

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 451

### Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 451 Screwed Up

It was unknown if Kate and Crystal were deliberately torturing Tiffany by going through countless amount of clothing shops and trying out as many clothes as they could. As long as it was a piece of attire that could be put on the human body, they tried it all. It made Tiffany, who was usually a night owl in order to rush her manuscript to completion, very mentally and physically exhausted.

Rage was building up in Tiffany's heart as she watched the two women hellbent on trying out all kinds of clothing. However, she couldn't vent her anger. Not only that, she had to keep putting up a fake smile. The fury she experienced was the greatest yet at that point in her life.

Just as she was about to burst out cursing, Kate finally said, "Let's find a place to drink and relax." It was unknown if she and Crystal really were tired or because they noticed how Tiffany was looking like a volcano about to erupt.

Tiffany let out a sigh. Thank god we can finally rest. I'm afraid I'm just going to throw these bags to the ground and leave if they're going to continue to shop.

She was a pretty impatient person, which was why she couldn't endure all the dawdling.

Once the three of them sat down, Tiffany placed the bag in her hand on her chair and said, "I'm going to the washroom, Mrs. Hisson. I'll be back soon."

Kate nodded indifferently.

Malice flashed through Crystal's eyes as she watched Tiffany leave in the direction of the washroom. However, that malice was quickly replaced by a caring expression on her face. "It seems that Tiffany is more capable than we thought, Mrs. Hisson. If she still isn't angry after all that we've done today, I'm afraid she won't be easy to deal with." She was speaking in such a sweet voice that it could instantly melt anyone's heart.

Kate sneered, "If she wasn't at least this capable, she wouldn't have been able to ensnare Derrick's heart. However, she is still just a commoner from an ordinary family. I still have many ways to take care of her. I doubt she can win against me."

"I'm concerned that, if Derrick knows you're intentionally making things difficult for her, he will get angry, Mrs. Hisson. How about you just let her be your daughter-in-law? I don't want you to come into conflict with Derrick because of me." Crystal's gentle voice was a mismatch with her sexy appearance.

"What nonsense are you talking about right now? I like you, not her. Tiffany doesn't deserve to be a part of the Hissons. Even if Derrick does marry her, I still have ways to make sure she leaves the family." Kate narrowed her eyes with hatred.

Crystal lowered her head to hide the joy in her eyes.

She then swiftly lifted her head again and pretended as though she was being utterly considerate. "I believe she's quite capable, Mrs. Hisson. Please take care of yourself when I'm not around. Don't make her anger you too much."

“You’ve always been such a kind child. That’s why I’ve liked you since you were a little girl. I really don’t understand why Derrick likes that good-for-nothing woman instead of you. I’m starting to think he’s intentionally trying to piss me off.” Anger was brewing in the older woman’s heart.

“Don’t get mad, Mrs. Hisson. Derrick’s only temporarily mesmerized by her. He still loves and respects you in his heart.”

“There’s no need for you to speak highly of him when he’s treating you like that,” Kate huffed. “If I don’t talk to him about this, he—”

It was at that moment Tiffany stepped out of the washroom, causing Kate to stop speaking immediately.

“Aren’t you going to order any food, Mrs. Hisson?” Tiffany asked when she saw the empty table.

“Are you making me, an elder, order food for you to eat, Tiffany?” Kate glanced at her. She clearly sounded dissatisfied.

“I’ll order the food, then. What would you like to eat, Mrs. Hisson?”

“As Derrick’s girlfriend, shouldn’t you have known what kind of food his mother likes the most? Especially when you’re at the stage where you’re about to discuss marriage with him?”

Tiffany was stumped, but she still went along with it. “All right, I’ll just order what you like, then. Do you want anything, Ms. Crystal?”

Crystal, surprisingly, didn’t make things difficult for her and simply asked for an orange juice.

When Tiffany returned with a bunch of food, she noticed Kate was staring at them with furrowed eyebrows. Her rage was reignited as she spoke as calmly as she could. “If you don’t like any of them, you can order them yourself, Mrs. Hisson. I’m sorry that I didn’t figure out what you like to eat beforehand.”

Kate was about to speak before Crystal stepped in. “No need to get angry, Mrs. Hisson. I’ll help you order something that you like. Your body’s not in the best state right now, and being angry doesn’t make it better.”

Only then did the older woman calm down.

Crystal left for a few minutes before returning with food and drinks that Kate liked. “I ordered these especially for you, Mrs. Hisson. Give it a try and let me know if you like it.”

“You’re still the one who understands me the best, Crystal. If Derrick marries you, he’ll be the luckiest man in the world. It’ll also make my life much more comfortable. It feels suffocating to live with a woman whom I dislike in the same building,” Kate ridiculed Tiffany indirectly.

Tiffany pretended not to hear it.

The rage in Kate’s heart was burning brighter when she didn’t get any reaction from Tiffany at all, so much so that she found the food and drink on the table to be an eyesore.

“I’m going to the washroom, Crystal. Just pretend she doesn’t exist.”

“Do you want me to accompany you, Mrs. Hisson?”

“It’s fine. Just enjoy your drink.”

Once Kate left, the smile on Crystal's face was promptly replaced with a mocking scowl. She crossed her arms and said with contempt, "I don't know what Derrick likes about you, but I do know there's nothing about you that Mrs. Hisson likes. If I were you, I wouldn't dare to continue my relationship with Derrick if all I can do is piss his mother off."

Tiffany raised her head with a sweet smile. "You aren't going to pretend anymore, Ms. Halliwell? I admit I'm impressed by your acting. But despite your looks and family background, Derrick chose me in the end. I'm still the winner for now, aren't I?"

She had been pretending when Kate was around because the older woman was still Derrick's mother. Crystal, on the other hand, was a nobody to her. There was no reason for her to endure what Crystal had to say about her.

"You!" Crystal looked like a cat whose tail was stepped on.

"Don't get angry, Ms. Halliwell. You're a graceful woman, aren't you? Losing your temper in front of so many people isn't exactly elegant, and you don't want any rumors to reach Mrs. Hisson, do you?" Tiffany smirked.

The hateful words that were about to spill out of Crystal's mouth were begrudgingly swallowed back. Her pretty face was twisted into an ugly one because of her unbridled anger.

Tiffany whistled in marvel. "You look like a clown performing on a theater stage, Ms. Halliwell. It's such a shame that you aren't an actress with how talented you are in changing your expressions."

"You're crossing the line, Tiffany!" Crystal couldn't help but exclaim, causing a few people near them to look in their direction.

“What’s wrong, Crystal?” Kate’s voice rang out from behind.

Crystal was shocked. She promptly put on an aggrieved look and turned around.

“I’m fine, Mrs. Hisson. It’s not like Tiffany was saying that I’m ruining her relationship with Derrick.” She pretended to sound sensible even though she was in a foul mood.

Kate glared at Tiffany and snapped, “Crystal knew Derrick first, and both our families had the intention of pairing them up. Not only did you ruin the prospect of a romantic relationship between the two of them, but you’re also now accusing her of doing the thing you’re doing? I thought you still had some manners before, but now it seems like you’re just putting up a facade in front of me. I don’t know why Derrick likes a woman as heinous and two-faced as you.”

“If you’re so certain about what I said based only on what Ms. Halliwell told you, then you’re no different from the cops who catch people without concrete evidence. I’ve been helping the two of you carry your bags and run around this place for hours without making a peep, and you didn’t even bother to give me a compliment.” Tiffany couldn’t take it anymore and spoke truthfully. “I know how much you don’t like me, Mrs. Hisson, and I’ve tried my best to improve your impression of me. But it seems that my efforts are futile. I’ll be leaving now since you’ve made it so clear that you don’t like me around.”

She picked up her bag and left.

When she stepped out of the mall, regret spilled into her mind. I shouldn’t have been that impulsive. This is just great. Now she’s going to put in even more effort to chase me away. Why did I make it even harder for myself?

She pulled out her phone and texted Amelia: I've messed up. Again. I've pissed off Mrs. Hisson a lot today. Derrick's definitely going to have to endure his mother's long complaints about me. Sometimes, I wish I can just turn my emotions on and off whenever I want. Things would be so much easier to deal with.

Back in the mall, Kate was indeed furious about what Tiffany had said to her. She was so angry that she almost couldn't squeeze a word out of her mouth. "Did you see how insolent she was, Crystal? That isn't how a person should treat their elder!"

Crystal was quite happy because it turned out that Tiffany wasn't as patient as she thought.

Regardless of how she felt at that moment, she still obediently patted the older woman's back. "Calm down, Mrs. Hisson. Don't let her anger you. You'll hurt yourself at this rate."

Kate stood up with fury. "Let's go back. If I don't let Derrick know about what happened later tonight, his woman's going to crawl all over me."

Crystal was overjoyed to hear that, but she still pretended to be sensible. "You have to calm down, Mrs. Hisson. When you talk to Derrick later, speak to him nicely. Don't fall for that woman's ploy to worsen your relationship with him. It's not worth it."

"She's not capable of doing that."

Both of them continued to speak as they left the mall.

**Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 452**

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 452 Apology

Amelia, who was busy dealing with her blueprint design in the company, rushed to the washroom when she received Tiffany's message.

When she called Tiffany, the latter sounded as though she was about to cry. "I didn't heed your advice at all, Babe. I had another argument with Mrs. Hisson. It's all because I'm an impulsive and impatient woman. I really tried my best not to get angry, but looks like it was a pointless endeavor in the end."

"Calm down and tell me what happened."

Tiffany briefly explained the incident that had taken place.

Amelia wasn't sure what to say, but she still asked, "If you've endured it for hours, why didn't you hold back for a little longer, Tiffany?"

There was silence on the other end for a dozen seconds before Tiffany spoke up again. "I wanted to. It's just that... I couldn't stand her bullying after hours of following her around like her maid."

"I don't think we can talk properly on the phone. How about you come to my company half an hour later? We'll have lunch together and we can discuss your next move," Amelia suggested.

"Sure."

