

## Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 821

### Chapter 821 Lashing Out Through Games

In the end, Terrence didn't get to meet Tiffany. Before he left, he said meaningfully, "Amelia, I always deem you as a thoughtful and gentle person. I never expect you to have such a smart mouth.

It seems that I've misjudged you. However, it doesn't surprise me. After all, Oscar is a canny man. It's only natural that the woman he falls for is the same."

"You're flattering me too much, Mr. Hisson. If I'm that canny, Tiff wouldn't have to give up the Hissons' assets just to get a divorce." Unfazed by his words, Amelia shot back, causing Terrence's expression to turn grim.

Terrence then placed his hands behind his back and stomped away without saying anything further.

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief after watching him leave. She then went upstairs and opened the door carefully. The moment she spotted Tiffany standing by the window and gazing into the scenery alone, sadness clouded her eyes. Amelia shut the door behind her and approached her friend.

"Tiff," she called out. Tiffany came back to her senses and turned around to face Amelia. She forced a smile and asked, "Has Mr. Hisson left?"

"Yes. I've asked Mr. Feltham to draft a divorce agreement. Since you insist on not wanting the Hissons' asset, I have requested him to advise Derrick to sign the divorce papers as soon as possible. Is there anything else you want to add?" Amelia asked on purpose while staring straight at Tiffany.

Tiffany's expression stiffened when she heard such a question. The smile on her face faded too.

"No, I don't," she replied with a shake of her head.

Amelia pulled her to the bed, sat her down, and said, "Tiff, I want to know if you saw something at Derrick's company. Otherwise, you wouldn't have insisted on divorcing him when you returned from his company. I remembered you were having second thoughts about getting a divorce before you left."

"I didn't see anything. I'm just exhausted and decided to stop struggling with this relationship," Tiffany replied downheartedly.

Amelia was determined to get an answer, but Tiffany's response rendered her speechless. After a short pause, she replied, "It's great that you've thought things

through. Either way, it's best to get a divorce. The next time you find a partner, look for someone with a similar background, okay? Life will be easier that way."

Tiffany did not answer her.

Seeing such, Amelia stood up, pulled her friend up, and said, "Come on. Let's head out for a stroll."

Tiffany followed behind obediently.

Amelia drove Tiffany to the city center. When they got out of the car, they bumped into Gary, who had just left his car as well.

A glint of delight flashed across Gary's eyes when he spotted them. He strode toward them without hesitation.

He greeted, "What a coincidence, Amelia, Tiffany. We must be lucky enough to meet each other here. Come, I'll take you two for coffee."

In response, Amelia gestured at Tiffany using her mouth. Upon noticing her actions, Gary finally noticed that Tiffany was not in a good spirit.

"Tiffany, what's wrong? Are you ill?"

"I'm fine." Tiffany shook her head. "It's been a while, Gary. I'm happy to see you. Do you have any suggestions on any exciting new games to play?"

"I do indeed have one."

With that, Gary took the two ladies to a gun range. He asked brightly, "Have you ever played with a gun before? Men deem shooting a gun as exciting. If you don't prefer this, I can take you two somewhere else."

Tiffany replied, "I don't mind. As matter of fact, I have been trying to write a novel where the male main character is a professional shooter. However, since I have no experience in such a profession, I put a halt to my idea. It's great that I can experience it now."

Gary took the two to change into professional gears. He even got instructors for them to teach them. After receiving a short course, Tiffany opened fire continuously as if she was trying to vent her emotions. The more she missed the target, the more shots she fired. At that point, it seemed that the target was her enemy, and she was determined to destroy it.

Amelia got worried about her after seeing her actions. She wanted to stop Tiffany, but Gary grabbed her and shook his head at her. He advised, "Let her vent out her frustration. I can tell that she isn't in a good mood."

Amelia let out a sigh.

Gary placed his hands behind his back and stared at Tiffany, who was not far from them. He then asked, "Amelia, if you don't mind me asking, what's wrong with Tiffany? I haven't known her for long, but I know she's a happy-go-lucky person. There isn't much that can bring her to such a depressed state."

"You have a good eye. She's fine, but there's something wrong with her marriage. You must have known that she married the Hissons' son. The family is aristocratic, large, and has many rules. Problems start to happen when she can't cope with them. Anyway, don't worry about her. I believe that she will overcome this," said Amelia casually.

"I believe that too. She's a tough woman."

Tiffany kept shooting at the target for an hour until she finally felt exhausted.

She then took a towel and wiped away the beads of sweat on her forehead, which were caused by the hot sun. It was obvious that her mood had taken a turn for the better.

"How do you feel, Tiffany? Do you still have the energy to play another game with me? I don't know much about anything else, but I'm an expert in exciting and fun games," said Gary with a hearty chuckle.

Tiffany nodded.

With that, the three of them went to an entertainment center to play games. Tiffany wanted one arcade game console all for herself and was playing it with fierce gusto. All the while, she was yelling excitedly, "I'm beating you up, Derrick! I'm going to cripple you! How dare you cheat on me! I'll make you pay for it! I won't stop hitting you!"

Tiffany gave the opponent a left uppercut, then a right uppercut. At that point, she had deemed the opponent in the game as Derrick. Every time she beat the opponent up, she would become excited, but her eyes were full of sadness.

Her abnormal reaction instantly attracted the attention of most of the customers in the entertainment center.

Amelia shook her head helplessly upon noticing her friend's actions. She said, "I thought she could walk out of the pain she suffered due to her marriage. But now, I realize she isn't as tough as she seems to be on the outside."

Gary, however, didn't share the same sentiment. He wasn't surprised by Tiffany's abnormal actions as well.

"No matter how strong a woman may seem on the outside, it'll take time for her to walk out of the pain she suffered from love. She's acting quite normal, actually. Don't put too

much stress on her. Once she's done with the game, let's grab a meal together. It'll be my treat."

"Sure, but since you have been paying for everything, let us treat you instead."

"A gentleman will never allow a woman to pay. So stop arguing with me on this. Please allow me to be a gentleman for once."

Amelia couldn't help but chuckle after taking a glance at him.

At the sight of Amelia's beaming face, Gary's eyes gleamed, and a glint of undetectable emotion flashed past them.

I would have made this woman mine if she was single. But alas, it's such a pity...

Seeing how patient Amelia was toward her friend that was hurting emotionally, Gary couldn't help but be impressed by her. At the same time, he was reluctant to let go of her. Despite his desire to pursue her, he was concerned that his pursuit might hurt her since she was already a married woman.

The more Gary came to know about her, the harder it became for him to let her go.

Probably due to having a woman's sixth sense, Amelia could sense the changes in his gaze when he looked at her.

However, just when she was about to say something about it, Gary retracted his burning gaze.

"Shall we have Thymions food later?" he asked. His tone was casual as how one would speak to a friend.

Maybe I'm just overthinking it. I'm married now. I doubt other men will still like me, especially when that man is as successful as Gary.

Amelia laughed silently. I'm such a narcissist! How could I ever think that Gary has feelings for me?

"Sure. It's your call."

In the afternoon, the trio went to a Thymions food restaurant. Gary ordered three plates of spicy Thymions food, Amelia ordered another two, and Tiffany ordered a bowl of soup, for she wasn't really excited about the food.

"Tiffany, you have to eat more later. You're a lot skinnier than when I saw you three years ago. A woman should never go on a hunger strike just to lose a few pounds. One should eat more. After all, one looks better with more meat on them."

“Got it. I’m famished now. I can probably eat anything you throw my way,” Tiffany joked, pretending to be happy.

“That’s good to hear.”

Soon, the servers came over with their food. Gary took care of the two ladies like a gentleman. While doing so, he discreetly took better care of Amelia. Sometimes, he would even stare at her when she had her head lowered and was focusing on her food. The infatuation in his eyes was as bright as day.

When Tiffany raised her head after taking a sip of her soup, she met with Gary’s love-sick gaze. Her heart instantly dropped, and wariness flashed across her eyes.

I’ve suffered so much in my failed marriage. So I will not allow Amelia to walk the same path.

“Amelia, this soup is quite lovely. The taste is as good as the one Oscar made for you. You know, I always thought that you are exceptionally blessed for being able to marry Oscar. Don’t you agree with me, Gary?” Tiffany suddenly changed the topic and shot the question at Gary.

Since Gary didn’t manage to change his expression quickly enough, Tiffany caught sight of his displeasure.

His expression made her go into deep thoughts. She was starting to look at him in a different light as well.

“I rarely interact with Mr. Clinton. However, as Amelia’s friend, I sincerely hope her marriage is perfect and happy.”

Tiffany nodded. “I share the same thought too. I bet any decent human will want her to be happy. I’m sure you think the same, too, right?”

Gary’s gaze darkened. After hesitating for a moment, he answered, “Of course.”

Amelia looked at the two strangely. She couldn’t understand why they were suddenly exchanging quips with each other.

## **Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 822**

### **Chapter 822 Will Not Acknowledge**

After eating, Tiffany guarded Amelia on the right side, completely separating Gary from Amelia. “Gary, thank you for taking me out today. I feel much better now. I’ll definitely buy you a meal when I have the chance next time. We’ll be going now. See you,” said Tiffany politely yet indifferently.

Gary nodded. His gaze deepened as he watched them get in the car and drive off. In the car, Amelia looked at Tiffany, who became silent again and asked, "Tiff, why did you treat Gary like that just now?"

Tiffany turned her head. "I don't want Oscar to kill me." Amelia was puzzled by her answer. "Can't you see that Gary is interested in you?"

Amelia was amused. "Tiff, you think too much. I'm married, and I have a son. No other men would be interested in me."

"Amelia, please don't forget that you attract men easily. Out of the ten men that you meet, nine of them will fall in love with you. Otherwise, you wouldn't have so much emotional debt."

Amelia was rendered speechless. "You'd better stay away from him in the future. After all, there's no harm in keeping a distance." Amelia remained silent for a moment and nodded.

When they got home, they were surprised to see Terrence and Derrick. Amelia held Tiffany's hand and walked over with her. "Old Mr. Hisson, when did you get here? You should've given us a call," said Amelia politely.

"I just arrived. I'm here to see my granddaughter-in-law. There's finally someone to open the door for me this time." Terrence glanced at Tiffany.

Tiffany looked at him and uttered, "Granddad."

Terrence smiled. "I'm happy to hear you calling me 'granddad' again! I thought you wouldn't talk to me anymore after having the conflict with Derrick."

"I wouldn't dare."

"Let's sit down and have a talk."

Amelia and Tiffany sat on the couch where Oscar was sitting.

Oscar stroked Amelia's hair and asked gently, "Did you have fun?"

"Kind of. The trip was mainly to cheer Tiff up. Have you eaten?"

"Yes."

The two chatted as if there was no one around. Meanwhile, Derrick had been looking at Tiffany the whole time.

Terrence coughed a little to attract everyone's attention.

“Tiff, you told me that you’ll give me an explanation. Go ahead and say it. I can take it,” said Terrence.

Tiffany looked at him and said bluntly, “Granddad, I’m going to get a divorce.”

“Is there nothing we can do to change your mind?”

“I’m sorry, Granddad. Derrick and I are just not meant for each other. Ms. Halliwell is more suitable for him.”

Terrence looked at Derrick, who was sitting there like a blockhead. “Derrick, don’t you want to say something?” huffed Terrence.

Derrick looked at Tiffany sadly and muttered, “I’m sorry, Tiff. I don’t want to make excuses for the mistake that I made. But what you saw at the office that day was really a misunderstanding. I brought a video. If you still have some faith in me, please watch the video. And if you still insist on getting a divorce after watching it, then I have nothing else to say.”

Tiffany stared at the flash drive in his hand with mixed emotions.

She struggled in her heart for a moment but took over the flash drive in the end.

Derrick heaved a sigh of relief, thinking that if she was willing to watch the video, there was a high chance that she would forgive him.

“Tiff, thank you for your willingness to watch it. We don’t want to disturb you anymore. You have a good rest. I’ll wait for your answer after you watch the video,” said Derrick in a deep voice.

Tiffany nodded in response.

After Derrick left, Tiffany said, “Babe, I’m going up.”

“Go ahead.”

Tiffany went upstairs and locked herself in the room.

Oscar put his arm around Amelia’s waist and reassured her, “Don’t worry. She’ll be fine.”

Amelia nodded. “I know. I just didn’t expect them to come to such an ending.”

“Derrick was the one who asked for it. I would never do anything that would hurt my wife’s feelings,” Oscar said with confidence. However, little did he know that Amelia would be hurt so badly by his indifference in the near future.

The night passed peacefully.

The next day, Tiffany wanted to take a trip to the Hisson residence. She asked Amelia to invite the lawyer, Alex Feltham, to go with her.

Amelia asked, "Tiff, have you made up your mind?"

Tiffany nodded. The despair in her eyes faded. Instead, they were filled with determination now.

"Our marriage has to come to an end. I didn't watch the video in the flash drive last night. No matter what's in it, it's still an undeniable fact that he slept with Crystal," said Tiffany.

Amelia patted her shoulder. "We'll support you for whatever decision you make. Oscar and I will go with you with the lawyers."

Oscar invited all his best lawyers in divorce lawsuits. A group of nearly ten people arrived at the Hisson residence.

Looking at such a scene, Kate was a little unhappy. She glanced at Tiffany, then looked at Oscar and said, "Oscar, what is this all about?"

"These are the best divorce lawyers in my company. Since my god-sister is going to get a divorce, I must ensure that her interests are well protected," replied Oscar.

Hearing the word "divorce," Kate instantly became happy.

"Tiffany, are you here today to talk about the divorce?" Although she was unhappy that Oscar brought along so many lawyers, nothing could bother her at this moment as long as the divorce could come true.

"It is as you wish, Mrs. Hisson. I'll no longer be your daughter-in-law," said Tiffany lightly.

Kate smirked and politely let them sit down.

Terrence and Derrick came down from upstairs and were a little shocked to see so many people at their house.

"Dad, Tiffany is here to talk about the divorce. These are her lawyers. It seems like she's not interested in being your granddaughter-in-law anymore," Kate added fuel to the fire while holding Terrence.

Terrence's face immediately darkened.



He sat down and said, "Oscar, why did you bring so many divorce lawyers for Tiff?"

"Please don't get me wrong, Old Mr. Hisson. We're just here to support Tiff. If the Hisson family intends to pressure her, we will help to protect her rights." Oscar crossed his feet and leaned on the couch lazily with his arm around Amelia.

