

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 616

Chapter 616 An Illness That Requires The Company Of Family

As Cassie returned to the company building and arrived at the chairman's office, she closed the door and entered a long discussion with her father. It was not known what she had told Charlie, but he ended up agreeing to see Olivia personally.

The woman was so delighted that she wrapped her arms around her father's neck and kissed him twice on the cheek like a little girl.

A gentle smile finally showed on Charlie's face.

"I've seen how hard you've been working, Cassie. I hope you'll keep up the good work," the man advised. "You're our only daughter, so this business that your mother and I worked so hard to build will eventually be yours. We initially wanted to hand it over to June after you marry him, but since he's returned to his own country and it seems like you both just aren't meant to be, I'll only be at ease letting you take over the company if you work even harder."

"Don't worry, Dad," Cassie replied pretentiously. "I'll do my best not to let you down."

"That's more like it."

"Well, Dad, you should hurry up and make an appointment with Mrs. Clinton. You wouldn't want your years of friendship with her to end just like that, would you?"

Charlie fell into thought as he heard that.

"Why don't you call her now? I'll help you with that."

Charlie grew suspicious at how desperate she seemed. "Have you not moved on from Oscar?"

"Do you doubt me that much, Dad? He's just a guy! Why would I still be into a guy who treats me like dirt? You know I have my pride, so what makes you think I'd keep letting him humiliate me?" Cassie huffed disdainfully.

"Really?"

"Stop worrying, Dad. I'm serious about taking over the company. I love performing, but I can't keep doing that. I know I can't keep idling away either. That's why I'm doing my best to learn, so I can one day be ready to take charge."

Charlie finally felt relieved.

“I’m happy to hear that, and your mother would be too. When you’re ready, I’ll step back and support you from behind. And when everything settles, I’ll take your mother around the world. She’s always worried so much about us all these years.”

Cassie pondered for a moment before speaking hesitantly. “Dad, there’s something I’ve been curious about for a while now. Can I talk about it?”

“Go ahead.”

“Are you in love with Mrs. Clinton?”

Charlie’s expression immediately soured.

“What is this nonsense? Both you and your mother just love making wild guesses! If I loved Olivia, I wouldn’t have married your mother! Your mother will never know how much I love her,” the man remarked sternly. For some reason, his last sentence sounded rather touching, and Cassie couldn’t help but feel emotional.

She then looked up and hurriedly concealed the empathy that flashed briefly in her eyes.

“I hope you and Mom stay strong. I’ll do my best too. I’ll work hard to become someone who can run a company, so you can take it easy one day,” she said in a rare moment of consideration.

Charlie was beyond elated.

“I’m so glad to hear you say that, Cassie,” he replied, stroking her head. “That means you’ve grown up. I hope you’re not pretending and that you truly want to help me make Yard Group bigger and stronger.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll do whatever it takes.”

“Okay. You should head to work. I’ll give Olivia a call so I can meet her and Owen.”

“I’m counting on you, Dad.”

Cassie left the chairman’s office confidently.

After returning to her own office, she sent a text message to Jennifer, who received it after being asked by Laura to return home and keep her company.

Cassie: Jennifer, I’ve managed to talk my dad into mending fences with the Clintons. Don’t worry. Things are going exactly the way we planned.

Jennifer’s lips curved into a smirk as she read that.

“What is it?” Laura gazed at her daughter. “You look so happy. Who texted you?”

“Cassie.”

“Cassie? The Yard family heiress?”

Jennifer nodded.

“Don’t worry, Mom. It won’t be long before I help you teach Oscar Clinton a lesson,” she said solemnly.

“With the help of Cassie Yard? What is she capable of?”

“Never underestimate a woman’s thirst for vengeance, Mom. The deeper one’s love, the deeper the hate when they get hurt – and he hurt her real bad. I have her in the palm of my hand. She won’t be able to get away for now.”

Laura took a slice of apple but didn’t eat it.

“Jennifer, am I giving you too much pressure?” she asked after a moment of silence.

Jennifer froze briefly. “What do you mean?”

“How about we just let this go, Jennifer?” a pale-looking Laura suggested while biting into the apple slice. “You’re still young, and I’m okay now. I don’t want you to lose yourself from being so consumed by revenge.”

Jennifer gave her an odd look before throwing her hands up in frustration.

“Did I do something wrong for you to say that, Mom? Have you forgotten what Oscar did to you?” she asked worriedly.

The older woman sighed. “Jennifer, you know I can’t differentiate between what’s real and what isn’t now. I’ve given you and your father a lot of pressure, but seeing you start to plot against others makes me wonder if the burden is too much for you to bear. You don’t have to take revenge if you don’t want to.”

Hearing that, Jennifer burst into laughter all of a sudden and held her mother’s hand.

“Mom, I’m doing this of my own free will. You’ve gone through so much that I want to avenge you. I could never forgive myself if I didn’t.”

“But – “

“Relax, Mom. I know what I’m doing. Sometimes, it’s hard to turn back once you start, but I’ll make sure you don’t worry too much,” Jennifer assured.

With that, Laura nodded.

The two continued chatting away until suddenly, Laura fell into a daze. Then, she scratched her head and turned to Jennifer. “When did you get back, Jennifer?”