After hanging up the phone, Amelia couldn't help but furrow her eyebrows. Mrs. Hisson is harder to deal with than I thought. Ever since Tiffany became a freelance author and was no longer restricted by a workplace, she became used to doing things her way. Her impatient personality certainly isn't a helpful trait against someone like Mrs.

Hisson. I wonder, is Derrick really going to be the right man for her? If she marries into the Hisson family, can she really handle the social interactions she'll have to partake in upper-class gatherings? Will she even like it?

Amelia was getting unsure of what she should do because she knew firsthand how terrible it felt to take part in the upper-class society without being used to them. Maybe it'll be better if Tiffany finds another man. Not having a similar social status isn't something that she can easily ignore as time goes on. I suppose we'll just have to see how it goes. It's her decision to stay with Derrick, after all, and so this is a journey she must go through. As much as I wish to interfere, all I can do is give her advice.

Amelia met up with Tiffany at a restaurant close to her company. Both of them sat by the window and ordered a couple of dishes that they liked before handing the menu back to the server.

Seeing that Tiffany was still looking upset, Amelia asked, "Are you all right?"

Tiffany shook her head. "No. Not at all."

"Cheer up a little. There's no point in mulling over something that has already happened. It's more important to focus on a solution right now."

A sigh escaped Tiffany's lips. "When I agreed to stay with Derrick, I thought it wasn't going to be complicated. I can't believe how wrong I was, Babe. Only now have I realized how simple my view of things was. Rich families value manners and rules above almost all else. Even Derrick can't protect me forever or else his relatives will speak badly about him. He can't win even if he has a hundred mouths. I was too naïve."

Amelia's heart wrenched when she saw how much agony Tiffany was in. Tiffany had been there for her through some of the toughest parts of her life. She never once abandoned her. While they weren't related by blood, their relationship with each other was tighter than those who were. Their kinship with each other was indestructible.

"Do you regret it?" she asked softly.

Tiffany glanced at her and chuckled. "Of course not. I was just overwhelmed by negative emotions, that's all. I've been in love with Derrick for two years now, and I've given him everything I have. There's no way I'll give up on him that easily. As long as he still wants me by his side, I won't leave."

Determination could be seen in her eyes.

Amelia smiled and patted the back of her hand. "That's more like it. Now you look like the Tiffany I know. You almost gave me a scare with how down you looked earlier."

"Sorry for making you worry, Babe." An embarrassed smile crept up on Tiffany's face.

Amelia shook her head in a nonplussed manner before she pinched her nose. "I'll be happy to share your burden, and you certainly can tell me everything that you can't talk with Derrick about. But to be frank, I do think that you were too impulsive today."

Tiffany's expression promptly turned back to a depressed one.

The server served the dishes they ordered and temporarily halted their conversation.

When all the food arrived, Amelia intentionally changed the topic. “You should eat first. I bet you’re hungry after accompanying them for three hours in the mall.”

Tiffany accepted a bowl of mushroom soup Amelia handed her and finished it in a few short seconds.

With the soup in her stomach, she finally regained a portion of her energy back. “You have no idea how scary they are when it comes to their shopping ability, Babe. They could jump from one clothing shop to another without stopping, and they wouldn’t leave until they browsed through the majority of clothes there. I don’t want to go on another shopping spree for at least a couple of weeks.”

“I don’t think you’re worse than them when it comes to shopping. Why didn’t you buy any clothes at all?”

“Nah, they’re on a completely different level compared to me. Besides, I wasn’t really in the mood to buy clothes when they were treating me as if I was invisible. That was until they wanted me to hold their bags. Then they’d treat me as a maid. Even when I spotted a shirt or dress I wanted to try, Mrs. Hisson would just give me a silent look. When she did that, my desire to try a clothing out had completely vanished.” Tiffany mimicked Kate’s behavior as she spoke, making Amelia giggle.

“What are you going to do now that you’ve pissed her off?”

Tiffany paused as she stared at the delicious food in front of her. Suddenly, she didn’t have a strong appetite to eat anymore. “There’s nothing much I can do. Regardless of my actions, she’ll dislike me all the same.”

Amelia placed a piece of meat on her plate and asked, “Have you thought about what happens after your marriage, Tiff? Derrick will still protect

you now since you two are just a couple in love. However, marriage isn't just a matter between the two of you. It's a matter between both of your families. If you want to live a good life with Derrick after your wedding, you need to maintain a good relationship with his family. If you can't get Mrs. Hisson to stand on your side, then I'm afraid there'll be nothing but trouble once you become a part of their family."

Tiffany stuffed her mouth full of food and chewed with great effort as though she was chewing on Kate.

"You think I don't know what you're saying, Babe? I tried to be nice to Mrs. Hisson, but she's mean. She's meaner than your grandmother. Do you know why? It's because your grandmother ignores you while she would do everything to make my life harder. If she keeps this up, I'm afraid my marriage with Derrick won't last long." She sounded pretty discouraged because she knew how unhappy she would be without the blessings of her elders for her marriage.

Amelia fell silent.

Both of them stared at each other without a word being spoken.

In the end, it was Amelia who started talking again. "How are you going to explain what happened to Derrick later?"

"I'm just going to tell him the truth. I don't think that old woman's going to complain about such a small thing to him."

"It's best that you be prepared. Better to have you tell him what happened than her telling him an exaggerated version of the incident."

"Fine." Tiffany promptly took out her phone and gave Derrick a call.

When the call connected, she told him about the unpleasant shopping experience she had had with Kate. Before she ended the call, she asked, “Can you help me apologize to her on my behalf? I was too emotional earlier. If I have the chance to apologize to her personally later, I will.”

Derrick comforted in a soft tone, “I know. I’ll explain it to Mom later. There’s no need for you to worry. I won’t let anyone upset you as long as I’m around.”

“Thank you, Derrick. I’m sorry for putting you in a difficult spot again.”

“Silly woman.” He chuckled.

When she heard a woman on his end reminding him that a visitor had arrived, she quickly said, “You should go if you’re busy, Derrick. We’ll meet later tonight.”

After she hung up the phone, Amelia smiled at her. “Problem solved? Heh, look at how sweet your smile is.”

Tiffany shot a glance at her silently.

“Hurry up and finish your meal. Once you’re done, I’ll be heading back to work. As for you, I think you should head back home and rest. You’re rushing to complete your manuscript, right? Don’t get lazy or the company’s gonna grumble about how long you’re taking with the script.”

“I know, I know. I’ll be heading back soon.”

“Also, take some time out to apologize. Try not to put Derrick in a tough spot.”

Tiffany nodded.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 453

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 453 Very Suspicious

When Amelia returned to the office, Rory approached her. “Mr. Moore came by earlier, Amelia. It seems that the client wants the design by tomorrow noon. We’ll have to work overtime tonight.”

Amelia furrowed her eyebrows. “Can I take it back home to finish it?”

“Sure. Do you want to take the drafts back with you?”

“I do. Tony’s currently in his mischievous phase, and he’s not terribly close with his dad. If I return too late, I’m afraid he’ll throw a tantrum.”

Rory failed to stifle her laughter. “Looks like you’ve learned how to joke, Amelia.” When she smiled, a faint dimple appeared on her right cheek. It made her look cuter. “You promised me you’ll let me see Tony this weekend, Amelia. No take-backs, okay?”

Amelia nodded.

Rory’s smile became wider as anticipation flashed across her eyes. She couldn’t shake away the image of a tall and imposing figure in her mind.

“What’s wrong? Are you feeling unwell?” Amelia asked because her friend’s cheek was getting red and she looked as though she was daydreaming.

Rory snapped out of it and shook her head. “I’m fine, Amelia. I’ll be going to the washroom.”

“Go ahead, then.”

She turned around and left. However, after taking five steps away, she glanced back at Amelia, whose back was facing her, with jealousy, dropping the lovable facade she had put up in front of Amelia.

Entering a washroom cubicle, she heard someone talking in front of the sinks.

“Say, that new gal in the design department seems to have a pretty close relationship with Rory. Who do you think she is?” one of the women asked.

“Based on her appearance, I’m thinking she’s either the daughter of a rich family or the wife of a wealthy man. Rory’s the type of person who’ll only approach and flatter rich people. If that new gal wasn’t wealthy in some way, Rory wouldn’t have bothered to put up with her at all. What a shameless woman.”

“That’s true. Still, Rory’s quite the schemer, don’t you think? Even though she’s from a village and she has just graduated, she’s already cozying up with Mr. Moore. Only a fool will believe her when she said she had nothing to do with him. Do you believe it? I sure don’t.”

Before the other woman could reply, the door to a washroom cubicle was slammed open.

Both of the women were shocked as they watched the person inside walk out.

Rory crossed her arms and sneered, “Why did you stop? Come on, go ahead. You know, talking bad about someone behind their backs will earn you a ticket to hell. You two are white-collar employees in a

prestigious company, not middle-aged women buying groceries in a wet market. If there's something you don't like about me, say it to my face, not behind my back."

One of them looked guilty while the other refuted, "Am I wrong, Rory? Many people in our department know you have an inappropriate relationship with Mr. Moore. I'm impressed you're willing to get on with him when he's as fat as a pig!"

A vicious look flashed across Rory's eyes. "Apologize to me right now! I recorded your conversation earlier. I can bring you two to court and sue you two for slander. Article 246 of our country's law stipulates that anyone who publicly humiliates another person with violence, fabricated facts to slander another person, or other methods shall be sentenced to fixed-term imprisonment of not more than three years, penal servitude, or deprivation of political rights if the consequences of the humiliation are severe to the person's personal life. Both of you are respectable people. It'll be a shame if you're brought to court."

The two women were understandably upset to hear that.

"Apologize to me right now or I'll show you how a person from the countryside isn't a softie you can walk all over," Rory demanded coldly.

"We're sorry," they apologized unwillingly.

"I can't hear you. Speak louder."

"You're going too far, Rory."

Rory mocked, "Didn't you say I flatter rich people? So what if I do? I can show you what those flattering will get me. Don't pretend you're better than me."