He then glanced at one of the lawyers. The latter immediately understood the signal and walked toward Terrence. "Old Mr. Hisson, this is my business card. My name is Alex Feltham. I'm a lawyer specializing in divorce lawsuits, and I'll represent Ms. Winters in her divorce negotiation."

Terrence ignored the business card that Alex handed over. "Mr. Feltham, this is a misunderstanding. My grandson and granddaughter-in-law are not going to divorce. Please have a seat, and I'll talk to Tiff."

Alex turned to look at Oscar, and Oscar nodded in response.

He politely returned to his seat.

Terrence said, "Tiff, I thought you'd forgiven Derrick when you took over the flash drive yesterday. Can you tell me what's going on?"

"I'm sorry, Granddad. I thought about it all night, and I don't think I can get back together with Derrick. I'm just an ordinary author with no outstanding background. I don't think I meet the requirements of your family," said Tiffany.

Terrence laughed in exasperation.

"Even if I beg you, are you still not going to change your mind?"

"I'm sorry."

Derrick clenched his fists so tightly that his veins started popping up, and his nails turned pale.

He stood up and walked toward Tiffany.

Seeing that, Oscar immediately got up too and reached out to stop Derrick.

Derrick stared at Oscar with bloodshot eyes and uttered in a low voice, "Mr. Clinton, you're a man too. You should understand my feelings. I just want to have a few words with Tiff. If she insists on getting a divorce after this, I won't stop her anymore."

Hearing that, Oscar stepped aside.

Derrick held Tiffany's hand and walked out of the mansion. He led her to a quiet area to have a private talk.

"Tiff, do you really want a divorce?"

"Yes."

"Do you not love me anymore?"

Tiffany remained silent.

"Do you think I'm dirty because I slept with Crystal?"

Tiffany was silent still.

"So you do think so." The sadness in Derrick's eyes became more apparent. "You just can't let go of this matter, can you? No matter how regretful I am, I can't undo something I did. I can only do my best to make up for it. I can promise you that I won't look at other women in the future, not even a glimpse. Even if I did so, would you still be unable to forgive me?"

Tiffany looked at the green bushes not far away, avoiding his gaze. "Derrick, please don't do this. I hope that we can separate peacefully. One day, you'll find someone who can tolerate your affair with another woman."

Derrick smiled bitterly.

He became a bad guy in Tiffany's heart for a mistake that he made unintentionally.

It became a stain in his life that could never be washed off.

"You can't forgive me, huh?"

"Derrick, don't force me."

Derrick grabbed his hair and shouted uncontrollably, "Am I forcing you right now? I don't even know how the h\*ll I slept with Crystal! I've begged you so many times, and you still insist on getting a divorce for an affair that I didn't even know how it happened! Didn't you say that you love me? Is it really impossible for you to forgive me, just this once? Why are you so f\*cking cruel? I'm willing to divorce if I did have an affair, but I was set up! Is it impossible for you to get over this?"

Derrick was so sad and angry to the extent that he even uttered swear words out of control. He could no longer care about his manners.

Tiffany stared at him alarmingly.

Derrick squatted down with his head in his arms like a confused teenager.

“Tiff, I only made one single mistake. Why can’t you forgive me? I really don’t know what to do. All I think about these days is the sweet memories between the two of us. My mind is full of you. Can you just forgive me for this one time? Please, I beg you.”

Tiffany looked at the hysterical Derrick, and tears streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

Her resolve fell apart from Derrick’s sadness.

She sat on the grass in a daze and said blankly, “I don’t know, Derrick. I really don’t know. It hurts so much. Every day, I dream about the intimate scene between you and Crystal. It tortures me. Whenever I see you, it reminds me that you cheated. I have an aunt who stabbed her husband because he cheated on her. Although his life was saved, my aunt insisted on getting a divorce. She even turned herself in and went to jail. I’m afraid that the same thing will happen to me, and I will hurt you. That’s why I chose to divorce.”

Derrick hugged her tightly in his arms. He did not know that she had been thinking so much.

“No, you won’t. You’re a kind person. I believe you’ll never hurt me.” Derrick kissed her hair and begged, “Can we not divorce? I can’t live without you. If this matter is bothering you, I can give you time. I can wait until the day you truly accept me.”

Tiffany just buried her head in his chest.

“Tiff, can we start over?” said Derrick with his head lowered.

After a long moment, Tiffany nodded.

Derrick was surprised by her response. He picked up Tiffany and twirled on the same spot a few times. “Tiff, is this real? Do you mean it? Please tell me that I’m not dreaming!”

Tiffany chuckled.

The two exchanged heartfelt whispers for a long moment before they returned to the living room, holding hands.

As soon as they stepped inside the living room, Kate’s voice sounded. “Derrick, Crystal is pregnant! You’re going to be a father.”

Derrick instantly froze on the spot. The smile on Tiffany’s face gradually disappeared too. She wanted to pull back the hand that Derrick held.

Kate walked up to Derrick and said excitedly, "Derrick, Crystal is here. She also brought a pregnancy report. The doctor said she's been pregnant for about a month now."

Derrick's mind was a complete mess. The happiness that he had just regained was ruined by his mother's words.

He glared at Kate and gritted his teeth. "Mom, do you hate me so much? I just persuaded Tiff to get back together with me. Why do you have to destroy it? Am I really your son?"

Kate was startled by his reaction and instinctively took a few steps back.

"Derrick, you and Tiffany are getting a divorce. Now that Crystal is pregnant, the two of you can get married. Isn't that great?" said Kate.

Derrick's eyes became redder, and his fists were clenched. At this moment, he really hated his mother, a mother who did not care about her son's feelings at all.

"Mom, please don't make me hate you."

Hearing that, Kate shuddered.

Tiffany withdrew her hand and walked back to Amelia's side in silence.

Amelia took a glance at her and asked concernedly, "Tiff, are you okay?"

Tiffany asked, "Is she really pregnant?"

"Oscar and I have looked at her pregnancy report. It's true that she's been pregnant for about a month. Counting the days, I think the baby is Derrick's," replied Amelia. She could not bear to see Tiffany's disappointed look, but she had to tell her the truth.

Tiffany nodded.

"I thought of giving him another chance to start over. But now it looks like Derrick and I are really not meant for each other," she murmured absently.

"Tiff."

Tiffany shook her head and informed softly, "I'm fine. It's good to finally face the reality."

At this moment, Crystal spoke. "Derrick, this is my pregnancy report. The doctor says I am about one month pregnant, and the embryo is very healthy. We will be parents in eight to nine months."

Derrick glared at her with a murderous look.

Tiffany listened to her, expressionless.

Amelia chimed in, “Ms. Halliwell, don’t you forget that Derrick has a wife. If they don’t divorce, your child is still an illegitimate child. I don’t think the Halliwell family can bear such humiliation.”

Crystal’s expression changed, and she looked at Kate, seeking for help.

Kate said, “Amelia, there’s no need for you to worry about that. We will not let the child of the Hisson family be illegitimate. After Derrick and Tiffany divorce, we will hold a grand wedding for Crystal and Derrick.”

Amelia smiled, but her eyes looked cold.

“Old Mr. Hisson, is this true? I thought Tiff was your only granddaughter-in-law, but it seems that I misunderstood.” Amelia sounded gentle, but she was, in fact, pressuring Terrence. “Oscar, I know you’re a protective man. If Tiff gets a divorce, can you get the lawyers to fight for her best interests? I remember Derrick and Tiff signed a prenuptial agreement before, saying that if Derrick cheats on her, he has to transfer all of his assets to Tiff, including his publishing company that’s growing so well. Mr. Feltham, do you think you’ll be able to get these?”

“Don’t worry. I’ll make sure that she gets what she deserves,” assured Oscar.

Alex also stood up and added, “Rest assured, Mrs. Clinton. As long as there is such an agreement, it is definitely legally binding.”

Amelia nodded.

Terrence coughed a little and said, “Don’t worry, Amelia. Tiffany is my only granddaughter-in-law. As for Crystal, if she wants to give birth to that baby, we will take the baby and let Tiff be the mother of the baby.”

Amelia chuckled.

“Old Mr. Hisson, do you really want Tiff to be the mother of Ms. Halliwell’s baby? Have you asked for Ms. Halliwell’s opinion?”

Before Terrence could say something, Crystal interjected, “Mr. Terrence, this is my baby. I’m not going to give my baby to anyone. If you don’t want to recognize this baby, I can raise it myself.”

Terrence tightly held the cane in his hand.

How can I let the child of our family be raised by another family? But if Tiffany and Derrick are getting divorced, I’m afraid this will provoke retaliation from the Clinton

family. I believe with Oscar's wisdom, it is impossible for him to do irrational things for his god-sister. But if Amelia requests for it, then...

Terrence was a smart old man. By comparing the Clinton family and the Halliwell family, it was no doubt that he favored the Clinton family.

"Crystal, this pregnancy is an accident. We will arrange the best hospital for you to do the abortion. You're still young. I promise you that we will not let this spread out." Terrence looked at Crystal lovingly, but what he said was extremely cruel.

Crystal bit her lips and fell silent.

Kate chimed in, "Dad, this baby is Derrick's. How can he be a coward and just run away like this? We have to recognize this child. Otherwise, we'll be unable to explain it to the Halliwell family."

Terrence knocked on the ground with his cane.

"I will personally go to the Halliwell family to apologize. As for the baby, we will not want it. I only have one granddaughter-in-law, and that is Tiffany. Other than the child she gives birth to, I will not acknowledge anyone else. Anyone that is not recognized by me will not inherit anything from the Hisson family," he said loudly and clearly, indirectly giving Tiffany a sense of security.

## **Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 823**

### **Chapter 823 Signing The Divorce Agreement**

Seething with anger, Kate looked at Derrick and said, "Say something, Derrick. Crystal is pregnant with your child. You can't be an irresponsible coward."

He turned to Tiffany, but she lowered her head and refused to spare him even a glance. It was as though an invisible wall now stood between them, and Derrick sank into despair. Crystal and the baby she's carrying are destined to form an insurmountable gulf between Tiffany and me.

"Mom, I love Tiff. She and I will have children together," he declared. In other words, he would not acknowledge any child by any other woman as his unless Tiffany was the one who gave birth to the child.

Crystal subconsciously covered her stomach. All of a sudden, I feel as though I'm an utter fool. I went through great pains to conceive Derrick's baby. However, no one from his family accepts the child apart from his mother, who gave me her word. Since I'm a Halliwell, I thought they'd surely be thrilled about the pregnancy and begin preparing for a wedding. Yet, I'm only a hot potato in their eyes. What's so great about Tiffany that Derrick's grandfather would choose to side with her at the last minute?

Resentment bubbled within her. Despite everything she had done, a few words from Terrence were all it took to send her back to square one.

No, I refuse to take this lying down. I did everything to get this far, by fair means or foul. I'm only one step away from being part of the Hisson family and regaining my rightful place. No matter what, there's no way I'm giving up.

"Derrick, that's not what you said when you slept with me the other day. You said I'm the one who understands you best, while Tiffany only knows how to ask you for this and that. I know one shouldn't believe what men say in bed, but I did. I never expected you'd refuse to acknowledge this child as your own. Forget it. If you don't want to accept the baby as yours, so be it. However, I'm still going to go through with this pregnancy. This baby is the fruit of our union. If I can't have you, at least I can have this child to remember you by," Crystal said in an aggrieved tone.

I doubt they won't find the child's presence annoying. As long as I have the baby, it'll create an unbreakable bond with Derrick, and he and I will be bound to remain in contact. My goal is to make sure Tiffany never feels at ease. The three of us will remain entangled with each other for the rest of our lives unless someone bows out voluntarily. Regardless, I know that person won't be me. Ultimately, Derrick and I will be fated to be a couple because we'll have a child tying us together.

After figuring that out in her head, Crystal became calm and composed.

With this child, the Hissons will have to acknowledge the child and me sooner or later.

Derrick clenched his fists, but his gaze fell upon Tiffany.

That time, it seemed as though she finally had some response. She raised her head, but it was only to look toward Alex and say, "Mr. Feltham, did you bring the divorce agreement? Would you mind handing it to Mr. Hisson? We can leave after he has signed them. There's too much tension in the air here."

Both Kate and Crystal rejoiced when they heard that. Meanwhile, Derrick balled his fists even tighter, and Terrence's frown deepened.

Alex nodded. Taking the divorce agreement from his briefcase, he walked over to Derrick and said, "Here's the divorce agreement, Mr. Hisson. You may take a look at it. If everything is in order, please sign your name. You're about to become a father already, so there's really no need to dig your heels in."

Derrick's gaze dimmed as he stared fixedly at the divorce agreement. The next moment, he grabbed it in one swift motion and began ripping it. Soon, all that was left were hundreds of tiny pieces of paper floating in the air.

"I won't get a divorce."



“Mr. Hisson, it doesn’t matter even if you don’t want to sign it. Ms. Winters can live apart from you, and after a year or two, the marriage will come to a natural dissolution. However, you’ll still need to split your assets after the divorce. According to the prenuptial agreement you signed, you won’t be entitled to anything.”

Gazing at Tiffany, Derrick said, “Never mind being left with nothing. I’m even willing to give up my life if that’s what she wants.”

At that moment, Kate’s expression shifted drastically. She glared at Tiffany and snarled, “Tiffany Winters, didn’t you say you didn’t marry into our family for money and that you loved Derrick? You refused to agree to a divorce when the topic came up previously, yet here you are, contradicting yourself. What’s the meaning of this? You’re just a gold digger, so don’t act like you’re not one. Leaving him with nothing? That’s something only you’d come up with. No matter how greedy one is, one doesn’t go as far as you.”

Tiffany glanced at her with an easy smile and replied, “Don’t worry, Mrs. Hisson. I won’t ask for a penny from your family, and I won’t let Derrick’s company publish my novel. I’ll cut all ties with him and never have anything to do with the Hisson family anymore.”

Kate’s expression relaxed after hearing that, but Derrick’s face fell.

Then, Tiffany delivered another blow. “Derrick, just sign the divorce agreement. That’ll end things between us without fuss and give you time to get your family matters in order. After all, you’ll be a father soon, and that’s something to be happy about.”

Derrick’s gaze darkened instantly.

He took the divorce agreement. Then, not knowing what came over him, he signed his name on it.

Tiffany’s heart sank when she saw him do so without the slightest hint of hesitation.

