

# Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 781 - 79

## Chapter 781 Beat Up The Mistress

"Noah, I miss you. Can you come over? I haven't seen you for so many days," Emma said sweetly into the phone.

Noah had tons of things to deal with. On top of that, Stephanie was pregnant and needed his comfort. Hence, he did not treat Emma as warmly as before. Although he kept telling Emma how much he loved her, he, in truth, loved himself more. He only feared treating her indifferently would only make her cause trouble.

After all, a desperate person would harm others without thinking of the consequences. To make sure Emma did not do that, Noah could only pretend as if nothing was wrong. Even so, he did not like her as much as he did back then.

"Have you taken a liking to a bag? Go and get it, then. Charge it on my card."

"Noah, am I just a gold digger to you? I'm sure you know how much of your money I've spent over the past few years. I just miss you. I want you to come over and keep me company. Is that so hard? Do you not love me anymore?" Emma said pitifully.

Noah pinched the space between his brows and said, "I'll head over now."

Soon, Noah arrived at his secret hideout with Emma. He had just parked his car when Emma pounced on him and hugged him from the back. "Noah, I've missed you so much."

Noah glanced around the area in terror. He sighed with relief when he saw there was no one suspicious around.

Feigning confusion, Emma asked, "What's wrong, Noah?"

Noah shook his head and wrapped his arms around her waist. "Nothing. Let's go upstairs."

When they had gone upstairs, Stephanie, who was in the car, was already burning with rage.

Isabella smirked and commented coldly, "I never knew Noah and Emma were in this kind of relationship. What are you going to do, Stephanie?"

Stephanie unfastened her seatbelt and huffed, "What else can I do? Of course, I have to go in there and catch them in their act. I swear I'm going to beat that adulterous woman to death today!"

Isabella grabbed Stephanie's arm. "Calm down, Stephanie. You're still pregnant, remember? It won't do you and the baby any good if you get too emotional. Besides, if something happens to the baby, it'll be an advantage for Noah and Emma."

Stephanie gave her a look and asked crossly, "Then what do you propose?"

"Let's go upstairs and have a look. Let's hear what Noah has to say. It's no wonder people always say that only half of what a man says can be trusted, while the other half is just sweet talk. I never believed in that until now. Here I was thinking my brother loved you deeply when he acted carefully around you," Isabella said, adding fuel to the fire.

She was intentionally agitating Stephanie. The angrier Stephanie got, the more troubled Noah would be. When the time was right, Isabella could instigate Stephanie to go back to her family. Then she would get the chance to meet Oscar. All she had to do was to find the right time and drug his food at least three to five times. Once that was done, Oscar would belong to her.

Isabella had planned out everything carefully. She did not even have an ounce of guilt for using Stephanie to achieve her goals.

As soon as Isabella and Stephanie got out of the car, the latter supported her belly and marched to the elevator door. "Which floor?"

"The tenth floor, I think. That's what I heard her say back then. At first, I thought she was living there alone. Who would've known Noah was also... They've been hiding it from me for quite a long time. Who knows how long they've been together ever since they became friends?"

As expected, those words angered Stephanie further.

Both of them entered the elevator and headed upstairs in silence. The moment they stepped out of the elevator, Stephanie knocked on every door. However, no one opened it until she arrived at the fifth door.

Fuming, Stephanie stared at Noah, who opened the door. He was shocked to see Stephanie before him. When he thought about how Emma was in there, his temples throbbed.

“Steph, what are you doing here?” Noah tried his best to stop Stephanie from entering.

Alas, someone was determined to go against his wish.

“Noah, why aren’t you letting Stephanie in? Are you keeping a woman in there?” Isabella said gloatingly.

Noah instantly shot her a glare. Before he could say anything, Emma’s voice rang out. “Noah, who is it?”

Stephanie glared at Noah. She looked so furious that she looked as if she was going to eat him up.

Sensing she was angry, Noah pulled her into his embrace and said calmly, “Steph, listen to me. Things aren’t what it looks like. I just bumped into Emma along the way. Coincidentally, my shirt was stained with coffee, so she kindly invited me over to get changed. Please don’t misunderstand.”

Stephanie shoved him aside, strode toward Emma, and swung her arm hard, giving the latter a tight slap with no mercy.

Emma clutched her throbbing face and glanced at Noah pitifully. “Noah.”

Emma would have been fine if she had not said anything. But as soon as she did, Stephanie’s rage spiked. She pulled Emma’s hand aside and slapped both sides of her cheeks, showing absolutely no mercy.

Emma instinctively dodged them and pretended to look pitiful to anger Stephanie further.

“Noah, help me. Noah, please. It hurts.”

Seeing Emma’s foxy act made Stephanie all the more livid. She was so angry that she started to run after Emma, forgetting the fact that she was several months pregnant.

The entire scene gave Noah a fright. He ran after Stephanie and grabbed her hand. “Steph, calm down. There’s really nothing going on between me and Emma.”

To his dismay, Emma refuted fearlessly, "Noah, we've known each other for so many years. I even kept you company when you were living abroad. You weren't even friends with the daughter of the Clintons when we were together. I'm your real girlfriend. How could you deny our relationship now?"

Noah's head throbbed. "Shut up."

Stephanie panted with rage. Suddenly, an excruciating pain spread over her belly. She clutched her stomach and screamed, "Ouch! Noah, my stomach hurts!"

Noah panicked, and he bent over to hold her up. Isabella, too, hurried over. "Stephanie, are you okay?"

It was not Isabella's purpose to let something happen to Stephanie, for she would be in deep trouble if the Clintons discovered she was the culprit.

Noah shot her a glare. "You're the first one I'll be looking for if something happens to Steph."

Isabella rebuked shamelessly, "Stephanie wouldn't be in such a state if you and Emma didn't have such a complicated relationship."

Noah's blood boiled. However, he could not be bothered to argue with Isabella when he saw the beads of sweat on Stephanie's forehead.

Upon arriving at the hospital, Noah anxiously watched the doctor push Isabella into the operating room. After that, he and Isabella waited outside.

After taking a few deep breaths, he grabbed Isabella by the throat and said through gritted teeth, "Isabella Walker, what's your purpose in bringing Steph there? I'll never forgive you if something happens to the child in her belly."

The pressure from his grip caused blood to rush to Isabella's face. Even so, she still smiled nonchalantly and said, "Noah, I think you should inform Aunt Olivia about this. I'm afraid you won't be able to explain yourself if something actually happens to Stephanie."

Noah's face was distorted with rage. "I'm going to kill you, Isabella."

Right then, a nurse rushed over and advised, "Calm down, Sir. Release this lady, or I'm going to call the police."

Hearing that, Noah tossed Isabella aside.

The nurse asked in concerned, "Miss, are you all right?"

"Thank you for helping me. I'm fine. My brother's anxious because his pregnant wife is in the operating room. That's why he's venting it on me. It's just a sibling feud. Don't worry. You should go get busy."

The nurse left after making sure everything was fine.

Staring at the operating room, Isabella pulled out her phone to make a call, but it got snatched away.

"What are you doing? Give it back to me." Isabella frowned.

Noah merely glared at her. "Isabella, what exactly is your purpose for doing this? If Stephanie really gets angry, the entire Clinton family will be angered. Nothing good will happen to our family if that happens. Why are you still plotting against me despite knowing the outcome? Tell me, did someone promise you something?"

Isabella laughed so hard even tears poured down her cheeks.

"Noah, you think too much. I'm just annoyed by you. Think about it. You married a beautiful woman and even progressed well in your career. I, on the other hand, am not only despised by Oscar but I was also kicked out of his company. You've taken all the good stuff, while I can only watch you enjoy the fruits of your victory. I naturally can't accept this. That's why I wanted to cause you some trouble," Isabella said nonchalantly, shrugging.

Noah raised his hand and slapped her across the face.

"Just you wait, Isabella. I'm going to make you pay with your life if anything happens to Steph."

Isabella clutched her face, disdain flashing across her eyes.

"Noah, she's just your pawn in helping you rebuild Walker Group. Why are you pretending to be a loyal lover? Besides, if you really love her, you won't have an affair with another woman," Isabella mocked.

Noah merely pursed his lips and kept his silence.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 782

## Chapter 782 Take A Sip

Olivia almost fainted when she received the call telling her Stephanie was having an operation. She and Owen immediately hurried to the hospital. Upon arriving in front of the operating room, she grabbed Noah by the collar and said through gritted teeth, "Tell me, Noah. Why is Stephanie having complications now? She's been fine all this while. Did you do something wrong?"

Noah let her hit him however she wanted. Thankfully, Owen had not lost his cool. He grabbed her arm and said, "Calm down, Olivia. Let's talk more once Stephanie's surgery is over. Perhaps it's all a misunderstanding."

Olivia took a few deep breaths to calm herself down. Isabella stepped forward and said gently, "Calm down, Aunt Olivia. We should be praying for Stephanie to be fine. The questioning can wait. After all, something happened to Stephanie's baby. I'm sure Noah's feeling worse than everyone here."

Olivia nodded in response. After they waited for about two hours, the light outside the operating room finally went out, and the door opened. Immediately, Stephanie could be seen being pushed out by a nurse.

Olivia hurried over and asked nervously, "Doctor, how's my daughter? Is her child all right?"

"Don't worry, Ma'am. She's just experiencing some slight complications because of her emotions. She'll be fine after getting a few days' rest. She's already a few months into her pregnancy, so please try to make sure she stays calm. Don't let her get emotionally agitated again," the main surgeon said kindly.

Olivia let out a sigh of relief.

"Of course. We'll take note of it," Olivia said, then accompanied Stephanie into the ward.

Olivia and the others waited in the ward for Stephanie to wake up. The moment the latter opened her eyes, she broke into tears when she caught Olivia's concerned gaze. "Mom, that b\*stard, Noah, is cheating on me."

Olivia froze as if she was struck by lightning.

"Stephanie, are you sleep talking? Noah treats you so well. How could he have an affair with another woman?" Olivia asked calmly.

Stephanie glanced at Noah, who stood behind Olivia. Tears welled up in her eyes instantly.

“Why don’t you ask him yourself? That man is totally a two-faced man. He already has a lover before pursuing me. He’s been lying to me all this while. Mom, you’ve got to seek justice for me. I’m not that shameless to share a man with another woman,” Stephanie said stubbornly.

Olivia wiped the tears off Stephanie’s cheeks. “There, there. You’ve got your dad and me. We’ll definitely seek justice for you.”

After consoling Stephanie, Olivia turned to face Noah. “Noah, is what Stephanie said true? Are you really dating someone out there?”

Noah admitted, “Mom, I had a girlfriend I dated for a few years before I met Steph. But we broke up two years ago because we had very different backgrounds and values. I pursued Steph because I truly love her. What Steph saw today was just a misunderstanding. I accidentally spilled coffee on my shirt today, and coincidentally, I bumped into my ex. That’s why I went to her place to get a change of clothes. I’ve never done anything to betray Steph. I promise.”

“So, you’re saying Stephanie saw both of you together in the apartment?”