“You’re the most unreasonable person I have ever seen!” The two women wanted to leave right away, but they stopped when Rory spoke again. “If you don’t apologize to me properly now, I’ll sue you both for slander and force you to do it in front of a crowd. Didn’t you say I have no shame? Well, I’m showing you how shameless I am right now.”

With no other choice, both of them apologized to her.

“Remember, if you aren’t more powerful than the person you’re talking bad about, don’t do it behind their backs. Not everyone’s going to be as nice as me. Also, I know you two are just jealous that I’m more capable, which is why you’re saying I’m mooching off rich people. Guess what? You two won’t be able to do that even if you try.” Rory then left pridefully in her high heels.

The two women stared at each other in bewilderment.

After returning to the design department, Rory looked around, but she couldn’t find Amelia. She asked a random colleague about her location.

“She was summoned by Mr. Moore,” that person answered casually. Pity was present in his eyes as he reminded, “You need to be careful, Rory. I think Amelia’s going to be Mr. Moore’s new favorite. If that happens, I’m afraid you won’t be able to keep your position.”

Rory smiled disingenuously. “Only a dirty man would think so low of another person.”

Her colleague smiled awkwardly as she returned to her seat with a dark expression.

“This is what you get by saying unnecessary things,” another employee whispered to that guy. “You already know that Rory’s as feisty as a

firecracker. I'm telling you, you really shouldn't get on her bad side. Don't say anything stupid from now on or you'll get yourself in trouble."

He indignantly refuted, "I'm just telling the truth! She's only relying on her attractiveness to get what she wants. I hate that she pretends she's better than us."

Rory heard all their whispering, but she pretended not to notice.

Inside the manager's office, as Amelia stared at the smiling fat man, her lips twitched. "Is there something you want from me, Mr. Moore?"

"An important client has asked for the designs to be delivered to them on the day after tomorrow, Amelia. You should know that the others in the design department will have to stay back to work overtime to meet the goal. I called you because I want you to know that if you have other stuff you need to take care of at home, you can leave early. You don't need to mind your colleagues in the department. I can hand over your portion of the job to someone else." He spoke with a jolly smile.

Amelia was pretty certain that the attitude he was giving her wasn't one between a superior and his subordinate, but one that was between a youngster and their elder. The way he spoke to her was careful and soft, which made her feel quite uncomfortable.

Silence filled the air for a short while before she spoke up. "There's no need to speak to me like that, Mr. Moore. I'm a newcomer, so if the job needs the people in this department to work overtime, I'll do it. There's no need for you to give me an out. I believe other people will feel uncomfortable if I only get such a treatment."

"If they dare to speak badly about you, I'll fire them immediately! There's no need to worry about what they think!"

At that point, Amelia was pretty sure something else was going on.

She looked at him, confused, and asked, “Did someone say something about me to you, Mr. Moore?”

That promptly caused him to withdraw his expression and replaced it with a more normal smile. “I’m giving you this special treatment because you’re new, and I thought you might need some time to adjust to your new job. Don’t overthink it, okay? If you want to work overtime, it’s fine with me. However, if your husband doesn’t agree to it, you don’t need to force yourself to do it.”

“I’ve written on my resume that I’m divorced, Mr. Moore. I’m currently single,” Amelia reminded.

The manager was stumped. He quickly thought about what he should say. “You should head back to work now. If you’re getting too tired from drawing, you can head back home and rest. Don’t push yourself too hard, okay?”

Amelia was still highly suspicious about what he was trying to do, but she didn’t question it. If she had to guess, it was probably because Oscar had relayed some orders when he visited the company. She wasn’t mad that he was being a busybody. The problem was that if he used his status to make sure no one bullied her, it would only give her a harder time integrating into her new workplace.

“I’m just a newcomer in this company, Mr. Moore. Regardless of who I am, I hope you can treat me the same way you treat my colleagues. There’s no need to give me special treatment.” Amelia turned around and left after she finished.

The manager's lips couldn't help but curve upward. Smart people really are easier to talk to.

Amelia was so busy designing the blueprints that she didn't realize it was already seven in the evening when she looked at the clock. If it hadn't been for Oscar calling her, she would've continued to work.

"Hey, Oscar." She answered the call. "Sorry, I'm currently rushing to complete a blueprint. I didn't pay attention to the time... Huh? You're working overtime too? Is Tony still in the Clinton residence? Oh, so Mom's saying to let him sleep with her tonight? Sure. I just hope Tony won't cause any trouble. Then come and pick me up after your work's done. I might need to work until ten."

After she chatted with him for a bit longer and hung up, a cup of coffee showed up on her desk.

She raised her head and saw that it was from Rory.

"Thank you." She swept her gaze across the office and noticed there were only a few who were still working there. "Where are the others?"

"They all went back. We're supposed to work overtime, but those guys are used to being lazy. The moment it was time to get off work, they grabbed their unfinished blueprint and left. It can't be helped since that's how things have always worked here. Overtime work doesn't come often too, so it's hard for them to change their habits," Rory casually explained. "Seems like you're pretty hard-working when you're in the zone. Have a cup of coffee to keep yourself going. I assume the call was from Oscar? He treats you so nice that it makes me want to fall in love."

Amelia picked up the cup and took a sip. The thick aroma of the coffee gushed into her nose and mouth, lifting her spirit instantly. She praised

with widened eyes, “Your coffee brewing skill is excellent, Rory. I love this so much.”

The reason she didn't mention Oscar was that she didn't want her personal life to be known in the office. He was also a topic she didn't want to talk much about in front of other people because their relationship was precious to her. She didn't want anyone else to take that away from her. It was her way of protecting that relationship.

“I took some time out in the past to learn it. I can brew coffee more often for you if you like.” Rory smiled while trying to hide the emotions in her eyes.

“Thank you.”

She chatted with Amelia for a little longer before she returned to her seat.

Amelia glanced at her with narrowed eyes. The way she asks about Oscar is definitely beyond how people usually ask about their colleague's personal life. It seems like those rumors about her have some truth to them. I need to be on guard against her. As long as she doesn't show her greedy side to me, I don't mind treating her as a younger sister. In fact, I do want to treat her nicely.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 454**

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 454 Carter And Oscar

It wasn't until almost ten at night that Amelia finished the blueprint. She stood up and stretched her body while sweeping her sight across the office. She and Rory were the only two people left there.

“Have you finished the design, Amelia?” Rory smiled.

“I have.”

Rory approached her and stared at the blueprint displayed on the computer screen. Jealousy and shock flashed across her eyes. When she raised her head back up again, those two emotions had been replaced with a joyous smile. “You’re so awesome, Amelia. I can’t believe you managed to design so many blueprints in such a short amount of time. You really are a top student from a prestigious school. I’m so bad compared to you.”

After pulling out the USB drive with a copy of the blueprints in it and turning off the computer, Amelia advised, “You should head home now. It’s dangerous for a girl like you to continue to stay back.”

“Is Oscar going to pick you up?” Rory asked excitedly. Realizing her tone was all wrong, she quickly corrected herself, “I was just thinking how nice it is to have someone who really loves you pick you up at this hour.”

Something strange flashed past Amelia’s eyes, but she remained silent.

When the both of them headed to the ground floor, Oscar was nowhere to be seen. To Amelia’s surprise, she saw Carter’s car parked at the side of the road.

At the sight of Amelia, Carter straightened his back and walked toward her. Rory was dazzled by the handsome man making his way in their direction. She subconsciously glanced at Amelia and asked, “Do you know who he is, Amelia?”

Amelia didn’t answer the question.

It didn't take long before Carter arrived in front of her and stared intensely at her.

"Amelia," he said softly.

She glanced at Rory and said, "This is a friend of mine. He needs me for something. You should head back first. There's no problem for you, right?"

Rory still had a lot of questions, but their friendship, or at least the appearance of it, still wasn't at the point where she could insist on staying. Therefore, she nodded in agreement. However, she was getting incredibly jealous that handsome rich men kept appearing around Amelia. Even though they were both women, their ability to attract the opposite sex couldn't be any more different.

"No worries, Amelia. I'll be heading off, then." Rory waved her hand and left.

Once Rory was out of sight, Amelia asked, "Why are you here, Carter?"

"I heard that you're working here, so I decided to take a ride here and give it a look myself. I didn't expect you to leave this late. Are you tired?" Carter asked tenderly.

"Not really. There were just a few blueprints I wanted to take care of as soon as possible, which is why I got off work late." Amelia subconsciously avoided his gaze. "How's Ms. Larson?"

"She'll be out of the hospital tomorrow."

"That's good. I'm glad to hear that she's fine." Amelia let out a sigh of relief. "It's getting late. I think you should visit her."

Carter's eyes never moved away from her as he asked in a deep voice, "Are you afraid of me, Amelia?"

Amelia shook her head.

Then she thought for a second and glanced at him. "I have someone I like and a son now, Carter. I think it's best that we keep our distance from each other. Both of us are still undeniably friends, but I don't want Oscar to misunderstand anything."

Pain flashed across Carter's eyes.

He placed his hands on her arms and lowered his head to force her to look at him. "It's been two years, Amelia. I missed you dearly. Don't you miss me at all after so long?"

"Stop it, Carter." Amelia spoke with resignation as she tried to shake his hands off of her. Unfortunately, he was holding her so tightly that she was starting to feel pain.

A deranged look surfaced in his eyes as he hugged her. "I really missed you, Amelia. You were gone for two years, and I've missed you for two years. Please give me another chance. I lost you once. I don't want to lose you again. Please, don't be so cruel to me. It's been many years since then, yet I can't forget you."

Amelia was desperate to break free from his hug, as she was afraid that Oscar would witness them and misunderstand the situation.

"Let go of me right now, Carter, or I'm going to be really angry!"

Amelia exclaimed.

Carter ignored her warning and refused to let her go. “I really missed you a lot, Amelia. Nothing happened between me and Jennifer. Please, I beg you, give me another chance.”

“Are you drunk?” Amelia would rather believe it was because of alcohol that he was being so unreasonable.