Derrick handed the signed divorce agreement to Alex, then got up and walked up to Tiffany. “I messed up. However, a mistake is a mistake. I know I can’t ask for your forgiveness, and I still have many troubling matters to resolve. Getting a divorce is probably best because you won’t have to get caught up in all the tension within my family. Once I’ve taken care of all these complicated matters, I plan to pursue you again so we can start afresh. Hence, I hope you can give me a chance when that time comes. I’ll use my capabilities to prove that, even without my family, I can still make you happy.”

Tiffany’s eyes lit up for a fleeting moment, moved by his words. However, the light in her eyes went out at the thought of the baby Crystal was carrying.

Amelia took Tiffany’s hand, steadying the latter’s slightly swaying body.

“Congratulations on becoming a dad soon, Derrick. I believe Tiff will find her Prince Charming soon. We still have some matters to attend to, so we’ll be leaving first.”



Derrick stretched out his hand to stop them from leaving, but Oscar grabbed the former's hand.

"Congratulations. I'll have the lawyer expedite the divorce between Tiff and you as soon as possible," Oscar uttered icily.

Feeling defeated, Derrick withdrew his hand.

Crystal's baby has been the final nail in the coffin for my already rocky marriage with Tiffany.

Oscar escorted Amelia and Tiffany away as though he were their protector. Meanwhile, the lawyers nodded at Terrence politely before following Oscar.

"I genuinely appreciate you coming here with me today. About the division of matrimonial assets you mentioned just now, I don't want any of it. Besides, the prenuptial agreement got torn up before the wedding. All you have to do is settle our divorce procedures. I don't want any of the assets," Tiffany said to Alex once they were outside the Hisson residence.

I want to cut ties with the Hissons, so it should be a clean cut. If I take anything from him, I'll always think of how good he was to me. Things are over between us. Now, my initial forgiveness seems so short-lived, and the wavering of my resolution is even more laughable.

The lawyer glanced at Oscar after hearing that.

"Do as she says," Oscar instructed.

Alex nodded.

Then, Oscar added, "All of you may leave first."

"Yes, Mr. Clinton." After Alex and the other lawyers left, Tiffany said, "Amelia, I feel like going for a drive on my own. I'll be fine, so don't worry."

"All right. Be sure to return earlier."

"Got it."

After Tiffany got into the other car and drove away, Amelia shook her head and mused, "In the end, he still signed the divorce agreement. And there I was, thinking there'd be a chance they'd get back together. I wasn't expecting the whole shebang about the pregnancy. It's rather reminiscent of the plot in a novel Tiffany wrote. However, the female lead in this situation has it even rougher than the one in the novel. Gosh, I don't even know what to say to her."

“You silly goose. You always let your imagination run wild. Let’s go back. I’ll whip up your favorite dishes tonight.”

“I’m looking forward to it,” she replied with a smile, leaning into his arms. Despite the smile on her lips, she was worried about Tiffany and could not help feeling uneasy. Hence, she merely gave a perfunctory reply in response to Oscar’s attentiveness.

He placed an arm around her waist, led her toward the car, and helped her get in. They had only been driving for a while when he sensed someone following them. The corners of his lips curled upward, thinking he could barely be bothered to retaliate against such an unsophisticated tracking method.

He stopped the car at an intersection and waited for the white Audi to catch up.

Just as he expected, the other car stopped too.

A slender figure emerged from the other car, and Amelia frowned as she murmured, “Why is it him? Could it be that my eyes are deceiving me?”

It was none other than the person they had not seen in a long time—June.

Oscar was also a little shocked when he spotted June through the rearview mirror. After all, the latter had been having a hard time dealing with the trouble Oscar had created for him recently. For him to follow me so soon, it appears that the obstacles I set up were merely child’s play for him. Nonetheless, he showed up at the right time. I can use him to vent my anger.

## **Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 824**

### **Chapter 824 Deepening Resentment**

Instead of getting out of the car, Oscar ordered his bodyguards to teach June a lesson. Naturally, the latter never expected that he’d be manhandled in public and shoved back into his car.

Neither did he think Oscar’s bodyguards would take over the wheel and drive off. However, even though he didn’t have a chance to call for help, his secret bodyguards had already sensed something was amiss and hastily followed behind.

Upon seeing that, Oscar curled his lips into a sneer. “Honey, do you want to watch a fight?” For some inexplicable reason, Amelia agreed to it.

With that, Oscar followed the cars in front and drove to a forest in the suburbs. As soon as they arrived, he stepped out of the car and opened the door for Amelia like a perfect gentleman.

Soon, he had an arm around her as they began walking into the forest. They hadn't ventured very far when they saw two groups of people engaged in an all-out brawl.

Oscar watched calmly as the bodyguards he had personally trained beat June's bodyguards to a pulp, leaving them utterly disheveled and defeated.

Given that he, too, was well-trained in martial arts, June decided to join in the fight. However, it soon became apparent that not even he was a match for Oscar's professional bodyguards. Despite his persistence, June was finally defeated half an hour later.

He was kicked to the ground by one of the bodyguards, and as he tilted his head to cough violently, he caught a glimpse of both Oscar and Amelia. Needless to say, he was embarrassed and furious that the couple had seen him in his most pathetic state.

Having been humiliated by the same person over and over again, June's level of resentment had gotten to the point where all he needed was a tiny spark to set him off.

Without further ado, he wiped the corners of his bruised mouth and struggled to his feet.

Oscar walked over with Amelia and looked mockingly at the sorry sight in front of him. "What do you think, June? Do you like this generous gift I've prepared for you?"

June wanted to smile and play it cool, but in the end, his face twisted into a grimace when the pain near his lips got too much to bear.

"I know my skills aren't good enough. I admit defeat," June said through gritted teeth. "But don't be too complacent, Oscar. The day will come when I surpass you and bring you to your knees. You'll be begging me for mercy then!"

"I look forward to it," Oscar scoffed as he shot a look at one of his bodyguards. The latter caught on to it quickly and kicked June in the butt, sending the man staggering forward.

Oscar turned to Amelia, still as calm as ever. "Amelia, do you think this punishment is fun?"

Amelia merely furrowed her brows. She didn't like watching people fight to teach others a lesson, but she also couldn't deny that June had gone too far. He had been picking on the Clintons relentlessly, and who knew what he was up to this time when he secretly tailed them?

With that said, Amelia knew one thing for sure—June was sly as a fox and constantly up to no good. He might have targeted Oscar in the past because of Cassie, but everything he did after was purely out of vengeance.

Therefore, she didn't like June one bit, nor could she ever bring herself to trust him.

"Do you not like it?" Oscar whispered into her ear.

"I don't feel any particular way," Amelia replied as she shook her head. "It's just that I don't like seeing him."

A murderous intent instantly flashed in Oscar's eyes. "How about we kill him, then?"

June couldn't help but shudder when he heard that.

Amelia continued leaning on Oscar's shoulder as she pondered her options. I'm not surprised Oscar would make such a bold suggestion. After all, I believe he has the means to make anyone vanish without a trace. However, June isn't an ordinary person. He has the powerful Aderton family backing him, and if something were to happen to him in Chanaea, there's no way the Adertons would let it slide. If they pressured our government, it'd only be a matter of time before they track the incident back to Oscar. We'd be attracting so much unnecessary trouble to ourselves!

"No. We're law-abiding citizens. Teaching him a lesson is enough," Amelia finally said. "Let's go home. I'm getting worried about Tiff."

"Sure. We'll head straight home," the latter replied as he turned to the bodyguard still stepping on June's hand. "Do as you please. Just make sure he stays alive."

"Yes, Boss."

With that, Oscar ushered Amelia back into the car and sped away.

His bodyguards immediately did as they were told, raining blows on June and his team before driving off in their cars.

June lay amid his men, his face all bruised and swollen. Even though everyone had gotten injured in one way or another, his injuries were undoubtedly the worst.

After resting for a couple of minutes or so, the bodyguards finally managed to catch their breath and scrambled to their feet. Then, they walked over to the badly injured June and helped him up.

"Boss, are you okay?"

June glared at the bodyguard and slapped him with whatever strength he had left. "Idiots! You're all a bunch of useless trash! I spent so much money hiring you guys, yet you couldn't even take down a few bodyguards. Don't tell anyone else you guys used to be in the special forces. You're all so terrible at your job that it's shameful! Look what happened? You couldn't even protect your client!"

Alas, his bodyguards merely kept their heads down in silence.

As trained professionals, it was indeed embarrassing to have been thoroughly beaten by the other party, to the point where they didn't even have a chance to retaliate.

"Quit standing around, you idiots! Take me back now! Do you want to stay and feed the mosquitoes?" June thundered.

The group of bodyguards promptly sent June to the hospital, where the doctor examined him and advised him to stay overnight for observation.

After settling the hospital admission procedure, one of the bodyguards secretly informed Cassie of the incident.

Later that day, Cassie dropped by the hospital with a fruit basket for June. Upon seeing the bruises on his face, she curled her lips into a half smile. "My, my, you're getting more and more brazen, aren't you? It's bad enough that you can't seem to leave Jennifer, and now you've even gotten yourself all beaten up. Tell me. Who have you hooked up with this time? Did her family send someone to give you a thrashing?"

Feeling annoyed, June snapped, "What are you doing here?"

"One of your subordinates informed me, so I came to see if you're dead," Cassie mocked. "I was worried that no one would claim your body in the event of death. Imagine how dreadful it'd be if you died in a foreign country and had no one to send your body back home."

June furrowed his brows as he felt his frustration building. I've done and sacrificed so much for Cassie, yet she doesn't appreciate my efforts. To make matters worse, she continues to cause me all this pain and trouble!

"Cassie Yard, will you behave yourself?" June bellowed. "I've done all this to help avenge you, so why can't you treat me a little kinder?"

To his surprise, Cassie burst into laughter. It was as if she had just heard the most absurd joke.

June continued to stare daggers at her. "What are you laughing at?"

After a brief laughing fit, Cassie finally quietened down and looked June in the eye.

"June, you're still as disgusting as you were eight years ago. You keep saying you're doing everything for me, but the truth is, you're only doing it for your selfish reasons. Come on. You and I are birds of a feather, so stop trying to sound so selfless. By the way, I bet Jennifer must be quite a gem since you can't get over her. You seem to care

a lot about her, don't you? If I didn't come today, who knows if you'd still remember me?"

For some reason, those words calmed June down immediately.

"Honey, have you fallen for me?" he asked, wagging his brows.

Cassie froze for a moment before staring at June in absolute disgust and stepping backward. "Me? In love with you? Dream on!"

June, however, remained smug and confident.

"Honey, there's no shame in falling for me. You know I've been courting you for almost ten years, so don't you think you should at least acknowledge me? Besides, I plan to settle down once I've gotten rid of Oscar. We'll get married, and it won't even matter if you can't get pregnant. I've already found a surrogate who can give us two adorable babies in ten months. Don't worry. I'll have the best team taking care of the babies, and I promise you won't ever have to see them. After all, I only need heirs who can increase my chances of inheriting my family's fortune. That way, I'll be able to spend all my time and money on you!"

Cassie crossed her arms over her chest and snorted. "Enough with the bullsh\*t, June! You'll never be Oscar's match! You can try all you want, but you'll always lose to him!"

June's lips instantly twisted into a sneer.

"Don't forget your parents have already acknowledged my presence, and I'm also involved in your company matters. If I want to, I can always transfer your properties and leave Yard Group with nothing," he warned. "Your family's fate lies in my hands, so are you sure you don't want to keep me happy?"

At that point, Cassie's smile had started to fade. "Don't go too far, June."

"Oh? Have I?" June replied as he blinked innocently.

"How I wish those people had beaten you to death! At least then you won't have the chance to terrorize others!"

"Then I'm afraid you might be disappointed. I intend to cling to you for the rest of my life. You belong to me, and me only," June said with a creepy smirk. "Oh, and you don't have to worry either. No matter how many lovers I have outside, you'll always be the one I love the most."

Naturally, Cassie was beyond disgusted. I can't believe I've wasted almost ten years with a sc\*mbag like June. I must have been blind then!

“You’re a crazy b\*stard!” she scolded before storming out of the ward.

Despite his injuries, June suddenly yanked out his IV catheter and swiftly pushed Cassie up against the wall, trapping her in his embrace.

Cassie looked up at the man and frowned. “Let me go.”

As June lifted her chin, his eyes flashed with a fierce light. “Oh, Honey, I haven’t touched you in a while. I miss your smell and taste so much. I wanted to get my plan rolling and only look for you to celebrate once Oscar has fallen deep into my trap. However, now that you’re already here, why don’t we have an early celebration? I miss you.”

The next second, he ripped off Cassie’s top without hesitation.

Having already guessed what the man was up to, the latter reeled in shock.

“You pervert! Let go of me!” she scolded as she struggled fiercely.

Unfortunately, after so many years of courtship, June had long gotten used to being verbally abused by Cassie. The more she hated him, the more he wanted to get his hands on her, so much so that his desire to conquer her outweighed his love for her.

Soon, Cassie’s top was completely shredded, and June proceeded to pull her skirt off.

Just then, Jennifer opened the door and walked into the ward, only to be greeted by an appalling sight.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know you guys were in such a mood,” she muttered while glancing calmly at the couple. Before either of them could reply, she left the ward, closing the door behind her.

June finally loosened his grip on Cassie and pulled his pants up.

Cassie, on the other hand, stared at her shredded top and couldn’t help but burst into tears.

Upon seeing that, June quickly pulled her into an embrace and coaxed, “There, there. Be good. I’ll have my men send a dress here so you can get changed and head home. I still have things to discuss with Jennifer.”

To his surprise, Cassie shoved him away and shot him a glare. “Did you do this on purpose, June? Did you tell Jennifer to come here so she can see you make a fool out of me?”



“Honey, why would you think that? Haven’t I already told you that you’re the only one I love?”

Cassie merely rolled her eyes and took out her phone to make a call.

“Hello? I’m at Angelmond Hospital, Ward 1009. I want you here in ten minutes with a pantsuit for me. Don’t ask any questions. Just hurry up,” she fumed before hanging up.

Sure enough, a knock sounded on the ward door within ten minutes, and Cassie hurriedly opened it. After getting the clothes from her subordinate, she slammed the door in their face and went on to get changed.

With that, Cassie shot another glare at June and marched out of the ward.