“I just did,” the younger woman answered as though nothing was out of the ordinary.

Despite seeming like Laura had returned to normal ever since she left the psychiatric hospital, she now suffered from intermittent memory loss. Like what had just occurred, she could talk to someone as usual and suddenly forget everything the next second.

Vincent and Jennifer had brought her to see the doctor because of this, but the doctor said that her condition was due to a major shock she had experienced in the past. She could only depend on her family to keep her company for now, and she would slowly get better when the things that used to traumatize her no longer did.

Put it simply, she was responsible for her own healing. Otherwise, not even the best medication in the world would be able to cure her.

Jennifer gazed at her mother, who had ended up this way because of her. How could I ever not feel guilty or vengeful?

“Aren’t you going to work, Jennifer?” asked Laura.

“I’ll be heading out soon.”

“Go on. I’ll be upstairs resting.”

“Okay.”

Laura headed for the stairs, but just as she set foot on the first step, she turned around. “Don’t forget to avenge me, Jennifer. I’ve been having the same dream about all the things Oscar did to me. The happier he is, the more pain I feel.”

Jennifer’s eyes gleamed, and she eventually nodded.

“Okay, Mom.”

Laura finally went upstairs, looking pleased.

Jennifer rubbed her temples in exhaustion. Having to deal with so many things at once – her mother’s dual personality, the battle of wits and guts between Cassie and June, and her plan to get back at Oscar – it was no surprise that she felt weary.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 617

Chapter 617 A Visit To The Larson Residence

Given all the hatred Jennifer harbored within her, she viewed every problem in a rather extreme way.

That was also why she couldn't live in peace most of the time.

The woman remained on the couch for a long while before getting up and leaving the mansion. Then, she drove around on the streets aimlessly and soon found herself in front of Carter's company building.

After parking her vehicle, Jennifer stared at the building through her window and began to space out.

She then let out a sigh after God knows how long and eventually drove away.

While gripping her steering wheel, she watched the flow of traffic with a solemn expression and pursed lips.

Jennifer continued to drive until dusk fell. She then stopped outside a pasta restaurant as the sky grew dark.

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The woman alighted her car and walked into the building, only to catch sight of a figure she could never forget for the rest of her life. But as she quickly turned to leave, the man called out to her.

“Jennifer!”

She stopped for brief moment before continuing to walk ahead.

“Wait, Jennifer!” The man chased after her and grabbed her by the arm.

Jennifer tried to free herself but to no avail.

She glared at the man before breaking into a smile.

“Mr. Scott! It's been a while. I'm so sorry I couldn't recognize you when our eyes first met.”

Carter furrowed his brows. He didn't like how distant she seemed from him.

The man would constantly think of ways to drive her away during the times she used to cling to him, but after she left him for real, something just didn't feel right anymore. It was as though his heart constantly itched.

"Aren't we still friends, Jennifer? You don't have to treat me like this or run away every time you see me." Carter continued to frown.

Jennifer snorted as though she had just heard a joke. "Why, I don't think I can even afford to have you as a friend, Mr. Scott! In fact, I must've been blind to have gone after you for two years, thinking you'd eventually fall for me! It took me so long to realize how stupid I was, but at least you're free now. We should have nothing to do with each other anymore, so just pretend you don't know me the next time you bump into me."

Hearing that only magnified the displeasure in Carter's heart.

"Stop making a fuss, Jennifer. Let's sit down and talk," he said patiently.

Jennifer laughed, albeit feeling miserable inside. To the man she loved, she was always just making a fuss.

"Could you please let go of me, Mr. Scott?" she asked blandly.

Carter's gaze darkened as he looked down at the woman's arm. For the first time, he noticed how slender her wrist was – like one could easily break it with the slightest bit of force.

A strange look flashed in his eyes briefly as he let go her hand, and he subconsciously brushed his feelings of irritation aside.

Jennifer turned around and walked away, and Carter followed her.

After walking to a more desolate area, Jennifer crossed her arms and stared at the man calmly. "So, Mr. Scott, what is it you want to tell me?"

Carter's brows remained knitted. He didn't like the way she was talking to him at all.

"You didn't use to treat me like this, Jennifer," he suddenly commented without much thought.

Jennifer stilled for a moment before a laugh escaped her lips.

"Do you have any idea what you look like right now, Mr. Scott? You're acting like a guy who just caught his wife having an affair! You're going to make people think I cheated on you or something. That's enough. Stop acting like you just lost the love of your

dreams. I became a laughingstock from trying to win your heart for two whole years, and I don't ever want to relive that." Jennifer shrugged. "I've given your freedom back, so just act like you don't know me. Okay?"

Carter gazed at her deeply before changing the subject. "Is your mom well?"

"Thanks to you, she was sent to prison before getting checked into a psychiatric hospital. She also has intermittent memory loss now, which means she could be perfectly fine and then forget everything she just said or did the very next second," Jennifer answered nonchalantly. "For example, her illness could suddenly act up while she's crossing the road, and she'd just stand there waiting to be hit by a car when the light turns green. That's why we can't let her go outside alone anymore. Well, are you happy to hear that?"

"What happened to her?" Carter was clearly in disbelief.

"You'll have to ask the love of your life about that. She drove my mom into this state instead of killing her, but I guess that's just how kind she is, huh?"