“I’m not drunk. I’ve never been this lucid in my entire life. Everyone is forcing me to be with Jennifer, but I don’t love her. You’re the only one I ever think about, which is unfair to her.”

Amelia could feel the emotions passing through his body.

Suddenly, her struggle to leave his hug ceased as she said calmly, “Let me go first, Carter, and we’ll talk. What you’re doing right now is just going to make me leave as far away from you as I can.”

Carter grew silent before slowly letting her go.

She promptly moved two steps back to help her maintain her distance away from him. Then she saw a familiar figure in her periphery. She reluctantly turned in the direction of that figure and saw none other than Oscar standing in a distance.

Her throat became as dry as a desert. She didn’t want him to show up at all, yet the heavens ignored her prayers.

Her lips twitched. She didn’t know how to explain herself.

“Oscar, I—” she said in a quavering voice, her face pale when Oscar arrived in front of her.

Oscar draped an arm over her shoulders and looked at Carter in a very gentlemanly manner. “If you’ve finished chatting with my wife, Mr. Scott, I would like to take her back home.”

Carter glanced at him with a complicated look. He thought Oscar was going to go off the rails, but the man was able to keep his cool better than him.

He smiled and said, “I recall that you still haven’t reinstated your marriage with Amelia, Mr. Clinton. This means she’s still single, and I still have a chance.”

Oscar raised his eyebrow and smirked. “Thank you for your reminder, Mr. Scott. I’ll remember to take her to the City Hall tomorrow. It’s my bad for letting you get your hopes up. Amelia is my wife, and I’ve prepared to spend the rest of my life with her, and maybe even in the next life too. If you want to get together with her, you’ll have to wait for quite a long time.”

Carter’s face darkened.

Oscar pulled Amelia into his embrace and hugged her tightly. “If there’s nothing else, I’ll be leaving with Amelia now. She still hasn’t eaten anything yet, so I’ll be taking her to supper. Goodbye.”

Carter watched as the two of them left. His fist tightened and his lips pursed.

Oscar opened the car door for her, helped her get into the vehicle, and tenderly fastened her seatbelt. His movement didn’t imply he was angry at all, but he had yet to make eye contact with her.

Amelia was feeling rather anxious as she stared at him. “Oscar, I—”

She couldn't bear the silence in the car any longer and tried to speak up, but he cut her off, "I'm very angry right now, Amelia."

She lowered her head as her face became pale again. "I'm sorry."

Oscar gave her a glance, sighed, and patted her head. "I'm not angry with you. I'm just jealous of those men who refuse to let you go even though they know you're already taken. If it's possible, I'd like to put you on my belt so that no man will dare to look at you."

Amelia raised her head and stared at him.

A smile appeared on his face. "I will never be mad at you. I'm simply jealous that someone else hugged you."

Amelia's heart was warmed by that statement. "Thank you for trusting me, Oscar."

"Do I get a reward for that?"

She rolled her eyes at him before closing them with a smile. "I'll let you do whatever you want once we return home."

Excitement flashed in his eyes as he stepped on the gas pedal.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 455**

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 455 Crossed The Line

Oscar pinned Amelia against the wall once they got home, claiming her lips in a deep kiss.

They made love to each other all night, and despite her exhaustion, Amelia woke up early the next morning thanks to her unerring biological clock.

Her eyes fluttered open, and Oscar leaned over her, sweetly planting a kiss on her forehead as she tried to get out of bed.

Oscar swiped the alarm clock off their bedside table and noticed that it was twenty to eight. He pulled Amelia back into his arms and coaxed, “Sleep a little longer. Don’t go to work today. I’ll call in sick for you.”

Amelia burrowed into his embrace and lightly nipped at his jaw. “Oscar, it’s time for me to get up. I’m going to be late if I fall back asleep.”

“You have me. You don’t need to work so hard,” Oscar replied, tightening his arms around her.

Amelia mock-scolded him, “Oscar, I’ve finally regained the overflowing passion for design I haven’t seen since my university days. My body feels like it’s bursting with creativity with all the designs I’d like to explore. You promised you’d support me in my choices. Don’t tell me you’re going back on your words now.”

Oscar merely kissed her forehead once more, mildly exasperated by her determination.

“Do you really like this job?”

“I do,” came Amelia’s earnest reply.

“All right. But you’ve got to let me know if it’s tiring you out. I’ll open a design studio where you can be your own boss. That way, you’ll call the shots and the hours.”

A radiant smile bloomed on Amelia’s face. She pushed herself up on her elbows and kissed Oscar’s cheek. Thankfully, the soreness from last night’s activities had begun to dissipate, and Amelia eventually crawled out of bed with some difficulty. “I’m going to get a quick shower. You should too, or you’ll be late.”

She washed up in under ten minutes and came out of the bathroom. As she did so, she saw Oscar picking out a suit in their wardrobe, his hair freshly wet from a shower.

Amelia could not resist the urge to hug him from behind. She pressed her chest against his broad back and purred like a kitten.

She sighed and lamented, “What should I do, Oscar? I’m jealous of all your admirers too.”

Oscar turned around and shot her a loving gaze. He could not help himself as he lowered his head and captured her mouth in a longing kiss. Things were just getting heated when Amelia hastily pulled herself away.

Wryly, she stated, “We need to go to work, Oscar.”

Oscar nipped her lip softly and replied, “I’m letting you off the hook today.”

Finally, they got dressed and went downstairs hand-in-hand. Molly happened to come out of the kitchen with their breakfast, and she smiled warmly before greeting them, “Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton.”

Amelia dashed down the stairs and exclaimed, “Molly, you’re back! I missed you so much when you weren’t around.”

“Mrs. Clinton, I’m sure you miss my cooking more than you miss me,” Molly teased.

“Molly, I’m hurt that you would think that way. I missed you first before yearning for your cooking.”

Molly struggled to bite back her laughter.

She waited patiently as Amelia and Oscar enjoyed the breakfast she had prepared. Amelia seemed to have worked up a large appetite as she devoured two bowls of oatmeal. She panicked when she checked her phone and noticed the time. “Oscar, hurry up. We’re going to be late.”

Calmly, Oscar said, “Not to worry. I’ve called your manager and informed him that you’ll be late because you’re feeling unwell; he has given his approval.”

Well, my body’s still a bit sore from last night. I guess it’s better to report late to work. Still, Amelia grimaced as she imagined how quickly the theories for her tardiness would spread through the rumor mill at work.

She was often amazed at their penchant for creating and spreading gossip around the office.

After they finished breakfast, Oscar drove Amelia to work.

On the way to work, Amelia propped her chin on her elbow and asked Oscar, “Don’t you think you’re abusing your power? You said you wouldn’t interfere with my work, yet you’ve gone behind my back to

contact my manager. He walks on pins and needles around me! How should I punish you for that?"

Oscar stretched his right hand out and pinched her cheek playfully. He turned serious and explained, "I was just worried that you would be bullied in your new company; that's why I contacted your manager and asked him to look out for you. I didn't mean anything else by it."

Amelia smiled gratefully and clarified, "I'm not blaming you. I find your chivalry absolutely charming."

Her praise brought a loving smile to Oscar's face. He was a sucker for her rather unorthodox displays of affection.

They arrived at Amelia's office too soon, and she kissed Oscar goodbye before undoing her seatbelt and alighting from his car.

She headed up to the design department, where a grinning Rory sauntered to her and pointed at her desk. Rory teased, "Amelia, I'm about to expire from jealousy. Oscar sent you flowers and gifts to start your day at work. Every woman in the department is dying to know what's in that exquisite gift box. You should open it and spare us all from the suspense."

True to Rory's words, Amelia saw a big bouquet of roses on her desk. She was more befuddled than anything since Oscar did not mention any gifts during their car ride. Just then, she recalled Oscar's promise of a memorable courtship, and she secretly hoped that the surprise on her desk was one of his many romantic gestures.

Amelia walked to her desk and picked up the bouquet. The lack of a message card briefly raised her suspicion, but she supposed it was plausible for anonymity to be part of Oscar's surprise.

Under her colleagues' expectant gaze, Amelia unwrapped the exquisite gift box on her desk. When she saw its contents, Amelia stumbled backward in horror. She flung the box away and out rolled a bloodied ball of hair, a photo with a pin stuck on it, and a note.

Amelia paled further when she recognized the young boy in the photo; she picked it up and pulled out the pin with shaky hands.

Sticking a pin on the photo of her beloved son was a sin Amelia could not forgive.

Amelia would have let the entire matter slide had the subject of this horrid prank been anyone but her precious son. How could they be cruel enough to target an innocent child?

Rory was equally horrified by the items that fell out of the gift box. Warily, she picked up the neatly folded note and opened it. She blanched and muttered, "Amelia, look at this."

Amelia snatched the note and read it. She began trembling in anger and fear.

Amelia Winters. How are you enjoying your gift? The game has just begun, and I hope you're excited. You love your son more than anything else in this world, yes? Be careful, then. Watch your son like a hawk lest you find him floating lifelessly one day. Who knows, you might find his beautiful eyes in your next package. You received someone else's eyes, after all. I'm sure it's fair for your son to give up his in exchange. I can't wait to see your devastation when your darling son meets his doom. Oh, I'm positively brimming with anticipation for that day to come. Consider this a friendly reminder to keep an eye on your son. Yours truly, Your Mysterious Sentinel.

Before she realized it, Amelia had crumpled the note in her shaking fists. Rory sensed her fear and hurriedly helped her into a chair before asking for a glass of warm water.

Rory comforted her, “You need to calm down, Amelia. Don’t be scared. Perhaps this is just a harmless prank. We’ll call the police and report this.”

Amelia turned to stare at Rory, frightening the latter with her hollow gaze.

Amelia retracted her gaze and rummaged through her purse for her phone. She immediately called the Clinton residence.

The line connected quickly, and a maid answered the phone.

“Hello, this is Amelia. Where’s Tony?” Amelia cut straight to the point.

