

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 553

Chapter 553 Accompany You To See Your Mom

After leaving the hospital, Derrick got into his car and leaned back to watch the incessant flow of cars outside the window as a gush of unfathomable emotions began clouding his eyes. A dozen minutes had passed by the time he straightened his body and stepped on the gas pedal to drive off.

His destination was the restaurant where Kate and Tiffany had their meal that day. Upon entering the restaurant, he used his connections to have the restaurant manager obtain the recordings from the surveillance cameras. The footage showed Kate and Tiffany entering the restaurant together, to the part where the latter furiously stalked out with her bag. A waiter was later seen entering the private room, followed by a group of waiters rushing into the room. Before long, the ambulance arrived, and Kate was carried out of the restaurant.

“Was there anything odd with these two people when they first stepped into the restaurant?” Derrick asked.

The waiter gave the question a thought before answering, “They were chattering away happily—there was nothing out of the ordinary. As you know, Mrs. Hisson is breathtakingly beautiful. She had everyone’s attention as soon as she stepped foot into the restaurant, so we are fully aware of how she was acting when she was here.”

Derrick furrowed his brows. “During the time Tiff left the restaurant, did she behave strangely?” he asked.

To that, the waiter responded, “Mr. Hisson, isn’t it clearly shown in the footage? We weren’t paying much attention to Ms. Winters when she was leaving. It was only when Mrs. Hisson made a call to the reception to ask for waiters to take orders that our waiter found her on the ground. How is she now?”

Derrick simply nodded and turned to leave.

When he got into his car, grimness darkened his gaze as he leaned his back against the driver’s seat, seemingly deep in his thought.

Then, he called Tiffany, who only picked up after a long time.

“Derrick,” she called out on the other end of the line.

Derrick took in a deep breath and tried to maintain an even tone. “Tiff, are you at home?”

“Yes, I’m at home. I will be going to Amelia’s place for dinner. Do you have time? Care to join us for dinner?” Tiffany offered.

He shut his eyes and opened them again. “I will see about that when I get to your place.”

Right after he spoke, he hung up the call without giving her a chance to ask if he was in a bad mood.

Derrick drove to Tiffany’s condominium.

In one fluid series of movements, he parked his car and took the elevator to the floor.

When he got out of the elevator, he stood outside the door for a moment. Just as he lifted his hand to knock on it, it was unexpectedly opened from the inside.

Seeing Derrick standing in front of her, Tiffany laughed and said, “I figured you would be here at this minute, so I came to get you. Don’t you think there is this telepathic connection between the two of us? That we could read each other’s minds?”

He merely threw a glance at her, then walked past her to enter the house. Tiffany frowned at the sight of his apathetic demeanor. She could tell he was not in a good mood and had a hunch that it had something to do with her.

Having shut the door, she approached him and bent down to meet his eyes. “What’s wrong, Derrick? Tell me about it. I can see that you’re not in great spirits.”

Derrick gazed at her intently.

Tiffany lifted her hand and caressed his face. "What's wrong? Does your foul mood have something to do with me?"

At that moment, he finally spoke, answering her query with a voice that sounded a little hoarse. "You went to have lunch with my mom, and you left early?"

Upon hearing that, Tiffany tugged the corner of her lips into a forced smile. "Did Mrs. Hisson complain to you? Are you here to interrogate me?"

"My mom was admitted to the hospital."

Tiffany was completely staggered to hear those words.

Then, she was reminded of Kate's words before she left the restaurant. Since Derrick had come to question her, it was clear as day that he was taking his mother's side.

"Do you think that I angered your mother?" Tiffany asked to sound him out. She then kept her eyes peeled on him, wanting to see how sincere his answer would be through his gaze.

Derrick flashed her a sorrowful smile and made her sit on the couch with him. "Tiff, if I were to believe my mother's words, I wouldn't be here trying to talk things out with you calmly. I need an answer. Tell me, what happened between you and my mother?"

Tiffany briefly explained what went on between her and Kate but subconsciously left out the part where the latter threatened to fake her condition to see whose side Derrick would take. The last thing that she wanted was for him to think she was intentionally sowing discord among his family.

"So, you didn't say anything to provoke her?" Derrick asked with his brows furrowed.

His girlfriend stood up and explained with her arms spread out, "I wouldn't dare! She is your mother. And therefore, I have the greatest respect for her. Why would I be disrespectful to her when all I want is to treat her with utmost care? It is just that we're not compatible, so we frequently fail to see eye to eye."

After a moment of pause, Tiffany continued, "Derrick, you may say that I should be respectful of the elderly, but I do not get along with your mom. No matter how I tried to please her, she was always hostile to me. I am forthright and sincere in my ways and would be respectful to anyone who does the same. Likewise, when someone is making a mockery of me, I would retaliate. I can hold myself back for your sake since she's your mother. However, the way I see it, it is impossible for her to like me. I wonder if our relationship can last until she approves of me."

There were two sentences that she could not bring herself to tell him. Will your love toward me remain strong, in spite of your mom going to lengths to threaten you with her health condition? Or will you feel that the love you've given me is too burdensome that you have to take it back now?

Tiffany's heart became heavy.

There could be times when a relationship did not last due to the parents' meddling. Because of the mental exhaustion, regrettably, they would break up and go on with their separate lives, cutting all ties.

