

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 791 - 800

Chapter 791 Partnership

Derrick could not help but be thrilled at how Tiffany was finally softening her stance. While he half-carried and half-dragged her into the room, he whispered, "Tiff, are you not angry at me anymore?"

Instead of a verbal response, Tiffany sealed her lips with his, and the two fell onto the couch. After everything, Derrick caressed Tiffany's cheek and lovingly muttered, "Are you really not mad at me anymore?"

In actuality, Tiffany was delighted.

"I thought about many things when I was on my way back. I was thinking about how I'll forgive you if you come back with me. If you didn't, it meant our shared fate could only last that long. I don't know if you were following me or not, but you appeared so swiftly just now, so I've decided to give us another chance." A look of exhaustion flashed past Tiffany's eyes, but the smile on her face told Derrick that she had returned to her old, nonchalant self.

Hence, he let out a sigh of relief before lowering his head to plant kisses on her face. At the same time, he uttered, "Tiff, I'm glad that I came back with you."

Tiffany smiled at him. All of a sudden, she raised her hands and hammered his chest a few times. "I don't want to get a divorce with you anymore, but you still have to give me an explanation about your matter with Crystal. Otherwise, I'll never let you off the hook."

Derrick burst out laughing at that, and it was a hearty laugh.

He was in a fantastic mood at that moment. That was what he missed most—the fearless life that he once led with Tiffany. Derrick did not want to see the troubled expression on Tiffany's face ever again.

"What are you laughing about?" Tiffany asked in mock anger.

"I miss the way you were straightforward and unfazed. I could see how unhappy you were, and how you told me that you wanted to get a divorce made me panic." Derrick

lifted her and walked toward the stairs. "I'm really happy that the two of us can talk calmly like this."

His words sent a trickle of warmth into her heart, and she circled her arms around his neck.

Of course, the one who was the happiest about them mending things with each other was Amelia.

As agreed, Amelia brought Tony and Oscar to a vintage farmstay.

Just as Amelia took a seat, she spotted the rosy blush on Tiffany's cheeks. Beaming, Amelia asked, "Are you really back on good terms with him?"

Tiffany filled a cup of coffee for her and replied, "Indeed. Babe, I've troubled you for the past few days. My conflict with Derrick made you panic as well. Sorry about that."

"I'm glad to hear that things are good between you and Derrick again. We're best friends, so drop the courteous act. If you tell me words like 'thanks' or 'sorry' again, I'll get mad at you!" Amelia huffed in mock anger. However, she soon burst out laughing.

In the meantime, Derrick handed Oscar the menu for him to order some dishes. After picking some of the dishes Amelia and Tony liked, he handed the menu back to Derrick, who then ordered dishes that Tiffany would like. Only after that did they summon the server and urged her to serve the dishes as quickly as possible.

Once the dishes were served, Derrick scooped a bowl of soup for Tony before doing the same for Tiffany, Amelia, and Oscar.

He then said, "Mr. Clinton, Amelia, try the soup. It's an authentic local taste."

Amelia then scooped a spoonful and took a sip. Immediately, her eyes widened as a surprised laugh escaped her. "It really tastes good! It's thick but not gross, and its level of viscosity is perfect. It's been a long while since I had a soup this good. In fact, this chef is better at cooking than Tiff and Molly. If I ever have the chance to, I'd like to get to know them so that I can learn a trick or two from them!"

Derrick chuckled. "That's nothing hard to achieve. I'm one of the investors of this farmstay, and I was the one who recruited the chef—I found him at the restaurant I went to on my trip for the traditional and internet literature conference. If you want to get to know him, I'll have someone get him to come here."

Amelia arched a brow in response. "When did you start investing in food and beverage businesses? Tiff never told me this."

However, Tiffany was equally astounded. She blurted out, "Derrick, you're investing in food and beverage businesses now? I never heard you talk about this before."

Derrick gently combed her hair with his fingers as he said, "I've already married you, so, naturally, I'd think of ways to be nice to you. There's no way I'll limit myself to just publishing and investing as a producer. If I want to delve into this, I want to be successful. I'll slowly go into the food and beverage industry, the IT industry, and the real estate industry. Once I'm powerful by myself, you won't feel guilty about me giving up on the Hisson family's inheritance anymore."

Tiffany stiffened. She never thought that Derrick had done all of these for her.

"Tiff, I've promised to give you the best at our wedding. I want you to never regret picking me. Once my business grows, I'll prove to you that I can protect you well through my own hard work too," Derrick added.

Something moist welled up in Tiffany's eyes, and she quickly lowered her head. Only when the watery veil was gone did she finally lift her head again.

She then lifted her hand to hammer him twice on his shoulder before speaking in a deliberately nonchalant tone to conceal the overwhelming gratitude she felt.

"Amelia and Mr. Clinton are still here. Aren't you ashamed to pretend to be a domineering, faithful CEO in front of the CEO himself?"

"There's no need for me to pretend; I am one!"

Derrick made the two women chuckle.

Oscar chimed in, "The development in the food and beverage industry has been swift lately. I've also invested in a few restaurants. If you're interested, why don't we partner up to start a unique farmstay in the city? What do you think about that?"

Derrick lifted his cup for a toast. "A sound idea. I've already written the proposal, and I was thinking about showing it to you a few days ago, but there was this housefly buzzing non-stop around my head and Tiff's, so I ended up postponing it. Still, it's not too late now. I'll take a trip to Clinton Corporations tomorrow for us to talk about the details."

Right then, Tiffany knocked her fork against the plate and interrupted, "Hey, hey, calm down, the two of you. We're just two families having a meal together today, so stop with the endless business talks. Can't you see that there's a kid here?"

Amelia said, "Men are always either talking about women or work. But I'm quite looking forward to the businesses in the food and beverage industry. Now that the standards of living are getting higher and higher, people are becoming more and more willing to spend money on entertainment and food. If we utilize the opportunity well, we won't need to worry about not getting any profits from the businesses. It's a good deal, and establishments like farmstays can earn even more. So, you have my agreement for this plan. If you don't mind, I'm thinking of investing in this as well."

"Babe, don't bother yourself. Your husband's the best support you've got. The hundreds and millions you have are a tiny sum in comparison, so don't embarrass yourself, all right?" Tiffany blurted out, half-laughing.

Now that she had thought things through, she was no longer as gloomy as she had been the past few days.

That was why Amelia was thrilled to see Tiffany refuting her.

"Tiff, why don't you make an investment as well? You've earned a rather large sum from the novels you've published and from the television adaptations. As a matter of fact, you're a secret rich woman. Investing in the food and beverage businesses will be a source of income for you, and that way, you won't need to rely on Derrick's allowance to live a good life," Amelia suggested.

Tiffany fell silent at that. Truthfully, she was interested in investing in the food and beverage businesses as well, but she knew nothing about businesses, and she had never learned how to trade stocks. As an outsider, she would lose much more in these things than someone who was well-versed in businesses and stock trading.

"Derrick, do you mind if I become a stockholder as well?"

Derrick glanced at her. "Not at all. I'll let you be the major stockholder."

"Okay. I'll be the major stockholder."

The casual meal ended up becoming a business talk. The longer the four of them went on, the more excited they became. Nevertheless, the only child there, Tony, enjoyed listening to them. Once the adults stopped talking, he said, "Mommy, Big Meanie, I want

to open a farmstay when I grow up too. I want to hire all the chefs who can cook well and make everyone who eats their food say it's amazing!"

The four adults were taken aback for a moment before they began laughing boisterously.

Tiffany remarked, "Tony, you're ambitious. Not bad. You have my support!"

What all of them did not realize back then was that Tony did end up delving into the food and beverage industry when he grew up, and his business even became an international chain store.

In fact, the boy had even better achievements than Oscar; he had become the son that both Amelia and Oscar were proud of.

Nevertheless, that was a story to be told later.

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Chapter 792 Whose Side Will He Take

It was already nightfall by the time they finished dinner. Upon bidding each other farewell, Amelia took the back seat with Tony while Oscar drove them home.

When the trio exited the elevator, they ran into Noah and Stephanie. Both of them seemed to be having a falling-out, as Noah pleaded frantically, "Come home with me, Steph. Nothing is going on between Emma and me. Yes, I admit that we used to be an item. However, it's all in the past. I've cut off ties with her before you and I got together. She's the one who's constantly pestering me. I didn't mean to hurt you, Steph. I love you, I really do."

Stephanie avoided him and snapped, "Don't touch me!"

"Steph—" Before Noah could say anything further, Amelia interrupted him, "What are you two doing here?" She could not care less if the couple had made up with each other. Her priority was to stop them from raising a ruckus outside of her house, especially when Tony was present. She did not want her child to witness such a scene.

When Noah saw Oscar and Amelia, the former collected himself and greeted them politely, "Hi, Oscar and Amelia."

As Stephanie strode toward Amelia, Oscar instinctively pulled the mother and son duo behind him.

"Oscar, Amelia, Noah is so annoying! Could I put up a night at your place, please? I don't want to see him at all!" Stephanie complained aggrievedly.

Unfortunately, Oscar insisted firmly, "Go home now."

The pregnant Stephanie turned to Amelia and heaved a sigh. "I was hoping you could let me stay here tonight, Amelia. May I?"

"Oscar, let them go inside. We're not the only family living here. It won't be nice to disturb the neighbors at this hour," suggested Amelia as she adjusted Tony's position in her arms.

Oscar nodded in response.

With that, Noah and Stephanie followed them into the house.

"Oscar, it's getting late. I'm going to bathe Tony upstairs before he gets sleepy," Amelia announced.

Oscar acknowledged her with a nod.

As soon as Amelia took the steps upstairs, Oscar's expression darkened instantly.

"What do the both of you want?"

"I'm sorry, Oscar. I didn't expect Steph to show up at your place. I just wanted to bring her home. Since you're my brother-in-law, would you help me persuade her and say something nice on my behalf?" Noah said earnestly.

Upon taking a glance at Stephanie, Oscar obliged. "That's enough, Steph. It's time to go home. Don't think you can do as you please just because Noah spoils you. Which guy doesn't have a past relationship before getting married? Don't make a big fuss out of it. You've got two options; get a divorce or go back with him and live happily ever after. Pick one."

Biting her lip, Stephanie fell silent.

On the other hand, Noah was surprised that Oscar was taking his side.

"Please forgive me, Steph. I can guarantee this won't happen again," Noah quickly added.

Stephanie glared at him. Subsequently, she unexpectedly lunged at Oscar. Wrapping her arms around his, she uttered in a child-like manner, "I'm sorry, Oscar. I know it's my fault. We've been giving each other the cold shoulder for three long years. It's about time we make up, right?"

Oscar stared at her indifferently.

"Forgive me, Oscar. I'll go back with Noah if you promise to forgive me."

As an idea dawned on him, Oscar cast her a look and asked, "You really want me to forgive you?"

With much anticipation, Stephanie stared at him intently with a pair of bright eyes.

"Sure, you're forgiven."

There was a sparkle in her eyes when she heard that. "Really, Oscar?"

He nodded.

Smiling sheepishly, Stephanie walked up to Noah and hugged him by the neck. "Did you hear that, Noah? Oscar and I have patched things up. From now on, you can't bully me anymore. Otherwise, I'll chop off your you-know-what."

Delighted, Noah tucked her into his embrace.

If Oscar and Stephanie are on talking terms, I'll be the one who benefits the most from their good relationship. In turn, this will help Walker Group significantly. However, why does Oscar change his mind all of a sudden and forgive Stephanie? I doubt he's someone fickle-minded who doesn't stick to his principles. Is something fishy going on?

Though Noah was overjoyed, he could not help but feel suspicious about the whole situation.

"What are you thinking, Noah? Why aren't you responding to me? Tell me honestly. Are you scheming how to marry that sl*tty Emma?" Stephanie's crisp voice snapped Noah out of his daze. "As long as I'm still alive, she'll not marry into the family in any way!"

Feeling helpless, Noah looked at her dotingly. "Don't say that, Steph. You're the only one I love, and you know that. She's only my ex."

"You'd better etch that fact on your mind," she replied smugly. "Let's not disturb Oscar and Amelia and head home now."

After sending them off, Oscar wanted to make his way upstairs, only to realize that Amelia was standing by the stairwell.

He smirked while walking up to her, landing a kiss on her forehead. "Is Tony asleep?"

Amelia nodded.

Hugging her waist, Oscar led her to the bedroom. "Why aren't you asking me why I agreed to forgive Stephanie?"

"Why should I? You always have your reasons. There's no need for you to consider my opinions," Amelia answered openly.