"Amelia isn't that kind of person."

Jennifer shrugged. "Of course she isn't," she replied with a smile. "To you, she'll always be a distinguished, benevolent, considerate, and righteous woman. How could she ever do such a thing to a middle-aged woman? Anyway, you can treat whatever I just said as a bluff. I'm going back in. I'm starving."

With that, she walked past Carter, only for the latter to grab onto her arm again.

Rage surfaced in the woman's eyes.

"What the hell do you want from me, Carter? Have you not humiliated me enough for the past two years? What, are you still trying to get back at me for the sake of that woman you can never have?"

She had done everything she could to suppress her feelings for this man and stay away from him, and yet he wouldn't leave her alone. Does he not know how much he's hurting me?

Carter opened his mouth, but the words couldn't come out.

"I'm sorry," he said after a long silence.

Jennifer laughed. "Carter, just don't. Hearing that disgusts me. Goodbye."

Jennifer retracted her arm and left.

Carter stared at his now-empty fist, not knowing what else to say.

Instead of heading back into the restaurant, Jennifer returned to her car and slumped into her seat.

She gazed at the headliner, her mind in a complete mess.

Just when I finally kicked you out of my head, you show up in front of me. I've done everything I could to stay away. Why can't you just leave me alone, Carter?

After sitting inside her car for a long time, she started the engine and drove away.

Carter remained where he was and took out his phone, his expression darkening as his thumb hovered over a certain name in his contact list.

The name he was fixated on was, of course, "Amelia."

Ultimately, he switched off his phone and returned to his car with a sigh.

He sat inside there for about ten minutes before driving away.

Later, he arrived in front of none other than Jennifer's mansion.

The man exited his car and opened the trunk to take out some gifts. The security guard didn't stop him from entering since he had dropped by many times in the past.

Only Vincent and Laura were home, and they were astonished to see him.

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Larson," Carter greeted politely.

"Carter! It's been a while. What made you decide to drop by?" asked Laura after snapping back to reality.

Carter handed the gifts over. "I've been so busy lately that I hadn't visited in a while. I finally got a few projects over with, and I figured that I hadn't seen you both for so long, so here I am with some gifts. I just hope I'm not interrupting you with my presence."

Vincent pointed to the couch. "Come and have a seat."

"Sure thing."

Carter walked over and sat across the couple.

"I heard you weren't feeling too well prior," the man said after some silence. "I was so caught up with work that I knew nothing about this until my mother brought it up this afternoon. I'm really sorry I didn't come and see you sooner."

Laura beamed courteously.

“You’re too kind, Carter. It’s better for you youngsters to be busy. I’m fine, anyway, so don’t you worry. Send your mother my regards.”

After an exchange of pleasantries, Carter didn’t know what else to say, and the atmosphere turned awkward.

Vincent coughed sheepishly in an attempt to lighten the mood. “So, Carter, have you found yourself a girlfriend?”

“Not yet, Mr. Larson.”

“Well, you’d better get searching. I heard that Jennifer has two young and talented men going after her, and she’s thinking of dating one of them. When she introduces him to us, we’ll start planning their engagement if they seem like a good fit,” Vincent remarked, his intentions unknown. “It’s a shame that she and you aren’t meant to be; I would’ve been happy to have you as my son-in-law otherwise. But I know you have high standards and that she’s not good enough for you, so it’s fine.”

While Vincent seemed to be complimenting the young man, he was also hinting at how there were many other men who were interested in his daughter.

Carter’s face froze as his hand on his leg jerked slightly.

“Congratulations, Mr. Larson. I also look forward to seeing Jennifer meet a man who can make her happy.”

Vincent chuckled. “You’ll have to come when she gets married. She didn’t like you for nothing.”

Carter merely nodded like a robot.

Suddenly, Laura, who had been listening intently, opened her eyes after receiving a nudge from Vincent. She then stared at her husband in confusion before noticing Carter. “Carter Scott? What is he doing here, Vincent?”

“He so happened to be in the area, so he dropped by for a visit.”

“Send him away! Any man who looks down on our daughter isn’t welcome here.”

Vincent hastily calmed the woman down while glancing at Carter apologetically. “Maybe you should go, Carter. Laura’s starting to feel sick.”

Carter’s eyes glistened unfathomably as he gazed at Laura. Then, he nodded. “I’ll be off then, Mrs. Larson. I’ll drop by again when I’m free.”

Vincent didn't have the time to see him off.

After walking out of the mansion, Carter gazed up at the pitch-black sky and exhaled sharply, his heart feeling heavy all of a sudden. Never had he thought that his act of keeping Jennifer at arm's length would cause Laura such harm.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 618

Chapter 618 Watch Out For Jennifer

Carter found himself unable to sleep all night, and his thoughts kept wandering as he lay in bed. Maybe it was because of what had happened to Laura.

He had wanted to look for Amelia the next day, but alas, life was always unpredictable. With a phone call coming in and asking him to head to Saspiuburg, he could only postpone his plans to meet Amelia.

Thus, the man took a plane to Saspiuburg along with his secretary and assistant. They spent a few peaceful days there going about their own business.

"Mr. Scott, will we be heading straight back to the office, or do we get the others to rest at home and return to work tomorrow?" asked the secretary as soon as they returned from Saspiuburg and got off the plane.

