

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 543

Chapter 543 Drive Her Up The Dead End

Amelia took the elevator to the top floor. Isabella trotted behind her and entered the elevator as well. Linda's heart fell when she saw the two people coming out of the elevator.

One was Oscar's beloved, while the other was his pursuer. Linda dared not to imagine what would happen when these two women met.

"Mrs. Clinton, why are you here?" Linda asked politely.

"Is Oscar here at work? I want to have lunch with him," Amelia replied with a smile.

"Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Clinton didn't come to the company today." Linda shot Amelia a quizzical look. She remembered the latter was staying under the same roof with Oscar. She wondered how Amelia did not know that Oscar did not come to the company today.

Amelia had roughly guessed what Linda was thinking, the former nonchalantly brushed it off. "He was sending Tony to Olivia's place. I thought he had reached here. It's all right then. Can I wait for him in his office?"

Without further ado, Linda invited Amelia to the office but was stopped by Isabella at the entrance. Isabella exclaimed, "Linda, you're Oscar's secretary. Your job is to keep any self-invited guests away when he's not around. Have you forgotten about this? I don't mind asking Oscar to fire an incompetent secretary."

A gleam of impatience shone in Linda's eyes. She had had enough of Isabella's imperiousness in the company. However, she had no say over Isabella's actions due to the latter's domineering status.

Linda gathered up every patience she had within herself and said, "Ms. Walker, Mrs. Clinton is not a self-invited guest. She's Mr. Clinton's wife. I'm sure Mr. Clinton will not say a word even if Mrs. Clinton requests this office for herself."

Isabella glared at Linda and entered the office. She was now in the same space with Amelia.

Linda felt like her head was throbbing. "Ms. Walker, I believe you still have work to do. Please leave the office. Don't make things difficult for me."

Isabella crossed her arms in front of her chest and said, "I need to report a project to Oscar. I will wait for him here. You can leave and do your work now."

Linda was stumped and gave Amelia a sideways glance.

Sensing her dilemma, Amelia chimed in, "Linda, you can leave first. Don't worry about Ms. Walker and me here. We'll be fine."

"All right, Mrs. Clinton." Linda pondered for a moment before she asked, "Which coffee would you like, Mrs. Clinton? Or perhaps you would like some tea?"

"Water is fine." Amelia smiled.

Isabella ordered, "Give me a cup of coffee without sugar."

"No problem." Linda left and closed the door on her way out.

Amelia walked to the window and called Oscar. The call rang for a long time without anyone picking it up. Just as she was wondering if Oscar was avoiding her, he finally picked up the phone.

"Amelia."

"Oscar, aren't you coming to work yet?"

“I’m still here with Mom. I need to settle some matters first. I will go to the company in the evening. Where are you now? How do you know I’m not in the company?” Oscar paused for a moment before he continued, “Are you in Clinton Corporations?”

“You were not around when I woke up this morning. I know you’re upset. I don’t want to leave our problem hanging until the next day. That’s why I come to the company hoping to have a talk with you. Please give us this chance to solve our disagreement. I don’t want our relationship to go sour.”

Oscar fell silent on the other end of the line.

“Amelia, I’m not mad with you. I merely want you to stand your ground. I do not object to the appearance of your pursuers, but your attitude toward them speaks everything to me. If you keep your distance from all the males, I won’t be bothered at all. Do you know someone has sent me photos of you and Kurt drinking coffee? You already knew that someone had been targeting you. Yet, you’re still in contact with them. Don’t you know that you are leaving a bad impression on Mom? Can you please refrain yourself for my sake?” Oscar sighed wearily.

Amelia’s face gradually turned pale as she listened to him.

“Amelia, please think about what I just said. I’ve told you before. I will never give up on you with the premise that my woman has only me in her heart.” With that, Oscar hung up the phone.

Amelia stared at the phone that had been disconnected. She suddenly felt heavy at heart.

“What’s the matter? Did you have an argument with Oscar?” She jumped when Isabella’s voice suddenly boomed behind her.

Amelia kept the phone and said, “Ms. Walker, I will excuse myself first.”

Then, she walked past Isabella before the latter interrupted, “Amelia, do you like the photos?”

Amelia stopped in her track, turned around, and looked at her with mixed emotions. “Did you hire people to take those photos?”

Isabella sat on the couch. Her lips quirked up into a sneer. "Amelia, I never knew you were this charming. Not only does Oscar fall for you, but Carter is also hung up on you. Not to mention Kurt, who has always been loyal to you. I always wonder what good do these men find in you that they all throw themselves at your feet."

Amelia stared intently at Isabella as realization dawned on her. "So you're the one that lunged the car toward me. Ms. Walker, I've made a report to the police and have given them all the details, including the car plate number. The case is now under investigation. I will advise you to be more careful."

"Amelia, please stop pointing fingers at me. I'm not that idiotic to hire a man to knock you over. I merely sent snoopers to do some investigations on you. To be frank, I'm quite surprised that they were able to produce such good photos for me. I've sent all of them to the Clinton residence. I don't think that Mrs. Clinton will be lenient to the woman who has cuckolded her son," Isabella exclaimed smugly.

Instead of lashing out after hearing that, Amelia managed to regain her cool. She chuckled. "Ms. Walker, I'm still Oscar's wife even after you have done so many things behind my back. We're living happily ever after as a family of three. You better watch out. I'm sure you don't want all your efforts going to waste."

Then, she left the office.

Isabella scoffed and got up from the couch. "Amelia, I will see how long you can put on your act. The devil cannot hide his cloven hoof."

Linda immediately greeted Amelia when the latter walked out of the office. "Mrs. Clinton, are you leaving already?"

"Oscar is deferred by something else. I will go look for him. Please carry on with your work. You don't have to worry about me." Amelia beamed and left.

Amelia left the company and got into her car. She leaned back against the car seat while looking at the bustling street outside the car window. Mixed emotions surged through her heart. She thought Oscar and her had finally built a stable relationship after they had been through all the ups and downs together. However, it turned out she had overestimated both the strength of their relationship and Oscar's tolerance toward her pursuers.

No man could remain indifferent toward his woman's pursuers.

Amelia heaved a sigh. If she were to be more careful, things would not have turned this way.

Her phone rang and snapped her out of her thoughts. Amelia glanced at the screen. It was from Jolin.

"Hello?" She answered the call.

"Ms. Amelia, are you feeling all right? Why didn't you come to work today? Boss just called and asked if you're in the company. I'm a bit worried, so I decided to give you a call. I've managed to dig something up. The car was aiming to kill you. Don't go anywhere. I'll come to you now."

Amelia smiled and consoled, "Jolin, don't worry. I'm currently downstairs at Clinton Corporations. I'm about to head back to the company now. I'm fine."

"Ms. Amelia, please wait over there. We can continue talking once I'm there." Jolin's voice sounded edgy.

Amelia frowned. She guessed that something must have happened to get on Jolin's nerves.

"All right." Amelia hung up the phone.

Perhaps Jolin's words had indeed left an impact on her, but Amelia glanced around nervously after she hung up the phone. There was nothing suspicious. Maybe Jolin has been overthinking. However, I still have to be careful.

Soon, Jolin arrived at the scene. Amelia got off the car when she saw the former. Just as Amelia wanted to walk toward Jolin, a car sped toward her. Jolin spotted the roaring vehicle and dashed toward Amelia at her quickest speed while yelling, "Mrs. Clinton, get out of the way!"

Amelia noticed the car that was speeding toward her as well. At that moment, the memory from the past traumatic experience came again vividly to her mind. Her mind was shouting to her, telling her to dodge out of the way, but her legs felt so heavy and remained rooted to the spot.

Her eyes widened in fear, her palms felt clammy from the uncontrollable sweating, and even her calves were trembling, albeit almost unnoticeable to naked eyes.

Jolin mustered up all her strength to run toward Amelia. She hurriedly wrapped her arms around the latter's waist and lunged sideways, successfully dodging the crash from the BMW.

Seeing that the murderous plan had failed, the BMW did not proceed with a second attempt. Instead, it fled the scene at full speed. Jolin said to Amelia, who had just barely missed death by a whisker, "Mrs. Amelia, wait for me here. I'll go after the culprit."

With that, Jolin hopped into Amelia's car and chased after the person.

Amelia's mind went completely blank. It took her almost a minute to recollect herself.

She drew out a long breath and slowly regained her composure.

If it were an ordinary person who had encountered two life-threatening accidents in merely a few days, the person would have already experienced a mental breakdown. It was rare to have a person like Amelia be able to calm herself down within a short period of time after experiencing multiple traumatic experiences.

Amelia raked through her mind but still could not pinpoint anyone who would harbor this much hatred toward her. Besides, the person had gone all out to try to take her life. Wouldn't the person be worried about receiving revenge from her?

Amelia shook her head. She had to wait for Jolin to capture the culprit, and the truth would come to light after that.

A menacing gleam flashed in Amelia's eyes. She wanted so much to tear the instigator to pieces. She did not expect her tolerance would cause the person to advance further and almost drive her to a dead end.

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Chapter 544 Hatred

Jolin immediately chased after the car. The person who tried to knock Amelia down was quite sly. He swerved through the traffic and caused chaos on the road. When he saw a few cars running into each other, he opened his car door and ran out quickly. Upon seeing that, Jolin got out of her car too and ran after him. Although the perpetrator had some tricks up his sleeves, he was no match for Jolin because she'd gone through professional training.

The man fell to the ground after Jolin took off her shoe and threw it at him. When he was about to get up and run, Jolin had already arrived in front of him. A fight ensued between the two of them.

The man wasn't too bad of a fighter, and he managed to put up a good fight. However, he was getting tired as the fight prolonged.

Jolin spun a reverse kick at the man, and he fell. She then flipped him over and pressed him against the ground.

"Don't move! Tell me everything now, or I'm going to cut off your hand!" Jolin threatened.

"Please spare me! I was paid to only scare that woman. I didn't mean to hit her or anything. Please let me go! I won't do it again," the man begged while being pinned to the ground.

Jolin glared at him disdainfully and uttered coldly, "Well, if you manage to keep your life, you can then re-think your decision of taking up such a mission in the future."

The man was scared out of his wits upon hearing that.

Initially, he only wanted to make some money for himself, and he never thought his life would be at risk. Indeed, he wouldn't dare to repeat such a grave mistake again.

Jolin rang Oscar on the phone and said, "Boss, someone wanted to run into Mrs. Clinton with a car. I've already apprehended him. What do you want to do about it?"

Oscar could be heard breathing heavily from the phone. In a deep tone, he asked, "Is Amelia okay? Did she get hurt?"

Jolin gave it some thought and answered, "Don't worry, Boss. I was just in time. Mrs. Clinton is fine. It's just that she has a lot of haters at the moment. They're all trying to bring her down with their dirty tricks. If you don't kill him and make an example out of him, I'm afraid those haters might act even more brazenly."

"Bring the man back to the organization. I'll be there shortly. If Amelia asks if you've caught the perpetrator, just tell her you've already brought him to the police. Say whatever you need to say to get her mind off of it. I'll handle the rest," Oscar instructed in a cold tone.

"Yes, Boss."

After Jolin brought the man back to the organization, she told the others to keep an eye on him and make sure nothing was going to happen to him until Oscar's arrival.

Upon giving her instructions, Jolin left the organization and gave Amelia a call.