To her, it was unnecessary to entangle Oscar in her fights with Stephanie, especially when the latter was Oscar's kin. Moreover, it did not seem right for Amelia to force Oscar to break ties with his sister because of the grudge she had against Stephanie. She figured it would only make her sound downright unreasonable if she were to do that.

"I intend to help the Walkers reach the pinnacle of their business. Once Noah has tasted the goodness of power at a high and lofty position, I'll make him fall into the deepest of pits and experience hopelessness. By then, I'll add fuel to the flames. Do you think this will make Noah and Stephanie fight intensely?" Oscar shared his plan placidly.

Amelia lifted her head and smiled at him when their gazes met. "You're planning to sabotage them?"

"I didn't think of doing that initially, but they really shouldn't have thought about taking advantage of you. Considering how much Stephanie hates you, she can't butter you up without an apparent reason. It's either Noah or Isabella who gave her the idea to do so. Anyway, I'm not going to put their hard work to waste since they have plans to use Stephanie to take me down." A vicious gaze flashed across Oscar's eyes. "I do have some free time to play games with them."

However, what Oscar did not know then was that his scheme would bring him unfavorable outcomes.

Had he known that his plan would separate him from Amelia temporarily, he would have made a decision to remove all roadblocks mercilessly and chart a clear path for Amelia.

Unfortunately, no one could predict what was to come.

Finding his grand plan amusing, Amelia brushed it off by saying, "Get some sleep."

Subsequently, Oscar walked arm in arm with her into the bathroom for a lovey-dovey shower.

When Amelia got out of the bathroom, she was exhausted and soon settled into a rare good night's sleep.

The following morning, Oscar drove Amelia to work before heading to Clinton Corporations. He received a call from Emma on his way there.

"Mr. Clinton, when are you depositing the remaining sum to me? Lately, your sister has asked someone to observe my every move. I'm afraid she might harm me. At this point, I can't rely on Noah anymore, so could you give me a lump sum and make arrangements for me to leave Tayhaven? I can tell there's nowhere for me to hide here." Emma sounded panic-stricken on the phone.

Oscar knitted his brows instantaneously.

"You will be remunerated for the information you've provided me. However, I have an upper hand in this game, and I'm the only one who can call it quits. Unless I say stop, you'll have to deal with all the relationship problems you have with Noah on your own. I won't interfere a bit," Oscar rejected her at once.

"I beg you, Mr. Clinton, please... If you can stop your sister from giving me a hard time, I promise to share a big secret with you. It's about Noah! I dare to guarantee it will surely pique your interest," Emma replied anxiously.

Pondering for a moment, Oscar remarked, "Spill!"

"Okay, I'll tell you now. His secret is—" Before Emma could finish her sentence, the line was cut off.

Upon hearing the dreaded dialing tone, Oscar frowned. Even so, he had no intention of calling back because Emma was merely an insignificant pawn to him.

Meanwhile, somebody was grabbing Emma's hair and dragging her to the couch before throwing the woman on it.

"Beat her to a pulp!" commanded a woman.

With that, a series of punches and kicks were aimed at Emma, which caused her to wail in agony.

After what felt like an eternity, the woman yelled, "Stop!"

Immediately, the men stopped the beating.

"This isn't a bad-looking face. It's no wonder Noah likes you," Stephanie commented as she tilted Emma's head. "What if I make several cuts on your face and show it to Noah? Do you think he will defend you?"

Instantly, fear crept up on Emma. She widened her eyes in shock and subconsciously shrank.

"Ms. Clinton, assaulting others will put y-you behind bars," Emma stammered. "I've been with Noah for years. You're not his first love, no matter what. If one has to make a big deal out of it, it's me. Therefore, you can't treat me like this."

Stephanie landed a tight slap across Emma's face and proclaimed arrogantly, "I don't care how long you've been with him. He's mine now, and only I can possess him. Everyone else can get lost!"

Pretending to be scared of her wits, Emma pleaded weakly, "Ms. Clinton, I didn't mean to fight over a man with you. I just wanted to have his backing. Please let me go. Someone like me who uses my body to win over a guy's heart can't be compared to you."

Pinching Emma's face harshly, Stephanie remarked, "It seems you have a shred of self-awareness."

She was pleased with her revenge when she saw the red marks emerging on Emma's face. "Call Noah now and request him to come over within half an hour," she ordered one of the men.

"Yes, Ms. Clinton." A sturdy man whipped out his phone and dialed Noah's number. "Mr. Walker, Ms. Clinton is here at Ms. Garcia's, and she wants you to be here."

After that, he hung up and reported right away, "Ms. Clinton, Mr. Walker will be here in a jiffy."

Stephanie burst out chuckling at that. "Wow, Emma, Noah seems to care a lot about you! How do you think he will react when he sees me torturing you in front of him? Shall we place our bets? Do you think he will protect you?"

At that moment, Emma could not help but shudder with trepidation.

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Chapter 793 From Love To Hate

Noah rushed to the condominium where he and Emma shared their love nest at the fastest speed. As soon as he entered the door, he saw Emma crawling on the ground like a dog. Noah's eyes flashed as he walked over.

Emma raised her head and aggrievedly uttered, "Noah, save me."

It would have been fine if she did not say anything because as soon as she uttered those words, Stephanie stepped on her back, causing Emma to gasp in pain.

Feeling his heart ache, Noah wanted to reach out to help Emma, but Stephanie's eyes swept over as she looked at him with a half-smile, saying, "Noah, what's wrong? Is your heart aching for her?"

Retracting his gaze, Noah walked to Stephanie and replied gently, "Why would I? I'm just afraid you'll be tired. If you really don't want to see her, just let her leave Tayhaven. Why bother with her and tire yourself?"

"Are you worried that I'm tired, or do you feel sorry for your little lover who's being trampled under my feet? She admitted she has been with you for more than eight years. My, my. That sure is a long time." Stephanie's voice became sharp, and she sneered, "Noah, you're very good at pretending in front of me. You appear to be deeply in love with me, but you end up with other women behind me. Tell me, how are you worthy of my trust in you?"

Noah glared at Emma inconspicuously before coaxing the other woman, "Steph, I've been treating you wholeheartedly the moment I married you. She and I have already ended long ago. If you're outraged, you can ask people to beat me up, but don't be sulky because I fear something will happen to you. If that happens, I'll never forgive myself for the rest of my life."

Stephanie sneered as she stared at him with a smirk.

"Is that so? I thought you wanted something to happen to me sooner." Stephanie waved her hand and continued, "Unfortunately, I'll have to disappoint you, for I still have a long

life to live. I'm very jealous and possessive. Since you married me, I'm the only woman you're allowed to have in your life. So today, whether you like it or not, you must choose between her and me."

Noah's expression froze, but he hurriedly expressed his loyalty, "Steph, I love you. Let's stop messing around. Come. Let me drive you home."

Stephanie pushed his hand away like a noble queen.

She glanced at the bodyguard standing behind her and ordered, "You, go cripple Ms. Garcia's right thumb."

As Noah and Emma heard that, their expressions changed.

Only then did Emma understand how unpredictable Stephanie was. The latter did whatever she felt like—even Noah had no power over her.

Emma understood that Noah was simply useless.

"Ms. Clinton, forgive me. Noah has never loved me at all. Before marrying you, he told me he had met a woman he wanted to take care of in his life. I was very jealous of any woman who could marry him, so I planned the scene that day for you to catch us in the act. I used my beauty to tempt him, but he was unmoved. Because of that, I learned he no longer has feelings for me anymore. He loves you deeply." Emma burst into tears and continued, "I no longer want his love. I'm destined to lose to you. You're too noble and perfect. I just want to return to my hometown and find an honest man to marry while I'm still young."

Letting out a snort, Stephanie stared at Emma's pathetic state in delight.

"What are you waiting for? Didn't I ask you to cripple her finger?" ordered Stephanie like a demon.

"Yes, miss." The bodyguard stepped forward, about to step on Emma's fingers.

Just then, Noah's eyes dimmed as he struggled internally. In the end, he pushed the bodyguard away and pulled Emma up.

As Stephanie witnessed that, her expression changed.

"What? Have you decided to protect this vixen?" asked Stephanie with a fake smile.

Noah's expression changed to a more gentle and affectionate one. Half-squatting in front of Stephanie, he stated, "I'm just afraid you'll get your hands dirty, Steph. You're pregnant. How could I let you do these dirty things?"

Stephanie raised her eyebrows and replied, "Since you think about me so much, you can ruin her face for me. You know, I have never been tolerant. You can consider yourself lucky that I didn't decide to cripple your 'thing' when you have the audacity to have an affair after marrying me."

Noah seemed gentle, but he held the person in his arms firmly. "Steph, you have my entire heart. Why would you care about an insignificant woman? You're only lowering yourself if you do that. I took a fancy to a piece of jewelry, and I think it matches your temperament very well. I bought it and wanted to give you a surprise. Come home with me and have a look, hmm?"

As Stephanie was now smarter and no longer easy to fool she questioned, "You're going to trick me for her?"

"Steph, why are you—"

"Don't do this with me. I will divorce you if you don't cripple one of her fingers today. You can choose for yourself whether you want her or me," said Stephanie suddenly.

Noah slowly clenched his fists, which did not go unnoticed by Stephanie. "Noah, I thought you had no feelings toward her," she sneered. "So it was only a pretense? You're so hypocritical. To think that I actually married you. How disgusting."

Quickly suppressing his anger, Noah asked in a soft tone, "Steph, do you really want to cripple her finger?"

"Of course." Stephanie nodded.

With that, Noah stood up and walked toward Emma swiftly. Stepping back in fear, the latter subconsciously gulped and trembled. "What are you doing, Noah? Remember, we've been in love for so many years. You can't treat me like this," she remarked.

Noah increased his speed in response. Grabbing Emma's hand, he snapped her thumb quickly and accurately. Amid Emma's miserable cry, he whispered in her ear, "Emma, don't hate me for this. I'm doing this for our future. In time, I will surely treat you better."

Emma was drenched in a cold sweat as stared at Noah in disbelief.

She could not believe that Noah would treat her so cruelly. They had been together for at least eight years. Emma dedicated all her best years to him, yet that man crippled her thumb with his own hands and even had the audacity to say it was for their future.

How pathetic can I be? We've been together for so many, yet in the end, all he's ever loved is himself.

Emma laughed bleakly, and the pain in her thumb was no longer that painful.

Noah did not even glance at Emma. Approaching Stephanie, he asked tenderly, "Steph, are you tired? Let me bring you home. I made a reservation at a restaurant with a really nice atmosphere. Maybe we can have a meal there together?"

Stephanie was finally satisfied. Entangling their hands together, she replied, "Seeing how sincere you are, I guess I can go with you. Let's go, then. We'll have a big meal. I'm in a good mood today and can eat two servings."

Noah slid his arm around her waist, carefully protecting her stomach. "Don't walk too fast, lest it affects the baby."

Stephanie quietly followed Noah and left. Naturally, the bodyguards trailed behind them. No one took pity on Emma, whose thumb had just been snapped.

Emma looked at the closed door angrily and slowly got up from the ground. She tried to move her crippled thumb but felt a spasm of pain.

"Noah, you're so cruel. Your heartlessness today completely destroyed our relationship. Don't blame me for being ruthless in what I do in the future," muttered Emma in rage.

After the pain in her hand subsided, Emma called Oscar again. When the call got through, she straightforwardly informed, "Mr. Clinton, I have evidence on a lot of things Noah has done over the years, most of which are shady deals his company had done with other companies. I can give them to you immediately if you want, but I need a lot of money."

"Bring it to the company. If I think it will be useful, I'll give you considerable compensation," replied Oscar.

Staying silent for a moment, Emma smiled before responding, "Mr. Clinton, others say you're indifferent, but after getting to know you, I find you're more trustworthy than the two-faced Noah. At least you pay me my dues. Thank you."

“No nonsense, please. Be here in an hour. Bye.”

Looking at the screen that had turned black, Emma pursed her lips. A trace of ruthlessness glinted in her eyes as she thought about her revenge.

Noah, you're dead to me from now on.

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Chapter 794 A Loser With Nothing But Good Looks

Emma sent a lot of insider information about Noah to Oscar. These were sufficient to give Noah a sentence if handed to the police, but they were not enough for a life sentence.

After receiving the information, Oscar looked at Emma. “So, how much do you want?”

“Five million. Also, please help me create a new identity. I want to start anew in another country and never return here,” Emma answered.

“All right,” Oscar agreed in a heartbeat. Noticing her miserable state, he questioned, “Are all your injuries caused by Noah?”