Derrick stood up from the couch and pulled her into his embrace. With his chin resting on the latter's forehead, he said, "Let's not overthink this. You have me. I will try to make Mom see the many good in you. Don't worry about it. We will soon get married."

Tiffany did her best to pull herself together and suggested, "Let me accompany you to see Mrs. Hisson in the hospital. I am also going to apologize to her since she passed out after I left. There's a chance that she was infuriated by something I said. I can be blunt with my words, so I suppose that's possible."

He shook his head and said, "I will bring you along tomorrow. Mom had just come to herself. She's not in her best condition, and you'll only upset her if you visit her now. Wait until she cools down."

For some unknown reason, her heart sank.

“Derry, are you blaming me?” Tiffany questioned while staring at him. She could not hold it in and merely wanted to know his actual thoughts about the incident. The conflict between them would only pile on if they did not communicate.

“Don’t overthink it. It’s not something you should fret over,” Derrick reassured and pecked her on her forehead. “I’m going to the hospital to see my mom now. You stay here. I will ask for you to come along when she gets better. All right, I’ll make a move now.”

He then left her place as hurriedly as he came. By taking a few large strides, he was already at the door, ready to go.

Tiffany watched as her door opened and closed. As though the earlier exchange sapped her of all energy, she collapsed onto the couch. Her mind was a mess, and her hands were shaking.

The woman let out a bitter laugh. For a moment, she felt at a loss.

Her relationship with Derrick began with her being flustered until she eventually indulged herself in it. In the midst of the relationship, she had also learned to love and treat a man with care.

Tiffany had wholly fallen in love with Derrick.

Feeling frustrated, she raked her fingers through her hair.

She then took over her phone to call Amelia. When her call was answered, she hurriedly asked, “Amelia, are you at home now?”

Upon receiving an affirming answer from her, she said, “Wait for me. I’m heading to your place now.”

Afterward, Tiffany tidied herself up, left her condominium speedily, and headed toward Amelia’s neighborhood at the greatest speed. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 554

Chapter 554 Apology

When Amelia opened the door, Tiffany ran straight toward her and hugged her neck. She was basically hanging off of Amelia's body doing that.

Amelia wasn't sure if she should laugh or cry as she stepped back into the building and closed the door.

It was as though she was dragging a big baby to the couch before laying the baby down on the furniture. "Sit. I'll brew a cup of coffee for you to drink first. Then, you can tell me what's bothering you. I'll listen attentively. I promise."

When she entered the kitchen, Tony ran downstairs with a toy plane in his hand. His eyes shone when he saw Tiffany. He quickly made his way down and jumped straight into her embrace. "You're here, Tiffy! I've missed you so much."

Tiffany hugged his soft little body. Finally, there was an expression on her face.

"Have you gotten heavy, Tony? Your face looks chubbier, but you also look more handsome overall." She gently pinched his nose and smiled.

He wrinkled his little nose and asked, "Did I really get fatter, Tiffy? No wonder I can't wear some of my clothes already. Am I becoming a big fat pig?" His fingers drew the image of a pig in the air.

Tiffany was thoroughly amused by him.

"You're not fat. In fact, you look as cute and delicate like a doll. When you grow up, you'll definitely become a handsome man who charms lots of women."

"As pretty as Mr. Pretty?"

The smile on her face froze a little.

Her thoughts and emotions began to spiral out of control when the problem between her and Derrick popped up in her mind.

“Tiffy. Tiffy!” Tony shouted a couple of times before she returned to her senses and stared at him.
“What’s up, Tony?”

“Is something bothering you, Tiffy? Let me know and I’ll teach the person who bullied you a lesson.”

She chuckled again before giving a big kiss on his cheek.

Then she patted his head and said, “I’m fine, Tony. You should go and play upstairs. I have something I want to talk about with your mom.”

When he turned around, he saw Amelia walking out of the kitchen with two cups of tea. He turned back and nodded. “Then I’ll go upstairs and play first. Once you two finish talking with each other, I’ll come back down and accompany you.”

The moment he finished speaking, he ran upstairs like a little monkey.

Amelia placed two cups of coffee on the table. “What did you talk about with Tony?”

Tiffany smiled. “He’s just trying to comfort me so I don’t feel sad. I realize that Tony’s quite the people person. He knows when to act obedient, when to act cute, when to flatter someone, and sometimes, he even acts like a tiny adult. I suspect he reincarnated with his memories because he’s too smart sometimes.”

Amelia wasn’t sure if she should laugh or cry. “He’s just a kid who’s smarter than his peers. You’re exaggerating.” She sat on the other couch and faced her friend directly. “So, tell me, why have you come here so urgently? Are you having a problem with Derrick again?”

A bitter expression appeared on Tiffany’s face as she spilled out everything that happened between her and Kate.

“His mom doesn’t like me, babe. She even tried to pretend she was sick to force Derrick to leave me! It’s the first time I’ve seen an elder acting as extremely as her. It’s such a shame she’s so beautiful that her

appearance is comparable to that of an angel because she can whip out an endless amount of evil schemes. I really have no idea how to deal with her right now.” She opened her palms and said everything in her mind.

Amelia became silent. I know what the problem is here. It’s the same as last time when she used her own body as a bargaining chip to put her own son in a dilemma. Still, there’s not much that can be done. She’s an elder, so even if Tiffany knows she’s pretending to be sick, Tiffany can’t just reveal the lie and make her look bad. You can have awful parents, but you can’t have children who go against their parents. They’ll be considered unfilial otherwise. Unless you have truly lost your humanity, there’s no way you can ignore your parents and their needs.

