

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 761 - 77

Chapter 761 I Want To Sue Her

"Tiff!" Amelia cried out. Tiffany cocked her head and smiled bitterly. "You're here, Babe. I'm sorry. I got myself into trouble, and now you have to come for me." Amelia saw Tiffany's report but pretended not to see it. "What happened? Who did this to you?"

Tiffany pointed at Isabella with her chin and said provocatively, "There. I taught her a good lesson because she badly needed one." Tiffany did not show any sign of regret for what she did. To her, Isabella had taken advantage of the situation and exasperated her, so Isabella had only gotten what she deserved.

Isabella scoffed, "You're proud of what you did, aren't you? Just wait. I'm suing you until you end up behind bars!" "Oh! Go ahead! Show me you're not a coward!" Tiffany retaliated.

"You'd better be prepared, Tiffany Winters. What you did to me constitutes bodily injury. As long as the police make a report, you'll end up in prison even if Amelia and Mr. Hisson want to salvage the situation. I bet the Hissons would treat you worse once they find out their daughter-in-law beat someone up in a hospital."

Tiffany clenched the report in her hand in utter silence.

Amelia walked over and said in a low voice, "Ms. Walker, there must be a misunderstanding. I apologize to you on her behalf. I'm sure we can settle this privately. What do you think?"

Isabella quirked her brows and hugged her chest in a snobbish posture. "Settle this privately? Sure. Kneel and apologize to me. Then I'll overlook what she did. It's easy, isn't it?"

Amelia sucked in a deep breath. "Ms. Walker, don't you think you're asking too much?"

"Am I?" she asked, her brows still arched. Then she lowered her head and showed Amelia her wound. "Look at this, Amelia. This is what your friend did to me. There was blood all over. Do you still think I'm asking too much?"

Amelia looked at the patch of wet hair on Isabella's head and gasped when she saw the blood clotted into flakes in her hair.

She did not expect Tiffany to get so violent since this could potentially lead to a concussion. In the worst case, Isabella might end up being admitted to the hospital. What Tiffany did to her had constituted a crime.

Isabella looked up again. "Now that you've seen my wound, I'm sure you know she will be imprisoned if I decide to sue her. Even if she doesn't end up being incarcerated, the Hissons will not let her go. So you'd better think twice before you turn down my suggestion."

Tiffany got up and pulled Amelia behind her. "She can do whatever she wants, Babe. I've already tolerated her for long enough. She lusts over a married man and thinks she's so charming she can tempt that man into her bed. She's just a sl*t!"

"You!" Isabella paled and shot up to her feet.

Amelia swiftly pulled Tiffany's sleeve. "That's enough, Tiff."

Tiffany pursed her lips.

Right then, a police officer arrived and said, "Ms. Walker, we've already looked through your case and will file a report. Once this goes through, you'll be able to sue the defendant for damages."

"Thank you! I'm counting on you, Sir!" Isabella voiced.

The policeman nodded calmly and turned to leave, but Amelia stopped him.

"This is a misunderstanding, Sir. Ms. Walker and I have decided to settle this between us, so there's no need to file any report. It won't be a problem, right?"

The officer glanced at Amelia and replied, "Miss, this is the standard operating procedure. Your friend committed a criminal offense when she injured the victim. Even if the plaintiff does not intend to seek legal recourse, we will still have to go through this judicial process."

With that, the officer nodded politely at Amelia and left.

Amelia wanted to persuade him, but Tiffany grabbed her hand. "Babe, you don't have to. Just let her sue me. I don't believe she can do anything to me."

Amelia sighed. She could not believe Tiffany was still holding on to her ego even when things had escalated to that extent.

Isabella fidgeted with her red fingers and said, "What do you think, Amelia? You and Tiffany are best friends, so what about kneeling down and apologizing to me on her behalf? I don't think it's that difficult."

"In your dreams! You can sue me if you want to. It's not like I'm scared of you!" Tiffany argued arrogantly with her head high.

"Hmph! I see you're not afraid, huh? Fine. I'll see you in court. As a Walker myself, I'll see to it that an infertile woman like you gets the punishment you deserve!"

"What did you say? Repeat that again, and I'll rip your mouth to pieces!" Like an angry cat with fluffed hair, Tiffany growled at Isabella when she heard the insult.

"What can you do? You can't give birth to a child. A hen that doesn't lay eggs will have to face the consequences of its own inability!" Isabella reiterated with her brows curved, deliberately stoking Tiffany's anger.

Tiffany felt an unquenchable urge to just go at Isabella, for she had long struggled with her infertility. She had thought the surgery would solve the problem once she recovered, but the result from the report had left her devastated.

"Isabella Walker, I'll tear your mouth apart today so that you won't be able to mock people's misfortune anymore!" Tiffany jumped forward, wanting to hit Isabella again. But Amelia quickly stopped her, comforting, "Calm down, Tiff! You're falling into her trap."

Overwhelmed by her feelings, Tiffany huffed and puffed in a fury.

"Did you hear what she said, Babe? S!*ts like her should die!"

"I know, and I heard her too. You should calm down first, Tiff."

When Tiffany had finally composed herself again, Amelia took out her phone to call Oscar.

Isabella asked, "Are you calling Oscar? I'm not surprised. You've always depended on him for everything. I guess he's the only one you can seek help from. After all, it's not like you have anyone else to help you."

Amelia's fingers froze on her screen before she put down her phone. "Tell me, Isabella, what do you want me to do so that you'll drop the case?"

"I told you. Just get on your knees and apologize to me."

"That's not happening," Tiffany said. Then she took out her phone and called Derrick. "Derrick, I beat someone up, and I'm at the police station now. Could you come over?"

Someone spoke on the other end, and Tiffany replied, "All right, I'll wait for you."

After hanging up, she waved her phone at Isabella. "Do you think I'll try to hide what I did from the Hissons after beating you up? You underestimated me. I know they don't like me because I can't bear them a child, but I'm not a coward who runs away from reality. At least, I'm not someone with filthy thoughts."

Isabella's face fell. She snorted and said, "Yeah, you keep up with your feigned bravado."

While waiting for Derrick to arrive, Amelia sat beside Tiffany and took the report from her. "What's this, Tiff?"

Tiffany shrugged and answered casually, "It's just as the report says. The doctor said I'm infertile, so I might not have a child my whole life. I guess it's not meant to be. I won't get to become a mother."

Amelia frowned when she heard that. "Perhaps they made a mistake. You just did the surgery, so it doesn't make sense that you can't get pregnant. Let's get a second opinion one day."

Tiffany remained silent. Opposite them, Isabella interrupted sarcastically, "Well, that's if she makes it out of the police station."

Amelia shot her a glance and ignored her.

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Chapter 762 What Do You Mean By Infertile

After Derrick arrived, Isabella was still adamant about suing Tiffany. Derrick reached out to a high-rank officer whom he knew at the station, but Isabella still refused to budge. At the end of the day, Amelia could only call Oscar to come over.

Isabella's attitude took a one-hundred-and-eighty shift the moment Oscar arrived. "Oscar, you're here! I was just trying to pull Amelia's leg. I told her my injury isn't a big deal, but Amelia insisted on calling you over." Isabella smiled.

Oscar glanced at her briefly. "She said you wanted to sue Tiffany. Do you still want to do that now that I'm here? If not, I'm asking the chief to retract the report."

"This is just a misunderstanding," Isabella replied, biting her lip. "There's no way I'll make things difficult for Tiffany. After all, she's Amelia's friend. I didn't intend to bring her to court. I was just joking when I said that." She turned to Amelia. "Amelia, are you angry with me? I was just kidding. You'll forgive me, right?"

Amelia forced a smile.

Since Isabella had said so, Oscar pulled some strings and requested that the police drop the charges. Then, he patted Amelia's head and asked, "Did you get hurt?"

Amelia shook her head.

"Make sure you inform me right away next time anything happens. I want to hear everything from you, not the others. All right?" Oscar reminded.

"Don't worry. I'll protect myself." Amelia wanted to say something else, but suddenly, Isabella ran into her from behind, pushing her forward. In a quick swoop, Oscar pulled her back and glared at Isabella.

"I'm sorry, Oscar. I didn't do it on purpose," Isabella said carefully. "My head hurts, and I can't walk properly. Could you send me to the hospital to check on my wound again? The pain is excruciating."

Oscar called the driver over and ordered, "Send Ms. Walker to the hospital to get her wound treated. You're not obliged to treat her nicely. Just make sure she stays alive."

The driver's lips twitched. "Sure, Mr. Clinton."

Isabella's hand on her head froze. Oscar is so cruel!

"Could you guys send me there, Oscar? You should at least show remorse after what Tiffany did to me, right?" Isabella asked pitifully.

"Caleb, didn't you see that Ms. Walker is so weak she's almost fainting? Send her to the hospital. Quick."

The driver nodded and gestured for Isabella to enter.

“Over here, Ms. Walker,” he said.

Isabella had no choice but to get into the car as she was told.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Clinton!” Tiffany said, watching the car speed off.

Oscar nodded lightly. “Derrick, why don’t you send Tiffany back first? She doesn’t look well.”

Derrick seemed to have something else to say, but Amelia beat him to it. “Derrick, I’d like to talk to Amelia. Do you mind grabbing some food with Oscar?”

Derrick nodded and left with Oscar.

After that, Amelia helped Tiffany to a tree and sat down under the shade. “What did the doctor say?”

“I went for a checkup to know when I can start preparing for pregnancy, but the doctor said that even with the uterine septum surgery, it’ll still be difficult for me to have a child. That means I’ll probably never get to be a mother,” Tiffany admitted with a sad smile.