“No. They're from him and your sister.” Emma smiled tauntingly and continued, “Mr. Clinton, she's more vicious than you in comparison.” Although Stephanie doesn't seem to be that smart.

Oscar nodded in agreement.

If Stephanie was not vicious, she would not have hired someone to run over the then-pregnant Amelia, which almost got them killed that year. For that reason alone, Oscar would not acknowledge Stephanie as his sister ever again.

He would not spare anyone who wanted the lives of his wife and son; he would take everything from them and leave them with nothing.

It was easier to go from poor to rich than rich to poor. He wanted to see Stephanie left with nothing after being abandoned by everyone else. That would be more satisfying than taking her life.

"Mr. Clinton, seeing as I didn't hide anything from you, I hope you can send the money and process the new identity as soon as possible," Emma uttered.

"You can leave first," replied Oscar. "I will get someone to prepare the things you want, but don't you want to see how Noah will end up?"

Smiling, she responded, "From the moment he broke my thumb, he and I have nothing to do with each other. Compared to wasting my time watching karma catch up to him, I rather go overseas to lead the life I want."

"You're a smart woman," he commented.

"Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Clinton." With that, Emma wore her sunglasses and left the company. Right after she got into her car, she saw Isabella and Stephanie coming from another direction while chatting merrily.

Emma stared at the pregnant Stephanie resentfully. It was because of this woman that her hand was crippled. The reason why Emma had not gone to the doctor was so she could feel the pain longer. Once she grew stronger, she would return to the country and watch how Noah would fall rock bottom from the top and become miserable with nothing left for him.

She could not wait for the day Noah would grovel at her feet and beg for forgiveness. He should not have left her to marry an unruly and spoiled woman.

Noah, Stephanie, just you two wait. I will come back in another few years.

Starting the engine, she drove away, going to the hospital to check up on her finger. The doctor told her that her finger was completely crushed, and the possibility of recovery was nil, so they could only replace it with a prosthetic finger.

She lay on the cold operating table alone, waiting for the doctor to replace her finger. Emma placed the blame for this on Noah and Stephanie.

In the future, she would pay back all the humiliation and pain she felt today.

As for Stephanie, she did not know that she became Emma's target of resentment. While carrying bags of food, she went upstairs with Isabella. Once they got out of the elevator, Linda stopped them.

Steeling herself, Linda uttered, "Ms. Stephanie and Ms. Walker, Mr. Clinton is working inside. You're not allowed to enter."

Stephanie lifted her eyebrows and swept a glance at Linda, then she scoffed, "I came to visit my brother. Since when did a secretary like you have the right to tell me what to do?"

Linda felt her scalp turn numb. Stephanie was the Clinton family's young lady, thus more troublesome to deal with than Isabella. More importantly, if she pissed Stephanie off, Linda would have to bid farewell to her job.

"Ms. Stephanie, you know Mr. Clinton's temperament. You may enter if you'd like to, but I need to inform him first," Linda stated.

Stephanie was about to throw a tantrum, but Isabella held her back, signaling her not to act rashly.

"You can go in and tell Oscar, Linda. We don't have anything to do, but we shouldn't disrupt his work," Isabella voiced out.

Linda nodded and entered the office.

It was unknown what she said inside the office. When she came out, she uttered respectfully, "Ms. Stephanie and Ms. Walker, Mr. Clinton invited you to go in."

Immediately, Stephanie entered the office pridefully. Once she saw Oscar, she could not help but complain, "Oscar, your secretary is too arrogant. Why does she have to report it when I want to see you? I suggest you dismiss her and hire someone more obedient."

Ignoring Stephanie, Oscar continued to do his work.

"Oscar," Stephanie called out in displeasure.

Putting his pen down, he lifted his head and asked, "What are you two doing here?"

Isabella answered, "Oscar, Steph said she hadn't cooked anything for you in a long time, so she invited me to cook something for you together. We made these. Try them."

"Leave it on the table," he replied. "I'll eat once I finish my work."

Stephanie took a small plate of desserts from the basket and approached him. "Oscar, eat a little. I hardly cook anything. Since we fixed our relationship, don't shut me out anymore, please?"

Taking a piece, Oscar tasted it and commented, "Not bad. Leave it on the table. You can leave now."

Right then, Isabella moved forward and smiled. "Oscar, this is goodwill from Stephanie. Eat some more, won't you?"

Thus, Oscar took another bite. When Isabella saw he finished it, excitement flashed across her eyes as they lit up.

"You can leave now," he said.

Stephanie wanted to stay there longer, but Isabella tugged on her. "We'll go now, then, Oscar. Work hard."

Oscar merely remained buried in his work and ignored Isabella.

Since she was in a good mood, Isabella did not mind the cold shoulder she received from Oscar.

After leaving Clinton Corporations, Stephanie shrugged away Isabella's hand and asked, "Isabella, I thought you have feelings for Oscar? Why didn't you use this chance to interact with him more?"

Isabella smiled. "I'm taking it slow. Right now, Oscar wouldn't even look at me. If I keep appearing before him, he'll dislike me more. However, I'm sure he'll fall for me very soon."

Stephanie looked at her incredulously. "You've been chasing after Oscar for three years, and you say he'll fall for you very soon? Are you dreaming?"

The smile on Isabella's face turned more mysterious.

"I have a plan. In the past, I thought my good looks alone could get your brother's heart, but I now know that's a hopeless dream. However, I have another strategy. As long as part of his attention is on me, once I carry his children, he'll fall in love with me sooner or later."

Stephanie still could not understand her.

Isabella did not expect Stephanie to understand her. She only needed Stephanie to become her pawn. As long as Stephanie was here, she could make Oscar eat the desserts she made. Once Oscar consumed enough of it, Isabella could perform hypnosis on him. Although the drugs she used could not make Oscar fall head over heels for her, she only needed a few years to make Oscar love her sincerely.

Unfortunately, Isabella overestimated her charisma and underestimated Oscar's feelings for Amelia. Hence, she was sure to become the loser.

"I give up. Instead of listening to your mysterious crap, let's go shopping. It's been a while since I bought a new bag. For the past few days, I've been arguing with Noah and didn't have the mood to shop," Stephanie uttered while waving her hand dismissively.

"Steph, I heard you went to cause trouble with Emma. How did it go? You didn't kill her, did you?" Isabella asked.

"Are you that scared that she'll die because of me?" Stephanie responded.

"Of course. We're a family. I don't want you to get into unnecessary trouble with a lawsuit. She's a mere commoner without any backing. If you dislike her, just get someone to teach her a lesson. You didn't have to take it into your own hands. What if the baby got hurt?"

"I only went to see if there's anything extraordinary about her that Noah kept her around for nearly a decade. Noah has quite a big heart. On one hand, he expressed a deep love for me. On the other hand, he gave her vows and promises. He wanted to have both of us. I simply gave him the choice to pick either one of us. Fortunately, he didn't disappoint me, or else I'd have taught him a lesson," Stephanie remarked viciously.

"I'm quite jealous of you, Steph. Noah is so obedient and loyal to you. If I get married to Oscar, I'm going to ask for tips from you."

"You wish. If it's my brother, unless he chose to dote on you out of his own volition, no one could decide anything for him. Did you think everyone is like Noah, who is a good-looking loser?"

Isabella only smiled in response.

At night, Isabella went to the rooftop with two glasses of wine. While feeling the breeze, she voiced out, "Noah, I heard from Steph that you broke Emma's finger personally. Can't believe you're willing to do that."

Noah's face sunk at her words. "Buzz off."

Isabella chuckled. "No wonder Steph said you're a good-looking loser. You can't even protect your beloved woman, and you let your wife boss you around. Even your career is dependent on the Clintons. Neither your career nor your love life is successful. I can't even find anything good about you."

Noah's face darkened further. What Isabella said hit his sore spot and rubbed salt on his wound.

"Shut up!" he growled lowly.

"Why should I? Is that really all it takes to make you mad?" Isabella's response became sharper.

"Isabella, don't think I wouldn't dare kill you," Noah threatened angrily, wrapping his hands around her neck.

Isabella's face turned red, but the smile on her face grew wider and more infuriating.

"Noah, you do this every time I poked at your sore spot. I suggest you spend your time thinking about how to put Stephanie in her place, or she will step all over you," Isabella commented in an annoying manner. "Oh, and you should coax your lover, too. Otherwise, she might run away when she doesn't receive anything from you, even after being with you for years."

Indescribable anger flashed in Noah's eyes.

Shoving Isabella aside, he went downstairs, fuming.

"He's really a loser with nothing but good looks," Isabella muttered mockingly.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 795

Chapter 795 Fight Among Themselves

In the middle of the night, Noah went to the apartment where he and Emma lived, but when he got there, there was no one in the pitch-black house.

Noah's expression turned more grim. He called Emma a dozen times before she answered the phone. "Emma, why are you not at home?" Noah asked in an irritated tone.

Emma sneered, "I'm at the hospital. You broke my finger. Can't I have it checked?"

When he heard her response, guilt swelled within him. "Which hospital are you at? I'll go over to you now." "There's no need for you to come. I'm heading back." With that, Emma ended the call.

Glancing at the phone screen, Noah felt a little lost, but he didn't think he had done anything wrong. Everything he did was for the future of him and Emma. He believed she would understand his current intentions once he got to expand Walker Group and give Emma everything she wanted.

Emma came back with a pale face, and her hand was bandaged thickly. "Emma, how are you?" Noah held her hand, his heart aching. "Did the doctor say your finger will heal?"

"You stomped it to pieces. The doctor said that there is no possibility of recovery, so I received a finger transplant. How does it look? It fits perfectly, right?" Emma took back her hand, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Noah put on a pained expression. "Emma, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I was just pretending in front of Steph, but I didn't really intend to break your finger. Nevertheless, it's all right now. The transplanted finger looks perfect, so I don't feel as guilty now."

Emma's eyes flickered with mockery.

She also lost the affection she once had in the past. To her surprise, Oscar had kept his promise. Shortly after she left, a sum of money had been transferred to her account. With the money, she could change her identity and go abroad. When I make myself stronger with this money, I'll return to the country again, witness Noah's downfall, and watch him as he grovels and begs for my forgiveness.

"Noah, I'm tired. I just want to go upstairs to take a shower and go to bed. I don't have time to listen to your nonsense," Emma said petulantly.

Feeling somewhat flustered, Noah grabbed her hand and asked, "Emma, what do you mean?"

"I mean, I don't want to play hide-and-seek with a good-for-nothing loser like you anymore," she derided.

His countenance changed as he gritted his teeth. "Who did you call a loser?"

Emma looked at him disdainfully and uttered word by word, "Is there anyone else here besides the two of us? You keep saying that you love me, but you didn't even dare to let out a fart in front of Stephanie. You even broke my finger. What else could you be if not a loser?"

Noah's face contorted in fury as he grabbed her neck and said agitatedly, "Don't call me a loser. I'm doing all this for our future."

Having been lifted off her feet, Emma slapped his hands vigorously. However, she didn't expect the grip on her neck to become even tighter. Before long, she lost consciousness.

Only then did Noah snap back to his senses and let go of her. Hands trembling in shock, he checked her breathing, but there was none.

He was so frightened that he slumped to the ground, murmuring in a state of shock, "Impossible. This is impossible. How can someone die in just one second?"

The ringing phone in his pocket startled him just then.

He hurriedly took out his phone and saw that it was Stephanie calling him. After taking a look at Emma, who was lying on the ground, he answered the phone hesitantly. "Hi, Steph."

Stephanie barked angrily on the other end of the phone, "Where are you now? It's in the middle of the night, yet I can't find you. Have you gone to that b*tch? I'll go over there now. If I find out that the two of you are together, we shall see how I'll deal with you two."

He smiled. "Steph, I just came out to buy you some sour food. Didn't you say you wanted to eat some before you went to sleep earlier? I drove around but couldn't find any. I'll go back now. Stay at home, okay? If anything were to happen to you, my heart will ache."

"All right, then. I'll wait for you at home. I know you won't have the guts to go to Emma anyway."

After comforting Stephanie, Noah hung up the phone.

Calmly, he glanced at Emma, who was still lying on the ground. With a somewhat sad tone, he said, "Emma, don't blame me. I didn't do that on purpose. I will come back again once I placate Steph. I don't want you to die either."

With that said, he left quickly. Unexpectedly, Emma, who was supposed to be dead, opened her eyes slowly and watched him leave, a sense of hatred glimmering in her eyes.

She slowly got up from the ground and raised her hand to stroke her sore neck. If I hadn't cleverly played dead just now, I would've really been a lifeless corpse now. Noah is more ruthless than I thought. If Stephanie hadn't called him, God knows what he would do to me while I was playing possum just now. This man is so scary! We've been together for almost ten years, yet he didn't shed a single tear when he saw me dead.