“Aside from telling you to get into her good favors and make her like you, I don’t know how else I can help you, Tiff. I can’t think of any other method to resolve the conflict between the two of you. If you can’t get into her good graces, I’m afraid your stay in the Hisson residence will be extremely unpleasant if you manage to marry Derrick.”

Since the dawn of time, managing the relationship between a mother-in-law and her daughter-in-law had been the most difficult thing to do in a marriage. Take Amelia herself, for example. There were still some misunderstandings between her and Olivia. However, at least Olivia only ever said something upsetting instead of actually hurting Amelia. Overall, her situation was much better compared to Tiffany’s.

Tiffany was discouraged, like a hen who lost her battle.

Seeing her like that, Amelia wasn’t sure how to comfort her.

“Say, if I hadn’t agreed to Derrick’s proposal way back when and found a man with a similar status as me instead, would I have been happier, Amelia?” Tiffany suddenly asked.

“But will you have loved that man, Tiff?” Amelia tossed a question back at her.

Tiffany chuckled bitterly and defeatedly. “I write novels, Amelia, and a lot of them involved rich families. I thought something like a battle for love only exists in the novels. It never truly crossed my mind how life gives birth to those novels. Sometimes, reality is much crueler than fiction. I realize my personality really isn’t suited to deal with the people from upper-class society.”

Her personality and attitude were quite straightforward. It was easy for her to deal with people if they were direct, but she would get annoyed if those people kept beating around the bush with their schemes.

Amelia spoke. "This isn't like you, Tiff. When I married into the Clintons, I had no family of my own, yet I still managed to succeed. In order to integrate with the Clintons, I learned to wake up at six in the morning every day. After I finished my breakfast, I would attend all sorts of etiquette classes and learn how to speak like them. I also learned music, chess, calligraphy, painting, and other skills in order not to embarrass Oscar. Initially, he treated me as a product to be bought with money and told me his only condition is that I mustn't embarrass him. Our marriage was a contract marriage. Regardless of how much pain the Clintons put me through, I endured all of it, and now I get to enjoy the fruits of my labor. If you ask me, your current situation with Derrick is much better compared to mine from years ago. I can't think of any reason you should give up."

Tiffany became silent.

"I'll always be on your side and support your goal to be with Derrick. That's why I hope you won't give up that quickly. It's not easy for someone to meet their soulmate."

Tiffany chuckled and ruffled her own hair.

The depression in her heart vanished a lot.

"Even though I'm here to rant about my problems, I'm instead convinced by you to deal with it head-on. I wasn't serious about it, you know. If I really wanted to break up with Derrick, I wouldn't have been so troubled by it."

Amelia smiled. "I'm glad you managed to look on the bright side of things. How about you stay here for dinner tonight? I'll go to the hospital with you tomorrow to apologize to Mrs. Hisson. Regardless if she was pretending to be sick, we still need to give her an apology."

Tiffany gave it some thought and nodded.

She stayed at Amelia's place and had dinner with her. The next day was the weekend, so Amelia didn't have to go to work. She bought a bunch of gifts and headed to the hospital with Oscar.

After getting in the car, she said, "Help me give Tiff a little support later, Oscar. There are some people who don't listen to you even if you talk to them properly. With you around, I don't think Mrs. Hisson will be foolish enough to offend someone from the Clinton family. I want to let her know that Tiff didn't acknowledge you as her godbrother for fun and that she has a family back in Tayhaven."

Oscar smiled at her. "I'll do it if that'll make you happy."

He then drove the car to the hospital and parked it there. When they exited the car, he carried Tony in his arms. Amelia informed her son, "When you meet Mrs. Hisson later, try to talk nicely, okay, Tony? Tiffy made her angry, so if you can make Mrs. Hisson happy, maybe she won't get as angry toward Tiffy."

Tony nodded seriously and replied with a straight face, "I will, Mommy."

Amelia smiled. "You're a good boy, Tony."

When the three of them arrived at the hospital entrance, they saw Tiffany already waiting there.

"Did you wait long?" Amelia asked.

Tiffany shook her head. "Let's go in. Why did you buy so many gifts?"

"We're here to apologize. If we prepare enough presents, she won't be able to find faults in our attempt."

Tiffany didn't say anything else.

After they all went into the elevator and walked out of it, Amelia informed, "Do keep your emotions in check after going inside, Tiff. Don't rush it. Once we deliver a proper apology, everything will be better."

“I know. I’m not that stupid.”

Amelia nodded and didn’t say anything else. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 555

Chapter 555 Scheming Woman

Once they were all in the ward, Tiffany glanced at the side of the bed and saw Finnick feeding apple slices to Kate. The older woman looked quite healthy. Nothing about her appearance suggested that there was anything wrong with her. That made Tiffany let out a sigh of relief.

After all, it was better if Kate pretended to be sick than if she actually was sick. If anything happened to Kate, Tiffany’s relationship with Derrick would become far more difficult to deal with.

“Derrick told me you fainted yesterday, Mrs. Hisson. That’s why I’ve specially bought these supplements. How are you feeling right now?” Tiffany delivered the presents she bought to the older woman and spoke niceties.

Kate swept her gaze past Tiffany before looking at Oscar and Amelia. She asked softly, “Why have you two come here?”

