

# Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 811 - 820

## Chapter 811 What Terrence Thinks

After lunch, Amelia and Carter returned to their offices and buried their heads in work until the evening. Amelia was packing her things, about to take the elevator, when her phone rang.

She picked up her phone and saw an unknown number flashing across the screen. With hesitation, she took the call. "Is this Amelia? I'm Derrick's mother." A pleasant woman's voice came from the other end.

Surprise flashed across Amelia's eyes. I didn't expect Mrs. Hisson to call me. "Hi, Mrs. Hisson. May I know the reason for your call?" Amelia asked courteously.

"It's nothing much. I just want to invite you and Oscar for dinner. Tiffany and Derrick are coming too," Kate explained. Amelia was confused. With Mrs. Hisson's disposition, she wouldn't invite Oscar and me for dinner without a good reason. Something is up. At that thought, Amelia's guard went up.

"Mrs. Hisson, may I know the reason for your sudden invitation to dinner?" she probed. "I realized my attitude toward you and Oscar in the past was terrible. As an apology, I want to invite both of you over for dinner. Will you be willing to accept this offer of olive branch? I hope you won't reject me," Kate asked gently.

"All right," Amelia had no choice but to agree when Kate put it that way. "The dinner will be held at Room 209 of Hotel Van Hutton at seven in the evening tomorrow. Please come on time," Kate insisted.

"Got it. Oscar and I will be there at seven sharp."

"I'll see you tomorrow then."

After hanging up the phone, Amelia put her phone back into her purse in puzzlement and took the elevator with Jolin.

Oscar helped Amelia with her seat belt after she got into the passenger seat and caught her confused look. "What's wrong? Did someone give you a difficult time?"

Amelia chuckled. "No, I got a call from Mrs. Hisson earlier. She invited us for dinner. We have zero association with her, so I'm worried she's using us to cause trouble for Tiff."

Oscar laughed and brushed the tip of her nose lovingly. "Tiff is not a three-year-old, silly. She's not going to fall into the woman's trap so easily. Don't overthink it. If you want to know what Mrs. Hisson is up to, we'll go to the dinner tomorrow."

Amelia nodded.

The next day after work, Oscar picked up Amelia from her office and drove to Hotel Van Hutton. The minute they stepped into the lobby, a hostess with sensual body curves immediately led them to the private dining room.

When Amelia and Oscar entered the room, they noticed that Finnick, Kate, Tiffany, and Derrick were already seated, and on Kate's left was an unwelcome guest—Crystal.

Kate rose to her feet to greet the two, "Amelia, Oscar, you're finally here. Dad will be here in another ten minutes. Please have a seat."

Amelia put on a calm facade and nodded.

She and Oscar took their seats beside Tiffany and discreetly observed Kate. However, Amelia didn't notice anything unusual about Kate's demeanor. Kate looks the same as always. She is friendlier toward us, though, completely different from her previous aggressiveness.

With confusion in mind, Amelia turned to glance at Tiffany. The latter had her head turned toward Amelia too. As though Tiffany could read the question on Amelia's mind, she shook her head at the latter, implying that she had no idea what Kate was playing at.

At that moment, Kate elegantly poured a cup of coffee for both Amelia and Oscar. While she did that, Amelia continued to study her. Fearing that Kate had spiked the drink, Amelia had no intention of taking a sip.

"Amelia, Oscar, today's dinner was actually Dad's idea. He wanted to get acquainted with Oscar." Kate chuckled.

Amelia nodded upon hearing that.

Coincidentally, a knock came from the door. "I'll get it," Crystal offered politely.

Having said that, she got up from her seat and crossed the room to open the door. The person standing outside the door was none other than Terrence who was in a good mood.

"Mr. Terrence, you're here. Everyone is waiting for you," Crystal said obediently.

Terrence nodded his head impassively.

Crystal's presence at the dinner was quite awkward. There was no doubt that Kate had invited her to cause trouble for Tiffany.

Meanwhile, Kate hastily rushed to Terrence's side to help him to his seat. "Dad, I invited Oscar to dinner as well. You can have a chat with him."

Terrence merely shot her a dispassionate glance before taking his seat.

He then glanced at Oscar with kind eyes. "Oscar, I'm the one who asked Kate to invite you and your wife to dinner tonight. My reason for doing so is to apologize to you for her terrible attitude in the past, and I wish to collaborate with Clinton Corporations on a project."