Noah was taken aback by her words. He nodded reluctantly.

Olivia scoffed, “Noah, you’re a cultured and refined man. I’d be lying if I said I didn’t like you. I only let you marry Stephanie because I’ve seen how true your feelings were for her. Now that she’s pregnant, I can’t possibly let her get an abortion and divorce you. I’m really disappointed with you. I’m going to take her home for the time being.”

Noah hung his head and apologized earnestly, “I’m sorry, Mom. I’ve let you and Dad down. Then again, please believe me when I say I only love Steph. It’s true that my ex and I had a relationship, but that’s all in the past.”

Olivia’s gaze dimmed, and she said nothing in response.

Noah then passed her by and walked over to Stephanie. “Steph, you’re the only one I love. Will you please forgive me?”

Stephanie grabbed the pillow behind her and flung it at him. “Get out of my face. Leave! You liar! I’m utterly disgusted by you. Get out of my ward now. I don’t want to see you.”

Noah said in defeat, "Okay. I'll leave now. Don't be angry. It's bad for the child."

As soon as Noah left the ward, Stephanie finally broke into tears. She felt incredibly anguished, thinking she had totally been deceived by Noah.

Meanwhile, Amelia had no plans to visit Stephanie when she heard about the news. However, she changed her mind at the last minute and went to the hospital with Oscar.

"Stephanie," Amelia called out patiently.

Stephanie was already feeling sad and angry. The moment she saw Amelia's face, her expression turned into a scowl. She grabbed a pillow and threw it at Amelia, yelling furiously, "Get out! Get out of my face!"

The pillow hit Amelia, and she was left in a daze.

Oscar's expression darkened, and he said coldly, "Stephanie, what are you doing?"

Stephanie had clearly lost control over her emotions. She pointed at Amelia and demanded, "Mom, tell her to get out. I don't want to see her now."

Oscar balled his fists. Clearly, he had the urge to hit Stephanie.

Not knowing what to do, Olivia said to Amelia, "Amelia, why don't you head outside for now? Stephanie's a little too emotional. I'm afraid her emotions might affect her baby with you here."

Amelia nodded.

Oscar walked out with her and asked in concern, "Are you all right? Did it hurt?"

Amelia shook her head. "I'm fine. Don't worry. Your sister is having it hard, too. Don't be mad at her."

Oscar harrumphed. "She's having it hard? She's just reaping what she's sown. Then again, as long as she treats you a little better, I won't just watch her jump into the fire pit. It's not my fault for treating her coldly if she doesn't respect you as her sister-in-law."

Knowing Oscar was mad, Amelia held his hand. "Don't be like this."

Oscar said nothing, but deep down, he already had an idea of how to teach Stephanie a lesson.



Since she's so sure Noah loves her, I'll bring down all the walls of lies and show her the truth.

Right then, Isabella appeared before them. "Amelia, are you okay?"

Amelia cast Isabella a glance, a hint of disgust flashing in her eyes.

Oscar pulled Amelia into his embrace and ignored Isabella. "Let's go home."

Staying calm, Isabella stood in front of them and held out the coffee she had bought just now. "Here, Amelia. Have this cup of coffee. It'll warm you up. I'm sorry about the picture of me and Oscar kissing each other. It's really a misunderstanding. Truth be told, I'm a victim, too. He even kicked me out of his company. Surely you're not angry anymore? Please accept this cup of coffee if you're willing to forgive me."

Amelia simply stared at her. As she reached out to take the cup, Oscar, to her surprise, took it instead. "You can leave now."

Isabella raised the cup of coffee. "Have a sip, Oscar. I believe you can still be friends with your admirer."

"No, thanks."

"Amelia, please don't refuse me. I've already apologized. I'm practically begging you to drink this with me," Isabella said humbly.

Amelia cracked a smile and took the cup of coffee from Oscar, gently bumping it against Isabella's. Isabella's already humbling herself. There's no way I can lose to her by being stubborn. If I turned away now, it'd be as if I'd lost a little of my dignity.

Hence, she took a sip of the coffee. It was warm.

Isabella, too, had a sip. She asked shamelessly, "Amelia, do you mind letting Oscar have a sip too?"

Amelia raised the cup and pushed it to Oscar's lips, smiling. "Oscar, a pretty lady's treating you to a drink. Go on. Take a sip. Don't be so insensitive."

In the end, Oscar had no choice but to take a sip.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 783

## Chapter 783 Isabella Instigates Stephanie

Stephanie had stayed in the hospital for barely three days before Olivia took her back to the Clinton residence. Noah and Carol brought a lot of things to visit her, but the Clintons shut them out. Needless to say, Carol was in an utterly bad mood.

Temper flaring, she stomped out of the Clinton residence and lashed out at Noah. "Noah, what the heck are you thinking? I have been advising you to cut ties with Emma Garcia, but you disregard my words. Look at what you've done. How could you have the audacity to get on Stephanie's nerves? If she insists on divorcing you, the Walker family will be doomed!"

Wearing a grim look, Noah tried to tamp down his surging fury. "Mom, I'll coax her into coming back. Don't worry. I won't let that happen to the Walker family."

Carol snapped at him, "Since you claim that you'll coax her into coming back, prove it to me then! You'd better stop getting in touch with Emma now. The Clintons are not ones to be trifled with. After this incident, I bet they will look into your matters discreetly. You shouldn't put the Walker family in deep waters just because of your love affairs."

Noah only pursed his lips in silence.

"Did you hear what I said?"

Noah lifted his hands to massage his throbbing temples and responded wearily, "Mom, Emma has been by my side throughout the years. Since I can't give her a proper title, I won't abandon her either. I can't be an ungrateful man."

At the peak of her fury, Carol sniggered and scoffed, "You can't be an ungrateful man? Noah, there'll surely be countless women falling head over heels for you when you're successful. If you continue to be indecisive, I bet the Walker family's future will be ruined in your hands. Try to think it through, okay?"

Noah was rendered speechless.

Seeing that, Carol almost burst a blood vessel. With that, there was an intense atmosphere between the duo for the first time.

Once Carol was back in the Walker residence, Isabella stepped forward and mocked, "Mom, another failure, right?"

Carol shot daggers at her and snapped somberly, "Isabella, don't forget that you're a part of the Walker family, too. If something happens to the family's assets, it won't do you any good too."

"Mom, Noah's the one who should be responsible for that. He shouldn't be a two-timer. Anyway, I have an idea to coax Stephanie into coming back." Isabella chuckled, not the slightest bit irked by her words.

"Really? You have one?" Carol asked in disbelief.

Isabella was buoyed up with confidence. "Mom, it's actually not hard to fulfil a woman's needs. Stephanie might seem to be capricious, but it's easy as snapping fingers to win her back as long as we can talk things out with her. You can count on me on this. I'm convinced I'll be able to talk her into coming back."

"Isabella, if you can talk Stephanie into coming back, I'll surely increase your pocket money."

"Mom, don't worry. Apart from talking Stephanie into coming back, I vow to be Oscar's woman. I can assure you it won't take long for me to become the woman alongside him."

Carol threw a glance at her, thinking that she must be building castles in the air.

Oblivious to Carol's doubtful gaze, Isabella headed to the Clinton residence confidently.

"Aunt Olivia," she greeted Olivia demurely.

Olivia flashed her a glance and replied, "Ah! Isabella, you're here! Come over here and have a chat with me."

Isabella walked toward her and took a seat. "Aunt Olivia, how's Stephanie? I heard from my mom that Stephanie is still reluctant to meet her and Noah."

"She's shutting herself in her room and throwing a tantrum now. I'm worried sick about her. Noah is undoubtedly in the wrong for having an affair with another woman. However, she should still be mindful of her own health!"

"Aunt Olivia, I can sense that Stephanie still has feelings toward Noah. Otherwise, she wouldn't be so upset. Noah seems frustrated these few days too. Evidently, they have feelings toward each other. Let me go up and try to appease her," Isabella pointed out gently.

Olivia cast a glance at her and patted the back of her hand. "Please talk to her then, Isabella."

"Aunt Olivia, there's no need for the formality. After all, Stephanie is also a part of my family."

Olivia nodded in relief.

Shortly after that, Isabella went upstairs and knocked on the door lightly before she pushed it open to enter Stephanie's room.

"Stephanie," she called out.

Stephanie snorted in exasperation. "Why're you here?"

Isabella could not help feeling amused as she shook her head and advanced toward her. "Stephanie, are you going to cut ties with me too just because you had a falling-out with Noah?"

Stephanie turned crimson with fury with her arms crossed over her chest.

Isabella sat at the edge of her bed and cut to the chase, "Stephanie, look at how you're throwing a tantrum and shutting yourself in the room now. Are you planning to divorce Noah?"

Stephanie glared at her and retorted, "Had I ever said so?"

"Stephanie, since you don't intend to divorce Noah, I think you shouldn't act irrationally by kicking up a fuss now. Let me put it this way—you and Noah have not been meeting each other for quite a while. Where do you think he'll feel like going the most when he's frustrated? Of course, he'll be easily drawn toward Emma Garcia to seek solace from her," Isabella deliberately provoked her.

"If he has the gall to do so, I'll ask Oscar to stop supporting the Walker family financially!"

"Stephanie, have you forgotten that Oscar is not as good to you as before?"

Hearing that, Stephanie was at a loss for words.

Isabella grabbed Stephanie's hands, playing the role of a caring sister-in-law well by stating earnestly, "Stephanie, I have to comment that you're being foolish by throwing a tantrum. If I were you, I would try my best to get along with Oscar. After all, he's

considered the current patriarch of the Clinton family. But of course, he'll only stand up for you if he has a soft spot for you. Otherwise, no one will speak up for you when you're at odds with Noah again."

"That's not true. I'm the apple of my parents' eyes. They won't let anyone pick on me without doing anything."

"But you can't expect them to back you up forever too. Sooner or later, there will be the very day when they will be gone forever. By then, if you have a dispute with Noah again, who will back you up?"

Stephanie fell silent.

"Stephanie, you're Noah's legal wife. If you divorce him now impulsively, the other woman will be the one to stand to benefit. If I were you, I would give it my all to have him in my hands so that he would not have the chance to set his eyes on other women."

Stephanie cast her eyes down. After much contemplation, she stated agreeably, "You have a point."

"Regardless, you should heed my advice and try to patch things up with Oscar soonest possible. The Walker family's company will surely flourish with Oscar's support. If so, don't you think Noah will look highly upon you?" There was a flicker of heinousness in Isabella's eyes as she added, "By then, the decision will lie in your hands when it comes to the woman he is having an affair with. Don't you think it's common for heirs from prominent families to have mistresses tucked away somewhere? Most importantly, a legal wife should know how to exert control over her spouse's properties. Regardless of how her husband flirts with other women elsewhere, he'll still be back by her side."

The next second, Stephanie fell into a trance.

Isabella added insult to injury by saying, "Stephanie, you shouldn't waste time making a fuss now. In fact, you should grab the opportunity to reconcile with Oscar while staying at your parents' residence. Don't let anyone instigate Oscar while in bed with him. If not, I'm afraid it would exacerbate the misunderstanding between Oscar and you."