The maid replied, “Good day, Ms. Amelia. Mr. Anthony is playing with Mrs. Clinton outside. Would you like me to summon him to the phone?”

“No, it’s all right. I just missed him after spending a day apart. No need to disturb him during his playtime. I’ll come and fetch him tonight.”

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief. “I’ve got to get back to work now. Don’t let him know I called.”

“Yes, Ms. Amelia.”

Amelia hung up just as Rory handed her a glass of warm water. Rory advised, “Here, Amelia. Have some water.”

She received the glass before apologizing to Rory, “I’m sorry you had to deal with my overreaction earlier. I hope I didn’t frighten you.”

Rory shook her head and replied, "It's fine. By the way, I've arranged for someone to contact the police. I think it's best we leave the investigation to the authorities. I hope we weed out and punish this horrid prankster soon."

Amelia smiled weakly in response.

This prankster has crossed the line by bringing my son into the picture!

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 456

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 456 Darling Tony

News of the horrid prank against Amelia spread through the office like wildfire. Mr. Moore rushed over to check on the situation, paling when he saw the bloodied hairball on the ground. His gaze roved over the staff in the design department as he barked, "What the heck is going on?"

Everyone exchanged uncomfortable glances before Rory eventually stepped forward and elaborated, "Mr. Moore, a courier delivered these to Amelia earlier. The sender didn't leave his name, and this fell out of the box when Amelia opened it. We don't know what's going on either."

Mr. Moore exhaled heavily and approached Amelia. He asked worriedly, "Are you okay, Amelia? I hope you weren't too shaken up by the incident. Don't worry. I promise our company will get to the bottom of this." He had selfish reasons for showing his concern, of course. If Amelia's fear incited Oscar's wrath, their company would undoubtedly suffer.

Amelia forced a smile on her face and said, "I'm okay, Mr. Moore."

Reassured by her words, Mr. Moore glanced at Rory and asked, “Have you called the cops?”

“Yes, Mr. Moore. They should be reaching anytime soon,” came Rory’s answer.

Mr. Moore nodded in approval before suggesting, “Would you like to call your family, Amelia? I suppose you should share your concerns with them after such a harrowing incident.”

To his surprise, Amelia shook her head determinedly and uttered, “It’s fine, Mr. Moore. I don’t want to worry them unnecessarily. It’s just a hairball and a photo. It might just be a petty act by a jealous party.”

“Are you sure? Don’t feel obliged to put up a strong front. Please let me know if you need me to help with any difficulties.”

Amelia insisted, “Thank you, Mr. Moore, but I really am fine.”

The police arrived shortly after and took Amelia’s statement. They also interrogated her colleagues in the design department, who shared every morsel of gossip they knew with the authorities. Mr. Moore stepped forward and implored, “Ma’am, this is a vile prank toward one of our employees. I hope the police can conduct a thorough investigation and bring this prankster to justice. As the manager of this company, I view the wellbeing of my employees with the utmost importance.”

The policewoman nodded and reassured, “We will do our best. This evidence is coming with us, and we’ll get back to you once we make some headway in our investigation.”

The police left as quickly as they came. They had already written off Amelia’s incident as a harmless prank and only came by to collect

statements as a formality. Frankly, they had more serious crimes to deal with than a petty prank.

Meanwhile, Mr. Moore dismissed everyone to their desks and had Rory escort Amelia to the cafeteria to collect herself before resuming work.

They occupied an empty bench in the cafeteria as Rory piped up, "I'm sure it was a nasty but harmless prank, Amelia. You can rest easy now that the police are involved. Besides, celebrities receive threats almost daily. They're all walking around fine. And bloodied items? Please, that was so last year."

Amelia struggled to repress the fear in her heart. She would have been unfazed if the prankster had targeted her. After all, she had been through unspeakable hardships ranging from accidents to even blindness. It was not an exaggeration to say that Amelia had suffered every misfortune under the sun. Unfortunately, the prankster had had to go after her beloved son. After her harrowing accident, the doctor had given her some devastating news. The accident not only gave her a permanent blood clot in her brain but also jeopardized her fertility. In other words, she was at a much higher risk of miscarriage in the future. Of course, miracles could occur yet, but for now, Amelia viewed Anthony as the only child she would ever have in her lifetime, and she would do anything in her power to keep him safe.

Kurt! I should call him. I can breathe easy if Kurt is taking care of Tony.

She pulled out her phone and called Kurt. Surprisingly, he only answered after the line had been ringing for a long time.

He sounded hoarse as he greeted her. "Amelia."

Amelia swallowed the request on the tip of her tongue. Instead, she asked concernedly, “Are you okay, Kurt? You sound a bit off.”

Kurt reassured, “I’m fine. I was negligent and allowed the enemy to injure my arm during an assignment. Nothing big, so please don’t worry.”

“Oh no, is the injury serious? Did you see a doctor? What did Oscar ask you to do? How did you injure your arm?” Amelia blasted him with a series of questions. Despite Kurt and Hugo’s bodyguard titles, Amelia knew that Oscar kept them around for more than simple guarding duties. While injuries on their assignments were not wholly unexpected, she could not help but worry after hearing about his arm injury. Kurt had supported her greatly when she lost her sight, and she had grown close to him over that bleak period in her life.

Though she could not see him, she felt him smile before replying, “I’m fine. It’s a small injury, I swear. I taught my opponent a harsher lesson, I assure you. Anyway, I should be back in a couple of days after wrapping things up. How are you and Tony? Are you both well?”

“I’m fine. Tony is with his grandma, and I’ve found a job. It’s more for the experience than financial needs. You should hurry back once you’ve completed your assignment; Tony misses his godfather dearly.”

Kurt paused before uttering, “All right.” Do you miss me too? He stopped himself before blurting the question plaguing his mind. Amelia has only ever seen me as a good friend. I can’t ask something like this and make things awkward between us.

Suddenly, both of them fell into silence.

Almost half a minute passed before Amelia pleaded, “Kurt, Tony needs your protection. Please, you’re the only person I trust with his safety.”

Her words put Kurt on alert as he asked, “What’s wrong? What happened to Tony?”

“Tony’s fine. I just wanted to take some precautions. There are plenty of people harboring selfish intentions toward Tony over his status. I’d feel safer with someone I trust around him. You promised you’d always watch over him, right?” Amelia was ashamed of her selfishness. She had vowed to keep her distance from Kurt, yet now she was breaking the same vow to protect her son. I did the very same thing two years ago. Dear God, I’m a terrible human being.

Kurt promised, “I’ll be back as soon as I can. I’m sure Boss will keep Tony safe even if I’m not there.”

Amelia merely grew solemn as she urged, “I know, but Tony is close to you too. I know I’m asking for too much, but I hope you can keep an eye on Tony when Oscar is too busy. I need Tony to be safe at all times. Can you do that for me?”

“I’ll take good care of him,” Kurt said. “We may not be blood-related, but Tony recognizes me as his godfather, and I will protect him as if he’s my biological son.”

Moved by his words, Amelia thanked him profusely, “Thank you so much, Kurt!”

Kurt probed, “What happened, Amelia? Is there something you’re not telling me?”

“Nothing. I’ve started working again, and I’m worried that Oscar’s also too busy to keep an eye on Tony. That’s why I called you to check when you would return. Anyway, that’s all. Thanks! I’ve got to go now!”  
Amelia hung up hastily.

She met Rory’s questioning gaze and explained, “That was Kurt.”

Rory looked away and commented, “I didn’t know you’re still on such good terms with Kurt. I even mistook him for your husband at one point, if you remember. I’m still sorry about that. How is he, by the way? I heard you mention that he injured his arm. I hope it’s nothing too serious.”

Amelia shook her head to alleviate Rory’s concern and shared, “It’s fine, Rory. Thanks for accompanying me the entire morning. The incident this morning must’ve given you a shock as well. I’m so sorry for involving you in my mess.”

Rory replied in mock anger, “Amelia, I’ll get pissed for real if you keep chucking these formalities at me.”

“All right, all right! I won’t do that anymore.” Amelia smiled gratefully although her heart still felt as heavy as before. She had no idea who hated her so much that they would drag Tony into the mess. Tony is the most important person in my life, and I have no qualms about killing anyone who harms a single hair on him!

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 457**

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 457 Pray It Is Not Them

After finding out Amelia had been threatened, Oscar immediately left for her office.

Amelia was stunned by Oscar suddenly showing up at her office. “Oscar, what are you doing here?”

It was as if he knew about the insecurities deep within her despite the brave mask on her face. Oscar walked up to her and wrapped his arms around her, leaning his chin on her head. “Why didn’t you tell me about receiving such a despicable thing?”

Amelia relaxed a little as she leaned her head against his chest, listening to the familiar heartbeat beating softly against her ear. Her racing heart began to calm to a steady rhythm at the constant thumping.

“I thought I could handle it, and I didn’t want you to be worried. Yet you still found out in the end.” Her voice came out muffled as she buried her head into his chest. “But I’m still happy that you’re here.”

The design department’s manager, Eduardo Moore, approached Oscar with an ingratiating smile. “Mr. Clinton, you’re here.”

“Mr. Moore, I thank you for taking care of my wife. I’m grateful that you chose to inform me about the suspicious package that she received instead of hiding it from me,” Oscar expressed his gratitude bureaucratically, an arm wrapped around Amelia’s waist.

Eduardo shook his head and replied hurriedly, “There’s no need to thank me. I’m the one who is grateful that Amelia chose to work in a small company like ours. You don’t have to thank me for something so menial. She must have had a hard day today. I’ll let her get off work early today to rest at home.”

“Thanks. I’ll be taking her back then. I thank everyone here for taking care of my wife on my behalf. The bill is on me for your next visit to the bar,” Oscar promised as his gaze swept across the entire group.

Everyone’s jaw dropped at his appreciation. They never thought he would be the kind to express his gratitude so openly since Oscar always had a scary aura emanating from him.