To Tiffany, her infertility was the most devastating blow. She had always wanted to give Derrick children of their own and had been making the necessary preparation. However, her hope was crushed when the doctor said she could not get pregnant.

Tiffany could already imagine how the Hissons would react when they heard about the news.

After everything she did to become the best-selling author and marry the man of her dreams, she thought it was finally time for her to enjoy a blissful life. Yet in just the blink of an eye, her beautiful dream shattered.

“Could it be a mistake?” Amelia asked.

Tiffany smiled bitterly. “I wish it was one.”

“Well, the doctor only said it’s difficult, but it’s not entirely impossible. Don’t stress yourself out. I’m sure you’ll be able to get your own child one day. Just relax,” Amelia comforted.

"Babe, I am so, so sad!" Tiffany said, hugging Amelia.

"Tiff, you'll have a child. Don't overburden yourself. I'm sure Derrick will go through this with you," Amelia consoled and patted her back.

Tiffany sighed when she heard that.

All of a sudden, neither of them knew how to continue the conversation. They sat under the tree for a good twenty minutes before they eventually went home.

On the way back, Tiffany sat in the passenger's seat in a daze while Derrick drove with his eyes on the road.

After some time, he reached out and patted Tiffany. "Don't overthink, Tiff. We'll get a baby one day. It's just not now."

Tiffany turned to look at Derrick. "You knew."

"Yeah. Mr. Clinton showed me the report. It's okay. We will have a child in the future. I've always wanted to enjoy married life with you, so we don't have to have kids anytime soon," Derrick stated, faking nonchalance.

Tiffany rubbed his palm. "I'm sorry, Derrick. Will we end up getting a divorce if I can't get pregnant?"

"Don't be silly. I didn't expect such a dumb question from you," Derrick replied with a faint smile.

Tiffany smiled too, but a glint of worry lingered in her eyes.

Derrick's the only son in the family, so the family expects him to have an heir. There's no way they'll accept my infertility. His mother might kick me out of the house once she finds out.

As Tiffany expected, as soon as they reached the Hisson residence, Kate ran out of the house. "Where's the report?"

"I'm sorry, Mom. I lost Tiff's report," Derrick said, putting his hand around Tiffany's shoulder.

Kate's face darkened. "Derrick, I'm serious when I said I want a grandchild, so stop messing with me."

"Mom, I've been so busy with work I doze off the moment I hit the bed every night. Tiff and I haven't been doing it recently. There's no way the baby is mine if she gets pregnant now."

"No more word game, Derrick. I want the report. I want to know what's wrong with her body. It's been two months since the surgery. It's time you guys consider having a baby," Kate insisted.

Derrick pulled Tiffany behind her and replied, "Mom, can you stop stressing her out? I'm not ready to be a father!"

Upon hearing that, Kate suddenly changed her attitude and put on a pitiful face. "Derrick, I know I'm being pushy, but I just want to have a grandchild. I don't mean to ask Tiff to get pregnant now. I just want to know what the doctor said about her condition."

Derrick was stumped. He could still talk back if Kate had confronted him aggressively, but when she suddenly went soft on him, he was at a loss for words.

Seeing this, Tiffany stood forward to face Kate and took out the report from her bag. "Mom, this is the report. Have a look."

Kate read it, and her face puffed red in anger when she saw the doctor's comment in large print.

"High chances of infertility? I thought the doctor said you could get pregnant soon after the surgery. What's with the conclusion this time? Derrick is our only child! We won't get a grandchild if you can't give him a baby!" Kate fumed.

Tiffany gazed at her with a complicated emotion in her eyes.

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Chapter 763 Failed

"Sorry, Mom," Tiffany said. Kate looked at Derrick and took a deep breath. She wanted to curse, but she held it back. "You don't need to apologize, Silly. We're a family. We can always go for IVF or look for surrogate mothers. I know a few people in Anglandur who provide these services," Kate said lovingly.

Tiffany looked at her. She saw the hatred in Kate's eyes, of course, and forced a smile. "Thanks, Mom." After they exchanged a few more words, Tiffany said, "I'm getting tired, Mom. I think I'll go back to my room."

"Sure," Kate said gently. Derrick wanted to go with Tiffany, but Kate held his arm. "Derrick, it's time to talk about getting a surrogate mother. You're not young anymore. It's time you get a kid."

Derrick suppressed his impatience and said, "I'm going up to look at Tiff, Mom. I'm not in a hurry to get a kid. We'll talk about this later."

Kate's face fell. "I relented for you, Derrick. Do you want me to die without seeing my grandkids?"

"Mom," Derrick said weakly, "Tiffany's not barren. It's just hard for her to get pregnant. Don't put any pressure on her. We'll get a kid sooner or later. Medicine is so advanced these days. We'll have a kid one way or the other."

"Then give me the exact time. When?" Kate demanded.

Derrick couldn't answer that. "Eventually. We don't have to get a surrogate mother."

"No. You'll get one. If Tiffany does get pregnant, then all the better. We can take care of a couple of kids." Kate was in a hurry. "I'll tell my contact in Anglandur and arrange the best Chanaean girl as the surrogate mother."

"Maybe later. I need to leave now." Derrick went upstairs despite his mother's protests.

"Derrick!"

Derrick ignored her. He went into the bedroom and saw Tiffany curled up on the bed. His heart ached for her.

Derrick went and sat on the edge of the bed. He patted her head. "Tiff..."

Tiffany raised her head and looked at him. "Did you go with the plan?"

"You want me to get another woman pregnant?" Derrick answered with a question.

Tiffany got up and peered at him. "No."

"Neither do I. Don't worry about it. We'll have a kid sooner or later," Derrick said softly.

Tiffany nodded, but she was still looking pale.

"You wanna eat something? I'll whip some stuff up for you."

"No. Just stay with me."

Derrick nodded. He took his shoes and socks off, then lay on the bed and pulled her into his embrace. "How about I sing you a song?"

Tiffany nodded.

Derrick hummed a tune. She listened to him and eventually drifted to sleep.

Derrick kissed her forehead. "You dummy."

After Derrick went to work the next day, Terrence called Tiffany over to the lakeside.

He was holding his fishing rod, trying to fish for something.

Tiffany stood beside him dumbly. The fishing session went on for a long time. Eventually, Terrence pulled the rod back, but there was no fish in his bucket.

"Tiffany."

"Grandpa."

Terrence looked at her. "I thought you were a well-read woman when you first joined us. Most authors have that air about them. And that's the part of you that I like."

Tiffany listened quietly.

"But you know a well-read woman is not what we're looking for. We want a fertile woman. Derrick's mother told me you can't get pregnant easily. So what are you going to do about it? Do you want Derrick to stay with you his whole life even when you might be barren?"

"I'll take care of myself and try to get pregnant as soon as possible."

"Okay, so when will it be?"

"I'll get a divorce if I can't get pregnant in three years."

"That's a bit too extreme. I like you. Why don't you go with IVF and see what happens? If that fails, get a surrogate mother. I think Derrick's mother won't go too hard on you if he has a kid of his own."

Tiffany was silent for a long while. Eventually, she said, "We'll go with IVF then, Grandpa."

They went for it two months later, but the doctor said, "It's not gonna be easy, Ms. Winters, but we'll try our best."

Tiffany's heart sank. "Try your best, doctor. We're not getting any younger anymore. We really want a child of our own."

The doctor nodded.

They tried their best, but the IVF failed no matter how many times they attempted it.

Eventually, they succeeded once. The couple was overjoyed until she suffered a miscarriage after two weeks. It hit Tiffany hard, and she was bedridden because of it.

Amelia and Oscar went to see her. She was looking pale, and she talked less than before.

"Tiff." Amelia sat down beside her and held her hand. Oh god. Her hand's as cold as ice.

"Your hand feels like ice, Tiff. What happened?" Amelia asked.

Tiffany cocked her eyebrow. She could barely say anything, but she mustered, "Good to see you, Babe."

"Did you have breakfast?"

"Yes." And I puked them all out.

"I'm sorry about your loss. But you'll get another baby soon. Don't give up."

Tiffany forced a smile and said nothing.

"Oscar, go down and entertain the Hissons for a bit. I'll talk to Tiff." Amelia looked at Oscar.

Oscar nodded and left the room.

And then there were two. Tiffany finally stopped holding back. She cried as hard as she could.

Tiffany was a strong woman. Not even the events she had faced thus far could make her cry. Until this moment.

Amelia wiped her tears quietly.

Tiffany hiccupped. "I'm a lot better now, Babe. Thanks for coming."

Amelia tossed the tissue into the trash can. "Are you sure you're fine? You don't look fine to me. Are the Hissons demanding a baby?"

"They really want a grandkid. Derrick's mother said if IVF fails, we'll have to get a surrogate mother. You know I don't want Derrick to get another woman pregnant."

"So what are you going to do?"

Tiffany had no answer for that. "I don't know, Babe. I'm confused."

Amelia held her hands tightly in an attempt to warm them up. "It's all right, Tiff. You'll get a baby sooner or later. Trust me."

Try as she might, Tiffany couldn't smile.

"You have no idea how hard IVFs are, Babe. I've gone through it multiple times, but I just kept doing it in case I get a baby. And then suddenly, I did. I did get pregnant." Tiffany smiled. She thought about a nice memory, but then the smile faded. "I was coming up with clothes for the baby. If it was a girl, I'd make her look like a princess. If it was a boy, I'd dress him up as a knight. But then my hopes were dashed."

