroy his life's work."

Hugo could not comprehend his employer's decision. We spent so much time, energy, and money just to retreat without achieving anything. What is he trying to do?

"Boss, your mother might not be glad if we found Mrs. Clinton but did not bring her back." Hugo decided to vocalize his thoughts after some hesitation.

"Did we actually find her?" Oscar countered.

Stunned by his response, Hugo glanced at Oscar and persuaded, "Boss, if we act more assertively, we'll find Mrs. Clinton in a matter of days. It all depends on whether you are willing to do so. Aren't you worried that Mrs. Clinton would escape elsewhere if you let this golden opportunity slip through your fingers?"

"She won't. She promised to return, and I trust that she will. Besides, did you really think that I'd let her slip back into hiding now that I know where she is? I'll assign someone to follow her. I can't just sit back and relax while my wife is undergoing treatment," Oscar stated.

Hugo mulled over his words and eventually nodded his assent.

"I'll take my leave, Boss," Hugo announced.

Just as Hugo reached for the doorknob, Oscar's voice rang behind him. "Hugo, tell Mr. Jackman that I'm willing to invest in his research regarding eye treatments. If he accepts the offer, tell him it's a thank-you gift for taking care of Amelia. She will still need his help in the future."

Hugo paused for a moment, but eventually nodded.

After Hugo left, a heavy silence settled upon the suite.

The next day, Oscar met up with Simon before his flight back. In the private lounge, Oscar raised his glass in a toast. "Simon, thank you for all the help you've provided in the past few months. I appreciate the effort you've put in to help me look for my wife. I've prepared a gift for you as a token of gratitude. It'll arrive at your company by tomorrow, and I'm sure you'll like it."

Simon clinked his glass against Oscar's. "It's an honor to receive a gift from you, Mr. Clinton. I thank you in advance. If you ever need me again in the future, all you need is a word, and I'll be at your disposal."

Oscar responded with a close-lipped smile.

The men continued to socialize over drinks. The conversation lasted for two hours, so it was already two in the afternoon when they left the lounge.

Oscar and Simon stepped out of the hotel side-by-side. "Mr. Clinton, Beshya is currently developing at an exponential speed. Do you remember when I proposed the idea of starting up a company? Would you be keen to collaborate with me? With your abundant monetary resources and my capabilities, I have faith that we can globalize Clinton Corporations. All I'm waiting for is a green light from you, Mr. Clinton," Simon pitched.

"Send me a copy of your draft proposal through email. I'll have a meeting with the board, and if it's satisfactory, I'll invest in your company. The only condition is that you promote Clinton Corporations as you market your new company. In other words, you would be a representative of a Clinton Corporations branch," Oscar replied.

Simon's face lit up with unbridled joy. He had a dark past where he mixed with the wrong crowd, and he fully intended to escape their lawless clutches. However, he never had the chance to do so. Now, with Oscar backing him up, he could see the light at the end of the tunnel. He hoped fervently that he could emerge from the shambles with a fresh start.

"My men and I are deeply grateful for your kindness, Mr. Clinton. With your support, I believe we will be able to succeed," he thanked Oscar earnestly.

"Treat it as another gift from me. It also pains me to see a talent like you working a mundane job as a manager in another company."

A broad grin stretched across Simon's face. Things were starting to look up for him.

"I'll be leaving now. As for the new company, I'll have someone go over the details with you once I've talked to the board," Oscar promised.

"Take care, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar nodded in acknowledgment and slipped into his car.

"Boss, are we heading to the airport now?" Hugo inquired from the driver's seat.

"No. Let's drop by the clinic."

"Mrs. Clinton is currently away. You won't be able to meet her even if we went."

"I just want to immerse in her lingering presence."

Hugo dutifully obeyed and drove to the clinic.

This time around, Collin greeted Oscar at the door. He regarded Oscar with a hint of hostility in his gaze. Oscar's brilliance made Collin feel small. He had hoped to pursue Amelia while she received treatment at the clinic, but much to his dismay, she was married. The fact that Amelia's husband was a fine specimen of a man and the heir of Clinton Corporations only added insult to injury. Collin was well aware that he could not hold a candle to the man who was far more handsome and influential than he, and the knowledge of this left him bitter and dejected.

Collin's animosity toward Oscar was palpable, but the latter paid him no heed. "Where's Mr. Jackman?" he asked, emanating an air of intimidation.

Collin inhaled sharply and replied with strained civility, "Mr. Clinton, Amelia was forced to make a hasty leave because of you. She just endured a difficult operation, and her condition will worsen if she doesn't get the chance to recuperate. If I were in love with her, I can't bear to see her suffer this way. I believe that you're a rational person, so if you truly care about Amelia, please give her some space. After all, the two of you are divorced, aren't you?"

Collin put extra emphasis on the word "divorce."

The comment was below the belt, but it succeeded in capturing Oscar's attention. Leveling a stare at Collin, he asked in a formidable tone, "Who are you to speak to me this way?"

Collin was rendered speechless.

He felt defeated. He and Amelia had met by chance and were mere acquaintances—not quite friends, but not complete strangers, either. Their relationship would be most accurately described as one between a medical assistant and a patient, amiable but nowhere near affectionate. He had feelings for Amelia, but he knew that she was out of his league. Furthermore, the outstanding men that constantly surrounded Amelia crushed his self-esteem.

"I would appreciate it if you refrained from commenting on others' marriage like a pompous snob," Oscar said impassively.

Collin's expression darkened. His enmity for Oscar solidified as he squared his shoulders and retorted, "Mr. Clinton, although I may not rival you in terms of social status, I genuinely like Amelia, and I'm pursuing her. I am confident that I can take good care of her."

Oscar scoffed at the younger man's bold words. He glowered at Collin, his eyes glacial. "Kid, take my advice—before you even think about pursuing anyone, you should regard her as a woman, and not as an older sister."

Collin's face flushed crimson.

"I think you're just charmed by beauty, kid. It's all just an infatuation. Do you even know what love is? You're not mature enough to give her the life she deserves. Perhaps after a couple of years in the real world, you'll be able to give a younger girl her happy-ever-after. As for Amelia, she's out of your reach. That woman is destined to be mine," Oscar declared suavely after giving Collin the once-over.

The younger man's ego had been ruthlessly trampled on. Collin parted his lips to rebut, but words evaded him. Though Collin was a capable man with a reputable family, he could only admit defeat when pitted against someone like Oscar, who was not only blessed with good looks but also an impressive background.

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Chapter 352 Destined To Be Together

"Oh, you're here again." Boris' appearance saved Collin from any further embarrassment.

"Hello, Mr. Jackman," Oscar greeted him politely as he retracted the glare he was directing toward Collin.

"Amelia has left. I also just received the message your men delivered yesterday. If Amelia ever returns here for medical treatment, I will notify him myself. I can tell that the two of you have a deep bond that cannot be so easily severed. Fate will reunite the both of you again," Boris said.

Immediately, Oscar's stoic gaze softened. The corners of his mouth upturned as he replied, "Thank you very much, Mr. Jackman. I believe that Amelia and I will be together until our deaths, too."

Boris beamed brightly. "Is there any other reason you came here today?"

"I'll be flying back today. There is a lot of work waiting for me back home. I won't be lingering around here anymore. Please take good care of Amelia. I will return to Beshya soon."

A dark look seemed to flit across Boris' gaze. Sizing Oscar up, Boris responded, "I see. Have a safe trip, then."

"Mr. Jackman, I hope you'll consider my funding for your clinic's project study on the canthus. If there's nothing else, let me take my leave first."

"All right, I will think about it. Once I come to a decision, I will send you a personal response."

"Here's my name card." Oscar handed Boris his card. "If you wish to contact me, please call the number on this card."

Boris nodded and took the card from Oscar's outstretched hand.

They had another short exchange before Oscar finally left.

After Oscar's departure, Boris turned toward Collin. "Collin, do you still remember my advice? I told you that you are not Amelia's Mr. Right. She has always been destined for a lavish life. The two of you are not compatible together."

Even after hearing his words, Collin was still upset.

"Mr. Jackman, I don't think that I'm worse off than Oscar. Although I'm a few years younger than Amelia, I believe that I'm much more mature. Aside from the topic of wealth, Oscar and I are still on equal footing!" Collin retorted heatedly.

Hearing that, Boris shook his head helplessly. "Collin, you can't force a relationship to happen. I don't want you to fall too deep. In the end, you will be the only one who gets hurt."

A look of indignant crossed Collin's face. Clearly, he was not willing to give up just yet.

"Collin, you are still young and immature. You youngsters are too reckless these days. You'll never realize the fault of your actions until you receive its consequences. If you devote yourself to a relationship, it won't be so easy for you to detach yourself from it. Think carefully about this matter, all right?" With that, Boris left without another word.

He made his way into a secluded office and took a white-colored remote from the shelf. With the click of a button, the office's walls opened in half to reveal a secret stairway.

Descending the stairs, Boris arrived at a modern-looking ward. In the middle of the ward stood a bed made from metal. The woman lying on it was none other than Amelia herself.

Upon noticing Boris' arrival, Tiffany and Kurt leaped to their feet. "Mr. Jackman, you're here."

Boris smiled at them affectionately before he dropped the bomb on them. "Earlier, Oscar dropped by."

Promptly, Tiffany asked nervously, "Mr. Jackman, did he give you a hard time?"

Boris burst into laughter. "He's not some kind of savage beast," he said when he saw the anxious look on Tiffany's face.

Hearing this, Tiffany heaved out a heavy sigh of relief.

"You must not be aware of Oscar's fearsome wrath, Mr. Jackman. I was afraid that he'd take his anger out on you if he couldn't find Amelia. I'm sure Amelia wouldn't want to see years of your efforts destroyed because of her," Tiffany said in earnest.

Boris merely smiled good-naturedly as he seemed utterly unconcerned.

"Don't forget that I'm your senior. Throughout all these years, I've saved countless patients. Despite my odd temper, my wealthy patients were grateful for my help. Although I opened this clinic on my own, most of the equipment is priceless. Did you think I was the one who bought them? No, on the contrary, they were gifts from my various patients. If Oscar intends to destroy my work, it won't be an easy task. Though I must admit that he's a capable man, I'm not someone who will go down without a fight," Boris declared proudly.