When she saw Jennifer sitting on the bench outside, she strode angrily toward her. “I can’t believe you’ve become even more shameless than me, Jennifer. To think the daughter of the distinguished Larson family would waste her time with a man like June. What an eye-opener!”

Jennifer, however, smiled with utter composure. “I don’t think you have to see me as a rival, Cassie. After all, isn’t Oscar the one you want to be with?”

In response, Cassie merely harrumphed and stomped off.

Jennifer adjusted her clothes and re-entered the ward.

“June, I didn’t expect you to be so hasty. I can’t believe you’d still be thinking about sex when you’re so badly injured,” she mocked as she gazed at the man on the bed.

June held up a magazine and pretended to read it. “How did you know I was here?”

“I called your bodyguard, and he told me about it.”

“It looks like they have too much time on their hands! Have they forgotten who hired them? I’ll fire them all once I’m out of the hospital!”

“I’m the one who ruined your plan earlier. Why take your anger out on the innocents?” Jennifer teased as she sat down and handed a stack of documents to June. “These are the information gathered by the spy I planted in Clinton Corporations. It’s a draft of a new project that Oscar’s planning to undertake. Take a look. We might be able to use it to our advantage.”

June snatched the documents over and began speed reading through them. Soon, a glint flashed across his eyes.



“Jennifer, you’ve done me a huge favor this time round. Once I complete this project before Oscar, I believe Clinton Corporations would lose their credibility. At the same time, I can also sue them for plagiarism!” June said, his wicked grin growing. “When that happens, let’s see if Oscar can still maintain his composure and indifference!”

Ha! I’ll also use that opportunity to settle my scores with Oscar once and for all!

Jennifer crossed her arms over her chest and warned, “You mustn’t let your guard down, though. Oscar’s no fool. Don’t fall into his trap without knowing it.”

“I’ve already suffered so much at his hands. If I don’t win this round, I don’t deserve to remain in Chanaea,” June said through gritted teeth. “No matter what, I have to teach him a lesson this time!”

Jennifer nodded. “I hope so too.”

With that out of the way, she could finally take a closer look at the injuries on June’s face. “Did Oscar send his men to do this?”

Even though June said nothing, Jennifer took his silence as acquiescence.

“Did you provoke him?” she added.

“You don’t have to care about that. Just stop wavering and being half-hearted about things,” June grumbled as he waved her off.

“Since you don’t look like you’re dying anytime soon, I shall head home first,” Jennifer said.

To her surprise, June suddenly called out to stop her. “How’s your mother’s condition?” he asked rather concernedly.

Jennifer shot him a wary glance. “What do you want?”

“As your partner, shouldn’t I show your mother some care and concern?”

“She’s fine. She’s eating and sleeping well. All you need to do is take care of your own affairs and leave my family out of it,” Jennifer replied coolly before leaving the ward.

A wicked glint flashed across June’s eyes as he watched the woman disappear from his sight. “Oh, Jennifer, don’t blame me for being ruthless to your mother. Now that we’re partners, it’s only right that she does her part,” he muttered.

Of course, Jennifer had left the hospital and knew nothing about June’s nefarious plan. She had just put on her shades and was about to step into her car when she saw Nina walking toward the hospital building.

Her initial plan was to avoid Nina, but unfortunately, the latter had spotted her and called out to her.

Argh! I don't have a choice now, do I?

"What brings you to the hospital, Jennifer? Are you not feeling well?" Nina asked.

"No, no. I came to visit a friend," Jennifer answered plainly. "What about you, Ms. Yates? I see you're here alone. Are you feeling unwell?"

"I have a bit of a headache, so I thought I'd get it checked out. Jennifer, if you aren't in a hurry to get home, do you think you can accompany me? It's rather boring to be on my own."

Seeing how wide-eyed and earnest Nina was, Jennifer couldn't bring herself to turn her down and ended up accompanying the latter to her doctor's consultation.

Thankfully, the doctor said there wasn't much of a problem with Nina. So long as she didn't stay up late and ate her meals regularly, her headaches would go away.

Nina smiled as she walked out of the doctor's office. "Jennifer, can I buy you a drink? Only if you're free, that is."

After giving it some thought, Jennifer agreed to it.

The two ladies entered a beverage shop, and Nina immediately handed the menu to Jennifer. "You can order first, Jennifer."

Since there wasn't anything she wanted in particular, Jennifer ordered an orange juice, only to have Nina follow suit.

The waitress brought their drinks out very soon, and Nina happily sucked on her orange juice as she gazed at Jennifer. "How are things between you and Carter?"

"Don't worry. Nothing's going on between Carter and me," Jennifer replied after sipping her drink. "If you must know, I had a crush on him before and pursued him for two years. Unfortunately, he never gave me the time of day."

Nina gasped and quickly waved her hands. "Oh, no. Please don't get the wrong idea, Jennifer. Carter and I share a platonic relationship too. He doesn't love me, and I don't fancy his type either. I only see him as a friend and older brother. It's my mother and Mrs. Scott who wants to matchmake us, so we decided to put on an act for them. That way, they'll both stop nagging at us."

Jennifer instantly lowered her gaze and hid the wave of emotions crashing through her.

“You don’t have to explain it to me, Ms. Yates. Besides, you and Carter look like a match made in heaven. It’d be a pity if you guys don’t become a couple. With you looking so young and pretty, it’s hard for Mrs. Scott not to like you. Don’t let her down now.”

“Jennifer, please don’t—”

Before Nina could finish her words, Jennifer cut her off, “I still have something on, Ms. Yates. Shall we leave if you’ve finished your drink?”

Upon hearing that, Nina had no choice but to choke back her words as she paid for the drinks and walked to the car with Jennifer.

However, after much hesitation, she decided to speak her mind. “Jennifer, I still think I should tell you this. Two days ago, Carter went to the construction site and got hit by a falling object. He’s now—”

“Is he okay? How is he now?” Jennifer interrupted. “How did he even get hit?”

Seeing how anxious she was, Nina burst out laughing. “See, Jennifer? You still care about Carter, don’t you?”

The next second, Jennifer’s face turned livid with rage. Sh\*t. Why do I feel like I’ve just gotten tricked by a kid?

“Did you lie to me?” she muttered through gritted teeth. “I hate it when people deceive me! Also, I don’t think I’m on very familiar terms with you, Ms. Yates.”

Nina was shocked by Jennifer’s sudden change in demeanor. “I didn’t lie to you, Jennifer,” she hastily explained. “Carter did get hit by a falling object and injured his arm. Even though he got more than ten stitches for it, he still insisted on returning to work. Not even Mrs. Scott could change his mind. I had planned on calling you to see if you could talk him around, so I’m more than happy that I can ask you in person now. Could you help me persuade him? The doctor has advised him against overusing his arm. Otherwise, he might lose it.”

Jennifer’s eyes flickered. There was no hiding the pain she felt deep down.

“I’ll pay him a visit when I’m free. I have to return to my office now,” Jennifer said before hopping into her car and speeding off.

Nina sighed as she watched the car gradually disappear into the distance. “This is all I can do for you, Carter. If she doesn’t go, you can only blame it on fate for playing a cruel trick on you.”

With that, she returned to her car and drove off.

## Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 825

### Chapter 825 Relapse

Jennifer was driving and feeling a little upset. At the intersection, she made a turn and went in the direction of Carter's office.

When she arrived, she walked in straight. She had worked there in the past, so the receptionist did not stop her.

Jennifer took the elevator and went upstairs. Carter's secretary was shocked to see her, but she was still very polite to Jennifer. "Ms. Larson, are you here to look for Mr. Scott? He is still in a meeting. Why don't you wait for him in his office? Mr. Scott has told me that you are allowed to wait in his office if you ever show up."

When Jennifer heard that, a gloomy look flashed across her eyes.

After that, she went into the office to wait for Carter.

Although she had been in that same office many times, it felt different this time around.

For some reason, things were not the same anymore.

When Carter finished his meeting, his secretary informed him that Jennifer was waiting for him in his office. He was delighted to hear that and rushed in immediately.

When he saw the person he had been missing for a long time sleeping on the couch like an abandoned child, he was heartbroken. He walked over, got down on his knees, and studied the harmless-looking Jennifer while she was fast asleep.

A smile appeared on his face. After Laura became ill, Jennifer acted like a ferocious porcupine. Once in a while, she would attack him with some sharp words.

In the past, Jennifer was always trying to please him. She took better care of him than his own mother. Back then, her care and concern annoyed him, and he could not wait for her to get lost. However, now that Jennifer treated him harshly, he ended up being worried about her. In fact, he had been keeping an eye on her in secret just in case anything bad happened to Larson Group. He did not want her to shoulder the burdens all by herself.

Sometimes, he suspected that he might be a masochist. The more someone treated him badly, the more he cared about that person. In the past, it was Amelia. Now, it was Jennifer.

He shook his head in amusement and brushed his fingers along Jennifer's face. Unfortunately, that woke her up.

Jennifer was still in a daze when she first opened her eyes.

It took her a few seconds before she regained full consciousness and looked into Carter's eyes. "Are you done with the meeting?"

"It just ended. Why didn't you give me a call and tell me you are coming? The air-conditioning here might cause you to catch a cold," said Carter with concern.

Jennifer got up from the couch and felt a bit embarrassed.

She noticed the bandage on Carter's hand and her eyes darkened as she asked softly, "Does your hand still hurt?"

Carter took one look at his arm and replied, "I'm fine. When I went to the construction site, a small rock fell from the top and hit me. The doctor gave me ten stitches. The stitches can be removed after a short while. Don't worry about it."

Jennifer pursed her lips. He's so careless.

As Carter took note of her expression, he wanted to say something, but instead, his eyes suddenly lit up with pleasant surprise.

"Jennifer, you have come here all the way because you heard about my injury, right? Does that mean you are worried about me?" he asked hopefully before waiting for Jennifer's reply with bated breath.

Instinctively, Jennifer avoided his gaze. "I bumped into Ms. Yates at the hospital. She told me you are injured, and yet, you are still working like a crazy man. She is quite worried about you, so she asked me to check on you. It's hard for me to turn down a request from such a beautiful woman, so here I am. Now that I can see you are alive and bursting with energy, I shall make a move first."

Carter grabbed onto her hand and said, "Jennifer, why won't you admit that you are worried about me? You're just using Nina as an excuse. You're still in love with me. Why are you running away? If you don't love me, you won't have rushed over in such a hurry."

Jennifer paused in her steps and was filled with mixed emotions.

After a long while, she said, "I'm just worried that if you die, your mom and dad will be very upset. That's all."

Carter stared at her intently before pulling her into his arms. He buried his face in her neck and whispered, "Is it so difficult for you to admit that you still have feelings for me?"

Jennifer shut her eyes to conceal her true feelings.

She pried Carter's arms away from her waist and said, "Carter, don't be like this."

Carter tightened his embrace and said, "Because of a few words from Nina, you came to look for me. That means that I still matter to you. Why won't you admit it? Let's start over again. If you are worried about the video incident, I can deal with it. Given my current financial standing, I can definitely help you handle the Scotts."

Jennifer leaned in his embrace as tears flowed out of her closed eyes.

It was easy for Carter to say that. However, the actual feat was almost impossible. If they failed to deal with the Scotts, there would be no future for the two of them.

On the other hand, she could not forsake the Larsons. Carter might not be able to forsake the Scotts either. After all, his family was extremely wealthy.

"Let go of me first," uttered Jennifer gently.

Carter thought about it and released her.

Jennifer took a deep breath before meeting Carter's eyes. "You really want us to start over?"

Carter's eyes lit up hopefully.

Jennifer continued, "Fine. I will do as you say if you promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"Help me deal with Amelia and Oscar. I hate them. If you can do that, I'm willing to give you another chance."

After she said that, silence ensued.

Jennifer's heart turned cold when the silence prolonged.

At the end of the day, Carter was still on Amelia's side. Even though Amelia is now married with a child, I'm still nothing compared to her in Carter's eyes.

Jennifer looked at him with a half-smile before saying, "Seems like you will never agree to this condition. In the end, I'm still not as good as her."

Carter grabbed her hand and said hurriedly, "Jennifer, that's not true. Both of you are very different."

"Are you trying to tell me that you never had a thing for her?"

Carter was speechless.

Jennifer pulled her hand back and said dismissively, "Forget it. I can't be bothered to fight with you about this. In the past, we couldn't be together because of her. It isn't a surprise that she is still the reason why we aren't together now, is it? Take care of yourself. I'll make a move first."

After a pause, she continued, "Stop pestering me in the future. I don't want to know anything about you anymore."

With that, she retreated to the door and bolted.

Carter stood there transfixed as he watched her leave. The light in his eyes dimmed after she left.

Jennifer got into her own car and leaned back against the car seat dejectedly.

"Amelia, oh, Amelia. Why are you always getting in my way? Carter claims he loves me. But in his heart, I'm nothing compared to you. Because of you, Oscar made me nearly go insane. Carter has rejected me so many times because of you. When you are in my life, nothing goes smoothly for me," muttered Jennifer to herself. The expression on her face became increasingly malicious.

She stepped on the accelerator and sped away.

When Jennifer returned home, she saw Laura with bloodshot eyes chasing after everyone. She even tried to pounce on the housekeepers, seemingly insane.

Jennifer was shocked and quickly questioned the housekeepers, "What's going on? How did my mom become like this?"

One of the male bodyguards who was safe from Laura's assaults told her, "Ms. Larson, we have no idea what happened to Mrs. Larson. After she had her soup, she started behaving like this. She chased after the housekeepers and kept saying that Amelia wants to kill her so she will kill Amelia first."

Jennifer's expression darkened in an instant. She yelled, "Are all of you stupid? There are so many of you. Why didn't any of you grab hold of her? If anything happens to my mom, I will sue all of you in court."

Those bodyguards rushed forward to try to restrain Laura.

Alas, Laura threw her punches at anyone who came close to her. Those bodyguards could not do anything because they were afraid of hurting her.

Jennifer was sad when she saw her mother in that state.

“Mom, it’s me. Jennifer. Look at me. Can’t you recognize your own daughter?” pleaded Jennifer.

Laura, who had been chasing others, seemed to have heard her, and she turned around. As she walked toward Jennifer with her head tilted, she uttered uncertainly, “Jennifer?”

Jennifer was delighted and became excited. “Mom, can you recognize me? Shall we go home? It’s not so fun outside.”

Laura stared at her blankly before collapsing straight to the ground.