Emma then ran upstairs to pack her things before smashing the mirrors and chairs in the bedroom and destroying everything else, making the house look as though it had been robbed.

When all of that was done, she pulled her suitcase with her and drove out of the neighborhood late at night.

She then found a random hotel to stay overnight and called Oscar at ten o'clock the next day.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm really sorry. I want to leave as soon as possible. I wonder if the alternate identity you arranged for me is ready? Noah wanted to kill me last night. If I stay here, I will die at his hands sooner or later. You are the only one who can help me now," Emma said nervously and swallowed hard.

Oscar merely replied indifferently, "Where are you now?"

She told him the address.

"Okay. Stay there, and I'll let someone pick you up."

After Oscar hung up, Emma stared at the phone. She was on pins and needles as she had no idea what Oscar would do. I can't trust anyone now. A seemingly kind person who is helping me might end my life in the next second.

Nevertheless, she knew that if Oscar wanted to kill her, he only needed to give his order. He wouldn't even need to do it himself.

That thought calmed her nerves.

The memory of Noah choking her was still haunting her, and that was why she was being so cautious.

Emma was brought to a café by Oscar's subordinate.

"Ms. Garcia, this way, please," said the subordinate who fetched her just now.

Emma nodded at him courteously before going into the café with him. There was no one else in the store except the servers. She figured Oscar must have booked the entire place.

After she went upstairs, that person opened a door and ushered her in.

"Mr. Clinton, may I know why you asked someone to bring me here? Is there anything you want me to do?" Emma spoke respectfully with a hint of caution.

"Have a seat," Oscar said calmly.

As she sat down obediently, he asked someone to bring her some food.

After the server served the pastries, Oscar said, "Have some food first."

Looking at the food on the table, Emma let down her guard.

She took a bite of the pastry and cut to the chase. "Mr. Clinton, if you have any orders for me, just say it. I'll listen."

However, Oscar strode over to a window, keeping mum.

Seeing his response, she could only continue eating. After she ate about five pieces of pastries, Oscar finally said, "Ms. Garcia, do you want to take revenge yourself?"

Puzzled, Emma glanced at him and replied, "Mr. Clinton, I can't figure out why you're helping me. In my opinion, you have absolutely no reason to do that, do you?"

With his hands behind his back, he said casually, "I like to watch a couple becoming rivals. You're such a good pawn, so why do I have to take action myself? You said over the phone that Noah wanted to kill you, so I'm wondering if you want to seek revenge on your heartless lover. If you do, I can send you abroad to get training. When you become competent enough to fight against Noah, I'll let you return. Then, you'll deal with Noah yourself. I think things will be very exciting by that time."

Emma lowered her gaze and pondered for a while before saying with a smile, "Mr. Clinton, if you can lend a helping hand, I'll be very grateful."

Oscar nodded in response.

She picked up the coffee pot on the table, poured a cup of coffee for him, and added, "Mr. Clinton, here's a toast to you. Thank you for your help."

"You don't have to thank me. To me, you're just a pawn I can take advantage of," Oscar said.

Upon hearing that, Emma laughed out loud.

“Mr. Clinton, you’re a real man. Even when you’re using someone, you’re still so frank. Compared to that hypocrite, Noah, you’re so much better,” she complimented sincerely.

Oscar lifted the corner of his lips, not making a reply to her praise.

“I’ve prepared another identity for you, and you can go abroad right now. Someone will pick you up there and give you a series of plans in detail. I hope you don’t let me down. After all, I want to watch you guys fight among yourselves,” he remarked in a domineering tone.

“Mr. Clinton, thanks in advance. When I finish my training and return, I will give you a satisfactory answer. After Noah is dragged into the mess, I’ll be all yours if you ever need my help,” Emma said meaningfully as she stared at his back in admiration.

Oscar was like an impeccable deity. Through their interaction recently, Emma could see how perfect he was. Thus, she truly admired him. In fact, she was willing to become his mistress if he wanted.

Oscar obviously understood the meaning behind her words. He glanced at her contemptuously and said, “Ms. Garcia, if you limit yourself to being someone who only knows how to cling to men, I think it’s a shameful waste of time and effort to support you.”

Emma retrieved her gaze, a trace of embarrassment flashing in her eyes. She lowered her head and apologized, “I’m sorry. Please ignore what I’ve just said.”

“Ms. Garcia, explore the world more, and you’ll be more open-minded. Without the support of a man, you can still live a wonderful life. I am still waiting for you to do things for me.”

“Mr. Clinton, I’ll bear that in mind. I hope that I can see a look of satisfaction in your eyes on the day I return to Chanaea.”

Oscar bobbed his head in a placid manner.

After leaving the café, he asked someone to bring Emma to the airport and send her abroad personally.

When Noah went back to the apartment and found that Emma was missing, he almost lost his mind. His eyes darkened as he noticed the mess in the house, which looked as though it had been robbed. He then called Emma, but her number was no longer in service.

Using the connections he had, he managed to get the surveillance footage of the neighborhood and saw a fully disguised Emma putting her suitcase in the trunk before driving away from the neighborhood. At the sight of that, his countenance became even more terrifying.

“Emma Garcia, how dare you play dead and lie to me,” Noah said through gritted teeth.

Anxious, he paced around in the security office. He never thought that Emma would betray him. She had been by his side for so many years, and he believed he had been good to her. He gave her every material possession she requested, and he also promised to only love her. Although he chose Stephanie for the sake of his career in the end, there was still a place for Emma in his heart. Thus, he surmised he had never mistreated Emma. Yet now, she played dead to frighten him and even escaped.

He was worried about whether Emma would sell the secrets she knew to others. Since she had been with him for so many years, she knew his secrets more or less. That was why he was so perturbed by her departure.

The guard in the security office asked with concern, “Mr. Walker, are you okay?”

Noah finally calmed down and nodded at the guard before leaving.

As he sat in his car, he made use of his connections to check Emma’s whereabouts. Soon, he received news that she had gone to Anglandur.

He slumped against the car seat, a sense of uneasiness rising in his heart. To him, Emma was just a woman who depended on men for a living. Except for a decent appearance, she didn’t have any other strengths at all. She was jobless all these years. Aside from the clothes and bags he gifted her, she didn’t receive much money from him either. It stood to reason that she simply didn’t have much money to go to Anglandur to splurge.

But now, she has gone there. Who’s the one backing her?

When the person tasked to check Emma’s whereabouts told Noah that she met with Oscar before she left and that the two talked for nearly half an hour before Oscar came out of the café, Noah couldn’t sit still anymore.

If Emma has ridden on Oscar’s coattails, with the ways Oscar does things, I’m afraid he already knows about my secrets.

Thousands of thoughts raced through Noah’s mind within a few seconds.

He thought of all the worst-case scenarios, but he still couldn't figure out why Oscar would help Emma.

The ringing of his phone got Noah out of his head.

He took it out and saw that it was Stephanie calling.

Taking a deep breath, he answered the phone and said patiently, "Steph."

Vexed, Stephanie questioned, "Noah, where are you? Don't tell me you're at the company now. I went there to find you, but I didn't see you. Did you go to that vixen?"

When Noah heard that, his temples throbbed as he tried his best to suppress the burning rage in his heart.

"Steph, I'm outside discussing a collaboration with clients. If you don't believe me, you can come here. I'll give you the address." Noah guilt-tripped her.

As expected, Stephanie's tone of voice turned for the better when he said that.

"If you're really having a business discussion, I'll stop scolding you. Mom called and asked us to have dinner with them later. You'd better behave well for me. My mom has a negative impression of you," she said bluntly. "That's all. I'm hanging up now."

While Noah stared at his phone screen, his countenance was as dark as coal.

I've unintentionally spoiled Stephanie too much. She's becoming more and more willful. She doesn't even have the slightest respect for me when I'm her husband! If I don't establish my dominance, she'll act all high and mighty and have her way with me.

No matter how angry Noah was, he still dressed up to accompany Stephanie to the Clinton residence.

After parking the car, Stephanie glanced sideways at Noah and ordered, "Treat me better later. Don't let my parents feel that you're a hypocrite."

He raised his hand and patted her head. "Steph, Emma was an ex-lover I had before I married you. I believe Dad and Mom will understand. However, if you keep harping on that, I'll get tired and think that you're misunderstanding my passionate love for you. When I'm truly exhausted, that will be the end of our marriage."

Stephanie's face fell. "Noah, what do you mean by that? Do you want to divorce me?"

He chuckled bitterly before replying, "Steph, you know how I feel. I married you because I want to live a good life with you, and I will do my best to pamper you, for fear that you will feel mistreated. I love you so much, yet you keep doubting that I'm faking it. If that's the case, we might as well get a divorce."

"Don't you dare," she huffed.

Noah spoke in a distressed tone. "Don't be riled up! I didn't say that to make you angry. I just want to let you know that I married you not for the influence of your family. I simply wanted to marry you because it's you."

Stephanie's dark expression faded as she looked at him with an unfathomable look.

Suddenly, she withdrew her hand and opened the car door, totally ignoring Noah.

His hand stopped in mid-air as a gloomy look emerged on his face.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 796

Chapter 796 Give Me Her Address

Noah got out of the car and walked into the living room. Frowning, Olivia glanced at him. "Noah, are you going to divorce Stephanie? She's pregnant with your child now. Do you really want to abandon them?"

Noah walked over helplessly. "Mom, I really love Stephanie. In the car just now, I was just telling her to trust me and stop bringing up my ex-girlfriend. Otherwise, my love for her will wear out no matter how deep it is. After hearing that, she misunderstood me and thought I wanted to divorce her. I don't know what to do either."

Olivia shot Stephanie a glance. "Steph, is that true?"

"Mom, he has always wanted to divorce me. He's been together with that woman for almost ten years now," Stephanie scoffed and said petulantly.

Olivia knitted her brows, looking dissatisfied. "Steph, stop messing around. I won't stop you if you want to divorce Noah, but if you don't want to do that, just continue living your life peacefully with him."

Stephanie sat on the couch in frustration.

Just then, Oscar, who was carrying Tony in his arms, walked down the stairs with Amelia. As soon as Noah saw Oscar, his eyes flickered.

Stephanie walked over with an ingratiating smile. "Oscar."

Oscar only nodded at her placidly.

Since they were now downstairs, Tony broke free of Oscar's embrace and jumped to the ground. Then, he ran over and threw himself into Olivia's arms.

Holding Tony in her arms, Olivia cooed at him lovingly. After the two hugged each other for a while, Olivia said, "Tony, you haven't greeted your Aunt Stephanie and Uncle Noah yet."

Upon hearing that, Tony pulled away from her and greeted Stephanie and Noah obediently.

A tinge of annoyance flashed across Stephanie's eyes, but a gentle smile crept on her face in the next second.

She took out a gift she had prepared from her handbag. It was a shiny, beautiful jade pendant with clear textures.

With a soft voice, Stephanie said, "Come here, Tony. I happened to see this jade pendant in an antique store. The store owner told me that this is a powerful pendant that can protect the one who wears it, so I spent a lucrative sum and bought it for you. Do you like it?"

Tony glanced at Amelia cautiously, and Amelia nodded slightly in response. However, she didn't look excited or happy.

With that, Tony walked over to Stephanie. Immediately, Stephanie put the jade pendant on him. "It's so beautiful," she said with a chuckle.

Olivia gazed at the pendant. "It's indeed beautiful, but boys shouldn't wear pendants like that. It looks a little girlish."

Stephanie nodded. "Mom, I just felt that this pendant will look good on Tony. That's why I bought it for him. I'll buy him something else when he's a little older," she added.

Olivia waved her hand at Tony. "Shouldn't you thank Aunt Stephanie for the gift?"

Without hesitation, Tony said, "Thank you, Aunt Stephanie."

The few continued chatting for a little in the living room. Not long after, Olivia ordered the housekeepers to serve the food. Following that, everyone sat around the dining table and started eating. Olivia piled some food on Tony's plate. "Tony, eat more. I asked the chef to prepare all of these for you," she said, concern evident in her voice.

"Thank you, Grandma!" Tony said with a sweet voice.

As Stephanie watched how close Olivia and Tony were, a tinge of dissatisfaction glinted across her eyes.

"Mom, Tony is over three years old now. He's no longer a baby. Other kids are already in kindergarten at this age, yet you're still treating him like a baby. Aren't you afraid that you'll spoil him?" she asked casually while eating her food.