Stephanie lifted her blanket and stopped feigning weakness. "Hmph! I don't think Amelia Winters has the guts to do so! I'll call Oscar and ask him to come back soon."

Isabella grabbed her hand to stop her. "Stephanie, try to cool your head off. We need proper discussion before you can patch things up with Oscar. If you are too desperate,

I'm afraid Amelia will assume that you have something up your sleeve. Thus, we should go step by step. If not, the situation might escalate if things go south."

"Do you have any idea in mind, Isabella?"

Isabella whispered near Stephanie's ear right away. The latter pondered for a while and nodded fervently.

After discussing for quite a while in the room, they finally went downstairs.

"Mom," Stephanie called out softly.

Olivia stepped forward and held her hands. "Stephanie, you're finally willing to step out of your room!"

"Mom, I'm sorry for making you worry by throwing tantrums these few days because of Noah's scandal," Stephanie uttered sheepishly.

In an instant, a hint of surprise flickered in Olivia's eyes. "Stephanie, I'm relieved to hear that."

Stephanie moved to sit next to Olivia. "Mom, after I've gotten married, it's been quite a while since I last had a meal with everyone. Realization finally dawned on me of my wrongdoings during pregnancy, and I regret the things I'd done to Amelia. Now that Noah had an affair with another woman, I realize that family should come first. I'm regretful for hitting Amelia with a pillow in the hospital previously. That's why I thought of asking if you can help to call Oscar and her to come back for a meal."

Olivia shot her a glance in suspicion.

Plastering a bitter smile, Stephanie mumbled piteously, "Mom, I'm sincere about that. I didn't realize the importance of family before I was married, so I ended up infuriating Oscar and Amelia with my impulsiveness. I now know that my family members are the most important in my life. Thus, I wish to patch things up with Oscar. I hope we won't be like arch-enemies when we meet again."

After contemplating for a while, Olivia felt that her words made sense. "Okay! I'll give Oscar a call. It's a great idea for us to have a family gathering."

"Mom, thank you."

Isabella chimed in, "Aunt Olivia, why not I stay over tonight? I feel bad knowing that Oscar and Amelia have misunderstood me because of the picture. Hence, I feel like apologizing to Amelia. Undeniably, I have feelings toward Oscar, but I would never be a homewrecker."

Olivia could not help but hesitate.

"Mom, please let Isabella stay over. I hope she can spend the night and chat with me tonight, as I'm curious to know when Noah got to know his mistress. I can't refrain from feeling indignant, and I want to have a clear insight of it."

Olivia heaved a sigh before replying approvingly, "Just stay over then."

Isabella beamed sweetly. "Thank you."

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 784

### Chapter 784 A Trick Up Her Sleeve

During the family gathering, Stephanie raised a glass of wine and said, "Amelia, I'd like to atone for what I did to you previously. I was really rude to you in the hospital a few days ago, but I've been reflecting on my actions these days, and I think I certainly need to apologize to you."

Amelia glanced at her, and at that moment, she could not seem to figure out Stephanie's next move. Stephanie is always so unpredictable, and she is always changing her mind.

"Don't mention it, Stephanie," Amelia replied politely. Still holding the glass, Stephanie added, "Amelia, if you could forgive me, please have this glass of wine with me."

Amelia would seem too ignorant and inconsiderate if she refused to drink the wine, especially when Olivia and Owen were watching her.

"Okay, I'll drink it." Amelia poured herself some wine, raised her head, and downed it in one go.

Stephanie let out a sigh in relief when she saw that.

Olivia tugged at Stephanie and said, "Stephanie, Amelia is a sensible person. Now that you're married and will soon become a mother, you can't be so rude to Amelia anymore, okay?"

Hearing that, Stephanie replied obediently, "I know, Mom."

Isabella followed suit and raised her glass, saying, "Oscar, Amelia, this is for you two. I caused you trouble because of the photo previously. I've been thinking a lot ever since Oscar kicked me out of the company. Then, I recalled how I used to follow Oscar around these three years and realized that I didn't spend much time on myself. I've thought things through now. Since Oscar isn't fond of me, it's pointless no matter how hard I try. It'd be better if I just let it go. I plan to start a company with the resources I have and run a business on my own. After that, I'll find a good match for myself. And now, I only wish both of you could forgive me."

Amelia glanced at Stephanie discreetly, but she could not fathom the intentions behind Stephanie's and Isabella's actions at that moment. However, Amelia believed that Stephanie and Isabella must be softening up Oscar and her for other ulterior motives.

Isabella had been holding the glass for quite a while, yet Oscar remained unmoving in his seat.

An awkward look slowly crept over Isabella's face, and she shot Olivia a look, seemingly asking for help.

Olivia cleared her throat and explained, "Oscar, Amelia, Isabella only did that out of kindness. Since she has already gone to this extent, if you two still make things difficult for her, it'll make her look bad."

Amelia pulled Oscar's arm, and he lifted his arm before looking back at her. Then, he stood up.

After finishing the wine, Isabella went to Olivia and Owen before sitting down.

"Aunt Olivia, the office opposite Mallowbrook Expo Square caught my eye. Not only is the surrounding environment decent, but the rental is cheap too. I plan to set up a network technology company there. Now, I only have to visit the International Trade Administration to settle all the formalities and documents and hire people who fit the roles, and I can start working right away," said Isabella as she enjoyed the food.

"The area around Mallowbrook Expo Square is a bustling place, and many of them set up their companies there. I agree with your decision to start your business there. This is



your first time starting a business on your own, so you have my full support. How about this? You can seek Oscar's advice if there's anything you're unclear of," Olivia suggested.

Isabella glanced at Oscar before flashing a smile. "That'd be great. I'm only worried that Oscar might not feel like entertaining me. I did so many mistakes in the past because of my affection for him. I guess he's annoyed by me, so I don't think he'd like to guide me."

Olivia merely responded with a grin before she pretended to continue eating.

The atmosphere during the meal was rather tense, but it was not that bad either.

After the meal, Stephanie sent Oscar and Amelia off with Olivia. Stephanie was holding two exquisite-looking boxes. One was a gift for Amelia, and the other was for Oscar.

"Oscar, Amelia, I picked these gifts personally for you this afternoon. For the sake that I went to get these gifts while I'm pregnant, please pretend to like them even if you don't," Stephanie requested meekly.

Amelia looked down at the gift in her hand without saying a word.

Oscar then broke the silence and said, "Mom, I'm going back with Amelia now. Tony is still at home, so we're pretty worried."

Frowning, Olivia expressed her concern by saying, "I told you to bring Tony along, but you refused. As I've been taking care of Stephanie, I've not seen my grandson for many days."

"Mom, I was afraid that he might meet someone rude here. I'll send Tony over when those annoying people are no longer here," Oscar confessed directly.

Olivia shot Oscar a look, seemingly expressing her disagreement through her gaze.

After chatting for a while, Oscar and Amelia got into the car and left the place.

Stephanie stood in place as she caressed her belly. "Mom, is Oscar still unwilling to forgive me?"

"Do you think you deserve to be forgiven after all the things you did to Amelia? He would've cut ties with you if not for our sake. A human's heart is not made of stone, though. If you sincerely wish to repent, Oscar and Amelia wouldn't make things hard for you. Amelia is a thoughtful person, after all."

A malicious glint flitted across Stephanie's eyes. However, she acted obediently and said, "I know. I really wish to make things right with Oscar and Amelia again. It was such a huge blow and a great reminder to me after finding out that Noah cheated on me. I would've gotten bullied terribly by the Walker family if I hadn't had my family's support. Mom, I owe you a debt of gratitude."

Olivia was relieved to see that Stephanie was all grown up.

The mother and daughter went back into the house, and Stephanie said, "Isabella, you should sleep with me tonight. After getting married to your brother, we haven't really had a good chat with each other before."

Isabella nodded in agreement.

The two then headed to the bedroom upstairs. Stephanie asked, "Isabella, did I do well today?"

Isabella gave her a thumbs-up and said, "Stephanie, you have to keep pleasing Amelia. I'm sure Oscar will not go hard on you as long as Amelia softens up a little."

A hint of disdain flashed across Stephanie's eyes as she questioned unhappily, "Why do I have to please that woman?"

"Stephanie, you can't achieve your goal if you don't sacrifice something. If you wish to reconcile with Oscar, you have no choice but to please that woman. When she's more accepting, I'll go look for Oscar with you. By then, you can send your brother some food every day. I'm sure he'll not stay mad at you for long no matter how furious he is," Isabella revealed her scheme.

Stephanie mulled over Isabella's words and did not say another word.

At the same time, Amelia thought Stephanie had only done so on a whim, so she did not take the latter's words and actions seriously. The next day, unexpectedly, Amelia received a call from the reception at noon telling her that Stephanie was looking for her.

Feeling baffled, Amelia went downstairs to meet her.

"Amelia, I bet you haven't eaten yet. I deliberately learned to make these dishes from the chef. Would you like to have a taste?" Smiling, Stephanie raised the exquisite lunchbox in her hand.

Stephanie's act caught Amelia off guard, so she glanced at Stephanie cautiously.

Seeing that response, Stephanie chuckled and asked, "Amelia, what's strong? Why are you looking at me in such a manner?"

Amelia shook her head and replied, "Nothing. I promised my colleagues to have grilled fish with them at a restaurant nearby. I don't think I can have the lunch you prepared for me. I'm sorry."

Stephanie wore an aggrieved look as she stared at Amelia. "Amelia, are you going to turn me down then?"

Amelia's lips curled into a subtle smile as she asked, "Stephanie, I... Well, what are you trying to do? I don't see the need for you to prepare food for me when you harbor such deep hatred toward me. I'm afraid I'd have trouble digesting the food later."

Even though Amelia was smiling, her words were straight and direct, and she showed no mercy at all.

Stephanie was about to lose her temper, yet she suppressed her anger when she thought of Isabella's reminder.

She reached out and wanted to pull Amelia, but the latter dodged her instantly.

Stephanie suddenly clutched her belly and cried out, "Amelia, my belly hurts."

Amelia immediately rushed forward and asked anxiously, "Stephanie, are you okay? I'll help you over there to have a seat." Amelia then helped Stephanie to the chair for the guest. After that, she instructed someone from reception to bring Stephanie a cup of warm water.

After Stephanie finished the water, Amelia went straight to the point as she asked in a low voice, "Stephanie Clinton, what are you trying to do? I'm not in the mood to play along with your tricks."

Stephanie opened up the lid and smiled. "Amelia, I'm only here to send you food. Let's see if you like them."

Meanwhile, Jolin could not find Amelia as soon as she came out of the restroom, so she instantly went downstairs to look for her. As soon as she stepped out of the elevator, she saw Stephanie holding the food and forcing Amelia to taste it. She kept her guard up and hurriedly ran toward the two before grabbing the fork from Stephanie.

"Ms. Stephanie, I'm hungry, so I'll eat these for Mrs. Clinton."

