

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 641 - 650

Chapter 641 Paint Splattered On The Wall

Tiffany sat dejectedly on the couch and remarked, "It's obvious that someone is trying to stall the filming of the movie. I'm a best-selling author, not an heir to a conglomerate owned by a powerful family. It just feels like I'm powerless to ensure the completion of my work."

"With Oscar around, I'm sure your novel will be successfully adapted into a movie."

"I'm confident that filming will be completed. It's just that every single day's worth of delay caused by the troublemakers results in losses, on top of us falling behind schedule. Consequently, all the money that your husband, and the other major investors, invested in the movie would have gone down the drain.

If the film adaptation fails, it will not only affect future adaptations, but readers might also start to doubt the quality of my written works," Tiffany explained in a disheartened tone. The rumors generated from previous accusations of plagiarism and refusal to compensate for injuries continued to fuel negative publicity for the film.

Amelia changed the topic. "Tiff, I heard that there's a telescope at the newly built pavilion at Mount Locus. By paying a small fee of a hundred, one can use it to admire the surrounding scenery. Since there's no way you can generate any ideas in your current condition, why don't we go hiking to clear our minds?"

Upon giving it some thought, Tiffany nodded in agreement. "Sure."

After changing into the appropriate outfits, Amelia and Tiffany set off.

They drove to Mount Locus and parked their car upon their arrival. From there, they climbed the steps up the hill and were greeted by the newly-built pavilion with a telescope in place. They had earlier assumed that it was just a simple telescope and didn't expect to find an array of sophisticated equipment laid out inside the pavilion.

Moreover, there was a crowd surrounding it with everyone enthusiastically paying the fee to use the telescope. Observing the scene, Amelia remarked, "The proprietor must have an excellent business acumen to have come up with such a brilliant idea."

Tiffany shared her opinion. "Clearly, this high-end telescope and its corresponding equipment must have cost at least a few million. If someone carelessly damages them, it would be a disaster. Hence, my gut feeling tells me that the owner isn't doing this for money but more to while away his time."

Shrugging her shoulders, Amelia replied, "I don't really care. Come, let's go and take a look."

Tiffany nodded.

Just when both of them approached and paid two hundred, a familiar voice rang out from behind them. "Amelia, what an honor it is to run into you here."

Unable to control herself, Amelia cursed in her heart. This damn evil spirit just can't stop haunting me.

The person who called out to them was none other than June.

Given that she kept running into him everywhere, Amelia was understandably irate.

She replied awkwardly, "Mr. Wick, I didn't expect to see you here."

"I am the one who paid for this pavilion to be built, for it has been my wish to admire the beautiful scenery here. Nonetheless, I didn't expect it to have attracted your attention and for fate to have brought you here," June explained as he walked over.

As Tiffany gave the handsome foreigner a curious look, she found him familiar but couldn't remember who he was.

She asked softly, "Babe, who is this? Is he an acquaintance?"

"He is Cassie's fiancé," Amelia answered in resignation.

Initially, Tiffany was interested in getting to know June better. However, her face turned grim once she heard Amelia explain his identity.

"Babe, let's go. The air feels kind of polluted here," Tiffany urged as she tugged Amelia's arm.

June smiled calmly at Tiffany, "Miss, I'm sure you must have the wrong impression of me."

"No, I do not discriminate against those who are good-looking. I just don't like Cassie. Since you're her fiancé, that resentment naturally extends to you," Tiffany answered candidly.

She was never one to be a hypocrite. Whether she liked someone or not, she would clearly show it.

June clapped his hand. "Interesting! Pretty miss, can I have the honor of learning your name?"

Tiffany squirmed her lips. "I'm not going to tell you. Babe, let's go."

June took a big step in front of them and suggested with a smile, "Ladies, since it's a wonderful coincidence to run into both of you, shall we have a chat over coffee?"

"Forget it, I don't think there's anything for us to talk about," Tiffany rejected at once.

Subsequently, she went down the hill with Amelia in tow. After getting into the car, she grumbled, "What an unlucky day!"

"Are you angry?"

"How can I not be? I was supposed to go on a hike to clear my mind but didn't expect to run into a man like that." Tiffany added, "Babe, tell me, has he been stalking you for a long time? Or else, how do you know him so well?"

"I met him a few times before." Amelia summarized how she got to know June and how pictures of them were even sent to Oscar.

"Damn it, how shameless can he be?" Tiffany was further outraged. Only a despicable man can resort to such drastic measures.

"Calm down, he's just an egoistic and narcissistic man, isn't he?"

"I'm just worried that Cassie sent him to seduce you given how crafty she is. The fact that she can get her fiancé to take on such a dirty job even though things are over between Oscar and her shows that she is truly capable of anything."

"I don't care about how others see us. All that matters is that I keep to my own principles."

Tiffany gave her a look. "Babe, you seem to be unexpectedly calm."

"What else do you expect me to do? Cut him down with a machete? Report him to the police for harassment? Or shamelessly declare that he is actually interested in me? Perhaps, I can accuse him of trying to seek revenge over the fact that his fiancée was dumped? After all, no man would be that magnanimous to accept his fiancée's past without doing anything," Amelia explained calmly.

Tiffany was dumbstruck.

A short while later, she replied with a shrug, "Babe, you win."

While both of them were debating the matter, Tiffany received a call from a member of the film crew.

Upon answering, an anxious male voice rang out. "Tiffany, come over here quickly. Someone has painted the words 'Tiffany is nothing but a plagiarist' on the film site's wall. As of now, a bunch of reporters are taking photos of it. If you have time, you had better head over here at once."

"All right, I understand. I'll be right over," Tiffany replied with a sullen expression.

After ending the call, Amelia asked, "Tiffany, what happened?"

"Someone has vandalized the film site and alerted the reporters to it. Thus, I have to rush over to take a look." Tiffany was surprisingly calm. "Babe, I'll take a taxi there, while you head home first. I'm afraid you might be shocked by what you find there."

"Sit tight, I'll step on it," Amelia declared in a domineering tone as she shot Tiffany a glance.

"Babe..."

"Not another word. There's no way I'm going to let you walk into the jaws of danger alone."

Tiffany had no reason to object.

By the time both of them arrived, the reporters have been asked to leave, while the writings on the wall have also been washed off. Nonetheless, there were a few members of the crew whose arms were injured. On top of that, Oscar and Derrick were also present albeit with grim expressions on their faces.

“Oscar, what’s going on? How did all this happen out of nowhere?” Amelia asked as she approached them.

“A few imbeciles came here to mess things up, but I have gotten the bodyguards to remove them.” Oscar stroked her face and asked softly, “Who called you and asked you to come?”

“A member of the crew gave Tiffany a call, telling her that someone splashed her name across a wall. Worried that the matter would escalate, she decided to come over right away.”

“Everything is fine now. You and Tiffany should go home and let us men deal with this.”

Amelia placed her hands on top of his. “Oscar, I want to stay behind, for there’s more to this than some innocent troublemaking. Someone is definitely plotting all of this. Hence, I think we should go to the police.”

“No, I don’t plan to get the police involved. I have to teach whoever is challenging me a lesson they won’t forget. Or else, they will no longer respect my authority,” Oscar declared solemnly with a narrowed gaze. This time, Oscar was truly infuriated that someone had openly provoked him and caused him to lose millions. Even though the amount didn’t mean much to him, it was the first time someone had disrupted his business in a major way. Ever since he became a businessman, he was the one that would ruin his enemies, while they were always helpless against him.

In the end, Amelia pursed her lips and nodded.

Now that they were sure someone was scheming against them, they were cognizant that the police would be of no help at all. The only way to resolve the matter once and for all was to deal with it through private means.

Meanwhile, Tiffany and Derrick joined them. Pretending to be relaxed, Tiffany remarked with a smile, “Oscar, you must be down on your luck to have run into such problems on our very

first project together. Why don't you withdraw your investment? If someone causes trouble here every other day, I don't think we'll be able to complete filming anyway."

Glancing at her, Oscar broke into an undiscernible smile. "I'm surprised to see the usually feisty Tiffany admit defeat. This is a truly rare occasion indeed."

She replied with a shrug, "Go ahead and laugh. After all, the film adaptation of my novel is turning into a joke within the industry. Going forward, I don't think anyone will dare invest in adapting my novels anymore. Hence, I had better resign myself to going back to my old career."

Derrick stroked the back of her head. "Tiffany, enough of your silly words. As long as you continue writing novels, I'll help you publish, promote, and adapt them into films. I'll definitely not let your dream be interrupted. As for the filming, we can continue tomorrow. Mr. Clinton and I have come up with a plan. Therefore, everything will proceed smoothly this time."

Tiffany was filled with disbelief. "Is it really true?"

"Don't worry. I'm still powerful enough to deal with something as trivial as this. Mr. Clinton and I have already made the necessary arrangements. This matter will not appear in the press tomorrow."

Tiffany nodded in acknowledgment. Despite still feeling troubled, she didn't express any of it.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 642

Chapter 642 I Quit

Oscar ordered Hugo and Kurt to find out who the mastermind was by hook or by crook. When both of them conducted in-depth investigations, they first found out that the Adertons were the ones behind the incident. Following the trail and subsequent clues, they managed to discover that June had given the orders in concert with Kate.

After Hugo reported the matter to Oscar, the latter commented with a faint smirk, "It seems Mrs. Hisson resents her future daughter-in-law very much. Or else, she wouldn't have resorted to destroying her own son's career."

"Boss, what do you plan to do?"

"Send all the investigative details and pictures in their original form to Derrick. Given the losses his mom caused me, there's no reason for me to keep this from him, is there?" Oscar ordered.

"Yes, Boss." Hugo put all the documents and pictures back into the leather envelope.

"You're dismissed."

"Yes, Boss."

After Hugo left, he sent men to deliver the leather envelope to Derrick's office.

Derrick's secretary knocked on the door and informed him, "Mr. Hisson, there's a package for you."

After receiving it, Derrick waved her away. "You may leave."

"Right away." After turning around to leave, she closed the door behind her.

Staring at the package with unknown origins, Derrick remembered that he hadn't purchased anything online. Nonetheless, when it occurred to him that it might be a surprise sent by Tiffany, he broke into a subconscious smile and felt his exhaustion from work dissipate.

After opening the package, he furrowed his brows when he saw the leather envelope inside. Finally, he decided to unseal it to check.

The moment he saw the documents and pictures, Derrick's expression drastically changed, for he hadn't expected his mother to collaborate with an outsider to wreck his career.

Overwhelmed by a sense of bitterness, he could feel a knot in his heart. He couldn't believe that his mother had tried to ruin his recently established company for her own selfish reasons.

After rubbing the side of his head, he fell asleep on his desk due to the exhaustion from his busy schedule.

Meanwhile, Tiffany was received by his secretary when she arrived at his office with a home-cooked meal in hand.

"Lynn, is Derrick inside?" Tiffany asked.

Lynn nodded. "Did you bring him food again?"

"Yes, I prepared something for him, as I'm worried about him skipping meals due to work."

"Mr. Hisson is so lucky to have a girlfriend like you. Given that one of you is the company's boss and the other is the company's best-selling author, you will definitely be a power couple when you get married in the future."

Tiffany couldn't help but laugh before replying, "I'm heading in first. We'll chat again later."

"Go ahead."