Although Boris was not a man who would go out seeking trouble, he was not one to shy away if it came knocking at his door.

Faced with Boris' infectious grin, Tiffany let out a smile as well. Giving Boris a thumbs-up, she praised, "Mr. Jackman, you are one formidable man."

All of a sudden, Boris changed the topic. "However, Oscar was much more impressive than I initially thought. From the first glance, I could tell that he and Amelia were a match made in heaven."

Tiffany did not offer a reply.

Boris walked toward the bed and gave Amelia a thorough examination. "Her recovery is looking good."

Nevertheless, Tiffany was not convinced. "Mr. Jackman, Amelia insisted on recording the video yesterday. After forcing herself to speak for a few minutes, she fainted as soon as the recording ended. Are you sure she's all right?"

"Since she exerted herself after the operation, the fainting was a normal reaction. All Amelia needs is a good rest," Boris replied.

Finally, Tiffany relaxed.

When Amelia regained consciousness, her vision was still entirely dark. "Tiff?" she called out hoarsely.

Tiffany, who was talking to Boris, rushed over when she heard Amelia's voice. She carefully clutched Amelia's hand and asked, "Babe, you are finally awake. How do you feel? Does your head still hurt?"

"Don't worry, I feel fine. My head doesn't hurt too badly. What time is it now?" Amelia questioned.

"It's almost four. Are you hungry? I can buy you some soup," Tiffany replied in an affectionate tone.

Amelia shook her head. "I'm not hungry." After a few moments of silence, she continued hesitantly, "Tiff, did Oscar give Mr. Jackman a hard time?"

"Not at all. Mr. Jackman said that he's already on a plane back home. Don't worry about it."

A stab of disappointment pierced Amelia's heart when she heard this.

"Oh, he left already..." Amelia mumbled dispiritedly.

Silently, Tiffany held Amelia's hand to offer some comfort.

Making his way over, Boris queried, "Amelia, do you feel better? Does your head still hurt? Don't try to hide the pain if it still hurts."

Boris' voice jolted Amelia back to her senses.

"Mr. Jackman, you're here too!" Amelia turned toward what she thought was his direction and smiled apologetically. "I'm so sorry for getting you involved in my matters, Mr. Jackman. Please accept my sincerest apologies."

"You silly child, I've grown to see you like my grandchild. If you wish to respect my wishes, you shouldn't talk this way to your senior! Besides, meeting him gave me the opportunity to see what your ex-husband is like. Or should I say, future husband? With only one glance at his face, I could already tell that the two of you are still destined to meet. Don't worry, you will spend eternity by his side."

Amelia merely offered him a faint smile, as she didn't have any high hopes. Everyone had claimed that her eyesight could be restored as soon as the blood clots in her brain were removed. Yet, my vision is still pitch black. Unfortunately, I'm still as blind as a bat.

She also overheard Boris' grave conversation with Tiffany, where Boris claimed that her eyesight was in a much worse state than expected. Initially, he thought everything would become smooth sailing once the blood clots were removed. However, a closer inspection showed that this was not the case.

Despite the fact that her blood clot surgery was successful, the hope Amelia received from Boris' promise had vanished into thin air.

In an attempt to reassure her, Boris patted her head. "Amelia, don't overthink it. Since the blood clots in your brain have been removed, your condition will gradually improve. Furthermore, Oscar looks like a man who keeps his word. Since he said that he'll be back, you shouldn't worry about anything."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Jackman," Amelia replied with a soft smile.

"Okay, take a good rest then. Once your body has recovered, I'll do a final check-up. If your condition allows it, I'll do an operation on your eyes too. Even if that's not possible, I can utilize my contacts to find a suitable cornea donor. I was not boasting when I said that I would restore your eyesight within five years."

"Mr. Jackman, you don't have to rush yourself. I've gotten used to this darkness. I have never blamed you for it, too."

"Nonsense!" Boris exclaimed. "All right, let me take my leave first. Tonight, I will drop by to visit you again."

"Tiff, please see Mr. Jackman out," Amelia instructed.

"Okay."

Once Tiffany escorted Boris out of the clinic, she returned to Amelia's side again.

"Amelia, now that Oscar has left, don't focus your attention on him. Make sure you prioritize your health. It won't take long for your eyes to heal," Tiffany remarked as she knelt by the bed.

Smiling reassuringly, Amelia clutched Tiffany's hand. "Tiff, I've gotten used to the dark. Don't worry too much about my vision. You should call Derrick when you have the chance. I'm afraid that Oscar might target his company if he gets frustrated. Why don't you call him to catch up?"

"I got it. As long as you are well, we are relieved too. Don't let us worry about your wellbeing."

Amelia closed her eyes before she spoke again. "Is Kurt here?"

Immediately, Kurt stepped forward. "Amelia, I'm right here. Is something the matter?"

When Amelia waved her hand in the air, Kurt quickly caught her wrist in his grip. "I'm here, don't panic. Just let me know if you have anything you want to say."

"While I'm here, please take good care of Tony. Since I'm not familiar with Rory, I don't feel reassured about Tony's safety while he's with her."

"Amelia, rest assured. I'll assign someone to keep guard in the dark. I'm sure Rory won't do anything to Tony. Just focus on your own recovery. Under my protection, I'll make sure that no harm befalls Tony."

It seemed as though a weight had been lifted off Amelia's shoulders. Even her pale face regained color.

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Chapter 353 Unrequited Love

Amelia spent about a month recovering in the hospital before her body was slowly getting better. "You are recovering very well, Amelia. You're free to go home now. Just make sure to take good care of yourself and avoid any vigorous exercises, okay?" Boris said with a smile after giving her an examination.

Amelia flashed him a faint smile and replied gently, "Got it, Mr. Jackman. Thank you for taking care of me over the past month."

"I'm just doing my job. I promised I'd treat your eyes, so I'm definitely going to keep that promise. You should head back and get some rest for now. Drop by for a follow-up examination a few days later, and I'll see if your eyes are ready for the surgery," Boris instructed.

Amelia nodded. "Okay."

As Tiffany brought Amelia out of the ward, Collin approached them with a huge bouquet of roses in his hand. "I got this rose just for you, Amelia! Congratulations on your discharge from the hospital!" he said while holding the rose up in front of her.

Amelia froze and turned to look at Tiffany with her dull eyes.

Tiffany figured out what Amelia was thinking and gave Collin a light punch on the shoulder as she said, "You shouldn't be making jokes like these with girls who are older than you, Collin. You're not a kid anymore, so you should know what it means to give women roses. Besides, Amelia is allergic to roses, so you'll just be giving her a nasty red rash all over. Make sure you do your research the next time you congratulate someone on being discharged, all right?"

Collin burned bright red and seemed to be at a loss.

"Amelia, you're allergic to roses?" he asked anxiously.

Amelia looked right at Collin by tracking the direction of his voice. She pretended to be oblivious to his intentions and said gently, "A little, yeah. I am thankful you're congratulating me on getting discharged, but I will break out in a rash if I touch these roses. I'm really sorry, but I don't think I can accept your gift. You could still give it to a girl you like, though. An old hag like me shouldn't be accepting flowers from a young man like you, you know? Younger women are going to accuse me of robbing the cradle if I do!"

Amelia had teased him like that to relieve the awkward tension.

Meanwhile, Collin's expression grew stiff as he could tell that she had just rejected him in a roundabout way.

To have his first ever confession end in failure was very devastating, but Amelia had kindly worded her rejection nicely to make things less awkward for him.

At that, Collin put the bouquet of roses away and apologized awkwardly, "I'm sorry, Amelia. I thought all girls love roses, but I forgot to ask if you were allergic to them. Please excuse my carelessness. Let me know what you like, and I'll prepare it for you. Anyway, I'll discard these roses since I don't have anyone to give them to."

"That'd be such a waste! Here, let me have it. I'll make sure to give it to a pretty woman later!" Tiffany exclaimed with a chuckle as she reached her hand out.

Collin didn't refuse her offer and handed her the roses.

"I still have a patient to tend to, so I have to get going now. I'm sorry I can't walk you to the door, Amelia," he said while staring longingly at her.

"Go ahead, Collin. I've been here so many times now. You don't have to walk me to the door every time, you know?" Amelia replied with a smile.

Tiffany then led Amelia out of the hospital after Collin left. Kurt, who had been silent the whole time, was staring deeply at Collin as he walked away. He only snapped out of it when Tiffany turned around and called out to him.

"Why were you staring at Collin like that, Kurt? Don't tell me you see him as a potential love rival?" she asked mischievously when Kurt rejoined them.

When Amelia heard that, she gave Tiffany a smack on the back of her hand. "Don't joke about stuff like that, Tiff!"

Kurt shot Amelia a glance and replied seriously, "I was just calculating my chances of winning against him, that's all."

Tiffany burst out laughing as she found it adorable that Kurt would tell jokes with a serious look on his face.

"I didn't know you were this good at joking, Kurt!" she teased him.

Kurt, however, looked Amelia straight in the eye as he said sternly, "I'm serious."

Amelia's expression turned awkward the moment she heard that.

Tiffany's smile faded too as she quickly changed the topic. "Come on, let's get going! I sure hope Rory has prepared our meal because I'm starving!"

The three of them then got into the car. Kurt drove while Amelia and Tiffany continued chatting in the back seat.

"Tony is able to walk now, Babe! It's so funny seeing him wobble about when he walks! I bet you'd laugh your head off when you see it!" Tiffany exclaimed while holding Amelia by the hand, only to realize that Amelia was still unable to see.

She then quickly held a hand over her mouth as she apologized, "I'm sorry, Babe. What I mean is—"

Amelia cut her off with a casual chuckle and reassured her, "Don't worry about it, Tiff. I may not be able to see Tony's development, but I can definitely feel it. You don't have to worry about me feeling sad because I can't see him walk or anything. I'm not that weak, really."