Amelia delivered her gift to the bodyguard in the room and spoke. “I heard from Tiff that you stayed at the hospital because you fainted, Mrs. Hisson. Oscar is her godbrother, and I’m her best friend. Since you fainted because of her, we thought we should visit you and ask you to forgive her this one time. She’s really sincere in apologizing.”

Kate put up a fake smile. “She told you two that I fainted?”

Amelia smiled. “Don’t misunderstand anything, Mrs. Hisson. When Tiff heard you went into the hospital yesterday, she was so worried that she almost cried. She truly realized how rash she was being. Last night, she drove to my place and asked me what kind of things a patient should eat to recover quicker. She even said she wanted to cook something for you personally. I see can see how worried she was and how she likes you, Mrs. Hisson.”

Kate’s smile became a little more genuine as she turned to her husband. “The Clintons’ son is here with his wife, Finnick. You should welcome them as the host.”

Finnick asked the bodyguard to bring more chairs into the room. Kate continued to smile. "Take a seat, you two. I'm glad to see both of you here."

Light flashed across Amelia's eyes as she glanced at the two chairs the bodyguard had brought. Even though Oscar and I are here, she still doesn't give any respect to Tiffany. She knows the three of us are here, yet the bodyguard only brought two chairs. She's clearly not giving Tiffany even a shred of respect.

Tony spoke up. "There are four of us here, but you only ask someone to bring two chairs inside, pretty Mrs. Hisson. Are you so old that you can't count?"

Kate's expression froze.

Amelia shot a glance at him. "What did I tell you before we came in, Tony?"

Tony pouted before changing his expression completely. He put on the sweetest smile and said, "You're the most beautiful person I've ever seen, Mrs. Hisson. You're as beautiful as Mr. Pretty. Mommy told me you're Mr. Pretty's mommy. No wonder you're so beautiful. I think if you smile brighter, you'll be even more beautiful."

Kate couldn't help but laugh as she stared at him.

"Can I call you Amelia? When I first went to Beshya and met you, the child in your arms was still a baby. I can't believe how fast time flies. Not only does he look so delicate, but, more importantly, he also knows how to flatter someone. Come, let me take a better look at him." It would appear her mood was lifted.

Amelia put Tony down and said, "Remember to say nice things, okay, Tony?"

Tony nodded and approached Kate.

She stared at him in detail. He looked white, tender, and as delicate as a doll. Just looking at him gave her joy.

“What’s your name, little boy?”

“My nickname is Tony, and my full name is Anthony Clinton.”

“Tony? That sounds like a pretty good name. Is the jade pendant I’ve been wearing on you right now, Finnick? Hand it to me. I have to give a gift to such a cute child.”

Finnick handed her the moderately small but definitely flawless jade pendant before she gave it to Tony. “I’ve been wearing this to keep myself safe, Tony. I’m giving it to you today because I hope it can protect you, too.”

Tony turned to look at Amelia.

Amelia wanted to say something, but Kate was quicker. “This child and I have a special connection. That’s why I want to give this jade pendant to him. I know the Clintons are rich enough that they can afford one just like this, but I want to show my sincerity.”

Amelia had no choice but to swallow the words she wanted to say. “What do you say when someone gives you something, Tony?”

Tony waved his hand at Kate, to which Kate responded by lowering her body in confusion. “What’s the matter?”

He gave the older woman a kiss on the cheek. “You’re a pretty lady, Mrs. Hisson. I like you.”

That flattery thoroughly delighted her.

“Your son is a quick-witted kid, Amelia. Even though he’s still so young, he already knows how to make a girl smile. Incredible.” Her praise came from the bottom of her heart.

She was getting quite old, and she was starting to want a grandchild pretty badly. However, when she saw Tiffany, her mood soured because she didn't want her grandchild to come from Tiffany.

"He knows how to flatter people," Amelia said.

"That's good. He won't get tricked by people in the future if he's already this smart right now. I can see that he's quite the obedient kid. Just an order from you is enough to keep him in line. It must be pretty easy to raise him."

"That is true. He doesn't give me too much trouble, and he has always put me before himself. It saves me from a lot of trouble that other mothers have."

When Amelia finished speaking, she gave Tiffany a wink. Mrs. Hisson is in a pretty good mood at the moment. It's up to you now!

When Tiffany stepped forward, Kate immediately withdrew the cheery smile on her face and stared at Tiffany with annoyance.

However, because Tony was still around, she said, "I'm still feeling a little unwell right now, Tony. How about you go back home with your parents first? I want to rest a little."

Tony turned to his mother.

Amelia furrowed her eyebrows. I didn't expect Mrs. Hisson to still refuse to show Tiffany an ounce of respect, even though Oscar and I are standing right in front of her. This is really hard. I can't understand why she hates Tiffany so much. Tiffany is a straightforward and friendly person who treats her friends with sincerity. Compared to Crystal, who only knows how to pretend to be nice, Tiffany is so much better. Do people just prefer or dislike someone for no reason?

She let Tony approach Kate again and signaled Oscar to follow her lead. Then she stepped closer to the bed and spoke gently. "Tiffany truly feels sorry that you're staying in the hospital, Mrs. Hisson. I think you should forgive her and give her a chance."

Kate smiled. "Are you here to persuade me, Amelia?"

"Don't put it like that, Mrs. Hisson. When I heard you were injured, I was worried as well. If an outsider like me is worried, you can imagine how much of a panic Tiff was in. Can't you forgive her out of your respect for me and Oscar?"