Olivia's expression darkened. "Steph, what do you mean by that? He's your nephew, and you're his aunt. Instead of treating him well, you even blame me for doting on him. I remember I also doted on you like this when you were young."

Flashing an apologetic smile, Stephanie replied, "Don't be angry, Mom. That's not what I meant. I'm just afraid that he'll become too willful in the future. After all, we shouldn't spoil a young boy like this."

Olivia's expression turned grimmer.

Nevertheless, Stephanie continued saying, "Mom, I'm giving birth to my baby in a few months. You'll soon have a grandchild who can take care of you."

Olivia continued filling up Tony's plate without saying anything.

Stephanie felt that she had made a fool of herself. In dissatisfaction, she pursed her lips and ate her food silently.

The family finished their meal in a strange atmosphere. Suddenly, Olivia suggested, "Oscar, Amelia, it's the weekend tomorrow. Why don't you guys stay here tonight? I feel like sleeping with Tony."

Oscar and Amelia agreed immediately.

Soon after, Olivia carried Tony in her arms and returned to her room with Owen. Meanwhile, Oscar headed back to his room with Amelia in his embrace. Unexpectedly,

Noah mustered up his courage and approached Oscar. "Oscar, I have some questions about work. Can you spare thirty minutes for me?"

Amelia shot Oscar a glance as she said, "Oscar, I'll go inside first. You can come in after you're done."

After she entered the bedroom, Oscar put on a stern expression. "What do you need?"

Noah humbled himself before Oscar. "Oscar, how about we go to the rooftop and have a talk?"

With that, Oscar followed him to the rooftop.

"Oscar, did you meet Emma?" Noah went straight to the point.

Oscar lifted his brow. "Yes. I went to see her and talked with her briefly when I found out that you cheated on Steph. What's the matter? Are you here to interrogate me?"

Noah forced a smile. "Oscar, that's not what I meant. I just want to know why you would help her leave the country."

"There's no reason. My sister's pregnant now, so I don't want that ignorant woman to make her life difficult." Oscar added casually, "I'm angry at Steph because she's immature, but she's my sister, after all. I'm a protective man, so I don't want her to feel aggrieved."

Noah knew that Oscar was giving him a warning now. However, he didn't know whether Oscar was telling the truth.

"Oscar, you love joking, don't you? My love for Stephanie is sincere, and I'm sure that I can stand anyone's test. Can you send me Emma's address in Anglandur, though?" Noah asked carefully.

An indiscernible smile appeared on Oscar's face. He shot Noah a glance and remarked, "You've been following me?"

Noah was stunned. Instantly, his heart skipped a beat. "What are you talking about? I would never have the audacity to do that. It's just that Emma went missing all of a sudden. I'm worried about her, so I sent my people to investigate. Unexpectedly, they found out that you've sent her to Anglandur. That's why I'm here, shamelessly asking you to give me her address. Can you tell me?"

With his hands behind his back, Oscar said, "I don't mind telling you." Just as Noah's eyes lit up in excitement, he added, "But not now."

Noah's expression changed drastically.

Despite seeing that, Oscar remained unbothered. He said coldly, "If there's nothing else, I'll go back down first. By the way, my sister is pregnant now, so stop thinking of other women. I believe that with the power of your family, it'll be hard for you to stop the Clinton family's revenge. Am I right?" Having said that, he headed downstairs straight away.

Noah, who remained rooted to the spot, was stunned for a moment. His expression shifted a few times as he clenched his fists hard.

"Why are you standing here alone? It's getting late. Thinking about that vixen?" Suddenly, Stephanie's impatient voice sounded.

Noah came back to his senses. He hurriedly hid the fuming anger in his eyes and walked over to her. "Steph, why are you here?"

"I was waiting for you in the room, but you didn't come back even after so long. So, I decided to come and find you," Stephanie complained, looking a little angry. "Why are you standing here like an idiot? Did Oscar bully you?"

Noah shook his head in response. "No. It's just that I couldn't figure some things out, so I stayed here to think. I'm sorry. Let's go to sleep now."

"Really?" It was evident that Stephanie was doubtful.

"Of course. Hurry, let's go to bed now. I want to talk to our son."

Since Noah's attitude was nice, Stephanie decided to stop scolding him. She then followed him back to their room obediently.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 797

Chapter 797 Denial

Given his usual skeptic self, Noah was somewhat afraid of Oscar. Aside from that, Noah restrained himself even further, fearing that Emma had given Oscar something that would pose a threat. Hence, days went by peacefully for the moment.

As for Amelia, she specifically phoned Tiffany on the weekend after a few uneventful days. "Tiff, are you ready? I'm minutes away. Come down." "Okay. Give me five minutes and I'll be there."

After ending the call, Amelia plastered her lips onto Oscar's and said, "I'll be taking Tiff to the hospital for a check-up." "Do you need me to accompany you?"

"It's fine. I'm not a three-year-old. Besides, Tiff is there for some gynecology problems she's having. Your presence will only make it difficult for her." Oscar kept mum.

With that said, Amelia grabbed her bag and went out. After entering the car, she buckled up herself and turned toward Tiffany. Noticing that Tiffany was looking well, Amelia asked, "When are you going to move out from the Hisson residence?"

"That's not going to happen anymore because his mother insisted we stay. She would say that she is unwell whenever Derrick talks about moving out, so we eventually gave up." Tiffany shook her head in response and started driving.

Amelia fell silent for a moment before she changed the topic. "I've already talked to James. He's going to get you the best gynecologist they got. It's better if you get yourself checked. Maybe you're not actually infertile."

Tiffany, however, was at ease. "I've visited a couple of doctors before this. At first, they would still politely and cordially tell me that the way to overcome this problem is through surgery and getting enough rest after the surgery. They would, later on, tell me that, given the nature of my condition, the chances of me getting pregnant are at a bare minimum. In fact, I'm not going to force myself anymore. If I really can't get pregnant, I'll resort to surrogacy. I can't let Derrick's lineage die in my hands, can I?"

Amelia knew that Tiffany was lying through her teeth. "You sure about that?"

"What can I do? I can't do this to Derrick after he gave up so much for me. Unlike the people who voluntarily choose not to have kids, I'm more of a traditional woman who wants kids. Besides, my in-laws are getting old now, so I want to realize their wishes to have a grandchild." Tiffany smiled wryly.

"All right. As long as you've thought it through. What about Spencer? How are you going to deal with him?" Amelia reassuringly patted Tiffany's head.

“Derrick wired them some money. I warned them that this would be the last from us. I also told them I would disown them if they kept it up. I’m not a benevolent saint, and I have had enough of their boundless demands. I don’t need a family that ignores my feelings.” Tiffany sounded determined.

Amelia simply smiled.

She was worried that despite how determined she sounded, Tiffany still couldn’t entirely give up on her family.

Amelia didn’t press the matter any further, and both of them made their way to the hospital without saying a word.

Upon their arrival, Tiffany went to get her check-up done while Amelia headed toward James’s office. She wanted to ask James about something, but she ran into an unexpected scene in the office. It turned out that Eva was trying to feed James some food while James was evading her. There was even a hint of impatience on his face.

Amelia couldn’t help frowning at that.

As an outsider, she could clearly tell that James bore no feelings toward Eva, which made it even more unpleasant seeing how Eva was bending over backward to cater to him.

Amelia was worried. She feared that Eva would eventually lose herself and that her love toward James would turn into resentment after her feelings went unreciprocated.

She knocked on the door and stopped the chase between the two.

“Amelia.” The two greeted her at the same time.

Amelia entered the office and cleared her throat on purpose. “When did you arrive, Eva? Why didn’t you visit me? I haven’t seen you in a long time.”

Eva took some food to Amelia and smiled ingratiatingly. “I’ve been busy coaching the new guys, and I finally got some time off. I came to visit James immediately so that he wouldn’t be snatched away by the other ladies. In fact, I planned to visit you in the afternoon.”

“Have you been very busy recently? It seems you’ve lost weight.”

“That’s nothing. If it’s something I love doing, it’s nothing.” Eva made nothing out of it.

James stood up. "Amelia, please excuse me for a moment while you catch up with Eva. It's time to check on the patients."

"Wait. I'll come with you, James. I haven't seen you treating your patients for a very long time. I miss seeing that serious look of yours when you're working."

A hint of impatience flashed across James' eyes but soon vanished as he concealed it. Eva did not capture it, but she would have ignored it even if she did.

"Eva, could you please leave us for a moment? I have something to ask James. It's a little personal." Amelia chimed in.

Despite being reluctant, Eva gave in and left after hearing this.

"What do you want to know, Amelia?"

"Is Tiff's fertility issue curable? Anyway, I kind of feel like there's no point asking, so I'm going to stop here." Amelia sat down and changed the topic. "Tell me honestly, James. Do you love Eva?"

James hesitated but decided to tell the truth. "I'll be honest with you. I tried accepting her because of you, but I find it difficult. Besides, I fell in love with a girl at first sight. She's Ms. Yates, the one that came with Mr. Scott the other day. I think she fits the image of a Chanaean lady that I fantasize about in my mind. In fact, I was planning if you had her number."

Amelia regarded him ambivalently. "James, are you telling me that you can't love her after wasting so much of her time? Are you toying with her?"

"I'm sorry, Amelia. I didn't mean to do it. I really tried." James felt guilty.

"What do you intent to do with Eva then?" Amelia folded her arms.

"Actually, I've already told her I don't have any feelings for her, but she didn't take my words seriously. She thought I was too embarrassed to admit it and continues to pay me visits at the hospital whenever she was free. That is something I can't control." James shrugged.

Amelia looked down and pondered over the matter. "James, I'll talk to Eva about this, but I need you to turn her down very seriously. Everyone can tell that she loves you dearly, and I don't want her to grow more and more attached to you. Do you get me?"

"Yes." James happily obliged.

Amelia took a glance at him and remained silent.

After leaving the office, Amelia dragged Eva to the side and went straight to the point.

"Eva, stop seeing James from now on. He's not the one for you."

"But why? I think we're getting along. In fact, I think we're a match made in heaven!" Eva widened her eyes in shock.

"Admit it, Eva. You know he doesn't love you." Amelia ruthlessly pulverized Eva's fantasy.

The smile on Eva's face dropped, and she unearthed her complicated feelings. "Amelia, you didn't stop me when I pursued James back then."

"I didn't stop you because I believe everyone has the right to pursue someone they're interested in. Aside from that, I didn't ask you to throw your dignity away when you pursue the person you love."

A drawn-out silence ensued as Eva said nothing.

Noticing that, Amelia couldn't bear to see her suffer, so she tried to comfort her. "Eva, don't-

"Amelia, I won't give up on him! Even if you say I have no dignity, I still love him." Eva was determined.

Amelia's expression darkened immediately. "Eva, James doesn't even love you. He even told me that he fell in love with another girl at first sight, and he wants to pursue her. Are you really going to degrade yourself by continuing to stick around him like that?" Amelia knitted her brows and snapped.

Eva gaped at Amelia in disbelief. In the next second, she quivered vigorously, and her eyes suddenly rolled back, giving Amelia a shock of her life.

Amelia hurriedly rushed forward and worriedly asked, "Eva, what's wrong? Don't scare me like that."

Eva, however, shunned Amelia away and in a sullen voice, yelled, "Liar! I hate you!"

As for Amelia, she stumbled backward after being shunned. After gingerly stabilizing herself, she put on a hurt expression as she looked at Eva, who let her emotions get the better of her.

“What’s gotten into the both of you?” As a staring contest ensued between them, Tiffany showed up.

It was then that Amelia snapped out of it. She let out a sigh and tidied her hair before turning toward Tiffany. “Tiff, what did the doctor say?”

Tiffany shrugged in response. She also concealed her disappointment as she replied, “What else? It’s all the same. They told me that it’s basically impossible for me to get pregnant unless there’s a miracle.”

“It’s all right. You need to take it slow.”

Tiffany returned an easy smile before turning toward Eva. “What happened? Are you in a fight with Amelia?”

“No. That’s not it. Amelia was giving me some advice, and I retorted because I didn’t agree with what she said. You saw the rest.” Eva shook her head.

“Okay. As long as you’re not in a fight. Whatever Amelia said, she said for your sake. She’s far more experienced than you in life, so it’s best if you could listen to some of her advice. Don’t ever put yourself at a loss.”

Eva pursed her lips in response.

At the side, Amelia said, “Let’s leave first if there’s nothing else, Tiff.”

“Okay.”

Noticing that they were about to leave, Eva hurriedly took Amelia’s hand and apologized, “I’m sorry for being too emotional just now, Amelia.”

Amelia stopped in her tracks and mulled over something before replying, “Amelia, I’m doing this for your own good. You should think about it carefully.”