With a polite smile, Oscar answered, "You're too courteous, Mr. Terrence. There's no need to apologize. Mrs. Hisson didn't say anything discourteous toward Amelia and me. However, Tiffany is like a sister to me, and she's also my wife's best friend, so I hope the Hissons can treat her fairly. Otherwise, I won't take it nicely."

Terrence still had the same expression on his face. "Of course. I'm satisfied with this granddaughter-in-law of mine. Everything that happened before was a misunderstanding. I'll support their relationship as long as they are together."

That was a direct guarantee Terrence gave to Amelia and Oscar.

Oscar picked up his cup. "Mr. Terence, I can rest assured with your word. I sincerely consider Tiffany as a sister. I love Amelia, so naturally, I'll support her best friend with my very best. Clinton Corporations is willing to give the Hissons more benefits on certain aspects as long as you treat Tiffany right."

Joy crossed Terrence's expression.

The Hissons will gain more benefits from the Clintons, who are also in Tayhaven, than the Halliwell family.

Right then, the waiter started serving the dishes on the table. "The food is here. Let's chat while we eat."

Oscar and the rest nodded.

Meanwhile, a sinister glint flashed across Crystal's eyes. She discreetly cast a glance at Kate while no one was paying attention, and Kate responded to her with a slight shake of her head, hinting for Crystal to be patient.

Kate scooped a bowl of soup for Terrence. "Dad, I specifically ordered the kitchen to make this mushroom soup. I've asked them not to put in extra cream. It might be a bit light tastewise, but it's healthier."

Terrence tasted a spoonful and swung his gaze to Crystal. "I heard you're currently staying in Irushea at the moment, Crystal. When are you planning to return? Let me know so I can prepare a generous gift for you."

Crystal's expression stiffened instantly.

Kate said, "It's rare for me to have someone I can talk to, Dad. I want her to stay for a few more days. I don't know when I'll see her again after she leaves."

Terrence shot her a meaningful look. "Stay for a few more days then."

Kate felt a chill run down her spine at the look Terrence gave her as she reached for Crystal's hand beneath the table.

Halfway through dinner, Tiffany said, "Granddad, I have to use the restroom. My stomach is not feeling so well."

Terrence laughed. "Go ahead. We're a family. You don't have to be so formal with me."

Tiffany nodded before heading out of the room.

Amelia followed suit and went to the restroom with her.

When they entered the restroom, Amelia started, "You have to be careful, Tiff. I think Mrs. Hisson still hasn't given up yet. She's still adamant about matchmaking Crystal with Derrick. I think this whole dinner is a trap. I wonder what she's going to do."

I can see that, but Kate is my mother-in-law. I can't confront her even if I'm unhappy about her actions or attitude. If I have health issues again, the Hissons will surely condemn me behind my back.

A bitter smile curved Tiffany's lips as she said, "Babe, I know that. Don't worry about me. She shouldn't have dragged you and Oscar into this mess."

Amelia washed her hands and replied, "It's not a big deal for Oscar and me. With Oscar backing us up, she won't be so dumb as to play any funny tricks."

Tiffany merely smiled.

When they returned to the private dining room, the duo saw Crystal having a toast with Terrence.

"I want to propose a toast for you, Mr. Terrence. I'm grateful for your care all this while, and I've always considered you my biological grandfather. It's unfortunate that I can't be your granddaughter-in-law since nothing can happen between Derrick and me. I'll be leaving for Irushea soon. There'll be fewer chances for us to meet in the future after my departure. I wish you great health, and I hope you get a great-grandson soon," Crystal said.

The mention of a son was like a slap to Tiffany's face.

After all, Tiffany had a hard time getting pregnant. Crystal knew that yet intentionally brought it up.

Terrence lifted the drink that Kate poured for him and drank it.

"You're a good girl, Crystal. Just come back if you're not happy in Irushea. This place is your home. Also, you're not getting any younger. Marry someone and have a child while you're still young. No matter how perfect a woman is, they still need to find a man who loves them," Terrence said kindly, but upon listening closely, one could hear his implication.

Naturally, Crystal understood that Terrence was keeping his guard up against her.

Right then, a sharp glint flashed across her eyes. "Got it, Mr. Terrence. I'll bring him to meet you once I've found the right one."