"Jolin, where are you? Did you catch that guy? Are you all right?" Amelia asked anxiously the moment she picked up the phone.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton. I've already caught him. I've dislocated both of his hands and brought him to the police. Since I've already given my statement, there's no need for you to show up, Mrs. Clinton. I'll get everything settled. Don't worry," Jolin consoled her.

"That's good, then." Amelia felt relieved. However, she suddenly thought of something and asked, "You didn't tell Oscar about this, right?"

“Mrs. Clinton, since the incident had put your life at risk, I had to tell Boss. I’m sorry. I can’t afford to be responsible for your life. Although I don’t mind dying, the organization is going to get punished if something bad happens to you. That’s why I had to tell Boss about it. I’m truly sorry,” Jolin said truthfully.

Upon hearing that, Amelia breathed a sigh of relief.

“Mrs. Clinton, are you angry?” Jolin asked cautiously.

“No, I’m not angry. Since something like that had happened to me, Oscar has the right to know. It’s a good thing that you’ve told him.”

Jolin breathed a sigh of relief as well before she said, “Mrs. Clinton, where are you now?”

Amelia gave her an address.

“Okay, Mrs. Clinton. I’m heading there now. Wait for me.”

After hanging up the phone, Jolin headed toward the address Amelia gave her as fast as she could and arrived at a cafe. She walked in and found Amelia sitting at one of the corners of the cafe.

“Mrs. Clinton,” Jolin greeted.

Amelia pointed at the seat opposite her and said, “Have a seat. I’ve ordered a glass of mango juice for you. I’m not sure if you would like that, though.”

“Yes, I do. Thank you, Mrs. Clinton.” Jolin sat down.

After taking a sip of her juice to quench her thirst, she raised her gaze toward Amelia. She felt a rock lifted off of her shoulders after seeing Amelia had regained her composure.

“Mrs. Clinton, Boss will handle the matter personally. Since he can’t leave the Clinton residence at the moment, he got me to comfort you instead. Also, he wanted me to tell you that he’s not angry at you, and he’ll probably only be back at night,” Jolin said.

Amelia stirred her drink with her straw before flashing Jolin a smile when she looked at her.

“I know. He’d already given me a call just now. Regarding the person you caught, did you ask who he is working for?” Amelia asked. She wanted to know who hated her so much that they wanted to run her over with a car.

Ever since she got back to Tayhaven from Beshya, she hadn’t had a moment of peace.

“I haven’t done that. However, we’ll know soon. No one would dare not give in once Boss had dealt with them,” Jolin said in admiration.

Upon seeing the look on Jolin’s face, Amelia suddenly felt the urge to find out another side of Oscar that she’d never seen.

“Do you admire Oscar so much?” Amelia asked.

Jolin nodded hurriedly in response. She was all full of excitement when Oscar’s name was mentioned. It was as if he was an idol of hers. “Mrs. Clinton, Boss is a very impressive man. We’re all either picked up off the streets or recruited by him. We’ve had a tough time growing up. Most of us were either neglected by our parents, orphaned, or had run away due to abusive adults at home. In other words, we were all problematic kids back then. During the early days when we’d just started following Boss around, almost all of us were rebellious. Boss never disciplined us with words. Instead, he would use his fists. Back then, when he was still a teenager, he was already an extremely good fighter. Hence, he’d beat us up when we failed to be cooperative. Before he let us train officially, he told us he only wanted the strong to join him. Obviously, none of us left because we didn’t want to go back to those shabby places we came from.”

Jolin couldn’t help but recall the past.

“Boss was already a good leader when he was young. Not only did he train us personally, but he’d also grown up alongside us. Boss can be merciless at times, but he’d always treated us kindly. As long as we don’t betray him, he wouldn’t punish us. Like two years ago, when Kurt brought you away, we all thought Kurt was dead meat. However, we were so surprised when Boss didn’t punish him. Although Boss might seem cold on the surface, he’s quite a sentimental person, and he’d always only turn a blind eye. Mrs. Clinton, you must cherish Boss and not hurt him. Those two years were tough on Boss,” Jolin added.

Amelia lowered her gaze as she pondered. “It seems like you guys are all very loyal to him.”

“We’re very grateful for everything Boss has given to us. Besides, we were all trained by him. Not only are we grateful, but we’re also loyal and respectful toward him. In the beginning, we’ve already sworn not to betray him.”

“He’s lucky to have such a bunch of nice bodyguards around him.”

“No, it’s more like we’re lucky to have met him. Without him, it’s safe to assume all of us might’ve ended up being thugs all over Chanaea.”

Amelia chuckled in response. “I’ve never seen this mysterious organization of yours. Do you guys kill people?”

“On certain missions, yes. However, it’s quite rare. We don’t kill people all the time unless we have to. In certain situations, we might get killed instead if we don’t act first,” Jolin answered casually. In fact, she was so calm that it was as if she was discussing something that happened on a daily basis.

The corners of Amelia’s mouth twitched upon hearing that.

As the two of them chatted away, Amelia found out a lot of things she’d never known before. Whenever Jolin mentioned something joyful, Amelia would also flash her a smile.

“It seems like you like Oscar a lot, don’t you?” Amelia asked, half-casually and half-tentatively.

In response, Jolin answered her directly, "Yes, I do. Boss is an impressive man. To be frank, everyone in the organization admires him. The men admire his strength while the women admire his magnificence. However, you're the only person Boss wants, Mrs. Clinton. When you left without a word two years ago, a lot of us in the organization thought about assassinating you because you've betrayed Boss. I've even thought about teaching you a lesson when I was told to protect you. However, I realized how nice you are after spending some time with you. Hence, my impression of you gradually changed."

"Should I thank you, then?"

"Well, no. I just hope that you'll love Boss deeply. Although he seems tough on the surface, he's not as tough as you think."

Amelia lowered her gaze and thought for a moment. "Okay."

After chatting for a while more, Jolin said, "Perhaps I should send you back now, Mrs. Clinton."

Amelia nodded.

Jolin sent her home after they got out of the cafe.

Upon arriving home, Amelia uttered, "Jolin, you may go ahead with your business now. You don't have to stay by my side because I have Molly with me."

Jolin nodded and left.

After Jolin left, Amelia went to her bedroom upstairs. As she lay in bed, she stared blankly at the ceiling.

The memory of her almost getting ran over by a car twice kept surfacing in her mind. Although she was scared, she was used to suppressing her fear and not letting it be seen.

Well, I guess I'll have nightmares for the next couple of days. I bet the memory of the car moving so fast as if it had lost control is going to linger around for a while.

Amelia then heaved a sigh as there were questions roaming in her mind. She couldn't figure out who hated her so much that they wanted to kill her by crashing a car into her. Could it be Stephanie again? However, isn't her relationship with Noah stable at the moment? Although Noah has someone else, he's still putting on quite an act. If I don't have any conflict with her, why would she try something like that on me again? If it wasn't Stephanie, who else could it be?

Her mind was a mess, and she had no idea who was behind it. Although I've already decided not to rely upon Oscar too much, he was still the person who protected me in the end.

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Chapter 545 Helpless

As soon as Jolin stepped outside the condominium, Oscar called her. Immediately, she explained every detail to him, "Boss, Mrs. Clinton is safely back in the condominium. She felt fine and wasn't frightened at all. I've already instructed Andre and Max to protect Mrs. Clinton in secret. She'll be fine, I promise. Yes, I'll return to the organization headquarters now."

After she hung up the call, Jolin hurriedly drove her car and left the neighborhood.

When she arrived at the organization headquarters, Jolin asked, "Has Boss arrived?"

"Not yet."

Jolin heaved a sigh of relief and said, "What about the man that was sent here today? Is everything all right with him? Remember, Boss explicitly requested to see him, so nothing should happen to him before Boss gets any information from him, okay? Otherwise, we'd be skinned alive."

"Don't worry. He's safe and sound inside the room. We wouldn't dare to let anything happen to somebody who has been specifically wanted by Boss."

"That's good, then."

Half an hour after Jolin had arrived at the headquarters, Oscar finally appeared.

The men formed two straight rows and greeted him, "Welcome, Boss!"

He then walked toward the small room, with Jolin following behind him as she instructed her men to drag the lawless man into the room.

The man, who was brought in, was thrown directly on the cold and hard floor.

Oscar looked down at him and said in a cold voice, "Lift your head."

The man did as he was told. As soon as his gaze met Oscar's dark and unfathomable eyes, the man could not help but shudder in fear.

"M-Mr. Clinton," the man said in a trembling voice.

"You know who I am?" Oscar said in a threatening voice as he narrowed his eyes.

"I promise I won't do it again, Mr. Clinton. I just wanted to earn some quick cash, that's all. I have no intentions of harming Mrs. Clinton, and it was because someone paid me to teach her a lesson. I won't dare to do it anymore. Please, forgive me this time," the man pleaded as he trembled in fear, breaking into a cold sweat all over his body.

"You want me to forgive you?"

The man nodded vigorously.

"I can forgive you, but you'll have to tell me the person who paid you to scare my woman."

The man fell silent immediately.

“You’re not talking, aren’t you? Sure, I have plenty of ways to make you talk.”

Beads of cold sweat formed on the man’s forehead.

“I really can’t tell you anything, Mr. Clinton. If I tell you the truth, I will lose my life.”

“If you don’t spill the truth today, I can have you dead instantly.”

There was a hint of hesitation and struggle in the man’s eyes while beads of cold sweat continued to form on his forehead.

“I’ll talk, Mr. Clinton! It was someone of an average height who came to look for me. However, I’m not quite sure what he looked like. He only asked me whether I had the guts to mess with the woman from Clinton Corporations and offered to pay me one million only to scare Mrs. Clinton with my car. Since I happened to lose quite a lot of money in my business some time ago, I was sorely tempted by the huge amount of money, thinking I could take a risk and make a quick fortune out of it since I was only tasked to scare that person without causing any casualties. So I took the deal and really just did what I was told to by driving that car to intimidate Mrs. Clinton. I swear I wouldn’t dare to do anything else other than that,” the man on the floor finally confessed everything.

Oscar cast a signal toward Jolin, who took the hint immediately. She then went up to the man and stepped on his hands. A bloodcurdling scream ripped through the air inside the room.

Jolin grabbed the man’s chin tightly, and his scream came to an abrupt halt.

“Are you going to talk or not?” Jolin asked.

The man was profusely sweating as he lay exhausted on the floor, looking at Oscar with a terrified expression.

“M-Mr. Clinton, I really don’t know anything else than that! I just wanted to earn some money to cover my business losses. Moreover, that person never wanted me to harm Mrs. Clinton in any way. Please, just believe me!”

Leaning against the chair, Oscar said, “Give him a piece of paper, Jolin.”

Jolin nodded and brought a piece of paper, placed it in front of the man, and said, “Draw out the man’s facial features on this paper.”

The man took the pen and said in a trembling voice, “But I don’t know how to draw.”

“You don’t know how to draw? Then I guess there’s no need for you to keep both your hands now.”

“Y-Yes, I’ll draw it right away.”

After waiting for nearly half an hour, an indistinguishable shape appeared on the piece of paper.

The man lifted his head and said awkwardly, “I’m really sorry, Mr. Clinton. I just don’t know how to draw at all.”