“I’ve already done that, and I know what I’m doing. Amelia, I’m not going to give up on him. I’ve never been so in love with a person before.”

"Then suit yourself. When you're done here, come pay me a visit. I'll have Molly make you some delicacies."

"Got it, Amelia."

After Amelia and Tiffany disappeared from her vision, Eva furiously stormed into James' office.

"Tell me, James. Did you fall in love with another girl?" Eva went straight to the point.

James put down his pen and gazed up. "Yes. That's true."

Fury consumed Eva in an instant. All her fine mannerisms went out the window as she and placed her hands on the desk and bellowed, "James Baylor! Tell me! If you have a girl that you love, then what am I to you?"

"I'm sorry, Eva. You're just not my type," James replied in exasperation.

At the peak of her fury, Eva suddenly scoffed and went deathly calm. "It's fine. If you don't love me now, you can always love me back in the future. I'll go to my sister's to visit Tony and leave you to your business."

Meanwhile, James' gaze hardened as he watched Eva's departing silhouette before he sighed.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 798

Chapter 798 A Ruthless Rejection

Eva went over to Amelia's place at night. After dinner, she played with Tony for a while. When Tony had fallen asleep, she dragged Amelia to the guest room where she was staying. "Tell me honestly, Amelia. Who did James fall in love with?" she demanded.

Amelia plunged into silent contemplation for a moment before she answered, "I've indeed seen that girl before. Her name is Nina Yates, and she's the heiress of the Yates family. She's stunningly beautiful, even more so than Derrick. In fact, she can be considered a rare beauty. It's understandable that James fell in love with her at first sight."

At that, Eva grew a touch irate and griped, "Why didn't you tell me earlier that he developed feelings for another woman, Amelia? Then, I could've taken preventive measures and wouldn't be in such a passive position right now."

Staring at her, Amelia advised earnestly, "Eva, the two of you are of two different worlds in the first place. Don't hound him relentlessly, lest you can't even be friends in the end. It's been several months since you pursued him wholeheartedly, but you can tell he has no interest in you at all. Let it go."

Upset, Eva sulked.

"This wasn't what you said previously, Amelia. You even helped me with a makeover, so I'm no longer a tomboy. As the saying goes, a persistent pursuer can soften the staunchest heart. As long as I pursue him relentlessly, I believe he'll accept me one day," she countered curtly.

After pondering for a while, Amelia changed the subject. "I wish you all the best, then."

Grabbing her hand, Eva reassured in a soft voice, "Don't worry about me, Amelia. I know what I'm doing."

"I really hope so. I don't concur with women casting even their dignity aside for the sake of pursuing a man."

"Got it."

Amelia didn't try further convincing her otherwise, merely urging Eva to rest well before returning to her bedroom.

The night passed peacefully.

The next day, Eva implored Amelia to accompany her to the hospital on the pretext of a stomachache.

In the car, Amelia questioned once more, "Are you really having a stomachache, Eva?"

"Of course!" Eva asserted.

However, Amelia could see that her complexion was rosy. She appears to be in the pink of health, not at all looking as though she has a stomachache. Oh well, she's probably fibbing, making up an excuse to go to the hospital to seek James out.

Verily, she was worried that Eva's painstaking efforts would ultimately end up in vain.

When they arrived at the hospital, Eva got her wish of seeing Nina.

At the sight of James going all out to gain Nina's favor, she went green with envy. She immediately rushed over and yanked the man to her side as she snarled, "Who is she?"

James hurriedly put distance between them and explained to Nina urgently, "Don't take it the wrong way, Ms. Yates. She isn't my girlfriend."

Following that, Eva's temper spiked further.

"When am I not your girlfriend, James? So, she's Nina Yates?" She shot daggers at Nina, radiating hostility.

Eva was astounded by the woman's beauty, but it was promptly overwhelmed by her envy. A sense of inferiority inexorably flashed through her.

She's truly too beautiful. If such is my love rival, I don't have any chances of winning at all.

Conversely, Nina greeted her good-naturedly, "Nice to meet you. I'm Nina Yates. And you are?"

Eva gritted her teeth. James pulled her behind him and whispered, "Stop embarrassing yourself, Eva. I'll really be mad at you if you scare her."

His warning had Eva letting out a bark of furious laughter.

Catching sight of Amelia who was approaching, Nina greeted her with a smile, "It's been a long time, Amelia."

Amelia inwardly heaved a sigh. My fears have come to pass. Nina is here, so things would be tense between everyone if Eva were to kick up a fuss for real. Besides, Nina is innocent.

Despite the thoughts running through her mind, Amelia inquired gently, "Why are you here at the hospital, Nina?"

"Carter is injured, so I accompanied him to the hospital." Nina sighed, the smile on her face fading slightly.

"How did he get injured all of a sudden?" Amelia queried in puzzlement.

"He had a fight with June because of the matter concerning Ms. Larson."

Amelia's mouth twitched, but she stifled the urge to pursue the question further.

Just then, Carter strolled over after having his hand bandaged. When Amelia saw the size of the bandage, she reckoned that he likely fractured his hand.

"Why did you get into a fight with June, Carter?" she asked.

Casting a glance at his injured hand, Carter declared, "He was asking for it."

Amelia wanted to speak further, but he beat her to it. "Why are you here at the hospital? Are you not feeling well?"

"No. I accompanied Eva here. If you don't mind, let's go and have a cup of coffee. We haven't talked in a long time," Amelia suggested.

Carter deliberated for a moment and was just about to respond when James interrupted in a rare show of enthusiasm, "Sure! It so happens that I don't have any patients. It'll be my treat. If you don't like coffee, Ms. Yates, we can have something else. Feel free to name any place."

His intentions were as clear as day.

Eva was so livid that her face flushed bright red. Tugging at him, she whined, "I'm feeling terribly unwell, James. Please check me out instead of going for coffee with them."

James, on the other hand, anxiously wanted to put distance between them.

Clocking Eva's drama, Amelia felt her head throb.

"Stop messing around, Eva. Everyone is watching!" she chided.

Only then did Eva stop kicking up a fuss.

They all went to a coffee shop nearby.

Amelia ordered some food. James turned to Nina and inquired earnestly, "What would you like to eat, Ms. Yates?"

"Just take care of your girlfriend, Dr. James. I can take care of myself," Nina replied courteously yet detachedly.

She felt somewhat awkward since Eva was glowering at her as though she was her mortal enemy.

James glared at Eva, his blood boiling.

For a moment, the atmosphere took a dip.

Amelia could only pretend that she hadn't seen anything and questioned, "How are things between you and Jennifer, Carter?"

"Same old, same old," Carter answered despondently.

"His relationship with Ms. Larson is terrible now, Amelia. Previously, he spotted June, Ms. Larson, and Ms. Yard in a heated argument. He strode right up and beat June up without a single word. Alas, Ms. Larson wasn't appreciative and even told him not to bother her. And so, the two of them plunged into a stalemate. I initially planned to explain things to her, but he forbade me from doing so," Nina interjected.

Even without having witnessed the scene, Amelia could imagine it in her mind.

Eva evidently understood Nina's meaning as well, for she sneered, "Ah, so you're dating Mr. Scott, Ms. Yates. Since you already have a boyfriend, don't seduce someone else's man like a vixen. It isn't morally right to do so."

Nina eyed her in bafflement.

Meanwhile, Amelia frowned and threw Eva a warning look.

"Ms. Yates, my cousin is blunt sometimes, so don't take it to heart," she murmured apologetically.

Nina shook her head. "I'm fine. Just call me Nina, Amelia. It feels formal that you're addressing me as Ms. Yates."

"Sure!" Amelia agreed readily.

At that, Eva snorted disdainfully.

Amelia turned her gaze to Eva. Just when she was about to speak, strains of a commotion drifted over from upstairs. They all looked up, only to see Cassie throwing a glass of water in Jennifer's face. When Carter saw that, his expression changed drastically. Taking the stairs a few at a time, he sprinted up and seized hold of Cassie, who was poised to hit Jennifer.

"Are you okay, Jennifer?" he asked in concern.

Jennifer felt wretched in her drenched state. When she spotted Carter appearing like a knight on a white horse, a glimmer of warmth flashed across her eyes. She was just about to speak when she glimpsed Nina, who swiftly ran up. Her gaze abruptly went cold, the glint of warmth earlier all but gone.

"Are you okay, Ms. Larson?" Nina queried worriedly.

Shaking off the water from her head, Jennifer replied calmly, "I'm fine."

Nina took out a clean handkerchief from her bag, urging, "Use this to wipe your face, lest you catch a cold, Jennifer."

Taking the handkerchief, Jennifer wiped her face casually.

"Thank you, Mr. Scott, Ms. Yates. Cassie and I were merely playing around. Please excuse us if there's nothing else," Jennifer stated.

Carter regarded her conflictedly. He was still holding tightly onto Cassie's hand, in fear that she would go crazy and hurt Jennifer.

Amelia followed them up as well. As she watched the entire mess, she internally lamented her bad luck. Gosh, what a small world that all women who once had grievances with each other are gathered together in the same place!

Seeing that a crowd was gathering, Cassie shook Carter's hand off. She shot Jennifer a glare before snagging her bag and stalking off. No sooner had she taken a few steps than she spotted Amelia, who was standing at the back. At once, the hatred within her surged to the forefront.

As past grievances and present loathing seized her, she strode over and bumped Amelia's shoulder, causing the latter to stumble.

Steadying Amelia, Eva barked, "Hey! Are you blind? You're no different from an uneducated shrew with your crude and rude behavior!"

Cassie merely harrumphed before walking away.

"What's her problem? How boorish!" Eva growled.

Amelia tugged at her hand before she walked over and inquired politely, "Are you okay, Ms. Larson?"

Sweeping an indifferent glance over her, Jennifer replied stiffly, "I'm fine. Thank you for your concern, Mrs. Clinton."

Amelia heaved a sigh. Well, she really hates me because of Laura's matter.

"I've got something else to do, so I'll be taking my leave first, Mr. Scott, Ms. Yates," Jennifer murmured aloofly.

Carter grabbed her hand and dragged her down the stairs without a single word.

"Let go of my hand, Carter!" Jennifer exclaimed.

Still, Carter remained silent.

Eva, on the other hand, turned to Nina with a grim look and remarked, "Your boyfriend has left while holding another woman's hand, Ms. Yates."

Chuckling, Nina clarified, "Carter and I are just friends. It's not what you think."

When Eva heard that, her face fell. Contrarily, James' expression radiated excitement.

Jennifer, who was dragged out of the coffee shop, shook Carter's hand off and snapped, "What exactly do you want, Carter?"

Carter looked at her with a gloomy expression. Gritting his teeth, he hissed, "Do you love him so much? He's in a relationship with countless women, yet you have to stoop so low to be one of them?"

Such fury blazed within Jennifer that she chortled.

"What right do you have to question me, Mr. Scott? You look like an angry husband who caught his wife cheating on him. Don't tell me you have fallen in love with me?" Jennifer scoffed.

"Yes, I've fallen in love with you. I was a b*stard in the past and didn't know how to cherish you, but I do now. Please give me another chance, won't you?" Carter shouted in a repressed voice.

Jennifer was promptly stunned.

His expression turned gentle as he pleaded softly, "Please give me another chance, Jennifer. I'll treat you well."

As Jennifer snapped back to her senses, she took a step back. Casting a sorrowful glance at him, she turned around and walked away.

Carter grabbed her hand.

"Jennifer, please give me another chance, won't you?" he begged agonizingly.

Jennifer tilted her head upward to force back the tears welling in her eyes. Then, she whirled around and punched his chest uncontrollably while venting, "I hate you, Carter! I detest you! If you'd even said that to me a year earlier, we won't end up like this! I would've agreed ecstatically. Subsequently, we might have gotten married and had children. But now... we can never go back to how we were in the past."

My mother's illness and the video of me with someone else have become indelible stains on me. As such, we're destined to have no future!

Carter allowed her to strike him as she pleased. When she finally had enough, he pulled her into his arms and murmured, "As long as you're willing, we can definitely go back to how we were in the past. You only need to love me as you did back then. Everything else isn't important anymore.

Jennifer struggled, but the man was hugging her too tightly that she couldn't budge at all.

"As long as you're willing, Jennifer, we can definitely go back to how we were in the past," Carter said.

However, his words were like knives, stabbing Jennifer in the heart.