Terrence nodded.

Crystal gulped down the alcohol in her glass and sat back down.

Kate chuckled. "Oscar and Amelia are our guests tonight, Dad. Stop worrying about Crystal's marriage. Others would think you were cautioning her."

Terrence shot Kate another glance.

In the meantime, Finnick tugged Kate's hand underneath the table, hinting for her to stop talking. After all, Terrence was the one who called all the shots in the Hisson family.

Kate knew she should stop talking, but she wasn't happy about inviting Oscar and Amelia to dinner that night. If it wasn't for Terrence's insistence, and his warning for her to treat the two better, she wouldn't even want Terrence to have anything to do with the Clintons.

Now that Tiffany had Oscar as her support, it was even more difficult for Kate to kick Tiffany out of the Hisson family. This dinner is not beneficial to my plan at all.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 812

### Chapter 812 Helping Out

Over dinner, Terrence grew increasingly satisfied with Tiffany after he received Oscar's promise. As they headed out, Oscar said, "Mr. Terrence, I shall leave my friend in your hands. Please take good care of her in the Hisson residence. The Clintons are willing to collaborate with your family as long as she is doing fine."

Terrence nodded and flashed a pleasant smile. "Tiffany is my granddaughter-in-law. There's no way I'll treat her harshly." Oscar shot him a nod. "Mr. Terrence, if that's it, Amelia and I shall take our leave. Our kids are still at home."

Terrence chuckled. "Sure. We shall meet another day when you're free. You're a sensible man, so we can go fishing together," he suggested.

"No problem. I've always wanted to learn how to fish from you, Mr. Terrence. Why don't we do that this weekend? If you're free, of course."

Hearing that, Terrence let out a hearty chuckle.

"That sounds like a great idea! It's decided, then."

Oscar exchanged a few pleasantries with him before he got into the car with Amelia.

Terrence stood in his spot as his smile slipped. Glancing at Kate, he said coldly, "Let's go."

Back in the Hisson residence, Terrence told Derrick to bring Tiffany to their room before he led Kate to his study.

"Dad, is there anything you need from me?" Kate asked, feigning ignorance.

Terrence cast a look at her. "When will Crystal leave?"

Kate's lips curved up into a smile. "Dad, I'm bored at home, so I want her to stay for a few days to keep me company. You won't object to it, right?"

"Kate, you're a smart woman. I believe you realized that I asked for your help to invite Oscar and Amelia here to provide them assurance. I need Oscar's help since Clinton Corporations has been developing at a fast rate these few years. It's doing so much better than the other companies that were established at the same time. If we want our company to do better, we must collaborate with Clinton Corporations. I hope you won't create any trouble for me," Terrence said sternly.

Instantly, Kate's expression turned dark. A myriad of thoughts flashed across her mind before she said, "Dad, you acquiesced to Crystal's presence previously. Why did you suddenly change your mind after a few days?"

Hearing that, Terrence let out a sigh.

Glancing at Kate, he reminded her, "You've led a lavish and easy life for too long, so you assume our family is still as prominent as ever. You have no idea that most of the businesses in Tayhaven have been acquired by the Clinton family. Their influence is beyond your imagination. A few days ago, Oscar came to me and claimed he wanted to work with our family. Actually, he was exerting pressure on us. It looks like Tiffany is pretty important to him. He wasn't joking around when he said he took her to be his god-sister. Don't destroy the Hisson family just for your greed."

Kate hung her head low as reluctance flashed across her gorgeous face. After all, she went to great lengths in order to kick Tiffany out. As such, she was unwilling to give up and let her plan fall short.

"Kate, there's no doubt that you're clever. Previously, you looked down on Tiffany because of her background. But now that the Clinton family is backing her up, you should stop scheming against her," Terrence added.

Despite her reluctance, Kate had to listen to Terrence's words. I'll have to hold back my plans, then.

"Dad, I got it. I won't interfere in their relationship anymore. However, it won't be my fault if they don't end up together."

Terrence bobbed his head to acknowledge her words.

"Dad, I shall take my leave now. Good night."

"Go, then."

After that, Kate padded back to her own room. Finnick took one look at her dark expression and knew that she had suffered a setback before his father.

He asked, "Why? Did Dad reprimand you?"