“Mom!” Jennifer ran to her and shouted angrily at the bodyguards, “Why are all of you standing there? Come over and help. If anything happens to my mom, I will kill each and every one of you.”

A few bodyguards came and carried Laura into the house.

Jennifer summoned the family doctor over to attend to her mom.

The doctor took a look and told Jennifer, “Ms. Larson, I think it’s better that you take Mrs. Larson to the hospital for a comprehensive checkup. We suspect that someone has drugged her again. That’s why she lost her consciousness and wanted to hit others.”

Jennifer froze, thinking there must be a spy among the housekeepers they hired.

After bringing Laura to the hospital, the doctor told her that although the drug had already dissipated, it was still harmful to the body. Furthermore, Laura was quite elderly. If that went on, it was only a matter of time before she would lose her mind and suffer nightmares at night. The combination would cause her to age quickly and shorten her lifespan as a result.

When Jennifer heard that, her hands that were holding Laura’s began to tremble.

She took Laura back home and got the family doctor to dispense the best medicine. Jennifer also engaged a nutritionist to prepare nutritious meals for her mother. As for the housekeepers and bodyguards at the mansion, she dismissed all of them except for a handful whom she could trust.

After settling all those matters, Jennifer went to the study and saw Vincent perusing some documents. She said, “Dad, I think someone is trying to mess with our family. Their motive is to cause internal turmoil so that we can’t focus on the company’s affairs. There’s no one I can trust right now. Do you know anyone who can go to the village and find some trustworthy people to look after Mom? Given Mom’s condition, she will require round-the-clock care.”



Vincent put down his documents before saying, "I have already sent someone to look for help. I believe we should be able to get somebody very soon. But, I intend to take your mom abroad for recuperation, and I will go with her. You will be in charge of the company alone. Can you manage it?"

Jennifer pondered about it and felt that it was a good idea, so she nodded in agreement.

"It's a good idea to take Mom away for a while. There's so much tension in this house. If she goes to a peaceful place, her condition might improve. When I have the time, I will go and visit her."

Vincent stood up and approached his daughter. He said guiltily, "Jennifer, it's our fault. It should be our job to protect you. You should be getting married by now. Instead, you have to take over the company. It's my fault. I have let you down. I'm old now, so it's not easy for me to accomplish a lot of things."

"Dad, don't talk like that. This is my responsibility. As your only daughter, I should be the one running the company. If not, who do you intend to pass it on to? But, I'm responsible for the chaos within the company. If it hadn't been for me, the share prices wouldn't have fallen, and the shareholders wouldn't have sold their shares. I should be the one apologizing. Thank you for not blaming me for it," said Jennifer sincerely.

"Silly girl."

Both father and daughter went to check on Laura.

She had already woken up.

"Mom, you're awake," said Jennifer as she ran over to hold her mom's hand.

Laura held her hand too and started panicking. "Jennifer, Amelia came to our house and forced a bitter medicine down my throat. She's even worse than Oscar. You must take revenge for me. If they don't die, they will torture me to death for sure."

Jennifer was heartbroken.

She consoled her mother in a gentle voice, "Mom, don't be afraid. Dad will take you out of the country in a couple of days' time. I will come and see you when I'm free. No one will harm you when you are abroad."

Laura nodded. "That's good. I want to leave the country. I don't want to come back anymore."

"Okay," responded Jennifer as she held back her tears.

Laura began mumbling, "It's good to go abroad. It's good to go overseas. This way, Oscar and Amelia cannot kill me anymore."

Jennifer looked at her mother with sadness and mixed emotions.

## Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 826

### Chapter 826 A Pawn In My Game

The next day, Laura followed Vincent overseas. As they had friends overseas and owned a house there, Laura was not apprehensive about going overseas.

Before she boarded the flight, Laura said, "Don't forget to deal with Oscar and Amelia. I'm worried that they might harm me."

"Mom, don't worry, I will handle it and make sure they give you a satisfying explanation," Jennifer replied.

"That's my good girl. Take care of yourself when we are not around. Also, come and visit us whenever you have time. You have to let us know whenever you encounter any problems. Don't keep everything to yourself, understand?" Laura reminded.

Jennifer nodded.

After her parents passed through the security check, Jennifer turned around and left. She got into her car and leaned against her seat. Her expression looked grim and her brows furrowed as she looked at the cars passing by through the car window.

A moment later, she started the engine and sped off. While she was driving, she rang June. "June, are you free now? There's something I need to talk to you about."

After June said something on the other end of the line, Jennifer replied, "Sure. I'll wait for you in the private room of Heavenly Swish."

Jennifer headed toward Heavenly Swish, a beverage shop that sold all sorts of beverages. The shop also had private rooms where customers could enjoy various entertainment activities.

As Jennifer was a regular at Heavenly Swish, a server led her to a VIP private room and asked, "Ms. Larson, is there anything else I can get for you?"

As Jennifer already had a drink, she was no longer thirsty. As such, she shook her head.

A while later, June entered the private room. Bruises could still be seen on his face, and his hand was still wrapped in bandages. Dressed in a white shirt and matching pants, June would have looked like a prince charming if he wasn't injured.

"Why did you call me here so urgently? What's the matter?" June asked directly the moment he sat down.

Noticing the man's bandaged hand, Jennifer did not answer June's question immediately but asked instead, "How are your injuries? It's only been two days and you're already discharged. Did the doctors or nurses say anything?"

June crossed his legs and gazed at Jennifer intensely before saying, "Jennifer, I suddenly realized how attractive one could seem when they are hiding their true feelings. Have you ever considered being my lover? Other than marriage, I can give you anything you want. At least, I'll be better to you than Carter."

Jennifer sneered and replied, "Be your lover? Sure! As long as you get rid of Cassie."

When June heard that, his gaze turned cold.

"Why? You can't bear to do it?"

"Jennifer, it's better for a woman to be obedient. Being too demanding is not good."

Jennifer flashed an ambiguous smile at June before directing the conversation back to the original topic.

"The purpose of me asking you out today is to ask if you could help me kidnap Anthony."

"Oscar's son?"

Jennifer nodded.

June's interest was piqued. An unfathomable glint flashed across his eyes as he replied, "Why would you suddenly want to target the kid? Don't forget, that boy is Oscar and Amelia's precious son. Given Oscar's personality, if something bad happens to his son, he would definitely destroy the Larson Group. If that's the case, I would be affected as well. What makes you think that I'll help you?"

Attempting to provoke June, Jennifer said, "Are you admitting defeat to Oscar already?"

June changed his sitting position before replying with a smile, "I know you're trying to use reverse psychology. If kidnapping that kid works, I would have done it long ago. Do you think I'll still be here listening to you?"

Feeling confused by the man's reply, Jennifer asked, "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I've already tried that before, but the boy managed to escape. There were a lot of bodyguards protecting him, and all of them were extremely skilled fighters. None of my men were their match. Besides, they were all carrying guns. The fact that Oscar owned firearms legally in Chanaea, a society governed by law, shows how powerful his influence is. Do you still want to try to kidnap that kid?" June reminded her kindly. At the same time, a vicious and resentful glint flashed in his eyes.

Back then, he had sent a whole lot of men to kidnap Anthony. However, not only had they failed miserably, those men did not even manage to touch a single strand of the boy's hair.

When June heard his subordinate's report, he was so furious that he nearly fainted.

"Is there really nothing else we can do?" Jennifer asked, frowning.

June shrugged and replied, "You can try again if you wish. If we were currently overseas, given the Adertons' influence, we might stand a chance against the Clintons. However, this is Chanaea, and it's better for me to behave myself. After all, I don't want to be deported."

Jennifer pressed her lips together and looked at June with an unfathomable expression.

"June, does that mean that you're not going to help me?"

"Sorry, there's nothing I can do."

Jennifer let out a chuckle and said in a mocking tone, "You sounded so passionate and convincing when you spoke about dealing with Clinton Corporations. You even said with so much conviction that you were going to make Oscar kneel in front of you and admit defeat. Turns out that you are all talk and no action, and it's just a pipe dream. Forget it. I was wrong about you. It's fine if you are not willing to help me. I will do it myself."

June's expression darkened as he reached out to grab Jennifer, who had just stood up to leave.

"What's wrong? Are you mad because everything I've just said is true?"

"Why are you in such a rush? I merely said that I wouldn't do it personally, but that doesn't mean I won't lend you my men, right?" June raised his chin and smirked.

Jennifer snorted and replied, "Does that mean you're intending to send your subordinates to help me?"

“My subordinates have all worked for the Aderton family previously, and they are all retired members of the special forces. They are both physically fit and highly skilled in fighting. Feel free to give them your orders. With their help, you’ll stand a better chance of kidnapping Anthony,” June said. However, he did not mention that, even though his bodyguards were bigger-sized than Oscar’s bodyguards, they had suffered a terrible defeat against the other side the previous time.

“All right. I owe you a favor now. You can ask me to do anything for you in return.”

The next instant, June pulled the woman into his arms.

Locking her in his embrace, June held Jennifer’s chin and stared deep into her eyes before saying in an alluring voice, “You’re totally my type. Would you really not consider being my lover? I can fulfill all of your material needs, and of course, that includes your company.”

Jennifer tilted her head to one side, trying to hide the disgust in her eyes. “Nope,” she replied coldly.

“That’s such a pity,” June said before letting go of her.

After being released from the man’s grip, June straightened out her clothes and said, “Let me know when I can have your men. Make the arrangements as soon as possible so that I can test the waters first. If we can use Anthony to threaten Oscar, the odds of us succeeding would be quite good.”

June raised his glass and said, “Here’s a toast to your success in advance. I’ll be waiting for your good news.”

June nodded before saying, “I’ll make a move first.”

When Jennifer was at the door, June’s voice sounded again. “Can you tell me why you would suddenly think of targeting the child?”

The corners of Jennifer’s lips curled up into a sneer before she replied, “I just want to let Oscar and Amelia know what it feels like to lose the person they love the most.” After saying that, the woman opened the door and left.

June leaned against the couch lazily and cracked a smug smile. Looking toward the window, he laughed and said to himself, “Seems like my plan is working. Jennifer, even though you think you’re smart, you’re just a pawn in my game after all.”

## **Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 827**

Chapter 827 Without Anything

Jennifer looked at the group of five foreign men in front of her and asked, "Are you all retired foreign special forces?" "Ms. Larson, we're all special forces members who retired in the year 2008," one solemnly said.

The retired special forces members were all embarrassed after getting easily defeated by Oscar's bodyguards. Thus, even though they were not too willing to assist a woman per June's order, the very thought of how they would be able to avenge themselves by catching that child made them ignore their unwillingness.

"Very well. I'll leave this to you guys then," Jennifer said to them. "No problem, Ms. Larson. It's our duty."

Jennifer had personally made arrangements for accommodation for them. "You'll be staying here for the time being. I'll inform you when the opportunity arises." The retired special forces members had no objections to that.

After settling the group of men, Jennifer drove to the neighborhood where Amelia was staying in. Coincidentally, she saw Tiffany out with Tony, and Amelia and Oscar were not with them.

At that, Jennifer slowly drove over and saw Tiffany taking Tony to the nearby park. Jennifer then got out of her car to follow them before pretending to bump into them by accident.

Upon seeing Jennifer, Tiffany swiftly shielded Tony and said, "What a coincidence to see you here even though it's not a weekend, Ms. Larson."

In other words, Tiffany was saying that only a fool would believe it was a coincidence for Jennifer to bump into them in a park near Amelia's neighborhood on a weekday.

Nevertheless, Jennifer pretended not to understand what Tiffany was implying and took off her glasses. After a glance at Tony, she said, "Ms. Winters, it must be fate that let us meet here. If you don't mind, let's talk as we walk."

Tiffany swiftly lifted Tony into her arms and rejected, "Sorry, but I'm not close to you, so I'm afraid there's nothing we can talk about. Tony must be hungry by now, so I'm going to take him to eat."

Jennifer hurried over to her and smiled. "Ms. Winters, I don't recall ever crossing you. I wonder why you're so hostile toward me."

At that, a tinge of impatience flashed past Tiffany's eyes. She was already frustrated about how she and Derrick had recently done the divorce procedures. If Amelia didn't insist that she bring Tony out for a walk and take a breather, she would have locked herself up in her house. What she wanted to avoid the most at that moment was talking to pretentious people, especially those from the Larson family. She knew that Jennifer's

relationship with Derrick was quite close, so she did not want to see Jennifer at all. Regardless of why Jennifer had appeared there, Tiffany was in no mood to speak to her.

“You didn’t cross me; I just don’t want to talk to you right now.” With that, Tiffany began walking back down the path she came from with Tony in her arms.

Behind her, Jennifer casually mentioned, “Ms. Winters, I know that you’ve signed the divorce agreement with Derrick. Don’t you want to know how he is lately?”

Hearing that, Tiffany halted in her tracks. In the next second, she dashed off so quickly it was as if a panther was after her.

The look in Jennifer’s eyes turned cold at that, and she sneered.

Tiffany, it seems like you still have feelings for Derrick. That’s good. I’ll be able to get close to you in Derrick’s name. That way, I’m sure I’ll be able to kidnap Anthony. This time, I have to let Amelia and Oscar feel what it’s like to have their son be in trouble. I’ll let them know what it’s like to feel pain!

When Amelia saw that Tiffany was back so soon with Tony, she tilted her head to the side and asked, “Tiff, why are you back?”

However, Tiffany, who had a grim look on her face, only glanced at Tiffany wordlessly.

Tony said, “Mommy, Tiffy met a lady in the park who didn’t get along with you—one of the Larsons. She deliberately tried to get close to Tiffy, but she kept glancing at me. I hate the way she looked at me.”

Tony was young, so his heart was pure. Thus, he was sensitive to people’s good or bad intentions.

Upon hearing his explanation, Amelia instantly realized who he was talking about. Who could it be but Jennifer Larson? But why did she show up here?

Recalling Carter’s reminder, Amelia ascertained that she had to be a little warier from now on. Furthermore, with how Tony said that Jennifer kept looking at him, Amelia felt that Jennifer must have an ulterior motive to have appeared in this area on a weekday.

With a frown, she asked, “Tiff, why was Jennifer in the park?”

Tiffany shook her head and said, “I don’t know.” A pause later, she added, “She knows Derrick. When I was bringing Tony back, she mentioned his name, so I was thinking that Derrick might have sent her.”