Tiffany breathed a sigh of relief when she saw no sign of sadness on Amelia's face. "Mr. Jackman said your body is getting better, so I'm sure it's only a matter of time before you regain your eyesight! Do you really plan on going back to see him after your eyes are all better, though?"

It was obvious who Tiffany was referring to.

Amelia's expression went blank when she heard that. Kurt pricked his ears out of curiosity as he, too, wanted to know Amelia's answer.

However, Amelia simply remained silent and seemed to be in deep thought for what felt like forever.

Right as Tiffany and Kurt thought she wouldn't answer the question, Amelia spoke up. "I've been missing him, so I might actually go back if I do regain my eyesight. Even just seeing him once from afar is good enough for me. We are already divorced, after all. As loyal as a man may be, there's no way he'd wait that long for me."

Tiffany felt her heart ache when she heard that.

Meanwhile, Kurt tightened his grip on the steering wheel, and the atmosphere in the car grew tense all of a sudden.

No one said another word until they made their way back home. "We're here," Kurt announced after parking the car.

He then opened the door for Amelia like a chivalrous gentleman and held her by the arm as he said, "Be careful not to hit your head on the door frame, Amelia."

"Thanks," Amelia replied courteously. She had adopted a more neutral attitude toward Kurt ever since she knew about his feelings for her. Amelia was neither overly close nor distant toward him, which made Kurt feel helpless and defeated.

Despite him trying really hard to court her, Amelia showed no interest in him and maintained a safe distance the whole time. Right as he tried to make another advance, Amelia told him, "Kurt, I am really thankful to you for liking me, but I only see you as a good friend. I'm sorry, but I don't want to waste any more of your time. Please stop being so nice to me because it's giving me a lot of pressure. I hope you'll find yourself a cute and caring woman instead of a blind person like me."

At that moment, Kurt wanted to grab her by the shoulder and tell her he would love her regardless. However, he couldn't bring himself to say it when he saw the distant look in her eyes.

Knowing that Amelia never loved him filled his heart with an unprecedented feeling of helplessness.

He didn't mind waiting and giving Amelia his all, but she still wouldn't see him as more than a friend.

Just then, Tiffany took Amelia over from him and said, "Kurt, you can go ahead and bring the luggage upstairs. Amelia and I will take the elevator later."

"We'll head upstairs together," Kurt said while retrieving a suitcase filled with Amelia's clothes from the trunk.

Tiffany shot him a glance. "You go on ahead. Amelia and I have some stuff to talk about in private. You know how it is with women."

At that, Kurt nodded and began walking toward the apartment without another word.

"Babe, did you just disqualify Kurt from courting you?" Tiffany asked.

Amelia burst out laughing in response. "What are you saying, Tiff? Kurt and I have nothing going on, to begin with, so what's there to disqualify?"

"You really don't have any feelings toward him?"

"I believe the answer should be obvious by now, Tiff. Why are you still asking me such a silly question?"

"I just thought your stone-cold heart might've been touched by his sincerity and selfless care throughout the past few months."

At that point, Amelia was starting to get a little mad. "I am touched, but that doesn't mean I have to fall in love with him. It's impossible for Kurt and I to be together. I believe I've made myself very clear about this, Tiff. I only see him as a friend, so please stop this nonsense, or I'll leave and take Tony with me. I may be blind, but I'll still try my best to take good care of him!"

Hearing that, Tiffany had no choice but to give in.

"All right, all right... I promise I won't ask you this again, so don't be mad at me, okay? Come on, let's go upstairs."

Amelia sighed and eased up on her tone as she apologized, "I'm sorry, Tiff. I didn't mean to yell at you like that. I just don't see Kurt as more than a friend. He'll only ever be Tony's godfather, not his stepfather. I know it's selfish of me to use him like this, and I feel really bad for it. Even so, that doesn't mean I'll fall in love with him."

Noticing that the conversation had taken a gloomy turn, Tiffany tried to change the topic. "Let's get going. I'm sure you'll feel all better when you see Tony."

Amelia didn't dwell on the issue either and replied with a faint smile, "Yeah, I really miss him!"

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Chapter 354 See You As A Sister

The two of them ran into Amelia Hutton and her friend who happened to step out of the elevator.

"Hello, we meet again! I've been wanting to invite you two over for a meal since you two moved in. Now that we're all here, how about we have that meal at my place?" Amelia Hutton seemed like a gentle and soft-spoken woman.

Amelia Winters didn't recognize who it was that spoke to her until Tiffany reminded her from the side, "Amelia, this is the girl that looks kind of like you. We met her when we first moved in, remember? Her name is Amelia Hutton."

Due to their striking resemblance, Amelia Winters felt an inexplicable sense of closeness toward Amelia Hutton. "Hi! We should've invited you over for a meal when we first moved in, but I wasn't feeling too well at the time. I was so happy to be discharged from the hospital that I totally forgot about it. I think we should be the ones to cook for you instead."

"You were sick? How are you feeling now? Any better?" Amelia Hutton asked with a worried expression.

Amelia Winters replied with a chuckle, "I'm feeling much better, thanks for asking."

"Let's head upstairs, ladies. We have someone waiting for us," Tiffany interrupted them before they could continue the conversation.

The four of them then entered the elevator together.

"Oh, you live on the tenth floor? What a coincidence! My friend and I live on the same floor too!" Amelia Hutton commented when she saw Tiffany press the button.

"Really? Wow, we get to be neighbors from now on! How long have you two been living here?" Tiffany asked with a chuckle.

"We only moved in a few months ago. We were both working in Saspiuburg back then. One day, we got tired of the place and decided to move to Beshya instead. That's how we ended up selling our house in Saspiuburg and buying this unit here," Amelia Hutton replied.

"Do you come from a wealthy family or have a really high-paying job? It's rare for girls in their twenties like you to be able to afford such a nice unit in Beshya," Tiffany probed curiously.

"My parents have a business of their own, and the only sibling I have is an older brother. That's probably why they tend to spoil me a little." There wasn't a hint of arrogance in Amelia Hutton's tone despite her family being well off.

Hmm... She seems kind of nice and would probably make a decent friend, but you can never tell if someone is truly good in such a short period of time. I'd better not jump to conclusions and make any assumptions just yet.

Tiffany thought to herself as they stepped out of the elevator.

She then carefully led Amelia Winters to the door of her apartment, prompting Amelia Hutton to exclaim in surprise, "This is your unit? We're living in the one next door!"

Not only are we living on the same floor, but also next to each other? Dang, just how small can this world get?

With that in mind, Tiffany said, "What a coincidence, eh? It's almost as if fate wants us to get acquainted or something!"

Kurt walked up to them with Tony in his arms the moment they stepped through the door. He flashed Amelia Hutton an indifferent look as she came in before calling out to Amelia Winters, "Amelia, Tony is here."

“Mommy!” Tony mumbled as he reached out to hug his mommy that he hadn’t seen in almost a month.

Amelia Winters froze when she heard that. Her eyes teared up instantly, and her lips were trembling as well.

She grabbed Tiffany by the hand and shouted excitedly while crying tears of joy, “Did you hear that, Tiff? He called me ‘Mommy!’ Tony called me ‘Mommy!’”

Tiffany was equally shocked that Tony, who had just turned one, was able to call her “Mommy.” I’ve heard that baby boys develop a little slower than baby girls. Some can barely even walk at the age of two, but Tony here is already capable of calling her “Mommy!” On top of that, he’s taller than most other children and has more delicate facial features! It’s almost as if he got all the good genes from Amelia and Oscar!

“You should carry Tony for a bit, Amelia. It looks like he has been missing you dearly!” Tiffany said.

Having been snapped out of her state of shock, Amelia held her arms out so that Kurt could hand Tony over to her.

Her heart melted the moment she held his soft body in her embrace, and a genuine smile filled her face.

“You’ve gotten chubby, Anthony! Did you put on weight?” Amelia asked affectionately while giving his body a light squeeze.

Tony wrapped his arms around her neck and nuzzled against her cheek as he repeated, “Mommy... Mommy...”

Amelia’s heart had melted into a complete mush at that point.

“Oh, Tony... My precious baby boy...” she whispered while hugging him tightly.

Tiffany found herself tearing up as well. “Tony sure loves you a lot!”

Amelia Hutton broke into a huge smile as she watched from the side. “They have such a strong bond between them!”

Tiffany turned around to look at Amelia Hutton as she said, “She nearly died giving birth to him, so it’s only natural that they share a very strong connection with each other.”

Upon that, Amelia Hutton frowned and asked in confusion, “Nearly died? What happened?”

Tiffany then explained everything that happened, and Amelia Hutton found herself sympathizing with Amelia Winters.

Although they shared a similar appearance and name, their experiences in life were the complete opposite. "A mother's love truly is the greatest form of love."

"I know, right? Amelia has really suffered a lot for Tony's sake! I believe it was their strong bond that helped her survive that car accident!" Tiffany exclaimed.

Amelia felt a little embarrassed from having them compliment her like that. "Tiff, why don't you go ahead and sit down with our guests? We can have Rory serve us all some tea."

Tiffany then showed the guests to the living room, sat down on the couch with Amelia Winters, and instructed Rory to make them tea.

Amelia Hutton had a bright smile on her face as she looked at Tony. "Your baby looks really adorable with those delicate facial features of his! Can I hold him for a bit?"

Tony's eyes went wide as Amelia Winters passed him over to Amelia Hutton. He shifted his gaze between them and had a confused look on his face. It seemed as if he was wondering why there were two mommies in front of him.

"Mommy?" he called out to Amelia Hutton in a childish voice, causing everyone around him to burst out laughing.

"Not only do you two have similar names, but you also look really similar to each other. I bet those who don't know you wouldn't be able to tell you two apart!" Tiffany commented.

Amelia Hutton chuckled awkwardly in response. Tony then climbed up her body and pointed at her nose as he said, "Not Mommy."

Everyone burst out laughing yet again.

"Wow, Tony is getting smarter by the minute! He can already tell the two of you apart at the age of one!" Tiffany said jokingly.

Amelia Winters felt really proud of him too.