Jolin raised her leg and gave him a hard kick. “Loser! You can’t even draw properly! I don’t think you should keep your hands at all. They’re just taking up space.”

The man quickly hid his arms under his body and replied anxiously, “Have mercy, Mr. Clinton! I know that person’s phone number! He asked me to call him after the job was done, and I was supposed to meet him at a warehouse in the suburbs so he would pay me the rest of the half a million in cash directly. I can call him right now and ask to meet him. By then, you’ll be able to send someone to catch him.”

Oscar merely pretended to close his eyes and remain silent.

Jolin stepped on the man’s back and said, “Lie to us, and I’ll show you how the end of your life will be.”

“N-No! I won’t!”

She then stomped a few times on the back of the man, causing him to almost scream in agony. However, the man remembered that Oscar detested people sobbing in front of him, so the man could only hold back his agonizing wails.

After she was done, Jolin lifted the man as if he was a little puppy and said, “Boss, I’m going to bring to catch the mastermind behind this incident. Don’t worry, and leave it to me. I’ll make sure everything will be handled well. I shall report to you immediately once we’ve caught the perpetrator.”

Oscar merely nodded at her words.

Jolin grabbed the man and turned around to leave the room with him, threatening him menacingly as they walked out, “You better behave nicely. I’ll make your life a living hell if you dare to play any dirty tricks on me.”

“No! I won’t dare to do so!”

Oscar merely stayed there for five minutes before he got up and left.

He then drove back to his condominium in the city. When Molly saw Oscar returning home, she greeted him, “Welcome back, Mr. Clinton.”

“Where’s Amelia, Molly?”

“She’s sleeping upstairs. Mrs. Clinton doesn’t look quite good today. I think you should try to make her feel better. I wanted to make some soup for her, but she just said she didn’t feel like eating at all. I’m not sure what has gotten into her. Why don’t you go up and take a look?” Molly worriedly said as she frowned slightly.

Oscar furrowed his eyebrows heavily upon hearing Molly’s words. He nodded and replied, “I’ll head upstairs now, Molly.”

As Oscar went upstairs, he opened the bedroom door to find Amelia curled up like a small cocoon, with only her head visible as she wrapped herself with a blanket.

He walked over and sat by the bed, gently stroking her heavily-furrowed eyebrows. His eyes were filled with pity and affection.

He loved the woman so much that he could not bear to let her suffer even the slightest injustice, let alone be mad at her as he had been the day before. Clearly, he only intended to make her feel anxious and let her reflect on whether she was right or wrong.

Eventually, he had guessed it right. At the end of the day, Amelia still cared a lot for him. Nevertheless, for him to conduct such a test had slightly hurt their relationship instead.

After the incident happened, he could not rush over to her side to hug her in his arms, offering her comfort and warmth right away.

Oscar had to admit that he was an incompetent and irresponsible husband.

"I'm so sorry for not being able to rush to your side instantly after it happened, Amelia. Mom was terribly displeased when she held the picture of you having coffee with Kurt just now. I had to stay behind to comfort her. You knew that someone was targeting you behind your back, yet you had to chat and be friendly with other men. I could send people to protect you, but I can't simply restrict your freedom. Why can't you keep your guard up and protect yourself? I'm really worried about you." Oscar sighed gently.

Amelia gently nuzzled against his palm, but her eyebrows were still heavily-furrowed. It was as if she was having a terrible nightmare at that moment.

Oscar raised his hand to gently caress her furrowed brows, but as soon as he did that, Amelia frowned again.

"Oscar!" Amelia shouted as she was jolted awake from her dream.

"I'm here," said Oscar as he pulled her into his embrace and gently patted her back. "It's okay. I'm here. No one's going to harm you right now."

Amelia nuzzled against his chest and calmed herself down a little. She then said in a weak voice, "Oscar, I just had a dream about getting hit by a car. You only came to take a look at me and told me that you didn't love me anymore since my face was disfigured. In the blink of an eye, you fell in love with Isabella, and even Tony refused to acknowledge me as his mother. It shocked me so much that I woke up suddenly."

Oscar was nonplussed after he heard her words.

"Silly girl! Don't you know that dreams are always the opposite of reality? Previously, it seemed like you were the one who didn't want me first, so how could I possibly dare to leave you? It's the same this time since you're the one who ran away from me. Be a good girl, and don't think too much about it," Oscar said while he gently stroked her soft, luscious hair.

Amelia leaned against his chest, taking in the scent of his body, which helped her to calm her nerves gradually.

What happened over the past few days troubled her deeply. First, she was hit by a car, and then she got into a little dispute with Oscar. After all that was weighing on her, she could not relieve the pressure for a while. That was why she had a nightmare.

"Oscar, you're not mad at me anymore?" Amelia said as she shifted slightly in his embrace.

"I've never been mad at you, silly. I was just a bit upset, that's all. You could even say I was jealous as well. Since Mom insisted I stay at the Clinton residence, I was unable to come back and see you. Please don't be angry at me," Oscar said apologetically.

Amelia lowered her gaze as she pondered.

"Have Mom seen those pictures?"

“Since they could send me those photos, it was only natural that mom would receive them, too.”

Amelia could not resist smiling bitterly upon his words.

“Does Mom seem particularly appalled at me now?”

“It’s okay. Everything’s going to be fine once her anger dissipates. Don’t worry about it.”

Amelia could only nuzzle into his embrace without expressing how afraid she was.

Olivia’s growing dislike for Amelia made the latter feel uncomfortable and sad. Amelia had not expected their relationship to turn sour so quickly after they had once been close like mother and daughter. That was something unacceptable to her.

But there was nothing else she could do about it. It was entirely her fault that this had happened, and there was absolutely nothing she could do except to try and salvage the situation.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 546

Chapter 546 She Is My Queen Tonight

After cuddling for about an hour, Amelia finally released herself from Oscar’s embrace and said, “Oscar, you may go and pick up Tony. I’m fine now. Can you accompany me to the Clinton residence tomorrow? I want to apologize to Mom. As an ex-daughter-in-law, I’m afraid I must have given her a headache.”

Oscar helped her tuck a strand of hair behind her ear as he replied in a gentle tone, “Don’t worry about it. Just leave everything to me.”

Amelia lifted her head and gazed adoringly at Oscar. There was a determined look in her eyes. “Oscar, no matter how much misunderstanding Mom has with me, I’ll never let you go this time. I’ll try my best to keep a distance from them to avoid causing you any trouble. I hope the same goes for you. Don’t let go of me so easily.”

A faint smile appeared on Oscar's lips.

Leaning forward, he placed his hand on the back of Amelia's head and kissed her. "Silly girl. Even if you let go of me, I'll never let you go."

Little did Oscar know that he was the one who ended up letting go of her.

"You should follow me to attend a party hosted by my family tomorrow. I want to earnestly introduce you and Tony to everybody so it could stop people from trying to introduce those lady socialites to me as well," said Oscar.

With that, Amelia knew that Oscar was trying to tell everyone that she was the daughter-in-law of the Clintons the whole time. Actually, Oscar has never kept any woman by his side. As for the viral news about his engagement with the daughter of the Walker family, it's just baseless rumors. But if that's the case, it'll definitely cause Mrs. Clinton to burst out in anger. She has yet to calm down from the photo incident I've induced. If Oscar dared to go against her and admit my identity as his wife, I'm afraid it might trigger a huge conflict after the party ended.

"What about Mom..."

"Don't worry. You can count on me. Since we've brought Tony back for quite some time now, it's time to introduce you guys to them. Otherwise, the people from the upper-class society would really think that my wife and son had run away. They've been pitying me as the abandoned man. Rumor has it that I can't escape from the strange cycle of being dumped by women. When you attend the party with me, we can stop them from spreading rumors." Oscar drew Amelia into his embrace and gently nibbled on her ears. "Don't worry. I'm here for you. I won't let you get hurt. You're my woman, and it'll remain unchanged forever."

Amelia nuzzled into Oscar's chest at peace.

"Oscar, I'm not afraid. I'm only worried that Mom will feel uneasy about it. As she's now at the peak of fury, my presence might make her feel very unhappy with it."

“Rest assured. I’ll take care of it. If you don’t go to the party with me tomorrow, Mom will probably set me up with Isabella in public. Can you bring yourself to let your man be with another woman?”

Amelia frowned with distaste. Of course, she disliked the idea of it.

“Okay. I’ll go with you.”

Following Amelia’s response, Oscar curled his lips into a smirk.

The duo were chatting and cuddling passionately among themselves for quite a while before Oscar finally went to pick up Tony.

The family of three spent a joyful day together.

The next day, Oscar and Amelia went to work as usual. Amelia busied until four in the afternoon and went to apply for leave from Shane. As Oscar’s woman and Tony’s mother, I must attend the Clintons’ party no matter what. Although I hope for Shane’s understanding, I’m a little embarrassed about it. Amelia had only been working there for about two months, but she had taken many leaves because of trivial matters. Even though the people in the department seemed to not mind on the surface, they were still secretly complaining about it. Some might even think that Amelia was not earnest and sincere with her work because of her status.

Amelia heaved a sigh. Indeed, I haven’t even achieved anything at work. Hence, I felt sorry as it seems like I’m simply receiving the salary without providing any value to the company.

“I’m sorry, Shane. Recently, I’ve been taking days off because of personal problems. I’m sorry for causing you trouble. I promise I’ll work hard to complete the tasks that have been delayed after settling my issues soon.” Amelia sounded a little apologetic.

Shane got to his feet and walked toward Amelia before patting her shoulder. “Don’t say that. Your performance at work is exceptional. I’m pretty sure that everyone’s well aware of your outstanding capabilities. Even though you have taken some leave, you’re working faster than the senior employees of the design department. I’m impressed with your working abilities. I’m the boss here. As long as the employees complete their tasks on time, I don’t mind if they use any reason to be absent or leave early.”

Amelia found his response amusing.

She uttered, "Shane, should I thank you for creating an excuse for me in such a pompous manner?"

"Well, you can take it that way. I guess I'm just too impressed with your personality and passion for work."

"Stop that! What passion for work? I'm worried that most of the colleagues in the design department are dissatisfied with me. You're the only one who gives me that kind of comment."

"You're thinking too much." Shane pondered for a moment before asking, "Amelia, I wonder if I have the honor to attend the Clintons' party?"

Amelia shot him a glance. "You want to expand your network of connections?"

Shane nodded in agreement.

"Being in this position, I guess everyone will wish to widen their network to strengthen their own company. Back then, I didn't have the opportunity to interact with prominent families like the Clintons. Perhaps, the CEO of an average company like me is nothing compared to them. Not to mention, it's even impossible for me to have a chance to attend a party full of influential people. This time, I hope to sneak into the party with your help. What do you think? Is that all right?" Shane revealed a smile.

Amelia looked at him and smiled. "Since you've already asked, do you think I have an excuse to reject you? From my perspective, I'm just someone who will lead you to cross the threshold. In terms of expanding connections, it'll depend on your ability after all."

"I'm more than thankful that you can help me with that."

"Please don't say that. I still need to work at your company. Of course, I wish the company can get better and better."

“Nah, you should say I’m benefited from you, my lucky charm.”

They both looked into each other’s eyes and smiled.

Then, Amelia left with Shane. She intentionally kept a short distance away from Shane to avoid any misunderstanding from people who happened to see them.

Oscar’s car had already arrived as soon as the duo exited the building. When Oscar saw Amelia coming out of the building, he got down from the car.