After she heard his question, Kate's expression turned a shade darker.

"Stop fretting. If you don't like her, we can just kick her out. I think we can deal with a young lady like her easily," Finnick declared.

Kate sighed. "Dad values her as the Clintons are backing her up. He even warned me to stop making things difficult for her."

Finnick lowered his gaze and gave it some thought.

"Dad's gone senile. Clinton Corporations is the leading company in Tayhaven, and Oscar is well-known for his ambition. Is he using Tiffany to target our company? Did he strike up a friendship with Dad to get our company for himself?"

Kate's brows furrowed up as she asked, "Darling, what do you mean?"

Finnick let out a snort. "I'm not good at running a business, but it's pretty obvious even to me that Oscar isn't a pushover. Otherwise, he wouldn't have brought Clinton Corporations to such a height in just three years. Acquiring other companies is a good way for him to expand his company. I think he's planning on acquiring our company."

Kate was alarmed. At first, she merely didn't want Oscar to back Tiffany up but had never thought about this. This is highly possible. If that's the case, I can't let Tiffany stay. She might bring misfortune to our family.

That night, everyone fell asleep in the Hisson residence harboring different thoughts.

The following morning, Crystal asked Kate out.

"Mrs. Hisson, are you not going to help me?" she asked directly.

Chuckling, Kate responded, "Silly girl. What are you talking about? Our plan shall go on as usual. Don't worry, for I've already made the arrangements."

Crystal's lips curled into a smug grin, but it quickly disappeared.

"Mrs. Hisson, Mr. Terrence has already given you a warning. If we proceed with our plan and give ourselves away, will you have a hard time in the Hisson family?" she inquired innocently.

Hearing that, Kate became increasingly pleased with her.

"There's no need to worry about that. We're the only ones who know about the plan. No one will expect me to involve my son in the scheme!" Kate declared viciously with her eyes narrowed.

Tamping down the smugness in her eyes, Crystal replied, "I'll follow your arrangements, then."

Kate gave her a reassuring pat on the hand.

They then finished their coffee in the café and went shopping together.

As Kate and Crystal were having a great time, they didn't realize someone was keeping an eye on them when they were scheming against others. Their every move was reported to a particular someone.

"Boss, Mrs. Hisson has been spending a lot of time with Crystal recently as though they are mother and daughter. I think Mrs. Hisson thinks of Crystal as her own daughter," a bodyguard reported solemnly as he handed a stack of photos to Oscar.

Oscar studied the photos carefully and asked, "Did they do anything out of the ordinary?"

The bodyguard pondered the matter and responded, "Boss, they didn't do anything strange. They would just eat and drink together before going shopping for clothes."

Oscar fell into deep thought before he gave a dismissive wave and ordered, "You may leave now."

"Yes, Boss."

The bodyguard left the study and bumped into Amelia, who came upstairs with some food. He immediately greeted her, "Hello, Mrs. Clinton."

"Are you leaving already? I prepared some snacks. Why don't you have some before leaving?" Amelia asked.

"Thanks for the kind gesture, but I have to leave for work. You can bring the snacks to Boss." As a subordinate, he dared not eat the food Amelia prepared.

The bodyguard gave Amelia a curt nod and left.

Amelia entered the study with the food. Hearing the noise, Oscar lifted his head and placed the photos down.

After placing the food on the desk, Amelia spotted the photos left aside.

She picked them up and realized someone had snapped photos of Kate and Crystal.

"Oscar, did you investigate them on behalf of me?" asked Amelia.

Getting to his feet, Oscar walked past his desk and pulled her into his arms. "I don't want you to worry whether Tiffany is living well with the Hissons, so it's better for me to investigate them thoroughly. If you wish, I can destroy Mrs. Hisson's reputation so she won't be able to stay in the Hisson family."

Amelia turned around and bit his chin gently. "No need. If we do that, we're no different from Mrs. Hisson."

"Up to you," came Oscar's indulgent answer.

"Did you find anything strange from the investigation?"

Oscar shook his head.

"Perhaps Mrs. Hisson simply adores Crystal. Mr. Terrence is around, so she won't be able to create any trouble."

Amelia cupped Oscar's cheeks and asked, "Oscar, tell me. Tiff is such a great girl, but why doesn't Mrs. Hisson like her?"