Stephanie was startled by the sudden appearance of Jolin. However, she was infuriated by Jolin's abrupt act and exclaimed furiously, "Jolin, that's enough!"

At the same time, Jolin was putting a piece of steak roll into her mouth. Seeing that Stephanie was enraged, Jolin immediately stood straight and replied, "Ms. Stephanie, how may I help you?"

"You..." Stephanie was burning in fury that she could hardly mutter a word. Then, she turned around and looked at Amelia. "Amelia, is this how you make my life difficult?"

Amelia spotted the gazes of the colleagues who passed by, so she felt slightly embarrassed. Having no choice, she gave in and said, "Let's have a meal at a restaurant nearby. I bet you haven't eaten since you drove all the way here. Let's have something together."

Three of them went to the restaurant nearby. Considering that Stephanie was a pregnant woman, Amelia ordered a nutritious meal for her and some grilled fish for Jolin and herself.

As the three ate away, Amelia brought up the same question again. "Tell me. What are you trying to do by coming here on purpose today?"

Stephanie responded with an innocent look, "Amelia, I'm just trying to make amends. Am I not allowed to?"

Maintaining a faint smile on her face, Amelia cast a meaningful gaze upon Stephanie. Stephanie, are you kidding me?

Stephanie's face turned ashen and then red in mere seconds. "Amelia, I acted too willful in the past, but I suddenly thought things through. So I wish to patch things up with you."

Only a fool would believe her nonsense. A leopard can't change its spots. It'd be a miracle if Stephanie could completely change her mind about me in a few days.

"Stephanie, let me be frank with you. Just like how you hate me, I feel the same too. We can never be close to each other as a family. I don't care what made you change your mind all of a sudden, but I don't think we need to force ourselves to accept each other. I'll have Jolin send you back after this meal."

A furious look appeared on Stephanie's face but vanished in the next second. She was about to leave after standing up, but as soon as she thought of the responsibility entrusted to her, she held herself back.

“Amelia, have a bite of this. I spent two hours making these steak rolls. Just try some for my sake even if you don’t like them.” Without feeling embarrassed, Stephanie placed the food on Amelia’s plate.

Amelia was at a loss for what to do with a pretentious and shameless person like Stephanie.

After the unpleasant lunch, three of them left the restaurant. Amelia offered, “I’ll ask Jolin to send you back.”

“Mrs. Clinton, my duty is to follow you around. As for Ms. Stephanie, she can have the Clinton family’s chauffeur pick her up.”

Stephanie’s face twitched a little when she heard that.

Hence, Amelia did not insist on having Jolin send Stephanie. Instead, she said to Stephanie, “Have you called the chauffeur?”

“Yes, I did. The chauffeur will be here in two minutes. You can go back to work first, Amelia.”

“All right, then. I’ll take my leave now. Take care of yourself when you’re alone here.”

Stephanie gave her a slight nod.

As soon as Amelia left, the gentle expression on Stephanie’s face disappeared in an instant.

“Mrs. Clinton, why would Ms. Stephanie suddenly come to butter you up? Did someone suggest some plans to her?” Jolin followed Amelia back to the company. Frowning her brows, Jolin added, “Ms. Stephanie thought she was smart, but she is actually a fool. She can’t even tell who is sincere to her. Obviously, the Walker family harbors ulterior motives, yet Ms. Stephanie trusts them so much. She’d be crying when something bad happens to her later.”

Shaking her head, Amelia replied, “Let’s not bother about her. She’s just someone insignificant.”

Jolin nodded in agreement and did not comment further.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 785

## Chapter 785 Conflict With The Hissons

What happened next left Amelia no time to speculate why Stephanie was purposely trying to get on her good side. Amelia picked up a call from Tiffany, who feebly asked her to visit the Hisson residence. That caused her heart to beat uncontrollably.

She got Jolin to send her to the Hisson residence as quickly as possible and immediately ran into the mansion. The moment she stepped in, she saw a bunch of doctors and nurses dressed in white doing something. The uneasiness in Amelia's heart only grew stronger.

She grabbed one of the anxious maids and asked, "What happened? Where's Tiff?"

"Mrs. Hisson relapsed because Ms. Tiffany angered her. Ms. Tiffany is probably in her room right now," the maid explained. After doing so, she immediately pried Amelia's hands off and ran outside in a panic to do who knows what.

Amelia felt her limbs go cold. Step by step, she walked inside and found Kate lying on the couch as a few doctors checked her pulse. Kate's face was rather pale, and her lips were tightly pursed. Her eyes were firmly shut as well, and she didn't seem to be in particularly good condition. The rest of the Hissons seemed to have grim expressions as well.

Amelia walked over to Derrick, who had a similarly grave look on his face. She asked, "Derrick, what... What exactly happened to Mrs. Hisson? Where's Tiff?"

Derrick glanced at her with a flash of exhaustion in his gaze. When he spoke, his voice was unexpectedly scratchy. "Help me go upstairs and check on Tiff, Amelia. With my mom in this state, I don't have time to check on her. Can you do it in my stead?"

She carefully observed his gaze and noticed a trace of wariness and detachment in it. Her heart couldn't help but sink, and she couldn't figure out what was going on between him and Tiffany. However, she presumed that what happened to Kate might have influenced their marriage.

There was a complicated feeling in Amelia's heart. Things were a mess with the Clintons, and right then, her best friend had encountered such a situation. There was no way the Hissons would let this slide so easily.

"I'm going to see Tiff first. I'm worried that she's got too much on her mind and will end up overthinking," she said.

Derrick only nodded without saying anything more.

Upon going upstairs, Amelia knocked on the door, but nobody answered. She twisted the doorknob and opened the door.

When she pushed the door open, she saw Tiffany curled up into a ball in the corner of the couch. Her heart ached at the sight of it. She walked over and squatted down in front of Tiffany as she muttered, "Tiff."

Tiffany slowly looked up with a rare look of fragility on her face.

Amelia reached out to stroke her face. "Will you tell me what happened, Tiff? Don't worry. I'm here for you. I won't let anyone hurt you."

Bewilderment flickered in Tiffany's eyes. She quietly explained, "My brother was causing trouble back at home again. My parents gave me a call, asking me to send some money back home to smooth things out. I thought about it and figured that he was still family in the end, so I decided to secretly transfer the money, but my mother-in-law somehow found out. She said a lot of mean things to me. I don't mind if she accuses me, but she even insulted my parents. Even though my parents are quite biased toward my brother, they've always provided me with a roof over my head. My parents are already old, and there's no way I would just let someone insult them like that. Because of that, I couldn't control my words for a moment, and she ended up fainting straight away. After that, the screaming of a maid made me snap back to reality, and a bunch of doctors ran in. Then, a lot of the Hissons arrived, too. Derrick told me to hide up here for now. I swear, I didn't do it on purpose, Amelia. I wasn't trying to do anything to her. If anything happens to her, won't my marriage with Derrick be over?"

After hearing that, Amelia pondered for a bit. She didn't know how to respond to Tiffany.

If Kate were to use her illness to incriminate Tiffany, then Tiffany stood no chance of winning.

Even if Derrick tried to protect her, the relationship between a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law was notoriously full of conflict. Being stuck in the middle, Derrick would be in a difficult position, too. If the situation escalated to a certain point, then no matter how close the couple was, they might end up suffering a falling-out.

"Calm down, Tiff. Mrs. Hisson will be fine. I'm certain that Derrick wouldn't purposely blame you, either." Amelia tried to comfort her to the best of her ability.

Meanwhile, Tiffany was at a loss.

Amelia stayed by her side for quite a while before Derrick opened the door and walked in.

Tiffany hurriedly asked, "How is Mom doing, Derrick?"

"She's been sent to the hospital. She was already ill in the first place, so she couldn't handle any kind of provocation. You must have been scared, huh?" he replied as he raised his hand to caress her face.

She shook her head and guiltily apologized, "I'm sorry. It's all my fault."

Derrick stated, "Don't think too much about it. Nobody could have expected that to happen to Mom." Then, he turned to Amelia. "Amelia, I have a favor to ask of you. You've seen the state that our family is in. My dad is furious right now, and if he catches sight of Tiff, he'll start blaming her for sure. Because of that, I'm planning to let her stay with you for a few days. When everyone has calmed down, she can come back and give my mom a proper apology."

Upon hearing that, Amelia was a little hesitant. "I don't think that's a good idea, Derrick. If Tiff were to leave at a time like this, that might make your family even angrier."

Tiffany also piped up, "I'm not going to leave, Derrick. I think I should go and take care of Mom. I'm her daughter-in-law, after all."

Derrick leaned over to give her a kiss on the lips. "Don't force yourself. I'll take care of everything. You and Amelia can go and stay hidden for a few days. When the issue has been settled, I'll bring you back."

"There's no need for that, Derrick. I'll stay by your side. With you there, I'm not scared of anything," Tiffany insisted.

He gave her a deep stare, and in the end, all he could do was concede.

"I'll go to the hospital with you, Tiff," Amelia suggested.

Tiffany nodded in response.

The three of them went to Principal General Hospital together. Unexpectedly, Finnick, who had always ignored Tiffany, immediately gave her a slap on the face. It was so sudden that both Amelia and Derrick weren't prepared for it.

"Dad!" Derrick exclaimed.



Finnick shot him a glare. "If anything happens to your mom, I'm going to make this woman suffer the same fate."

Amelia moved to protect Tiffany. She tried her best to hold her fury back and said, "Mr. Hisson, I'm sure that Tiff doesn't want that to happen to Mrs. Hisson either. She feels very guilty right now."

"Get lost!" Finnick roared. He didn't intend to show them any respect at all.

Instantly, Tiffany's face went pale.

"Mr. Hisson..."

"She'd better get lost. She's nothing but a jinx," he grumbled.

"Your father-in-law is really angry right now, Tiffany. You should just go back for now. Look at what you've done to your mother-in-law," one of the Hissons chimed in.

Just when Amelia was about to refute, Tiffany grabbed her hand. She looked at Derrick and said, "Stay here and take care of Mom, Derrick. Call me when she wakes up."

A glint of sorrow flashed in his eyes. He mumbled, "Okay. You and Amelia should go back to her place and rest for a bit. Don't worry. Everything will be fine."

Tiffany nodded.

She walked away with Amelia, but when they got downstairs, they happened to bump into Crystal, who was striding in dramatically.

As they passed by each other, Crystal purposely taunted, "This proves that you and Derrick aren't good for each other, Tiffany. Ever since you married into the Hissons, the family's been in a mess. I have no idea how you can be shameless enough to keep staying." Then, she immediately left.

After hearing that, Tiffany's back stiffened up uncontrollably.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 786

Chapter 786 Pressure From Both Sides

When they left the hospital, Tiffany hadn't even gotten a chance to pull herself together when her phone rang. She took it out and saw that it was her family calling.

A conflicted look flashed in her gaze. She was about to reject the call, but Amelia suddenly took her phone and said, "Let me talk to your parents."

She picked up the call and said, "Hello. This is Amelia."

"Amelia? I'm Tiffany's mother. Can you pass her the phone?" Ophelia said. "Tiff isn't in a very good mood right now, Mrs. Winters. You can just tell me what you want to say," Amelia stated.