“Hello, Mr. Clinton. It’s been a long time since we last met. You’re getting more handsome,” Shane flattered. However, his words did not sound like he was licking others’ boots as his voice was full of sincerity.

Oscar merely nodded at his words.

He then said, “Amelia has already told me about it through the phone. You’re planning to go to the party as well, right? Sure. Let’s go together.”

“Thank you for giving me this opportunity, Mr. Clinton.”

“You should thank Amelia instead. I’m doing this for her.” Oscar opened the door for Amelia to get in the car first. He continued, “Do get in the car. We’ll go to change our clothes first.”

Oscar brought them to a high-end boutique, selling both women’s and men’s clothes. However, the type of men’s clothing was relatively fewer as that boutique focused on the different varieties of suits.

Amelia held Oscar’s arm as they entered the boutique. The staff that had been waiting since earlier greeted respectfully, “Good day, Mr. Clinton and Mrs. Clinton. We’ve prepared the outfits. Would you like to try them on now?”

Amelia replied with a smile, "The one I tried on yesterday will do."

"All right, Mrs. Clinton. This way, please." The staff led Amelia in courteously.

Looking at the luxurious interior design of the boutique, Shane uttered, "Mr. Clinton, you sure dote on Amelia very much. I feel relieved to see her be happy. During her university days, she had a silly personality and was willing to do anything for her love. I had worried for some time when I found out that she's married to you. But now, it seems like I had worried for nothing."

Oscar shot a single glance at him and replied, "You should go to get changed too."

Shane was not in a rush to change his clothes. Instead, he let out a laugh. "Mr. Clinton, aren't you afraid that I'll deliberately try to get close to Amelia?"

"That means she's willing to let you approach her. Since you guys knew each other since university, she trusts you."

"Don't forget that Amelia and I had not seen each other for about six to seven years. The cruelty of reality will change the way a person thinks. Are you not worried that I'll purposely take advantage of her?"

"It's also her willingness to accept it. She's not a kid anymore. Hence, I won't intervene in her social life. However, if anyone has the nerve to bully her, I'll never stand by and let that happen."

Shane chuckled as he heard Oscar's words.

"Mr. Clinton, you are completely different from what the rumors said about you. You're quite interesting. It's Amelia's honor to have you as her husband. I mean it. I'm going to get changed. It looks like I'll be troubling you for your recommendation tonight."

Hearing that, Oscar nodded in response.

“I thank you in advance for your generosity, Mr. Clinton.”

Having said that, Shane went to change.

Meanwhile, Amelia changed into a diamond-encrusted black evening gown. A black outfit was indeed good in showing one’s nice figure. That gown, reaching her knees, made her attractive figure even more apparent, looking lean and tall. She looked drop-dead gorgeous, like an angel from heaven.

After coming out of the fitting room, Shane was taken aback when he saw the beautiful Amelia, who seemed like a different person. It took him a while to come back to his senses. “Amelia, you look stunning. I thought I saw an angel who had descended on earth. What a beauty! Mr. Clinton is truly blessed,” he cheerfully said.

Oscar stared at Amelia without batting an eye as well. Although he had already seen Amelia in that gown yesterday, he was stupefied by the sight of her.

Gorgeous!

That was the only thought that flashed through his mind.

Amelia’s cheeks flushed slightly because of Oscar’s intense stare. She tried to conceal her shyness. “Oscar, does it look good on me?”

Oscar snapped back to his senses and walked toward her, capturing her waist as he responded, “You look great! You’re so beautiful that I want to tie you to myself so that other men won’t be able to see you.”

Amelia’s cheeks flushed a shade of crimson. She nudged Oscar away while whispering, “Oscar, there are people around.”

Oscar only let go of her after he kissed her on the lips. Then, he took her and Shane to the hair salon to get their hair done.

Amelia's hair was combed back, exposing her long and fair neck. On top of that, she appeared incredibly gorgeous in her black evening gown.

Not only did she have the elegance of a mature woman, but she also had the attractiveness and romanticism of a young lady. With the mixture of multiple auras, she was a sight to behold.

"Amelia, you're my queen tonight. I'm going to be so proud of you." Oscar gave his compliments generously.

Amelia answered bashfully, "Thank you."

Being the third wheel on the side, there was only one thing on Shane's mind. What a dazzling duo, looking like a match made in heaven. The chemistry between them was smooth and natural. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 547

Chapter 547 Attending A Party

When Amelia appeared while holding Oscar's hand, they attracted quite the attention. Everyone's gazes were set upon her. Their eyes showed surprise, admiration, jealousy, and many other emotions. Everyone showed different expressions toward what they saw.

Oscar calmly walked passed them with a smile on his face. That was exactly what he wanted. He was trying to intimidate everyone there. Most people were not even qualified to judge his woman.

Amelia had her back straight. Although she was worried about Olivia's thoughts, she still looked confident and dignified on the outside.

Being a part of the Clintons for so many years had already trained her temperament and aura to perfection. Every gesture of hers carried a sense of confidence. She was at a standard that no ordinary girl could ever attain.

Isabella, who was mingling around Olivia, saw Amelia holding onto Oscar's shoulder. Jealousy and hatred were flowing out from her. Her emotions were radiating out. However, being afraid that Olivia would notice, she didn't dare to show too much of it.

“Mrs. Clinton, Oscar is here,” Isabella said softly. After the incident with Tony, it took a lot of care for Isabella to win back Olivia’s heart. She was afraid to do anything to anger Olivia. Otherwise, her little chance of being a Clinton would vanish into thin air.

Of course, Olivia already knew Oscar had appeared after hearing the commotion, but her face looked a little gloomy as she saw Amelia holding onto Oscar’s hand. However, her expressions turned normal again in an instant.

Olivia tapped on Isabella’s hand. “Don’t worry. I’m here.”

It was the problem with the photos that made Olivia displeased toward Amelia. Otherwise, Olivia was comforted by Tony’s pleasing and wouldn’t be trying to make things hard for Amelia at that moment on purpose.

Olivia was prideful. She couldn’t accept that someone had taken her as a fool. In her mind, the first rule after becoming a Clinton was to obey her. She wanted them to forget and cut off their past. Obviously, Amelia still hadn’t done that. Photos and gossip about her were repeatedly spreading. If she didn’t do any of that, then no one could have gotten those photos.

Olivia couldn’t stand the mess created by Amelia. Naturally, the former wanted to show her who was the boss and warn her that she couldn’t just do as she pleased with Oscar as her shield.

Olivia went over while grabbing Isabella’s hand. “Where’s Tony?”

“He will be here in a bit, Mom,” Oscar replied.

Olivia gave Amelia a glare and said purposefully, “You know my reason for holding the party, and yet you came. Are you trying to make things hard for the Clintons and the Walkers? Or are you trying to embarrass me?”

Oscar said nicely, “Mom, I thought you’d already acknowledged Amelia’s presence? You doing this now sure makes things hard for me. I do care about your feelings. However, I don’t think I need to take responsibility for what the Walker family did, right? They are the reason my son got hospitalized. Do you

think I will marry their daughter? You love Tony the most. I'm sure you don't want to see him suffer as well, right?"

Isabella looked surprised as she dug her nails into her hands.

She bit her lips lightly and used a tremendous effort to calm herself down.

"Oscar, for what happened to Tony, my brother and I are extremely sorry about it. We do feel very guilty about it, and we've apologized countless times. It wasn't intentional. Please forgive us." Isabella looked at Oscar with gleaming eyes.

However, Oscar couldn't care less about how she felt.

Isabella looked embarrassed and ashamed.

Olivia tapped on her hands again, reminding her to be patient.

Olivia then looked at Shane, who kept quiet the whole time, and asked, "This is?"

"He is Amelia's boss. We met him coincidentally after work. Hence, I invited him here," Oscar briefly explained.

"Mrs. Clinton, nice to meet you. I'm Shane Franklin. Sorry for not bringing any proper gifts as I was invited out of the blue. This is only a small gift. I hope you don't mind." Shane passed Olivia the gift politely and smiled. "I was always a little skeptical when people say that Mrs. Clinton is still a very elegant and charming lady at the age of sixty. However, after meeting you in person, I am fully convinced that you, Mrs. Clinton, are a world-class beauty. No wonder Amelia is always praising how amazing you are. I forgot to mention. Amelia and I were friends since university. After getting married to the Clintons, you are the one she mentioned the most, saying that you are truly a highly respected elder."

Olivia was always very nice to her guests. As a woman, she naturally enjoyed the flattering words given to her. Even though she knew that some of the things were overstatements, her heart still very much enjoyed the praise.

Olivia had a maid take over Shane's gift. She then smiled. "Mr. Franklin, welcome! You're our guest. Please don't be shy and make yourself at home. Mr. Franklin, you look like a fine gentleman, looking strong and full of energy. I can tell that you're a man of great accomplishments. Are you married?"

Shane laughed. "Mrs. Clinton, you can just call me Shane. I am married with a cute little daughter."

"Daughters are their parents' little sweetheart. How lucky are you to have your daughter." Olivia chuckled.

Shane laughed again. "I sure hope so!"

Olivia kept her smile.

The two of them exchanged pleasantries for a short while.

After that, Shane walked to another side and started chatting with other people at the party. He was a master in socializing. With a quick chat, Shane was able to fit in the high-class circle where people judge each other's status and standing. And with a few more tricks, he was able to exchange business cards with them.

Oscar took a look at the skillful Shane and said, "Shane sure is no ordinary man. You need to be a little careful."

Amelia nodded her head.

"I know. I'll be more cautious."

In that circle of people, one should never have intentions to harm others. However, one should always be prepared to protect themselves from others. Otherwise, things would get very miserable for the unprepared.

Amelia always maintained a simple relationship with the opposite gender that didn't dislike her. She tried not to have any beneficial relations with them. Only by doing that could she be able to maintain her friendships.

Oscar then got her a cocktail. "For what Mom said just now, you don't have to take it seriously. Time will prove everything. Both of you have gotten along for five years. She does know what kind of person you are. She's probably just a little angry for now. Just try to please her for now. If anything happens, I'll be backing you up."

"I'm fine. I'm not a twenty-two-year-old girl who just stepped into society. A lot of things don't bother me as much anymore. I honestly think Mom is pretty good." Amelia smiled.

Oscar knew that Amelia was only making things easy for him. He was feeling really grateful for her maturity. The olden sayings were right. Getting married to a capable wife was the best choice he could make.

As Oscar brought Amelia to get some food, he whispered to her ear, "Honey, you're the most stunning girl in here tonight. Sometimes I want to hide you. Then, none of these guys will be able to look at you with those perverted eyes of theirs."

Amelia had no idea if she should be laughing or crying after she heard that.

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. I'm not as gorgeous as you say, okay? There are so many rich princesses here. All of them look young and beautiful. I can't compete," Amelia scanned through the place and replied honestly.

"You have an aura that they don't have. In my eyes, you're a sly fox. That's how you're able to steal my heart away."

The two of them were flirting at the side of the venue as there was no one watching them.

One of the maids walked over and said, "Mr. Oscar, Mrs. Clinton wants to see you. She said that Mr. Zimmer and his family are here, and she wants you to go and say hi."

Oscar replied, "All right. You can carry on with your work now."