Just when Tiffany was about to step into the office, Lynn reminded her, "Tiffany, I have to let you know that Mr. Hisson has been drinking a lot of coffee lately. In fact, he can even drink three cups in an hour. As his girlfriend, you had better advise him against it. Or else, his body might not be able to withstand the punishment."

With a darkening expression, Tiffany nodded. "I will."

When Tiffany knocked on the door and didn't get a response, she gently opened it and popped her head in. Upon seeing Derrick sleeping on his desk, her heart was instinctively filled with sympathy.

After entering his office, she gently closed the door behind her and crept up to his desk. Intending to tidy up his desk, she stumbled upon the documents and pictures on it. The moment she took a closer look, her limbs turned cold from the shocking revelation.

If it wasn't for her biting her lip desperately, she would have let out an uncontrollable scream, for an avalanche of emotions was raging within her.

Finally, she managed to calm herself down with sheer willpower alone.

Subsequently, she turned up the temperature of the air conditioning so that he wouldn't catch a cold.

After that, she arranged the documents and pictures back to how she had found them.

She then placed the lunch box she brought on the coffee table beside the couch before observing Derrick quietly. It was then that she realized his once flawless features were now replaced with dark rings around his eyes.

Filled with a sense of bitterness, she reached out to stroke his cheeks but didn't expect to have woken him.

After being jolted awake, Derrick looked warily at her. It wasn't until he was sure it was her that the piercing gaze in his eyes gradually turned into a gentle one.

Adjusting himself into an upright posture, he pulled her onto his lap and asked, "When did you arrive? Why didn't you wake me?"

"I couldn't bring myself to do so when I saw how drained you were. Are you hungry? I brought you some food. You can continue working after you finish eating."

"Sure." Derrick put her down. Just when he was about to get to his feet, he caught a glimpse of the photos on the table. With a darkened gaze, he asked calmly, "Tiff, have you already seen them?"

Turning around at the sound of his voice, she nodded when she saw him pointing at the table. "I have."

"What are your thoughts?"

"What are trying to tell me? Are you asking me whether I blame your mom? Or do you intend to tell me that those pictures are fake?" Tiffany threw the question back at him casually.

"Tiffany, don't behave that way. If you're really angry, you can just let me know instead of keeping it to yourself. As for this matter, I will definitely speak to my mom and won't allow you to suffer any injustice," Derrick promised as he pulled her into his embrace.

Leaning against his chest, Tiffany murmured pessimistically, "I have long suspected that Mrs. Hisson was behind the incident. It was just that I was worried about thinking the worst of her. However, the truth has clearly shown that my worst fears have come true."

"Tiff, don't be like that."

"Aren't you supposed to be hungry? Let's eat, for I'm so famished that I could eat a cow." Freeing herself from his embrace, Tiffany pretended to be at ease. "Derrick, come over here. I prepared the chicken soup that you have been craving the day before. I'm sure you will love it."

Left without a choice, Derrick walked over and took a seat. After serving him a portion and handing him the cutlery, she pointed at the food on the table and asked, "Are these dishes up to your taste?"

Derrick nodded. "I enjoy everything you cook."

"In that case, eat up. But before that, drink the soup first to improve your appetite."

Derrick complied obediently.

After both of them finished dinner in tense silence, Tiffany cleared the table without a word.

Derrick grabbed her wrist and suggested, "Tiff, let's talk."

Raising her gaze, Tiffany tried to sound relaxed. "I'll be going back first, as I still have to finish my writing. Whatever it is you want to discuss, let's just wait till you're home, all right?"

Faced with Tiffany's pleading eyes, Derrick couldn't bring himself to force the issue.

"In that case, be careful. We'll chat when I'm back."

Tiffany nodded.

After leaving with the lunch box and getting back into her car, Tiffany slumped in her seat as the emotions within her continued to rage.

How much does Kate hate me for her to not only destroy my reputation as a writer but also ruin her own son's career through collateral damage?

Unable to resist a wry laugh, Tiffany wiped her face to stop her tears from gushing out.

She was naturally unsettled by the fact that the Hissons didn't like her. At the same time, she feared that Derrick would end their relationship when he could no longer stand the pressure his family placed on him.

Letting out a gentle sigh, she could feel the turbulence in her mood.

With that, she started the car and drove home to sleep her troubles away.

Meanwhile, Derrick gave Kate a call and invited her out so that they could speak candidly.

As he pushed the leather envelope in Kate's direction, he demanded, "Mom, can you explain why you and the Adertons are gathered together?"

The moment Kate heard his question, she could guess the contents of the envelope.

"Derrick, did you have me investigated?"

"This wouldn't have happened if you did no wrong."

Kate stroked her own hair before declaring in an aloof tone, "I was the one who ordered the film crew be sabotaged."

"Mom, do you hate Tiff that much?"

"Yes, I unequivocally dislike her, while Crystal is the one I prefer. Although, I wouldn't object to other girls as long as they come from prominent families."

"Mom, by focusing on the girl's family background, you ignore all the sacrifices Tiff has made toward our relationship. All you care about is your own pride and have never given my happiness any thought. Do you even love me?" Derrick questioned his mother with an equivalent amount of fervor.

Jolted by this words, Kate had a sudden realization.

"Mom, can't you accept her just for my sake?"

After regaining her senses, Kate's gaze grew icier.

"Derrick, it's clear to me that we can never reach a consensus on this matter. Therefore, either you give up your inheritance, marry her, and disavow me as your mother, or leave her and return to the Hisson family."

"Mom, you know that I don't care about the position of heir to the family. Or else, I wouldn't have started the publishing company by myself. I want to rely on my own capabilities to build my company into one of the top ten in the nation."

"I trust that you have the ability to do so, and I have always been proud of you. Also, I'm well aware of how ambitious you are. With the help of the Hisson family, you can definitely soar to greater heights. Without it, you might still be able to reach where you want to, but you would have wasted a lot more time. Since the achievements are the same, why don't you choose the path of least resistance?"

"Mom, I relish the challenges I face."

Kate was stumped.

After fiddling with her exquisitely-manicured fingernails, she suggested in a wavering tone, "Derrick, since it isn't easy to see you nowadays, why don't you join me for a meal?"

Derrick didn't refuse. After ordering some food, he even ate alongside her.

After their meal, Derrick warned, "Mom, please stop sabotaging the filming of the novel adaption. Or else, I'll consider giving up my inheritance. If it comes to that, you and Dad will lose everything."

"Are you threatening me?"

"No, I'm just securing more freedom for Tiff and I."

"What if I insist?"

"I'll personally talk to Grandpa. If I can't sway you, I'm sure Grandpa can."

"Well played. It looks like you're willing to disregard me for the sake of that woman," Kate sneered. "I will not interfere, but she will never gain my approval. As long as you marry her, I'll think of thousands of ways to torment her so that she will be forced to leave."

Derrick's expression drastically changed as he gazed intensely at Kate, for he knew that she was more than prepared to carry out her threats.

After a short deliberation, Derrick got to his feet and bowed solemnly. With a grim voice, he pleaded, "Mom, I beg you to give my relationship some breathing space. I'm sure you don't want to push me away."

"B*stard!" Kate slammed the table as she sprang to her feet. Outraged, her chest was heaving from her raging emotions. "Are you truly going to turn your back on your family for the sake of a girl?"

"If you don't want to see me do that, you should at least be a more supportive elder." Derrick's tone was filled with conviction.

Kate was so infuriated that her heart began to hurt.

When she held onto her chest, Derrick quickly realized what was going on.

Panicking, he hurried over and helped her to her seat before pouring her a cup of water. "Mom, drink this. You'll feel better."

After having a drink, Kate finally calmed down. However, she raised her hand to push Derrick aside and grumbled, "Since my own son doesn't care about me, I would be better off dead."

An impatient glint flashed in Derrick's eye.

"Mom, can we stop this nonsense?"

Just when Kate held her chest with her hand again, she heard a sudden thud. When she turned to look, she realized that her son was already kneeling in front of her.

A conflicted look suddenly descended upon her eyes.

"Mom, I beg you, don't hate Tiff, for I truly love her. If you intend of forcing me to leave her by leveraging your health, there's no way I could disobey. However, I would never marry or have children for the rest of my life."

Giving him a complicated look, Kate murmured, "Must it only be her?"

As Kate's body shuddered, an overwhelming sense of fatigue set upon her. Letting out a sigh, she added, "Everything I have done throughout the years is just so that I can give you the best. However, I didn't expect to be resented by you for it. Whatever. I don't want you to hate me for the rest of my life anyway. I will allow you to marry her if she can prove that she is worthy of you."

Derrick's eye suddenly lit up in delight as he hadn't expected his mother to give in this easily.

"Mom, does this mean you approve?"

"What else can I do? You're already on your knees, and I don't want to lose you as a son. Hence, I have no choice but to compromise."

Upon getting back up, Derrick gave her a warm hug.

"Mom, thank you."

Kate patted him on his shoulders and replied softly, "All that matters is that you're happy."

Now that mother and son came to a consensus, Derrick took his leave. "Mom, I have to go as I still have a meeting in the afternoon."

Kate nodded in acknowledgment.

After both of them left the restaurant, Kate wrapped her shawl around her shoulders.

"Derrick, you should go ahead, as I still want to take a walk."

"Mom, will you be fine alone?"

"I'm not a three-year-old."

Consequently, Derrick had no choice but to leave.

Once he was gone, an insidious expression took over Kate's face as she gave June a call.

Once it connected, she said, "June, our plan had been disrupted. You're on your own now. I'm no longer doing this with you."

With that, she ended the call without giving June an opportunity to explain.

Staring at his phone, June suddenly felt lost. When he tried to call back, no one answered. Upon trying again, he was informed the phone had been turned off.

As a result, he broke into a devious smile. "Mrs. Hisson, after choosing to play this game, it's not going to be easy for you to quit. It will end only when I say so. Until then, there's no way you can leave."

Getting to his feet, June grabbed his jacket before leaving his office.

After he got into his car, he used the GPS tracker he installed on Kate's phone to quickly locate her.

When Kate saw him appear all of a sudden, she was stunned. Subsequently, her expression drastically changed when it occurred to her that he had sent men to follow her.

"Mr. Wick, isn't trust the most important factor of our alliance? By having someone watch me, that's really unbecoming of you," Kate admonished him.

June replied in a chivalric tone, "Mrs. Hisson, please don't misunderstand. I just happened to be nearby when I received your call. Since our alliance has worked well, I think you owe me an explanation."

"Mr. Wick, there's such a thing as too much of a coincidence."

"In that case, I can only blame it on fate."

Narrowing her gaze, Kate was well aware that June wasn't someone to be trifled with.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 643

Chapter 643 She Is Perfect

"Mrs. Hisson, let's find a place where we can sit down and chat," June invited.

When June called her bodyguards stationed nearby, a group of five to six men appeared out of nowhere and swiftly walked to her side. Thrusting her chin in the air, she replied, "Mr. Wick, I'm sorry. I have suddenly lost interest in your devious games. I have to go shopping instead, bye."

As Kate turned and left under the heavy escort of her bodyguards, she looked just like a noble queen.

Watching how Kate disrespected him, June's interest was piqued. It turns out that Chanaeans don't keep their words at all. Not too long ago, we were the best of partners. However, all it took was a few seconds for us to turn into enemies. Interesting! Interesting, indeed!

Falling into a foul mood, June clenched his fists so hard that his knuckles began to crack.

Nevertheless, he quickly got a grip of his own emotions. After getting into his car and driving off, he stopped in front of a florist.