If Amelia was the only one there, it was likely that Kate wouldn't have given any thought to it. However, because Oscar was also there, it would be unwise for her to reject the request outright. After all, she still hoped that the Hissons and the Clintons could work together. Therefore, she couldn't afford to offend Oscar.

Even her father would have to show respect to Oscar. He might be young, but he was so capable that he was able to make Clinton Corporations the most powerful company in Tayhaven in just two years. Even a family like the Hissons, who had a long history in the city, had to rely on other forces to compete. If Kate wanted to get into Oscar's good graces, then she would have to consider her actions very carefully.

She blinked for a few moments before she smiled. "I was never angry at Tiffany, Amelia. It's likely that Derrick spoke too harshly when he called her because he was too distraught by what happened to me. That's probably why she misunderstood my attitude and became upset. When I saw you three walking in, I thought she brought someone with her to beat me up. It made me quite scared, you see."

The edge of Amelia's mouth twitched. She sure knows how to twist the truth.

"You're such a joker, Mrs. Hisson." She smiled.

Kate rubbed her forehead and spoke weakly. "My head's aching a little right now. I don't think I can't talk to you all any further. Once I recover, I'll personally treat you all to a meal. It makes me feel bad that my fainting had caused you all to worry so much about me."

"Rest well then, Mrs. Hisson. We'll come to visit you some other time." Amelia then pulled Tiffany out of the room with her. Oscar and Tony followed behind them.

After they left, Kate's expression darkened as she spoke with hatred. "That little b*tch. She's such a scheming woman. I can't believe she even brought Oscar here to make me forgive her. Even though she's in the wrong, she's not sincere about her apology at all."

"Don't get angry, Darling. I'll find her and have a talk with her," Finnick consoled.

"What's there to talk about? I can't possibly put her in a difficult spot now that Oscar has made his appearance. There's no way I can let Derrick marry a scheming woman like her! If she marries into the family, she'll probably work with the Clintons to rob all of our wealth! This woman is a scheming fox!" She narrowed her eyes with a dangerous look.

His face turned dark as well. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 556

Chapter 556 Leaving Him

"Now that Tiffany's working with Oscar, I'm afraid she's eyeing our family's wealth, Finnick. If Derrick marries her, our family will fall under her control. Oscar will take over Hisson Group and leave us with nothing left." The more Kate thought about it, the more she became afraid. She was utterly convinced that it was all a conspiracy. If Amelia knew the help Oscar and her provided to Tiffany would get interpreted like that, they probably would've withered and died on the spot.

Kate had watched too many television dramas.

Finnick comforted, "Just rest, okay, Darling? This whole thing isn't as complicated as you think. I'll ask Tiffany to have a talk with me later. Don't worry, I won't screw everything up."

"Can you?" She was a little unconvinced.

"I may not be as good as my son when it comes to business, but don't forget that I'm good at other things too. Don't worry."

She gave it some thought and nodded.

“Be careful, then. That quick-witted woman has a sharp tongue. She writes novels too, so she’s pretty good at logical reasoning. Don’t get played by her.” There was a pause before she continued, “Help me deal with the discharge procedure. I don’t want to stay in the hospital any longer. The smell is awful. I can rest back home too.”

“You need to stay here one more day for observation. If the doctor says you’re fine, we’ll leave.”

“No. I want to leave right now. Even though I’m in the hospital, Derrick didn’t even visit me once. My efforts at raising my son are in vain because he has forgotten all about me to keep his wife happy,” she uttered with dissatisfaction and fury.

It was then Derrick arrived.

“Mom, Dad.” He opened the door and greeted.

Kate, whose heart was filled with fury just a second ago, quickly returned to her bed.

Finnick stared with wide eyes. When he saw how she was blinking at him, he instantly understood what she was trying to say.

“Is Mom still not awake, Dad?” Derrick approached the bed.

“Tiffany stopped by earlier to tell us that your mom is pretending to be sick in an attempt to force you and her to break up.” Finnick was making up lies on the spot. “I don’t want to interfere with your relationship because I know you have your own strong opinions, Derrick. You probably don’t want to listen to what I have to say now that you’re all grown up. Besides, I’m not the only son in the family, and your grandfather favors you a lot. Your mom and I still need to rely on you if we want to live comfortably. However, your mother truly loves you. Very few people ever talked to your mother like that ever since she was married into the Hisson family, but Tiffany... I’m not going to judge her that much, but the fact she was willing to talk about your mother like that right in front of me inside your mother’s ward doesn’t leave a good impression on me. She doesn’t respect her elders at all. I believe you should reconsider your relationship with her.”

When Derrick heard that, his eyebrows furrowed. He didn't want to believe it, but he couldn't help but suspect it was true to some degree if both of his parents badmouthed Tiffany.

It only took a few moments before he tossed out all the doubts in his mind. Tiffany may be a straightforward woman, but she's not stupid enough to badmouth an elder right in front of them. This must be a misunderstanding.

"How's Mom doing, Dad?" He changed the topic.

"The doctor took a look at her not too long ago and said her blood pressure was getting a little high, even though she was fine during the check-up earlier during the day. I was suggested to make sure your mom doesn't get too stimulated. Tiffany probably came here to make your mother even sicker." The more Finnick spoke, the angrier he got. He started to believe his own lies were the truth.

Derrick's expression darkened even further.