A commotion stirred within the design department as they watched Oscar walking away with Amelia. Some employees even approached Eduardo and probed, “Mr. Moore, you addressed that man as Mr. Clinton. Is he the heir to Clinton Corporations? And Amelia is his wife? Oh my goodness! I’m dead. I was rude to Amelia. What should I do? Will I lose my job if Amelia gets angry and tells Mr. Clinton about it?”

Eduardo cast them a glance and warned, “All of you, don’t overthink it and focus on your work. Let me remind you that you’re at the office. You are hired to work and not to stand around gossiping. Regardless of Amelia’s husband’s identity, he is not someone any one of us here can mess with, so watch yourself. I won’t be lenient if I hear of any one of you messing with Amelia. The length of your tenure here won’t stop me from terminating your contract. Even the boss had asked me to take extra care of Amelia.”

With that said, Eduardo turned on his heels to leave.

Despair and frustration filled the rest of the employees’ hearts and showed on their faces.

Some employees glanced at Rory with a look of admiration and jealousy. “Hey Rory, you have quite the sharp eyes, don’t you? Amelia hid her identity when she first joined the company. I can’t believe you saw through her cover. It’s no wonder you got our supervisor’s favor even though you’re just a fresh graduate. Congratulations. You now have the

wife of Clinton Corporations' heir as one of your connections. Your future is looking all bright and shiny, isn't it?"

Rory was as stunned as they were. She had merely thought Oscar was a successful employee at one of the major companies. To her utter surprise, he was the rich and powerful heir of Clinton Corporations. That company had over ten thousand employees. All it took was one word from Clinton Corporations, and the entire Tayhaven economy would waver. Yet, this man that everyone had been praising was Amelia's husband.

She admired yet was jealous of Amelia at the same time. She's got the looks, the body, and is even a graduate of an ivy league university. Even though she didn't study overseas and doesn't possess a prominent family background, her friends are all rich and famous. Tiffany is a famous author, while Kurt is a bodyguard with a mysterious background. And now, even her husband turns out to be the heir to Clinton Corporations. No one who lives or works in Tayhaven wouldn't know about Clinton Corporations. It is that huge. There is no need to work once one becomes the wife to the heir.

The snake of jealousy coiled around her, gripping her at her thoughts.

She sat back in her seat and began contemplating, ignoring her colleagues trying to dig for more of Amelia's information from her.

The trip back home was silent. As soon as the door shut, Amelia instantly quit acting strong once she and Oscar were alone. She wrapped her arms around his waist and buried her face in his chest. Her voice was filled with vulnerability as she broke down. "Oscar, I was so scared. The person who wrote the paper said they would target Tony. I'm so terrified that they will do as they said. Tony is my life. I can't let anything happen to him! If he becomes blind like me, it won't be much of a life. I don't want that for him!"

Amelia's vulnerability was on display for Oscar to see.

She wasn't afraid of anything, but she had a deep fear of darkness. It had developed when she lost her sight and saw darkness everywhere. Fear would grip her if she was locked in a dark room alone. She wouldn't let it show on her face, but she would be extremely nervous. Her palms would be wet from sweating excessively. She had never shown her weakness in front of anyone else. Even Tiffany had no idea Amelia had a fear of the dark and being alone after losing her sight.

Oscar's expression darkened, but he gently patted Amelia's back, assuring her, "Don't worry. I'm right here. I won't let anyone hurt Tony."

Amelia rubbed her face against his chest like an insecure kitten. "I trust you to protect Tony and me, but I can't figure out who has such a huge grudge against me. That person has even gone to the extent of targeting a child."

Oscar's eyes turned dark. "Don't worry. I'll investigate this matter. I already have a security detail protecting Tony. Once Kurt is back, I'll have him stay by Tony's side every second. Not one single person alive will touch him."

"You're not jealous?"

"I'm not that petty of a man. As long as you have me in your heart, I won't care about the other guys liking you. With my wife being such a perfect woman, it's a fact that men will fall for you. They can't help it. Otherwise, I'd begin to doubt my taste in women."

Amelia couldn't help giggling at his joke, her spirits lifting slightly.

Perhaps it was because Oscar was by her side now, so she wasn't as nervous as before. Her rationality returned, allowing her to think calmly.

The only ones who hate me in Tayhaven are Cassie and Isabella. The rest don't know much about my background, so it's unlikely for them to lose their rationality and target a child.

After a long silence, she said, "Oscar, do you think it is possible that either Cassie or Isabella sent that package? Other than the two, I can't figure out who else will hold such a grudge against me. That person must have lost their mind to target a small boy like Tony."

A fierce glint flashed across his eyes at her suggestion. The usual deadpan expression on his face turned grave. "If they are the culprits, I'll make them pay."

"Let's investigate first before we accuse anyone. I don't want to wrongfully accuse anybody." Despite her words, hatred gleamed in her eyes. When she continued, her tone was somber. "I'll make them pay myself if they are the culprit. They can threaten me, but they shouldn't have involved Tony. Tony is my everything. I can't let anything happen to him."

Oscar caressed her hair and comforted her, "Calm down. I'm here. I won't let any injustice happen to you."

"I don't care if they threaten my safety, but I can't forgive them for dragging Tony into this. Do you know someone hammered a nail through his forehead in his photo? The sight had my heart clenching so tightly that I had difficulty breathing. I'm afraid, not for myself, but for my son. He's the only son I have. I can't even bear imagining something happening to him."

“Amelia, calm down. No one can hurt Tony with me and you here. You even protected Tony from harm in that fatal car accident. And you can protect him again. You are Tony’s guardian. As long as you’re by his side, nothing bad will happen to him,” Oscar assured as he pulled her against his chest.

Amelia slowly calmed down in his warm embrace.

That’s right. Tony will grow up safely and healthily under Oscar’s and my protection and care. I can’t let a tuft of hair and a poor-quality photo scare me to the point of losing my senses. If I lose my rationality, Tony won’t be safe.

Amelia nodded her head. “I’ll stay calm, Oscar. I’m so grateful to have you by my side in every situation. I’m so happy that you came to me at the right time. At that moment, I truly felt that you were my guardian angel.”

“Aren’t I always your guardian angel?”

She couldn’t help her giggle at his jokes. He had lifted her mood once again.

“Oscar, let me teach her a lesson if the culprit is either Cassie or Isabella. They have crossed the line this time. I don’t care if they hate me, but they shouldn’t have implicated an innocent child in their hostility. I hope they are not the culprit as I don’t want to think the worst of others. But if it’s them, I won’t have mercy. I have been patient all these years, and I’m not going to back down any longer because they’ll only take advantage of my patience.”

“My Amelia is all grown up now.”

“I have been an adult for quite a while if you didn’t notice.”

Oscar laughed at her quip. His laughter brought mirth into Amelia's eyes.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 458

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 458 Hit A Child

The front door slammed open. Before Amelia could see who came in, Tiffany's barrage of questions reached her ears first. "Amelia, what's wrong? You said you were threatened on the phone earlier. Are you okay? Who is the culprit? Have you called the police?"

Amelia shook her head and walked toward Tiffany, taking a seat on the sofa.

"Babe, tell me from the top what exactly happened. You weren't clear on the phone earlier. I almost ran a red light, worried something bad had happened to you." Tiffany was worried sick. She figured someone had cursed Amelia with bad luck. The latter hadn't had even a single day of peace ever since she came to Tayhaven. Everyone wanted to mess with her.

Tiffany's gaze scanned the entire room, but she didn't see Oscar anywhere. She frowned as she asked, "Where's Oscar? How can he not be here when something so serious has happened to you? What kind of husband is he?"

Amelia reached for Tiffany's hand and lightly slapped it on the back. "Tiff, calm down. I'm fine. Oscar was with me earlier, but he left to pick Tony up when he heard you were almost here."

“I guess he’s not that bad then.” The creases on Tiffany’s forehead smoothed. She continued, “Babe, tell me about the threat.”

Amelia gave Tiffany a run down of the entire incident.

“What? Who could have done such a thing? Have you called the police? The culprit is so immature and evil. Why did they involve a young child if they just wanted to scare you?” Tiffany’s voice rose an octave as rage filled her.

Amelia merely sat on the sofa silently with a grim look.

Upon noticing the gloominess on Amelia’s face, Tiffany calmed herself down once again and comforted her, “Babe, don’t worry. If that evil and immature culprit wants to hurt Tony, they’ll have to go through us. Do they think they can do anything they want? Let them come. Once I have my hands on them, I’ll teach them a lesson they’ll never forget. They’ll regret having been born into this world once I’m through with them.”

Amelia couldn’t help her laughter at Tiffany’s threat. Her sadness and worries always disappeared with Tiffany around.

“Tiff, you look just like one of those creepy witches in children’s bedtime stories right now. The person who wants to hurt Tony will be terrified if they catch a glimpse of you,” Amelia teased.

Tiffany cast Amelia a side glance to express her dissatisfaction at being compared to an ugly witch, but she wasn’t angry at the latter’s teasing.

“Babe, do you have anyone you’re suspicious of?” asked Tiffany as she took a seat beside Amelia.

“The only people who hate me so much in Tayhaven are Cassie and Isabella. However, I don’t think Isabella will threaten me irrationally like that. It doesn’t fit her character. My bets are on Cassie.”

“Babe, I think you forgot someone.”

Amelia gave her a puzzled look.

“There’s also Stephanie,” Tiffany reminded her.

Realization flashed across her eyes. With a bitter smile, she said, “I did consider her. But in the end, she’s Oscar’s sister. I can’t think the worst of her.”

Tiffany snickered before she spoke, “You treat her like she’s family, but I can’t say the same for her.”

Amelia had no response to Tiffany’s barb.

“Babe, what are you going to do if Stephanie turns out to be the culprit?” Tiffany probed.

Before Amelia could answer, Oscar had come back with Tony.

“Mommy!” Tony called as soon as he stepped through the front door. He ran into Amelia’s open arms like a mini-tornado.

Amelia got up from the sofa to catch him. The heavy feeling in her arms relieved some of her worry.

My son is adorable. I can’t figure out who can be so cruel as to target him.