"Mister, may I know what kind of flowers you are looking for?" the owner inquired cordially after approaching him.

"Do you have any white tulips?" June asked.

"We do." The owner handed June one to sniff. After that, June nodded and ordered, "Give me eleven stalks, and wrap them up nicely."

"Sure." After bringing out eleven white tulips, the owner had them all packed for June in about ten minutes. He asked with a smile, "Mister, is there anything else you need? Such as roses, or perhaps, tulips of other shades? If you're giving them to your girlfriend, I'm sure that she will like roses a lot."

June broke into a smile before turning on his manly charm. "No, to me, roses are the most vulgar flowers of all. Girls should only receive white tulips or orchids, which symbolize purity and innocence, just like a white piece of paper."

At that moment, the store owner was mesmerized by his smile.

By the time she regained her senses, June had already left.

After that, he arrived at the ground floor of Amelia's office in his car.

Just when Amelia was discussing with Shane the concerns their client had with the blueprints, a knock rang out from the door.

The secretary informed him, "Mr. Franklin, Mr. Wick is here."

Pausing their discussion, Shane raised his voice, "Get him to come in."

With that, she explained to Amelia, "June is here. If you don't want to see him, you can leave first."

When Amelia got to her feet, she heard the doorknob turn. Shrugging her shoulders, she commented, "Looks like I'm going nowhere for the time being."

Even though she didn't like seeing June, she had always been professional and wouldn't let her personal feelings affect her work.

Upon entering the office, June closed the door behind him before swiftly walking toward Amelia. He declared with a smile, "Only tulips are worthy of a beauty like you."

Looking at the white tulips raised in front of her, she knew exactly what they meant. The flowers symbolized purity, while eleven of them indicated his devotion to her. She was clearly aware that June was telling her about how pure she was and conveying the fact that he was willing to give her an equally immaculate relationship.

Given that he is openly pursuing me despite the fact that I'm married with kids, I can't help but suspect that he has ulterior motives. There's no way I can admire such a crafty man.

"Mr. Wick, thank you for the flowers, but I'm allergic to them. I'm sorry," Amelia rejected them at once.

June raised his brow with a smile. "Is that so? In that case, I'm truly sorry. Nevertheless, I still feel that the white tulips, which symbolize purity and devotion, represent the epitome of

who you are. Just like an angel who descended from heaven, your beauty isn't of this world. Any man who could have you would be considered the luckiest one on Earth."

Amelia forced a cursory laugh.

At that moment, Shane walked up and extended his hand to June, slickly defusing Amelia's awkwardness.

"June, what brings you here today?" Shane asked.

"Mr. Franklin, my team and I have gone through the proposal you sent and find it to be comprehensive. Therefore, I plan to collaborate with you on the condition that Amelia acts as a translator for me. Considering this is work, I'm sure she won't let her personal reasons get in the way," June answered as he gave Amelia a discreet glance.

Shane replied with a smile, "June, we have employees who major in Erihalese, Remdikien, and Ferropenian too. All of them have gone through vigorous exams overseas and specialize in translation. Thus, I can arrange for them to be your translator."

"I just prefer Amelia, Mr. Franklin. Don't worry, I'm only interested in her abilities and nothing else. As a gentleman, I'll never force her to do anything against her will," June asserted with a serious expression.

Briefly stunned, Shane continued with a smile, "June, you enjoy pulling our legs, don't you?"

Smiling in return, his eyes fell upon Amelia.

Interrupting June's line of sight discreetly, Shane added, "Let's have a seat over there to discuss our collaboration." At the same time, he instructed, "Amelia, you should get back to work. As for the draft, just make the changes according to the client's specifications, and it'll be perfect."

Amelia nodded at both men. "I'll be taking my leave."

Just when she walked to the door, June's voice rang out. "Amelia, you should give the matter proper consideration and draw the line between your professional and private life. I believe it's not your intention to let your personal reasons hold back the company's progress."

Amelia turned around and replied cordially, "Relax, Mr. Wick. As long as Mr. Franklin assigns me the task, I'll not decline it."

With that, she opened the door and left.

When June broke into an intriguing smile, Shane threw him a glance as his eyes glistened grimly. Nevertheless, he quickly suppressed the emotions that were welling up within him.

"Mr. Franklin, I wonder if you have made a decision with regards to my request for Amelia to act as my translator?"

"June, I'm sorry, but I'm unable to give in to your request. When Mr. Clinton agreed to let Amelia work here, he had done so with the condition that she does nothing else other than design. Besides, she isn't a professional translator. Thus, it's inevitable that she will make mistakes. Why don't I arrange for a few professional translators instead, and we can leave Amelia out of it. After all, I can't afford to offend Mr. Clinton."

"Are you saying that you rather offend the Adertons?"

After giving him a look, Shane broke into a wry smile.

"June, I'm truly sorry. Even though the Adertons are a distinguished family, they are still based overseas, unlike the Clinton family who reigns in Tayhaven. Therefore, I cannot afford to get on Mr. Clinton's nerves or I will lose everything and be thrown onto the street like a beggar." Despite the smile on his face, Shane expressed his stance firmly.

"In that case, I presume you have made your decision?"

"I'm sorry, June."

June clapped his hand and smiled. "Mr. Franklin, you truly are a straightforward person, and I like that. If you had forced your employee to entertain your clients just to protect your own interest, I would have rescinded my offer to work with you. Since you have proven yourself to be someone principled from this test, I have decided to collaborate with your company. In fact, I have even brought the contract, and all we have to do is sign it."

Shane was dumbstruck by the sudden turn of events.

Despite cursing in his heart, Shane signed the contract. At the same time, he didn't expect June to have signed the contract in such a haphazard situation, for the usual protocol was to have many other high-ranking employees present. Furthermore, both sides would have gone through tough negotiations to arrive at that price that was the most beneficial to them. Consequently, Shane was delighted by how easygoing June was. Even if there were terms in the contract that were unfavorable to him, he wasn't bothered as he put his signature down.

Considering the way he manages his company, I'm not sure if he is truly serious or just doing it for fun because his family is rich. Hopefully, it's the former.

At that moment, Shane began to doubt June's capability at work.

When June got up from the couch, Shane did the same out of courtesy.

June extended his hand and remarked, "Mr. Franklin, I'm delighted that my first partnership in Chanaea is with your company. I do hope that you will put your best foot forward when it comes to our project."

Taking his hand to shake, Shane replied in a professional tone, "June, we have long heard of the Adertons but never had the opportunity to work together. Thus, it is an honor for our company to have officially started this partnership with you. As a result, we will definitely go above and beyond to make this project a success."

"I look forward to it."

As both men locked gazes, both of them saw in each other's eyes the desire to secure the project.

After signing the contract, they put work aside and began making small talk.

"Mr. Franklin, do you mind if I ask you a personal question?"

"Go ahead."

"I heard that you knew Amelia before this, is that true?"

Nodding, Shane replied candidly, "We went to the same university."

“Good! It seems that you and her share a deep bond which I’m envious of. Considering how wonderful she is, why didn’t you pursue her back then?” June gave Shane a curious look.

“She deserves better.”

“No, no, Mr. Franklin. I don’t like it when you’re putting yourself down. If you truly fancy a girl, you should go all out to court her, just like me. The very first time I laid eyes on her, I could sense that she was a cut above the rest. Therefore, I had no qualms about using the Adertons influence to move to Chanaea. My sole purpose is to get her to go back with me.”

At that moment, Shane’s eyes were filled with scorn and wariness.

Even though he didn’t appreciate June’s aggressive attitude, he wasn’t powerful enough to afford to fall out with the latter.

“June, you have got to be kidding me, for Amelia is already married. In Chanaea, coveting someone else’s wife is generally frowned upon. Given the innumerable beauties out there, I’m sure you won’t have any trouble finding a partner given your looks and family background. Hence, what’s the point in being stubbornly fixated on a married woman?”

“No, No, you don’t understand. Amelia is just so gorgeous that she deserves better.” June put on a swooning expression, but only he knew how much of it was sincere.

By then, the way Shane looked at him gradually grew colder as the initial enthusiasm he felt began to dissipate.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 644

Chapter 644 Stephanie Is Finally Getting Married

After walking June out, Shane returned to his office. When it was time to get off work, he went to the design department, where the employees who were busy packing greeted him one by one.

“You guys should go on ahead and be careful on your way home,” Shane reminded them, just like a caring boss.

“Sure, Mr. Franklin.”

Instead of leaving like the rest of her colleagues, Rory snuck to Amelia’s side. She had hoped to advance her career by making a good impression on Shane.

Despite having worked in the company for almost a year, Rory had failed to learn that she needed to demonstrate her capability at work to get herself promoted, while leveraging her looks to achieve the same was nothing but a pipe dream.

Furthermore, she wasn’t aware of how annoying she was when she tried too hard to make an impression.



Oblivious to Rory’s presence, Shane asked Amelia, “Amelia, are you going off?”

Amelia nodded.

When some of the staff walked out of the design department, Shane instructed Rory candidly, “Rory, you should head home first. I have something to discuss with Amelia.”

Rory nodded.

“Mr. Franklin, Amelia, I’m going off now.” With her bag slung over her shoulder, she strutted off in her heels with an upright posture. Despite her confident-looking silhouette, a gloomy expression descended upon her face.

Shane then turned his attention toward Jolin, who was standing guard behind Amelia. “Jolin, can I trouble you to walk in front, as I need to talk to Amelia?”

Jolin gave him the side-eye before looking at Amelia for her approval.

Feeling nonplussed, Amelia responded, “Jolin, please do as he requests.”

After giving Shane a look, Jolin complied in silence.

Shane scratched his nose awkwardly.

"Please don't mind Jolin, she's just watching out for me."

"I'm not having any wild ideas. After all, there's no way I would dare do anything to someone sent by Mr. Clinton."

Amelia couldn't hold back her laughter.

Subsequently, she brought them back to the topic at hand. "Shane, what is it that you wanted to speak to me about?"

With his hands behind his back, Shane pondered a moment before relating, "What do you think about June's proposal that you be his translator?"

As the smile on her face faded, Amelia looked up at him and replied in a professional tone, "Mr. Franklin, are you asking me to accept the task?"

Glancing at her, Shane chuckled.

"It was just a casual remark. I didn't expect to have angered you."

Amelia sighed in resignation. "Shane, as you can see for yourself, that man harbors ulterior motives against me. Even then, do you still insist that I be his translator? Professionally, there's no reason for me to turn you down. But personally, I don't want to have any interaction with him."

Suddenly, Shane couldn't help himself but stroke her head. When Amelia was taken aback, he regained his senses and retracted his hand awkwardly.

"You looked so adorable just a moment ago, that I couldn't help but think back to the time when we were in university. Back then, it was a habit of yours to make that expression. When I saw it just now, I felt as if I had been brought back in time to the carefree days of our youth," Shane explained nostalgically.

Amelia squirmed her lips in response. I was obviously sighing. By claiming that I looked cute just like in my university days, that's nothing but bullsh*t.

"Shane, you have become more mischievous." Amelia rolled her eyes before adding, "I'm taking my leave now. You should resolve with June whatever it is between the both of you. If you really need me to be his translator, I'll accept it too. Bye."

Looking at Amelia, who was under Jolin's watchful eye, Shane didn't know how to react. He explained, "Amelia, I'm not joking. I have signed the contract with June, and he has also agreed that you don't have to be his translator."