Right then, Tony began crying loudly all of a sudden, shocking everyone around him instantly.

Amelia Winters leaped to her feet anxiously as she asked, "What's going on? Why did he suddenly start crying?"

"Calm down now. I'll check it out. He's probably just hungry or peed in his diapers," Tiffany reassured her.

After checking his diapers and seeing that it was clean, Tiffany called out to Rory and asked, "Rory, when was the last time Tony ate? It's almost lunchtime now. Are you done preparing lunch yet?"

"Tony has already eaten earlier. I'm working on the other dishes at the moment. Could it be that he's thirsty? I had the newly-hired caregiver go buy the ingredients so we can make you some chicken soup. You'll need all the nutrients you can get after being discharged from the hospital. Anyway, I should get back to work in the kitchen!" Rory replied before rushing back into the kitchen.

Amelia Hutton glanced at Tony who had stopped crying before shifting her gaze toward Rory. "Who was that girl, Tiffany?"

"She's a caregiver I hired to help look after Amelia. She just graduated from university not long ago. I tried pulling some strings to get her into an advertising company in Beshya, but she refused to work there. We didn't want to force her into doing something she didn't like, so we had no choice but to let her help out here for the time being," Tiffany replied casually while playing with Tony.

Amelia Hutton nodded in response.

Meanwhile, Rory and the newly-hired caregiver spent a long time in the kitchen before serving up the dishes.

Tiffany then handed Tony over to Rory when it was time for lunch and said, "Go make him some milk. Wouldn't want him going hungry now."

Rory did as told and brought Tony into the nursery.

After that, Tiffany helped Amelia Winters to her feet and asked Amelia Hutton, "Come on, let's all sit down at the table. By the way, your friend doesn't seem to talk much. In fact, I haven't heard her say a single word since she came in. Is she feeling a bit awkward being in a stranger's place?"

Amelia Hutton grabbed her friend by the arm and said, "Please don't get the wrong idea, Tiffany. She had a throat surgery about two weeks ago, so she can't talk just yet."

"Oh, I see. Is she feeling a little better now? Is there anything she should avoid eating after her surgery?"

Amelia Hutton shook her head.

"Amelia, you and your friend should try to make yourselves at home here. We're all neighbors from now on, after all!" Amelia Winters said after everyone had taken their seats.

"Don't worry. This place reminds me of home, so I'll probably be dropping by very often." Amelia Hutton then topped up Amelia Winters' plate with some meat as she continued, "You know, we look so similar that I feel like we're sisters. Maybe I'll ask my parents if they forgot a daughter or something the next time I see them. Who knows, we might actually be long-lost sisters! Do you mind if I call you 'Sis?'"

Amelia Winters froze upon hearing that.

Noticing her response, Amelia Hutton was quick to add, "I'm just kidding! Please don't take it too seriously!"

"Oh, I'm not offended or anything. You see, my relationship with my family has always been rather estranged. My parents were never really close to me, and I didn't have a sister either. That's why you saying that caught me a little off guard," Amelia Winters explained with a smile after regaining her composure.

Amelia Hutton shook her head. "No, I should've been more considerate with what I say. Regardless, I really do feel like I've known you for a really long time. I just can't help but treat you as my actual sister now that I've seen you in person. Maybe it's because of how similar we look."

Amelia Winters burst out laughing in response.

"Well, you can call me 'Amy' if you'd like. I don't know how similar we look since I can't see at the moment, but I'll take your word for it since everyone agrees with it. I'm really happy to have a sister that looks like me."

"Nice to meet you, Amy!" Amelia Hutton said.

"Nice to meet you too!" Amelia Winters responded. Anyone who didn't know them would probably assume they were actual sisters.

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Chapter 355 Head Over Heels

Seeing that Amelia Hutton was about to leave after the meal, Tiffany asked, "Aren't you going to stay around for a bit?"

"I have to go to the hospital with my friend. She was discharged a few days ago, but for some reason, she still can't speak. We need to get some answers from the doctor," Amelia Hutton answered.

Tiffany then cast a glance at the mute girl and asked Amelia Hutton, "Oh, right. What's your friend's name? This isn't the same friend of yours I've seen the other day, right?"

"She's another friend of mine. Her name is Michelle Yates. She's from Saspiuburg as well. The person you've seen that day is busy at work at the moment."

Tiffany reached out her hand toward Michelle for a handshake, and the latter responded accordingly.

"Nice to meet you, Michelle. Sorry for not greeting you earlier. Don't hesitate to visit more often." Tiffany smiled.

Michelle merely flashed her a smile in response.

Amelia Hutton chimed in suddenly, "In that case, Tiffany, I'll be heading to the hospital with Michelle now." Then, she turned toward Amelia Winters and said, "Amy, I shall make a move then. I'll come over for a meal again soon! If that's okay with you."

"Of course that's okay," Amelia Winters answered.

Amelia Hutton and Michelle left the apartment afterward and waited for the elevator. Despite being claimed to have lost her voice due to surgery, Michelle suddenly voiced out, "Amelia, what's your intention behind getting close to the girl that resembles you?"

Amelia Hutton flashed a smile as she watched the elevator approaching. "Michelle, do you remember anything about a sister of mine who was abducted when she was only five?"

Michelle gaped at her in disbelief. "Are you saying that she could be your sister?"

When the elevator reached their floor, Amelia Hutton said in a low voice, "Let's go inside."

After they had both gotten in, Amelia Hutton continued, "Because of the uncanny resemblance, I think she could be. Mom has always felt bad about what happened—so bad that she has fallen sick because of it. Every day, she would flip through the old photos she had of her. Hence, I think if I can bring her home, Mom's condition might improve."

However, Michelle was skeptical of such a coincidence. How could it be? Such an occurrence could only happen in scripted dramas!

"Amelia, that sounds ridiculous." Michelle refused to believe.

"It could be fate! Mom has been missing her badly for so many years. She would be over the moon if I could really reunite them." Amelia Hutton's lips curled into a smile at that thought.

"But aren't you worried that Mrs. Hutton might end up loving your sister more? You've always been the apple of her eye. If another daughter of hers was to appear out of nowhere, aren't you afraid that you'll be neglected of her motherly love?"

Upon that, Amelia Hutton fell silent.

Michelle pondered for a moment before continuing with a wicked tone, "Amelia, it's not that I don't wish for you to find your long-lost sister. But you've seen it

with your own eyes as well—she’s blind. She has a son, yet her husband wasn’t there. That means she could be a divorcee. Considering the status of the Hutton family in Saspiuburg, do you think it’s a good idea to acknowledge a blind divorcee? Your family would be the joke of the town among the upper-class society.”

Amelia Hutton then lifted her finger off the button in the elevator. When the elevator doors opened, she stepped out into the empty corridor silently.

Michelle wasn’t sure of Amelia Hutton’s take on what she had said. So she quickly went after her and asked, “Amelia, are you angry?”

Her friend shot her a cold gaze and said sternly, “Michelle, forget everything I’ve just told you in the elevator. If she’s really my sister, my family would still welcome her with open arms even if she’s crippled. Although I care about my reputation, I love my family more. And despite being a successful businesswoman, my mom loves her children with all her heart. That’s why she has fallen sick as a result of her unfaltering love for my sister. So I’ve taken offense to your words. I’d like for you to apologize now.”

Michelle had a grim expression after Amelia stated her stance. “Amelia, I said all that because I have your best interests at heart.”

“Oh, please drop the act. I’ve known you for a while now, Michelle. Just like me, you’re a wolf in sheep’s clothing. So I know what you meant. You don’t have to fake a ladylike image in front of me. Go on, apologize to me now.”

Michelle was infuriated upon hearing that. “Amelia, what did you just say?”

“Not only you’re a party animal, but you hop from a man to another like they mean nothing! And you do all that just for the thrill. Just drop your act already, Michelle. I’m still waiting for your apology,” Amelia Hutton folded her arms and demanded.

Hearing that, Michelle became furious. She stomped her foot and fumed, “You’re so unreasonable, Amelia. Go on and play nice all you want. Let’s see if any good will come out of it. I’m leaving.”

With that, she turned around and left.

Seeing that Michelle had left, Amelia Hutton curled her lips in dissatisfaction. “You should’ve left long ago. Do you think I like having you around?”

Amelia Hutton was acting like a totally different person as compared to when she was mingling with Amelia Winters in the apartment just moments ago.

Meanwhile, Amelia Winters had no idea about the fight between Amelia Hutton and Michelle. She was playing around with Tony back at her apartment. Although he had just turned one, Tony was a smart boy, and he was good with words. As a result, both Tiffany and Amelia Winters had a great time with him around.

"Babe, I think Tony is going to be a sweet talker when he grows up! Despite his age, he's already such a charmer. Besides, he learned to talk at such a young age!" Tiffany exclaimed.

"He got it from his father. Olivia used to say..." Amelia Winters paused for a moment before continuing, "Last time, Mrs. Clinton told me that Oscar learned to talk when he was only eight months old. The first word that came out of his mouth was 'Mommy.' And the funny thing is, Oscar, too, had never been fond of his father until he turned seven."

Tiffany burst into laughter. "Really? It's the same with Tony and Oscar as well. Tony would always cry his lungs out whenever Oscar held him. Who knows? Maybe they would even get into a fight when Tony gets older."

After she said that, neither of them spoke.

Tiffany felt bad when she realized she might've said something wrong. "I'm so sorry, Babe. I didn't mean it."

"It's fine. It's a good thing they get to reunite. I took Tony away when he was still young. But once he has grown up and asks about his father, I wouldn't stop them from seeing each other. In fact, I wouldn't have a right to do so. Although he might not know much now, he'd eventually come to his senses when he gets older. So if he chooses to see Oscar, I will let him be," Amelia Winters lowered her gaze and said calmly.

"All right, let's not talk about this anymore. Go and get some rest. Tony seems like he could use a nap!"

Amelia smiled and agreed.

Meanwhile, Oscar was sitting at his desk while staring at Derrick with a dark gaze. "What brought you here, Mr. Hisson?"

"Are you not going to invite me to sit?" Derrick questioned.