The maid then looked at Amelia with a weird expression and hesitantly said, "Mr. Oscar, Mrs. Clinton also mentioned that Ms. Amelia shouldn't go with you. She's a-afraid..."

"Afraid?" Oscar's gaze darkened.

The maid gulped and said, "Afraid that Ms. Amelia would be too ignorant and offend the respected guests."

Oscar laughed in anger, and the maid was terrified.

Amelia quickly held onto his hands and locked their fingers. She then said to the maid, "You can carry on with your stuff."

The maid was relieved and quickly left.

"Oscar, calm down. You've scared the maid." Amelia spoke with a gentle voice.

Oscar looked at her and twitched his lips. He then wrapped his arms around her waist. "Let's go. We'll meet Mr. Zimmer together. I'm sure the old man will like you."

"Who is this Mr. Zimmer? I've never heard of him." Amelia furrowed her brows.

"You'll know when we get there."

Oscar brought Amelia over. Olivia was talking to Isabella and an elderly with full grey hair, who looked pretty well-spirited.

Amelia wondered what kind of a person was this Drake Zimmer. He actually had the Clintons come to greet him personally.

“Mr. Zimmer, you’re here. I thought you didn’t want to attend our party.” Oscar had his arms around Amelia as he walked over. His attitude toward Drake was very respectful. “Let me give you an introduction. This is my wife. My son will be here in a bit. Amelia, this is Mr. Zimmer.” He introduced them to each other.

Amelia then greeted Drake with a polite demeanor, “Good evening, Mr. Zimmer. I’m Amelia, Oscar’s wife.”

The two of them continued chatting. On the other hand, Olivia and Isabella’s expressions didn’t look very nice.

Drake couldn’t help but look over toward Olivia. “Olivia, didn’t you say that this lady was your daughter-in-law? Why is there another? Don’t tell me Oscar has two wives.”

Olivia glared at Amelia and put on a polite smile. “Amelia is actually my ex-daughter-in-law. Oscar had already divorced her. Oscar and I are talking about having him marry Isabella. Everyone knows this. I’m counting on you to take good care of Isabella in the future then. Please help her a little in her career.”

Drake then glanced over at Oscar’s hand that was around Amelia’s waist. He was a smart man. There was no way he didn’t understand what was going on.

“Olivia, we’ve been friends for more than thirty years. Even though we don’t meet often, let’s not make jokes like this. Amelia looks like a decent lady. She’s beautiful, generous, and elegant, just like you. It’s obvious that she’s your daughter-in-law. Pretty good.”

Olivia could only smile. “Drake, you’ve learned how to make jokes too. In a short while, I’ll be announcing Oscar’s marriage to the Walker family’s daughter. I’ll be needing your support then.”

Drake looked around and realized that it was their family's problem. He then found an excuse and left.

Right after he left, Olivia's face turned dark. She glared at Amelia and Oscar furiously. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 548

Chapter 548 She Said I Am Unwanted

Tony, wearing a suit, put on a straight face as he walked in hand-in-hand with Jolin toward where Amelia was. Although Tony wasn't comfortable being in public with so many people, an adorable smile appeared on Tony's face when he stopped before Amelia.

"Mommy." Tony reached out his hand, wanting a hug from Amelia. However, he suddenly recalled that Amelia had requested that he be obedient yesterday. He stopped in his tracks.

Amelia patted his head and said, "Did you greet Grandma?"

Tony lifted his head. When he noticed Isabella beside Olivia, his enthusiasm dropped a little. His voice returned to normal. "Hi, Grandma."

Olivia truly loved her grandson, so her anger dissipated when she laid eyes on Tony.

The woman bent over and hugged Tony. She asked, "Have you eaten yet, Tony? Are you hungry? Shall we go and have some food together?"

Tony took a peek at Isabella. He replied, "Grandma, I don't like it when you are with Ms. Walker. She told me that I'm a b*stard child that nobody wanted when you weren't here! I found out the meaning of b*stard child on television. It means a motherless and fatherless child. But I have a mom and a dad! Am I right, Grandma?"

As soon as Tony said that, Olivia and Isabella's faces darkened.

Olivia never expected Isabella to do this to Tony behind her back while Isabella was in disbelief. At his age, how does he know how to complain and lie?

Isabella's beautiful face twisted in fury. She took a deep breath to calm herself.

She kneeled in front of Tony and coaxed him gently, "Hey, little one. If a kid likes to lie, his ears will grow longer when he sleeps. You know I like you, but you don't like interacting with me. But why do you have to lie?"

Tony looked at her with fear in his eyes. He burrowed into Olivia's embrace and choked, "Grandma, I'm scared of her. She likes to bully me. Are you the same as her, Grandma? Would you hit me too? I want my mommy!"

Olivia's expression darkened. She instructed in a disapproving tone, "Isabella, the maid told me that your family is here. Why don't you go and greet them? After all, I do not want Carol to complain that I keep taking her daughter away from her even before she marries my son."

Isabella felt so wronged by Olivia. She replied, "Mrs. Clinton, I didn't do it. I never said he was a b*stard child. I won't do it even if I had the guts to. Tony is so cute. Anyone would love to be around him. Why would I do this to him? I don't know why he doesn't like me, nor do I know why he had to lie!"

Olivia's face became even darker. She thundered, "Isabella, are you implying that my two-and-a-half-year-old grandson is lying? I never thought of you as someone so wicked! How can you talk ill about a kid? Oh, whatever. I'll eat something with Tony first. You go ahead and meet your family. We will talk tomorrow."

Olivia wasn't hesitant in chasing Isabella away. She was the focus of attention today, and there were many guests around. Olivia knew she couldn't risk the humiliation and embarrassment of being stuck in a fight now.

Isabella's expression changed. She explained, "Mrs. Clinton, that's not what I meant! I..."

"Go ahead and be with your parents. I have to welcome the guests with Mr. Clinton. I won't be needing your companionship today."

"All right, Mrs. Clinton." Isabella walked away with rage building up inside of her.

Olivia's face became softer as she turned her gaze toward Tony. She urged with patience, "Hey, Tony. Grandma chased the bad person away. Should we go and eat something now?"

Tony nodded his head. He kissed Olivia's cheek and said, "Grandma, I love you! Please don't ever get together with the bad person again, okay? I don't like her at all. She said I'm an unwanted child and that once she married Daddy, she would sell me to other people. I'm scared of her! Grandma, please don't talk to her ever again. I'm afraid I won't get to see you anymore, Grandma."

Olivia's face darkened. "Tony, tell me the truth. Did Ms. Walker really say all these things to you?" She held Tony's face in her hands. "Tony, do you know that lying makes you a bad kid and that your nose will grow longer in the middle of the night?"

Tony stared at Olivia. His eyes slowly reddened. He cried, "Grandma, why won't you trust me? Do you like the bad person more than you like me?"

Olivia's heart ached for Tony, seeing him in this state. She quickly added, "No. No. Tony, I don't. Come on. Let's go and eat something nice."

The woman scooped Tony up and left.

This unexpected turn of events had never crossed Amelia's mind. She was pretty sure that Tony was lying.

If Isabella had told him those things, he would have told me. But he didn't, so I'm sure these things didn't happen to him. He is lying to help me out. I don't want him to grow up and become a chronic liar!

Amelia had mixed feelings knowing that Tony had learned how to lie at such young age. Though she knew he did it for her, she was unwilling to see things turn out this way.

"Oscar, Tony lied. I'm scared he would be full of lies by the time he turned three."

Oscar wrapped his arm around her waist and said, "Don't worry about him. He is more brilliant and obedient than the other kids of the same age. I'm sure Tony knows what he is doing. Maybe he did this to stand up for you! After all, he is the only person that Mom tolerates. I hope the misunderstandings between you and mom can lessen with Tony being the middle person. I'm serious. Amelia, chill! You have to believe in your son. He is smarter than you think."

Amelia's face softened as she pondered about it.

"I believe he is a good kid. I just don't like it when he chooses to lie. Do you know how upset I was when I saw him lying in front of me? My son had to lie to protect me. I feel useless, and it hurts right here." Amelia put her hand on her heart. It felt heavy to her.

Oscar smiled as he hugged her. "Come on. I'll introduce you to a few people who worked with Clinton Corporations for many years. They are important to us. If you bond with their wives, it would be beneficial for our business."

Amelia glanced at him. The heaviness in her heart dissipated slightly at his words.

Amelia acted the part of the sensible other half when Oscar introduced her to his business partners. She was careful and elegant in the way she talked and acted. It wasn't long before those arrogant ladies accepted her as a part of their circle. Although some of them suspected something was going on, they didn't dare to show it on the surface to avoid offending the Clintons.

While Oscar and Amelia were immersed in a pleasant conversation with others, a woman stared at Amelia with hatred in her eyes.

"Isabelle, I thought you were with Olivia? Why are you here?" Carol peered at Oscar and Amelia. Jealousy and indignance grew in her. "You spent 2 years trying to win over Oscar's heart to no avail. You are nothing compared to Rachel."

Isabella wrapped her fingers around her glass tightly. She raged, "I got to spend some time with Mrs. Clinton earlier before Tony lied and said I called him a b*stard child. Can you believe it? He knows how to lie at such young age. Amelia must have taught him that. They are such a wicked pair, like mother like son. That kid's existence would impair my progress with Oscar, and it would also be hard for Noah to marry Stephanie too!"

A cold gleam flashed across Carol's eyes as she narrowed her eyes. "Oh, did he?"

"Mom, why would I deceive you? Even though he looks cute, he is a devil deep down inside. If Tony can talk poorly about me in front of Mrs. Clinton today, he can talk crap about Noah tomorrow. You have to understand that Mrs. Clinton loves that child deeply. With him around, our meticulously-crafted plan could go to waste! If we are not careful enough, he could defeat us," Isabella sneered.

Carol's mind began to wander as she stared at Amelia.

"Amelia is a difficult opponent to deal with. She is ruthless and much harder to go against than we initially thought. This woman used her son to bewitch Olivia so that we would back down now." Carol gritted her teeth.

Isabella gripped her glass tightly. "Mom, what should we do now? I'm afraid I can't keep up a good impression in front of Mrs. Clinton with Tony around."

Carol glared at her. She hissed, "Can't you win him over?"

Isabella looked displeased by Carol's reaction. She answered, "Mom, Tony is a smart kid. Even though he is young, he knows more than we think. It seems like he knows I'm going to compete with Amelia for Oscar's attention. He is already giving me a hard time before I can get on his good side! Do you think I would be so helpless if it weren't for the above reason?"

Carol obviously didn't believe it. "How smart can a 3-year-old be? How stupid can you be to be unable to fend off a child's tricks? If you were Rachel, I think you would have won over the Clinton family by now," She complained.

Isabelle fumed upon hearing her words.

"Mom, why didn't you ask Rachel to go after Oscar if she is your favorite daughter?"

“Oscar is not suitable for her. He is a scheming man, while Rachel is simple-minded. She should be with someone who knows and loves her.”

“Mom, did you forget that I’m your daughter too?”

“You had always been power-crazed and cunning since you were young. I’m sure I have nothing to worry about you. Rachel is different, though. She has no intention of competing with others. I need to show her more love.”

“Mom, you guys always sided with Rachel. What about me? I often notice you are so stern around me. Don’t you think this is unacceptable?”