There was silence on the other end of the line for a moment, and Amelia didn't urge Ophelia to speak, either. It was as if they were in a drawn-out match of tug-of-war. It all boiled down to who would crack first.

Ophelia couldn't bear it any longer and voiced, "Amelia, my son has been causing trouble again. Can you get Tiff to send some money over?"

The rage that Amelia felt caused her to laugh instead. "You might not know this, Mrs. Winters, but because you called to ask for money previously, Tiff got into a disagreement with her mother-in-law. Her mother-in-law's in the hospital right now, and Tiff might have to get a divorce from Derrick. If you care about your daughter at all, then you shouldn't force this onto her."

After saying that, she didn't hear anything from the other end of the phone for a long while.

Following the silence, Ophelia quietly questioned, "Is that true?"

"I have no reason to lie to you, Mrs. Winters. Tiff has sent a lot of money back home to help out, and your family's house is a result of her hard work. You might feel that marrying into a rich family is a glorious event, but the truth about rich families is deeper than you think. Because of Tiff's disparity in status with the Hissons, her mother-in-law has never approved of her. Think about how hard she must have had it. That's why I'm begging you not to force her to sever ties with you," Amelia requested sincerely and earnestly.

"I'm sorry for doing that to Tiff, but her brother has already gotten into a lot of trouble. If Tiff doesn't give us any money, someone will chop his hands off. It's not a lot of money, just half a million," Ophelia protested.

Is she really saying that half a million isn't much?

Half a million was the amount that an average family would earn over the course of their lifetime. The Winters family didn't earn a lot. After deducting the family's expenses, they wouldn't have much of their monthly income left. They wouldn't be able to get half a million even if they had saved for years, but Ophelia had the audacity to say that half a million wasn't much money.

It seemed that the Winters family intended to fully take advantage of Tiffany after seeing that she had married into a wealthy family.

Amelia found it incredibly distasteful. "Mrs. Winters, have you forgotten that not too long ago, Tiff spent two million for her brother? It's true that she makes quite a lot of money, but she's not your personal ATM."

Ophelia began to get angry, possibly because Amelia had refused her request again.

"Pass the phone to Tiff, Amelia. Let me say a few things to her. Something's happened to her brother. As his sister, it's not like she can just stand by and watch," she urged assertively.

"The signal here isn't very good, Mrs. Winters. I can't hear what you're saying. I'm hanging up now." Amelia then ended the call instantly.

The screen of the phone went black, and she looked at Tiffany apologetically. "I'm sorry, Tiff. I took the liberty to hang up on your family. If you want to talk to them, I'll call them back right away."

Tiffany shook her head. She went silent, unlike how bold she used to be.

Amelia tugged on her hand. "Let's go back to my house for now."

When they reached the condominium, Amelia brewed a cup of coffee for her. "Try it."

Tiffany took the coffee, and the heat of the coffee warmed her hands up. She tried her best to smile as she said, "Thank you, Babe."

Amelia stroked Tiffany's soft hair. It was said that those with soft hair were soft-hearted as well. Even though Tiffany seemed to be bold and stone-hearted on the surface, she was a very kind person deep down. Truthfully, she was quite bothered by the fact that Kate did not like her.

She had always intended to get married to Derrick, but since their marriage wasn't approved of by the elder Hissons, she was constantly walking on eggshells.

"Tiff, when Mrs. Hisson wakes up, I'll go and visit her with you. I think she'll be fine," Amelia offered.

Tiffany held onto the cup in her hands and mutedly nodded.

It wasn't like Amelia planned to go on a tangent, either, so she quietly kept Tiffany company.

When night fell, it took her a lot of effort to coax Tiffany to sleep. She quietly shut the door and turned around to see Oscar standing nearby.

She revealed a faint smile and walked over to him. "You're still awake?"

He looked at the closed door and muttered, "Is she okay?"

Amelia shook her head. "She's really upset. She's under a lot of pressure from Mrs. Hisson, who is constantly trying to make things difficult for her, as well as the fact that Mrs. Hisson has collapsed. On top of that, her family is being so immature. She has to worry about both sides of things. It seems that they intend to drive her into a corner."

Oscar slipped his hand around her waist. "Do you need me to send someone to her family home and check things out?"

"We should just wait for a while. They're her family, after all, so it wouldn't be good if she found out that we were getting ourselves involved," Amelia pointed out.

He nodded and didn't say anything more.

The two of them returned to the bedroom and took a shower together before changing into their sleepwear. As they were lying on the bed, Amelia said, "Oscar, can you think of a way to talk to Old Mr. Hisson? I feel like he's the most reasonable elder among the Hissons. You should put in a good word for Tiff in front of him. I'm guessing he won't make things too hard for Tiff, for your sake."

Oscar agreed, "Okay. I'll go look for Old Mr. Hisson tomorrow."

She soon fell asleep in his comfortable embrace.

The next day, he went looking for Terrence. He said something that caused Terrence to immediately allow Tiffany to go and visit Kate in the hospital and even told Finnick not to cause trouble again.

When Amelia relayed this information to Tiffany, she immediately bought a bunch of food and took it with her to the hospital. However, when she got there, she was faced with Kate who didn't wake up all afternoon.

Tiffany went there for three days, and Kate slept for all three days. When the Hissons saw that she was unconscious for so long, they began to grow anxious and told the doctor to give her another check-up. The doctor informed them that her vitals were all stable, so she could wake up at any time. As for the reason why she had yet to do so, the doctor suggested that Kate might just not want to wake up yet.

In the blink of an eye, Kate had already been unconscious for six days. That was already more than the Hissons could take. Everyone began to see Tiffany in a different light.

Finnick shot her a stare that would have left her dead if looks could kill.

"Are you satisfied now, Tiffany? You made your mother-in-law so mad that she hasn't woken up until now. What a jinx. If anything happens to her, I'm settling the score with you," he thundered through gritted teeth.

Tiffany looked at Kate, who was still asleep on the hospital bed. She was about to retort but swallowed her words.

Terrence leaned on his cane and uttered, "Tiffany didn't do it on purpose, Finnick. You shouldn't blame her too much."

Finnick's expression darkened. He clenched his fist and argued, "I can go along with you when it comes to anything else, Dad, but you can see my wife unconscious in the hospital bed, too. If she doesn't wake up, I won't acknowledge Tiffany as my daughter-in-law anymore. If Derrick doesn't get a divorce from her, then Kate will no longer be his mother."

In response, Terrence let out a long sigh. He didn't know what to say, either.

Tiffany's lips were quivering. She feebly murmured, "I'll take responsibility."

"What responsibility? If my wife doesn't wake up, are you going to pay me back with her life?" Finnick snapped in an overbearing manner.

Just when Tiffany was about to speak, Derrick stopped her. "This has nothing to do with Tiff, Dad. Mom has always been sick. The doctor already said that she could relapse at any time."

At that point, Finnick was so enraged that he was trembling from head to toe.

He clenched his teeth. "Are you really protecting that vixen, even now?"

"Tiff isn't a vixen, Dad. She's my wife," Derrick insisted.

"Get lost," Finnick commanded.

Upon hearing that, Derrick hooked his arm around Tiffany's waist and took her straight out of the ward.

Tiffany caressed his face and said, "You should go back in, Derrick. Don't make your dad angry. Considering Mom's condition, I'm sure he's having a hard time."

Derrick tapped the tip of her nose. "I'm sorry for making you suffer like this."

"I'm fine. I was the one at fault in the first place. I'm already happy that you don't blame me. I'm sure both Granddad and Dad don't want to see me right now, so I'll get going first," she suggested.

"Be careful on your way back, then," he replied.

Tiffany nodded and went out of the hospital.

The moment she left, Crystal got out of her car. When she saw Tiffany's fading back figure, her lips curled up into a sneer.

"I've planned this for so long, Tiff. I doubt you won't take the bait," she icily mumbled to herself. "You were dead set on getting married to Derrick, weren't you? In that case, I'll let you have a taste of defeat in your marriage. Derrick will be mine and mine alone."

She walked into the hospital and took the elevator up. When she stepped out, she saw Derrick leaning on the railing.

Approaching him, she piped up, "Derrick, is Mrs. Hisson awake yet?"

He eyed her. "Why are you here?"

"Mrs. Hisson's been unconscious for a few days now. Since I'm younger, it's only right that I come to visit her," Crystal explained.

Derrick remained silent.

Crystal leaned against the railing with him and asked, "How about we go get a drink?"

"No thanks," he rejected.

That made Crystal sneer. "You don't have to be so defensive around me. I can tell that you're not in a good mood right now. After all, your mother got so mad that she collapsed because of your own wife and hasn't woken up until now. Anyone with some common sense can tell that if someone hasn't woken up by now, they might be in a vegetative state for the rest of their life."

Derrick's fist tightened. "Get lost!"

She was undeterred by that. "Let's go have a drink and let loose. Just because we didn't succeed as a couple doesn't mean we have to be enemies."

He contemplated the idea. For some unknown reason, he eventually agreed to go with her.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 787

### Chapter 787 Being Bullied

Derrick and Crystal were on their way to a bar when Crystal asked, "Care to see who can drink more?" Crystal took Derrick's silence as consent and ordered two dozen bottles of beer.

Once the waiter served them their beers, Crystal uncapped a bottle and handed it over to Derrick. "Drink up. I know you have a lot on your mind."

Derrick accepted the proffered bottle and fiddled with it with his slender fingers. He narrowed his eyes at Crystal. "Were you behind what happened at Tiff's family's house?"

Crystal paused and turned to look at him. She feigned ignorance as she replied, "Derrick, what in the world are you talking about?"

Derrick brushed her off with a smile and chose not to answer.

They continued drinking in silence. Since Derrick and Crystal had a relatively high alcohol tolerance, they remained sober even after finishing all the beers ordered.

Crystal uttered, "This is no fun. Why not try something more exciting?"

Derrick watched the inebriated men and women on the dance floor and wondered, "What do you suggest?"

"To celebrate this rare occasion where you don't view me as the most heinous criminal, let's have a go at a game of 'Truth or Dare.' The loser has to answer every question thrown at them. How about that?"

Derrick agreed without a moment's hesitation.

It was unknown whether Derrick's unusual mellowness was due to his troubled state as he even let down his defenses toward Crystal, whom he was usually wary of.

Crystal grinned. "Good lad."

She requested for a glass of spirits to be served. Most lightweights would have dropped unconscious after downing just a single glass.

During the first round of their finger-guessing game, Crystal was the one to lose.

"Shoot, Derrick. You know I have no holds barred when it comes to you."

Derrick gulped down a mouthful of beer. "Were you behind what happened at Tiff's family's house?"

Crystal barked out a laugh. "I admit that it was tempting to crash your wedding, but I changed my mind at how pointless it would be. Instead, I caught a flight from Saspiburg to Irushea and lived there for a bit. Feel free to find proof about it if you're doubtful. I am someone who knows when to let go, so don't worry."

Derrick was indifferent.