Kate slowly opened her eyes and pretended to only notice he was there at that moment. She spoke in a daze. "What's wrong with me, Finnick?"

Finnick played along. "You fainted again. Dr. Nestor took a look at you and said your blood pressure was getting a little high. It's my fault. Even though I'm here with a bunch of bodyguards, I still can't stop a woman from bullying you."

She raised her hand and rubbed her forehead with an awful expression. "Don't mention her in front of me again, Finnick. Help me deal with the discharge procedure. I'm afraid that she'll come back to the hospital tomorrow and make a mess again. I won't be able to rest well if she does that."

Worry seeped into his voice. "I can't do that. The doctor told you to rest here for a couple more days."

"I don't want to stay here any longer. Otherwise, I'm going to die of anger."

Finnick turned to his son and requested, "Aren't you going to say something to your mother? Do you want a woman pissing your mother off this badly?"

Derrick let out a sigh. "Just rest here, Mom. I'll talk to Tiff."

When he finished speaking, he walked out of the room.

The couple was more than a hundred years old if their ages were combined, yet they stared at each other as though they were two children wondering if their prank had worked. Finnick asked with uncertainty, "Are you sure we aren't pushing him too hard with this, Darling?"

Kate fiddled with her slim fingers on the bed. "If we don't do this, how will Derrick leave her?"

"I'm just afraid that if we push him too hard, it'll only solidify his resolve to stay with her."

She shot a glare at him. "Don't jinx it! Can't you say something good with that mouth of yours? Are you trying to piss me off like Derrick? Is that how you want me to die?"

He smiled apologetically. "Of course not. I'm on your side. You just take a rest right now. I'll talk to Tiffany."

Once he calmed his wife down, he exited the room and gave Tiffany a call. Amelia was sitting next to her when that happened.

Upon receiving his call, Tiffany turned to Amelia. "Look who's calling."

Amelia's eyebrows were furrowed when she saw the phone's screen. The Hisson couple is such a pain in the butt. What will it take to please them? Even though they're born into a rich family, they don't have any noble qualities at all. This is blatant bullying.

Tiffany answered the phone and exchanged a few sentences with Finnick before the call ended.

"He wants to meet with me later." She sighed with exhaustion. "I think he'll tell me to leave Derrick again. I don't know what is the point of playing this game with them over and over anymore."

Both of them were her elders. She couldn't hit them or scold them. If she talked back, she would somehow be in the wrong.

"I'll accompany you, but I'll sit at a distance. If he goes too far, I'll pretend to show up coincidentally. I don't think he'll shout at an outsider like me. I do think the Hissons are going too far. Right now, I don't know if I'm doing the right thing by not interfering with your relationship with Derrick."

Tiffany, on the other hand, was somehow uplifted. "I can't hide from my troubles forever. Thank you for accompanying me today again, Amelia."

Amelia stared at her friend silently.

Tiffany shrugged, although she felt fuzzy inside her heart. As long as there was still someone standing by her side when she was in trouble, she would be all right.

Having someone like Amelia was already a blessing for her.

Both of them went into the upscale cafe that Finnick had mentioned. Amelia pointed at an obscure spot. "I'll be sitting there. If anything happens, send me a message."

Tiffany nodded before approaching Finnick, who was already sitting at the table.

She greeted politely, "Mr. Hisson."

He pointed at the chair across the table. "Sit."

She sat down.

After turning off his phone, he stared at her. "Feel free to order something to eat."

She ordered a cup of coffee and went straight to the point. "What do you want to talk to me about, Mr. Hisson?"

"It's nothing much. You see, I don't like seeing my wife keep getting pissed off by you, so I don't want you to marry Derrick. Tell me what will it take for you to leave him." Finnick was being direct as well.

Tiffany had a feeling he would say that on her way to the cafe, but it still pained her to hear him say it out loud.

She took in a deep breath and spoke. "I'm very sorry for what happened to Mrs. Hisson, Mr. Hisson. I've already apologized and asked her forgiveness in every way that I could. Nothing I said to her was mean. I don't know her condition that well, but I don't think I'm the direct cause of why she fainted. However, if it turns out that it really is my fault, I'm willing to apologize again." In the other words, if she didn't do it, she wasn't going to accept the accusation.

He sneered ruthlessly, "You have quite the sharp tongue. A daughter-in-law like you isn't needed in our family. If you insist on staying with Derrick, his grandfather will directly cut off his right of inheritance. If you want him to work as a bog-standard publishing company owner for the rest of his life, go ahead. In any case, both of us aren't happy with you. The decision is yours to make."

Tiffany opened her mouth, but when the server put her coffee on the table, she swallowed her words again.

The server left after delivering the coffee. She picked up the cup as the residual heat penetrated her skin through the cup.

Her hand was slightly shaking whilst she held the cup. It took a lot of effort for her to calm herself down.

There were veins visible on her neck.

"I won't give up on Derrick, Mr. Hisson. I'll prove to you that I'm the best woman suited to stay by his side." She garnered all her mental strength to squeeze out a smile and assured resolutely.

“Do you want him to lose everything because of you?”

“I don’t think he’ll lose everything. From what I can tell, Derrick is more than capable of achieving many great things without the help of his family. Through his effort, the novels that his company published have turned into television shows that have a climbing viewership. I’ve always believed that he and his company will one day become a titan in the entertainment industry.” The look in her eyes became more gentle when she thought about Derrick.