Carol remained silent. A hint of impatience surfaced on her face. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 549

Chapter 549 Not As Good As Expected

Olivia stood on the podium and spoke into the microphone. “Everyone, quiet down now. Owen and I would like to introduce someone to all of you.”

The whispers and murmurs from the crowd stopped suddenly and lifted their heads to look toward Olivia and Oscar.

Olivia picked up Tony, who was obediently standing next to her, and announced to the crowd. “I think everyone would know who this cute child is, right? Yes, he’s my precious grandson, Anthony Clinton. Two years ago, all of you attended his baby shower. After that, my son and daughter-in-law separated due to some misunderstanding. However, now that it is resolved, my daughter-in-law is back with my beloved grandson. I’m overjoyed, so I’ve put together this special dinner to introduce my grandson to everyone officially.”

The people of the upper-class circle looked at each other before quickly returning to normal.

Everyone showered Olivia with praises, and a big smile appeared.

“Everyone, thank you for coming today. Oscar and I are delighted to see all of you here. Please eat and drink to your hearts’ content. Whoever goes home happy today is doing us a favor,” Olivia said with a smile.

The crowd could not help but applaud.

“All right, everyone, go ahead and enjoy yourselves.” As soon as Olivia instructed them, the crowd dispersed to chat among themselves.

Several wealthy women who had a good relationship with Olivia gathered around her and started to compliment Tony. Olivia could not stop smiling. “Hey, all of you should stop praising him. He’ll be over the moon.”

“Tony has such good looks. We can see that he’s a sensible child. Olivia, you’re so lucky! Your son is doing well, and with just one look, we know that your grandson is clever and obedient. He really inherited all the good from your family,” one of the women said ambiguously.

After hearing what she said, Olivia could not help but compliment Tony, “He’s not as good as what all of you have been saying. But I agree that Tony’s a sensible child. If I have a headache and fever, he’ll immediately come to me and gently blow on my temples. He’d even kiss me on my cheek to make me feel better. He’s good at coaxing me, and even Oscar can’t do it as well as he does.”

“Just look at you. One minute you’re saying he’s not that good, and the next, you’re showering him with praises. The corners of your mouth are curled so much that it’ll soon be touching the sky,” one of the ladies responded.

As soon as she said that, everyone burst into laughter.

After exchanging pleasantries with each other, the wealthy women left.

When Carol and Isabella saw that the women had left, they walked toward Olivia.

“Olivia! When you invited Isabella to dinner yesterday, you said that you’ll give her an explanation in front of everyone. But you just... Everyone in the upper-class society is still talking about Isabella and Oscar’s engagement. Are you trying to embarrass my family with what you did just now?” Carol said in an annoyed tone as she suppressed her anger.

Olivia glanced at Isabella and replied, “You have to see what Isabella did to Tony. She said that Tony is a b*stard child and accused him of lying. Who would dare to want a daughter-in-law like her? Definitely not me.”

“Olivia, how could you take the words of a child seriously? You’re well aware of how Isabella has treated you for the past two years. You’re indeed an influential family in Tayhaven. But my family’s company abroad is not too shabby either. Since you played with my daughter’s feelings, I just want to talk. What do you want?” Carol chuckled in anger as she raised her hand to rub her temples.

Before Olivia could answer, Tony grabbed her neck and whined, “Grandma, I’m scared. She’s so fierce.”

The joy on Olivia’s face disappeared, and her expression darkened after hearing what Tony said.

“Mrs. Walker, the party is still going on. If there’s anything you want to say, it can wait till it’s over,” Olivia said coldly.

A look of anger flashed across Carol’s eyes. “Olivia, you’d better not go too-”

Before she could finish her sentence, Isabella tugged on Carol’s shirt and said, “Mom, let’s go there and eat something first. Mrs. Clinton still needs to entertain her guests.”

Carol looked at her and took a deep breath before forcing a smile. “Okay then. Olivia, I’m going to grab a bite with Isabella. We’ll talk again when the dinner is over.”

With that, Carol brought Isabella out of the house and found a secluded spot. The former took her anger out by kicking the stone on the ground and retorted, “The Clintons are obviously bullying us! We are considered an important family in Tayhaven too. It’s horrible and excessive. her to fool us again.”

Isabella raised her hand and gently patted Carol on her back. "Calm down, Mom. There's nothing for you to get mad about. We're asking them for a favor, so it makes sense that we're being picked on a little."

After hearing what she said, Carol rolled her eyes. "Whose side are you on?"

"Mom, I'm your daughter. Of course I'm on your side."

"I see that you've put in all your effort for the Clintons. Well, I hope it won't be wasted in the end."

Isabella was rendered speechless, and she fell silent. A hint of gloom flashed across her eyes.

Carol felt anger burning in her. She glanced at her surroundings. After realizing that no one else was around, Carol lowered her voice and said, "I don't think we can keep that child."

Isabella widened her eyes and stared at Carol in disbelief.

"Why are you looking at me like that? I'm doing it for your own good. I reckon you'll never have the chance to marry Oscar with that child around," Carol huffily replied.

Isabella lowered her gaze and did not utter a word. Her silence suggested that she agreed with Carol's idea. "Mom, he's surrounded by bodyguards. It's not easy for us to get him."

"Are you silly? Can't you win his favor? Tony may dislike you at first, but how scheming can a child get? No matter how smart he is, he's just a two-year-old child. Even if he is somewhat quick-witted, he'll never understand the tricks of an adult. As long as you get him to like you, he'll be all over you soon," Carol said in a low voice.

Isabella was not as optimistic as Carol.

The mother and daughter eased their excitement of talking when they heard footsteps approaching. The few wealthy women who went up to them happened to know the Walker family.

For some reason, one of them said, “Mrs. Walker, weren’t you saying that your daughter and the son of the Clintons are getting engaged soon? Now that his wife and son are back, your family are merely fillers. What’s happening? This engagement isn’t your wishful thinking, is it?”

Carol tightened her fists then relaxed them.

Isabella flashed a sweet smile and said, “Mrs. Miller, the day before yesterday, I walked past a mall and saw Mr. Miller shopping with a young girl in her twenties. They seemed very close. Is that a relative of yours?”

After Kerry heard that, a vicious look flashed across her carefully made-up face, and she said, “I have something else to do. Please excuse me.”

When Kerry left, everyone else looked awkward.

As soon as they left, Carol said through gritted teeth, “Who does she think she is? Why does she think she has the right to comment about my family’s matters?”

“Mom, they’re nobodies. When I marry Oscar, they’ll need to suck up to us. In the last two years, the Clintons have gotten stronger, leaving many companies of the same period behind. We used to be able to compete with them. However, our business has been going downhill in the past two years. With that, the Clintons have exceeded us by a lot. This is why other people think they’re way out of our league. Now that Mrs. Clinton gave a slap to our faces with what she did, it’s just normal that the others want to mock us,” Isabella said calmly as she narrowed her eyes.

Carol finally calmed down.

It was true that the Walker Group was going downhill every day. They could only rely on the Clintons to tide their company through this mess.

Carol was well aware that they could not offend the Clintons. Otherwise, it would be the end for the Walker family.

Isabella thought for a while and could not help but say what was on her mind, “Mom, does it ever cross your mind that Noah is not fit to be a businessman? Or maybe he does not have the talent to be doing business? Look at Clinton Corporations. Ever since Oscar took over, their profit has increased every year. Whereas for Noah, the Walker Group is losing money annually. He can’t even think of something new. Are you and Dad not worried that he’ll lose the company?”

Carol raised her hand and slapped Isabella hard until the latter’s head snapped to the side.

“Isabella Walker. You’re not married to Oscar yet, and you don’t know anything. Don’t act as if you do. Noah is competent. It’s just that the company had suffered too many losses when your grandpa was still around. When he passed away a few years ago, your father was not a businessman either. If it wasn’t for Noah, do you think you could live comfortably? Don’t be a heartless person.” With that, Carol turned and left a dumbfounded Isabella standing alone with a hand on her face.

However, Oscar had heard about what happened between mother and daughter. After all, they were at the Clinton residence, and there were bodyguards at every corner of the place. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 550

Chapter 550 Kids Shouldn’t Lie

When the banquet ended, Carol wanted to speak a few words with Olivia, but Tony was with the latter as he said, “Grandma, I don’t like that old woman. She’s fierce.”

Upon hearing his words, Olivia’s attitude became distant instantly.

“Isabella, you should go home with your mom first. It’s getting late. The kid needs to rest. I’ll invite you guys over again next time.” Olivia ordered them to leave.

Isabella tried to speak. “Mrs. Clinton, I-”

“Isabella, be good a good girl, and bring your mom home first. We’ll talk some other day. Tony is feeling sleepy already.” Olivia carried Tony in her arms as she said, “I’ll bring Tony up to sleep now. Let me ask the chauffeur to send you guys home.”

Having heard that, there wasn't much else Carol and Isabella could say to stay around. They felt uneasy somehow and left resentfully.

When everyone left, Olivia said to Oscar, "It's late. You guys can stay overnight here. Your sister rarely comes home since she's in a relationship, and she won't listen to my advice. Every one of you always makes me worried."

"Thank you, Mom."

With Tony in her arms, Olivia said, "Tony will sleep with me tonight."

With that said, she carried Tony upstairs without looking at Amelia. Leaning against Olivia's shoulder, Tony waved at his mother and said in a mellow voice, "Good night, Mommy."

Smiling, Amelia waved back at him and said, "Goodnight."

Olivia hastened her pace.

Everyone went to rest when the housekeeper finished cleaning the living room. Then, a bodyguard came in to report the conversation between the mother and the daughter of the Walker family.

Oscar's face darkened. He waved his hand. "Got it. You may leave."

When the bodyguard left, Oscar put his arms around Amelia's shoulder and said, "We'll talk upstairs."

Entering the bedroom, Amelia frowned. "The mother and daughter of the Walker family want to do something to Tony? No way, Oscar. I have to watch Tony."

Oscar pulled her into his embrace. Then, the two walked toward the bedside and took a seat. He put Amelia on his legs and comforted her, "Don't worry. Relax. There are many people protecting Tony secretly. Only the fools would try to do something to him. He's my son. It's not easy for anyone to hurt him."

“But-”

“There’s no but. Trust me. I won’t let anyone hurt our son.”

Amelia looked into Oscar’s eyes. When their eyes met, all her worries miraculously dissipated at once.

“I trust you.” Her words showed the complete trust she gave to the man.

Oscar broke into a smile. “Let’s go to bed, then.”

Amelia nodded in response.

The two changed into pajamas. Amelia went to the bathroom to remove her makeup and took a hot shower before they lay on the bed together.

Oscar kissed her hair and said, “Don’t worry. I’ll deal with the Walker family myself. I’ll also wait until Stephanie marries into their family and make her suffer. She’ll have a taste of her medicine.”

Amelia turned her body over and looked up into the man’s eyes.

“Why? Do you think I’m cruel to even go against my sister?” Oscar rubbed her nose, feeling amused.

Amelia nodded.

“From the moment she hired someone to hit you with the car, she’s no longer my sister. In my heart, you are the first. Tony and my parents come later. As for Stephanie, I’ve said that I spared her because it’s not the time yet. When the time comes, I’ll give her a fatal blow to let her have a taste of her failed marriage. When she gets divorced, it’ll be impossible for her to show off in our family anymore,” Oscar said nonchalantly.