"They just don't click with each other, I guess. Stop thinking about this. I've already exerted pressure on Mr. Terrence. Kate should know what to do if she isn't a fool," Oscar assured her.

Amelia bobbed her head.

As she flipped through the photos, she had to admit that they looked amazing. Kate was a gorgeous woman. Her skin was supple and fair even though she was already in her sixties. Moreover, the photos were taken at a great angle, so one might even believe it if she claimed to be Crystal's elder sister.

Pretty women like her were supposedly kind, but on the contrary, she was a wicked witch.

"Oscar, can I borrow two men from you to protect Tiff? She's alone in the Hisson residence, and Mrs. Hisson is a threat. I'm worried about her," Amelia said.

"Sure, I'll make the arrangements right away. However, my men can only keep watch outside. They can't interfere with the matters inside the house," Oscar told her.

"That's good enough."

After feeding Oscar, Amelia brewed a cup of coffee for him. After Oscar's belly was filled, he pinned her to the desk and shoved his documents aside.

His rough palm brushed across her cheek gently. "Honey, it's the weekend. Why are you all worried about Tiffany? I'm jealous. It seems like you care about her more than me. You must make it up to me."

Amelia met his gaze and giggled softly. She then flung her arms around his neck.

Instantly, Oscar's gaze grew dark.

He cradled her head with his hand and deepened their kiss.

An uneventful night passed. Amelia personally picked two bodyguards to protect Tiffany in secret, but she didn't let the latter know about it.

As such, Tiffany had no idea that she was protected. As usual, she stayed up late to finish her manuscript and would only go to bed when the others woke up. Because of that, she missed several opportunities to have breakfast with the Hissons in the morning.

Kate was displeased with that. In the morning, she took a sip of oatmeal and said, "Derrick, I need you to remind Tiffany that our family is an influential household, not a hotel where she can sleep whenever she likes. This is ridiculous. Sometimes, I don't even see her in the afternoon. One would think you married a night owl instead of a wife."

Furrowing his brows, Derrick did his best to stay calm. "Mom, I gave her a novel to adapt into a script recently. I'm planning to be a producer again. She's serious with her work and strives for perfection. That's why she often works till midnight."

Kate's anger coiled in her stomach. She was about to speak when Terrence coughed twice on purpose. "Young people should work hard. Stop being harsh on her. Tiffany and Derrick are in the same industry, so she can help him in his work."

Hearing that, Kate had no choice but to tamp down her fury.

"Dad—"

"That's enough. It's rare for Derrick to have a day off and rest at home, so please stop nagging him."

"Okay." Kate caved in.

Turning to Derrick, Terrence said, "Derrick, you're peers with Oscar. Come, let's go fishing together. Young men like you should fish to develop your patience."

Derrick grabbed a clean napkin to wipe his lips. "Granddad, when do you want to go fishing?"

"I thought of going fishing next weekend, but today's weather is great. Let's go fishing today."

After giving it some thought, Derrick eventually agreed to it.

After breakfast, Derrick gave Oscar a call to inform the latter about Terrence's request. Oscar agreed to the invitation readily.

They agreed to meet at six in the evening.

At the stipulated time, they arrived at a natural park and went to a scenic manmade lake.

Terrence was clearly in a good mood. Chuckling heartily, he said, "It's been ages since I last came fishing. I think I'm not as skillful as before. You'll have to spare my dignity. I'm old and don't want to embarrass myself."

Oscar's lips curled into a smile. "Mr. Terrence, you're still strong and healthy despite your age. I'm afraid Derrick and I aren't your match. After all, the older, the wiser. We're still young and inexperienced."

His words managed to please Terrence immensely.

Terrence knew Oscar was a lion that was a light sleeper. There was no telling how powerful he would be when he woke up. Thus, Terrence dared not look down on him. Oscar might still be young, but his merciless actions were feared by many.

The three of them sat down and hooked the baits to their fishing rods. Then, they tossed the end of their rods into the lake.

Terrence gazed at the surface of the lake calmly. "Oscar, I heard that Clinton Corporations is interested in starting a collaboration with Hawk Networks from Erihal. I was planning on collaborating with this company too, but you jumped in before I could do so. Indeed, you're outshining the older generation. I'm old, so I'm no longer your match."