He had let her off easily as he had evidence of Crystal's flight details. Otherwise, they wouldn't be drinking together amicably that day.

Crystal won in the subsequent round of their finger-guessing game.



"Have you ever regretted marrying Tiffany?"

"It's none of your business."

"Come on, don't be such a sore loser."

Derrick replied firmly after downing another mouthful of beer. "Never."

Crystal was amused. "This is getting boring. How about a cocktail?"

Derrick ignored her question as he quaffed his beer.

Crystal made her way over to the counter and asked the bartender for permission to mix her drink. Since they were most likely acquainted, he agreed.

Crystal adeptly mixed a colorful cocktail as the bartender said, "Ms. Halliwell, you have good taste. I can tell that this man comes from an affluent background and has the looks to go with it. He became the center of attention the moment he stepped into the pub. You'd better hurry up and make a move before he gets snatched away."

Crystal was in her element. "Rest assured that he belongs to me only. He's not going anywhere."

"Good luck to you then."

Crystal balanced the cocktail over to Derrick. "Try it."

Derrick eyed the cocktail impassively.

"What's wrong? Are you worried that it's spiked?"

Derrick did not refute her observation.

Crystal voluntarily took a sip. "There. Are you happy now? Do you think that a weak woman like myself would be capable of taking advantage of you?"

Derrick lifted the glass and imbibed it, thereby missing Crystal discreetly popping a white pill into her mouth.

"How is it? Not too bad, am I right?"

"It was pretty good."

Derrick got to his feet to leave, but a sense of vertigo instantly assaulted his senses. He dropped back to his seat and barely managed to mouth out, "You..." In his eyes, Crystal's image morphed itself into Tiffany's.

He was intoxicated. "Tiff, Tiff."

Crystal took in his clouded look. "Derrick, do you have any idea how long I've waited for this day? Thankfully my patience has been rewarded, and you're now mine to toy with."

Crystal moved closer to Derrick and caught his lips in a kiss. She signaled the bartender to capture the scene with his phone. He gestured to Crystal once the photos were snapped.

She released Derrick and gently patted his cheeks. "Derrick, what's the matter? Are you drunk?"

Derrick came to and queried, "What happened to me?"

"Your face was so flushed a while ago I thought that you were a goner! I can't believe you were pulling my leg!" She had given Derrick an aphrodisiac which took effect at an expedited rate with the presence of alcohol. However, its efficacy only lasted for around two minutes.

Derrick checked the time on his phone and noticed that it was already twelve o'clock.

He stood. "I'll be taking my leave."

Crystal followed suit, saying, "I'll accompany you to the hospital to visit Mrs. Hisson. She had been kind to me for a time after all."

Derrick had no objection to that.

They exited the pub side by side and got into the car. It wasn't long before he received a message on his phone that Kate had awoken.

He asked the chauffeur to drive as fast as possible to the hospital.

Derrick and Crystal took the elevator up the building. The minute the doors to the elevator opened, Derrick dashed out of it without a care in the world into the ward.

Crystal, on the other hand, took this time to send a message to the bartender with instructions for the photos taken just now to be printed and sent to her. She would then transfer the monetary reward into the bartender's bank account once he'd completed his duty.

She received a reply of acknowledgment after her message was sent.

A smile tugged on the corner of Crystal's lips as she deleted all evidence of her text message conversation and entered the ward.

Several doctors were checking in on Kate's condition. Once they were done, Derrick frantically asked, "How's my mother? Would she be suffering any long-term side effects?"

"Worry not, Mr. Hisson. Mrs. Hisson is fine, and side effects would be unlikely. However, despite being healthier than most women her age, she is still old. There is the possibility that she might relapse. Hence, it would be better if she weren't triggered so often."

Derrick nodded.

Crystal moved closer to the bed. Kate was in good spirits, and her face had color. "Mrs. Hisson, I'm here to visit you."

Kate smiled weakly and lamented, "Crystal, if only you were my daughter-in-law, then I wouldn't need to be admitted to the hospital for so long."

Derrick stiffened at that and pursed his lips.

"It's all right, Mrs. Hisson. You can still treat me as your daughter despite that. I came all the way from Irushea once I heard that you were unwell. Once you've recovered, I'll be leaving the country again and won't be returning to Tayhaven anytime soon."

Kate grabbed hold of Crystal's hand and glared at Derrick begrudgingly.

"Mrs. Hisson, both Mr. Hisson and Derrick were worried sick for the past few days when you were unconscious. Tiffany, as well. Now that she's part of the family, why not try to get along? Otherwise, it would be unfair to Derrick if he were to pick sides." Crystal continued the act of being a gracious and understanding companion.

Kate glanced approvingly at Crystal and became even more displeased with Tiffany.

“Crystal, it’s not that I have a bone to pick with Tiffany. It’s just... every family has a skeleton in their closet. If only she were as understanding as you, I wouldn’t have ended up in such a state. No matter. I’m afraid she is so dear to my son that he wouldn’t care about my wellbeing at all.”

“How can you say that, Mrs. Hisson? That’s far from the truth!”

“If he genuinely cared for me, he wouldn’t sanction his errant wife’s unrepentant behavior by letting her hide away from me. Now that I’m awake, she’s the only one who’s absent. The gall of her! I mean nothing to him.” Kate harrumphed.

Naturally, Crystal put in a good word or two while comforting her.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 788

### Chapter 788 A Devastating Blow

The next day, when Tiffany received a call informing her that Kate was awake, she hurried to the hospital. Amelia and Oscar, too, rushed to join her.

The moment Amelia entered the ward, she was given a fright by the sound of a lunch box smashing onto the ground.

Subsequently, Kate’s high-pitched voice rang out. “Tiffany, I know that you don’t like me, but it’s wrong for you to harm me. I just woke up, and you’re serving me seafood chowder? What sort of agenda are you hiding? Are you hoping that I die an early death?”

Baffled by the accusations, Tiffany shifted her gaze toward Derrick, who came over to defuse the situation. “Mom, Tiffany didn’t do it on purpose. She figured that adding seafood to the chowder would make it more nutritious, but she wasn’t aware that you were allergic to seafood. Therefore, please forgive her for the innocent mistake.”

Kate sniggered in anger.

“Finnick, look at this son of yours. Now that he has a wife, he has forgotten about his mother. Not only was I served seafood chowder when I awoke, but the ingredients were also all mashed up. If my senses hadn’t been sharp enough to catch it, I would be lying in the operating room at this very moment. And when I reprimand her, he would jump into her defense. Forget it; I no longer want to eat. I’ll stop complaining too, as my son and I have never been on the same page,” Kate lamented.

With her head hung low, Tiffany apologized, "Mom, I'm sorry. I didn't know that you were allergic to seafood. I'll go back and make something else."

Waving her hand, Kate put on the haughty expression she wore all the time.

She replied, "Forget it, as I don't dare to taste your cooking anymore. Besides, your resentment toward me is obvious enough. Whenever I lecture you, Derrick would accuse me of picking on you. Therefore, I have to treat you as the apple of my eye before he thinks that I'm a good mother."

Amidst Derrick's furrowed brows, Amelia walked up with Oscar in tow to defuse the situation.

"Mrs. Hisson, Oscar and I rushed over to see you the moment we heard that you're awake," Amelia remarked cordially.

Retracting the distant aura she was exuding, Kate broke into a flat smile. "Amelia, I appreciate the thought. Please have a seat with Oscar."

After Amelia and Oscar settled down on the couch, Amelia said, "Tiffany has been worried about you and feeling guilty over the last few days. Now that you're awake, no one is more delighted than she is."

Smirking, Kate responded sarcastically, "Of course, she's worried about me, as my waking up wasn't what she was hoping for."

As Amelia was rendered speechless, tension began to fill the ward.

In the end, Amelia and Oscar couldn't bare to stay for more than half an hour.

When Tiffany escorted them out, Amelia held her hand and suggested, "Tiffany, come with us."

Tiffany shook her head.

"It's fine. At the end of the day, she's my mother-in-law. Hence, it would be inappropriate for me not to be there," Tiffany replied.

Amelia gave her a thoughtful look. She could feel that the previous feistiness in Tiffany had clearly been blunted. In the past, the latter would wear her heart on her sleeve, but now, she had kept her emotions all hidden away.

“Call me if you need me instead of suffering in silence.”

Tiffany let out a light chuckle. “Don’t worry. Don’t forget who I am. Something as trivial as this won’t break me.”

Amelia, too, reciprocated with a laugh.

Nevertheless, her spirits stayed low after leaving the hospital. Hence, Oscar stroked her face and reassured her, “Don’t worry. I’m sure she’ll be able to overcome it.”

Amelia nodded in response.

However, her conviction was shaken in the afternoon when she received the photo of Derrick drinking and kissing Crystal in a bar. She was worried it would wreak emotional devastation upon Tiffany once the latter saw it.

In the midst of her confusion, she felt as if there was an invisible hand guiding everything that had happened. This mastermind must be desperate for Tiffany and Derrick to divorce. And when that happens, who would be most delighted by the fact?

The first person who came to mind was Kate. As for the second, it was Crystal. Could it be a plan hatched by both of them?

Her concern for Tiffany sent a shiver down her spine. With so many people hoping for Tiffany and Derrick’s divorce, any cracks in their faith in each other would cause their marriage to collapse, regardless of how much they love one another.

As Amelia held the pictures in her hands, keeping the matter from Tiffany was the only thought in her mind. Nonetheless, she was cognizant that whoever sent the photos was gloating, as if to show her how her best friend was struggling helplessly in a tormented marriage.

Jolin asked, “Mrs. Clinton, do you need me to destroy the photographs?”

Amelia smiled wryly. “So what if you destroyed them? We are powerless without the negatives in our hands. What I’m considering now is to send Tiff on an overseas trip. Do you think she’ll agree?”

“She won’t,” Jolin replied candidly, eliciting another wry smile from Amelia.

“You’re right. With Mrs. Hisson lying in the hospital now, there’s no way she would go on an overseas trip.”

When she saw the troubled look on Amelia's face, Jolin added, "Mrs. Clinton, why don't you get Boss to station two men close to her? they can stop anyone suspicious from approaching her. Moreover, I can guarantee that they will get to the bottom of the matter. This is certainly something you don't have to worry about."

With her eyes lighting up, Amelia agreed, "All right, get it done."

Unfortunately, Amelia could never have imagined how fast the mastermind's actions were. When the frustrated Tiffany returned to the condominium she used to stay in, she felt her head spin to the brink of losing consciousness the moment she saw the pictures.

Holding onto her chest, Tiffany slumped onto the couch with tears welling up in her eyes. Through the mist of moistened eyes, she stared at the man and woman in the photo. After doing so for an unknown period of time, she took a deep breath before forcing herself to calm down.

Picking up her phone, she gave Derrick a call without any hesitation.

She mustered all her willpower the moment the call got through. "Derrick, can you come over to our old condominium? I suddenly miss the times when both of us were living here and want to relive those memories. All right, hurry up, please. I feel as if I miss you a lot today. Okay, I'll wait for you here."