If I'd heard such words from him a year or two earlier, I would've agreed happily. But now, things are no longer the same. I'm in an inextricable relationship with another man, and I even got myself in a love triangle. Worse still, I was caught on video. I've long since become notorious in Tayhaven. While those acquainted with me respect me as the sole

heiress of the Larson family, they talk about my figure and the like behind my back, their language filthy and crude. I'm no longer worthy of him.

"Let go of me first," she uttered calmly.

Carter let go of her. He dipped his head and stared into her eyes that had reverted to their usual serenity. "Please give me another chance, Jennifer."

Shaking her head, Jennifer said, "I've still got some business to handle, so I'll be leaving first. Besides, there's someone else by your side now. Ms. Yates is beautiful and docile, very much pleasing. Don't let her down."

"Nina and I—"

"Mrs. Scott must like her a lot as well, no? She makes a perfect match with you. She's stunning, but you're not too bad yourself. All the best. If the two of you were to get married one day, I'll definitely give you both a sizeable monetary gift," Jennifer added, cutting him off.

Carter's expression darkened a shade. Looking right into her eyes, he asked in a hoarse voice, "Is this really how you think?"

Averting her gaze, Jennifer didn't reply to that. She merely noted, "I've still got a business lunch with a representative from another company later, so let's talk another day. Please excuse me."

Carter clutched her hand, offering, "I'll go with you."

Jennifer wanted to shake his hand off, but she was no match for his strength.

Gazing up at him, she beseeched, "Allow me some dignity, Carter. I don't want you to see me in a wretched state every time you bump into me. We never dated, so you don't need to take responsibility for me. I'm serious."

Carter fixated his eyes on her.

"I beg you."

At that, Carter was a touch startled. Seizing advantage of his moment of distraction, Jennifer withdrew her arm and quickly left in her high heels.

Amelia walked over and queried softly, "Are you not going after her?"

Carter retracted his gaze and gave a bitter chuckle, lamenting, "In the past, she was the one who chased after me relentlessly. Now, the tables have turned, but she's avoiding me like the plague. I don't know what else to do anymore."

Pausing for a moment, he sighed glumly. "I was in love with you for many years, but you became another man's wife. Now, I would like to start a new relationship, but the person I fancy fled. Say, isn't my EQ pathetically low? There are only two women whom I ever had feelings for, but neither ended up belonging to me."

Amelia threw him a look before she shifted her gaze back in the direction in which Jennifer had long since disappeared. "The Carter I know will never give up."

In response, Carter merely chuckled wryly. Out of the blue, Amelia noticed that the beard on his chin wasn't shaved clean. Well, he's indeed much more dispirited now.

"I'm sorry you had to see all that, Amelia. I'll treat you to a meal another day. I've still got some work at the office," said Carter half-heartedly.

Amelia nodded.

Subsequently, Carter told Nina to go home by herself, claiming that he had something to do at the office and needed to make a trip back.

Nina wasn't the clingy type either, so she urged him to leave, telling him she would just take a taxi home later.

As soon as Carter had left, James immediately offered in all earnestness, "I'll drive you back, Ms. Yates."

Nina glanced at Eva, who was eyeing her with hostility, before courteously turning him down. "It's okay. I'll be fine taking a taxi home later. Anyway, thank you for the offer."

James didn't give up but insisted, "It's better that I drive you home. Not only are you alone, but you're also stunningly beautiful. There are many perverts nowadays, so I'm worried that something might happen to you."

"That's not an issue. I've been learning combat arts since young, so the average ruffian isn't my match. You should drive your girlfriend back instead," Nina declined politely.

She turned to Amelia. "I'll be leaving first, Amelia. Let's go out another time."

"Have a safe trip home."

No sooner had Nina left than James deflated like a balloon, his usual handsome and dashing self nowhere to be seen.

Seeing him all crestfallen, Eva seethed. Needless to say, she felt all the more bitter.

"Have you really fallen in love with her, James?" she asked seriously for the very first time.

James turned to look at her and likewise answered solemnly, "Yes, I've fallen in love with her. She's very different. With a mere look, I can see right to the bottom of her heart. Therefore, I want to pursue her."

"What about me, then?" Eva countered.

A flash of guilt flittered across James' eyes.

"I'm sorry, Eva. You're nice, but you're really not my type. Previously, I only planned to try dating you for Amelia's sake. However, feelings can't be forced. I'm used to speaking bluntly, unlike locals, so I apologize if my words hurt you. Nonetheless, I don't want you to fall deeper," he explained somberly.

Eva's eyes turned red-rimmed. She bit her lip hard and stared at him for a long time. An eternity later, she reluctantly replied, "It's okay. Never mind that you don't like me now, for it's enough that I like you. I believe that I can move you with my sincerity. Sooner or later, you'll fall in love with me." After saying that, she hurried away while dragging Amelia along, so frantic that it was as though the hounds of hell were on her heels.

James gazed at her gradually disappearing figure with guilt welling within him. Only after she was gone from sight did he head toward his car. Opening the car door, he climbed into the car and sped away.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 799

Chapter 799 I Agree To Your Unreasonable Demands

After they had run off far into the distance, Eva hugged Amelia and cried her heart out. Hugging her in distress, Amelia gently patted her on the back and coaxed tenderly, "It's okay. There, there."

Eva continued crying ceaselessly. Only after weeping for an indeterminate time did she slowly stop. "Am I really that inferior, Amelia?" Eva inquired unconfidently.

In response, Amelia enunciated, "No, you're exceedingly outstanding. But James isn't quite suitable for you. A man who appreciates you will appear in the future. A woman will only be happy when she meets a man who knows how to appreciate her. She'll also grow increasingly beautiful. Therefore, give up on him, okay?"

Regretfully, Eva shook her head morosely. Then, she replied sorrowfully, "I really love him a lot, Amelia. I won't give up on him. I believe that he'll definitely fall in love with me one day as long as I'm persistent enough."

Amelia wanted to speak yet was hesitant to do so. She wore a slightly conflicted expression. Pulling herself away from Amelia's embrace, Eva wiped her tears and reverted to her usual self as though nothing had ever happened. "Let's go, Amelia! I'm fine now."

Amelia patted her cousin's face, urging, "Talk to me if there's anything you'd like to get off your chest. We're family, so you don't need to pretend to be strong in front of me."

Shaking her head, Eva maintained, "I'm really fine. It's no big deal, just a temporary rejection by a man." Amelia's lips twitched, but she changed the subject in the end. "Come, let's go home."

The next day, Eva prepared a ton of food and went to the hospital as usual. Her eagerness had gotten on James' nerves so much that he even made up an excuse and left the hospital.

For the first time in forever, he went to Amelia's workplace.

When Amelia received a call from James that he was in the lobby of her office, she applied for a brief leave and went downstairs.

“Why did you come to my office, James?” Amelia queried.

With a shrug, James implored helplessly, “I beg you, Amelia. Can you please talk to Eva?”

Amelia likewise felt helpless.

“James, I’ve talked to her as much as I could, but she simply wouldn’t listen. Her love for you is really deep-rooted, so I really can’t do anything unless she truly gives up on you.” Eva was the kind of person who never gave up until the very end, so Amelia couldn’t do anything about it either. Instead, she ventured, “Can you really not try accepting her, James?”

James declined right away. “No. If there really were a possibility of me falling in love with her, it would’ve happened long ago. When it’s a woman I like, I’ll take the initiative to pursue her and definitely wouldn’t make her sad.”

At that, Amelia gave a bitter chuckle.

Just then, her phone rang. Picking it up for a look, she saw that it was a call from Eva.

She hesitated for a moment, but ultimately, she answered the call.

“Amelia, is James with you?” Eva went straight to the point.

“Yeah, he’s here. Eva, listen here. I think you should stop seeing James for some time. You’re putting too much pressure on him right now, and you’ll only scare him off,” Amelia suggested.

The person on the other end of the phone went silent.

“Are you listening, Eva?” Amelia called out hesitantly.

A sigh was the only response she received from the other end of the phone.

“I’ll head over to your office right now, Amelia.”

“Eva, don’t—” Before Amelia could finish speaking, the person on the other end had already hung up.

Clutching her phone with the darkened screen in hand, she uttered, “Eva is coming over, James.”

As though a formidable enemy was on his heels, James declared, "In that case, I'll leave at once!"

Amelia grabbed his hand, urging, "Wait for a while, James. I think you need to talk to her properly."

James was wholly exasperated.

"Amelia, it does me no good to talk to her properly. Am I to beat her up instead? She's adept at combat arts, so I might not necessarily be her match were I to do so. She's pretending to be gentle now, but deep down in her bones, she's actually pretty savage. I'm afraid that she'd pummel me at the slightest difference in opinion if I were to date her. I've got to consider my safety," James said half-jokingly.

That had Amelia torn between laughing and crying. But inwardly, she found it rather unfair toward Eva.

It's true that she has the appearance of a warriorress. Coupled with her profession as a coach, she looks exceedingly hardy. But in reality, she's kind and never hits someone without reason. Why does everyone think that a girl who knows combat arts is violent? On the contrary, I think those who know combat arts are better at restraining themselves, never simply taking advantage of their capabilities to hit others.

"James, such a remark is considered an insult to her. I think she treats you unbelievably well. As long as she has the day off, she goes to the hospital to visit you. She even cooks for you, learning all your favorite foods. How did you come to the conclusion that she would hit you?" Amelia countered calmly.

Realizing his gaffe, James apologized sincerely, "I'm sorry. That wasn't what I meant."

Amelia waved a dismissive hand. "Eva will be here in a moment. Just wait for her here."

James opened his mouth, but he couldn't bring himself to refuse her in the end.

Eva came in no time, arriving in less than ten minutes. Such astounding speed had James suspecting that she tailed him there.

"James!" Eva sprinted over in great haste.

Amelia stopped her, advising, "Eva, talk properly with James later. Don't be too eager."

Swallowing, Eva nodded in assent.

“Go out and talk with Eva, James,” Amelia stated.

This time, James nodded.

The two of them left the office and went to a corner where there were few pedestrians. Eva turned James over to face her and demanded, “Tell me, James. What exactly do I need to do to get you to fall in love with me?”

“Eva, I really don’t have any feelings—”

“I don’t want to listen to such empty talk. Give me something specific. What exactly do I need to do to get you to fall in love with me?” Eva pressed domineeringly.

A slight sense of resentment rose within James. Verily, he loathed such overbearing tactics in winning his affection.

Eva wasn’t his type, and that included her domineering and bossy personality. Although she had restrained herself a lot for his sake, he still found it hard to take a liking to her.

“Well, unless you change your countenance and have a height of at least one point seven six meters, your figure tall and sexy. You asked me what you need to do to get me to fall in love with you, yes? As long as you change your face to look the same as Ms. Yates, have a height of one point seven six meters, and become gentle and considerate, perhaps I’ll consider it.” James intentionally asked for something that was impossible for her.

Eva was so livid that her hands balled into fists. Shooting daggers at him, she questioned in a wounded voice, “Are you saying this deliberately, James?”

“No. That’s just the type I like.” Eying her height, James added, “Your height alone disqualifies you.”

Snapping, Eva finally got physical with him. She swept her leg out at the man. James was stunned for a second before he immediately dodged. As her speed accelerated, his dodging followed suit.

“Calm down, Eva. There are many people here, so don’t make a scene,” James bellowed, looking all pathetic.

However, Eva’s whole focus was on striking him. James, on the other hand, merely dodged without retaliating out of the guilt within him.

"You're such a b*stard, James Baylor! I've been circling around you for eons, but you wiped out all my efforts with a single utterance of me not being your type! If it weren't because of my love for you, do you think I would've lowered myself to wait on you for so long? You benefitted from everything I did, yet you now dare to disdain my appearance and figure!" Eva lambasted as she struck at James.

With a single misstep, James suffered two kicks in the butt. Staggering, he almost fell on his face.

By the time Amelia received news that Eva had beaten James up and rushed over, she was greeted by the sight of the latter crouching by the side of the road with his suit jacket in hand, appearing exceedingly wretched. Meanwhile, the former stood at the side and glowered at the man.

A pounding headache assailed her. A matter had just settled, and now, there's another one. Verily, I can never have any peace.

"Eva, James, what happened? Didn't I tell you both to talk it out properly?" Amelia asked in exasperation as she walked over.

Eva continued glaring at James fixedly. The instant the latter moved, she followed suit with a step forward. Gritting her teeth, she snarled, "I'm exceedingly dissatisfied at the sight of you right now, James. You'd best stay still. Otherwise, I'd pummel you within an inch of your life."

James shrugged at Amelia helplessly.

Frowning, Amelia suppressed her wrath and inquired, "Why did you hit him, Eva?"