Oscar let out a light chuckle, but he didn't expose Terrence right away. It wouldn't harm to do Terrence a favor so Tiffany could feel more comfortable in the Hisson residence.

"Hawk Networks is planning on collaborating with three companies in Tayhaven. In their company, both quality and quantity are high on the agenda. Mr. Terrence, if you wish, I can make the introductions. I know one of the people in charge since our university days, so he'll do me a favor," Oscar explained.

Terrence's eyes lit up.

“Thank you, Oscar. Our company wants to innovate. Previously, Hawk Networks told us that our development is stagnant. If we get to collaborate with a company this large-scale, we’ll get to gain traction in Erihal.”

To him, an entrepreneur who wanted to generate profit in the corporate world had to be flexible or cease to make progress.

Oscar nudged his fishing rod and said calmly, “You’re welcome, Mr. Terrence. I mentioned earlier that my wife and I will feel better knowing that Tiffany is doing well in the Hisson residence. Naturally, we won’t mistreat the Hisson family.”

Terrence chuckled without saying anything.

Right then, Oscar’s rod sank, so he increased his force and lifted the rod.

With that swift motion, a crucian carp around one kilogram emerged from the lake.

Oscar reeled in his rod and removed the bait from the crucian carp’s mouth. He then placed it in his pail.

Glancing at the fish he got, Terrence grinned and commented, “It looks like young people like you are capable indeed. An old man like me is no match for you as I’m not as skillful as before.”

Feeling pleased, Oscar replied, “I got lucky, that’s all. I need to thank you for allowing me to win.”

Returning his attention to his rod, Terrence shook his head. “I’m old and can no longer muster the energy. It’s time for the younger generation to shine.”

Oscar said nothing in response.

Derrick chimed in, “Granddad, you never give up. Why are you saying that you’re old? You’re not your usual self.”

Terrence gave him a pointed look. “If you agree to take over the company so I can retire, I won’t be saying that.”

“Granddad, you’re still strong and capable. I don’t have to inherit the company yet. You’ll live till a ripe, old age!”

Terrence stared at his fishing rod quietly. Suddenly, something occurred to him, and he burst out laughing. "Forget it. I'm old and can't call the shots anymore. I need to remind you about one thing, though. You can establish other companies and fool around, but when the time comes, you'll have to return and take over our family business."

Derrick was tongue-tied.

Seeing his reaction, Terrence cleared his throat on purpose. "Derrick, don't forget your promise."

Derrick's expression turned dark as he seemed to have recalled something. "Got it, Granddad," he responded.

After their fishing session ended, Terrence chatted with them briefly before getting into his car. Holding his fishing rod, Derrick said sincerely, "I owe you one, Mr. Clinton. Thanks to you, things will be easier for Tiff in the Hisson residence."

"I did that for Amelia."

Derrick chuckled. "I'm glad that Tiff has such a great friend like Amelia."

Oscar gave him a look and mocked, "I think a man should be capable of protecting their own woman. You don't want to be a loser, do you?"

Derrick looked grim. "I know." Of all the words available, those were the only ones he could manage.

Oscar gave a curt nod and strode over to his car.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 813

### Chapter 813 Another Way

Back in the Hisson residence, Terrence gave Kate another warning. Although she was reluctant to heed his words, she had no other choice and could only fume inwardly. If Terrence wasn't around, she could bully Tiffany with no qualms. But now that Terrence was on Tiffany's side, she had to be extra careful.

If she were to carry out her plan, Terrence would definitely fly into a rage. Thus, she had to reconsider her next course of action.

Kate was deep in thought when Tiffany came downstairs with her hair loose. At once, she went cold with fury. Our family is unfortunate to get such a disheveled daughter-in-law!

Tiffany had just completed the first chapter of her manuscript. Feeling starved and parched, she wanted to grab a bite downstairs but bumped into Kate.

"Mom, you're at home too?" Tiffany greeted carefully and straightened her back.

Kate shot an exasperated look at her pajamas. Tiffany noticed where she was looking and scratched her head. "Mom, I'll go get changed now."

She then spun around and sprinted back to her room.

Ugh, I was too engrossed in my manuscript and forgot that I'm living in the Hisson residence instead of my own house that I bought with my earnings.

After getting changed, Tiffany took great care to freshen up before coming downstairs.

Kate observed her with a disdainful look.