Despite saying so, Tiffany knew that it was unlikely for Derrick to send Jennifer to convey his message; he was not that kind of person. However, she could not wrap her mind around what other reason could explain Jennifer's sudden appearance.

Amelia, too, had no choice but to believe in that.

"Tony, go upstairs to play first. Tiffy and I will take you to the theme park to play in the afternoon," Amelia said, intentionally dismissing Tony.

Tony nodded obediently and ran upstairs.

Once he was gone, Amelia sat down beside Tiffany and said, "Tiff, I don't think it's a good idea for you to stay in the house all day. I received a call from the director about the script last night, so why don't you write the script instead? You can't go back on your promise, right?"

Tiffany held her head with both hands and chuckled bitterly, "Babe, will you believe me if I were to tell you that my mind's blank and my well of inspiration has dried out?"

Amelia sighed. "Let's not write if you have no inspiration, then. I'll get Oscar to invite some of the best scriptwriters in the industry to continue writing the script. That way, we'll be able to hand in something to the director first. Then, you'll go for a holiday abroad to relax."

However, Tiffany shook her head. "It's fine. I'll return to scriptwriting tomorrow. Also, I was planning to move back to the apartment I bought back then. I can't possibly stay at your place forever."

Amelia grimaced at her words. "Tiff, that's mean. We share everything, remember?"

Tiffany gave her a small smile. "Babe, I know that you don't mind me staying here, but I've got to have a house of my own, right?"

Amelia gave it some thought and eventually agreed to it.

"Babe, I'm planning to move back to the apartment in a few days' time. Then, I'll ask Derrick to go to City Hall with me to settle the divorce procedures," Tiffany said.

"Don't be in such a rush to move out. I'm worried to let you stay alone. You can't argue with me on this," Amelia insisted. "As for the divorce procedures, just let the lawyer, Mr. Feltham, deal with it. You don't need to be there yourself."

Tiffany parted her lips to give Amelia an answer, but she hesitated.

After giving Tiffany a glance, Amelia tentatively asked, "Or do you want to see Derrick one more time?"



Tiffany lowered her eyes and wryly laughed. "Babe, do you think I'm too wishy-washy? I was the one who raised the idea of a divorce, and now, I want to see him. I know I'm too emotional, but it's tough for me to forget about him. I just want to see him one more time. Maybe my yearning for him will cease once I see him."

Amelia took her friend's hand and patted it. She somberly said, "Tiff, you need to open your eyes to the truth. Crystal is pregnant, and there's no way the Hissons won't want the kid. Even if you insist on being together with Derrick, do you think that you'll be able to treat that kid without any ill feelings?"

Tiffany did not answer her.

Amelia wondered how long her good friend was going to take to walk out of the misery that came with her divorce. From how melancholic Tiffany looked, it seemed like she was in even greater distress than when Amelia had gotten a divorce and lost her sight.

A marriage that did not last for more than a year. A promise of unending love had turned into the air bubbles in the sea, easily washed away and erased by the waves.

"Forget it. If you're going, I'm going with you," Amelia relented.

"Thank you."

When Friday morning came, Amelia went to City Hall with Tiffany and Alex Feltham.

Even when they reached the outside of City Hall, Derrick had yet to arrive.

Around five minutes later, Derrick's car finally appeared by the entrance.

Tiffany had been looking forward to seeing him, but when she registered who was coming down from the car, the light in her eyes dimmed, and her hope dissipated.

Derrick knew that Tiffany did not want to see Crystal at all, but he still brought her along. And he says that he isn't in a relationship with her. If that's true, why did he bring her here?

A bitter laugh escaped Tiffany. Their love—three years of dating and a year of marriage—was incomparable to the child Crystal bore for him.

At that very moment, she wanted so badly to ask Derrick a question. Are you going to just throw away everything we ever shared with each other just like that?

Nevertheless, that question was pointless by then. It would only add to her sorrow.

Then, Kate came down from the car. The last to leave the car was Derrick.

Kate said, "Derrick, hold onto Crystal. She's pregnant with the most precious grandchild of the Hisson family right now, and we mustn't let anything happen to her."

However, it was as though Derrick did not hear her; his gaze was fixed on Tiffany, and he never once blinked.

Noticing that, Kate fumed.

She shot Tiffany a glare before saying in deliberation, "Crystal, you've got to be careful. Don't fall, all right? The doctor has said that you have to be extra careful now that you're pregnant. I've asked you to rest at home, but you insisted on coming with us. If anything happens to you, my heart will break!"

Still, Derrick walked over to Tiffany and muttered, "Tiff, how are you? Have you been eating all your meals? You look like you've lost weight..."

Tiffany only looked at him calmly. All the lingering feelings she had for Derrick before coming had died when she saw Kate and Crystal's pretentious behavior.

"Let's go in. Once we sign our names, you can leave with your mother and your future wife," she said.

A hint of sadness flickered past Derrick's eyes. He wanted to reach out to touch Tiffany, but Amelia stopped him.

Amelia said, "Let's go in, Mr. Hisson. Once you sign your name, there will be no relationship between you and Tiff anymore. But I have to say, you sicken me to have brought your mother and lover with you. I used to think that you were a responsible man, but it seems like I was wrong. I hope you'll never appear in Tiff's line of sight ever again, or else I might puke if I see you."

Derrick paled. It was then he averted his eyes and put on a solemn look.

"Tiff, let's go in."

Tiffany inclined her head, and they went in.

The staff at City Hall asked if they genuinely wanted a divorce. Both hesitated for a moment before nodding, and they signed their names on the papers. Once the staff member stamped on the papers, they were officially divorced.

As Tiffany kept the divorce papers in her bag, she said, "Amelia, let's go."

Amelia held her hand and walked to the door with her.

Derrick kept staring at her back. Right as they were about to reach the doorway, he said, "Tiff, I've transferred all my assets into your account, and I've asked Mr. Feltham to transfer the company under your name. You're now the owner of that publishing company and the new production company. I should be saying sorry to you. Regardless of whether or not my actions were voluntary, a mistake is still a mistake, and there's nothing I can say to excuse it. I just hope to at least provide you with financial compensation."

Tiffany paused in her tracks when she heard him. Her eyes reddened, and her fists tightened, but she never turned around to look at him. "Derrick, I don't want any of your assets. I'm just a person who knows how to write scripts. Leaving the company in my hands will only doom the company. I'll get Mr. Feltham to transfer it back to you. You don't owe me anything."

With that said, she continued her way out.

Derrick followed her out and watched her get into the car before driving off. He opened his mouth, but no words came out.

Although he wanted to stop Tiffany, he didn't know what he could do after stopping her. He had no right to do that anymore.

Kate glared in the direction where the car had gone and snarled, "Derrick, have you lost your mind? You've already gotten a divorce from Tiffany, but you're giving her all your assets? I hope you still remember that the one who has your child is Crystal!"

Derrick calmly turned to her and said, "Mom, I'm going to tell Granddad that I'll be giving up on the Hisson family's inheritance. From now on, I sever all ties with the Hissons. This must be the result you've wanted all along, and now, I'm giving it to you."

Kate's face turned ashen when she realized what he had said.

She stared at her son in disbelief and stammered out, "D-Derrick, do you know what you're saying?"

Derrick turned away to look at the cars on the road instead. "Mom, you set me up to bump into Crystal and made her pregnant so that I would marry her, but I'll tell you this. I'll never marry her. I'll accept the child in her stomach as mine, but I will never marry her. It's impossible for Tiff and I to be together anymore, and it's even more impossible for Crystal and I to get together. Give up."

With that said, he went down the stairs and into the car. Within seconds, he drove off.

Kate was left angrily stomping her foot. She ignored the passersby as she screamed, "Get back here! Get back here right now!"

Meanwhile, Crystal stood transfixed at the side, her face paling, and her expression darkening. It was quite the sight to behold.

Once Kate realized that Derrick was never going to turn back, she ceased her yelling and turned to look at Crystal. When she saw Crystal's pallor, she worriedly held her arm and asked, "Crystal, what's wrong? Are you feeling unwell? Don't scare me! The baby in you is the most precious grandchild of the Hissons. Nothing must happen to the baby!"

Crystal finally returned to her senses and looked at Kate. As she sobbed, she said, "Mrs. Hisson, Derrick doesn't want to marry me, so my child will be illegitimate. It looks like I'll have to raise him overseas, or else even the Halliwells won't admit that he's a descendant of the Halliwell family."

Kate panicked. "I won't let that happen. How can my grandchild be raised overseas? Calm down, Crystal. I'll get Derrick to marry you. Otherwise, I'll threaten him with my life. I'm his mother, and I'm sure he'll relent."

Hearing that, Crystal lowered her eyes as glee danced across them.

She had done everything she could think of, so there was no way she was going to accept a future where Derrick did not marry her. Though she no longer wished for Derrick to love her, she still wanted to be his wife. The Halliwell family was already disappointed in her, and they had essentially given up on her. Thus, her only chance at survival was by marrying into the Hisson family. Now, the baby in her was her ticket into the Hisson family. Reputation and pride are of utmost importance to the Hissons, so there was no way they were going to let their grandchild wander on the streets.

Kate then said, "Crystal, let's go back first. You need to have a good rest and just focus on giving birth to the baby. Leave Derrick to me. I'll make sure he marries you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hisson," Crystal meekly replied.

"We'll soon be a family, so there's no need for such courtesy."

Crystal nodded.

The two hailed for a cab back to the Hisson residence.

Terrence was sitting in the living room when they returned, and he was expressionless when he turned to look at the two of them.

Kate carefully started, "Dad, you're home today?"

Terrence glimpsed at her. "Where's Derrick?"

“Derrick left after he signed the divorce certificate with Tiffany, but I don’t know where he went,” Kate honestly answered. “I think Crystal isn’t feeling well, so I’m going to take her upstairs to rest.”

At that, Terrence glanced at Crystal and said, “Crystal, it’s not that I don’t like you, but many things are going on in the Hisson family right now. Why don’t you live in another condominium under the Hisson family’s name first? Don’t worry; I’ll arrange for a housemaid to take care of you. It won’t do your reputation any good if someone finds out that you’ve moved into the Hisson residence before marrying Derrick.”

Crystal’s complexion paled again.

Derrick refused to marry her, and his refusal trapped her in an awkward spot among the Hissons.

She had Derrick’s child in her, but she could not be his wife. As the prominent Halliwell family’s daughter, she ended up falling from grace and had to resort to trickery to get the chance to join the Hisson family. It was pitiful.

However, Kate defended her. “Dad, Tiffany was the one who wanted to get a divorce from Derrick. You can’t blame this on Crystal. Moreover, Crystal’s pregnant now. She’s a much better choice than Tiffany, who can’t bear children. Furthermore, Crystal has a better standing in society than Tiffany. Tiffany has Oscar’s support, but she’s not actually related to the Clintons. Nothing is as good as the fact that Crystal is the Halliwell family’s daughter, so I’d rather have Crystal as my daughter-in-law.”

Terrence smiled, but that smile of his was devoid of warmth.

“Crystal, go upstairs first. I have some things to talk to Kate about,” he said.

At that, Crystal glanced at Kate and said, “Mr. Terrence, Mrs. Hisson, I’m going to head up first.”

Once Crystal was gone, Terrence said, “Kate, everyone knows what you’re doing; it’s just that no one says it out loud. I hope you know what you’re doing and where the limit lies. Otherwise, even Derrick will hate you.”

His words made Kate stiffen her back. Nevertheless, she played dumb and said, “Dad, I’m not quite sure what you’re talking about.”

A smile that did not reach his eyes appeared on Terrence’s face. “I’m old, so I won’t be able to intervene in your matters for long. You’re a daughter-in-law that I quite like, and Derrick is the most outstanding grandchild of his generation. I’m planning to have him take over the Hisson family’s business. However, he just told me yesterday that he doesn’t want to inherit it. You’ve driven away Tiffany, the one woman who could keep him in line. There’s nothing I can do about your presumptuous acts. However, if the

Hisson family begins to fall from grace, you will be the one to blame. I hope you're sure of what you're doing now."

Kate tensed up as disbelief flickered past her eyes.

"Dad, you're joking with me, right?"

"I'm old. Why should I joke about such matters? I've reminded you several times to stay in your line and stop trying to play the matchmaker, but you didn't want to listen to me. So, there's nothing I can do about the current situation. You'll have to find a way to deal with Derrick yourself."

With that said, Terrence left the house.

Kate collapsed onto the couch as a myriad of thoughts chaotically danced across her mind.

That night, when Finnick came back and went to his bedroom, he saw Kate sitting in a daze. Worried, he asked, "Dear, what's the matter?"

Kate lifted her head and miserably said, "Darling, what do I do? Derrick told Dad that he wants to give up on the Hisson family's inheritance. If he does that, we'll be left with nothing!"

Finnick frowned and asked, "What's he up to again? Didn't he say that he's going to get a divorce from Tiffany?"

"He did, but did you know what else he did? He transferred every asset he has to her. I don't know what kind of spell Tiffany has cast on him to make him transfer the publishing company he had worked hard on for years and the new production company to her name. Your son has truly gone mad this time."

By the time Finnick was done listening to Kate's explanation, his brows were tightly knitted together.

"He really transferred his assets to that woman?"

"That's right. He transferred them without hesitation. Now, he's even giving up on the inheritance. You're not interested in business, so he's the only one who can help us get the Hissons' inheritance. His decision is practically killing me!"

At that moment, Finnick did not know how to console Kate.

He was not Terrence's only son, and his nephews were all grown up and had families on their own. They, too, were eyeing the Hissons' company. With Derrick on their side,

they had a good chance of getting the inheritance. However, if Derrick gave up on it, they were waiting to lose everything.

With that thought in mind, a tidal wave of frustration crashed into Finnick.

Kate muttered despondently, “Darling, do you think I did something wrong? If I didn’t target Tiffany, does it mean that Derrick will come back to inherit the company?”

Finnick pulled her into his arms and uttered, “Don’t overthink this. The Hissons have many businesses, and I refuse to believe that he’ll be able to establish something without the help of the Hissons. All men love fame and status. I believe he won’t dare to give up on the Hissons’ assets.”

Kate nodded in agreement, but her heart was still heavy.

## **Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 828**

### **Chapter 828 Deliberate Enthusiasm**

The next day, the lawyer, Alex, brought along with him Derrick’s property transfer letter and laid them all out before Tiffany. “Ms. Winters, these are the transfer letters for Mr. Hisson’s assets and management rights of his two companies. They’ll belong to you as soon as you put your signature down.”