Amelia pressed her hand against Tiffany's cheek. She said, "I know how you feel, Tiff. I was in the same place before."

Tiffany smiled bitterly. "Babe, this might be my only chance, and I blew it."

"Nonsense!" Amelia chided. "You're still young. Just take care of yourself, and you'll get pregnant eventually. Even if you can't, I bet Derrick will still stay with you."

"Do you even believe that yourself, Babe?"

Amelia had no answer to that. Even if Derrick didn't care at first, he might start to resent Tiffany when they were without children in their fifties.

Even if he doesn't mind, his family might. Children tie the family together. Well, in some cases anyway. If she can't get pregnant, she might have her marriage taken away from her.

"See? Not even you can answer me," Tiffany said.

"Just don't think about it, Tiff. If worse comes to worst, get a surrogate mother," Amelia eventually said.

Tiffany fell into a long silence.

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Chapter 764 Studying Abroad

Amelia stayed with her for nearly an hour before she left. Derrick sent them off. "Amelia, come over if you have time. Tiff hasn't been feeling great lately. She might need your help."

Amelia nodded. "You should spend more time with her too, Derrick. Once she's all healed up, give her a script to write. She won't have time to dwell on this if she has work to do."

"I've already come up with a rough sketch of a movie. She's gonna be the scriptwriter. She'll be so busy that this will be forgotten in no time. She'll get back on her feet."

Amelia thought slightly better of him now. At least this was the same Derrick she knew. "As long as you're with her, she'll get back up, Derrick."

Derrick nodded. Amelia and Oscar said goodbye. Once they got into the car, Amelia asked, "If you're in Derrick's place, would you love a child who's born to someone you don't love?"

"No. You're the only one who will bear my children. Nobody else can. I won't even let them touch me," Oscar announced. "What if I can't get pregnant, then?"

"We'll adopt one. Or we can stay childless. Once I'm older, I'll leave my work in someone else's hands and take you around the world. When we get too old to even move, we'll just

live out our lives in a peaceful nursing home. When the time comes, we'll leave this world together. You won't be lonely."

Amelia was delighted to hear that. "Wait, we're talking about them, not us. If she can't get pregnant, I wonder if Derrick will divorce her."

"Depends on how much he loves her. If he loves her as much as I love you, he won't divorce her," Oscar said adamantly.

Amelia remained silent. She was not Tiffany, and Oscar wasn't Derrick. The substitution didn't work that way. I won't be too sure about that.

Amelia immediately started working on the advertisement design once they got home. They came up with a lot of designs over the course of months, but the people at Atlas Corporation kept rejecting them. They were getting really nitpicky. Even a single minute flaw would be magnified and criticized as if the product they worked on for days were worthless.

One of the people in charge spoke in decent Chanaean. He said, "When Mr. Clinton recommended your company, I thought you're skilled. This is second-rate. Why did he even tell us about you guys?"

The ladies were angry that they were looked down upon. Lydia answered, "Mr. Rice, we're really trying to work with you here. Mr. Clinton did recommend us, and that's because our work is decent, or he wouldn't have even considered us."

"But the rumors say he only recommended you guys because Ms. Winters is his wife," Teddy Rice said.

Amelia stepped up and said calmly, "I may be his wife, but I'll prove that I have what it takes to stand tall. Besides, our designs aren't that bad, are they?"

Teddy smiled at her. "Are you saying I'm being nitpicky?"

"No. That's actually a good trait. Atlas Corporation only got so far thanks to your leadership. I've seen your work before. They're perfect. I can understand why you think our work is subpar. We still have much to improve. But give us one more chance. We'll present the perfect work. In my and my husband's name, we'll back out of this project if you still aren't satisfied with it," Amelia said calmly.

Teddy gazed at Amelia for a moment, and he nodded.

Oscar came into the study holding two cups of coffee. He placed them aside and went around the desk to hug her. "What happened?"

Amelia pointed at the design on the table. "Hey, can you tell me what's wrong with this?"

Oscar peered at it and worked on the design for a while. "It's decent. Erihalians think differently from us. They're more of a work-life balance people. They only work during work hours, while we put emphasis on speed. That's probably why your design didn't make the cut."

Amelia looked at the design. She had to say that it was a lot better after that change Oscar made.

She could feel that her design didn't hit the mark. It was as if something was missing. Oscar pulled the veil off for her, and she knew what she was looking for in her design now.

"No wonder they call you a polymath. I didn't believe them, but now I do. I'm an amateur compared to you." Amelia bit his lip, feeling a little jealous and frustrated.

"No. I'm just giving you an outsider's perspective, and I know Teddy. That's why I know what you should change. You're a more talented designer than I am. That's true." Oscar patted her head. "You're really talented. Work on it and you'll be one of the top designers around. You are my partner, and I have an eye for good partners."

"Is that an actual compliment?"

"Yes. You're really awesome. Don't forget that."

Amelia felt better after that. She showed her new design to Lydia and the others the next day, and they were pleasantly surprised by what they saw.

"This is perfection. You have a talent for this, Amelia," Lydia praised.

Amelia smiled. "I'm glad you like it. Let's see Mr. Rice. I think we'll pass this time. If we still fail, I don't think we'll get to work with Atlas Corporation again. So do your best, everyone."

Lydia and the others nodded. They were impressed by Amelia's skill. With her as our leader, there's no way our department will lose.

They agreed to meet up at one in the afternoon in Atlas Corporation. Amelia and her team had started preparing half an hour before that. Once Teddy and his team arrived, Amelia told her team to start the slideshow, and she distributed the printed work to Teddy and the others.

She explained the reason and theme of the advertisement. When she was done, she asked, "Do you have anything to add about the new design, Mr. Rice?"

Teddy looked at it again, and he had to say that the design was flawless.

A long silence ensued. Everyone was waiting with bated breaths, and then he clapped and stood up. "Perfect. This is flawless. You've proved your mettle, Ms. Winters. I see you didn't get this job just because you're Mr. Clinton's wife. I'm glad I didn't give up on you too soon."

Amelia finally smiled. She approached him and extended her hand. "It's a pleasure to hear that, Mr. Rice. I look forward to working with you."

Teddy shook her hand as well. "I have nothing to worry about if you're handling the ad. You're extremely talented. Sorry for what I said. I just wanted you to work your best. And you delivered."

"Thank you for trusting me, Mr. Rice. I won't let you down. Better ads are coming your way."

"And I'll gladly take them."

Teddy and his team were in a good mood thanks to the perfect advertisement. They even praised Amelia and her team when they met Shane.

Shane smiled. "You flatter them, Mr. Rice. They're newbies who just started out on this path. They have a lot to learn, and you're their gold standard."

"You're being modest, Mr. Franklin. We prefer a straightforward attitude here. We acknowledge everyone's strengths and weaknesses. Formalities? Throw that out the window. Ms. Winters is talented, and nobody can dispute that. If it's possible, I'd like to tutor her for a year. She'd have to go overseas, but she's going to improve by leaps and bounds in a year."

Shane froze. "Oh, that's a nice offer, Mr. Rice, but I can't make the decision for that. You'll have to ask her, and I don't think Mr. Clinton would agree to it though."

Teddy understood, of course, but still, he said to Amelia, "This is my card, Ms. Winters. Call me if you'd like to go overseas. I promise you'll make a name for yourself eventually."

Amelia took the card. She was delighted, of course. Teddy's praise was confirmation that she had talent. If she could study abroad, it'd be nice for her career. However, she had a husband and a son. Work wasn't that important for her. She had no need to be wildly successful like the other people.

Her wish was simple: a loving husband and a good son. Work could come later. She didn't have to push anything. "Thank you, Mr. Rice. I'll give you a call when I plan to study abroad."

"I'll be waiting. Don't let me down."

Amelia nodded.

When Teddy and his team left, Shane approached Amelia. "You delivered, Amelia."

"Thanks."

Shane smiled and clapped. "Good work, everyone. This couldn't have happened without all of you. Mr. Rice loved it. This calls for a celebration. We're going to have dinner at a five-star hotel, and then it's karaoke time. My treat."

Everyone cheered.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 765

Chapter 765 | Object

Teddy had just left the company when he received a call. He picked it up, and a moment later, he said, "Sure. We'll meet up at a coffee shop near your company. I'll be there."

Upon hanging up, he said to his team, "You guys go back without me. I'm seeing a friend." Everyone nodded and left.

Once they were gone, Teddy drove to the coffee shop. He parked the car and got out of it. When he turned around, he was greeted by a majestic building. It was none other than Clinton Corporations.

He went into the coffee shop and found his friend in the corner. "Isabella." Isabella got up and smiled. "You're quick. I thought I had to wait for an hour at least."

"Punctuality is basic etiquette," Teddy said. Isabella chuckled. "As witty as ever, Teddy."

"Only to the ladies. I don't think I can crack jokes with anyone else." "I think I would have fallen for a gentleman like you. Pity I love someone else."

"No. You wouldn't have fallen for me even if you didn't love someone else. We're too smart for that." Isabella was still smiling, but her eyes were devoid of delight.

She called the waiter over and made her order. After Teddy made his order, she asked, "What do you think of the company Oscar recommended?"

"Not bad. I'm going to work with them. Oscar's wife is a talented woman. I could see that when we first met, but she lacked the oomph, so I thought I would give her a push and see how far she could go. As expected, she made something spectacular. The more you push someone, the more they'll push back. She's the embodiment of that. I'll have to thank Oscar properly for introducing someone so talented. And to think I complained because the company was a no-name organization. Didn't expect to find a gem among them." Teddy kept praising.