After ending the call, Tiffany fell into deep thought.

Upon entering the house, Derrick was greeted by the sight of the sorrowful Tiffany. With his heart sinking instinctively, he hurried to her side. However, the moment the scattered pictures on the table caught his attention, he stopped abruptly in his tracks. Shock, disbelief, and panic began to flash rapidly across his eyes.

Kneeling down in front of her, he—worried that he would give her a fright—called out softly, "Tiff."

With a slight movement in her eyes, she raised her head to look at him and murmured, "Derrick, don't you think those pictures look artistic? It's really good to be born handsome, for you look good regardless of the angle."

As Derrick grabbed her hand, an inexplicable sense of dread suddenly gripped him.

"Tiff, let me explain. I did go drinking with her to blow off some steam, but I didn't do anything that crossed the line," Derrick clarified.

Holding the photo that showed them kissing, Tiffany sneered, "Derrick, you have now learned to lie to me. What do you mean by not crossing the line? Isn't that you kissing Crystal in the picture?"

The sight of the photo caused Derrick to be tongue tied.

"Tiff, listen to me. I really don't know. I was just drinking with her, and nothing happened at all. You have to believe me," Derrick frantically explained.

Holding her head with both hands, Tiffany failed to hold back her tears.

"Derrick, my heart hurts. All this while, I would never shed tears regardless of what happened, for I have always seen it as a sign of weakness. But now... Derrick, to be honest, I'm really disappointed in you." Tiffany's tears gushed out with greater intensity. "Derrick, it's obvious to everyone that your mother favors Crystal. Now that the photo has revealed your feelings for her, why don't we just get a divorce?"

Derrick's eyes widened abruptly.

Staring deathly at her, he muttered through gritted teeth, "Tiff, say that again."

With a wry smile, she replied, "I said, let's get a divorce. I had assumed that as long as I had your love, I could adapt to living with the Hissons. But now, I realize I had overestimated myself. Until your family stops resenting me, it doesn't matter how much effort I put in. Also, you're well aware of my limit, where I will never tolerate my husband fooling around with another woman. Thus, let's get a divorce."

"I won't allow it. There's no way I'm going to divorce you. You're just not thinking straight right now. We'll talk about this again when you finally calm down." Derrick had barely finished when he hurried to leave. Unexpectedly, Tiffany grabbed his hand.

"Derrick, be honest with me. Are you and Crystal together?" Tiffany asked with her head hung low.

"No, there's nothing whatsoever going on between us," Derrick replied with conviction.

When she released his hand, he added, "Tiff, just calm down. I'll get to the bottom of this and prove my innocence to you." With that, Derrick left without looking back.

As the dejected Tiffany slumped on the couch, she didn't know what to think.



All of a sudden, a shadow fell upon her. When she raised her head to be greeted by the sight of Crystal, she demanded with an icy expression, "What are you doing here?"

Shrugging, Crystal replied with a smile, "I came over with Derrick. Since he was worried that you might do something foolish, he asked me to stay with you." No sooner had she spoken than she picked up the pictures on the table and lamented, "I didn't expect someone to take photos of us when I went drinking with Derrick yesterday. This photographer is really good to have even captured us kissing. If I find out who he is, I'll definitely reward him for his skill. Isn't that right, Tiffany?"

Tiffany's rage drained her face of all color.

Noticing the rapid change in Tiffany's expression, Crystal twisted the knife further. "Oh my, I have forgotten that you're Derrick's wife. What was he thinking? Despite knowing that you hate my guts, he still insisted that I stay by your side. You know, that's just his way of showing his concern for you, so don't take it to heart."

After being overwhelmed by anger, Tiffany finally got a grip on herself.

"Ms. Halliwell, are you here trying to spite me because you know that Derrick will never love you? Don't you worry. My relationship with Derrick is rock solid and won't crack just from a few malicious words from you, let alone a bunch of pictures. I have full faith in him, for he is a righteous man. When he says that there's nothing going on between both of you, that, to me, is the truth," Tiffany asserted.

Crystal was briefly taken aback before she cracked another smile. "If that's true, why are your eyes so red?"

"Humans are emotional creatures. I'm crying because I don't like seeing my husband kiss another woman. In spite of that, I still trust him. Therefore, Ms. Halliwell, your scheme has failed. Now, this is my home, and you're not welcome here, so please leave," Tiffany ordered, pointing at the door.

Crystal snorted in laughter. "Tiffany, you look adorable when you're putting up a strong front." After walking to the door, she turned around abruptly and sneered, "By the way, I forgot to tell you that Derrick kissed me for almost two minutes yesterday. I never knew he was such a good kisser. To be honest, I was impressed."

Tiffany's hand froze momentarily before sweeping all the photographs on the table onto the ground.

"Argh!" she screamed at the top of her lungs.

Climbing groggily up the staircase and into her bedroom, she buried herself in her bed without uttering a single word.

Meanwhile, Amelia had received a call from Derrick asking her to check on Tiffany at the condominium. When she arrived with Oscar, her face lost all color at the sight of the main door being left open. Subsequently, she dashed into the house without a moment's delay.

Upon realizing the first floor was empty, she rushed upstairs. Only then did she spot Tiffany—whose face was flushed red—hiding underneath the blanket. Jolted by the sight, Amelia quickly placed her hand on the latter's head. It's hot. It's scorching hot.

"Oscar, quick. Tiff has a high fever."

After Oscar carried her, both of them sent her to the hospital.

While the doctor measured Tiffany's blood pressure and put her on the drip, the anxious Amelia was pacing about outside the emergency room.

Suddenly, Oscar grabbed her hand and showed her the pictures he had picked up along the way. "Tiffany knows about them."

After throwing them a glance, Amelia sighed. "Despite all our best efforts, the enemy still managed to sneak past us."

"This isn't your fault. No matter how much you try to prevent it, you cannot stop the truth from coming out if Derrick is really having an affair with Crystal. It's better to face such pain earlier than later."

Amelia commented, "I really trusted Derrick and thought that he would be the one to bring Tiff happiness. I didn't expect something like this to happen. Truth be told, I'm truly disappointed."

"Perhaps this is a misunderstanding."

Amelia pursed her lips in silence.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 789

Chapter 789 Insisting On Being Discharged

The moment Derrick arrived at the hospital, he asked anxiously, "Amelia, how is Tiff?" Before he knew it, Amelia slapped him forcefully across his face.

Despite being momentarily stunned by the impact, he ignored his burning cheek and repeated his question, "What happened to her?"

Waving the photos in her hand, Amelia sneered, "Derrick, during your wedding not too long ago, you vowed to go through thick and thin with Tiff. Therefore, is this the way you live up to your promise?"

Derrick smiled wryly. "Would you believe me if I told you there's nothing going on between Crystal and me? And that I'm a foolish victim of someone's plot?"

After a brief hesitation, Amelia eased her tone. "Why did you even go to a bar with her? The dim lights and sensual atmosphere make it tempting for men and women to flirt. This is something you know better than anyone else. Furthermore, Crystal's feelings for you are obvious. Therefore, regardless of your reason, you shouldn't have gone there with her, but you did. That, to me, is considered a form of betrayal."

With a darkened expression, Derrick explained, "My mom was in a coma for a few days, and the doctor even warned that she might not ever wake up and could become a vegetable. With the Hissons blaming Tiff for it, I was torn between my mother and my wife. So, when I was feeling extremely pressured, I agreed to her invitation for a drink in a moment of weakness."

Having heard his explanation, Amelia laughed out loud instead.

"Derrick, it's not that I'm unwilling to believe you, but your excuse is a terrible one." Amelia added, "Anyway, this is between Tiff and you, so I'm staying out of it. You can tell her yourself when she wakes up."

As Amelia and Oscar had sent Tiffany to the hospital in the nick of time, her high fever didn't deteriorate into pneumonia. Therefore, she had recovered that night itself.

The moment she woke up, she saw Derrick sleeping on the chair beside the bed.

As her heart ached at the sight, she felt the urge to stroke his head but ended up being restrained by her IV drip.

Just like that, she quietly observed him under the dim yellow light of the room. While doing so, her mind couldn't help but playback Kate's words before the latter fell into a coma. "Tiffany, as Derrick has become increasingly successful in his career, he deserves

to have a complete family with children. However, what's the point in him marrying you when you can't bear him any?"

Kate's words struck Tiffany like lightning.

After all, she was a conservative person at heart. Despite having a successful career, she still firmly believed that a married woman should bear children for the man she loved. Otherwise, their lives would never be perfect. As a result, she was deeply troubled when she learned that getting pregnant was unlikely. In fact, she even considered divorce.

Due to her overwhelming love for Derrick, she couldn't bear to see him not experiencing a perfect life. As a result, she didn't want him to be filled with regret for not having any children in his later years.

On top of that, her inability to bear children would likely cause Kate to come up with all sorts of schemes to force her into a divorce. Fainting might be one of Kate's attempts to apply pressure on her, and the former might stake her life on it next time.

Just like how Derrick couldn't bear to see her suffer in front of the Hissons, she couldn't bear to see him torn between his mother and her.

Therefore, she didn't know how much longer she could endure their turbulent marriage.

After watching Derrick for about an hour, she gradually fell asleep out of exhaustion.

The next time she woke up, Derrick was nowhere to be seen. Instead, she was given a fright when she saw Kate staring intently at her.

Scrambling up on her bed, Tiffany asked warily, "Mom, what are you doing here?"

Scorn flashed across Kate's eyes as she replied, "You look pretty energetic for someone who was supposed to be having a high fever. I didn't expect it to be nothing but one of your schemes to avoid being scolded. Why are you doing this? Do you enjoy making Derrick worry?"

Leaning back against her bed in a relaxed manner, Tiffany answered calmly, "Mom, I didn't even know I had a fever. Sorry for inconveniencing you and Derrick."

Arms folded across her chest, Kate continued to pile on the pressure, "I don't care whether you're really sick or not. I just want you to give me a firm answer. When are you planning to divorce Derrick?"

Her words stunned Tiffany.

“Mom, Tiffany and I aren’t getting a divorce,” Derrick replied angrily when he returned with breakfast and heard his mother’s question.

As guilt flashed across Kate’s eyes for a fleeting moment, it was quickly replaced by anger.

“Derrick, I’m not going to argue with you any further. When I was in a coma, you couldn’t even bring yourself to reprimand her. Therefore, there’s nothing left for me to say, and I’ll stop pressuring you both. After all, you don’t care whether I live or die,” Kate ranted, causing Derrick to furrow his brows.

Tiffany requested flatly, “Derrick, I want to be discharged now.”

“You still haven’t fully recovered. Why don’t we monitor your condition for one more day? If the doctor confirms that your fever has gone down, I’ll arrange for you to be discharged at once.”

“Forget it. I’m fine. I just want to leave now, so please get the formalities done.”

Faced with Tiffany’s persistence, Derrick had no choice but to get her discharged.

When he wanted to send her home, he didn’t expect her to decline.

“Tiff, can you not keep me at a distance?” Derrick pleaded.