"Everyone's worked hard for the past few days. Take the next two days off and get some rest."

"All right, Sir. We'll be taking our leave then."

After parting ways with his secretary and assistant, Carter adjusted his tie and hailed a cab.

More From The Web



Having done nothing but attend meetings of all kinds in Saspiuburg, he felt a little overwhelmed.

Leaning into the backseat of the cab, the man drifted off without realizing it.

"Sir? Sir! We're here."

Carter awoke from the cab driver calling out to him, and he snapped out of his daze right after opening his eyes.

“Keep the change,” he said coolly while handing the driver a large note before hopping out of the car.

Staring at the tall building before him, the man dialed Amelia’s number.

“Hey, Amelia. I just got back from Saspiuburg. Can we meet? There’s something I want to talk to you about.”

Before the woman gave a response, he quickly added, “Please don’t say no, Amelia. We can’t be together, but we can at least still be friends, right? You’re not going to turn down a friend’s invitation, are you?”

With him saying this, Amelia would either have a guilty conscience or be plain heartless if she were to turn him down.

“Okay,” she answered. “I’ll have a two-hour break at noon. How about we have lunch nearby?”

“Sure.” Carter breathed a sigh of relief. He was so worried that she would reject him without any mercy.

Now that they had come this far, they could no longer go back to the days where they would talk to each other about everything.

After setting a time and venue to meet, Carter glanced at his watch. It was now eleven-fifty in the morning, which meant he would be able to see her in another ten minutes.

He then called the restaurant to reserve a private room. Amelia arrived shortly after, the clacking of her high heels causing Carter to look up. The woman looked stunning in her well-tailored business suit, which accentuated all her curves.

“Sorry I’m late,” she said while walking over with her purse.

Carter got up and pulled her chair out like a gentleman.

“Thank you.”

The man merely smiled and returned to his seat.

“Have a look and order whatever you want,” he said, handing her the menu.

Amelia chose two dishes, while Carter himself opted for two dishes and a bowl of soup. He then placed the order.

The service here was top-notch, and it took less than two minutes for the food to arrive.

“Enjoy,” the waiter said politely.

After the staff had left, Carter poured Amelia a small glass of wine. “Having a bit of wine before a meal is good for the body. It’ll wake you up.”

Amelia cast him an odd glance. She could easily tell that the man was going out of his way for her this time.

“Stop being so courteous, Carter. I can’t get used to this.”

Carter poured himself some wine too. Then, he raised his glass and smiled. “Cheers.”

Amelia could only return the gesture.

“You went to Saspiuburg?” she asked after taking a sip.

“I was there for a few days. I wanted to treat you to a meal before leaving but couldn’t make it in time. That’s why I called you once I got off the plane today.”

“You have something to tell me?”

“Come on. We’re old friends. Do I only get to see you when I have something to talk about?” Carter asked in amusement.

A strange feeling crossed Amelia’s heart briefly, but she replied with a grin, “Of course not. I really enjoy eating with you.”

“Likewise.” A look of reminiscence showed on Carter’s face. “I remember how you, Tiffany, and I used to eat together all the time – although Tiffany would always order a bunch, then you and I would ended up having to finish everything. But now that I think about it, she’s always been the more carefree one among us.”

Amelia continued to sip on her wine. “This isn’t like you, Carter. You’re not here just to reminisce the past, are you?”

“I can’t do that?”

“You can, but it just feels a little weird right now.”

A smile played on Carter’s lips.

“Watch out for Jennifer, Amelia. She might be plotting something against you,” he suddenly said solemnly. At the end of the day, he still tended to side Amelia, which was

why he had taken a cab to her workplace right after getting off the plane. Compared to this woman, his meager feelings of infatuation and pity toward Jennifer meant nothing.

Amelia gave him a weird look. "Why do you say that?"

"I dropped by to see her parents yesterday. Mrs. Larson has intermittent memory loss now. I don't know what she went through in prison, but I'll bet she's the way she is now because of that. I'm worried about you."

Amelia stopped eating, and the food in her mouth suddenly didn't taste as good anymore.

"Are you serious?"

"I wouldn't lie about such things."

The woman looked down and pondered for a moment.

Carter put more food on her plate. "Here. Have some more. Don't think too much about this. I'm just letting you know about Jennifer so you can be more careful."

"I have nothing to fear if she's coming for me openly," Amelia remarked, snapping out of her thoughts. "I just didn't expect Mrs. Larson to turn out this way. Maybe it wouldn't have happened if I'd just shown her a little more mercy."

"Don't think about that. No one would've wanted things to end up like this," Carter replied. "I didn't plan on warning you, but I'm worried that you wouldn't be prepared for what Jennifer might do. That's why I decided to let you know."

Amelia looked up at him.

"You should stay out of this, Carter. Jennifer likes you. I don't want her to end up hating you."

Carter smiled bitterly at the thought of how coldly Jennifer had treated him that day.

"She already hates me even if I don't interfere. She came looking for me when Mrs. Larson was thrown behind bars, but I didn't help her. So, I'm responsible for the way things are between us now."

Amelia merely glanced at him, not knowing what to say.

The two resumed eating in silence.