When Oscar heard that, he stood up and offered Derrick a seat on the sofa. "Go ahead and say what you came here for. Are you here for a chat? I don't think I have anything to talk to you about, considering that you've been hiding my wife from me." Oscar shot him an icy look.

"Are you still mad at me, Mr. Clinton?"

"Well, shouldn't I be? You've helped my wife escape and settled her down at Beshya. Not only did you not tell me where she was, but you've also tipped her off whenever I went there to look for her at Beshya. So, Mr. Hisson, do you think I shouldn't be angry?"

After taking a glance at Oscar, Derrick said, "Mr. Clinton, the reason I came here, unannounced, is to offer you my apology."

Amused by what he heard, Oscar crossed his legs and smiled wryly. "Mr. Hisson, what are you on about? Have I caused your business any trouble?"

Refusing to back down, Derrick smiled and explained, "Mr. Clinton, it's not that. I'm here because I think you're a friend worth having. I'm told that you've withdrawn your efforts in locating Amelia Winters. Hence, I've come to apologize. Tiffany and I think that you're doing all this just to get Anthony back. Besides, admiration for each other can't be forced."

At his twisted words, Oscar's fury morphed into incredulous laughter. Since I have some time on my hands now, let's play along with you. Although you are as sly as a fox, you're still no match for me.

"Mr. Hisson, you're good with your words. In fact, I initially thought that we could actually be friends because we're pretty alike. However, you should stop pushing my limits. The reason I haven't gotten back at you ever since I came from Beshya isn't that I'm afraid of the mighty Hissons you got supporting you. It's because I don't want Amelia Winters to clean up your mess for you when she's still on recovery. In all honesty, you're quite impressive. But do you think you can ever beat me?" Oscar snorted with his legs crossed.

Derrick remained unruffled as he smiled and said, "You're a household name in the business world, Mr. Clinton. Hence, I've always wanted to be an acquaintance of yours. Unfortunately, I never had the chance to do so. However, Amelia has somehow brought us together. So if you don't mind our history, Mr. Clinton, I'd like to invite you out for a few drinks with my friends. Since they're all involved in business dealings, I think you'd be interested in meeting them too."

In response, Oscar glanced at him and asked, "Is that all?"

Derrick nodded.

After that, Oscar stood up from the sofa and said, "Then you should leave. I don't need fake friends around me. Also, stop using Amelia to get close to me. You'd only irritate me more. And I pity Tiffany for being with you."

Derrick, nonetheless, remained cool and unfazed. With a grin on his face, he asked, "What do you mean, Mr. Clinton?"

"Tiffany is too innocent for you. I bet she won't even realize your evil schemes until it's too late. Both of you are from different backgrounds. Hence, I don't think your love for her is sincere." In other words, Oscar was saying that Derrick was too good for her in terms of both social status and appearance. There was no logical reason behind his love for her.

"Aren't you the same, Mr. Clinton? From what I understand, Amelia came from a humble background. Since you can love her unconditionally, why can't I fall head over heels in love with Tiff?" Derrick queried.

Oscar was taken aback at his response.

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Chapter 356 Enjoying The Show

After a moment of silence, Oscar said coldly, "As long as you can make sure to not hurt her, I don't care what intentions you have by approaching Tiffany; I just don't want Amelia to worry about her. Indeed, I've withdrawn my efforts to look for Amelia. But that doesn't mean I don't know where she is. When the time is right, I'll go look for her."

The smile on Derrick's face grew wider as he stood up and locked eyes with Oscar. A sense of male dominance filled the room when both men of similar heights stared down at each other.

After a few seconds, Derrick reached out his hand for a handshake and said, "Mr. Clinton, since our views on relationships are rather similar, I think we'd make great friends. Despite my looks, I'm not such a playboy as people think I am."

Oscar merely looked at Derrick's hand before turning away and going back to his desk. He then pointed at the entrance and said, "If that's all you came here to say, you can leave now. I have no time for your games."

With a smile on his face, Derrick shrugged. "Mr. Clinton, I've reserved a big private room at The Mirage for tonight. I've also invited some of the rich stakeholders in the industry. Do come and join us if you think I'm worthy enough to be your friend. Besides, I might even reveal some of Amelia's information if you join us. After all, this is her idea. But again, it's entirely up to you. Anyway, I'll be leaving now."

Upon hearing that, Oscar's gaze deepened as he looked at the documents on his desk. He was perplexed by what Derrick had told him.

Despite what he said, Oscar still showed up at The Mirage later that night. According to the location Derrick sent him, he arrived at the entrance of the aforementioned private room. Perhaps there was a telepathic link between him and Derrick because the moment he arrived at the entrance, Derrick coincidentally opened the door.

"Wow, what a rare sight! You're finally here, Mr. Clinton! Come on in. Everyone's waiting for you." Derrick then pulled Oscar into the room.

"A round of applause, everyone. Despite being known for the difficulty to invite him to events, Mr. Clinton is finally here." Derrick enthusiastically introduced Oscar to the rest as if he was some sort of host to a reality show. The crowd Derrick managed to pull together that night consisted of various heirs of wealthy families. All of them were quick to show Oscar respect by applauding his

entrance. Despite being heirs to their successful parents, they were all respected businessmen themselves in their respective industries.

They all stood up and shook hands with Oscar while introducing themselves. Albeit not being in the same industry as Oscar, they were all aware of his achievements. Back then, Oscar would only attend business events that were deemed absolutely necessary. Apart from that, he rarely mingled with his clients. Ever since the rise of Clinton Corporations, he appeared even lesser because he didn't need to entertain the others anymore. Hence, the heirs had never been presented with an opportunity to see him in person.

While Oscar was shaking hands with all the younger generation of businessmen whom he barely knew, he couldn't help but gaze at a man who hadn't gotten up from the sofa.

Derrick noticed his gaze and said to the man, "Mr. Scott, you know Mr. Clinton, right? Amelia Winters had even worked at your company before. Aren't you going to greet each other?"

Oscar cast a suspicious glance and Derrick. Why did he invite him?

On the other hand, Carter remained unperturbed. Derrick then turned to Oscar and said, "Mr. Clinton, Mr. Scott's current girlfriend is Jennifer Larson. The Larsons and my family are considered distant relatives. Anyway, you've seen her before, right?"

Upon hearing that, Carter stood up abruptly. "Mr. Hisson, I think you've been mistaken. Jennifer isn't my girlfriend."

Suddenly, everyone turned their attention toward Carter.

Derrick's face turned ashen. "What are you saying, Mr. Scott? Both Jennifer and your families are well aware of the relationship! Are you turning your back on her now?"

"There's no such thing. I wonder where you have gotten such ridiculous information, Mr. Hisson. There must be a misunderstanding." Immediately, Carter shot him a warning glare.

Derrick froze, and his mind went completely blank upon hearing those words.

Suddenly, a man from the crowd chimed in, "Mr. Scott, calm down. I'm sure Mr. Hisson was just joking."

Without saying a word, Carter just stared at Oscar.

After a few seconds, Derrick snapped out of his thoughts and said, "Have a seat, everyone! It's such a rare occasion that everyone's gathered here tonight. Let's have some fun! Don't any of you dare be a party-pooper!"

As soon as he said that, the atmosphere in the room turned lively again.

After some small talks with Oscar, the crowd began their karaoke session. Derrick, meanwhile, purposefully sat in between Oscar and Carter.

Derrick poured three glasses of wine and turned toward Carter. "Mr. Scott, how could you say that just now? Is Jennifer not good enough for you? Your mom has even paid the Larsons a visit and gave her word. What you've said is utterly disrespectful toward her. Although she's a distant relative of the Hissons, she still comes from a noble family. You've crossed the line there, Mr. Scott."

Carter took one of the three glasses and sipped. He then glanced at Oscar and said, "There was never a relationship, to begin with, Mr. Hisson. Besides, I don't think I owe you an explanation."

"Are you shirking responsibility, Mr. Scott?" Derrick questioned.

"How could you say that when I'm not in any way attached to Jennifer? I've only ever loved one woman. Now that the woman has divorced, I can finally make my moves. Regarding Jennifer, I could only offer her my apology." Carter then downed his wine and looked at Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, I'd like to congratulate you on your divorce from Amelia Winters. I've been wanting to congratulate you, but unfortunately, I couldn't find the time to. Besides, I'd also like to thank you for letting Amelia go. Now, I can swoop in like a knight in shining armor."

Without looking at Carter, Oscar casually took a glass of wine and took a sip. He then said flatly, "Mr. Scott, stop embarrassing yourself with your absurd self-confidence. Amelia and I just had a minor dispute. When she returns, she'd still be my wife. As for you, I think you should appreciate the lady you have with you now. Otherwise, you'd end up with a young gold-digger if you hold out until you're in your forties or fifties."

Oscar, being himself, was quick-witted with his response.

Meanwhile, Carter's face turned grim.

Being the mediator, Derrick chimed in, "I've invited the two of you here to have some fun, so stop your bickering and show me some respect, okay? Since Amelia isn't even here, what's the point of fighting over her? It's not like she could see who's fighting harder for her. Hence, the two of you should just let it go and have a few more drinks. Nobody leaves until you've all enjoyed yourselves, all right?"

In response, Carter stood up and straightened his collar. "I'm going to the washroom."

After Carter walked out of the room, Derrick leaned back onto the sofa lazily and asked softly, "Mr. Clinton, do you know why I've invited him here?"

Oscar furrowed his brows and kept mum.

Derrick continued, "My mom instructed me to do so. In fact, Jennifer's mom asked my mom for a favor. My mom agreed and told me to help pair them up. I was told that Jennifer had fallen deeply in love with him—so much so that she wanted to marry him. At the same time, I know that he's been into Amelia for a while now. So I figured, Mr. Clinton, you wouldn't want some other man to constantly think about your woman, right? Besides, she has been on his mind for the past five to six years now." Indeed, Carter had been after Amelia all along.

Without saying a word, Oscar merely glanced at him.

Derrick was swirling his glass of wine while grinning mischievously. His expressions seemed even more wicked under the flashing neon lights in the room. Despite having already seen more than enough vexatious personalities in his lifetime, Oscar couldn't help but be stunned. What a devious man!