Tiffany studied the documents laid out on the desk with a complicated look in her eyes, having mixed feelings about it.

“Mr. Feltham, while I appreciate all that you have done for me, I will not sign these documents. Please send them back to Derrick and inform him that I do not need compensation from him. My earnings throughout the years will ensure me a life of prosperity, so his assets are of no use to me,” Tiffany replied.

Alex glanced at Oscar. “Mr. Feltham, you will do as she says,” Oscar demanded.

“Understood, Mr. Clinton. I will bring these documents back to be handed to Mr. Hisson at his office.” Alex packed everything up into his suitcase before standing up. “Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton, Ms. Winters, I shall be taking my leave if there’s nothing else.”

Amelia said, “Mr. Feltham, you should stay and dine with us. You must be exhausted, having worked hard for Tiff these days.”

Alex smiled before replying, “You’re too kind, Mrs. Clinton. Mr. Clinton pays me a hefty salary each month, so it is my job to help him out. Besides, I need to work on other cases, so I won’t be staying.”

Thus, Amelia and Tiffany could only see him off at the entrance.



“Mrs. Clinton, Ms. Winters, please go back inside.” Alex bid them goodbye and entered the elevator.

Both Amelia and Tiffany reentered the house.

After glancing at Oscar, who was sitting on the sofa, Tiffany said, “Oscar, thank you for extending a helping hand to me. I know you only did all of this because of Amelia, but I figured I do owe you my gratitude. Let’s have dinner together at night if you have time. It’ll be on me. Consider this as a celebration of me regaining my singlehood. Also, do introduce some quality and dedicated men to me if you know any.”

Oscar looked at her before jabbing, “Don’t smile if you don’t feel like it. That look on your face is hideous. I don’t mind going on a meal if it helps get rid of your boredom. A lot of young and outstanding guys work under Clinton Corporations, so I do know quite a few. If you are up to it, I can form a harem for you, and you can have your pick of men.”

In a rare display of affection, Tiffany punched him on his chest and smiled. “Great job, Mr. Clinton.”

Having witnessed their interactions, Amelia finally put on a heartfelt smile.

At night, Amelia, her family, and Tiffany went to a farmstay near rural areas. To their surprise, they ran into Jennifer again, with Carter standing by her side.

Jennifer held Carter’s arm while greeting them enthusiastically. “Amelia, Mr. Clinton, fancy seeing you here! I suppose it’s the workings of fate that had us meet here. Come dine with us if you would like to.”

Jennifer’s uncharacteristic enthusiasm garnered Carter’s attention, who gave her a side glance that was filled with much confusion.

However, she pretended to not notice his inquisitive gaze, opting to retain the dainty smile she wore on her lips. Compared to before, it was apparent that her demeanor was much more enthusiastic.

All the while, Amelia watched her in puzzlement. Just when she was about to speak, Carter took over the conversation. “Amelia, it’s been a while since everybody last had a meal together. Let’s dine together now that we’ve bumped into each other here.”

Seeing that Carter had extended an invitation, Amelia could only oblige.

After all six of them, five adults and one child, got seated, Jennifer observed Tony up close and smiled. “Tony sure has such delicate looks, a combination of the best traits of both Amelia and Mr. Clinton. I bet nobody dares discipline such a cute kid.”



Upon saying so, she noticed that all eyes were on her.

Smiling, she added, “Why are you all looking at me? Do you all disagree with me?”

Amelia shook her head and raised her hand to caress Tony’s head. “Tony, what should you say when Ms. Larson praises you?”

In a crisp tone, Tony answered, “Thank you, Ms. Larson. However, I don’t really like how you’re staring at me as if I’m a tasty lollipop up for grabs. I once watched a drama series, in which the bad guys who tried to get closer to children have that very same look in their eyes.”

The smile on Jennifer’s face froze for a moment.

In the meantime, Amelia paid more attention to Jennifer due to Tony’s words. After all, she was already slightly alarmed by Jennifer’s sudden enthusiasm.

Oddities were always suspicious, so she figured she had to be extra careful, especially when it came to matters regarding Tony’s safety.

Fortunately, the waiter served their orders fairly soon, breaking that short but awkward standoff.

Carter served both Jennifer and Tiffany in a gentlemanly manner, while Oscar served Amelia and Tony on his end.

After that, Jennifer drank her soup quietly, less enthusiastic than before.

Carter took a sip of his soup before inquiring, “Where’s your husband, Tiffany? Why didn’t he come along for dinner?”

He just had to ask that when I don’t wish to bring that up.

Tiffany glanced at Carter discreetly with her hand still hanging midair while holding her spoon.

At the same time, Jennifer nudged Carter and whispered, “She divorced Derrick. Don’t you know something this serious?” A look of astonishment fled across Carter’s gaze as he asked incredulously, “Are you divorced, Tiffany? I’ve never heard it from Amelia.”

Amelia shook her head slightly before explaining, “Something happened, and given the difference in their values and familial background, they decided to file for divorce. All right, let’s not talk about such solemn matters. We’ll drink instead. It’s not every day that we get to sit down together due to our busy schedules, so let’s drink to our heart’s content.”

Amelia handed the wine bottle to Oscar, who opened it before pouring everyone some wine.

Holding onto his wine glass, Carter said, "I'm sorry, Tiffany. Allow me to toast you as an apology for my insolence just now."

Tiffany accepted his toast smilingly. "You jinx. I'm not that fragile, so you don't have to tip-toe around me. Bill's on me today, so everyone should enjoy the meal. Also, you're not allowed to talk about work."

"Sure. You're as straightforward as ever, Tiffany. I'll drink with you tonight," Carter agreed.

By the end of their meal, Jennifer held up her glass and announced, "Guys, there is indeed a reason behind my enthusiasm tonight. First off, Carter is your friend. Then, Amelia and I had a misunderstanding due to what happened with my mother, during which I had taken out my anger on Carter. Coupled with the incident about the video clip, I came to think that I was not a good match for Carter. However, my mother recovered a few days ago and persuaded me to release old grudges to start anew. I was happy about my mother's recovery, so I agreed to dine with Carter tonight, having figured I should give my relationship with him a chance. Unexpectedly, I ran into all of you here today, so I was hoping to befriend you all. However, it seemed that my enthusiasm had scared the child. I shall hereby down three glasses of wine as an apology to Tony."

She actually downed three glasses of wine after that. Her cheeks were rosy as soon as she finished the wine.

Carter tried to stop her from drinking, but she managed to dodge him.

She said sincerely after getting drunk, "I'm especially happy to meet you guys here today. Come on, let's drink to our heart's content. Amelia, Tiffany, you shouldn't suspect me of having ulterior motives. As a woman, what I want is to have someone to rely on. I haven't had it easy during these past few years. Carter wouldn't even spare me a glance even though I'd been chasing after him for two years. Now that I finally got his attention, and he forgave me after the incident with the video clip, I no longer felt like putting up a front. So, I would like to marry and settle down with him. I'm also going to make sure the company runs smoothly. I also no longer want to fight with the Clinton family, for it is quite meaningless. Besides, I am no match for Mr. Clinton, so I would like to ask him tonight to spare me for Carter's sake."

Then, she drank another three glasses of wine before passing out on the table.

Her passing out shocked Amelia and the rest.

“You should send her home, Carter. She had drunk quite a lot. She had it hard living alone as a woman, so please take care of her,” Amelia said in concern.

Carter carried Jennifer in his arms as he apologized, “I’m sorry, Amelia. I’ll send her home. Enjoy your meal.”

“Go ahead. Take good care of her.”

Carter nodded and took her away with him.

Amelia furrowed her brows while looking at Oscar. “What do you think that latter part of her speech means, Oscar? Are you still secretly trying to undermine her?”

Oscar shook his head. “I don’t stoop that low.”

Amelia felt as if she were shrouded by confusion but still couldn’t figure out the reason behind Jennifer’s act.

She snapped back to her senses when Tony ushered crisply, “Let’s go home, Mommy. I don’t like drunkards.”

Amelia patted his head before gently soothing him, “All right, let’s go home. Ms. Larson drank a lot because she was glad, so don’t take it personally, you hear me?”

Tony nodded.

After paying the bills, Amelia left the farmstay alongside Oscar and Tiffany while holding Tony in her arms. The meal wasn’t as pleasant due to Jennifer’s drunken speech. For some reason, Amelia felt something heavy in her heart that wouldn’t dissipate.

## **Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 829**

### **Chapter 829 Helping To Reconcile**

When Carter sent the drunk Jennifer home to Larson residence, his brows furrowed at the empty mansion. He had no idea what had happened, for the place was usually swarming with housekeepers.

After he carried Jennifer out of the car, it took him a while to retrieve the key from her bag to open the door. Subsequently, he carried her into the bedroom and took off her shoes in a chivalric manner. Then, he brought out a wet towel to wipe her face. Once everything was done, he sat by the bed and swept her fringes aside. While he was staring at her, his eyes were filled with more than just infatuation. In reality, he was scrutinizing her with a sense of doubt.

“Jennifer, tell me, are you using me?” Carter remarked, followed by a gentle sigh.

When Jennifer came to his office in the morning to tell him that she was considering getting together with him, it came as a sudden shock to him. By the time he regained his senses, the initial joy he felt was replaced by suspicion of her motives.

In the beginning, doubt was all that he harbored. It wasn't until Jennifer was being over-friendly with Amelia at the homestay that he was certain that his hunch was spot on.

Never did he imagine that Jennifer would one day use him, causing mixed emotions to arise in his heart.

"Jennifer, what's really going through that mind of yours?" Carter murmured as he watched her fall asleep in her drunken stupor.

Jennifer responded by turning to her side and mumbling—as if she was talking in her sleep, "Carter, I really love you. Don't leave me, all right?"

Jolted by her words, Carter, who was staring at her back, felt the tension in his gaze ease. Meanwhile, the previous suspicions he harbored toward her gradually dissipated.

"I'll never leave you. Whatever you want to do, I'll always be on your side," Carter replied in a relenting tone. If she truly wanted to take Amelia down, Carter decided that he would deal with the situation from within. He neither wanted to make an enemy of Amelia nor see Jennifer be driven down the wrong path by her unresolvable hatred. Now that she was his woman, he would take over the responsibility of protecting her.

After sitting by the bedside for a long time, he finally got up and left. The moment he did, the supposed drunk and sleeping Jennifer opened her eyes. She stared at the tightly shut door with her eyes filled with conflicted emotions.

Retracting her gaze, she murmured in a guilty tone. "Carter, I'm sorry. Please don't blame me for using you, as I just don't have any other choice. It was the Clinton family who betrayed my mother first. If Oscar hadn't been so ruthless toward my mom, I wouldn't have chosen to harm his son. This is simply payback for what he has done."

That night, both of them were unable to sleep with their minds occupied by their respective thoughts.

The next day, Jennifer woke up after managing to get only two hours of sleep. The aftereffects of the alcohol and the lack of sleep drained the color off her face and caused her lips to crack from dehydration.

When she held her head and attempted to get out of bed to get some water, the door unexpectedly opened, and in walked Carter.

The moment they made eye contact, a sense of awkwardness flashed across Jennifer's face. Nevertheless, Carter, who seemed quite composed, walked over to help her up

and asked in a concerned tone, "Are you awake? Does your head hurt? Come, here's some honey lemonade. I woke up early and made it for you."

Upon drinking a mouthful, Jennifer finally felt her thirst quenched. Since she had just woken up, she felt as if her throat was on fire.

"Thank you," she responded sincerely.

As Carter gently helped her to drink more, he remarked, "I've made breakfast for you. Once you've freshened up, you can come down for food. Now that you've agreed to date me, it's only natural that I take care of you."

His words warmed Jennifer's heart, eliciting a blush on both her cheeks. However, when she recalled that she was just using Carter, the delight she felt disappeared just as quickly as it came.

"Carter, you should wait outside. I'll be down in a minute."

"Are you feeling shy? Okay, I'll go downstairs first." Holding her cheeks, Carter planted a kiss on her forehead and gave her a look of deep affection. "If there's anything you need, just let me know. Don't take it all upon yourself, all right?"

Jennifer nodded.

After Carter left the room, Jennifer stroked her own head in a daze as an avalanche of warmth and bitterness swept into her heart.

"Carter, would you hate me the day you find out that I'm just using you?" Jennifer mumbled.

Initially, she never had the intention of doing so. However, her hand was forced by the circumstances, as she had no other way of getting close to Tony. Only by doing so could her plan to kidnap the latter proceed.

Given the progress she made, there was just no turning back now.

The thought of her mother's condition steeled her wavering heart immediately.

After getting out of bed to brush her teeth and wash her face, Jennifer picked out an elegant dress from her wardrobe and put it on.

Upon descending the stairs, she could see a smorgasbord of food laid on the table. As her eyes glistened with warmth, she broke into a vibrant smile when her gaze met Carter's.

Consequently, gentleness filled Carter's eyes.

“Quick, let’s have breakfast,” Carter urged as he pulled out a chair for her.

Settling down into her seat, Jennifer stared at the breakfast in front of her. “Did you prepare all these? I never knew that you were such a good cook.”

“I know how to cook, just that I seldom do it. In fact, I even signed up for a cooking class half a year ago. Although my cooking looks the part, I’m not sure whether the taste would come through. Here, why don’t you give them a try,” Carter explained as he served her a bowl of oatmeal.

Nodding in response, Jennifer attentively tried all the food he had prepared. Not only did they taste good, but they also gave her stomach a comforting sensation. Subsequently, the headache she felt was also gone.

Ever since what happened to Laura, she had never dared to dream of having a leisurely breakfast with Carter. Even though their relationship was a Machiavellian one, enjoying such a scrumptious breakfast together was still something out of her wildest dreams.

“Is it any good?” Carter asked.

Jennifer replied with a smile, “It is. I didn’t expect you to be such a good cook—it’s almost similar in standard to those from five-star hotels. When you no longer want to run a company one day, you can consider being a chef.”

Gazing deeply into her eyes, Carter made a sweet comment when she least expected it. “If you’re willing to let me, I can be your personal cook for the rest of your life.”

The words caused Jennifer’s hand to freeze. At the same time, she almost choked on the food in her mouth. Even the smile on her face began to fade slightly.

“What’s wrong? Do you not like the idea?” Carter inquired with a dimmed gaze.