Then, they both left the restaurant together when they were done. "Did you enjoy the food, Amelia?" Carter asked, seemingly trying to make conversation.

"I did. It's pretty good." Amelia beamed. "Anyway, you should go home and get some rest. You've lost quite some weight, and you look kind of tired. You didn't have to rush all the way here just for me."

Carter turned to face her. He wanted to embrace her but ultimately resisted the urge to do so. They weren't a couple anymore; in fact, they would only continue drifting apart because of Oscar's existence.

"I've caused you a lot of trouble in the past, Amelia."

"What is it with you, Carter? This is so unlike you. Honestly, this whole down-in-the-dumps character doesn't suit you at all, so stop it. I like the extraordinarily confident Carter much better. We can't be lovers, but we can still be friends, no?" Amelia commented mischievously and shrugged.

Carter patted her on the head. "It's nice being friends with you, but I'm pretty greedy. I'd pull you into my arms if I could, but I know I can't do that yet. Still, what I've said before remains: if things don't work out between you and Oscar, I hope you'll give me a chance."

For the first time in forever, Amelia didn't feel so tense around Carter.

"I have to go now. Let's meet again someday."

"Okay. Take care."

Carter left in a cab, and Amelia walked back to her office.

Little did they know that Jennifer had been watching them from inside her car the whole time.

Your love really knows no bounds, huh, Carter? Look at you meeting the woman of your dreams right after coming back from Saspiuburg, Jennifer scoffed internally.

Despite not showing any interest in Carter externally, the woman would still keep track of his every move. Hence, she knew that he had traveled to Saspiuburg for the past few days, although he didn't know what she was up to.

You and I aren't meant to be, Carter.

She drove away and quickly disappeared among the rest of the cars on the road.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 619

Upon returning to her office, Amelia put all her focus on work and came up with three drafts for her client. When her spine began to hurt, she shuffled a little in her seat and took a break by browsing the internet, only to come across a shocking news article.

Author Tiffany Winters, whose best-selling novel has been made into a film, is suspected of plagiarizing three fantasy novels: *Snowdrop Spirit*, *I'm Looking for Mommy*, and *Don't Call My Name Late at Night*.

Amelia read the entire made-up story but couldn't find a single name attached to it. Even so, the netizens had already been divided into three groups in the comments section: Tiffany's loyal fans, internet trolls who seemed to be helping the mastermind fan the flames, and those who knew nothing but just wanted to enjoy the show.

After going through the comments briefly, Amelia closed the article, took out her phone, and walked out of the design department with Jolin in tow.

"What's wrong, Mrs. Clinton?" Jolin asked, concerned.

Amelia raised her phone in the air. "Are you good with computers, Jolin?"

The latter nodded. "Mr. Clinton once got me to hack into a rival company's system and steal a bunch of their information."

"Good. I need you to find out who's behind the article accusing Tiffany of plagiarism."

"I understand, Mrs. Clinton. I'll look into it right away," Jolin replied sternly. "I just came across that article too, and it's clearly made-up. Whoever wrote it couldn't even come up with any evidence of plagiarism. They're obviously trying to slander Ms. Winters just because her novel's gotten a film adaptation, but I won't let them succeed. Mr. Clinton's invested in the film."

"You can go ahead. I have to use the bathroom."

"It's no hurry. I'll wait for you."

Amelia entered the bathroom and dialed Tiffany's number but couldn't get through.

When the woman still couldn't reach her best friend after five attempts, she began to worry.

She then dropped the call and walked out of the bathroom. "Jolin, I need to drop by Tiff's place. She's not picking up my calls. I'm worried about her."

"I'll take you there, Mrs. Clinton."

Amelia nodded.

After requesting the day off from Eduardo, she left in a hurry, not caring what her coworkers might think of her for taking so many days off work.

Jolin swiftly drove her to Tiffany's apartment block.

Amelia then found the elevator, pressed a button, and ran toward the door to Tiffany's apartment as soon as she arrived on the right floor.

But despite pressing the doorbell and calling Tiffany on the phone countlessly, there was no answer.

"Tiff! Are you in there? Open up!" yelled Amelia.

Yet, no one came to the door.

"Calm down, Mrs. Clinton," Jolin consoled. "I can unlock the door if that's what you want."

"Do it." Amelia didn't care about anything else at this point. All she wanted was to see Tiffany. What am I going to do if something's happened to her?

Jolin took out a long and thin needle. After inserting it into the keyhole and giving it the needle a few twists, the door finally opened.

Amelia gazed at her in amazement before barging into the Tiffany's home.

She hastily searched every room, but her friend was nowhere to be found, and the phone calls remained unanswered.

"If she's not picking up, how about you try calling Mr. Hisson? They might be with each other now," Jolin suggested.

"You're right!" Amelia slapped her own forehead in frustration. "I totally forgot about him."

She then dialed Derrick's number, but just like Tiffany, the man didn't pick up despite multiple attempts to reach him.

Now, Amelia was truly starting to grow frantic.

"Let's drop by his office."

The two headed downstairs and returned to the car. "Go faster, Jolin," Amelia instructed while putting on her seatbelt.

Jolin picked up the pace, and they arrived at Derrick's company building in half an hour.

Amelia unbuckled her seatbelt and hopped off the vehicle, only to be dumbfounded at the sight of a swarm of reporters and television hosts crowding around the entrance of the building.