Finnick snorted. “You sure are confident. I doubt Derrick can survive without our family’s assistance. When the time comes, I want to see how deep your relationship with him truly is. I wonder if he’ll still stay with you, as you said yourself when he has nothing left.”

Before he turned around and left, he gave her one last piece of advice. “A smart woman is not a stubborn person. Instead, she’s the type who will choose the most beneficial route when she reaches a dead end. Otherwise, all her efforts will be for naught.”

Tiffany slumped in her seat with a dazed expression on her face.

Amelia approached her and waved her hand in front of her. “Are you all right, Tiff?”

A bitter smile appeared on Tiffany’s face when she returned to her senses and saw Amelia. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 557

Chapter 557 Brought Amelia To A Psychiatric Hospital

“What happened?” Amelia asked.

Ruffling her hair, Tiffany said, “You know, the usual. He demanded that I leave Derrick. The husband and wife duo is taking turns to make their moves. I believe they came up with the plan of pretending to be sick and are waiting for Derrick and me to take the bait. I don’t even know how much longer can Derrick put up with such a situation.”

With a pucker between her brows, Amelia was seemingly lost in thought.

“Tiff, you should calm down first. We should talk it out rather than jump to conclusions.”

To her surprise, a relieved smile touched Tiffany’s lips. “Babe, don’t worry. I’m not the kind of person to lose and give up easily. Since they insist I leave Derrick, I won’t do as they say. I’m going to show everyone that it’s his blessing to marry me and that I’m not a burden to him. After all, I’m a best-selling author; there’s no way I will let him starve to death.”

Amelia looked at her and knew the latter was feeling disgruntled. Tiffany was always filled with a fighting spirit. As long as one did not provoke her, she would not do anything to retaliate. On the contrary, if she were driven into the corner, she would strive hard to achieve her goals and not give up easily.

“Tiff, let’s head back for now, and we’ll discuss it later,” Amelia suggested in a gentle tone.

Tiffany nodded in agreement.

They exited the coffee shop and saw Derrick leaning against his car. “Go to him now. Remember, talk it out peacefully with him, and don’t start arguing,” Amelia said, nudging Tiffany with her elbow.

The latter nodded before she walked over to Derrick and asked, “Why are you here?”

“I followed my dad here. You must feel aggrieved that he sought you out to give you a hard time,” he stated in a deep voice as he raised his hand to caress her face.

At first, Tiffany was unfazed by the whole incident. However, his words caused tears to well up in her eyes uncontrollably, and she raised her head to prevent them from rolling down her cheeks.

Raising her hand to give a smack on Derrick’s chest, she replied, “Stop your nonsense. I don’t feel aggrieved. I’m an invincible woman, okay? There’s no way I will be hurt so easily. Besides, Mr. Hisson didn’t say much.”

Derrick pressed his hand against the back of her head and pulled her into his embrace before whispering in her ear, “Let’s go back first.”

Tiffany nodded.

Derrick bobbed his head at Amelia, who stood nearby, then brought his girlfriend into the car.

After the couple left, Amelia shook her head as her concern for Tiffany grew.

As she descended the stairs to walk to her car, a vehicle slid to a stop in a stunning movement in front of her, taking her by surprise.

The window rolled down, and Jennifer, wearing a pair of sunglasses, stuck her head out.

“Amelia, are you free now? I want to take you somewhere,” she stated.

Shooting her a wary look, Amelia replied politely in a distant tone, “I’m sorry, Ms. Larson. My son is waiting for me at home.”

Jennifer opened the car door, stood in her way, and said, “Amelia, you shouldn’t be afraid of me if you didn’t do anything wrong. Come on. I want to take you somewhere where we can settle the score between us. Since your husband forced my family into this state, I don’t mind making another offense. If you push me over the edge, I might even snap and kill you.”

Afterward, she pressed an item against Amelia’s back. The sensation was impossible to ignore.

Amelia’s expression changed immediately when she felt the weight on her back. Left with no choice, she obliged, opening the car door and entering the back seat. Once in the car, she glanced in an unknown direction through the window.

Jennifer soon hopped onto the car and waved the item in her hand before Amelia. It turned out to be a fake knife that was a toy for children and could not cause any harm to a person.

“Ms. Larson, may I know where you plan to take me? There are many bodyguards protecting my safety in our surroundings. If you were to do anything to me, I believe you wouldn’t be able to escape unscathed,” Amelia said.

Checking her out in the rearview mirror, Jennifer snickered. “Amelia, I didn’t know you were such a coward who feared for her life.”

“I have a son and a husband, so I’m merely cherishing my life,” replied Amelia, who did not think it was embarrassing for her to be afraid of dying.

Jennifer smiled without saying another word.

Amelia watched as Jennifer exited the urban area and drove the car onto an empty narrow passage.

Upon seeing that, she started to feel scared and asked anxiously, “Jennifer, where are you taking me?”

“Don’t worry. I don’t intend to take your life. Your bodyguards are following us. Didn’t you say I wouldn’t be able to escape unscathed if I lay a finger on you?” uttered Jennifer mockingly as she looked at the rearview mirror.

True enough, when Amelia turned her head to look out the window, she saw a car trailing behind them at a distance. She knew Jolin must be in the car, but as for whether or not there were other people, she had no idea.

After turning back, she brushed her hair and looked at the beautiful view out the window with her head tilted.

A hint of jealousy and envy lurked in Jennifer’s gaze as she looked at Amelia through the rearview mirror.