"What translator?" Jolin asked.

Shane scratched his nose awkwardly again and smiled. "Jolin, even though I'm your boss, why do I get the feeling that I'm your subordinate?"

Jolin raised her brow. "Mr. Franklin, you can raise the matter with my real boss."

"I wouldn't dare."

Jolin lifted her brow again and pressed on, "Come on, spit it out. Is that foreigner plotting to get close to Mrs. Clinton again? The next time he comes, I don't mind beating the crap out of him."

Shane's lips twitched in response.

"Jolin, remember, you're still a girl. Hence, you should be more reserved and lady-like when you speak, do you understand?"

"Mr. Franklin, I don't mind demonstrating to you how hard-hitting my fists can be."

Shane was stumped.

Amelia reprimanded her, "Jolin, mind your manners."

Only then did she squirm her lips.

"Mrs. Clinton, let's go. It seems someone is getting way over his head just because he's a small-time general manager. I don't mind letting the boss know so that this someone understands his place." Jolin's snipe was filled with sarcasm.

Amelia gave Shane an apologetic look. "Shane, Jolin just likes to speak her mind. Please don't mind her. Anyway, I gotta go."

Shane acknowledged with a grin, "Let's head down together."

After Amelia nodded, the three of them went downstairs in silence.

Upon exiting the building Shane took his leave. "Amelia, I'm going off now."

She replied, "Watch yourself."

Shane nodded before driving off in his car.

Subsequently, Amelia's expression darkened.

"Jolin, you were being rude a moment ago. Don't do it next time," Amelia admonished her.

"Mrs. Clinton, I'll never show any respect to whomever that threatens your life or your interests. In fact, I had already gone out of my way to be polite to him."

Amelia looked on helplessly.

"Mrs. Clinton, I'm sorry that my attitude has put you in a spot. However, I'm your bodyguard, and it's my responsibility to ensure that you're always protected. If Shane betrays you for the sake of work, I'll definitely report it to Boss. As to what Boss does to him, I have no right to interfere," Jolin asserted with a serious face.

Just when Amelia didn't press the matter, Oscar happened to arrive.

Amelia reminded Jolin softly, "Don't tell Oscar about the company's collaboration with June. After all, work in work. I don't want my private affairs to get in the way of the company's operations."

"Yes, Mrs. Clinton. My duty is to protect you. As long as your life isn't threatened, please rest assured that I won't report anything to Boss."

Amelia nodded in acknowledgment.

Upon getting into Oscar's car, she gave him a peck on his cheek. "Let's go. I'm so famished that I could eat a cow."

Oscar tousled her hair affectionately. "Did you not have lunch?"

“The food at work isn’t appetizing at all. All I’m looking forward to is the three of us sharing a meal together.”

“You’re getting better at sweet talking, but I like this side of you.”

After Oscar drove her home, the three of them enjoyed a scrumptious meal prepared by Molly. Amelia then took Tony upstairs to shower before telling him a bedtime story and tucking him into bed.

Just like that, her day passed uneventfully other than the encounter with June.

In the blink of an eye, Stephanie and Noah’s wedding day arrived.

Two days before the wedding, Amelia was looking at the gown that had been delivered by the tailor. She asked, “Oscar, are we really not going to tell Stephanie about Noah’s affair? After all, she’s your only sibling. If her marriage doesn’t work out, your parents will be devastated.”

Oscar hugged her from behind and licked her ear lobes. “When did you start caring about her?”

Amelia leaned against his chest and explained, “It’s not about that. I’m just worried that you will end up regretting it. At the end of the day, she’s still your sister. If anything untoward happens to her, I don’t want you blaming me for not pointing it out to you.”

When Oscar let out a hearty laugh, it sounded especially mellifluous.

“Silly gal, all this is part of a trap that I’ve laid and she is walking straight into it. When she does, she’ll be the one to decide whether her marriage will be a happy one. If she is sensible and plays the role of a wife, daughter-in-law, and mother well, I’m sure Noah would treat her fine out of respect for the Clinton family. Otherwise, she would just end up wallowing in misery. At the same time, I want her to learn that not everyone has the same amount of patience with her as the Clintons,” Oscar explained with a glint in his eye.

“Isn’t it cruel to gamble on the outcome of her marriage?”

“Your heart has really softened, hasn’t it?”

“No, it’s not that. This is your sister we’re talking about,” Amelia remarked matter-of-factly. “I don’t want to see you have a hand in harming your own sibling.”

Warmed by her concern, Oscar felt a greater urge to protect his kind hearted wife.

“You silly woman, don’t worry. I know what I’m doing.” Oscar murmured, “Besides, both of them seem to be cut from the same cloth. In fact, if you reveal it to her now, she might even think that you’re trying to sow discord. Therefore, she will need to suffer and hopefully learn how to grow up. When that happens, I’ll lend her a hand on the account that she’s my sister. Or else, she will end up ruining her own life.”

Given what he said, Amelia had nothing to add.

In truth, she was only raising her concern out of courtesy, for she obviously didn’t harbor any sympathy for Stephanie after all the terrible things the latter did to her. Furthermore, the best she could do was maintain a fragile peace on the surface. Anything more than that was just a bridge too far.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 645

Chapter 645 Amazing Acting Skills

The wedding was naturally a grand event since a daughter of the Clintons was getting married. Titans of every industry and those from distinguished families were all invited. In fact, the Clintons were the official hosts of the wedding banquet. Even though the Walker family had their objections, they had no choice but to swallow them in the face of the Clintons’ pressure.

Due to the fact that the Clintons were the main organizers, Stephanie asserted her authority by ordering the Walkers around. Her domineering behavior naturally caused much angst among them. In spite of that, no one dared to challenge her out of respect for the Clintons, causing her to smugly believe that all of them feared her.

When Stephanie was called away by the makeup artist to freshen up her makeup, Rachel wrinkled her pointy nose and whispered, “Mom, Stephanie is behaving in such an overbearing manner that it’s just immensely rude. Is she really fit to be a daughter-in-law of the Walker family? Considering Noah’s gentle character, wouldn’t he be bullied by that shrew after getting married?”

Isabella threw Rachel a contemptuous glance. All this while, she never had a good opinion of the latter and felt that Rachel was of no use to the Walker family. In fact, pretending to be demure was the only thing Rachel knew. In spite of that, the Walker family treasured her and protected her from the outside world. Being overprotective as if she was an innocent fool made Isabella quick to temper.

“Rachel, don’t forget that Stephanie is your future sister-in-law. How can you still be gossiping about her when she’s about to be married into the family? Don’t you want your brother to be happily married and have children? Even though Noah dotes on you, can’t you be less selfish for once?” Isabella sneered with her arms folded.

Infuriated, Rachel turned red in anger.

“Isabella, I just want the best for Noah too. I hope that he can marry a kind woman that actually loves him,” Rachel commented.

Snorting in response, Isabella doubted the sincerity of her sister’s words. Is she playing the victim card again? What a useless person she is, and no different from a coward.

Carol’s expression darkened. “Isabella, stop reprimanding your sister, for she is just concerned for the family. Stephanie has indeed gone overboard today, and I will need to put her in her place when she marries into our family. If she doesn’t know how to show any respect, how is she going to help Noah run the company?”

Isabella’s eyes flashed with disdain. Stephanie only knows how to enjoy herself and is clueless when it comes to doing work. In fact, given how spendthrift she is, she would definitely kick up a fuss when she realizes that the Walker family isn’t as rich as she thought. When the drama begins, I wouldn’t mind adding fuel to fire. By escalating the turmoil within the Walker family, I will have more opportunities to see Oscar. Mom, Dad, it’s every woman for herself, so please don’t blame me for my methods.

Meanwhile, Carol had no idea what was going through Isabella’s mind, as she was praying hard that the wedding would proceed without incident.

“Isabella, have you taken care of Noah’s girl? Make sure she doesn’t appear and cause any trouble,” Carol reminded with a frown.

Squirming her lips, she replied, "Mom, you know how much Noah doesn't like me interacting with her, as if I would skin her alive. Instead, Rachel enjoys a better relationship with her, so why don't you ask Rachel instead?"

Carol turned to Rachel and asked, "Rachel, do you know where Noah has hidden her?"

Rachel shook her head and replied, "It's been a long time since I saw her, and I have no idea where Noah has settled her too."

A grim expression descended upon Carol's face. "Rachel, remember, Stephanie is your future sister-in-law. Therefore, you have to mind your speech to avoid unnecessary conflict. Even though we spoil you, you should still learn how to behave sensibly, all right?"

Rachel too wasn't someone easy to read. Despite her easy going demeanor, she definitely wasn't as naive as an ordinary girl. After all, she had been raised in a rich and prominent family.

Therefore, no one else but her knew what was truly going on in her mind.

"I understand, Mom," Rachel replied obediently.

Isabella snorted as scorn flashed in her eyes.

The moment the wedding began, Carol adjusted her hair and instructed, "Let's head out now. Since we're the hosts today, we cannot allow the Clintons to steal the show."

Isabella and Rachel nodded in unison.

The moment the trio stepped out, they saw the entire floor filled with guests. The men were in sharp suits and leather shoes, while the ladies were dressed to the nines in their gowns. With heavy makeup on, all of them simply looked stunning.

Meanwhile, Stephanie was wearing a white wedding dress as she held Noah's hand. Together, they were chatting happily with the guests alongside Olivia and Owen.

"Francis, I'm glad that you and your wife could make it to my daughter's wedding. Let me introduce you, this is Noah of Walker Group. Going forward, please give him your support. Or else, you will be hearing from me," Olivia remarked gleefully.

“Olivia, you’re being too modest. With the Clinton family’s support, there’s no need for the Manly family to intervene at all. But since you have brought the matter up, I will definitely do my best to help. Nevertheless, I’ve recently heard that a Walker family had suffered a huge loss in one of their projects. Obviously, it might not be the same Walker family, as one who could become the son-in-law of the Clintons must be a cut above the rest,” Francis spoke candidly. Patting Noah on his back, he added, “Young man, you look like someone capable. However, you could use some exercise, as looking too gentle isn’t good.”

Unoffended by the comment, Olivia explained, “Noah, Mr. Manly used to be in the army when he was young. In fact, he was in the special forces by the time he retired and went into business. He’s extremely smart and has businesses based in Beshya and Saspiuburg. In Tayhaven, his investments largely revolve around building materials. Nonetheless, he is also a well-known figure in the IT industry. Therefore, if you need any help, feel free to reach out to him.”

Without a change in his expression, Noah broke into a gentle smile. “Mr. Manly, Mrs. Manly, it’s an honor to meet you.”

Francis replied, “Let’s dispense with the formalities, as I have watched Stephanie grow up. As long as you treat her well, I’ll definitely do my best to support you.”

Squirming her lips, Stephanie purred like a little girl, “Mr. Manly, you have been so busy that it has been years since I last saw you. Instead, the first thing you talk about is business. I get the feeling that you don’t care about me anymore.”

Widening his eyes, Francis burst into hearty laughter.

“Olivia, it seems that your girl is all grown up and has learned how to negotiate. Given how sharp her tongue is now, I don’t think I’m her match anymore.”

Olivia chuckled in response.

“By the way, where’s Oscar? Why isn’t he here?” Francis asked as he scanned the surroundings.