Tony pecked Amelia's cheeks and looked into her eyes. "Mommy, I miss you. You didn't pick me up yesterday, so I stayed at Grandma's for the entire night. I didn't like how Aunt Stephanie kept pinching my cheeks. It hurts, and I'm not a kid anymore."

Amelia's heart clenched at his words. If Tiffany hadn't reminded her earlier, she wouldn't be wary of Stephanie. Yet now, she had no choice but to put her guard up against everyone.

"How does your Aunt Stephanie treat you? Does she treat you well?" Amelia asked hesitantly.

Tony scrunched his nose and replied, "I don't like her. She always looks at me strangely and would even say something weird like a crazy person."

Amelia's body stiffened. She looked at Oscar and saw his expression turn grave.

"What has she told you?" Amelia continued.

Tony tilted his head to the side, mulling briefly. Then he began imitating Stephanie. "Tony, why did you and your mom come back when you both were doing fine in Beshya? Your mom is a jinx, and so are you. The peace in the Clinton residence was disrupted after you two came back."

Amelia's expression darkened.

"Tony, children shouldn't lie. Otherwise, I'll be angry," Amelia said somberly with a stern expression.

Tony gave Amelia a pitiful look. "I didn't lie. Aunt Stephanie said something else too." He began to imitate Stephanie again. "Tony, you're so adorable. I like you, but you have a terrible mother. Oscar will still

have other children even if you're gone. I wonder, will your mom break down if you went missing?" Tony even tilted his head back and let out a shrill laugh, engrossed in his act.

The looks on the three adults' faces turned cold.

Amelia patiently confirmed, "Tony, you're sure your Aunt Stephanie said all these?"

Tony pouted. "Mommy, I won't lie. I merely mimicked Aunt Stephanie. She would also tell me a lot of other stuff and sometimes even want me to accompany her to buy candies. I never go with her, though. I'm not dumb. Mommy told me not to follow strangers and people I don't like."

"Amelia, I'm heading out for a while. Take care of Tony," Oscar suddenly said.

Amelia swept Tony into her arms and asked frantically, "Oscar, where are you going?"

"There's something I have to do. I'll be right back."

"Oscar, don't—"

Before she could finish, Oscar shot her a gentle smile, cutting her off. "Everything will be fine. Don't worry." He then whirled around and left through the front door.

Looking at Oscar leaving, Tony turned to Amelia with a puzzled look. "Mommy, have I said something wrong? Why did Big Meanie leave?"

Amelia bounced Tony in her arms. "It's not you. He has something urgent to do, so he needs to leave immediately. He'll be back soon."

Tony nodded obediently.

“Mommy, I don’t hate Big Meanie, but I like Daddy more. If you like Big Meanie, I will try to like him too. But if he hurts you, I won’t ever like him,” Tony promised.

Amelia’s heart warmed at his promise. Having such an obedient and adorable son, she couldn’t have asked for anything more.

She handed Tony to Tiffany and left for the kitchen to prepare some food.

Tiffany held Tony in the living room and asked, “Tony, were you not happy when you were at your grandma’s?”

“It was okay. I wasn’t happy without Mommy and Tiffy there. Those maids were so careful with me the whole time, and no one played with me. Grandpa and Grandma only watched me from afar. They asked Aunt Stephanie to play with me once she came back, but I could tell she didn’t want to. She even beat me with a stick when no one was watching. She’s a bad person,” Tony complained. Tony didn’t have a good memory of the Clinton residence.

“She hit you with a stick?” Tiffany asked angrily.

I thought Stephanie was merely stubborn. I didn’t expect her to be so immature as to hurt a small child! Tony is her nephew at that!

Tony pulled up his shirt and turned around, showing her the red, long marks on his back. It was clear those marks were from a stick. Rage surged through Tiffany. She could have choked Stephanie if the latter was standing right in front of her now.

“Tony, don’t tell your mommy about this because she’ll be upset about it. These marks will be gone soon. Things aren’t easy for your mommy at the moment, so you have to be a good boy, okay?” Tiffany said gently.

Tony nodded his head obediently. “Tiffy, I didn’t tell Mommy about it since I was worried about upsetting her. I don’t want her to cry.”

Tiffany felt a pinch in her heart. Tony was only two years old, yet he was as mature and understanding as an adult.

“Tony, you’re the best. How mature of you. I don’t understand why there are people in this world who would harm you. They’re utterly heartless!”

“Tiffy, Aunt Stephanie hit me, but I bit her back. When she wanted to hit me again, Grandma returned. Her expression then was so funny.”

Tiffany’s sadness a moment ago went up in smoke. She knew Tony would not just let things be with his intelligence. Why didn’t she think of that in the first place?

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 459**

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 459 The Heartbroken Olivia

Seeing Oscar’s return, Olivia appeared surprised. “Oscar, why did you come back?”

Despite looking slightly grim, the man tried to suppress his emotions as he calmly uttered, “Mom, where’s Stephanie?”

At once, Olivia felt a chill down her spine. “Did she do something wrong again? Or did she talk back to Amelia again?”

Upon casting a glance upstairs and not seeing Stephanie’s presence, Oscar sneered, “Mom, any idea what your beloved daughter said to your grandson? She said it’d be great if Tony doesn’t exist and that he shouldn’t have been born since he only brings down the reputation of the Clintons.”

Olivia could not believe what she heard. “That’s impossible. Stephanie adores Tony so much. Even though Tony isn’t close to her, there’s no way she would say those words.”

“Mom, do you know that’s what Tony told us? Or are you trying to say that a two-year-old is telling lies?” Oscar retorted.

Of course, Olivia trusted her precious grandson. She believed there was no way such a young child would tell lies, and neither would he be so conniving to make up stories.

“Caleb, go get Ms. Stephanie here. Tell her that I have something to ask her,” Olivia grimly instructed.

“Got it, Mrs. Clinton.” A young boy’s voice sounded.

In no time, Caleb returned with Stephanie. And as expected, Noah followed behind her too.

“Noah, I have something I have to say to Stephanie. Can you head back first?” Olivia tactfully ordered him to leave.

Being no fool, Noah smiled politely. “I’ll head back first, Mrs. Clinton.” Finishing his words, he turned to Stephanie and said, “Be good,

Stephanie. Listen to Mrs. Clinton; I'll come back again and bring you out tomorrow."

Stephanie pursed her lips but did not say anything further.

"Drive safe." Stephanie showed a rare side of her being nice.

Noah nodded in acknowledgment.

After he left, Stephanie took a peek at her brother. "Oscar, why are you back?"

"What did you tell Tony?" Oscar asked straightaway.

Her gaze flickered upon hearing that, but she continued to feign ignorance. "What are you talking about, Oscar?"

At the sight of the imposing man leaning forward, Stephanie staggered a step back and stuttered, "O-Oscar, w-what... What are you trying to do?"

Oscar moved even closer to her and said grimly, "Stephanie, save those despicable ideas to yourself. Save the adults' problems to the adults instead of the kids. Don't become a heartless creature that is beyond hopes. Remember, Tony is your blood-related nephew. I don't want to think that having you as my sister is my biggest shame."

At once, the smile on Stephanie's face froze and gradually faded away, looking as though she was deep in thought.

"Oscar, did Amelia say weird things in front of you again? I feel so unjust that you're scolding me without any reason." Stephanie took a deep breath before she refuted agitatedly.

“I’m talking to you about the matter regarding Tony,” Oscar bellowed. “Stephanie, I’m already being very lenient toward you. I’ve been tolerating you once and again on account of Mom, and in turn, that has caused a lot of unfairness to Amelia and Tony. Now that I’ve finally found them back, why are you so pressed on making life difficult for them? Why did you send that parcel to Amelia’s company? Do you know how much fear your prank has caused her?”

This time, Stephanie was truly baffled. “Oscar, what parcel are you talking about?”

“Stop pretending. Can’t you grow up and learn to be more mature?” Oscar coldly berated.

“Oscar, you need to have proof before you say that. I admit that I’ve said mean things to Tony, but I meant no harm. Even though I did scold him, he has already taken his revenge by biting me twice! You can take a look at the marks!” Stephanie pulled her sleeve up, revealing two bite marks. “I’m stern toward Tony, but that’s because he disrespects me first, so I couldn’t hold myself back and said those things. I’m definitely not a lunatic who’ll put my nephew in harm. As for the parcel you’ve mentioned, I swear I have no idea what’s that.”

Evidently, Oscar could not bring himself to trust her. “I’ll investigate that issue myself.”

“Stop quarreling, the two of you,” Olivia suddenly interrupted.

Stephanie’s eyes were red from aggrievement.

“Mom, Oscar’s the one who kept finding trouble with me. I admit that I’ve done many bad things in the past, but I’ve changed my ways after I got together with Noah. I’ve been trying to learn how to be more

understanding too. As much as I dislike Amelia, I try to turn a blind eye and refrain from saying anything mean to her. But Oscar is here to condemn me simply because he has heard something from her. I guess he doesn't care about me anymore after having his wife," she remarked indignantly.

Olivia rolled her eyes at Stephanie. She felt her breaths quicken as rage surged within her.

Taking a deep breath to calm herself down, she questioned, "Tell me, Stephanie. Did you tell Tony that he's better off not existing in this world?"

Stephanie was instantly rendered speechless, and that had indicated her silent agreement.

Without hesitation, Olivia strode up to Stephanie, raised her hand, and served the latter a tight slap. "Stephanie, I'm so disappointed in you. I thought you'd learned after two years, but it turns out that you're still the same as in the past. You should know that Tony is my precious baby. Why did you say such things in front of the small child? You're his elder; do you not know that you're responsible for setting him an example? I'm utterly disappointed."

Stephanie covered her cheek as beads of tears began to roll down uncontrollably.

"M-Mom, y-you hit me again." Stephanie choked on her words.

"Stop crying." Olivia had barely been so stern before. "I've always forgiven those harmless troubles you've done in the past. But how can you even treat kids that way? I'm still alive, and you're already doing that. So are you going to sell him away when I die?"