However, it didn't take long for Oscar to regain his composure.

"Mr. Clinton, let me be honest. The reason I've gotten both of you here is so that you'd teach Carter a lesson for disrespecting a woman of the Hissons. He shouldn't be forgiven for such behavior," Derrick explained.

"To my understanding, the Larsons aren't even related to the Hissons, am I right?"

"I'm impressed, Mr. Clinton. You went to such an extent in understanding the complicated relationship between the Larsons and the Hissons, all for Amelia." Despite his words, Derrick's facial expression showed little amazement.

On the other hand, Oscar kept quiet.

"Indeed, you're right, Mr. Clinton. However, Jennifer's mom and my mom became friends when they attended the same university back then. After that, one of them went abroad, while the other married and had a family of her own. After some years, they've finally contacted each other again. Since her mom had asked for a favor, my mom came to me for help. That's why I've gathered everyone here tonight," Derrick said truthfully.

"Derrick, I won't deny the fact that you're a smart man. However, don't use such tricks on me. You have no right to intervene in the issue between Carter and me. Actually, I'd suggest you stop intruding on others' lives altogether. Otherwise, it'll surely lead to your downfall one day. Instead of interfering, focus on managing your own relationships. Anyway, please excuse me." Oscar then stood up and left for the toilet. Derrick, on the other hand, gave his wine a swirl and grinned.

Things are getting interesting! Since I don't have much going on now, I might as well pit them against each other and watch from the side! Derrick was enjoying the show despite how serious the matter was. He had always been quite a sinister person, so he was just enjoying others' misfortune.

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Chapter 357 Wasted

Meanwhile, Oscar and Carter bumped into each other in the washroom. “Mr. Clinton, I think Amelia chose to divorce you because she’s in love with me,” Carter said.

“Carter, one should know where he stands. I applaud you for being confident, but being arrogant, now that’s a whole different story! Your conceitedness is irking me, Carter. Why are you dwelling on a minor disagreement between me and my wife? Have you been single for way too long? Is that why you can’t think straight? Go home. Perhaps you’ll come to your senses tomorrow.” Oscar smirked.

Without giving Carter another look, Oscar elegantly wiped his hands dry with a paper towel and walked toward the exit. But before he could leave, he was violently pushed against the wall.

Carter gritted his teeth and glared at Oscar viciously. “Stop fooling yourself, Oscar! How could you say that Amelia is still yours when she has gone missing ever since she divorced you? You have no idea how long I’ve waited for this. Now that she’s single, I won’t let her get back with you again!”

The scuffle had messed up Oscar’s suit. He then casually shook off Carter’s hands and smoothed out the creases on his clothes. “Get your hands off my suit, Carter.”

At that, Carter’s fists clenched up in anger.

Before Oscar left the washroom, he turned back and glanced at Carter. “I have a friendly piece of advice for you, Carter—stop going after married women. Since you already have someone who loves you, appreciate her instead. Otherwise, you’d end up being alone.”

After Oscar left, Carter was left alone in the washroom.

“Mr. Scott, you’ve been to the washroom for a good half an hour! What got you distracted? Was it a pretty lady?” someone teased when Carter walked back into the private room.

Carter sat down on the sofa without any response. Seeing that he was being ignored, the man felt a little awkward.

Derrick then took a glance at Carter and said, “Let’s drink, Mr. Scott!”

Perhaps he was still troubled by what Oscar said to him earlier, Carter started drinking uncontrollably. However, Oscar and Derrick just watched him drink like a fish without intending to stop him.

Initially, Carter meant to get himself wasted. But, somehow the more he drank, the more clear-headed he became!

Suddenly, Oscar stood up and declared to those who were singing, "Something came up, so I shall make a move. Enjoy yourselves, everyone. Tonight is on me."

"It's not even twelve yet, Mr. Clinton! Why are you in such a rush? Stay with us through the night!" a drunk man blurted.

Upon seeing that, Oscar shot Derrick a look before he left. Some friends you got here. They can't even drink responsibly!

Derrick rubbed his nose and looked away embarrassingly.

Carter left soon after as well. Just like that, the singing crowd seemed to have lost interest after two of the prominent characters left.

Derrick downed two glasses of wine before he stood up and said to the others, "Enjoy yourselves, everyone. The wine is getting to me. I'll excuse myself."

Everyone turned toward him. "You're leaving as well, Mr. Hisson? How could you leave us? You're the host!"

"I'm sorry, guys. But I'm getting tipsy from the drinks. As a punishment, I'll down another three glasses before I leave! Since it's such a rare occasion to gather everyone, the rest of you should stay and make the most out of tonight." Derrick smiled.

The crowd cheered and watched as he downed three glasses of wine before he left. "That's awesome, Mr. Hisson!"

"All right then, I shall leave now." Derrick left.

He then bumped into Oscar and Carter at the entrance. Huh? Here I am, thinking the night has ended when there's still a show to watch. Well, well, how very exciting!

"Oh, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Scott, you're both still here?" Derrick walked toward them with a provocative smirk on his face.

Upon hearing his voice, both Oscar and Carter gazed toward Derrick.

Derrick then waved his hands and said, "Hey, stop staring, you two. Since it's not even twelve yet, how about we continue drinking somewhere else?"

Oscar pursed his lips tightly as his expression hardened. "No. I'm leaving."

Before Oscar got into his car, he glanced toward Derrick and said, "Don't invite me to such gathering ever again, Mr. Hisson."

With that, he got into his car and drove off.

Carter, too, looked at Derrick and said, "Stay out of what's going on between Jennifer and me, Mr. Hisson." After that, Carter drove off as well.

He rubbed his chin subconsciously. "I was just doing someone a favor."

The moment Carter returned to his apartment, he felt a sense of loneliness. Perhaps the alcohol was beginning to set in, gloominess suddenly took over him.

He walked toward the window and stared at the opposite building. Where are you now? You're supposed to be looking right back at me, my love. I've moved in here just so that I could be closer to you. Who would've thought you could just disappear into thin air after your divorce?

Carter had been jumping for joy when he heard about Amelia's divorce. At that moment, he thought he would finally have a chance with her. He had even gone to the extent of planning his way of expressing his love for Amelia Winters. However, Oscar's words were like a powerful blow to his ambitions.

After Amelia left with Anthony, Carter did everything he could to try to locate them. After numerous unanswered calls and visits to her apartment, he found out that she had gone to Saspiuburg. He then used his connections in Saspiuburg to try to find her. After a lengthy search, she was still nowhere to be found.

"Amelia, how can you be so heartless? Why can't you just give me a chance?" Carter muttered to himself.

When Amelia left without a trace, Carter was as anxious as Oscar was. Besides, his efforts to locate her were on par with Oscar's.

He searched through the records of all the means of transportation Amelia could've used to get into Saspiuburg. Furthermore, he had even stationed his men to wait for her at places such as train stations and airports. Still, it was as though Amelia had never set foot in Saspiuburg.

After a few months of rigorous search, his patience had eventually run out. He showed his frustration by letting out his anger on the people who helped with his search. Not only that, but he also treated Jennifer badly when she tried to get close to him.

The more he thought about that, the more he lost track of his emotions. He then took out a bottle of fine wine to his bed and drowned his sorrows.

Suddenly, Jennifer walked in and saw Carter drinking sorrowfully.

She furrowed her brows as a hint of sadness appeared in her eyes.

She took a deep breath before walking toward him and snatching the bottle of wine away. "Are you trying to kill yourself, Carter?" she thundered with her arms folded. "Didn't you just get yourself into the hospital because of gastric perforation? The doctor told you to cut your alcohol consumption and rest more. Have you forgotten about that?"

Carter reached out his hand to grab the bottle, but Jennifer turned and avoided it. He was infuriated at that. In his drunken state, he said, "Give it to me! You've been on my nerves for a while now, Jennifer. I don't want to lose my temper with you. Just get out of my life!"

Jennifer smiled, but she couldn't hide her sadness upon hearing those hurtful words. "All you do is drink, Carter! Is that woman even worth it? Is she so important that you could just abandon your career and the people who love you? You're getting nowhere, Carter. Have a good look at yourself. You are pathetic!"

Carter glared at her coldly. Though he was drunk, he answered Jennifer with a surprisingly well-mannered tone, "Thank you for your concern, Jennifer. But could you please just stay out of my way? Please act more well-behaved as a lady should, would you?"

She looked at him and forced her tears back down. "You really wish to drink so badly, Carter? Fine, I'll drink with you."

She gave the bottle back to Carter and went to take another bottle for herself. After that, she started drinking as well.

Carter looked at her with mixed emotions and started hesitating on his words.

"Didn't you want to drink? Drink then, Carter. Or are you afraid that I can beat you in drinking?" Jennifer teased.

Upon hearing that, Carter started chugging down. Gradually, the tension between them vanished. Instead of bickering, they were drinking as though they had been friends for ages.

Under the influence of alcohol, Carter looked at Jennifer with his droopy eyes and said, "You're a smart and beautiful lady, Jennifer. I bet there are a lot of guys who'd dreamed to have a girl like you. Unfortunately for me, I'm already in love with someone else. Hence, I'd like to apologize to you for the pain I've caused you."

When Jennifer heard that, anguish and grief welled up within her. I've done so much for you in hopes that you'd open up to me. Yet, it seems like those efforts are meaningless because all it took was just a drinking session with you.

"Stop b*tching and drink like a man, Carter! Let's drink till we're drunk!" Jennifer blurted.

“All right, let’s drink.”

After several bottles, Carter was utterly smashed. He glanced at Jennifer and pulled her in by her waist. They were so near to each other that she could feel his drunken breath on her cheeks.

“Amelia,” Carter muttered softly. “You came back, Amelia. You’re so beautiful. I’ve missed you so much.”

Jennifer was equally intoxicated. Seeing how near Carter was to her, she couldn’t help but kiss him on his lips. “Carter, I love you so much. Kiss me back, would you?”