Amelia looked at him in silence. She had only realized that Oscar was crueler than she thought, yet he was also more loving than she imagined. The man was paradoxical. He was cool and ruthless. Yet, he was also gentle. Nonetheless, his gentleness was only reserved for the important people in his heart. Other people could only see his ruthless side.

“Oscar, I find that you’re multi-faceted. You are ruthless yet gentle, cool yet loving. You’re unpredictable. Sometimes, even I have forgotten which one is the real you,” Amelia said, caressing his face.

“You don’t like it?”

“No. I like you no matter what.”

Oscar pulled her into his embrace. His chin pressed against her head. Softly, he said, “Let’s sleep.”

Amelia adjusted to a comfortable position in his arms and closed her eyes. She fell into deep slumber soon.

Staring at her beautiful face, Oscar muttered, “Sleep tight. You have me. I won’t let anyone hurt you and our son.”

Slowly, he fell asleep, too, hugging his beloved partner.

The next morning, Oscar planned to send Amelia to work. But, the latter received a call from the company, saying that there would be a power outage on that day. Hence, everyone was given a day off.

After ending the call, Amelia waved her phone and told Oscar, “There’ll be a power outage for the entire day in the office today, so I don’t have to go to work.”

Tony, who stood next to Amelia, pounced on her upon hearing that. Smiling, he said, “Mommy, you don’t have to work today. Does it mean I can stick with you the whole day?”

Amelia was in a dilemma as she looked at Olivia, who was not far away.

Feeling displeased, Olivia piped up, "Bring Tony home. He won't be happy here if you are home today. What a little ingrate! I embarrassed the Walker family for his sake yesterday."

Amelia replied apologetically, "Thank you, Mom."

Tony loosened his grip around Amelia's leg and ran toward Olivia to hug her leg instead. "Grandma, I'm a little ingrate. I like Mommy, and I like Grandma. Of course, I like Grandpa, too!"

As he spoke, he had not forgotten to flatter Owen, who was also not far away.

As such, Olivia was thoroughly delighted by his words.

"Oh, my little good boy!" She carried him up and kissed his cheek a few times. Her mood became good instantly.

Tony also kissed her back on her cheek and said, "Grandma, I like to be with you too, but Mommy is home alone. I'm afraid that she will feel lonely. You have Grandpa keeping you company. Big Meanie is going to work. So, I have to accompany Mommy. I'll come to keep you company when Mommy goes to work. Is that okay?"

Looking at such an adorable child, Olivia couldn't bear to turn him down.

"Sure."

Watching Oscar and the rest leave, Owen put his arms around Olivia and said, "Tony is an obedient kid. You have to be nice to Amelia in front of him. He's observant. Don't hurt his heart."

Olivia sighed as she replied, "I'm already being nice to Amelia. Someone has taken her photos of being with different men. It will tarnish Oscar's reputation if these photos get out on the Internet."

Nonetheless, have I said anything about it? If it wasn't for Oscar and Tony, I would've chased that kind of daughter-in-law out of the family."

Owen said, "Let's go in. For Tony's sake, we can only turn a blind eye to many things. Oscar and Amelia have gone through so much for seven years. They will blame us if we force them apart."

He was the one who strongly objected when Oscar wanted to marry Amelia in the beginning and hated Amelia the most. However, he was also the one who talked the most sense. Unlike other seniors in the family, he didn't interfere in his children's marriage just because he didn't like someone.

Moreover, Oscar and Amelia got back together even after seven years. If they weren't meant to be together, they would have separated a long time ago. Owen had lived for so long, so he could see things through. Because of that, he knew he shouldn't interfere in their affairs.

Meanwhile, Oscar drove attentively while Amelia sat in the rear passenger seat with Tony in her arms.

"Tony, let me ask you. You said Mrs. Walker called you a bastard yesterday. Is that true?" Amelia asked.

Tony looked around upon hearing that.

"Tony, don't lie to Mommy. You know I don't like you telling lies," Amelia said in a low voice.

Tony pouted his lips and lowered his head to acknowledge his mistake. "I'm sorry, Mommy. I lied because I wanted to seek revenge for you. I don't like that woman. She always looks at you fiercely. I hate her."

Amelia let out a sigh. Then, she lifted Tony's chin.

"Tony, do you remember what I told you before?"

Tony looked at his mother aggrievedly as he replied honestly, "Do not tell lies. Do not accept anything from a stranger. Do not be disrespectful toward the elderly. Do not bully any kids who are younger than me."

"You remember everything. Why did you still tell lies to your grandma?"

Tony pursed his lips and started sobbing.

"Mommy, I just wanted to help you without any bad intentions. If you don't like it, I won't tell any more lies next time."

Amelia's heart softened when she saw his tears.

Softly, she comforted, "Tony, I'm not angry at you, but I don't like that you learn to tell lies at such a young age. I'm happy that you've learned to protect me, but I should be protecting you because you're still young. Do you understand?"

Tony nodded, partly in confusion.

"Besides that, where did you learn the word 'b*stard' from?" Amelia asked again.

"From a TV show."

Amelia was rendered speechless. Television programs nowadays had no benefit to the audience at all. Children usually learned nonsense from watching it.

"Mommy, don't worry. I promise that I won't watch too much TV from now onward. Anything that you don't like, I won't do it."

Tony was not even three years old, yet he was much more mature than his peers. Amelia couldn't bear to rebuke her son anymore.

Tony was a good and clever boy. He could tell apart those who were sincere toward him and those who were only hypocrites. To the latter, he would find his way to annoy them. Amelia knew she couldn't reprimand her son for behaving that way.

She stroked Tony's head as she encouraged him, "Tony, I like that you're smart and obedient, but I don't like when you tell lies. No matter how much you dislike someone, you can't tell lies to accuse her. Do you hear me?"

Tony nodded obediently. "Yes, I got it."

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 551

Chapter 551 Pretending To Faint

Back at the condominium, Amelia left Oscar to accompany and play with Tony. She pulled out her phone and called Tiffany. The events of the past few days had swamped her. She'd forgotten to check on Tiffany and the Hissons.

Amelia asked, "Tiff, how are you and Derrick? His mother isn't treating you too badly, is he?"

Tiffany glanced at Kate, who was sitting right across the table. She whispered, "Amelia, she's right here. I'll have to call you back."

Amelia understood. Kate was the only person who could make Tiffany so timid and cautious.

"All right, call me when you can. Why don't you come over for dinner later? Tony hasn't seen you in a long time," said Amelia.

"Sure thing. I'll see you tonight," murmured Tiffany. She hastily hung up the phone, as if it scalded her.

Amelia stared at her phone. Shaking her head, she didn't know what to feel.

Tiffany was deeply uneasy. She was trapped in the restaurant with Kate, who scrutinized her every move like a vulture.

Mustering up her courage, Tiffany squeaked, "Mrs. Hisson, we've been sitting here for half an hour. Should we order something?"

"It's only half-past ten. Do you think it's proper to be eating at a time like this?" asked Kate. She was intentionally making things difficult for Tiffany.

Tiffany thought, If you don't think we should be eating at this hour, why the hell did you invite me over to a restaurant? An ordinary person would have to work ten months to afford the expensive booth that we're both sitting in right now. Do you have so much money that you have no idea what to do with it? She wanted to say all this to Kate, but she didn't have the guts.

She wanted nothing more than to marry Derrick. So, getting Kate's approval was a test she had to pass. She loved Derrick, so it was impossible for her to say she wanted nothing to do with his family.

Love was between two people, but two different families had to come together for a marriage. Without both their parents' blessing, she wouldn't be able to run away with Derrick or marry him. Such a marriage could initially be a happy one. However, disagreements would show up over time. When that happens, both parties would wield these disagreements as weapons to attack each other.

She didn't want her and Derrick to end up as strangers.

She wanted her marriage with Derrick to last till death. If that wasn't possible, she would rather not get married.

Quelling the unease bubbling in her heart, Tiffany put on a wide smile. She said, "Seeing as it's still early, why don't we go shopping? I spotted some jewelry that matches your skin tone and temperament perfectly. Would you like me to buy that piece for you?"

Kate slowly sipped on her tea. She said, "Tiffany, spare me the theatrics. If you wanted to buy me some jewelry, you would have gone ahead and done it. There's no need to announce it. Or, are you expecting me to buy that piece for you?"

Tiffany slowly clenched and unclenched her fist.

Forcing herself to smile, she said, "What are you talking about, Mrs. Hisson? I want to buy that jewelry for you as a gift. I would never dream of asking you to pay."

Kate snorted.

She crossed her arms around her chest. "Tiffany, it's just the two of us today, so you can quit acting. You know I dislike you. Naturally, you dislike me as well. Let me be frank. I don't think you're the right girl for Derrick, nor are you cut out to be a part of our family. You're arrogant. You won't be able to survive the skullduggery that runs in our social circle. For everyone's sake, I think you should leave Derrick. I would hate to have to be the villain."

Tiffany chuckled bitterly. She couldn't believe Kate's haughtiness and condescension.

Trying her best to sound calm, she said, "Mrs. Hisson, you're Derrick's mother so I'm trying my best to respect and love you. However, don't you think you should give me and Derrick some privacy?"

Kate gave Tiffany a withering glare. "Be honest with me, Tiffany. Are you trying to marry my boy for his money or his status?"

Tiffany chuckled. She slyly replied, "Do you think Derrick has no merits apart from his wealth and status?"

Kate stared at Tiffany. "You have a sharp mouth."

Tiffany broke into a grin. "I'll take that as a compliment."

Kate whipped out a gold card from her bag and shoved it toward Tiffany. "This card is under my name. There's no limit on the amount. It's yours if you promise to leave Derrick."

Tiffany stared at the card incredulously. She couldn't help but snigger. "Mrs. Hisson, I'm a novelist. I've written about mothers fobbing off daughters-in-law with money plenty of times. It's not a popular plotline right now. If I were you, I'd let my son marry a woman who's not right for him. The moment she

enters my house, I'd be free to make her life miserable. If you stop the marriage now, you'll only earn your son's ire. Why go through all this fuss?" said Tiffany. Tiffany was sincere in her advice. However, she didn't expect Kate to use her casual remarks against her in the future.

Thanks to Kate, Tiffany would have to live on thin ice with the Hissons. In her marriage with Derrick, she would inevitably be pricked with a thousand wounds. Derrick and her would drift apart, and they would end up as strangers.

Kate believed that everyone on this earth had a price.

She clasped her hand to her chest. "Maybe you didn't hear me correctly. This card has no limit. You can withdraw as much money as you want. With this card, you'll have no worries for the rest of your life. My only condition is that you leave Derrick."

Tiffany shoved the card back to Kate. "I know you're worried that I'm marrying Derrick for his money or his status. However, I think you're fretting over nothing. You may not know this, but I'm a best-selling author. I'm not as rich as the Hissons, but I make enough to live comfortably. I certainly don't need to leech onto your family to survive. We both know how smart and capable Derrick is. I don't think you'll find many people who'd believe I would trick and use him. What are you really worried about?"

Listening to Tiffany's speech, Kate's face paled. Her heart burned. She felt overcome with rage. "So you're not planning on leaving Derrick?"

Tiffany looked into Kate's eyes. She said sincerely, "I love Derrick. I'm not asking you for much. I just want you to try accepting me."