“I’ll help you get in there, Mrs. Clinton,” assured Jolin.

“But there are so many people. Are you sure we’d be able to get in?” Amelia asked with concern.

Jolin nodded.

“But you may have to use a disguise. These reporters and TV hosts have really sharp eyes. Some of them might even recognize you as a member of the Clintons, so we’ll have to be careful,” she said while opening the car door and retrieving a white hat.

“Put this on, Mrs. Clinton.”

Amelia took the hat and covered all of her hair with it. “Let’s go.”

With Jolin in the lead, they both headed in the direction of the crowd.

“Who are you two? Have you also come looking for the best-selling author, Tiffany Winters?” asked a few journalists who immediately surrounded the two women.

“Sorry, but we don’t know who Tiffany Winters is. We’re here to discuss a project with Mr. Hisson. Please step aside, or I’ll press charges against you for obstruction,” warned Jolin as she glanced at every reporter. “I know your names now. You’re from the Metropolis Daily, you’re from the People’s Daily, and you’re working for entertainment news. If anything happens to us because of your mindless gossip, I’m going to sue each and every one of you.”

The reporters were visibly afraid. Moreover, Amelia wasn’t the one they were looking for, so there was no need for them to keep latching onto her. They’d only end up in court if they did.

But just as Jolin continued to shield Amelia and was about to enter the building, someone suddenly shouted, “That woman in the hat is Amelia Winters! She’s the wife of Oscar Clinton, and she’s also Tiffany Winter’s best friend!”

That got everyone’s attention, and all the reporters huddled over.

“Are you really Mrs. Clinton? What do you have to say about Tiffany Winters having plagiarized the work of others for her novel? We’ve been told that Mr. Clinton’s also invested in its upcoming film adaptation; is that true? Were you both long aware of these plagiarism accusations?”

The journalists seemed as though they were completely prepared for this, and the one behind them must have deliberately revealed Amelia's identity.

Jolin did her best to keep Amelia safe, but it soon proved difficult as the journalists continued to crowd around them and bombard them with questions.

Finally, Jolin took a gun out of her bag and fired a bullet into the sky, instantly shutting all the reporters up.

"Go on in, Mrs. Clinton."

Amelia quickly walked into the building. Given how skilled these journalists were at bending the truth, she had a feeling that tomorrow's headlines would be on how Mrs. Amelia Clinton's bodyguard had threatened them with a gun. This isn't going to look good to the public.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton," said Jolin as she entered the building too. "We're authorized to carry weapons, so it's only natural that I have a gun with me. I wouldn't do anything to cause Mr. Clinton trouble."

Amelia was relieved to hear that.

Then, the receptionist from the front desk walked toward them. "Can I help you, Miss?"

"I'm here to see Derrick. Is he here? I've tried calling him, but he never picked up." Amelia went straight to the point.

"Mr. Hisson is currently in a meeting. I believe you've come across the articles related to Tiffany Winters' plagiarism accusations. Tiffany is the best author we have, and she has a large audience. These reporters are gathering here without any definite proof, and it looks like things will only escalate further from here on," the receptionist responded while glancing outside warily.

"Could you help me give Derrick a call, Miss? I'd like to go up there," Amelia requested gently.

"I'm sorry, Miss. I'd love to help, but Mr. Hisson's specifically mentioned not to let anyone in as we're now dealing with a highly sensitive matter. I noticed you were struggling with those reporters in the front, so I suggest you both leave through the back door."

"My name is Amelia Winters. I'm Oscar Clinton's wife and Tiffany's best friend," Amelia explained. "Tiffany hasn't picked up any of my calls, so I'm really worried that something might've happened to her. I desperately need to know if she's inside this building. Could you find out for me?"

The lady hurriedly made a phone call and returned after hanging up. "Tiffany isn't here, and Mr. Hisson's still caught up with his meeting and can't answer the phone right now. I'm really sorry, Ms. Winters."

Amelia frowned as her heart began to race. She couldn't stop wondering what could have happened to Tiffany.

She whipped out her phone and tried to reach her friend again, but to no avail.

"Are you certain that she's not here?"

"She's not," answered the receptionist who was doing her best to carry out her duties. "How about you have a seat here? She could be deliberately not picking up the phone because of the reporters harassing her."

"It's fine. I'll be leaving now."

With the journalists no longer daring to stand in their way, Amelia quickly left, and Jolin followed her closely.

Amelia then began to drive around on the streets. "Should I tell Mr. Clinton about this? He'd be able to get more people to look for her, including the police," Jolin proposed.

"Not for now. I'm guessing Tiff must've gotten herself into something. That's why she's not picking up."

After wandering aimlessly for about half an hour, Amelia's phone suddenly rang, and she told Jolin to take a look at the screen. It was Tiffany.

"Babe! Where are you? Could you come and pick me up at 33, East Road? Someone took all my money, and I'm in a bit of a pinch right now," a familiar voice rang out as soon as Amelia took the call.

"Wait right there. I'm on my way."

After hanging up, Amelia turned the wheel and floored the gas pedal.

"What happened, Mrs. Clinton?"

"She's on 33, East Road. I'm going to fetch her now."

"Isn't that the slum of the city? What is Ms. Winters doing there?"