With the help of alcohol, it didn’t take much to get both of them into the mood. Carter grabbed her nearer and started kissing her aggressively. Jennifer wanted him badly as well.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 358

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 358 He Is A Scoundrel

With a groan, Carter woke up, lifted his hand, and patted his head as it throbbed with pain. Coincidentally, someone was groaning next to him. Startled, he slowly turned his head, and his eyes widened in an instant. Looking down, he realized that he was naked as well.

A man and a woman slept on the same bed without clothes. Any person who was in their right mind could guess what had happened.

Covering his face with his hands, Carter roared in frustration.

Subsequently, he slowly got out of bed. His clothes were nowhere to be found, so he walked to the closet, carefully opened it, and took out his clothes to put them on. At that moment, there was only a single thought in his mind—he wanted to leave. Sleeping with Jennifer was totally out of his expectation, so he had no idea how to face her. Because of that, his mind was in a mess. Although it was contemptible, the only way he could think of was to leave immediately.

He did not love Jennifer. Thus, if he chose to take responsibility and be with her, he could not treat her wholeheartedly when he already had someone else in his heart.

“Carter, do you regret it?” Just as he was heading toward the door, Jennifer’s voice came from behind.

All of a sudden, he was stuck at a hard and a rock place, not knowing what to do.

"You're awake?" Carter turned around and looked at Jennifer, who was under the covers. Abruptly, he felt a little awkward. "You. I. Last night, we—"

It was the first time he stuttered.

Over the years, he had also thought of messing around with other women, but at the critical moment, Amelia's face would always flash across his mind and extinguish his desires. As time went by, he did not have any physical intimacy with women. Last night was his first time in so many years.

Seeing him acting that way, Jennifer could not help but feel desolate. She forced a smile and uttered, "Carter, can you bring my clothes here? We'll talk after I'm dressed."

In response, Carter nodded. He knew his actions made him look like a coward, but he did not want to develop a complicated relationship with her.

Jennifer's eyes reddened as she stared at the door that was closed again. She made out with the man she loved. It was supposed to be the happiest thing. However, what she saw the first thing in the morning was him trying to flee as if a beast was chasing behind him. Thinking of that, she fell to pieces.

"Carter, do you hate me so much that you don't even think of taking responsibility for me? Even after we've slept together, you're still avoiding me," she murmured to herself.

It took Carter several minutes to come back with her clothes. When he passed them to her, he tilted his head slightly. "Get dressed first. I'll wait for you outside."

"Okay," she responded.

Then, he left the bedroom without any reluctance. As Jennifer tried to get out of bed, she fell back on the bed the moment she stepped on the ground.

Looking at the bruises on her body and the soreness she felt when she got out of bed earlier, she could not help but smile bitterly. He was so passionate when they were drunk. Yet, after waking up, he acted as if they were strangers.

She waited for the discomfort on her body to ease a little before getting out of bed and putting on her clothes.

After she left the bedroom and went downstairs, she saw Carter, who had just come out of the kitchen with breakfast. Glancing at her, he piped up, "Come and have your breakfast. Let's talk after that."

In an instant, Jennifer's cold heart warmed up.

She walked over and sat down. Carter gently pushed the plate in front of her and said, "Dig in."

Casting a brief look at him, she could not figure out his intention for doing so. However, it was the first time he made breakfast for her, so she still felt happy. At least, he did not chuck her aside after sleeping with her.

In fact, Jennifer was pretty open-minded. After all, she had lived abroad. However, she was conservative when it came to dealing with Carter because she hoped that he could see her sincerity instead of thinking of her as an easy woman. Thus, she deliberately restrained herself and properly behaved, for she did not want to scare him.

After breakfast, he glanced at her and asked, "Are you full?"

Jennifer nodded.

Clearing his throat, he piped up, "Jennifer, I've thought about it. Last night, we were both drunk, and we lost control of ourselves. Since both of us are adults, we should pretend that nothing had happened last night."

Instantaneously, Jennifer widened her eyes in disbelief.

Clenching her fists tightly, she questioned hurtfully, "Carter, do you think that I'm an easy woman?"

When Carter was preparing breakfast, he had regained his composure and decided he did not want to take responsibility. Despite knowing that it would hurt Jennifer, he did not want to be with her because of a mistake, as both of them would only end up unhappy. Hence, it would be better for him to be the bad guy from the beginning.

"Jennifer, that's not what I meant. I don't think we should get into a relationship because of a mistake. It's unfair to you, and I also won't be happy. You know I don't love you." His words had broken her heart.

She took a deep breath. The veins on her neck were bulging at that point.

Forcing a smile, she remarked, "Good going, Carter. I'm not such a shameless woman as well. I only treated what happened last night as a pleasure. Don't worry. I never thought about holding you responsible. Since the two of us have reached an agreement, I'll leave first."

Subsequently, she stood up and staggered to the door.

She had her dignity as well. Thus, she definitely would not swallow her pride and beg a man to be responsible for her. It was true that she loved him, but she certainly would not implore him shamelessly.

Seeing her acting that way, Carter felt guilty and chased after her. He grabbed her wrist and suggested, "I'll send you home."

However, she shrugged off his hand and broke down in tears.

“Carter, you’re a scoundrel! Why are you doing this to me? After sleeping with me, you tried to get rid of me by saying it was a mistake. What do you want now? Take pity on me? Listen carefully, Carter. I don’t need your sympathy. I can still handle it. It’s just that I didn’t expect you to be so ruthless. I’ll take it as I’ve fallen in love with the wrong person.”

Carter’s expression darkened as he said, “Jennifer, please don’t do this.”

“Then what do you want me to do, huh? The man I love slept with me and said it was a mistake. Have you ever thought about how I feel? I’ve stayed abroad, but that doesn’t mean I’m that open-minded to not care about it after being intimate with a man. Carter, I can’t play it cool and pretend that nothing has happened just like you. I’m heartbroken every time you turn a blind eye to me. Forget it. Just... give me some time to calm myself.”

Pushing him away, she continued in a hoarse voice, “When Derrick called me last night and said that you were in a bad mood, I shouldn’t have come to find you. Then all this—mistake—wouldn’t have happened.”

With that said, she opened the door and ran out.

Carter’s hand was still mid-air while complicated feelings swirled in his eyes.

After a long time, he let out a sigh. “Jennifer, I’m sorry. I’m a b*stard. You should forget about me. I’m not worthy of your love.”

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 359

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 359 What Are You Up To

Carter ruffled his hair in frustration, feeling irritated. Suddenly, the ringtone of the phone on the dining table brought him back to his senses.

Walking over, he picked it up and saw that it was from Derrick. In an instant, his expression turned grim.

He answered the call, and Derrick’s languorous voice came from the other end. “Do you like the gift I arranged for you yesterday? It’s a long night, so I asked a beauty to accompany you. Did your relationship hit a new milestone?”

After Carter heard that, his expression became gloomier. He could not help but yell at the phone, “Derrick Hisson, what are you trying to do? Does the heir of Hisson Group have that much free time that he wants to interfere in other people’s relationship?”

On the contrary, Derrick was calm and collected. "You're angry? Could it be that something has happened between the two of you?"

He immediately guessed what had happened accurately.

Blood rushed through Carter's veins as he shouted, "Stop your weird imaginations and tricks. I don't have time to play games with you." Having said that, he hung up the phone.

Later, he threw the phone to the ground. Infuriated, he scratched his head in exasperation and hurried upstairs. After entering his bedroom, he slammed the door shut.

When he came out, he was dressed in a suit. His expression was solemn, and he was exuding an intimidating and unapproachable aura.

Soon, he arrived at the company. Once he entered the lobby, the receptionist stopped him and pointed to the sofa on the left of the entrance. "Mr. Scott, Mr. Hisson is waiting for you."

Carter looked in the direction she pointed and saw that the man was none other than Derrick.

Immediately, he glowered and walked toward his private elevator.

Meanwhile, Derrick also got up from the sofa and followed.

In the elevator, Carter questioned gloomily, "Why are you here?"

"You've slept with Jennifer. Shouldn't I, the elder brother, come to seek justice for her?"

Clenching his fists tightly, Carter gritted his teeth and commented, "Derrick, I didn't know that you're such a nosy person."

"I don't have a choice. My mother has given me an order, so I can't stand by and watch. Most importantly, I've already acknowledged Jennifer as my godsister," responded Derrick solemnly.

Carter shot him an incredulous look.

Moments later, the elevator arrived on the top floor. After the elevator door opened, Carter and Derrick walked out side by side. It was the first time the secretaries and assistants on the top floor saw Derrick. Instantaneously, they were mesmerized and fixated their gazes on him.

"Yana, if there's nothing important, don't let anyone come in," ordered Carter. However, the secretary who was named was looking at Derrick in a daze. Seeing that, Carter felt his rage build.

"Yana." He increased his volume.

Immediately, Yana came back to her senses and looked at Carter in a panic, "M-Mr. Scott."

He gave her a warning look and uttered, "Stop swooning over a man during working hours. If there's nothing important, don't let anyone enter my office."

"Y-Yes, Mr. Scott."

Then, Derrick followed Carter into his office and closed the door, blocking the curious gazes of the people outside.

Sitting on the sofa, Carter glared at Derrick and inquired, "What are you up to?"

The latter shrugged and replied, "I've said it before. I want you to be with Jennifer."

"That's impossible."

Derrick crossed his legs and folded his arms. "Give me a reason, then. Is Jennifer not good enough?"

"No, she's really good. She's undeniably the best woman among the socialites."

"If that's the case, why won't you accept her?"

"She's good, but I already have someone else in my heart. No matter how beautiful she is, it means nothing to me."

Derrick's lips curled into a mocking sneer.

"I see you're pretty good at finding excuses. So you can chuck a woman aside after sleeping with her?" he said sarcastically.

Taken aback, Carter moved his hand and asked unnaturally, "Did she tell you?"

"Who else?"

"It seems that your relationship with Jennifer is better than I thought," commented Carter.

"Our ideology is pretty similar. Although I haven't known her for a long time, I sincerely think of her as a younger sister."