"Tiffany, let's go out and chat for a bit. It's been ages since we last talked," she said impatiently.

"Yes," Tiffany agreed grudgingly.

She grimaced at the sight of Kate stepping out of the house.

Sometimes, she wished her relationship with Kate was much better. After all, she loved Derrick dearly and didn't want to put him in a difficult position.

Licking her parched lips, Tiffany went to the kitchen and drank a cup of water before heading out.

"Mom, is there anything you need from me?" Tiffany asked after taking a seat across from Kate.

Kate glanced at her. "It's nothing. I want to remind you about manners and etiquette. Our family isn't just any ordinary family. I've told you plenty of times to behave in front of others plenty of times, but you did not heed my words. If I were not at home today, what would others think when they saw you in your pajamas?"

Tiffany lowered her gaze and couldn't help but roll her eyes.

"Mom, I forgot about that as I was busy writing my manuscript. It's hard to pay attention to etiquettes when I'm busy," she explained.

"Why? Are you talking back at me now that your granddad is backing you up?" Kate demanded.

Tiffany sighed inwardly.

She had had enough of hearing Kate's harsh words almost every other day.

Meanwhile, Kate fiddled her fingers and returned to her usual elegant self.

She poured a cup of coffee for Tiffany and flashed a warm smile. "Tiff, I'm not trying to make things difficult for you on purpose. You're now married to Derrick, and everyone's watching you closely. The slightest mistake would lead to embarrassing situations."

Tiffany had goosebumps after hearing what Kate had to say.

She shot Kate a doubtful look. Did someone cast a spell on her? Or is she scheming something?

Kate's grin broadened. "Why? Why are you looking at me like this?" she asked cheerfully.

Tiffany shuddered involuntarily.

As though she had seen through Tiffany, Kate said, "Tiff, Dad talked to me last night, so I know it's impossible for Crystal to marry into the family. It's better to spend time with you to improve our relationship rather than waste time on Crystal. We can do it slowly. You're a nice and filial young lady, so I'm glad that you're the one who married Derrick."

Despite that, Tiffany refused to buy her explanation.

As the saying went, there was always a reason behind a person's flattery.

Kate offered Tiffany a piece of cake. "Tiff, try this. I made this myself. It tastes nice."

Tiffany shot her a conflicted look before taking a bite of the cake. It was quite delicious, so she ended up eating the entire piece.

"Tiff, I was a fool to have caused trouble for you previously. I won't do that again," Kate promised.

Tiffany licked the cake crumbs and fought back the urge to retort, No, don't be nice to me. I don't want to suffer any loss anymore.

It was obvious that Kate had an ulterior motive for being nice to her.

"Let's go shopping tomorrow. You haven't bought new clothes in a while. As the daughter-in-law of the Hisson family, you can't be this modest." Kate said warmly, "I've made an appointment with Jinks Studio to custom make a few dresses for you according to your style. You'll love them."

Tiffany thought about it and rejected her invitation, "Mom, there's no need for that. I bought some new clothes two weeks ago. I can't wear them all. You should ask Ms. Halliwell to keep you company. I'm not good at starting conversations, so I'm afraid I might make you upset if we were to go shopping."

A flash of fury appeared in Kate's eyes.

"Tiff, are you holding a grudge because I treated you harshly earlier?" she asked.

"No."

"Then why can't you go shopping with me?"

In the end, Tiffany had to give in and agree to go shopping with her.

The following day, Tiffany took some time off to go shopping with Kate.

An excited Kate went to many clothing stores and bought tons of clothes. Tiffany felt her arms were about to break while she was holding the shopping bags for Kate.

Kate took one look at Tiffany's arms laden with shopping bags as a smug look flashed across her eyes.

"Tiff, are you tired?" She pretended to be concerned.

Tiffany panted. "I'm fine, Mom. You can continue shopping. I'll take your bags."

Kate didn't hold back. "Sure. I have three more stores to go to. Their clothes are really nice," she gushed.

Tiffany forced out a smile, but deep down, she was seething.

Ugh, Kate's destined to be my nemesis!

While Tiffany was exhausted from carrying so many shopping bags, Kate grew more excited and shopped to her heart's content.

When Kate was finally done, Tiffany dropped the shopping bags to the ground and sank onto the bench, utterly drained.