Shaking her head, she replied, “Derrick, you said that you would give me time to clear my head. Besides, I can’t stand the sight of you now. I need to think about our marriage and find a reason to continue it amidst such heavy opposition.”

When Derrick tried to grab her hand, she unexpectedly shoved his hand away.

“Tiff, it’s all right to just reflect upon it, for we’ll never get divorced.”

“Derrick, you should go back in and take good care of your mother. Also, please convey my apologies to her.” Tiffany had barely finished when she hailed a cab and left.

After receiving Derrick’s phone call, Amelia found Tiffany under a large tree in a park.

“Tiff, are you trying to get yourself killed? Do you know that you had a thirty-nine-degree fever when I found you yesterday? The doctor said that it would’ve deteriorated into

pneumonia if you had arrived five minutes later. Anyway, why did you leave the hospital when you haven't fully recovered?" Amelia lectured in frustration.

Tiffany popped open a bottle of beer and raised it at Amelia. "Babe, drink with me."

When Amelia noticed the half-dozen empty bottles on the floor, she was infuriated.

Snatching the beer from Tiffany's hand, she raged, "Tiffany, do you have a death wish? Just look at yourself right now. Are you drinking your sorrows away? We have never done this despite all that we have been through. No matter how big the issue is, there's no need to behave this way. So please, get a grip on yourself."

Patting the spot next to her, Tiffany responded calmly, "I'm just depressed. That's why I'm drinking to clear my head."

As Amelia settled down, she put the beer on the other side. "Why did you insist on getting discharged?"

"I've already recovered, so what's the point in staying in the hospital? Besides, it's filled with people I don't like. Staying there will just cause me grief."

Reaching out to feel Tiffany's forehead, Amelia breathed a sigh of relief when it no longer felt hot.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 790

### Chapter 790 No Divorce

Amelia drank with her. As she shook the beer bottle in her hand, she said, "Tiff, be honest with me. What are you planning with Derrick?"

Tiffany watched the people walking in the park in pairs in a daze. "I don't know." Amelia sighed.

"Tiff, it hasn't been a year since you married Derrick, but you've already changed so much; I can't find any trace of the old you anymore. If I knew you'd be so unhappy, I wouldn't have agreed to let you and Derrick be together back then," Amelia muttered.

"Babe, I don't regret marrying Derrick. Really. If I didn't marry him, I wouldn't have grown up so quickly. I'm rather grateful for how he has protected me in this marriage. Maybe it's

because I'm not on the same frequency as the Hissons. No matter what I do, his mother still doesn't like me. He has quite the hard time between the two of us." Tiffany then down a huge mouthful of beer. "I thought of getting a divorce with him. His family has been trying to put me in a difficult spot since the start, and it's tiring to deal with. I don't want him to be in the same spot as I am."

Amelia reached out to caress the back of Tiffany's head. "Giving up so soon?"

"No one in this world can claim to have never given up on anything. It's just that I've fallen a few times, and I don't want to get up anymore."

"Tiff, talk to Derrick. Don't give up so quickly. You've dated him for three years before you married him, so take your time for this."

Tiffany did not reply to that, and the two fell silent.

They drank until the sun went down. It was then Derrick sent Amelia a message.

Derrick: Is Tiff okay? Where is she? I'm coming over to talk to her. Tell her that I won't get a divorce from her.

Amelia glanced at the silent Tiffany and sent Derrick their location.

After sending the message, she kept her phone and continued to drink with Tiffany.

Derrick came half an hour later. Amelia stood up and walked to him before patting his chest. "Have a good talk with Tiff."

The man nodded.

With that, Amelia turned and left the park. Just as she stepped out of the park, she was greeted by the sight of Oscar's car.

Without hesitation, she walked over and entered the car. Then, she leaned over to bite his jaw and said, "When did you come?"

"Not too long ago. How is Tiffany?"

"Not great. She wants to get a divorce from Derrick. It hasn't been a year since they married, but so many things have happened. I don't know how to help her either. The relationship between a woman and her mother-in-law has always been one of Chanaea's most difficult issues to resolve. Mrs. Hisson keeps making life challenging for her, and

Tiffany is having a bad time with the Hissons.” Amelia leaned back against the car seat and continued in a tired tone, “Oscar, tell me. What can I do to help her?”

“Don’t get yourself involved in this anymore. Every family has troubles of its own. If they’ve really reached the end of their marriage, that will be the results of their discussion.”

“But Tiff has put so much into this relationship. I’m scared she won’t be able to get over it.”

“Be at ease. She’s a strong girl.”

Despite his reassurances, Amelia continued to stay silent.

Even after Oscar began driving, Amelia still said nothing as she turned her head to look at the passing cars outside.

Meanwhile, in the park, when Derrick walked over to Tiffany, Tiffany lifted her head to glance at him and calmly said, “Derrick, you’re here.”

Derrick sat down. When he saw the line of beer bottles by her feet, his heart ached. In the next second, he tried to take the bottle away from her hand, but she moved away and passed him an unopened bottle instead.

“Drink this,” she said.

Derrick took it and uttered in a low voice, “Tiff, don’t torment the two of us anymore, okay?”

Tiffany turned to look at him and let out a laugh. “Derrick, what are you talking about? When did I torment you?”

Derrick then tried to hug her, but she avoided him as if he was a plague-bearer.

“Tiff,” he squeezed out.

Nevertheless, Tiffany raised her bottle, about to toast with him. However, Derrick forcibly hugged her and buried his head in the crook of her neck. He sobbed out, “Tiff, are you really not going to patch things up with me anymore? I’ve already decided to move out once Mom recovers. We’ll have our own space and lives. I was too adamant about having them accept you in the past, but I don’t want that anymore.”



Tears rolled down Tiffany's cheeks as she listened to him.

Derrick, you're brilliant and perfect. How can I make the flawless you bear regrets in your life? You're a wonderful man, and you have to have a perfect life and career. How can I be your burden?

Those were the thoughts that crossed Tiffany's mind as she cried.

"Tiff, don't sulk anymore, okay? I'll look into the case about my kiss with Crystal. I'll clear my name." Derrick tightened his hug. "Please give us a chance. Don't let a few photos from someone else destroy our years-long relationship. It hasn't been a year since we married, and it's supposed to be our honeymoon phase. We shouldn't be thinking about divorce now."

Still, the only thing Tiffany did was quietly stay in Derrick's arms.

After a while, Derrick unwrapped his arms from around Tiffany and lifted her chin. "Tiff, don't be mad anymore, okay?"

Tiffany turned and moved away from Derrick's hold. "Let's go back."

At that, Derrick grabbed her hand and asked, "Tiff, what do you mean?"

Tiffany turned back to face him. "I'm only out here to take a breather, but all of you seem like you're ready for a fight. Come on; we're going back now."

Despite her words, Derrick gave her a dubious look. She ignored it and repeated, "Come on."

Derrick could only follow her.

When the two of them returned to the hospital ward, they saw Crystal merrily chatting away with Kate.

Without any changes in her expression, Tiffany walked over and asked, "Mom, how do you feel?"

Kate glanced at Derrick and replied indifferently, "Fine. I won't be dying any time soon."

Tiffany frowned and moved to the side.

In contrast, Derrick shot a frown at Crystal. "Why are you here?"

"I'm just here to visit Mrs. Hisson. I'll be flying to Irushea the day after tomorrow, and it's unlikely I'll be back frequently. So I've decided to spend more time with Mrs. Hisson while I'm still in the country," Crystal told him.

Kate took her hand and whispered sadly, "Crystal, you know me best. Once you leave, I don't think I'll have someone younger than me to talk to anymore."

"Please, Mrs. Hisson. How can you say that to me, an outsider, when you have a son and a daughter-in-law?" Crystal said with a chuckle.

Kate shot a contemptuous look at Tiffany when she heard that. Snorting, she then said, "My son has forgotten about his mother after marrying his wife. I've been passed out for so many days, but my son still said that I was too fierce when I gave a negative comment about my daughter-in-law!"

Tiffany only silently listened to Kate's indirect reprimand.

After that, Crystal spent a while longer chatting with Kate before taking out a bag she had brought with her. As she took out a number of photos from the bag, she said, "Derrick, I received an anonymous package today—I don't know who found my address and sent this to me—and the photos inside are the photos of you and me in the bar."

At that, Derrick's eyes darkened.

On the other hand, Kate hastily asked, "What photos?"

Crystal then showed her the photos. Once Kate saw the photos, her eyes lit up. "Derrick, Kate and you..."

"There isn't anything between me and her."

"If there isn't anything between the two of you, would the two of you have kissed? You look so intimate with each other. How can you say that there isn't anything between the two of you?"

Derrick pursed his lips.

"If not for these photos, I wouldn't have known that you were already in a relationship with Crystal. Be frank. When are you going to marry Crystal?"

"Mom, I'm married, and my wife is Tiffany."

"You can always get a divorce even if you're married. I'm sure Crystal won't mind that you've married before."

Both Kate and Crystal were aggressively pressuring him into marrying Crystal. On the other hand, Tiffany, Derrick's actual wife, was silent the whole time as if she was not part of the family.

As Derrick wrapped his arm around Tiffany's shoulders, he announced, "Mom, Tiff and I have decided to move out. Since you don't like her, we're not going to live with you anymore."

Upon hearing that, Kate clamped her mouth shut and stared at Derrick in shock.

A long while later, she snapped back to her senses and lifted her hand to comb her hair. In a haughty tone, she said, "Tiffany, are you really willing to let Derrick give up on the Hisson family?"

Tiffany looked at Kate with complicated emotions in her eyes. "I'm tired, and I want to go back to rest." With that said, she quietly exited the ward instead of standing her ground like she used to do.

Derrick rushed out after her and grabbed her hand. "Tiff!"

Tiffany whipped her head around and forced a smile onto her face. "Derrick, you should stay here. I want to go back alone to sleep for the night. Don't come with me. Once I'm done resting, I'll come to the hospital to take care of your mother. After all, I was the reason she passed out."

Derrick had no choice but to let her struggle out of his grasp at that.

However, he continued to quietly follow her out of the hospital.

She did not hail a cab to return home right away. Instead, she walked down the empty road, her lone figure a depressing sight.

Derrick stared at her back as a wave of complicated emotions washed over him. His eyes reddened, and it took him everything to hold himself back from dashing toward her to hug her and reassure her that he had no relationship with Crystal to speak of. He wanted to tell her that he did not care whether or not she could bear children and that he had married her solely because he loved her.

Derrick walked behind her for almost three hours before they arrived at the condominium they used to live in. Only after watching Tiffany get into one of the elevators did he take another elevator up. However, right as he stepped out of the elevator, he saw Tiffany crouching by the door and curling into herself. It was as though she was an unloved puppy, and that made his heart break.

Once he registered the scene in front of him, he rushed over to her.

"Tiff," he called out to her gently.

Tiffany raised her head to look at him with bloodshot eyes. The moment their eyes met, she suddenly launched herself at him.

As she hugged Derrick's waist, she sobbed out her grievances, "Derrick, I don't want to get a divorce with you. Can't we be together? Why must everyone try to separate us?"