Isabella clenched her fists and teeth. If she clenched them any harder, her teeth would shatter. She didn't ask Teddy out to hear him blabber. Any praise for Amelia was only going to annoy her. She wanted to scream.

"You're exaggerating, aren't you? There's no way she's that talented." She forced a smile.

"No. She's one of the most talented women I've ever met. I'd love it if she would study abroad. I'd tutor her myself." Teddy was starting to look excited. It wasn't every day a talented designer would pop up. It'd be a shame if he lost this chance to tutor her.

Isabella felt her envy erupt. She put on a fake smile and said, "It's not every day you praise someone, Teddy."

"I mean, talented designers aren't exactly a dime a dozen." And then he remembered something nice. His eyes shone as if he was a cat looking through the night. "You're working for Oscar, aren't you? Why don't you ask him if I can borrow his wife for a couple of years? She's really talented. It'd be a waste to not put that talent to good use."

Isabella averted her gaze. Teddy, if he actually listens to me, I would have made him marry me a long time ago. But no. He doesn't listen to me.

"I don't think I can convince him, Teddy."

Teddy looked at her. Realization struck him. "Right. He's an opinionated man. You're just his employee. I don't think you can convince him to let his wife study abroad."

Isabella's face fell. Her mood soured. What's so good about Amelia? Why does every guy she runs into praise her as if she's a goddess?

"You seem to think fondly of her, Teddy."

"She's gorgeous and talented. Shouldn't I think fondly of her?"

The answer only made her more envious, and her mood soured even more. In the end, they parted with Isabella thinking that the meeting ended on a bad note.

Teddy went into the company with her. Isabella was mad, but she held it down.

"Shouldn't you start negotiating with Amelia and get the contract ready?"

"Ah, someone else can do it. I'll talk to Oscar. If he'll let me tutor his wife for a bit, I promise she'll come back shining even brighter. I think Ms. Winters requires a better stage to showcase her talents." The man's eyes were practically shining like stars.

Isabella looked at him as if he was an idiot. It'll be a miracle if Oscar doesn't kick him out of the office when he brings that up.

However, she wasn't planning on telling him that. He had praised Amelia right in front of her, and she hated that. She was a petty woman and was more than happy to see Teddy get yelled at. "Godspeed, Teddy."

"Thank you. I think he'll be grateful that I'm extending my generosity to his family."

Perhaps so. But I'd rather see you get beaten up.

Isabella arrived at her destination. "I have to get back to work. Let's meet again sometime."

Teddy nodded.

He came to the top floor and went straight to the secretary's office. Linda was there, so he asked if Oscar was in.

"Hello, Mr. Rice. He just went to the restroom. Will you give him a minute? He doesn't like people going into his office unannounced," Linda said politely.

Teddy shrugged and waited patiently.

Oscar came back eventually. He wasn't surprised to see Teddy there.

"You're finally back. I bring good news, Oscar. But let's talk in your office," Teddy said happily.

Oscar nodded.

They went into his office, and Teddy gushed, "Oscar, your wife is a talented designer. I suggest that she studies abroad. I can be her tutor. Give me a couple of years, and I can turn her into one of the most famous designers in Erihal."

Oscar narrowed his eyes. He was looking at Teddy coldly.

Teddy was oblivious to that. He kept saying, "And you can bank on that promise. I'll make her shine even more under my tutelage. I—"

"No. She's already brilliant enough. I don't need her to make a name for herself in Erihal," Oscar interrupted him.

"That's selfish, Oscar. You haven't seen how magical her designs are. She's talented. Someone like her shouldn't stay in a small company forever. It's a waste of talent."

"I can always give her something better if she wishes to."

"But I'm a trusted figure in the design industry in Erihal. You recommended her company so I can recognize her talent, didn't you? And now I'm giving her a chance to study abroad. I'm going to tutor her myself too, so why not? That's selfish of you!" Teddy started raising his voice. He was getting agitated.

Oscar was starting to look really solemn as well. "Teddy, you crossed the line."

Teddy snapped out of it and pretended to cough. "Sorry, I just didn't want to let a talent go to waste. She's really gifted. Are you sure you don't want to give her this chance?"

"Teddy, if she wants to, I can make her the top designer in the world. You know I can, don't you?"

Oh, yeah. Teddy felt defeated. The Clintons had enough power to assign a top designer to tutor Amelia. Studying abroad was even easier. He just felt a little frustrated that a talented designer like her would not be tutored by him.

He was sure he could make a star out of Amelia if she just agreed to it.

“Teddy, if you have nothing else to say, you may leave now,” Oscar said.

Teddy didn’t want to give up just like that. “Can’t we talk this out, Oscar? I think we can. I like talented people. I promise she’ll shine.”

“No. You may leave now.”

Teddy left looking all dejected. He came down to where Isabella was and headed straight to her office. “My lovely Isabella, you have to help me. Please convince Oscar to let me tutor his wife for a couple of years.”

Isabella looked at him. God, he’s obsessed. “I mean, if you really want to, there’s always a way.”

“Tell me!”

“Have her fall in love with you, and she’ll leave Oscar.”

Teddy rolled his eyes. “Is that a joke? I can’t steal Oscar’s wife away from him.”

“You can’t, or you won’t? She’s beautiful, Teddy. Aren’t you the least bit interested?” Isabella asked.

“Nonsense! She’s like a friend’s daughter to me. I may be a foreigner, but I did study in Chanaea for a bit. I’m as traditional as you guys are. I don’t steal anyone’s wives. I can’t believe you’re that kind of woman,” he said angrily.

Isabella shrugged. “That’s the best idea I can come up with.”

Teddy stared straight at her.

Isabella was feeling creeped out after a while, and she fidgeted. “What do you want, Teddy? Why are you staring at me?”

"That... was a good conspiracy, Isabella. And I thought I could rely on you. You're nothing more than a snake. And to think I thought of you as my friend." Teddy left the office right away.

Isabella was bemused. Why did he call me a snake? What happened? What the heck was he thinking?

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 766

Chapter 766 Good News

Oscar was infuriated after that meeting with Teddy. He couldn't even keep on working. He was worried that Amelia might take the offer just to become the best designer in the world. It would separate them for a year or two at least, and four to five years at most. They would have to travel far and wide just to meet up. Not only would Amelia miss out on seeing Tony grow, but they would also have little time together too.

He only recommended Amelia to Teddy just so her talents would be recognized. He never thought Teddy would try to take her away from him. He's an idiot.

He wanted to call Amelia, but he just couldn't bring himself to do it. He heaved a sigh and tucked his phone away. Eventually, it was time to get off work. Oscar packed up at lightspeed and left.

He took the elevator and ran into Isabella the moment he emerged from it. "Oscar!" she called. Oscar ignored her. Isabella wasn't mad. Instead, she said vaguely, "Congratulations, Oscar."

Oscar stopped in his tracks and turned around. "Why did you say that?"

"Teddy told me he wants Amelia to study abroad. He's gonna tutor her himself. I think she won't reject that offer. It's a nice one." She smiled. Oscar looked even more upset now. He went straight for the exit without even looking at Isabella.

She caught up to him quickly and grinned. "I know you're sad, but look at it another way. She's blessed that Teddy wants to tutor her. Not everyone has that chance. If I'm as talented as she is, I would have taken up the offer."

Oscar stopped in his tracks. "That's enough, Isabella."

Isabella stopped smiling. She acted as if the realization had just struck her. "Oh, are you upset?"

Oscar went away again. He refused to entertain her.

Isabella stopped following him. Instead, she saw him off as he went into the night. A smile curled her lips. "Fate's on my side this time, Oscar. I'll make sure Teddy gets her overseas, and I'll get a hypnotist to hypnotize you. And then we will have gotten married when she comes back. You're mine."

She felt smug and wanted to laugh, thinking that everything was under her control and that she was already the winner. Lady Luck is smiling on me.

Her thoughts didn't reach Oscar. He got into his car and drove all the way to Amelia's company.

Amelia and Jolin were already waiting. When they saw his car, Amelia told Jolin to get into another car, then she went into Oscar's car.

She buckled up and said, "You're late, Oscar. I tried to call you, but you didn't pick up. I thought you were in trouble."

Oscar took his phone out. The battery was dead. "Sorry, I forgot to charge it."

Teddy had upset him so much that he forgot to charge his phone. He was also worried that Amelia might actually go overseas. It scrambled his mind and messed things up.

Amelia noticed his bad mood, so she held his hand and asked gently, "What is it? Did something happen at work?"

He shook his head. "It's nothing."

That does not look like nothing at all. "We're a couple, Oscar. We promised we'd be honest about everything. I can't be happy if you aren't," she said seriously.

Oscar heaved another sigh. He patted her cheek and changed the subject. "Teddy told me he hopes you can study abroad."

Oh, so that's what he's upset about. She was amused. "And you're worried I might say yes?"

He pursed his lips and said nothing.

She patted his cheek in return and chuckled. "You dummy, I have a family here, and you love me to bits. Why would I give my family up for something as shallow as fame? I'm not that stupid."

Oscar heaved a sigh of relief. "Let's go home."

He's feeling happier now. A smile curled her lips. "Let's go home."

Thanks to that little episode, they had a much lovelier time at night. Amelia woke up the next day feeling sore and exhausted. She almost couldn't get out of bed.

Oscar came in holding breakfast. He quickly approached her and held her up as gently as she could. "Does it hurt? Sorry. I might have been a bit rough last night. Let me see if you're hurt anywhere."

Amelia leaned against his chest. When she finally felt some of her strength returning, she said, "What's the time now?"