"Really? I hope you aren't doing any unscrupulous things with her behind the curtains. After all, this is nothing new in the upper-class circle. I didn't know you were interested in such a relationship. I guess we really can't judge a book by its cover," uttered Carter acrimoniously.

If it weren't for Derrick, nothing would've happened that night, and my relationship with Jennifer wouldn't turn out like this. Now that I've slept with her, I won't be able to righteously declare that I've nothing to do with her in the future.

Instead of getting annoyed, Derrick smiled and stated, "It seems that you're quite experienced. Otherwise, you won't know the twists and turns of the upper-class circle. No wonder you can say you've nothing to do with Jennifer at first and proceed to spend the night with her in the next second. I think if Amelia heard of it, she would only think of it as a joke."

The next moment, Carter rushed over and asked anxiously, "Do you know Amelia's whereabouts?"

Feigning ignorance, Derrick responded, "What did you say?"

Carter's gaze was vicious like a wounded wolf cub. "Derrick, don't play dumb. You must know Amelia's whereabouts. I should've asked you in the first place. Hurry up and tell me. Or else, don't blame me for showing no mercy."

Derrick pushed him away and held him against the wall. "Carter, you should mind your own business. Don't forget that you've already slept with Jennifer. Today, I'm here to remind you that. As for Amelia, she isn't one you should get involved with."

Straightening his suit, he continued, "I really think of Jennifer as my younger sister. She has the same interests as me, and we can talk about many things. Don't let her down and waste the opportunity that I've created for you."

When he reached the door, Carter said behind him, "Derrick, what do you want? Tell me clearly. Also, where is Amelia?"

Whipping around, Derrick answered, "Carter, I only want you and Jennifer to be together. It's best for you, Jennifer, and the Larsons."

"Derrick, you're mad."

A smile crept on Derrick's face when he piped up, "You're overthinking. My purpose has always been simple. It's just that you've thought of it too complicatedly."

Glaring at him, Carter gritted his teeth and roared, "Get out!"

Shortly afterward, Derrick left with a smile on his face.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 360

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 360 Making Use Of Kindness

As soon as Derrick left Scott Group and got in the car, he received a call from Tiffany. In an instant, his expression softened. "Tiff."

Tiffany's voice came from the other end of the phone. "Der—ry." She was still a little unaccustomed to calling him that.

Nevertheless, Derrick was in a good mood. "I've been back for so many days. Have you missed me?"

"Yes," she answered honestly.

"I miss you too. When I'm done with the matters here, I'll make time to go to Beshya to visit you," he uttered.

He was met with a long silence on the other end of the line.

"You don't want me to go?"

"No, I'm just afraid that Oscar would find out that Amelia is still in Beshya."

Hearing that, Derrick chuckled softly.

"Tiff, do you really think Oscar is such a fool? He only left Beshya because he compromised. I'm sure he knows where she is. However, because of the video she showed him, he compromised. He'll go back again." His words hit the nail on the head.

Once again, Tiffany fell silent.

"Don't worry. I'll handle the matters here. Oscar's feelings for Amelia are deeper than we thought," enunciated Derrick.

There was still no response from the other side of the line.

Just when he thought that the call had disconnected, Tiffany piped up, "Then be careful when you're coming."

"Okay."

"I'll hang up first. We can chat when you come to Beshya."

"Give me a kiss. I've been thinking about you a lot these days."

After a long time, he heard a mwah from the other end.

A wide grin crept on his face. The office workers, who were passing by, could not help but look at him. His face was charming to both men and women.

In the meantime, Tiffany looked apologetically at Amelia Hutton and her other friend, who was sitting on the other side, and smiled. "I'm sorry. I was chatting with my boyfriend."

Amelia Hutton smiled gently and queried, "Tiffany, is your boyfriend that extremely handsome guy?"

Tiffany did not deny and inquired, "Do you still remember him?"

"Of course. He's more handsome than the celebrities on TV. It's hard not to remember him, isn't it?"

In response, Tiffany only flashed her a smile.

Glancing at Amelia Winters, Amelia Hutton said with a smile, "I went online to check something and found out that head massages are very helpful for eye recoveries. I haven't been able to do anything to help you recover, so please allow me to give you a massage. Otherwise, I'll feel bad."

With Tony in her arms, the former tried her best to look in the latter's direction and replied, "I'm already satisfied that you would come and talk to me every day so that I won't feel bored. I often think of you at night, thinking that it's a good thing that I've met you."

The next moment, Amelia Hutton stood up and walked behind Amelia Winters. Lifting her hands, she massaged the latter's head with appropriate strength and queried, "How do you feel? In order to help your eyes recover as soon as possible, I went to learn from a masseuse. It's not bad, right?"

Nodding, Amelia Winters responded, "It's very comfortable. Thank you."

"I don't have a sister, and my only brother is usually busy with work. Hence, he has no time to care about me. The only thing he does is transfer money into my bank account. I'm really happy to have an elder sister like you." Amelia Hutton massaged more diligently.

Seeing them getting along well, Tiffany took Tony from Amelia Winters and suggested, "I'll bring Tony to the kitchen to find something to eat."

"All right."

When Amelia Hutton saw Tiffany carrying Tony into the kitchen, she plucked several strands of hair while Amelia Winters was not paying attention and placed them in her pocket. Then, she gave an excuse to leave. "I suddenly remember that I still have some work to do. I think—"

Hearing that, Amelia Winters grabbed her hand and said with a smile, "Go ahead. Don't hold up your work because of me."

"Then I shall leave first. I'll come over to have dinner with you in the evening."

After Amelia Hutton left, Rory came over with a rag and pretended to wipe the table. At the same time, Amelia Winters listened carefully and called out tentatively, "Rory?"

Startled, Rory uttered, "Amelia, you have a good hearing. You can even tell that it's me."

Amelia moved a little and responded calmly, "Now that my eyes are blind, I can hear better. Because of that, I can distinguish whose footsteps they are."

After a pause, she added, "Rory, do you have something to tell me?"

Rory placed the rag on the table, approached Amelia, and said, "I know that I shouldn't say much as the caregiver. However, you're a good-natured and kind-hearted person, so I can't help but want to remind you to be careful of Ms. Hutton. I just saw her plucking your hair and putting it in her pocket. Although I'm from the countryside, I know that hair can be used to test DNA. Ms. Hutton isn't related to you, so she has no reason to pluck your hair. I think you'd better be careful. I don't want you to get deceived."

In an instant, Amelia's smile faltered.

"Did you really see it? Rory, you should know that I don't like people who lie."

Rory replied anxiously, "Amelia, I'm not lying. I saw it with my own eyes."

Lowering her head, Amelia fell into deep thought.

"Amelia? What's wrong?"

After a while, Amelia organized her thoughts and shook her head. "It's nothing."

"Then about Ms. Hutton?"

"I'll be careful. Rory, thank you."

Shortly afterward, Rory approached Amelia while clasping her hand and piped up after some hesitation, "Amelia, can I discuss something with you?"

Amelia deliberately turned her head over to Rory's direction and grinned. "Go ahead; I'm listening, and relax... you don't have to act so scrupulously."

A hint of greed flickered across Rory's eyes as she uttered, "A few days ago, my mother called and asked if I found a job in Beshya, so I told her that I'm working

as your caregiver. Then, she started wailing and said that she had worked hard so that I could graduate from a university. However, I became a caregiver in the end and disappointed her. I'm thinking—"

"You want to get a new job, don't you?"

"Amelia, I'm sorry. It's not that I don't want to take care of you, but my mother..."

"It's okay. Every parent wishes to see their children succeed in life. The offer from the advertising company that Derrick introduced to you before this is still valid. If you want to become a white-collar worker, I'll ask Tiff to call the boss of that company."

"Amelia, don't you blame me?"

"Everyone has their aspirations. Although I don't know why you suddenly want to work in a company, I won't force you to be my caregiver if you aren't willing to be one."

A myriad of emotions surged through Rory. Then, she cast a meaningful glance at Amelia and said, "Thank you."

"It's all right. You're a university graduate. It's indeed a waste of your talent to become a caregiver."

The moment Tiffany heard that Rory wanted to quit her job as a caregiver, she glared at her and said angrily, "Rory, what do you mean by this? Did we mistreat you or refuse to pay your salary while you were working here? Do you have any conscience?"

Lowering her head, Rory apologized, "I'm sorry."

Just then, Amelia stood up from the sofa and walked toward Tiffany cautiously. "Tiff, I've agreed to let her go. Everyone has their ambitions. Rory is a university graduate. It's more promising to be a white-collar worker in an advertising company."

"Previously, I asked Derrick to arrange a job for her, but she hypocritically refused it. Now, she suddenly says that she doesn't want her parents to be disappointed and wants to work in a company. Only an idiot will believe this." Tiffany placed her hands on her hips and demanded, "You want to leave? Fine. We've signed a contract at the beginning, so you should pay up the compensation."

Rory's face turned pale.

At that moment, Amelia sighed and piped up, "Tiff, don't make it difficult for Rory. Don't you still have the phone number of the boss of the advertising company? Give him a call. It's not easy for university graduates to find a job now. We should help if we can."

Taking a deep breath, Tiffany asked, "Amelia, you're not angry?"

In response, Amelia shook her head.

"Fine. I'll help." Tiffany shot Rory an icy stare and added, "Rory, I'm only helping you because of Amelia. You'd better remember that she's your patron."

Excited, the latter nodded and uttered, "Thank you, Tiffany."

Shrugging, Tiffany walked toward Rory and whispered in her ear, "I don't know why you suddenly changed your mind, but don't try to use Amelia to achieve your goals. If you want to climb to a higher position, that's your business. Don't get Amelia involved. She might seem amicable, but she's smarter than everyone. Good luck with your future endeavors."

An indecipherable emotion flashed across Rory's eyes right then.

The next moment, she uttered innocently, "Tiffany, I don't quite understand what you mean. I just wanted to try living a white-collar life. I'm not thinking of climbing to a higher position. You've misunderstood me."

"I don't care whether it's a misunderstanding or not. This is all I can do to help you. Also, I don't have the leisure to care what you do in the future."

Nevertheless, Rory only curved her lips upward.