Amelia simply shook her head in obliviousness.

As soon as they arrived, they found Tiffany, whose pants were covered in mud. Not only that, but her shoes had turned completely black, and her hair was in slight disarray. She looked like a refugee at this instant.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 620

Chapter 620 Intense Argument On The Web

Amelia looked at Tiffany. She was worried about her a moment ago, but now, she began to laugh.

“Tiff, did you assume that my heart is too healthy and decided to scare me?” Amelia approached Tiffany and could not stop laughing.

Tiffany looked down at her new get-up and found it funny too.

“Let’s get in the car first before we speak further. I want to go home to take a bath before having a meal. I’m famished.” Tiffany patted her belly with a pitiful expression.

Amelia asked, “Can you walk?”

“Yes.” Tiffany dashed off and was first to get into the car.

Jolin and Amelia entered the driver’s seat and the backseat respectively. Then, Jolin started the car.

More From The Web



Meanwhile, Amelia got up and took a bag from the front seat. “These are the clothes we bought on the way here. We thought they might be useful for you in this run-down neighborhood. However, we didn’t expect you to actually need them.”

Tiffany accepted the clothes and raised her thumb. “Babe, our thoughts are in sync. If I were a man, I would not hesitate to marry you.”

“Stop talking nonsense. You should change into these clothes and shoes quickly and throw away the dirty ones,” Amelia said helplessly.

Tiffany quickly changed into the new clothes and shoes in the car. Then, she tried to push her luck and asked, “Babe, do you have any food?”

“No.” Amelia denied immediately. “Can you tell us why you are here?”

“It’s all thanks to those dastard reporters. I don’t know how they found my address and gathered at my place in the early morning. Initially, I planned to go to the company. However, they forced me to drive my car to somewhere near here. My car ran out of gas, so I had no choice but to get out. However, those reporters kept following me like bandits. Then, I fell into a large pit while running away from them. Thankfully, I managed to shake them off with my wit.” Tiffany growled and continued indignantly, “You have no idea how much I’ve suffered. Those lunatics kept chasing after me for hours. I didn’t even dare to answer your call just now. What did I ever do to them to deserve this?”

Amelia’s expression turned solemn as she fell into deep thought.

“Tiff, although you are a famous author, you have always guarded your privacy. Therefore, the reporters can’t find your address unless someone leaked it deliberately. Aren’t you worried that someone is planning to harm you?” Amelia said solemnly.

“Babe, what are you getting at?” Tiffany asked.

Amelia continued grimly, “I think someone could have planned this plagiarism scandal for some time. I have just been to your company, and numerous reporters and newscasters were crowding there. I think someone wanted to drag you and Derrick’s company into trouble.”

Tiffany shrugged and said, “Other than the Hissons, I can’t think of anyone who would want to get me in trouble. Only Mrs. Hisson could be that vicious. I think she would even dare to damage her son’s business to make me leave him. I’m quite impressed, to be honest.”

“There’s no use grumbling about it. I think you need to organize a press conference to clear the scandal. Otherwise, I fear it would get worst to the point that the public would believe that you plagiarized your work even if you didn’t,” Amelia said.

“Let me have some food and sleep first. I need to recharge my energy before fighting Mrs. Hisson,” Tiffany replied.

Amelia nodded.

Soon, Jolin sent them back to Tiffany’s neighborhood. The three of them rode an elevator upstairs and entered the apartment. Amelia said, “I’ll make you some pasta.”

“Babe, thank you,” Tiffany replied.

Then, Amelia entered the kitchen and cooked a plate of pasta. Tiffany soon devoured everything.

After that, Amelia let Jolin wash the plates in the kitchen while Amelia showed Tiffany her phone.

“Tiff, the news accusing you of plagiarism is now trending on Twitter. It seems the mastermind is determined to ruin your name. The number of searches on this topic exceeded a million in a mere couple of hours. The mastermind must have pulled the strings behind the scenes,” Amelia explained.

Tiffany glanced at the screen and sneered, “I didn’t expect a novelist like me to be more famous than the hottest celebrities. Celebrities tried every means possible but couldn’t make it to the headlines. On the other hand, I got there without doing anything. These articles do not have any basis or proof. Yet, many people still believe them. I’m impressed with the netizens’ immaturity. They have no idea that their malicious comments could drive people to take their lives. Of course, I won’t end my life.”

Amelia was impressed with Tiffany’s positivity and ability to joke even in such a dire situation.

“Fine, let’s not be angry over it anymore. I will ask Jolin to investigate the origin of the ID used to publish the post feed.” After saying that, Amelia turned to Jolin as she came out of the kitchen. “Jolin, can you get Tiff’s computer from the bedroom and investigate the source of the ID?”

Jolin nodded.

Then, she brought out the computer and used her superb skills to investigate the source of the ID. It took her nearly an hour to find it.

“Mrs. Clinton, the creator of this ID used a fake ID card. They probably sent it from an internet cafe. I have traced it to a bar called Blue Light. Should we go there?” Jolin looked up from the computer at Amelia.

“Is it far from here?” Amelia asked.

“It is at Gray Street. We should be able to get there in half an hour by car,” Jolin answered.

“Sure, let’s go,” Amelia replied.