"It's almost ten. I told your boss you're taking the day off. You just netted a great designer for Shane. He's over the moon, so he gave you two days off. Rest well. Here, I made you your favorite. Eat."

Amelia shook her head. "I need to get my teeth brushed first. And I'm going to work in the afternoon. It's not the first time I took the day off. I don't want anyone calling me a slacker."

Oscar wanted to tell her he would purchase the whole company if anyone called her a slacker, but he swallowed his words. Amelia hated it every time he tried to brag.

"Sure. But only if you're feeling fine."

Amelia shot him a look. None of this would have happened if you didn't pound me so hard.

She rested for the whole morning and felt a lot better, then she asked Jolin to drive her to work.

To her surprise, Teddy was waiting for her.

One of the employees approached her. She looked excited and envious at the same time. "It's your lucky day, Amelia. Mr. Rice came over first thing in the morning and said he'd be

your tutor. He's a big shot in the industry. You're gonna get famous if he becomes your tutor. People would kill to get this chance."

Amelia's lips twitched as she looked at Teddy. What is he trying to do?

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 767

Chapter 767 Finally At Work

"You're finally at work, Ms. Winters! Have you thought about what I proposed yesterday?" asked Teddy anxiously as he rushed toward her. However, Jolin quickly blocked his path forward and glared at him as she demanded, "What do you think you're doing?"

If it weren't for the fact that they were currently in the office, she wouldn't have hesitated to teach the lecherous Teddy a lesson there and then. She couldn't believe that he was still so persistent in wanting Amelia to head overseas. It was clear to Jolin that the man was tired of living. Teddy merely eyed Jolin strangely and asked in confusion, "Who are you?"

As Jolin was currently dressed up as a man, it was only natural that Teddy had no idea who she was.

"I'm Mrs. Clinton's bodyguard and also one of the staff working here. I can tell you straight up that she will definitely not be going overseas. If you insist on coming forward to harass her any further, I'll teach you a lesson and land you in such a tragic state that even your parents won't be able to recognize you," warned Jolin fiercely.

However, Teddy didn't seem to mind Jolin's words. Instead, he directed his gaze toward Amelia and asked, "Ms. Winters, are you really not considering my suggestion for you to head overseas for further education?"

Amelia finally walked over to the pair. Jolin read the situation and instinctively stepped to the side. Teddy's eyes twinkled hopefully at Amelia's sudden movement and he exclaimed, "I take it that you're agreeing to my suggestion, Ms. Winters?"

"Mr. Rice, I didn't expect to be the recipient of your deep affections. However, I do regret to inform you that I have a husband and child here. Instead of making a name for myself in the design sphere, I simply value my family much more than that. I think it would be best if you were to offer this opportunity to someone else," replied Amelia with a gentle smile.

Teddy was rather disappointed by her response, but he didn't have the habit of forcing others to do things against their wishes.

As such, he accepted the situation and said, "That's a pity, then. To think that I made the effort to find Mr. Clinton yesterday for his help in convincing you with regard to this matter. Who knew that he would be a difficult character to handle as well? Why don't you continue to hold on to the name card I handed you previously? It might come in handy if you do decide to change your mind about this one day. When the time comes, feel free to give me a call and I'll welcome you overseas with open arms. You really do have an innate talent for design. If you continue to mold and develop that talent further, I believe you'll make great strides in the industry."

Amelia chuckled softly. "If I had the chance, I believe I would surely choose to head overseas to pursue such development opportunities. However, I think I won't be able to anymore. I really do have to thank you once again for recognizing and appreciating my talent. In a way, it's a form of validation for my work."

"As long as you hang on to my number, I truly believe that you'll reach out to contact me one day. This is something I'm firmly confident in. Since we've cleared this up, I'll proceed to take my leave first so I won't inconvenience you any further," stated Teddy before he turned sharply and left.

"How could you give up on such a great opportunity, Amelia?" asked everyone around her wistfully.

Amelia merely returned to her seat and smiled. "There's nothing wasted or worth regretting about this. I have a husband and a child to consider. That's why I'm unable to head overseas, and for such an extended period of time. Furthermore, even if I do want to pursue higher education in design, I believe I can come up with a way to have the best designer in the world come over to guide me. Did all of you happen to forget who my husband is and what he does for a living?"

Her response sent everyone into deep thought as they contemplated the situation.

Indeed, as she had mentioned, they had forgotten that Clinton Corporations was the behemoth of a company at the forefront of Tayhaven. With that context in mind, it became clear that Amelia didn't really need the pittance being offered for this opportunity to study abroad. This reality was completely foreign to everyone, given how different their background was compared to Amelia's.

Indeed, they recognized that it didn't do much good to compare excessively with others.

It only birthed the realization that their design work was still mediocre despite all the hard work that they had invested in. In contrast, not only was Amelia blessed with being the daughter-in-law of a wealthy family, but she also had an innate talent for design. Without so much but a twitch of her finger, she had managed to gain the favor of a huge master and expert in the design industry. However, she had also impulsively rejected the man.

With all this reflection, everyone was only reminded bitterly that being wealthy did afford one the privilege of acting rashly.

Now that the show was over, they streamed back to their initial positions and continued with their work.

Likewise, Amelia resumed her work now that peace and quiet had descended upon the office. However, that didn't last long when she suddenly received a call from Shane on the company's internal phone line for her to head over to his office.

She hastily cleaned up her desk before she headed over to take the elevator up.

Upon arrival, she rapped her knuckles briskly on the office door before she entered and asked, "Are you looking for me, Mr. Franklin?"

"It's just the two of us here. You don't have to address me so formally," remarked Shane as he gestured toward the seat before his desk. "Take a seat."

Amelia accepted the invitation and settled in.

Soon after, Shane started to fiddle about with the golden pen in his hand as he stated, "Atlas Corporation has signed the contract with us. All credit for that goes to you, of course."

"No, not at all. That's the fruit of everyone's efforts. I was merely fortunate enough to be the one leading the charge," replied Amelia humbly.

Shane took in her response and merely smiled as he shook his head wryly.

He asked, "Are you really not considering Teddy's proposal for you to study abroad?"

"If you're able to persuade Oscar, perhaps I might give the matter further consideration," replied Amelia.

A brief silence ensued before Shane shrugged his shoulders and said, "If that's the case, then I think there's really no way to go ahead with it."

Amelia chuckled softly at his reply.

Shane fished out a cheque and handed it over to Amelia. "This is your reward for helping the company secure the contract with Atlas Corporation. Once the advertisement is finally launched and sees some degree of success, they'll follow up with an additional monetary gift for you."

Amelia took a closer look at what Shane had just handed her and saw that it amounted to more than three hundred thousand. Although this wasn't much to her, it was a rather substantial sum to the other employees of the company. True enough, it would take each of them several years of arduous work before they would finally be able to save up this amount.

Almost as if he had read her mind, Shane declared, "Although this may not be much to you, I promise that your salary will only increase from here as long as you continue to keep at it. You might even have the chance to invest in the company and take up the role of one of our major shareholders."

It was clear that he truly appreciated Amelia for her ability and was more than willing to offer her a substantial package to retain her services.

For her part, Amelia didn't bother being pretentious about it either. She kept the cheque and said, "In a way, this is the first time I've earned such a huge amount of money ever since I started work. From the moment I got married, I've always been spending the Clinton family's money without earning a single cent to my name. At one point, I even thought that I would be fated to be a parasite for the rest of my life."

"With your talent, it wouldn't be too difficult for you to find a job to keep yourself afloat at a minimum. I believe you would be able to lead a luxurious life nonetheless even if you didn't have the Clinton family to support you," stated Shane in his highest form of praise for her.

"You're the only one who thinks that highly of me," remarked Amelia. She clearly didn't think she was as talented or incredible as Shane was leading her to believe. Otherwise, there was no way she would have almost landed in prison after she fell into Faye's trap. "If there's nothing else for me, I'll head down to continue with my work."

Shane nodded in approval and Amelia proceeded to leave his office and headed back to continue her work in the design department.

She continued to toil at work until just after six o'clock in the evening when she suddenly received a call from Oscar to inform her that he still had a meeting to attend to. As such, he had arranged for Jolin to send her back.

Throughout their conversation, Amelia only reminded him not to allow the meeting to drag on for too long. Following this, she allowed Jolin to drive her back home.

When they finally arrived back in their neighborhood, Amelia got out of the car. She was closely followed by Jolin, who said, "Let me escort you upstairs, Mrs. Clinton."

However, Amelia gently shook her head and said, "It's all right. You don't have to. I'll be fine heading up by myself."

Although Jolin opened her mouth and moved to speak, Amelia quickly cut her off and interjected, "You can stay down here and wait for me to switch on the lights upstairs before you head off. The bodyguards that Oscar sent to protect Tony are still in the area. I'll be fine."

With that, Jolin had no choice but to acquiesce.

Amelia headed into the lobby, where she stood to wait for the elevator to arrive. Just when it did, she received a message on her phone and casually opened it. However, her eyes quickly widened in shock and her heart started pounding furiously in response to what she saw.

The message was focused on a set of male and female figures, both of which she recognized. In fact, it was precisely because she recognized them that she didn't believe what she was looking at. She could hardly accept that the man who loudly proclaimed his love for her actually turned out to be seen kissing another woman.

As she gripped her phone tightly and took in the sight of Oscar kissing Isabella passionately while holding her by the waist, her head started throbbing furiously. She felt as if she was in the middle of a terrible dream, and she refused to accept that Oscar had truly done something to betray her trust like this.