Stephanie shook her head profusely and grew even more emotional.

“Mom, how could you think of me that way?”

“Isn’t that the case? You could even hire someone to take action on the pregnant Amelia back then. It wouldn’t be a surprise if you’d sell Tony away. You’re a total disappointment. I thought you’ve grown up, but I guess I was wrong. Indeed, a leopard never changes its spot. You’re still you.”

Stephanie fixed her eyes on Olivia numbly.

“Go back to your room upstairs and reflect on yourself. Apologize to Tony when you’ve thought things through. I’m afraid you’ll only bring shame for the Clintons after marrying into the Walker family with this temperament of yours.” It was the first time Olivia had said such harsh words to Stephanie.

“Mom...”

“Go up.”

Stephanie lifted her hands to wipe away the tears at the corners of her eyes as she ran back to her room.

Meanwhile, Olivia looked at Oscar and asked, “Oscar, you too. Stop being so stern toward Stephanie. She has actually changed a lot over the last two years. Besides, she’s already at the stage of marriage with Noah. Save her some dignity.”

“Mom, you’re still protecting her at this point? Will you only realize that your adoration for Stephanie has spoilt her when something happens to Tony?” Oscar remarked in a hoarse voice.

Olivia’s face turned gloomy immediately.

“Oscar, are you blaming me now?”

Oscar shrugged and responded, “Mom, I’m sorry. I apologize that I’ve let my emotions take control of me. But I still think Stephanie is a ticking bomb that’ll go berserk any time. If you miss Tony, then come over to visit us. I can’t be at peace if I send him here. That’s it for now. I’ll head home first.”

As soon as he finished his words, he turned and left.

“Stop right there!”

The man stopped in his tracks.

“Oscar, are you trying to deprive me of my right to spend time and play with my grandson?”

“That’s not it, Mom. I only want to let you know that we’ll take care of our child if you want to protect your daughter. I don’t want to put Tony in a vulnerable position.”

Olivia felt her body tremble in anger. She could not believe that Oscar would utter such a callous remark.

“Good, good. That’s amazing. My son, whom I’ve painstakingly brought up, has learned to threaten a poor old woman like me.” Olivia laughed bitterly.

At that sight, Oscar turned and rushed up to her and held on to her swaying body. “Mom, don’t be like this. I don’t mean that. But if it’s unbearable for you to teach Stephanie, I’ll do it instead. If we continue to let her be, I believe she’ll do something to Tony sooner or later, judging from her wilful nature. Look, she even dared to take action on a pregnant

woman. Aren't you afraid that you'll see your grandson's cold and motionless body one day?"

His last sentence was so impactful it shattered Olivia's line of defense, causing all of her strength to leave her body as though she was about to collapse.

In truth, she knew her daughter very well. That was why she would react that way because she figured that Stephanie would be capable of doing such things.

"Do what you want, then. But she's your sister after all. Don't be too hard on her." It felt like it was after a long time when Olivia finally compromised.

"Mom, thank you so much," Oscar replied from the bottom of his heart.

"Go home now. You two shall take care of Tony tomorrow since it's the weekend. I'm old and can no longer tell you to do something anymore." At that point, Olivia's heart was full of sorrow from the irreparable damage inside her.

Oscar figured he had broken Olivia's heart.

Of course, he was not feeling any better.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 460**

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 460 The Suspect Had Been Caught

Arriving home at the sight of Tony running around and having fun with Amelia, the frustrations and troubles within Oscar instantly melted away.

When Amelia saw his return, she stood up and walked over. “You headed back to the Clinton residence?”

Without hesitation, Oscar nodded.

“Did you talk back to Mom?” Amelia worriedly asked.

Oscar caressed her face and smiled. “Don’t worry. I’ll never do that to Mom.”

The man’s answer was sufficient to set Amelia’s mind at ease.

“Big Meanie.” Just then, Tony raised his head to look at Oscar, who was much taller than him, and abruptly said, “I suddenly feel that you look like the hero who catches bad people on the television, so I decided that I won’t hate you anymore.”

A glint flashed across Oscar’s eyes as he bent down to carry Tony up.

“If you call me Daddy, I’ll be even happier.” Oscar’s gaze was glistening with expectation.

Tony only stared at the man with his eyes wide open without saying a word.

Oscar tucked him under his arm and tried to find an excuse to cover up his embarrassment. “It’s fine if you don’t want to call me now. But one day, I’ll make sure you call me Daddy willingly.”

“Daddy.” Just as Oscar concluded his sentence, a crisp voice sounded. He froze on the spot, unable to believe what had just happened. A look of disbelief spread across his face.

Instinctively, Oscar swept his gazes to Amelia, who happened to be looking at him. The two exchanged a look of extreme astonishment.

The man quickly moved Tony in front of him and said expectantly, “Tony, say that again.”

However, Tony tilted his head and remained quiet, seemingly trying to go against Oscar deliberately.

Despite being slightly disappointed, he was comforted at the recount of what he had heard earlier. He carried Tony with one hand and freed his other hand to run it around Tony’s head.

“Daddy, don’t touch my head,” Tony yelled.

Instantly, the hand on Tony’s head stiffened. An indescribable warm feeling surged in Oscar’s chest and coursed through his body.

At that moment, he finally had a sense of accomplishment in being a father.

He felt a warm sensation on the rims of his eyes as they began to well up.

A bright smile slowly crept onto Amelia’s face while watching the sight. She was pleased to find that Tony had finally acknowledged Oscar. As much as the little one still appeared slightly awkward, she knew that nothing would break their bond since they were blood-related and that he would still be full of respect and admiration for his father regardless.

Walking to the father and son duo, Amelia smiled. “Tony, call Daddy again. He has been looking forward to you doing that.”

“Daddy.” This time, he obediently followed instructions.

Oscar chuckled as he pulled Tony closer for a tight hug. “That’s my good boy.”

Noticing how the man’s eyes brimmed with tears, Amelia was happy for him deep within. She had her fears allayed after seeing how the father and son’s relationship improved.

Overjoyed, Oscar specially whipped up a feast of six dishes and a stew for Amelia and Tony.

At the dining table, he placed some food on Tony’s plate. “Eat more, Tony. I’ve prepared this huge spread for you.”

Tony grabbed his spoon and began munching on the food. Tasting the delicious food, he gave Oscar a rare grin and uttered, “Daddy the Big Meanie, the food is yummy. But Mommy’s cooking is even better.”

My dear boy, if you can remove “Big Meanie” in your sentence, I’ll be even happier.

Oscar quietly thought to himself.

“Eat more if you like it since I rarely cook.”

Unquestionably, Tony was quite cooperative at that point that he ate deliciously.

Oscar also picked some food and put it on Amelia’s plate. “Where’s Tiffany?”

“About half an hour before you came back, her editor called her saying that there’s an investor who wants to squeeze another actress in for a fourth supporting actress in the film, so her script needs some changes. No choice; nowadays, investors are important figures, so there are many times when the film’s script requires multiple changes. Some even require the scripts to be rewritten after completion. So Tiff could only return to the office to discuss with Derrick and her editor. She has been looking forward to having her fantasy novel adapted into a drama. I believe she won’t agree to the sudden addition of the new role since it’s her hard work.” Amelia grew a little worried as she spoke. “If there are people who can support her fantasy turned drama, I’m sure she’ll have more autonomy in her work.”

“I thought Derrick is rich?”

“He has not only pumped in a lot of money into this drama this time, but he even helped to rope other investors too. Of course, it’s reasonable that they want to include other actors in the film after investing so much money in it. He can’t possibly let his irrational side take over him and offend the other investors,” Amelia explained in distress.

“I heard she has about two or three novels adapted into films. It should’ve become a norm to her by now.”

“It’s because she’s the screenwriter this round. Moreover, that fantasy novel was her blood, sweat, and tears. She doesn’t want others to mess up her hard work.”

“I recently have interests in expanding the business in the entertainment industry. Why don’t I invest in that film? If things work out fine, we’ll all have a profit to earn. If it’s the other way round, I’ll treat it as a form of practice, then.”

Amelia widened her eyes and shook her head. “Oscar, you don’t have to do this.”

“It’s not entirely for you. It’s indeed part of Clinton Corporations’ plans to venture into the showbiz. Investing in Tiffany’s film will be my first chance to test out. If the film turns out to be a big hit, we’ll continue. Otherwise, we’ll treat it as a lesson learned.”

“Thank you, Oscar.”

“Don’t be silly! I have confidence that we won’t make a loss. Fret not. I’ll hire a bunch of netizens to stir publicity for the film even before it starts filming. And I’ll only select those most highly sought-after actors and actresses. With such a cast, I believe this film will be selling like hotcakes!”

Adoring how Oscar was kind and tolerating toward her, Amelia could not help but giggle.

After the meal, she received a phone call from the police station. They wanted her to make a trip down since they had caught the suspect for the threat parcel.

As such, Oscar drove Amelia and Tony to the station. Over there, the police then led her to a small room. “Ms. Winters, this is the suspect.”

Seeing the young boy who looked about seventeen or eighteen years old, her mind began rummaging through her memory. Yet, she concluded that she had never met him before.

“Are you the one who sent me the parcel?” Amelia asked.

That youth curled his body as he shot Amelia a glance with his fear-filled eyes. “I-I only acted out of someone’s request to pass the parcel to the

delivery company for them to deliver it to your company. Other than the flowers, I have no idea what's inside that exquisitely-wrapped box. You should know that there are no reasons for me to scare you since you've never offended me. Please let me off."

"Who ordered you to do that? Do you remember what that person looks like?"

After some careful deliberation, he answered, "It's a lady. I remember that she has a tall and lean figure. Coupled with her high heels, which were several inches high, she's probably about six feet tall. But I didn't get a good look at her face since she didn't remove her shades. Oh yeah, she has short hair."

Amelia fell into a moment of contemplation. Nonetheless, no one around her could fit into the description provided by the youth.

She could not wrap her head around the identity of the short-haired lady who would play such a prank on her.