Eva pointed at James and barked, "Ask him, Amelia! You have no idea how far he went. He said he didn't like my appearance. Fine, I can go and have cosmetic surgery for his sake. But he even criticized my height. He said he'd only consider me if I had a height of one point seven six meters. I'm just a little over one point six meters. How am I to shoot up to such a height when I'm not at puberty?"

The corners of Amelia's mouth twitched.

"Are those your requirements, James?"

A flash of embarrassment flittered across James' face.

"I didn't mean anything, Amelia. I just wanted to deter her so that she'd give up."

Suddenly, Eva shouted, "I'll never give up! You want someone with a height of one point seven six meters, yes? Fine, I'll go and have limb-lengthening surgery. Then, you want me to change my face to look like Ms. Yates, yes? Fine, I'll also go and have cosmetic surgery. I'm willing to do anything for your sake!"

Upon hearing that, both Amelia and James were stunned.

Neither of them expected her to love him so much that she would even agree to such unreasonable demands.

Amelia felt the stirrings of a migraine.

Meanwhile, James felt that things had gotten out of hand.

That wasn't his intention at all. He merely wanted Eva to give up. After all, any woman with some self-respect would fly into a rage and stalk off. Never had he imagined that not only would she refuse to budge, but she even agreed to his unreasonable demands.

"Stop doing this, Eva. I'm a b*stard, so you really don't need to do this," James uttered in exasperation.

Eva was so infuriated that her eyes blazed scarlet.

"I've already taken it seriously. As long as I fulfill those two requirements of yours, you'll fall in love with me, right?" she queried in a near-desperate voice.

James was promptly caught between a rock and a difficult place.

"Stop messing around, Eva!" Amelia chastised sternly.

"I'm not messing around, Amelia!" Eva riposted in a shout.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 800

Chapter 800 Help

Amelia pulled Eva behind her and said to James coldly, "James, Eva is rather upset now, so I'm taking her home. Go back to the hospital. We'll talk another day."

Rubbing his swollen cheek, James nodded. "I'll be going back, then, Amelia. Do talk to her." After saying that, he swiftly left. Eva initially wanted to chase after him, but Amelia held her back.

"Stop messing around, Eva. Right now, go back to my house and stay there. I'll have a chat with you when I return after work. I think you've already reached the point where you've got no bottom line in loving someone," Amelia reprimanded with a stony expression.

Eva bit her lip hard. Yet, her eyes remained trained in the direction where James left, making it clear as day that her thoughts were still on the man.

At the sight of her in such a condition, sheer disappointment swamped Amelia.

"Go home. Otherwise, our relationship ends here," Amelia ordered austere.

Eva wavered for a while, but still, she left in the end.

When Amelia returned home in the afternoon after work, Eva had several pamphlets on cosmetic surgery centers spread in front of her and several books on increasing one's height through surgery scattered by her leg. The instant she saw all that, her expression darkened frightfully.

"Eva." She walked over, keeping a tight rein on her fury.

As soon as Eva saw Amelia and Oscar entering the house, she put away the books on the table. Feigning calmness, she greeted with a smile, "Amelia, Oscar, you're both home."

Amelia pointed at the books in her hands and demanded, "What's with all these, Eva? You should give me an explanation, no?"

Eva shook her head and fibbed, "It's nothing, Amelia. I was merely looking through them casually. Since both you and Oscar are home, I'll go back to my room. I'll have to return to base for training in a few days."

"Stop right there."

"Amelia," Eva purred, hoping to diminish Amelia's dissatisfaction.

"We shall talk after dinner," Amelia stated without any room for negotiation.

Left with no other choice, Eva could only relent.

After dinner, Amelia called Eva to the study.

She crossed her arms before her chest, looking all serious.

“Eva, no matter what, I’ll never agree to you undergoing cosmetic surgery. It’s true that a woman beautifies herself for her beau, but that’s on the premise of not damaging her own countenance. If you really go for cosmetic surgery and limb-lengthening surgery because of a single remark from James, I’ll break your leg straight away. Also, I’ll feel ashamed on your behalf that you’re stooping so low in loving someone,” she asserted gravely.

Eva remained silent, but her eyes slowly turned red-rimmed.

“I really love him a lot, Amelia. I’ve never liked someone so much. From the moment I laid eyes on him, I felt that he was my Prince Charming. He’s so outstanding that he practically shines. Truly, I can’t live without him. Amelia, cosmetic surgery and limb-lengthening surgery are the only methods available to me. As long as I become his type, I believe he’ll fall in love with me,” she countered aggrievedly.

Amelia regarded her in anguish.

“Eva, the fact that you’re saying such words breaks my heart. Because of a man, you’ve even lost your bottom line. Are you not ashamed of yourself?” Amelia questioned.

Eva said nothing.

Inhaling deeply, Amelia composed herself.

“Eva, I don’t mind allowing you to mess around, but my only condition is that you can’t damage your body,” she warned.

Eva remained silent, but deep within, she had already made up her mind. She was planning to go for cosmetic surgery.

For James’ sake, I’m willing to do anything at all, even if doing such things will damage my body!

“Got it, Amelia,” Eva muttered.

When Eva wanted to leave the house the next day, Amelia asked Oscar to send two men to tail her.

Oscar did as she wished but then said to her, "She's already an adult, so she can take responsibility for the decisions she makes. If she wants to have cosmetic surgery, you can stop her once, but you can't stop her forever."

"I'm not stopping her from having cosmetic surgery. If she wants to do it because she's dissatisfied with her appearance, I definitely won't stop her although I don't quite agree. But now, she's planning to do it because of a single remark from James. That's what makes me angry. What if James were to say that he'd only fall in love with her if she jumped off the building one day? Wouldn't she then do as he says?" Amelia huffed.

That had Oscar torn between amusement and exasperation.

"You worry too much, Amelia. She's already in her twenties, so she has a certain degree of judgment. If she were to really commit suicide because of a man, she doesn't deserve other people's sympathy then."

Following his remark, Amelia's rage blazed hotter. Dad told me to take good care of Eva, so I can't take such "good care" of her that the whole of the Winters family doesn't recognize her anymore when she returns during New Year, can I?

As Oscar clocked her irritation, his gaze abruptly darkened. A plan took shape within him.

After driving Amelia to her office, he turned the car around and headed to the hospital.

Climbing out of the car, he went into the hospital and marched straight to the director's office. James, who was working in the room, stood up and exclaimed, "What brought you here, Oscar?" Just when he had finished saying that, Oscar's fist landed on his face. Thanks to that punch, his face, which had been marred with bruises, turned all the more unsightly.

As James cradled his throbbing face, he wanted to speak, but he ended up grimacing in pain.

"Have you lost your mind, Oscar? Why did you hit me?" James questioned in bewilderment.

Oscar's expression was frightfully grim. He stared at the other man in displeasure.

Only then did James realize the gravity of the matter. Rolling his jaw, he walked over and queried, "What's wrong? I don't think I did anything wrong that would anger you, did I?"

"You didn't anger me, but you upset Amelia. As I said, you can do anything here, but you can't ever offend Amelia. You turned a deaf ear to my words, huh?" Oscar snarled, sweeping a glance over him.

James was nonplussed, helplessness inundating him.

"You've got to show a bit of fairness in your speech and actions, Oscar. I rejected Eva because we're not suited. You can't have me tie myself to her just because she's Amelia's cousin," he whined in exasperation.

Glaring at him, Oscar replied coldly, "I'm not asking you to be with her. I won't interfere in your love life. However, you shouldn't have proposed such unreasonable requirements. If she were to have cosmetic surgery and limb-lengthening surgery for real, Amelia would undoubtedly feel guilty. When something is burdening her mind, she'll be out of sorts. Do you still think this matter has nothing to do with me?"

James went silent, and a hint of guilt showed in his eyes.

"I was merely joking, Oscar. I never thought that she'd really take it seriously."

"You were joking? You've known her for a while now. Don't tell me you can't tell that she really loves you."

Left without a retort, James said nothing.

Oscar placed his hands at his back, enunciating with an exceedingly solemn expression, "I don't care about the romantic entanglements between you two. But I hope you'll talk her out of it. If this matter worries Amelia, our friendship will also end here."

Exasperation flooded James. Well, he's the only one who can make such a remark that expresses "dates before mates" bluntly and without guilt.

"I've still got something to do, so I'll be leaving first. Go and settle the matter about Eva." After saying that, Oscar left right away.

James ruffled his hair irritably. The moment he moved his mouth, he tugged on his injury. The pain was so excruciating that he grimaced once more.

Coincidentally, Eva came to the hospital to seek him out with a ton of food. Upon seeing the bruises marring his face, she hurriedly inquired in concern, "Did I go too far when I hit you yesterday, James? Why have the bruises on your face grown in number?"

James shot her a complicated look. He instinctively backed away, wariness distinctly written in his eyes.

Eva was slightly hurt when she saw that. "Are you afraid of me, James?"

James took another step back, but he replied with feigned nonchalance, "I think it's best that we keep a distance between us since you're so skilled at combat arts. Also, I've made it clear that I don't have any feelings for you. Your appearance before me each time is a burden."

His words were so hurtful that Eva felt as though she was pierced by a thousand arrows.

Forcing a smile, she declared, "It's okay. It's enough that I like you. I prepared a lot of delicious food for you. Consider it an apology for my impulsiveness previously. You're busy with work, so you probably haven't had breakfast, yes? I prepared a myriad of dishes. Go ahead and eat."

A glimmer of dilemma flashed across James' eyes. Subsequently, his tongue became much sharper.

"Stop doing this, Eva. I beg you. It'll be a mercy if you'd stay away from me. You don't need to go and have cosmetic surgery or limb-lengthening surgery either. Even if you transform into a devastating beauty, I still won't have feelings for you. Other than falling in love with you, I'll agree to any compensation you want. My only request is that you never appear before me again. Can you do that?" James implored.

Eva clutched the fork tightly, tears welling in her eyes.

She tilted her head up, forcing the tears in her eyes back.

"Eat first. I woke up at five o'clock in the morning to prepare these." She handed the fork to him without looking him in the eye.

James felt a touch sorry for her, but irritation predominated.

"No, thanks. A leukemia patient on the sixth floor is waiting for me to go and check him out. Go back first." Having said that, he brushed past her and headed toward the door.

Eva remained standing there, asking stubbornly, "James, would you fall in love with me if I were to really have cosmetic surgery to look like Ms. Yates?"

In order to have him, she was even willing to become a replica of someone else.

Loving him to the marrow, she gave up her dignity.

James' hand stilled on the doorknob. After a moment's hesitation, he answered firmly, "No. Compared to a replica, I prefer the real thing without any flaws."

No sooner had he opened the door and left than Eva collapsed onto the ground. She yanked at her hair helplessly and irritably.

She simply couldn't figure out why James didn't like her. Why can't he take my feelings for him seriously when I've changed so much for his sake?

She sat on the ground for a long time. In the end, she sprinted out.

When Amelia received a call from her, her hitched voice rang out, "Say, Amelia, just why can't James like me? I'm really devastated right now. It feels as though countless ants are biting my heart. He's the only man I love, but he disdained me from head to toe. Say, is my existence in this world superfluous?"

Terror struck Amelia when she heard that, and she forgot all about her design draft.

She hastily strode out of the design department, with Jolin following at once.

"Where are you right now, Eva? Don't do anything foolish. You can talk to me," Amelia maintained urgently.

"I'm at the seaside. Amelia, only now do I notice that the color of the sea is rather lovely. It should be pretty nice to stay here forever."

At those words, Amelia grew all the more frantic.

"Which seaside are you at? I'll go over and look for you right away!" she demanded.

"Which seaside? I don't know. I drove here randomly."

"Then, don't hang up the phone. I'll go over to look for you right away!"

However, just as her words fell, the disconnect tone sounded from the other end of the phone.

Anxiousness was written all over Amelia's face. Seeing that, Jolin assured, "Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton. I'll give the others a call right away. With them helping, Ms. Winters will definitely be fine."

Clutching her phone tightly, Amelia replied, "Okay, quickly do that, then. We can't let anything happen to Eva."

In no time, Jolin phoned the others.

Amelia wasn't idle either. She strode right toward the elevator. Jolin followed while making calls.

Just as she stepped out of the building, she heard Gary calling out to her, "Amelia!"

At the sight of him, she asked urgently, "Can you lend me a hand, Gary? My cousin ran into some relationship problems. She's now at the seaside. Can you send your men to help look for her? I'll transfer the money to your company's account when she's found."

"Sure! I'll call them over to help right away! We're friends, so let's not speak about money," Gary replied.

Amelia merely smiled without saying anything.

Jolin, on the other hand, swept a wary glance at the man.