Yes, this has to be a misunderstanding. It has to be a misunderstanding!

This thought continued to run through Amelia's mind as she valiantly tried to convince herself into believing this fabrication of her own making.

However, no matter how much she tried to convince and hypnotize herself, the image of the couple within the message was too compelling for Amelia to overcome just like that.

Oscar, didn't you say that you were in a meeting? Why are you holding on to Isabella so passionately as both of you stand on the top floor? What's your relationship with her?

Amelia's mind ran amok with such thoughts and they swirled endlessly throughout her consciousness. At the same time, she felt a sharp pain in her heart and her legs had become so weak that she almost collapsed where she stood. It was only through sheer force of will that she managed to lean against the wall to prop her trembling body up.

"Are you all right, Mrs. Clinton?" asked Jolin.

Amelia jumped at the sudden question that broke her out of her reverie. She subconsciously kept her phone and recollected herself before she turned around and asked, "Jolin, why have you come in?"

However, Jolin only looked at Amelia closely and quickly picked up that something wasn't right. Concerned, she asked, "You don't seem to be feeling well, Mrs. Clinton. Did something happen?"

Amelia forced a tiny smile out as she stated, "Not at all."

Jolin seemed to have come to conclusions of her own as she eyed Amelia's bag cautiously before she deftly changed the subject and said, "I'm a little thirsty, Mrs. Clinton. Let me head up with you to get a drink."

Amelia had no choice but to nod in agreement.

Just like that, the pair headed up in complete silence. When they finally entered the apartment, Amelia said, "Why don't you help yourself to some water, Jolin? I'll check on Tony."

Conscious that she was crossing a line, Jolin reached out and grabbed hold of Amelia's hand and boldly declared, "Mrs. Clinton, I suddenly feel like having some of your signature coffee. I think it tastes really great. Could you make me a cup?"

Amelia eyed her briefly before she agreed once again.

She placed her bag down on the couch before she headed into the kitchen. The second Amelia was out of sight, Jolin swiftly reached over and rifled through Amelia's bag to glance at her phone. Through sheer coincidence, she caught sight of the message that Amelia had just received, and her eyes flashed the moment she took in its contents. Without pause, she quickly forwarded the message and its contents over to her own

phone before she deftly restored Amelia's belongings to their initial state and put on a show of nonchalance.

Just then, Amelia emerged from the kitchen and handed the drink over to Jolin.

Jolin received the cup and stated, "Thank you, Mrs. Clinton."

"Jolin, we're not bound by a mere employer and employee relationship. You've saved my life after all. You don't have to be so cautious when you're around me."

"Understood, Mrs. Clinton," replied Jolin in acknowledgment. "My apologies, Mrs. Clinton. I would like to get a pack of cigarettes. I'll be heading down first."

Amelia nodded.

Following this, Jolin left the apartment and headed down. The second she was out of earshot, she quickly placed a call to Oscar but to no avail.

A tinge of anxiety crept over her as she tried to reach him again. However, as per her earlier attempt, no one picked up the phone.

Faced with no other option, she reached out to the bodyguard responsible for watching over Oscar in secret. The bodyguard stated, "Jolin, we're all keeping an eye on him from below. We haven't seen him head down, so he should still be at the company."

Concerned that something had happened to Oscar, Jolin had the bodyguards head in to take a look and also informed them that she wasn't able to get through to him.

The team of bodyguards naturally rushed into the company upon hearing the context provided by Jolin.

Up on the highest floor of the building, Isabella passionately kissed Oscar, who had been temporarily hypnotized by her. She had arranged for one of the staff to take a photo of them in the act before she finally let go of Oscar and strode over to grab the phone from the staff. Upon seeing the photo captured, she stated, "Thanks so much for your help today! I promise I'll transfer your reward over to your bank account. However, I don't want to hear a single word in the office about what just happened here. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes," replied the staff as he curiously shot Oscar a look. Aware and concerned that Oscar was clearly not in a good state, he asked, "Is Mr. Clinton all right? He seems a little too quiet."

“He just doesn’t want to speak to someone at your level. Go on down now. It won’t be too good for you if he gets angry at you,” replied Isabella nonchalantly.

“All right, then. I’ll head on down first. I hope you and Mr. Clinton enjoy yourselves,” said the staff. He didn’t care too much about what was going on in the room or what was wrong with Oscar as long as he got his reward. It was of no concern to him whether Oscar was indeed having an affair or not.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 768

Chapter 768 Misunderstanding

Isabella looked at the photo on the phone. Satisfied, she put away the phone and walked up to Oscar, who would soon wake up from his hypnotic state. She looked at him and whispered, “Oscar, you’ll be mine sooner or later. I know that drugging you for hypnosis won’t last forever, but I want to make you mine. When I give birth to your son, I think you will fall in love with me too.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Oscar came round. Without the help of a psychiatrist, Isabella’s action of forcibly hypnotizing Oscar would actually affect his memory. He might forget what had happened or have dementia at worst.

Isabella had taken risks earlier, but fortunately, Oscar’s physical condition was good, and he had recovered completely. As soon as Oscar woke up and saw Isabella, his face fell. He asked in annoyance, “Why are you here?”

“Oscar, I said I wanted to talk to you about work right after the meeting ended, and you said we could talk on the rooftop, so I followed you up here. Have you forgotten?” Isabella replied innocently while looking at him.

Oscar tried hard to remember, but his last memory was of Isabella telling him in the conference room that she wanted to discuss something with him. As for what happened afterward, he could not remember anything.

He glanced at Isabella calmly and said, “Let’s go down.”

Isabella secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

She followed him downstairs. As it was still early, there were still a lot of people working overtime in the company.

"Mr. Clinton." Linda came up to Oscar. When she saw Isabella, who was behind him, her eyes flickered.

Isabella avoided looking at Linda. Instead, she focused on sending a photo on her phone. When it was sent successfully, she could not help but smirk, obviously feeling better.

She believed Amelia would not remain indifferent after the latter saw the photo of her and Oscar kissing.

She wanted to see how tolerant Amelia could be. She would be impressed if Amelia could still remain silent when her husband had cheated on her.

"There's nothing much left to do. You can get off work now," Oscar said.

Linda nodded. "All right, Mr. Clinton. I'll be on my way now."

Oscar nodded and went straight into his office, whereas Isabella, who knew her place, did not follow him in.

"Ms. Walker, aren't you getting off work?" asked Linda.

"Oscar is still working, so I can't possibly get off work first, can I?"

Linda tried to say something, a complicated look flashing across her eyes. In the end, she said, "Ms. Walker, Mr. Clinton is a man with a wife and a kid. What you say can easily cause misunderstanding."

"Everyone in the company knows that I like Oscar. So what if he has a wife? He's an excellent and rich man. Every woman will like him for sure. It's just that I have the resources and courage, so I'll definitely be the one to be with him in the end." Isabella was obviously in an extremely good mood. "Anyway, Linda, I have to go. I'll leave Oscar to you, then."

With that, she skipped into the elevator.

Baffled, Linda stared at the obviously overexcited Isabella, and suddenly a sense of unease rose within her.

When Oscar entered the office, he noticed he received a lot of missed calls from Jolin. His expression stiffened, and he hurriedly returned Jolin's calls.

“Boss, you finally called back. Bad news. Mrs. Clinton received a photo of you and Isabella kissing on her phone. It’s obviously taken today, judging from your outfits. Mrs. Clinton is in a bad mood now. Are you really in a relationship with Isabella?” Jolin asked anxiously, but she still exercised caution when asking the question.

Oscar’s face clouded over.

“I kissed Isabella?” He instinctively thought of what had happened earlier. He did not know how he went to the rooftop, so he trusted what Jolin said. However, he could not figure out when and how Isabella could actually make him lose consciousness without him knowing.

His eyes turned cold, and he realized he could no longer keep Isabella there.

“Boss, I have the photo as proof. I can send it to you if you don’t trust me.”

“Send it to me.”

After hanging up the phone, Oscar received the photo that made him nearly lose his temper.

Oscar picked up his suit and hurried out. Taking the elevator downstairs, he returned to the neighborhood as fast as he could. While on the way, he nearly got into an accident as he was driving too fast. Luckily, he managed to avoid it.

When he was home, he started to feel guilty instead of angry. He was afraid that Amelia would question him. Although he was a victim too, he had looked as though he was enjoying the kiss with Isabella in the photo. If he said that he did not know about the kiss, it would sound like sophistry. However, he did not want to lie and deceive Amelia either.

He had promised her he would never lie to her in their marriage.

He had imagined all kinds of consequences, but to his surprise, he saw Amelia sitting on the couch in a daze when he entered the house. She did not even notice when he came in.

Seeing that, he could not help feeling a little distressed.

Walking over, he said softly, “Honey.”

Amelia was obviously taken aback as she almost jumped up from the couch, but Oscar held her down in time.

"What's wrong?" he asked with concern.

Amelia looked at Oscar, who was inches away from her. Suddenly, there was a hint of resistance in her eyes. "Oscar, can you not stay so close to me?"

Oscar's heart sank, but his voice became gentler as he asked, "Why wouldn't you let me get so close to you? Are you feeling unwell?"

Amelia forced a smile. "My head hurts a little. I'm afraid I might pass it to you."

Oscar reached out to touch her head, but she dodged it.

Abruptly, he reached out and grabbed her shoulders, forcing her to look at him.

"Honey, is there anything you want to tell me?"

He wanted Amelia to tell him everything that was in her mind instead of swallowing all the misunderstandings on her own. If it went on, the misunderstandings between them would only grow.