“Tony had a stomachache yesterday from overeating. Thus, they’ll probably join us a little later.” Just as Olivia spoke, Oscar, who was carrying Tony, walked over with Amelia.

Olivia beamed. “Speak of the devil.”

With a distant yet respectful tone, Oscar greeted, "Hello Mr. Manly, it's a surprise to see you here. I thought that you were on a business trip overseas."

Francis was attracted by how cute Tony looked. Upon hearing Oscar's words, he threw an ungracious punch at him. "You rascal, just because I have been busy running my business over the last few years, you have grown daring enough to make jabs at me. If not for the wedding today, I would definitely take time out to spar with you and check whether your skills have deteriorated."

"You're most welcome to do that. In fact, I was hoping that you wouldn't lose too badly to me." Curling the corners of his lips, Oscar had learned how to banter.

"Since when did you learn to crack a joke at my expense?"

"Enough, both of you should stop messing around. With so many distinguished guests around, you shouldn't embarrass yourselves," Francis' wife commented.

Laughing in response, Olivia instructed the wedding couple, "Noah, Stephanie, both of you should go on and entertain the other guests while I catch up with Mr. and Mrs. Manly."

After acknowledging her with a nod, Noah led Stephanie to join the other guests for a toast.

After the Clinton and Manly families chatted happily for half an hour, all the guests were gradually seated while the groom and bride were standing on stage.

After the host was finished with his welcome speech, the wedding couple took their vows.

Staring into Stephanie's eyes, Noah declared sincerely, "Stephanie, from the first time I saw you, I knew that you were different from every other girl. It was love at first sight given how gorgeous you were. Before meeting you, I never believed in such a thing and felt that it was an idea for fools. But after meeting you, I felt as if my being was finally complete..."

While Noah was affirming his love, Amelia, who was listening amongst the audience, couldn't resist whispering, "Oscar, if not for the fact that I know his true colors, even I would have been taken in by his words. I think your sister has finally met a man who can tolerate her bad temper. When he puts on his act, no one can tell that he is pretending at all."

In truth, Noah's acting skill was the gold standard for every actor. Therefore, Amelia felt that everyone within the entertainment industry could take a leaf out of Noah's book on how he could act so convincingly.

Furthermore, she couldn't help but feel that he was a terrifying person for his ability to have women eating out of his hands. To her, a man who manipulated women with hypocrisy was the ultimate jerk.

Consequently, she felt that her relationship with Oscar was an honest one. Compared to how fake Noah was, Oscar was a true gentleman. Even though he was extremely crafty in the business world, the opposite was true when it came to their relationship. He was forthright with his feelings and never deceived her at all.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 646

Chapter 646 No Peace On His Wedding Night

"Oscar, as compared to Noah, you're definitely a gentleman. At least, you have never toyed with a woman's feelings before. Even with our situation at the beginning, we were both consenting parties, and we both got what we wanted. As such, neither of us owed each other anything," Amelia said, feeling emotional.

"Mommy, I want to eat that shrimp." Suddenly, Tony's crisp voice interrupted Amelia.

Amelia smiled and took a few pieces of shrimp for the boy.

Just then, Oscar's phone buzzed. He looked at the screen and saw that it was a message from Hugo.

When he opened the message, the man could not help but smile.

"What is it?"

PlayvolumeAd

Oscar passed the phone to Amelia, and when Amelia read the message, her expression changed slightly.

"Is that woman coming?" Amelia asked.

"Do you want to watch a show?" Oscar replied placidly.

Amelia looked at the crowd who seemed to be having a great time. The wedding guests were all reputable people who belonged to the upper echelon of the society. If Noah's mistress appeared and made a scene, not only would the Walker family be humiliated, the Clintons would also become a laughing stock.

"Oscar, everyone here are influential and prominent people. I think it's better that you get someone to stop her. If she comes and kicks up a fuss, it wouldn't look good on both families." Amelia merely stated the facts.

"Sure. I'll listen to you," Oscar replied with a smile.

He picked up his phone and made a call to Hugo, asking him to stop that woman. However, he gave instructions to not let the woman go as he had other plans.

After the man hung up, he saw Amelia looking at him.

"What's up? Why are you looking at me like that?" Oscar asked smilingly.

"If I had not said anything, would you really have allowed that woman to come and create trouble?" Amelia asked after a moment of contemplation.

Oscar cocked his brows and replied in a playful tone, "Wouldn't it be interesting if she came and stirred up some trouble?"

"Interesting?"

Oscar let out a deep, hearty laughter and tousled his wife's hair. "Silly girl, I was just joking. Do you really think I would risk our Clinton family's reputation?"

Amelia rolled her eyes at the man when she heard that.

After the wedding, when members of both the Walker family and Clinton family were sending off their guests, Oscar walked past Noah and said intentionally, "Noah, I guess Emma would be really happy to be here at your wedding."

After saying that, Oscar acted as if nothing had happened and continued sending off the guests with Amelia and Anthony.

Meanwhile, all color had drained from Noah's face as he started to panic.

Stephanie walked over after chatting with her friends and noticed the odd expression on her husband's face. An annoyed glint flashed past her eye as she said, "Noah, what's wrong? You seem to be acting strange the entire day. Are you regretting marrying me?"

Noah snapped back of his daze and smiled gently at the woman. "Silly girl, why would you say something like that? I've already promised to love you for the rest of our lives in front of everyone. If you say such things again next time, I'm gonna punish you."

He slapped his wife's bottom after saying that. A blush spread across Stephanie's cheeks as the man did that.

With her face flushed red, the woman took a side glance at Noah and noticed that his expression had returned to normal.

"I'll let you off this time. Let's go and send our guests off. You'll have to serve me well tonight."

"Sure, I'm more than happy to do that. You will always be the apple of my eye, silly girl." Although Noah was saying sweet nothings to her, if Stephanie were more observant, she would have noticed that there wasn't any warmth in his eyes.

After all the guests had finally left, Olivia said, "Stephanie, you're already someone's wife now and a member of the Walker family. In the future, you have to be filial to your in-laws and treat your husband with respect. You can't continue being so willful anymore, understand?"

Hearing that, Stephanie suddenly felt slightly reluctant to leave her mother. Hugging Olivia tightly, she said sincerely, "Mom, I'm married now. When I'm not at home, you need to take care of yourself and eat your meals regularly. The Walker residence is not that far away from our house. I'll come back and visit you whenever I have time."

Olivia could not bear to see her daughter leave as well. After all, Stephanie was her only daughter whom she had doted on since the girl was born. As such, she could not help but feel emotional now that her daughter had become someone else's wife. In fact, she was

having mixed feelings. On one hand, she was happy that her girl was married, on the other hand, she was worried that Stephanie would get into trouble at the Walker residence due to her ignorance and stubbornness.

"All right. You shouldn't be crying on your big day. Enjoy the night with Noah and get ready for your honeymoon tomorrow," Olivia said.

Stephanie nodded.

Noah and Stephanie headed to the presidential suite of the hotel, where they would be spending their wedding night.

Members of the Walker family and Clinton family left after that.

In the car, Amelia was carrying Tony in her arms, and the boy was sound asleep. "Did you mention that woman to Noah just now?" she asked.

"Yup."

"I'm surprised he's still able to keep his cool. Even after marrying the daughter of the Clinton family, he's still not willing to break up with the other woman. I can't believe how greedy he is, wanting to have his cake and eat it too."

Oscar sneered and replied, "He will have to bear the consequences for two-timing sooner or later. Since he had chosen to disrespect our Clinton family, I shall play along with him. The feeling of losing what we once had is always worse than not having it at all."

Smiling subtly, Amelia replied, "Oscar, you're a scary man indeed. I'm so glad that I'm not your enemy. Otherwise, I'm sure I would walk into your trap and can only await my doom."

"If you were my enemy, I would happily and willingly walk into any trap you set for me." Oscar reached out and caressed the woman's cheek.

It sounded so much like a confession, and Amelia could not help but chuckle.

"How are you going to deal with that woman?" Amelia asked curiously.

"I'm not really going to do anything to her. I was just intending to lock her up for a few days and play some hide-and-seek with her. I've already gotten someone to keep an eye on Noah and take photos of him. I'll show you once we have them."

"Oscar, you're so bad."

"I'm only bad to others. You're the only person I'm good to."

Amelia leaned softly into the man's arms.

Oscar wrapped his arms around the woman's waist, embracing both Amelia and their son. At that moment, he felt as if he possessed the most precious treasures in the world.

While the two lovebirds were having an intimate moment in the car, Noah was having a headache thinking about how to handle Emma while at the same time, having to manage Stephanie.

Just then, Stephanie wrapped her arms around the man's neck from the back. Tracing her fingers across his chest, the woman said gently, "Noah, we are finally married today. Are you happy?"

Noah had a way with women, knowing how to please them. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to win over Stephanie in just two years' time when circumstances were not in his favor. Even though Stephanie used to detest the man, she fell in love with him gradually and was very possessive of him.

Perhaps because of love, Stephanie was no longer as aggressive as before and had even stopped creating trouble for Amelia.

Noah lowered his head to plant a kiss on his wife's lips before saying in a gentle tone, "Why don't you shower first? I've prepared a surprise for you. You'll definitely like it."

"Let's shower together."

"You go ahead first. I need to prepare for the surprise. Be good."

"All right. I'll let you off on account of the fact that you have a surprise for me."

Right after Stephanie took her clothes and entered the bathroom, Noah walked to the balcony and took out his phone.

When the first call he made did not go through, he made a second call.

After someone picked up, he asked, "Where's Emma?"

An anxious woman's voice rang out on the other side of the phone. "Noah, I was just about to call you. Emma ran out earlier today when I wasn't paying attention. I tried searching for her for a long time but couldn't find her. I was worried that she might have gone to your wedding. Did she?"

"Got it. I'm hanging up now." The man hung up right after saying that.

With his hands on his hips, Noah's expression darkened as he clenched his fists. He thought about what Oscar told him previously during the wedding, and his heart started thumping wildly. He knew that Oscar had probably found out about his affair.

Color drained out of the man's face at once. He felt a sense of fear, not knowing how Oscar would deal with him.

He knew that Oscar was not to be trifled with. If Oscar was bent on going after him, the Walker family would not be a match for the man. After putting in so much effort, Noah was not going to let anyone destroy his company that was just starting to expand.

Noah did not realize how much time had passed by as all kinds of thoughts raced through his mind.

He only snapped out of his daze when he felt someone hugging him from the back.

"Noah, you said that you have a surprise for me. Where's my surprise?" Stephanie grumbled.

When Noah returned to his senses, he saw Stephanie, who had just finished showering and was exuding an alluring scent. Suddenly, a glint of desire appeared in the man's eyes. The next moment, he pinned the woman against the wall.

As the couple reveled in pleasure with their bodies entangled, Stephanie gradually forgot about her surprise.

After both of them climaxed together, Stephanie fell asleep, exhausted. Meanwhile, Noah got up from the bed and lit a cigarette. In the darkness, different expressions flashed across his face, which was illuminated by the glow from the cigarette.

Noah was unable to sleep for the entire night. Their wedding night was supposed to be sweet and exciting. However, that was not the case at all for the man, who was feeling edgy. While managing his wife, he also had to guess what Oscar had up his sleeves

Even though Noah had always prided himself on being smart, he knew that he had to be extra careful when dealing with Oscar as a moment of carelessness might cause him to lose everything he had painstakingly built. If that happened, he would be left with nothing.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 647

Chapter 647 I Believe You

Frowning at Noah's absence upon waking, Stephanie walked out of the bedroom barefoot and found him at the door with a breakfast cart.