To her surprise, Kate smiled gently. Panic flooded into Tiffany. She did not have a good feeling about this.

She hesitated and asked, "Mrs. Hisson, why are you smiling?"

With the smile still plastered on her face, Kate replied, "Oh, I've just thought of a problem."

Tiffany squirmed in her seat. "And what is that?"

Toying with her hands, Kate said, "Let's say I suddenly fall ill right now and I'm rushed to a hospital. As I'm lying helplessly in a ward, I'll tell Derrick that you said nasty, shocking things to me, trying to give me a heart attack. Who do you think he'll believe? His beloved mother, or you?"

Tiffany's face changed dramatically.

Kate's plots and schemes overwhelmed Tiffany. She could not remember feeling so powerless in her entire life.

Tiffany pleaded, "Why are you doing this? Derrick and I are in love. What are you trying to do? Are you trying to force him to marry some woman he doesn't love? Why are you trying so hard to make your own son miserable? Don't you want him to be happy?" Even to her own ears, she sounded weak.

Kate coldly chuckled. "Oh Tiffany, you silly girl. Are you really this naive? I'm doing this for Derrick's good. The two of you are not a good match for each other. You live so differently compared to him. Your etiquette leaves something to be desired. Even if you marry him, you'll be nothing but a drag. Over time, your love will wither and die. The problems the two of you choose to ignore will grow like a tumor. You'll eventually settle for a divorce. I'm just trying my best to save the two of you all this heartache."

Tiffany could scarcely believe her ears. She chuckled weakly. She thought, Just to break me and Derrick up, this woman is willing to spout such nonsense.

Tiffany slowly stood up. "Mrs. Hisson, I just remembered that I have a manuscript that has to be finished soon. I'll leave now. Please stay and order something to eat, but I'm afraid I can't keep you company."

Kate quickly agreed. "Oh, of course."

Kate's hasty reply sowed seeds of doubt in Tiffany's heart. She hesitated to move.

Kate sneered. "Well, hurry on. I thought you have to get to work?"

Tiffany didn't move from her seat.

Kate teased, "What's the matter? So you really want me to buy you the jewelry after all?"

Tiffany saw no other option but to leave the restaurant.

As soon as Tiffany left, Kate called the front desk and ordered some food.

When the waiter opened the door to the booth, he found Kate slumped on the table. Shocked, he dashed over and knelt next to her. He gingerly lifted her up and asked, "Mrs. Hisson, are you feeling unwell?"

Kate did not open her eyes.

The waiter hurriedly whipped out his phone and called an ambulance. Next, he called the manager. Soon, a stream of people flooded into the booth. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 552

Chapter 552 I Will Make Her Apologize

Kate got sent to the hospital. As soon as she got brought into the operating room, she woke up. The other doctors and nurses left, leaving only the attending physician.

"Dr. Nate Nestor? I have something to discuss with you," Kate softly said.

Nate immediately stepped forward. He respectfully replied, "Go ahead, Mrs. Hisson."

"My son will be here any minute now. I'd like you to make it sound like my illness is serious. Of course, I don't want you to scare him too much. I'll let you decide what you're going to say to him."

Kate gave Nate a flirtatious look. Nate seemed like he was in a trance. It took a while before he came back to his senses.

Nate had also been Kate's attending physician last time. He was very aware of her condition. He knew there was nothing wrong with her upon looking at her complexion. And so, he asked her curiously, "Mrs. Hisson, I don't see anything wrong with you. Why would you want to trick Mr. Derrick?"

"You don't need to know. Just do as I say. You're a doctor, after all. I shouldn't need to tell you this," Kate replied.

Nate thought for a while before nodding. He said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Hisson. I'll do as you wish."

Kate nodded in satisfaction.

Nate allowed the other doctors and nurses to come in. After casually giving them instructions, they brought Kate into a ward meant for one person.

When Derrick and Finnick received the news that Kate was admitted to the hospital, they immediately rushed over.

They entered the ward and saw Kate lying on the hospital bed unconscious. Nate was giving her an IV drip. After that, he turned around and saw Derrick and Finnick. He immediately greeted, "Mr. Hisson, Mr. Derrick. You're here."

"Dr. Nestor, how is my mom?" Derrick asked.

"Mr. Hisson, Mr. Derrick. Let's talk in my office," Nate replied.

As the three of them entered the office, Nate pointed at the couch and said, "Please have a seat. I'll go grab some water."

Nate brought three glasses of water and placed them on the table. Then, he let out a cough on purpose and stated, "Mr. Hisson, Mr. Derrick. I won't talk much about Mrs. Hisson's illness. I think you guys already understand what exactly happened. This time around, she fainted because of shock. I remember saying that she shouldn't stress too much because of her illness. It could have been life-threatening if it was more serious. Fortunately, she got brought to the hospital on time. She could have died if she had

arrived a few seconds later. You can go and comfort Mrs. Hisson once she wakes up. Keep her in a good mood.”

Derrick looked at Nate. He asked, “Dr. Nestor, my mom fainted. Is it very serious?”

“I can’t really say that it’s serious. There won’t be any issues as long as she recovers well. If she does get another shock, though, then it won’t be pretty,” Nate explained to the best of his ability.

Derrick nodded his head in response.

“Dr. Nestor, I’m sorry if my wife’s illness caused you any trouble,” Finnick stated.

“Don’t say that, Mr. Hisson. I’m a doctor. My job is to save lives,” Nate replied graciously.

After exchanging pleasantries with each other, Finnick and Derrick left the office.

As they entered the ward, they walked over to the bedside. Kate woke up at that very moment.

As soon as she saw Derrick, she immediately looked away.

Finnick walked over to the other side. He sat on the edge of the bed and grabbed her hand that was not attached to the IV drip. He said in a soft tone, “How are you, dear? You were just fine. How did you end up fainting?”

Kate burst into tears without even saying anything. Her eyes reddened.

“Finnick! Make Derrick leave! I don’t want to see him! His good girlfriend made me so angry that I nearly suffocated. I kindly invited her to a meal. But then, I went straight to the hospital after eating. I can’t believe he insists on being with Tiffany. Honestly, I think I’ll die sooner or later!” Kate said emotionally.

Finnick was very distressed.

He took out a clean handkerchief to wipe Kate's tears off her face. Then, he softly responded, "Don't cry. You're way too old to be crying. Talk to me. Tell me who made you so angry. I'll decide what to do with them."

Kate stopped crying and replied, "Who else if not Tiffany! I had invited her to a meal. But then, she made rude comments about me out of the blue. I fell to the ground in a fit of rage. When I asked her to help me get my medicine, she took her bag and left without helping me. If the waitresses hadn't come in and seen me lying on the ground, I honestly might not have made it here." After saying this, she shed her tears silently.

Kate was quite beautiful. However, her beauty diminished when she started crying earlier. It made her appear weak and helpless. Anyone who saw her would feel like helping her to the best of their abilities.

Derrick frowned. He calmly stated, "Mom, Tiff isn't that kind of person. Maybe you misunderstood her?"

Kate did not answer. Instead, she shed more tears.

"Derrick, what are you saying? Are you accusing your mom of lying and framing Tiffany? Personally speaking, I don't think she's a good person. Otherwise, how did your mom end up in the hospital?" Finnick angrily asked.

Derrick said, "Dad-"

"Don't call me Dad," Finnick interrupted.

Kate coughed. She said in a weak tone, "Stop blaming Derrick, Finnick. He has a partner now, so he'd forget about his mom. It's not surprising that he's biased toward that woman. I'm only his mom, after all. I'm not as important as his girl. Just pretend that I'm lying."

Finnick was furious. He glared at Derrick.

Derrick furrowed his brows. On one hand, there was Tiffany. On the other hand, there was Kate, who was clearly pretending to be sick. No matter who he sided with, it would not bode well for him regardless.

“Mom, could there be any misunderstanding here?” Derrick asked as softly as possible.

“Derrick, you should just pretend that I’m lying. By the way, there are surveillance cameras in that restaurant. The security team saw Tiffany leaving first. Those waitresses can also testify for me and say that they didn’t see Tiffany when they walked into the restaurant. If you don’t believe the hard evidence, then there’s nothing I can do. Just treat me as less important than other women,” Kate stated in a weak voice.

Derrick was speechless.

He sighed and shook his head, saying to her, “Mom, I’ll look into this matter thoroughly. If it turns out that Tiff did it, then I will make her apologize right in front of you.”

Kate did not respond and simply shed her tears in silence.

Finnick scolded Derrick angrily, “Derrick! Apologize to your mom right now! Do you have to wait for something to happen to her for you to reconcile with her?”

Derrick clenched his fists. I refuse to believe that Tiffany would do such a thing. However, my mom isn’t the kind of person who would frame people. Although she can be unreasonable sometimes, she’s also shown that she dislikes Tiffany a lot. Of course, she isn’t the type of person who would intentionally hurt herself.

“Derrick, what are you doing? Hurry up and apologize to your mother!” Finnick angrily stated, his face contorting. Although he was not outstanding in doing business, he was a man who loved his wife very much. Kate was as beautiful as an angel to him. And yet, Finnick had not been able to protect her. He could hardly bear to see her sad.

Derrick lowered his head. He nonchalantly said, “Mom, I’m sorry.”

Kate wiped away her tears. She weakly replied, "That's enough. Just go away already. I think that your apology is insincere. My opinion is the same as before. I don't like Tiffany. She made me so angry that I ended up in the hospital. If she joins our family, then I'd honestly rather die."

Derrick pursed his lips. He was in a rather gloomy mood.

"Mom, I'll get to the bottom of this." And with that, Derrick immediately turned around and left.

After he left the ward, Kate cried even harder. She exclaimed while crying, "Finnick! I raised my son in vain! Now that he has someone, he's forgetting all about his mother!"

Finnick's face contorted. He wiped the tears off of Kate's face very gently. In a soft tone, he replied, "You still have me, Dear. I'll go and find that girl named Tiffany. I'll find out how Derrick fell under that two-faced vixen's spell. I promise I'll seek justice for you."

Kate had tears in her eyes. She looked even more pitiful as a result.

"Don't worry, dear. I'll get someone to teach her a lesson," Finnick said.

"You'll get someone to beat her up? If Derrick goes to see her and sees her bloody nose and swollen face, wouldn't the blame be on us?" Kate wiped away her tears and spoke angrily.

After some thought, Finnick agreed with what she said.

He said, "I'll go see her and have a chat with her. To think that a girl who doesn't know how to respect her elders exists. A woman like her cannot be allowed to step inside of the Hisson residence."

"Finnick, you'd better do what you say you'll do," Kate stated.

"Don't worry. I'm going to seek justice for you. I refuse to believe that a girl like her can soar to the skies," Finnick replied.

Kate grabbed Finnick's hand. She pretended to be weak and innocent when she said, "Finnick, that woman took Derrick away. You have to stay by my side. Otherwise, I'll be all alone."

"You're my wife. Of course I'll stay by your side," Finnick stated.

Kate smiled sweetly at Finnick. He had fallen under her spell.

"You should rest first. Dr. Nestor said that you're still weak and that you shouldn't exert yourself. Sleep, now. Once you wake up, I'll get the maids at home to take care of you. I'll also have a chat with Tiffany. To think that someone your junior made you like this. This is going way too far."

"All right."

Kate closed her eyes. Her mood had to have improved because she managed to fall asleep.