Amelia replied with a forced smile, "We talk every day. What else can I tell you?"

"That's not what your expression tells me."

Amelia's smile froze for a moment before she let out a sigh. "Oscar, I'm fine. You must be hungry. I'll go heat up the food for you."

As soon as she got up, Oscar pulled her to sit on his lap.

"Amelia, you can tell me anything that's on your mind. There's no need to hide it. As you said, we're married. We should talk about things before it's too late so that there's no misunderstanding." Oscar's deep voice had a soothing effect on people.

Amelia stopped trying to break free from him.

"Honey, tell me, what happened?" Oscar asked again softly.

Amelia sighed. After hesitating for some time, she still did not say it. She was afraid that her relationship with Oscar would really deteriorate after she asked him the question.

“Nothing. I’ll go and heat up the food.” Then, she broke free from Oscar and fled into the kitchen.

Oscar’s eyes darkened.

There was still tension in his heart. He wanted to explain to Amelia about the kiss, but he did not know how to start. If his explanation was not clear enough, the trust that he had finally established with Amelia would really crumble.

The tacit understanding and seamless trust between them might really cease to exist.

His mind was a mess. He could be decisive in everything in life, except things involving Amelia.

Amelia, how should I explain it to you so that you’ll believe that Isabella and I are innocent?

The photo was ironclad evidence. No matter how hard he tried to explain, the photo would make his words unconvincing.

When Amelia came out with the reheated food, she saw Oscar sitting on the couch, looking a little dejected. Her eyes flickered as she could not help but think of the kiss between him and Isabella.

Her head hurt. She thought that her relationship with Oscar should be indestructible after they had gone through so much, but the photo had dealt her unshakable confidence a blow. She even doubted the authenticity of what Oscar said to her.

She shook her head, secretly reminding herself that she had to believe Oscar’s feelings for her no matter what and that she should not have any doubts.

Having mentally convinced herself, she could finally wear an expression that was less grim on her face.

“Oscar, the food has been heated up. Come and have your dinner,” said Amelia.

Coming back to his senses, Oscar walked over and sat down. When he saw that Amelia had only prepared the cutlery for him and not herself, he asked, “Are you not eating with me?”

“I was hungry, so I ate first. You can eat alone. I’ll go upstairs to check on Tony. After you’re done, just leave the dishes in the kitchen. Wrap anything that you can’t finish with

plastic wrap and put them in the fridge." Amelia quickly went upstairs after she finished talking.

Oscar looked at the sumptuous food on the table, which had instantly become unappetizing.

He simply took a few bites before he packed all the leftovers and put them in the fridge. Then, he went upstairs and opened the door of Tony's room. He saw Amelia sitting by the bed staring blankly at Tony, who had long been asleep.

He wanted to walk over, but he was afraid of scaring Amelia. Hence, he stood outside the room simply looking at Amelia, who was looking at Tony inside the room.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 769

Chapter 769 Your Lips Make Me Feel Sick

In the end, Amelia climbed into bed and slept with Tony. It wasn't until she was fast asleep that Oscar came in to bring her back to their bedroom. Perhaps because he was troubled, Oscar didn't fall asleep until three o'clock in the morning.

After breakfast the next day, Amelia had someone send Tony to the Clinton residence before saying to Oscar, "Oscar, since you'll be busy with work, I'll ask Jolin to send me to the office. It's too tiring to go to Clinton Corporations after bringing me to work. I don't want to trouble you."

Oscar merely stared at her with a gloomy expression. None of them mentioned the fact that both of them had woken up in the same room in the morning. Avoiding his probing gaze subconsciously, Amelia continued, "That's it then. I'll be heading to work now. You should depart early too."

Before she could leave, Oscar grabbed her hand and took out his phone to show the photo to her, getting straight to the point. "Do you really plan to give me the cold shoulder forever just because of this?"

That was the first time he had spoken to her with such a darkened countenance since she returned from Beshya.

When Amelia saw the man and woman in the photo, the look on her face changed drastically. Staring at the culprit who was looking at her as though she was the one at

fault, she gently pulled away her hand from Oscar and uttered, "So, you have these photos too. Are you going to tell me that you and Isabella have gotten together and you're planning to divorce me now?"

Frustrated, Oscar tugged at his hair. "Amelia, will you believe me if I say I had no idea why I kissed her?"

The smile on Amelia's face turned even more bitter. "Oscar, although you were domineering in the past, you would never lie because you found it disdainful. I didn't expect you to have learned to lie to me now. You have all the photos, and yet, you're telling me that you have no idea why you kissed her? If I were the one who was kissed by another man while looking captivated, would you believe me?" she answered him with a similar question.

Oscar pursed his lips. In truth, even he himself had a hard time believing what he had said just now. Nonetheless, he was truly the victim this time.

Naturally, there was no way he would let Isabella continue staying in Clinton Corporations. After all, the woman was like a bomb that would detonate at any time and make his marriage with Amelia turbulent. However, the most important thing to do at the moment was for him to explain clearly to Amelia. As for Isabella, he would deal with her with his own means.

"Amelia, I've never lied to you from the very beginning of our contract marriage. What's more, we love each other now. I really don't know why I kissed her. By the time I snapped back to my senses, I was already on the rooftop with her. I have no memory of how I got there, but I will investigate this matter thoroughly. Please believe in me. We have gone through so many ups and downs. If I really love Isabella, I wouldn't have stayed with you," Oscar confessed earnestly. "You know my character. I've always been open and aboveboard when it comes to relationships."

After hearing that, Amelia calmed down.

She had known the man for eight years, and she knew him inside out. She understood him because he was her financial backer in the past, but now, it was out of habit. Hence, when she heard his reply, her logical reasoning that she couldn't get hold of because of her anger and jealousy slowly returned.

"Oscar, what do you mean you have no memory of how you got there?" Amelia couldn't hide her worry and anxiousness as she asked, "Is your body okay?"

Oscar immediately used his health to gain sympathy from her.

He replied solemnly, "Well, when I was driving back yesterday, my head was already aching faintly. After that, Jolin called me to tell me that she found a photo of me and... you know who, kissing on your phone. I was worried that you would overthink it, so I rushed home as fast as I could. I was thinking about how to explain it to you, but you ignored me last night. I didn't sleep much all night. When I woke up today, my head hurts even more. I think I need to go to the hospital."

Even though Amelia knew that he was probably pretending to be pitiful, she loved him too much to expose him. Both of them had been through so many hurdles, so they wouldn't part ways just because of a photo. Besides, she had made up her mind that as long as he didn't mention divorcing her, she would choose to turn a blind eye to it.

Having experienced life and death, blindness, and so much more, she knew that they were nothing to be afraid of.

As long as a cheating husband's heart is still with you, he can be forgiven if he has the intention of repenting instead of pretending nothing had happened.

"Okay, I'll accompany you to the hospital for a check-up," Amelia said.

When Oscar heard her words, he knew that she had chosen to forgive him.

Breathing a sigh of relief, he pulled her into his embrace and whispered, "Silly woman, I was really scared that you would no longer care about me, and that the misunderstanding between us would worsen, effectively letting other people take advantage of that."

Amelia hammered at his chest twice angrily and said, "If you didn't insist on keeping Isabella in the company, would there be so many conflicts between us?"

Breathing in her scent, he replied, "Amelia, to tell you the truth, keeping her in the company was my mom's intention, and this is also the condition for her to agree to our remarriage. I think Mom also wanted to make some compensation for her. After all, when you left for Beshya without saying goodbye, Mom wanted to match me and Isabella, and she also sincerely regarded Isabella as her future daughter-in-law. In the end, I didn't marry her but remarried you instead. Mom felt sorry for Isabella, so she forced me to promise her to let Isabella stay in the company and not make any excuses to drive her away."

Amelia fell silent.

At the end of the day, she was the one who had given Isabella the chance and brought about the messy relationship between Isabella and Oscar. After all, it was only after she and Oscar divorced that Isabella pursued him for two years. Just when Isabella thought she had a chance, Amelia came back and killed her hopes.

I guess in a way, Isabella did nothing wrong to me.

“Let’s go to the hospital first,” Amelia said, changing the topic.

With that, they went to the hospital in silence and let the doctor examine Oscar. Soon, the doctor came to the conclusion that Oscar had been working too hard recently and not getting enough sleep. Aside from that, there was nothing wrong with him.

Amelia asked the doctor, “My husband said he had a brief amnesia yesterday, and his head still hurts. Is he really okay?”

If he’s in good health, that means he lied to me.

The doctor was holding a pen as he responded, “Mr. Clinton is fine. It’s impossible for someone to have short-term memory loss for no reason unless that person has Alzheimer’s disease. Plus, we can’t find any traces of Mr. Clinton being drugged, and his brain is fine with no abnormalities. So don’t worry.”

Amelia nodded.

The two then came out of the hospital with the examination results that showed that Oscar didn’t have any problems. Amelia walked ahead in silence while Oscar looked at the results in his hand with a deep gaze.

Previously, evidence of me being drugged could be found, but now, there is no trace of me being drugged. Is the person who set me up too cautious, or is the medical equipment in this hospital not particularly good?

Countless thoughts raced through his mind.

Amelia halted in her tracks abruptly, and Oscar, who was looking at the papers and thinking about various things, almost bumped into her.

“Amelia, why did you stop?” Oscar inquired.

Calmly, she turned to face him. “Oscar, the doctor said there’s nothing wrong with your body. Do you really have nothing to explain to me?”

Knowing what she was trying to say, he sighed and said, "Amelia, I didn't lie to you. I will investigate this matter clearly. I love you. You're the only one I love right from the start."