"Where have you been, Noah? I didn't see you when I woke up. I thought you left me behind to go off on a honeymoon yourself." Stephanie pouted, half unhappy and half coquettish as she sashayed over to him.

Noah reached out to touch her face before noticing with his hawk-like eyes that her feet were bare. His face fell before he scooped her up and placed her gently on the couch. "Why aren't you wearing your slippers?" he chastised with gentle sternness. "The floor is cold in the morning. It will hurt me to see you catch a cold."

A tinge of red appeared in Stephanie's eyes. "You feel like a different man today, Noah. I suddenly feel very lucky to be married to you. Will you always be this sweet to me?"

Noah pinched her nose affectionately. "You are my wife now. I will only be sweet to you."

"You promise? If you ever dare mistreat or betray me, I will cripple you so that you will never be able to leave me." Stephanie pinched his cheek warningly.

Noah patted her back. "Good girl," he said indulgently. "Go brush your teeth and wash your face. I've had the servants prepare your favorite breakfast. We'll be heading to Oscar's after eating."

Stephanie gave him a strange look. "Why are you going to Oscar's place?" she wondered. She felt deeply uncomfortable at the thought of seeing Amelia and Tony. "I don't want to go. Amelia and I don't get along as it is. Showing up there will only serve to increase feelings of animosity between us. We'd better go directly to our honeymoon. We can visit Oscar after that."

Hidden behind his glasses, a dangerous glint flashed in Noah's eyes. However, his expression softened even further.

"You are my wife now, Stephanie. I will spoil you, but you must also listen to me. This is how a marriage works. It'll be tiring and unfair if I only accommodate you without you taking my feelings into consideration, don't you think? I want to feel your love for me. Can't you do a simple thing for me that would make me happy?" Noah said as he regarded her with a tender gaze.

Stephanie gazed back at him. Unsure if she was charmed by his looks or spurned by the desire to be a good wife, she nodded docilely in agreement.

"That's my girl. Go wash up now. We'll leave for Oscar's in a while." Noah's smile became even sweeter.

"Is there something you and Oscar are hiding from me, Noah?"

Noah picked her up by the waist and carried her to the bedroom to put her shoes on for her. "Have you forgotten what I said to you in front of all our friends and relatives?" he whispered as he worked. "In sickness and in health, I will never leave you. Holding you dear in my heart always, I will always love you and never tell a lie. I will only love you in this life."

Stephanie was finally satisfied.

"Quite the smooth-talker, aren't you? Fine. Since you love me so much, I'll believe you," Stephanie said snobbishly.

The confidence she felt at that moment made learning the truth much worse later. When she found out, Stephanie felt as if her heart had been torn apart. Noah's warmth and

thoughtfulness at that moment only made the unveiling of his true colors all the more gruesome.

The harder she fell in love with Noah, the more she hated his hypocritical betrayal.

Yet unmarred by the betrayal, Stephanie got dressed obediently. After having their breakfast, the newlyweds drove to Oscar's neighborhood.

As it was a Sunday, both Oscar and Amelia were in.

Amelia was stunned when she opened the door to find Noah and Stephanie outside. Having thought that the couple was going on their honeymoon, their appearance before her caused utter confusion.

"Good morning, Amelia," Noah said very politely. "I hope that our early arrival did not disrupt your quiet morning?"

Amelia turned sideways to let them through. "Come on in."

"Thank you, Amelia."

Noah came in holding Stephanie's hand. Their public display of affection seemed to announce their status of being newlyweds.

"Have a seat while I bring us some tea." At that, Amelia hurried to the kitchen.

"We're a family now, Stephanie," Noah whispered. "Don't scowl. Greet your brother's wife, will you?"

"Do you think marrying me means you can control everything I do, Noah?" Stephanie snapped, staring at him through narrowed eyes.

Instead of being irritated, Noah smoothed her hair. "I'm not trying to control my wife. I'm just trying to patch things up between all of us. You wouldn't want to put Oscar in a tough spot, would you? The two of you have been estranged for far too long. Don't you think it's time to bury the hatchet?"

Stephanie fell silent.

"Do it for me, hmm?"

"Fine," Stephanie relented impatiently. "You're so annoying. Is that all you want me to do? Greet her when she comes out? I can't believe you would think I wouldn't do such a simple thing."

A gleam of triumph flashed across Noah's eyes. Stephanie is putty in my hands. For all her stubbornness, she's still so easy to manipulate.

Amelia soon emerged with a tray in her hands. Stephanie leaped up at once and almost snatched it out of the former's hands. "Let me, Amelia," she said stiffly.

Amelia's surprise turned to astonishment as she stared at Stephanie, who was clearly displaying good intentions despite the bluntness of her gestures.

Amelia turned to study Noah again. What on earth did this man do to turn an arrogant and reckless young woman into a meek and well-behaved kitten? Persuasive power like this should not be underestimated.

Stephanie placed the tray on the table, looking a little awkward as she did so.

"Where's Oscar and Tony, Amelia?" Noah asked.

"Oscar is working in his study. Tony is on a day out with Kurt. They might return before you leave."

"I have some work matters to consult Oscar on, Amelia. May I go into his study for a word?"

Guessing that he was going to discuss the matter of his lover with Oscar, Amelia did not stop him. Having expected that Noah would wait until after the honeymoon at least, Amelia did not expect them to show up the very next day.

"Go ahead. I'll entertain Stephanie."

Noah nodded before turning to address his wife. "Spend some time with Amelia, Stephanie. I have some matters regarding work to discuss with Oscar quickly. We'll be on the plane to Baxrich for our honeymoon in no time."

"Go," Stephanie said reluctantly.

Noah went upstairs and knocked on the door of the study. "It's Noah, Oscar."

"Come in."

Noah pushed open the door and went in.

"Oscar." Noah nodded politely.

Occupied with some official business laid out across his desk, Oscar did not so much as raise his head. Hence, Noah was forced to wait.

After several minutes, Oscar finally put down his pen and looked up. "Shouldn't you be on your honeymoon with Stephanie?"

"There is something I wanted to discuss with you," Noah replied politely, "so I postponed the flight,"

Oscar pointed to the chair before his desk. "Have a seat. I'm listening."

Noah did so obediently.

"Well, what is it?"

"This is about the words you said in my ear yesterday, Oscar. You know Emma?" Noah asked bluntly.

The corners of Oscar's lips curled upward. "Are you referring to your mistress?"

Noah's fists clenched involuntarily. They only loosened slowly through a sheer act of will.

"You already know?"

"If you're referring to the woman you've been paying everything for over the years, then yes, I already know."

"Why didn't you expose me to your family?"

"Do you want me to?"

Noah was caught off-guard.

He lowered his head to conceal the gloom in his eyes. "I have ended things with her, Oscar," he said in a low voice. "I love Stephanie, and I'm not that bold to offend the Clintons by toying with Stephanie's feelings."

"So, I can deal with that woman named Emma however I want?" Oscar asked quietly, enjoying the thrill of being a predator. "She's a good-looking girl, though. Soft and meek, she's the type that men go crazy for, isn't she? As luck would have it, it just so happens that one of my men does not yet have a wife. I don't think anyone will mind that I have him take care of her, would they?"

Noah's hands tightened into fists again, and there was a storm brewing in his eyes.

"What's the matter, Noah?" Oscar asked quietly. "I can oblige you and leave her alone, but I'll tell my parents in return. Stephanie is their only daughter. I cannot allow my sister to suffer. After all, she's my only sister."

Noah knew that Oscar was threatening him.

"I have nothing to do with her anymore, Oscar. I have no right to interfere with who she falls in love with or marries. If your man wants to make her his wife, I don't think I have the right to intervene as long as she's willing."

"All right," Oscar said with a smile as he clapped his hands. "I admire your courage to make tough choices, Noah. To even be able to give your woman away, you have what it takes to achieve great things. I wonder how you'd react if I had somebody send you a video of her being ravaged by other men."

A ball of rage rose in Noah's chest. One more word, and I'm going to lose it.

"There's no need to be so hard on the woman, all right? I already feel bad enough to end such a long relationship. I'll be a monster to allow her to be damaged for my sake. I don't think Stephanie will love a man like me." Noah glanced up, resigned with defeat. "I was the one to have wronged her in the first place. If it angers you, I would be willing to accept the consequences of my being with another woman before Stephanie. I just beg you not to tell her. I love her so much that I would rather spare her the pain of finding out."

Oscar watched coldly, not believing a word of it. He deserves an award for the act he's putting on there.

"Did you really break things off with her?" Oscar asked again.

"It's been a long time since we have even last met," Noah replied, "but I must still insist that no harm comes to her."

"What a loving and righteous man you are, Noah. You've changed the way I look at you." Oscar applauded.

Noah forced himself to smile, though he could not guess what Oscar had planned for him with the charade.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 648

Chapter 648 Avoidance

Oscar fiddled idly with the fountain pen in his hand. "You and Stephanie have just gotten married, Noah. Now that you have nothing to do with that woman anymore, you would want her to be happy too, wouldn't you? That settles it. I plan to set her up with Hugo as he isn't married either. Do you think she is worthy of Hugo?"

Noah turned pale from the exertion of trying to keep his anger under control, barely succeeding in doing so.

"I have no right to dictate her romantic life."

"All right. I'll go ahead with my plan, then." Oscar's eyes flashed cruelly as he added with a half-smile, "You wouldn't have any objections about my proposal, would you, Noah?"

Noah remained silent for a long time. "I'm begging you to leave her alone, Oscar."

The smile on Oscar's face widened.

"In what capacity are you begging me?" Oscar asked with polite interest. "Her lover? Or her friend? Or an irrelevant stranger?"

Noah took a deep breath and said as calmly as he could, "I admit that I loved her before, Oscar, and I even had trouble shaking her off after Stephanie and I started dating. After I was convinced that Stephanie was the one I loved the most, I cut off contact with that woman. I have no idea how she's doing now."

Oscar seemed to have decided that he had had enough fun when his smile suddenly became friendly as he stood up and patted Noah on the shoulder. "I was just messing with you. I believe that you really love my sister. That woman was going to make trouble at your wedding yesterday, but one of my bodyguards caught her before she could do so and pulled her aside for a drink to calm her down. That was when he discovered from her lips that she was your ex-girlfriend. I was waiting for you to come back from your honeymoon to ask you about her, not expecting you to drop by today instead. Needless to say, I'm glad that you didn't disappoint me as you've passed my test."

Noah glanced up at Oscar, in blatant disbelief that he was so easily let off the hook.

"Don't you blame me for any of it, Oscar?"

"I know you have a mild temperament and are easy to get along with, Noah. Women will inevitably fall for you. It's reasonable for you to have other girlfriends before Stephanie. As stellar a bachelor as you once were, women would obviously have their sights set on you. I understand. As for that woman, I had Hugo send her away with a sum of money. As long as you begin married life with Stephanie on the right foot, you can be sure to rely on my helping hand if Walker Group ever needs it."

A strange glint flashed across Noah's eyes.

"Thank you for understanding, Oscar."

"Go on. Don't let Stephanie think that we're plotting something up here."

Noah nodded.

Stephanie ran over to meet the two men coming down the stairs with carefully inscrutable expressions on their faces. "What did you say to Noah, Oscar?"