Shaking her head, Jennifer’s smile brightened. “Why would I? It would be a dream come true to have such a handsome and exceptional chef. It’s just that I can’t afford to hire you for the rest of my life.”

Carter scratched her nose with a grin. “You don’t have to pay me. All you need to do is allow me to love and pamper you. After that, bear me two adorable children, and I’ll be you and the children’s chef for the rest of your lives.”

Jennifer teased, “Sounds like a very good deal to me.”

“In that case, you should cling onto me tightly so that I can take good care of you and be your personal chef.”

Jennifer responded with a vibrant smile.

Carter, when you learn that I'm going to harm a child, would you still be willing to be my chef for eternity? Would you still see me the same way once you discover that I'm just using you?

Smiling wryly to herself, Jennifer didn't harbor any hope for her future with Carter, for the gulf between them was just too big to bridge. Faye alone would be the first to object to their relationship.

After breakfast, Carter asked, "Jennifer, where are your parents and the housekeepers? When I came back last night, I didn't see anyone around."

Jennifer briefly froze before she continued as if nothing had happened. "After my mom recovered from her sickness, she missed the old days of living overseas. Hence, my dad went over there with her. Since I'm the only one left at home, there was no point in keeping so many housekeepers. As a result, I dismissed all of them except the butler, who left with my parents given that they were used to his care."

Carter's heart throbbed after he heard her explanation.

He suggested, "Considering that you have to run the company and there's no one to take care of you at home, why don't I send some housekeepers over so that it won't be so quiet?"

"Thank you," Jennifer replied.

Satisfied, Carter added, "I'll come with some staff in the afternoon. They're honest folk from rural areas, so there's nothing for you to worry about."

"I trust you."

After chatting a while longer, Carter got to his feet and prepared to go to work.

When Jennifer walked him to the car, he offered, "Let me send you to the office."

"It's fine. I'll still need my car to meet a client for business. After that, we'll probably have a meal together," Jennifer declined.

As Carter stroked her cheeks, it suddenly dawned upon him that their time together was hard-earned.

"Jennifer, I know it wasn't easy for you to give me another chance. Because of that, I treasure it a lot and am serious about this relationship. Therefore, let's get married when the time is ripe," Carter declared.



Shaken by his words, Jennifer was gripped by a sudden sense of fear, for she knew that this was nothing but an illusion. When she was exposed for using him, they would probably go back to where they started—not having any contact with each other.

Her viral video had ensured that the Scott family would never accept her. Despite living in the twenty-first century, conservative values continued to make women's lives more challenging than men's.

Instead of answering directly, Jennifer urged, "It's getting late. You should hurry up now."

After giving her a thoughtful look, Carter changed the subject. "Take good care of yourself, and stay away from June. He's nothing but trouble."

Jennifer cracked a slight smile. "I know. You don't have to nag."

After breaking into a vibrant smile, he planted a kiss on her lips before driving off.

Jennifer, watching his car disappear, couldn't stop the tears from welling up in her eyes.

Subsequently, she retrieved her phone and gave June a call. Once she got through, she reported, "June, he has taken the bait. With his help, I'm confident of becoming close friends with Amelia. When the time comes, we'll definitely be able to kidnap Tony."

June replied over the phone, "Well done, Jennifer. To be able to use the one you once loved, you're more ruthless than I expected. Now, I truly believe that working together with you will achieve my desired goals."

"As long as you don't mess up, I'm sure we'll get what we both want." No sooner had Jennifer spoken than she ended the call.

After driving to the office, she spent a busy afternoon there before leaving. When she arrived in the private room at the restaurant where she was due to meet her client, the person waiting for her was none other than Derrick.

"Derrick, sorry to have kept you waiting," Jennifer apologized as she walked over with her bag slung over her shoulder.

Raising his gaze to look at her, he tugged the corners of his mouth and flatly replied, "I just got here too."

Upon settling down, Jennifer called for the waiter and ordered some food. When she was done, she handed the menu to Derrick, to which he replied, "You decide."

After ordering on his behalf, she returned the menu to the waiter and said, "Please hurry up with the food, thank you."



The waiter nodded in acknowledgment.

Once he was gone, Jennifer spoke candidly. "Derrick, I met Tiffany the day before and heard that both of you are divorced. That's the reason I asked you out."

The moment he heard Tiffany's name, Derrick's expression visibly changed.

"How is she?" he inquired anxiously.

Observing Derrick closely, Jennifer threw the question back at him instead of answering. "Derrick, it's obvious that you still have feelings for her, while she hasn't forgotten you as well. In fact, she burst into uncontrollable tears at the mention of your name. Therefore, can you really bear to see her stay by another man's side?"

Despite the sudden change in his expression, Derrick gave Jennifer a suspicious and wary look. "Since when are you so close with Tiff?"

Jennifer responded with a smile, "Derrick, it seems you don't understand how relationships between girls work. Going for a meal and shopping together is enough for us to share our secrets with each other. Before we know it, we're all on the same side. Besides, now that Carter and I are together, I'll be seeing her more often. Considering that I have found happiness, I don't want you to wallow in your own loneliness. So, I'll get to the point. Do you want to reconcile with her or not?"

Her words elicited an extremely bitter expression on Derrick's face.

"She's the woman whom I love the most. If I had a choice, I would never have let her go," he replied solemnly.

Jennifer advised, "In that case, you should pursue her again. After all, you still have a chance as long as she isn't dead."

"You don't understand. There's no way she'll forgive the mistake I made. Hence, there's no getting back together for us." The bitterness in Derrick's smile intensified.

In truth, Jennifer had already investigated everything that happened between the two of them. From her perspective, it wasn't such a big deal at all. After all, Derrick had only cheated on Tiffany by getting Crystal pregnant, which was a mistake every man on Earth was susceptible to. As long as the man had sincerely admitted his mistake and changed, most women would choose to forgive.

Despite knowing the truth, Jennifer pretended to be oblivious to it. "Derrick, why don't you tell me what happened? Perhaps I can help you in some way."

Leaning against his chair, the composed Derrick stared at her.

“Jennifer, I never knew that you were such a helpful person,” he commented.

Jennifer spread her hands with a shrug. “Derrick, if you don’t trust me, I’ll just stay out of it. After all, it’s your marriage, and an outsider like me shouldn’t be interfering anyway. Just treat this meal as a casual catch-up then.”

Nevertheless, Derrick continued to scrutinize her as if to determine the sincerity of her intentions.

As for Jennifer, she maintained her composure in front of him.

It wasn’t until the waiter arrived with the food that the tension in the air was broken.

Once the dishes were laid out on the table, Jennifer served Derrick a bowl of soup. “Come, have some soup. You look as if you have lost a lot of weight. If not for the fact that I know you, I would’ve thought that you were a refugee from Alendor. As for your affairs with Tiffany, you can tell me whenever you’re ready to do so.”

Only then did Derrick—staring at his soup—relate to her everything that happened between him and Tiffany. From his voice, one could hear how he was tormented by his betrayal and how much he wanted Tiffany to return so that things could go back to the way they were.

## **Read Novel Too Much To Bear My Love Chapter 830**

### **Chapter 830 What Can I Do**

“Derrick, you divorced Tiffany because of that woman? You’re behaving like a teenager now,” Jennifer sneered while looking at Derrick. Upon hearing that, Derrick responded with a wry smile.

After taking a bite of the food, Jennifer continued, “Derrick, tell me the truth. Are you sure you’re willing to part ways with Tiffany? What if someone who loves and cares for her appears in her life? What if Tiffany carries his baby? What if they live happily ever after, yet you’re stuck with a woman you don’t love? Wouldn’t you be jealous?”

Derrick clenched his fists so tightly that his veins started popping up. Any discussion about Tiffany would cause him to lose his mind. He could no longer think clearly. Like a beast trapped in a cage, Derrick answered, “She doesn’t even want to see me. What else can I do?”

A corner of Jennifer’s lips quirked up. I knew it. He might be a smart guy, but when it comes to Tiffany, he’ll lose his train of thought and analytical ability.

“You’re an intelligent man and a successful businessman. Even when you crossed over into the filming industry, you performed your duties as a producer well. But somehow,

you don't seem to understand women. I wouldn't believe anyone who tries to convince me that Tiffany has no feelings for you. She's just concerned about Crystal's baby." Jennifer paused for a bit before giving the man a ruthless glare. "I don't think you look forward to the baby's arrival either. Why not just get rid of it? Get it done right now before it's too late. You don't seem like the kind of man who would show women mercy, anyway."

That idea did cross Derrick's mind, but when Tiffany insisted on getting a divorce, he had utterly lost his composed self. He was so busy feeling sorry for himself that he did not have time to think of Crystal and the baby.

"So, what's your plan? Keep the baby? Derrick, I'll tell you what I have in mind right now. Once Crystal gives birth to the child, Tiffany and you are over. I could tell Tiffany is not a forgiving person, so you better weigh your options," Jennifer advised.

A subtle glint flashed across the man's eyes. He was overwhelmed by mixed emotions.

Jennifer shrugged and said, "Of course, I totally understand you're the father of Crystal's baby, and you might not have the heart to get rid of it. But it also means you cherish an unborn child more than Tiffany."

Derrick's face turned grim instantly.

"I know what to do now," he said in a deep voice. He never thought of keeping Crystal's baby in the first place. I only want Tiffany to carry my baby. If she's not the mother to my child, I'd rather not become a father.

Derrick liked children, but they were not as important as Tiffany.

Jennifer nodded. She decided not to ask further.

Derrick looked at her and said, "Jennifer, are you able to talk to Tiffany? Look after her for me. Once I settle the woman and the baby, I'll look for her."

"All right." Jennifer thought for a while and continued, "You know what, Derrick? I can help you. I can't get women pregnant, but I know ways to induce a miscarriage. If you're not convenient doing it, I can do it for you."

Derrick sized the woman up and started regaining his senses. He felt something amiss about Jennifer as he did not understand why she was so eager to lend him a hand.

"Why do you want to help me, Jennifer? To me, you don't look like a helpful person," Derrick questioned her motive.

"You have your motive, and I have mine. Amelia would thank me for helping you reunite with Tiffany, and I'll be able to get in Oscar's good books. I used to go against him in the

past because I was too stupid, but I've learned that Larson Group would stand a better chance in expanding our business as long as he has our back." Jennifer said matter-of-factly. "So me helping you is a win-win situation. That said, it's all right if you still don't trust me. We don't have to work together, anyway."

Derrick retracted his scrutinizing gaze and said, "Okay. I trust you."

Jennifer smirked and said, "Well, if that's the case, I'll get rid of Crystal's baby for you then."

"That won't be necessary. I can do it myself. I'm a man, and I don't need to depend on a woman."

Jennifer merely shrugged. Whatever he says.

After dinner, the two walked out of the restaurant and went their separate ways. Jennifer then got into the car and called June.

"Do me a favor, June," said Jennifer. She proceeded to tell June to get rid of Crystal's baby.

June was confused. "Crystal Halliwell? What the heck? I don't even know her. Why should I do that to her baby? You think I have nothing better to do, huh?"

"Crystal is Devin Halliwell's granddaughter. Devin is an influential and respectable figure in Saspiuburg. She has been pestering Derrick and now is carrying his child. You better do as I say if you want me to get close to the two Winters. Stop being so wishy-washy," Jennifer expressed her annoyance.

June replied, "Give me her information. I'll get someone to see to it."

"Thanks. You'll receive details about her in a moment."

When she was about to end the call, June stopped her. "Come over here tonight. I've not touched you in a while. Let's spend a night together."

Jennifer responded indifferently, "Excuse me? It's not my responsibility to warm your bed. And you should start respecting me as your equal partner."

June responded with a cold snort and mocked, "So you're protecting your chastity for Carter now? I hope you still remember our video has once gone viral on the internet. You can't just forget about that, can you?"

Jennifer's face turned ashen. She was infuriated and embarrassed at the same time.

“June, if you don’t intend to show me any respect, I don’t think I can work with you anymore,” Jennifer said icily.

June replied nonchalantly, “You don’t like what I said? But I’m telling the truth. Do you think Carter would cherish you like a treasure? You’re nothing but a piece of trash. Either you come over tonight, or I’ll send our sex videos to him. I’m sure he’ll be pleased to see his woman being pinned to the bed by another man.”

Jennifer grimaced. “You’re a jerk!”

After hanging up on him, she looked down at the blank screen and started shivering.

Jennifer knew she was playing with fire when she started working with June. At this point, it was too late for regrets.

Her relationship with Carter was no longer pure. Sometimes, she was afraid Carter might one day learn about her past and begin to despise her.

She shut her eyes and tried to calm her mind. After regaining her composure, she opened her eyes and drove back to the office.

Meanwhile, Derrick had returned to the office. His secretary caught up with him and said, “Mr. Hisson, Mr. Feltham is here.”

Derrick knitted his brows, and his expression darkened. After responding to his secretary’s remark with a nod, he opened the door and entered his office.

Alex got up from the couch and greeted him, “Mr. Hisson.”

“Mr. Feltham, I remember telling you I can help Tiffany take care of the company, but she’ll remain the entity’s owner. I also intend to transfer all my assets into her account. What else do you want to see me for?” Derrick said frankly.

Alex took a document out of his briefcase and said, “Mr. Hisson, Ms. Winters didn’t sign the papers. She’s also not interested in the property assets and the villas under your name. Since she didn’t drop her signature on it, the document is not legally enforceable. Kindly go through the papers. If you have no other questions, I shall take my leave now.”

Derrick took over the document, flipped through the pages, and noticed that the few signature columns were left blank.

His expression turned grim. Though he had asked Alex to bring the document to Tiffany on three different trips, the latte still refused to sign the papers. She doesn’t want my properties. She just wants to cut ties with me.

The man felt miserable. It was as though someone was clenching his heart tightly.

“Did she say anything else?” Derrick lowered his eyes and said.

“Ms. Winters wants me to tell you that she doesn’t want all these. She’ll also transfer the money back to you soon. Since you two are divorced, she wants nothing to do with you anymore,” Alex said matter-of-factly.

Derrick could only respond with a wry smile. “You can leave now.”

Alex bobbed his head in response. He grabbed his briefcase and left the office.

Derrick cupped his head with his hands and whispered, “Tiffany, I know it’s my fault. But why wouldn’t you take the money? What can I do to get you to forgive me?”

No one could give him an answer as he was the only person in the office.