She nodded. "Okay, I trust you."

It was because she trusted him so much that when she saw Oscar and Isabella together that day, she found it extremely unbearable.

Oscar said, "Amelia, thank you."

"We are husband and wife. As I said, as long as you don't betray me without remorse, I will choose to trust you three times, so don't betray my trust, okay?" She gazed at him with a sincere look in her clear eyes.

"Okay."

Oscar put his arm around her as they walked down the stairs. After they got into the car, Amelia asked, "Oscar, you should send me to the office. I've applied for a leave in the morning. I can't keep requesting a leave."

He stared at her, keeping mum.

Confused, she asked, "What's the matter? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"You can vent your anger on me, all right? Don't hold it back."

"I'm not angry anymore. Don't you worry." What Amelia didn't tell Oscar was that she found that photo of him kissing Isabella disgusting, and when she saw his lips, she felt sick and even had the thought of disinfecting those lips with sanitizer. He had kissed another woman with the lips he used to kiss her. No matter how open-minded she was on the surface, she was still very uncomfortable.

"Really?"

"Yeah. Why would I lie to you?" Amelia asked back with a smile.

"Amelia, I don't like how you're acting distant. We were intimate until yesterday, but in just one day, I feel that you've built a wall between us. Of course, I'm aware that I was the one who shattered the trust between us." Glumness flashed across Oscar's eyes as he sighed bitterly.

Keeping her head down, Amelia kept quiet for a while before saying, "Oscar, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do this to you. It's just that the photo is really affecting me. I still feel bothered by it, and whenever I see you speak, I can't help but think of you kissing other women with that mouth. I feel... disgusted."

Oscar's countenance changed.

As the two sat in the car, they felt the emotional distance between them for the first time.

The atmosphere in the car became awkward.

Amelia unfastened her seat belt and uttered, "Oscar, why don't I ask Jolin to send me while you go to your office?"

"Sit tight," Oscar ordered.

Thus, Amelia could do only as he said.

"Fasten your seat belt. I'll take you there," he added.

Obediently, she buckled her seat belt, and with that, they reached her office without saying anything more.

Hanging her head low, Amelia unfastened her seat belt and spoke. "Oscar, I'm sorry. Don't take what I said just now to heart. I didn't mean anything else."

"Go to work. I didn't take your words to heart. I'll talk to you after I get back to the office and deal with work matters." Oscar reached out his hand but froze in mid-air. He was afraid that Amelia would find his touch repulsive.

When the matter is really resolved, I'll find time to have a deep and honest talk with Amelia. I won't let the misunderstanding between us deepen and hurt us.

After glancing at Oscar, Amelia finally entered the office without saying anything with Jolin following behind her.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 770

Chapter 770 She Will Not Leave Clinton Corporations

After Oscar returned to the office, he got Linda to summon Isabella. The moment Isabella received the order, she made a beeline toward his office. She could barely contain her glee when she asked, "Oscar, are you looking for me?"

Oscar immediately got up and walked toward her in an imposing manner. Just as Isabella was mesmerized by his charming gait, he raised his hand and gave her a tight slap. It was so loud and crisp that it reverberated throughout the entire office.

In an instant, Isabella was bewildered by his slap. She covered her face with her hand and felt her head buzzing from the strong impact of Oscar's slap. Her ears popped, and she could not hear anything at the moment. It took her a long while before she asked in disbelief, "Oscar, why did you hit me?"

Oscar took out his phone, showed her the photo, and questioned her sternly, "How do you explain this photo? If you don't clarify this matter today, I'm going to kill you. I can make you disappear into thin air. No one will ever link your death to me. So you'd better listen carefully to me. I'm not joking."

Isabella subconsciously trembled and looked at the photo on the phone. When she saw the man and woman in it, her expression changed. However, she regained her composure very soon.

She did not expect Amelia to send the photo to Oscar. It seemed that she had underestimated Amelia. She thought that Amelia was the type of woman who would give Oscar the cold shoulders and in turn, cause more misunderstandings between them.

Initially, that was what Amelia intended to do as well when she saw the photo. However, she did not want an external matter to damage their hard-earned relationship. Although she was upset about Oscar's infidelity, it was still tolerable. Amelia had no wish to divorce Oscar again. She didn't want Tony to grow up in a single-parent home.

Initially, Amelia had been going in the direction Isabella had expected. However, things soon strayed from what Isabella had planned. To make matters worse for her, Isabella bumped into Jolin. As such, it spelled the end of Isabella's plan.

The moment Isabella saw the photo, her mind started racing. She then put on an innocent expression and asked, "Oscar, why do you have such a photo?"

Oscar reached out and wrapped his hands around her neck, choking her. "Tell me. What have you done to me? Why can't I remember anything about the incident that took place on the rooftop?"

Isabella's face was becoming red, and her eyes were bulging. She opened her mouth, but no word could come out.

Oscar threw her on the floor, and Isabella began gasping for air. She eyed Oscar with fear.

The man that she loved wanted to kill her. Earlier on, she was suffocating to the point of passing out. She thought she was going to die.

"Isabella, I'm not someone you want to mess around with. Don't ever do anything to me again. Otherwise, I'll really end your life." Oscar loomed over her and continued, "From today onward, you are no longer an employee of Clinton Corporations."

Indignation welled within Isabella, and she got to her feet before saying, "Oscar, do you really want to know about the photo? Fine. I'll tell you. Yesterday, when I told you that I have something to ask you, you were fine with it at first. However, you suddenly fell silent and went straight to the rooftop. I got worried, so I followed you. Just as I called out to you, you started hugging and kissing me. The next thing I know, a young-looking reporter started taking our photos before running away. I wanted to give chase, but you were hugging me so tightly. You kissed me for a few more minutes before you released me. I was just thinking that you have fallen in love with me when you returned to normal. I knew then that I meant nothing to you, so I didn't think too much about those photos. I didn't expect that reporter to hand the photos to you. Was he extorting you for money? But even if that's the case, I'm also a victim in this matter. So how can you fire me?"

Oscar simply stared at her coldly in silence.

It did not matter if Isabella had anything to do with the incident or not. There was no way he could allow her to stay on at Clinton Corporations. Her presence there would only bring more problems.

"Just get lost, Isabella." Oscar dismissed her with a wave of his hand.

Isabella was stunned by his words, and tears were threatening to fall.

"Oscar, I won't leave the company until you give me an explanation. During my tenure here, I have done a lot for the company. You can't expect me to leave just because of that photo. Besides, you were the one who kissed me first. So why do I have to pay the price for it?" she shouted with an infuriated expression.

Oscar clenched his fists, and a hint of doubt flashed across his eyes.

Do my enemies have something to do with my sudden memory loss?

Naturally, Isabella noticed the hesitation in his eyes and quickly amped up her pitiful act. "Oscar, I adore you, but I have no intention to hurt you. Furthermore, I'm not aware that there is any medicine that can cause short-term memory loss."

Silence ensued.

No one knew what Oscar was thinking about.

Isabella continued, "Oscar, although I admire you, I don't wish to be the scapegoat. There is no way I will leave Clinton Corporations."

Oscar looked at her before warning her, "I will conduct a thorough investigation on this matter. If all evidence point to you, I won't just ask you to leave Clinton Corporations. For now, get out of my sight."

Isabella left immediately and went to Olivia to seek justice for herself.

Very soon, Olivia arrived at the company and rushed into Oscar's office.

"Oscar," she called out.

Oscar showed the photo to his mother. "Mom, if you still want to retain Isabella after seeing this photo, then I have nothing to say."

When Olivia saw the photo, her expression changed. "Oscar, you and Isabella—"

"Mom, if I tell you I have no recollections about going to the rooftop and kissing Isabella, will you believe me?" asked Oscar.

Olivia frowned in puzzlement.

She asked, "What do you mean, Oscar?"

Oscar explained, "Mom, I think Isabella did something to me. Do you really want someone as scheming as her by my side? It took me so long to get Amelia back. Now, we have a happy family. Do you really want Tony to grow up in a single-parent home? Do you want Amelia to take him away again?"

"Of course not." Olivia quickly added, "I won't interfere in your company matters. If Isabella really did something wrong, then deal with it yourself."

A smile appeared on Oscar's face. Now that he had settled the matter with his mother, it would be easy for him to deal with Isabella. After all, he had never been cordial with Isabella just because of the Walker family.

After chatting for a while, Olivia left his office.

"Aunt Olivia," Isabella called out.

Olivia looked at her with mixed emotions. "Isabella, I have something to attend to, so I'll take my leave first. I believe that Oscar will be fair in his judgment. He won't do anything to you. So don't worry so much."

Her words only made Isabella feel more uneasy.

"Aunt Olivia, are you not going to help me?"

"I've reached the age where all I want to do is enjoy a peaceful and happy life. I don't want to get involved in the business of you youngsters anymore."

Isabella was rendered speechless.

Olivia continued, "Isabella, I'm meeting a friend for coffee at a newly-opened café. It's about time, so I'll be leaving now." With that, she left.

Isabella clenched her fists.

She told me she loves me as her goddaughter. But compared to her own children, I'm nothing to her.

Godmother, since you refuse to help me, then I'll help myself. I will never leave Clinton Corporations no matter what. It took me three years to woo Oscar. Now that I have the new drug that cannot be traced once consumed, success is well within my reach. There's no way I would give up now.

She realized that she had been a bit too reckless. If she had controlled herself, she would not end up in such a situation where she was going to get thrown out of Clinton Corporations.