“What’s the matter? Afraid that your husband couldn’t take the ribbing from your brother?”

“Not at all. I was worried that he might anger you with his clumsy words.” Despite her fear of Oscar, her attempts to get on his good side again were blatant. “I hope he didn’t say anything embarrassing or offensive.”

“Noah has much better control of his temper than you,” Oscar chided. “As long as you be a good wife to him, our parents and I will have no cause to worry about you anymore.”

Though she pouted at the reprimand, Stephanie was elated at her brother’s good humor that day. It made her feel like they were back to how close they were during her childhood.

“Are you no longer mad at me, Oscar?” Stephanie asked timidly.

“As long as you stop causing trouble for Amelia and start a good life with Noah, I will still treat you as my sister.”

Stephanie’s eyes sparkled with delight.

“I promise, Oscar. Here.” Stephanie stretched out her pinky.

Oscar was a good sport. He responded by hooking his finger firmly around hers.

“Don’t you have a honeymoon to get to?” Oscar reminded gently. “Hurry up, or you’ll miss your flight.”

“We’ll get going then, Oscar. I’ll buy you a gift at the airport on our way back from the honeymoon.” With a final cheery wave, Stephanie took Noah’s arm and bounded out happily.

Amelia stepped forward after they disappeared. “Are you planning to reconcile with your sister?”

Oscar tweaked her nose. “Are you jealous?”

“Why would I be?” responded Amelia with a grin.

“Look at you; you’re practically emanating squiggly lines of disapproval.”

That amused Amelia to no end.

Oscar took her in his arms. "I want her to taste some sweetness before the truth breaks out. It will make her despair so much worse. I want her to experience the same desperation I felt when you were lying in the operating room."

Amelia looked up and met his eyes as she raised her hand to stroke his cheek. "I'm alive and well now, aren't I?"

"I'll never forget the fear of almost losing you. Maybe never in this lifetime."

Amelia sighed. Having thought that Oscar had healed from the ordeal, it saddened her to learn that the shadow of his greatest fear still haunted him.

The sound of the doorknob clicking open from the outside interrupted their conversation.

Kurt strode in with Tony in his arms a moment later. He put the child down when he saw them.

Tony ran over excitedly. "Mommy!"

Amelia left Oscar's embrace to squat down and hug Tony. "How was your day out with your godfather?" she asked.

"Very fun," Tony said innocently. "If you came along, Mommy, our family of three will be together again like the old days."

The smile on Amelia's face froze.

"That's not what Tony meant, Boss," Kurt explained awkwardly, worried that it may embarrass Amelia.

Oscar took Tony from her and held the boy at eye level. "Do you not have fun with me, Tony?"

"I do, but I much prefer spending time with Daddy. Too bad that Mommy likes you, so I can't hate you like how I used to anymore." Tony sighed like an old man.

Though amused, Oscar was left dumbfounded at his son's retort.

“Little rascal,” Oscar said gruffly as he bopped his son’s nose. This kid is born to be my nemesis. He is the only person who can make me speechless, yet I cannot raise a finger against him.

Amelia was relieved to see a normal interaction between them, as though Tony’s innocuous remark meant nothing.

Kurt, on the other hand, was a little more inscrutable. He watched Amelia and noticed bitterly how she only had eyes for Oscar and Tony. Having tried his best to stay away from her, he lamented the futility of his efforts and how there were so many other lovelorn single people in the world just like him.

The more he tried to distance himself from her, the more he missed her. The more he indulged in those feelings, the tighter the steel grip around his heart felt.

“You should stay for dinner today, Kurt,” came Amelia’s distressed voice. “Look how thin you’ve become from being out on assignments all the time recently.”

Kurt nodded stiffly.

It had been a long time since he shared a meal with Amelia. Many things had changed since his return from Beshya.

Amelia has a man who will protect her now. Even if I want to do all of that for her and more, I am a nobody. The best I can do is to look at her from a distance and wish her well.

“What’s wrong, Kurt? You’re awfully silent.”

With a start, Kurt found himself staring at the face that had haunted him for countless sleepless nights. As close and real as it was compared to the mirage he had conjured during his deepest yearnings, he could hardly stop trembling.

“Amelia,” he began before taking two instinctive steps back, keeping his head carefully bowed to conceal his expression as he did so.

“What’s the matter with you, Kurt?” Amelia asked with the concern of a friend. “You seem a little distracted. Are you not well?”

Despite wanting to reveal the source of his pain with all his heart, Kurt knew that Amelia could not give him what he wanted. Though preferring her to be harsher with him, he could not help wanting just a little more of her love.

Conflicted as if he was trapped between two hells, the endless oscillation between torment and pleasure drove him nearly mad.

"I can't, Amelia," said Kurt stiffly. "I still have matters to attend to. I wouldn't want to intrude on your evening with the boss."

Amelia frowned. She did not like how Kurt was treating her like a stranger.

"Join us," Oscar said.

Unable to defy a direct order, Kurt was forced to oblige and departed at once after a hasty meal.

Amelia frowned at his silhouette disappearing into the night. "Have you noticed that Kurt has been deliberately avoiding me, Oscar?"

"You are my wife now," Oscar said calmly. "Having residual feelings for you, it's natural that he would avoid you. It's what any decent man would do."

Amelia stroked his cheek. "You're shameless."

"You're shameless, Big Meanie," Tony echoed, parrot-like.

Oscar scooped Tony up into his arms. "A man has to be shameless to catch a beautiful woman like your mother, Tony. If he misses his chance, he will end up a lonely bachelor for the rest of his life."

Tony seemed to understand, though he agreed more strongly with the statement of his mother being a beautiful woman.

He nodded vigorously. "Mommy is a beautiful woman."

Amelia giggled at their conversation.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 649

Chapter 649 Match Made In Heaven

Oscar found some time to meet the woman who had managed to charm Noah.

“Who are you? Why did you get people to capture me?” Emma asked warily.

Oscar sat on the couch and glanced at the woman coldly, exuding an air of dominance. “What a beauty. It’s no wonder Noah’s so smitten that he spends all that money on you without a care in the world.”

Hearing that, Emma staggered backward while keeping her guard up.

“Who the hell are you? What are you trying to do to Noah?”

“My name is Oscar Clinton. I’m the older brother of the woman whose husband you’re seeing. Should I not take a look at who my sister’s husband is having an affair with?” Oscar raised a brow and gazed at Emma profoundly.

“Why did you capture me, then? To get me to leave Noah and help your sister regain her place?” the woman asked icily with her back kept straight. She wasn’t about to show this man any weakness. There was no way the brother of her rival in love meant anything good by abducting her and bringing her here, anyway.

“You’re quite the feisty one, aren’t you, Ms. Garcia?”

Emma huffed in response.

“Do you really not harbor any hatred when a man you love marries another woman, Ms. Garcia? Don’t you yearn for revenge?” Oscar began to toss his bait, and all that remained was for the fish to take it.

“What do you mean by that, Mr. Clinton?”

“You believed all of Noah’s lies, and yet he ended up taking a rich woman as his wife. While they show their love for each other in public, you can only remain in the shadows as a secret

that can never come to light. What if your future child asks you why Daddy can't be with you both? Are you going to tell the child that you're actually just a mistress, then watch as all the other kids call him a bastard and you a side woman?" Oscar remarked casually while twirling his fingers. "Oh, I also heard that you've gotten three abortions for Noah. The doctors even told you that you'd have difficulty getting pregnant again because your uterine lining has become increasingly thin. You're depriving yourself of your right to be a mother all because of a man who can't stay loyal to you—is it really worth it?"

Emma's body trembled violently as her face paled. To have the truth she had kept hidden all this while laid out in front of her filled her with shame, injustice, and most of all, the pain and resentment of being betrayed.

"That's enough! I don't want to hear it!" she screamed, claspng her head with both hands.

Oscar merely smiled. Indeed, he had become more malicious and actually enjoyed playing games like these. Trapping his victims and watching them crumble in despair gave him nothing but joy and satisfaction.

"Why? Did I strike a nerve?"

"Just tell me what you want, Mr. Clinton," Emma requested softly, having calmed herself down.

"Do you want revenge? Do you want to get back at a man who loves power more than he loves you? No, perhaps he's never even loved you in the first place. Maybe you're nothing but a toy to him. Why else would he not bat an eye although you've gone missing for the past two days? He's probably even having tons of fun with my sister."

"Isn't Stephanie your sister, Mr. Clinton?" asked Emma. Shouldn't he, as her brother, be happy about this?

"That's none of your concern. All you need to do is tell me if you want revenge. You've wasted all these years on a man who may have never loved you in the first place, and now, you may not even be able to have children because of him. When you grow old, he'd still have his own family, while you can only continue to live alone. Maybe people would realize you've died only after your body's begun to rot. Is that really the kind of life you want?"

"Stop it. That's enough. Noah is mine, and he'll be mine alone!"

“What makes you think so? All you have is a pretty face and nothing more. How could you ever compare to my sister? Do you think he’d abandon the wealth my sister possesses for the sake of an aging woman like you? At this point, I’d say you can only end up as a hag that nobody wants.”

The fear within Emma intensified as she envisioned her possible future. She didn’t want to be alone, but having spent all these years with Noah, she knew how heartless he could be. There was no way he would drop everything for her, and that was precisely why she could only be a mistress to him.

She didn’t want things to remain this way.

“I can help you get back at him—if that’s what you want,” Oscar offered nonchalantly.

Emma looked up at him, her eyes red.

“Why would you help me? What the hell are you after?”

“All I’m asking you is if you want to or not.”

The woman fell silent for a moment.

“I’ll give you time to think. If you agree, you can let my bodyguards know. They’ll relay your answer to me.” Right after saying that, Oscar stood up and left.

“Boss, she’s just an insignificant woman. There’s no need to waste any time on her,” Hugo commented with his head kept low.

“But rather than personally get rid of someone I don’t like, isn’t it more fun to watch him and the person he cares for fight each other to the death, Hugo?” Oscar responded coolly with his hands behind his back. “Have Noah and Stephanie arrived in Baxrich?”

“According to our men following them in secret, yes, Boss.”

“Have them take pictures of them being intimate with each other, then send everything to this woman. A jealous woman is one to fear.”

“Yes, Boss.”

Hugo paused briefly before asking, "Boss, do you hate Mr. Walker?"

"It doesn't matter whether or not I hate him. He shouldn't have laid a finger on Tony. I've always been one to hold grudges, so I want to give him a taste of what it feels like to see the person he loves get hurt, just like when I was worried about Tony." After saying that, Oscar carried on walking.

Hugo fell into thought while following his boss closely.

Emma would then receive photographs every three days of none other than Noah and Stephanie. Noah could be seen gazing at Stephanie lovingly in each photo, and the couple frolicked around as though no one else was there. In all the pictures—whether it was of Noah putting sunblock on his wife, the two eating ice cream on a street together, or them having a passionate night in their room—there was an unconcealable hint of love for Stephanie in Noah's eyes.

A man could deceive others with his words, but not with his actions.

"Didn't you say you wouldn't fall for this woman, Noah?" Emma muttered as she slumped to the floor. "I've been right next to you even before I finished university, and I'll be thirty in a few years' time. I spent the most precious moments of my youth on you, but why did you marry someone else? Do you really not know how sad I'd feel?"