“To be honest, Amelia, I envy you,” she said suddenly.

Amelia turned her head to look at her and waited for the latter to continue her words. However, Jennifer did not speak another word and drove in silence until they arrived at a high-class private psychiatric hospital located on a hillside.

Jennifer parked the car, and they got out one after another. Looking around the place, Amelia was puzzled as to why she had brought her there.

“Come on. Let me bring you to see someone,” said Jennifer before leading the way.

Amelia had no choice but to follow her. After walking for a distance of around ten steps, her phone rang. She picked it up and saw it was Jolin.

“Hello?” Amelia answered the call.

“Mrs. Clinton, do you need me to accompany you? I’m just nearby,” Jolin asked from the other end of the line.

“Not for now. Wait at your spot, and don’t inform Oscar about my whereabouts.”

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Clinton. I’m only responsible for guarding your safety. You can rest assured that I will never reveal your whereabouts to Mr. Clinton.”

“All right. I’ll hang up now.”

After the call ended, Jennifer asked, “What’s wrong? Is your bodyguard worried that I would harm you?”

“It’s always better to be safe than sorry. After all, she’s doing her job,” Amelia simply answered.

Jennifer was merely mocking her, so she said nothing in reply and quickened her pace.

A few seconds later, she led Amelia to a nurse who greeted her politely, “Ms. Larson, are you here to see Mrs. Larson?”

“Ms. Tuffin, how is my mom doing?” Jennifer asked as she took off her sunglasses.

Shaking her head, the nurse, Nelly Tuffin, stated, “As usual. After receiving consent from you and Mr. Larson, we bound Mrs. Larson to the bed so that she won’t bang her head against the wall during an episode in the night.”

Jennifer’s face twisted into a grim expression. She took a deep breath and muttered, “Ms. Tuffin, please open the door. I want to visit my mother.”

Nodding, Nelly advised, “Ms. Larson, be careful when you enter. Mrs. Larson’s condition is unstable and unpredictable. If she begs you to untie the ropes, you must stay firm and not yield to her request. Otherwise, both of you would only end up hurt.”

Jennifer nodded.

Then, Nelly unlocked the door for her. When Amelia stepped inside with Jennifer, she was frightened by the view that appeared before her. A surge of emotions flickered briefly in her eyes.

Right before her eyes was the image of Laura being tied to the bed like a pig. Her hair was messy while her wrists and the exposed parts of her limbs was a mass of bruises and wounds resulting from her struggling against her restraints. There was a massive scabbed wound on her forehead, and her face was as pale as a sheet. She had lost a lot of weight, her current scrawny figure starkly different than before.

Amelia said in disbelief, “Why is she...”

Jennifer’s eyes reddened as she stared at Laura, who was sleeping on the bed. “The sight before you is all Oscar’s doings. My mom injured you on your forehead by accident, and you didn’t even have to visit the hospital. However, not only did your husband use his connections to send her to jail, but he also used some sort of method to cause her to hallucinate. Her condition is worsening day by day. If we didn’t tie her up, she would hit her head against the wall and wouldn’t even know that she was bleeding. The wound on her forehead is the proof. Do you know how much I abhor you and Carter after

seeing my mother, who used to be a graceful woman, end up in such a state? If I weren't so obstinate to have him to myself, my mom might not have turned out like this."

Moving her lips, Amelia had so much to say but could not verbalize them at that moment.

It was undeniable that Laura was wrong back then, but she had received her punishment for what she had done. With Laura being admitted into a psychiatric hospital and turning into such a terrible state, it seemed that Amelia was at fault instead.

Besides, Amelia never wished to harm Laura to such an extent. If she had pleaded for the latter back then, things would not have turned out that way and might have been salvageable.

"I'm sorry." Despite the words that she wanted to say, Amelia could only offer a simple apology.

A mocking smile appeared on Jennifer's face. "Amelia, if saying sorry can solve everything, why would there be laws and police? I admit that my family is no match for the Clintons in Tayhaven, and it's impossible to sue Oscar. Thus, we have no choice but to swallow the mistreatment and watch my mom suffer greatly. However, don't be too pleased with yourself. It might not happen now, but you will pay the price one day. I swear I will bear witness to the downfall of your family of three."

Frowning, Amelia felt a sense of discomfort in her heart. Her guilt toward the Larsons faded a little after hearing Jennifer's words.

"Ms. Larson, I never wished for Mrs. Larson to end up this way. I'm very sorry, but now is not the time to blame each other. We should be thinking about how to help Mrs. Larson so that she can recover soon. If it were Oscar's doings, I would not shirk the responsibility. I promise to find the best doctor to treat Mrs. Larson," she declared with a darkened expression.

"Amelia, save your sympathies. You're the culprit of the tragedy that befell my mother, thus have no right to pity her. I didn't bring you here today to ask you to fork out money to cure my mother. My family can afford to pay her medical bills. I only wanted to show you how ruthless your so-called perfect husband is. One more thing, I will never forgive you, and I swear to witness your marriage fall apart with my own eyes one day," Jennifer snarled viciously after inching close to her ear.

Amelia frowned as Jennifer's attitude was getting on her nerves. However, as she was at fault, she did not retort. Instead, she said, "Ms. Larson, if you brought me here today for the medical bills, I can pay for them. However, if you are here to utter nonsense, I'm sorry then. I need to head back now because my son is waiting for me at home."

Jennifer stared at her fixedly.