The three of them rushed to Blue Light. It was a small and shabby internet cafe. Jolin went to speak with the owner. He told them their surveillance camera had broken down mysteriously two days ago. Therefore, they did not have surveillance footage for the past two days.

Damn, the person who published the post was well prepared. They even knew to damage the surveillance cameras. It seems the clue is another dead end.

The three of them left the internet cafe. Suddenly, Tiffany's phone rang. She glanced at the screen and saw Derrick's name.

She answered the call and heard Derrick's voice. "Tiff, where are you? Why didn't you answer my call? I was worried about you."

"I got into a situation earlier but am all right now. Also, I am now with Amelia. Are you okay? Your voice sounds strange. Is something wrong?" Tiffany asked worriedly.

"It's nothing, I just finished a three-hour meeting and spoke a lot, so my voice is a little hoarse," Derrick explained. "There are still many reporters at the company, so don't come here. I feel assured knowing that Amelia is with you. Anyway, I have discussed a solution with the senior management and will resolve the plagiarism issue as soon as possible. Don't worry about it."

Tiffany was concerned about Derrick and said, "Don't worry about the plagiarism accusation. My conscience is clear, and my readers know I did not plagiarize. I believe this matter will soon die down."

Derrick chuckled and felt much better.

"Hearing you say that makes me feel much better. I knew the matter wouldn't bother you. I am relieved," Derrick said. "Anyway, I have to head back to work. Continue to stay with Amelia. I will see you tonight."

Tiffany hung up and stuffed the phone into her handbag.

"What did Derrick say?" Amelia asked.

"He said the reporters are still at the company. He had a meeting with the senior management to discuss how to alter public opinions. However, there was already a buzz on the Internet about the film before we started filming. It helped many people find out about the film. Thus, I see it as a free promotion that propelled my fame. Hmm, should I thank the mastermind instead?" Tiffany said.

Amelia was at a loss for words.

The three of them returned to Tiffany's neighborhood. Later, Amelia called Oscar and discussed the plagiarism accusation with him. He was aware of it and was working with Julian and the public relations to gather evidence for a flawless counterattack. They would not let anyone ruin the film before they could film it.

Amelia breathed a sigh of relief and said, "Oscar, thank you."

"Silly, don't forget. I have invested a large sum in this. Furthermore, I am a businessman. Thus, how could I bear to watch her getting into trouble?" Then, Oscar

smiled and continued, "I'm having a meeting, so I have to go. I will talk to you again once I'm back."

"Okay." After hanging up, Amelia continued to pay attention to the development of the rumor on the Web. There were intense discussions by netizens. It was hard to differentiate between ghostwriters and supporters. The number of those who came to watch the debate also fluctuated.

Suddenly, someone deleted the more extreme postings. However, a few netizens soon reposted screenshots of the deleted posts and continued to argue over them. It seems someone refused to let the matter die down.

Those internet trolls refused to give up.

Amelia looked at what was going on and began to laugh.

"Tiff, look at this. An internet troll criticized your story and said that you wrote badly. However, your readers questioned him back and demanded him to tell them if he knew whether the main character was good or bad. Naturally, the internet troll could not answer that. What an incompetent fool," Amelia said.

Tiffany taunted, "Let's see how they will continue criticizing me. They must have gone through a lot of trouble. I'm only a novelist. Although I have loyal readers, there can't have been a million of them. Somehow, these internet trolls made me seem as famous as the hottest celebrities."

Amelia understood how frustrating it was to have one's work criticized. She knew Tiffany was furious but did not show it.

"Tiff, come sit next to me. This problem will be over soon, and your conscience is clear. Anyone who has read your work in earnest praised it. Otherwise, Julian and Oscar wouldn't invest more than a hundred million to make a movie based on it," Amelia comforted Tiffany.

Tiffany shrugged and said, "I'm fine. I'm waiting for their words to bite back at them. How dare they accuse me of plagiarism? Every word in the novel came from the countless nights I spent figuring out plots. My hair nearly turned white from all the thinking, but their malicious comments denied all my hard work."

Amelia did not say anything but patted Tiffany's back to comfort her.

By night, the matter reached a complete reversal. Someone posted the profile of the person who created the rumors. It listed the schools he went to, the company he worked in, the names of his wife and children, and even the celebrities he had created rumors about previously. The profile immediately attracted immense attention. Fans of other affected celebrities were furious. They scolded the rumor maker for his lack of morals.

The man who had hidden in a secret place to create rumors was now panicking. He hid in his room and made a call.

“Mrs. Hisson, what should I do? Someone exposed my personal information on the Web. Please save me. I only wanted to earn a little money and not put my life on the line,” the man said urgently.

“Why are you panicking? I will get someone to remove your information from the Web. Focus on getting more ghostwriters to stir up the scandal. I want Tiffany’s reputation ruined,” Kate said coldly.

“Understood, Mrs. Hisson,” the man replied.

After hanging up, the man checked the situation on the Web from his secret location. What he saw shook him to the core. He realized he had offended someone he should never offend. However, he had no way out of this predicament. If he refused to continue his work, Kate would never forgive him. On the other hand, if he continued, he feared the person backing Tiffany would not forgive him either.

The man held his head and sighed heavily. There was no turning back. He had no choice but to force himself to continue.