Before long, a glint of vengeance flashed in her eyes. "You started it, Noah. Don't blame me for this. It's not easy for a woman to find somewhere to call home once she's thirty. I'm not going to keep waiting for you and hoping that one day, you'd finally look at me. I want to get my hands on a good amount of money, marry a good man, and live the rest of my life in peace." If she could be someone else's wife, why would she choose to remain as a mistress and constantly worry about getting tossed aside once she grew old?

"I'll do it," the woman answered the next time she saw Oscar, "but on two conditions."

"Go on."

"When the deed is done, I hope you can give me some money so I can live without worries. Second, I want you to get me out of Tayhaven safely and make sure the Walker family never finds me. As long as you agree to these, you can treat me as an insider to Noah," Emma stated.

Oscar curled his lips into a smirk. I thought she'd be loyal to Noah, but at the end of the day, money is what matters most to her. Still, that's just reality, and she's quite a smart one—far better than a woman who foolishly devotes herself to a man and ends up with nothing.

Even if she loses her man, at least she won't have to suffer as long as she has money.

"I admire your intelligence, Ms. Garcia, so I agree with your terms," he replied gladly. "When it's all over, I'll give you five million and a house that will guarantee your safety. I believe five million will be more than enough for you to live comfortably... provided that you stay quiet." Five million was a sum a commoner would never dream of making.

"Thank you, Mr. Clinton." Emma lowered her gaze. Five million was much more than what Noah gave her. Although the man managed a company, he would only give her fifty thousand a month, which was never enough for her to afford branded clothes and bags. She was better off receiving a huge sum of five million right off the bat, and as long as she invested the money in stocks just like she had once learned to, she could live carefreely for the rest of her life.

"You can leave now. I'm guessing you'll know what to do when Noah comes back and asks you some questions."

"Don't worry, Mr. Clinton. I've been with him for so many years. I know how to deal with him."

"Good to know. You can go."

"I shan't bother you anymore then, Mr. Clinton."

After Emma left, Oscar walked to the window and stared out at the scenery. To him, any woman he could deal with using money was never much of a threat.

You and Noah really are a match made in heaven, Ms. Garcia. He's full of sh*t, and you only care about money. You deserve each other.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 650

Chapter 650 Cracks Forming From Hatred

Stephanie and Noah spent nearly two months on the island before returning straight to the Clinton residence.

Olivia was happy to see her daughter return home, but now that the latter was married, coming back too often might upset Noah's parents.

"Have you gone home before coming here, Stephanie?" asked Olivia.

Stephanie glanced at the older woman. "Isn't this my home, Mom? I came right over after leaving the airport," she answered matter-of-factly.

Olivia rubbed her temples as she heard that. This young lady just can't stop making me worry! She's already married, but she doesn't think about her husband at all.

"Stephanie, you're married now, so you should be heading back to the Walker residence after your honeymoon. You'll be staying there, after all," she advised.

"Why? Noah says it's okay. It's totally fine if I send you your gifts first before heading over there. Besides, I'll still want to stay here. I can't get used to living at the Walker residence."

Olivia felt her head throb even more. I've spoilt this child too much. Look at her doing whatever she pleases now!

"How could you say that, Stephanie? It's true that Noah dotes on you, but you shouldn't be treating marriage like a game. Now that you're married, you should learn how to get along with your in-laws and respect them!" she scolded.

In response, Stephanie turned to Noah meekly. "Look, Noah, my mom's lecturing me again. Did I say anything wrong? You're the one who said I can continue living here or wherever I want. You're not going back on your word, are you?"

"If you want to come back here, I'll come with you. It's okay," Noah assured gently, concealing a look of frostiness that flashed briefly in his eyes.

Stephanie was delighted to hear that.

"See, Mom? Noah's the one who agreed to it. I didn't force him to come over," she remarked smugly.

"You can't spoil her like that, Noah," Olivia said helplessly. Still, she was silently overjoyed to see a man love Stephanie so unconditionally and felt that her daughter had married the right man.

The Clintons didn't lack money; all they wanted was for someone to truly love and tolerate their daughter.

"It's okay, Mom. I'll be pretty busy with work soon, so I won't have much time with Stephanie. It'd be good if she could come home and spend time with you and Dad, anyway. At least she wouldn't be bored on her own," Noah said magnanimously, playing the role of a perfect husband all too well.

Olivia became increasingly pleased with him.

"You'll be the one suffering the consequences if you keep spoiling her, Noah."

"It's fine, Mom. That way, no one else will be able to put up with her, and she'll love only me." Noah grinned while gazing at Stephanie dotingly, which caused the latter to turn red.

"Stop saying such cheesy things in front of my mom, Noah. I'm getting goosebumps!"

The man merely caressed her head affectionately.

"You can stay here and chat with your mother, Stephanie. I have to take care of some work now. Let's head back to my place tonight."

Hearing that, the woman glared at him. "We just came back from our honeymoon, and you're already heading to work? Aren't you going to keep me company?"

"Our honeymoon went on for too long. There are piles of documents waiting for my signature. I'll come back as soon as I can, okay?"

Stephanie was still upset.

"Come on, now, Stephanie. Noah spent two whole months with you. Is that not enough? He still has a job, you know? Don't be unreasonable," Olivia chided.

Stephanie pouted and said nothing more.

With that, Noah rose to his feet, left the house, and entered his car. It was only after driving out of the Clinton residence that his gaze darkened.

Stephanie was more spoilt than he had ever imagined, and his patience drained at each passing moment. He wouldn't have even wanted to touch her if he didn't have to butter up the Clintons; she was so self-centered that it made his stomach churn.

Noah headed downtown as quickly as he could before whipping out his phone to give Emma a call. Finally, the woman answered.

"Where are you, Emma?" he asked, sounding slightly irritated.

"I'm at home. Are you back from your honeymoon?" Emma responded, her voice laced with a tinge of coquettishness. "I miss you, Noah. I called you so many times, but you never picked up. I thought you'd forgotten about me now that you have a wife."

Noah's expression softened a little as he heard that.

"Wait for me at home. I'm coming over right now."

After hanging up, Noah headed straight for the apartment he had bought Emma.

A slender figure lunged toward him as soon as he stepped into the building, looping her arms around him and kissing him on the neck.

Yet, as soon as she did that, the man shoved her away and slapped her across the face.

Emma clutched her face and stared at Noah in disbelief. "Noah, did you just slap me?"

"You went to the wedding and got sent out?" Noah questioned, gritting his teeth.

The woman began to cry. "I just love you too much, Noah. That's why I wanted to take a look at the woman you married. I didn't mean anything by it. I know a nobody like me doesn't deserve to be your wife. I just wanted to see if that woman really loves you."

Noah calmed down and walked over. "Does it hurt?" he asked tenderly, placing a hand on her back.

"No, but my heart hurts," the woman replied, bursting into tears as she threw herself into his arms. Despite the flood of tears gushing down her cheeks, her eyes appeared utterly cold.

She would have still harbored the slightest bit of love for him had he not struck her.

Noah ran his fingers through her hair intimately. "It's okay, Emma. Tell me, what did Oscar ask you when he took you away?"

"Nothing much. He just asked how you and I are connected," Emma answered, trying to sound as convincing as she could.

"And what did you tell him?" the man prompted, stroking her neck.

Emma suddenly felt a chill run down her spine. She had a feeling that one slip of the tongue would lead to this man wringing her by the neck. Perhaps she could even...

Fearing for her life, the woman wrapped herself around him seductively and responded in an airy voice, "You said I can never reveal our relationship to anyone, so I told him I'm your ex-girlfriend, and he let me go after that. I guess he fell for it."

"Really?" Noah asked, his voice deepening.

Emma cupped his face with her hands. "What's wrong, Noah? Why do you seem so wary about Oscar? Is he that terrifying? Aren't you on par with him? Why do you have to be afraid?"

With a smile, Noah held her hand and kissed the back of it. "I was just worried that he might've taken advantage of you, Emma."

"I'm just a regular girl who has nothing else. He probably thinks I'm not even worthy of his time."

With that, Noah lowered his head to kiss her before pinning her against the wall.

After they had done the deed, Emma lay on top of his chest. "Can you stay here tonight, Noah? We hadn't seen each other for two months. I've missed you so much."

Before Noah could answer, his phone suddenly rang. Upon glancing at the screen, he realized the call came from Oscar.

Emma watched as the man's hand quivered. "Who's calling, Noah? Why aren't you picking up?" she asked in concern.

Noah gave her forehead a peck before hopping out of bed and walking to the balcony to answer the call.

"Hey, Oscar."

"Noah, I just had a business negotiation in the area your ex-girlfriend lives and saw a familiar car enter the neighborhood. It turns out the car belongs to you. Are you with her now?" Oscar asked gracefully.

Noah felt a headache coming as he pursed his lips.

Looks like he's on to her.

"I just returned from my honeymoon, Oscar. I was about to head to my office, but I got a call from Emma telling me that she left the title deed of the apartment inside the safe here, so I dropped by to get it," Noah explained calmly. "You can come on over if you don't believe me, but I love Stephanie and will never betray her."

"There's no need to panic. I was just asking." Oscar chuckled. "You're Stephanie's husband, so it's only natural that I'm on your side."

"Thank you, Oscar."

"Well, carry on. I have to get back to business."

"Okay. See you."

After hanging up, Noah felt the pain in his head intensify. He had no idea what Oscar had up his sleeve.

Now, the man felt as though he was a lab rat being monitored, and the person watching him closely like a cat was Oscar. But instead of killing him instantly, the latter was taking his time to drive Noah to the edge psychologically.

Noah knew he was no match for Oscar when it came to playing mind games.

“What’s wrong, Noah?” Emma hugged him from behind.

Noah quickly shoved her aside and glanced downstairs, as though trying to spot a familiar car in the area.

“What’s up with you, Noah? You’re acting like you’ve done something wrong and you’re trying not to get caught,” Emma commented unhappily.

Noah came to his senses and turned around with a smile. “Not at all. Let’s head back in.”

The man began putting his clothes back on after returning inside. “You should move, Emma. I’ll sell this apartment and find you another neighborhood to live in.”

Emma was puzzled. “But why? I like this place, Noah. It’s full of our memories together. I don’t want to sell it.”

“Be a good girl. I’ll get you a better apartment and add another ten thousand to your monthly allowance, okay? But you can’t call me from now on. I’ll come looking for you when I miss you,” Noah insisted.

Emma’s gaze turned icy, and she threw her hands up. “What do you treat me as, Noah? Do you really not love me anymore?”

“Emma, you know I don’t like difficult women. We can still live like we always have as long as you listen to me, and I’ll keep loving you.”

Hearing that, Emma took a deep breath. “Okay. Don’t be mad, Noah. I’ll do whatever you say and keep being the woman who has your back. I just hope you won’t forget me now that you have a wife.”

Noah’s gaze softened. “Take this card. There’s thirty grand inside it. Get whatever you want with this money and call me if it’s not enough.”

Emma took the card from him. “Be sure to eat your meals, Noah, and think of me even when you’re with your wife,” she said docilely.

“I’ll be off now.”

The man left the apartment without the slightest bit of warmth that he initially had.

Emma's face clouded over, and all the submissiveness she once showed disappeared in an instant. She was especially disgusted by the way Noah treated her like a mere plaything.

"You made me do this, Noah. It's not my fault that I don't give a d*mn about what we used to be anymore. You never loved me anyway," she murmured insidiously.

A woman with money was always better off than one who depended on a man.