Kate frowned. "Tiff, you're too weak. Look at you, panting after a short walk. This won't do. I shall sign you up for some yoga classes. We can attend them together to improve our stamina."

Tiffany gritted her teeth silently. She wants to torture me, huh?

"Mom, I'm fine. I'm perfectly healthy."

"Nonsense. Your face is pale."

Of course, I am! How could I not feel tired after shopping and holding your shopping bags the entire day! While you didn't have to hold anything, I had to carry over ten shopping bags!

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 814

### Chapter 814 The Calm Before The Storm

It was as though Kate's personality had changed overnight. She brought Tiffany shopping every day, from one shop to another. In fact, she even told Tiffany to try out new clothes.

Tiffany had been trying to finish her draft during the night, yet she had to deal with the torture Kate was imposing on her the next day with the shopping. Because of that, she soon became sleep deprived.

Derrick's heart ached when he saw that, so he tried to convince his mother to stop doing that. To his surprise, Kate retorted, "When I treated her meanly, all of you thought I was being far too strict. Now that I'm trying to repair our relationship, you all think I'm intentionally making things difficult for her. What exactly do you want me to do, Derrick?"

For a moment, he was at a loss for words. Then he said, "Tiff has been staying up all night trying to rush her draft to completion for the past few days, Mom. She needs more sleep."

Kate sneered, "You think I'm intentionally making things difficult for her, aren't you, Derrick?"

That prompted him to sigh. "Mom..."

"Fine, since you think I have an ulterior motive for doing this, then maybe I should just intentionally make her life more difficult." "That's not what I mean, Mom. Fine, just do whatever you want."

Only then did she smile satisfactorily. The next day, Kate brought Tiffany to shopping as usual. Their shopping spree lasted for three days. If Crystal hadn't invited Kate for a meetup, Tiffany probably wouldn't have been able to escape the torture.

Amelia smiled and gave Tiffany, who was slumped on the table like a fish out of water, a cup of coffee. "What's wrong? Why do you look so tired?"

Without saying a word, Tiffany waved her hand lethargically as she sat next to her friend. She played dead for a few minutes before raising her head. Seeing the black bags under her friend's eyes, Amelia furrowed her eyebrows and asked, "You didn't sleep well?"

Tiffany drank the coffee and smiled bitterly. "Don't bring it up. I don't know what's gotten into my mother-in-law these days. It's as though her personality suddenly changed. She brought me shopping every day. Now, whenever I see a fashion boutique, I'd feel ill. She really does hate me to the bone. Why would she come up with new ways to torture me otherwise? But she's my elder, so I can't scold her or do anything to her."

Amelia's eyebrows furrowed even tighter. In a single motion, Tiffany emptied the cup of coffee. "Babe, is there any food for me to eat?" The bitter smile was still present on her face.

"Molly made some pastry. I'll bring them out from the kitchen." Amelia stood up and did precisely that. When the food arrived, Tiffany dug in as though she was a refugee who hadn't eaten anything for years.

Amelia gently patted her back. "Slow down, Tiff."

The moment she said that, Tiffany began to cough violently.

In response, Amelia poured her a cup of water and spoke resignedly. "Look at what you've done to yourself. If people don't know any better, they'll think you're going through a rough patch in your life when all you did was get married."

Tiffany drank the water and forcefully suppressed her urge to cough. "Accompany me for a walk outside, Babe. I'm feeling a little bored. My mother-in-law's attitude changes every day. In one second, she'll berate me. In another, she'll shower me with love. I suspect that she has a split personality. If this goes on, I think I'm going to end up losing my mind."

Amelia nodded.

After both of them went downstairs, Amelia drove her friend around the city.

When the car passed by an alley, the women's sharp eyes caught the sight of Kate, Crystal, and Derrick together.

Crystal was holding Kate's arm as she walked ahead. Meanwhile, Derrick was walking behind. The three of them appeared like a family.

Tiffany's grip on her seatbelt tightened as she bit her lip. Disbelief flashed in her eyes.

She recalled Derrick telling her there was an online novel that needed to be published today, so he had to attend a meeting at the company. And yet, there he was, accompanying Kate and Crystal instead of being in the meeting.

There must be some misunderstanding here. Her mind felt as though it was a whirling mess. There's no way he would lie to me. We are so very much in love!

With trembling hands, she pulled her phone out and called him.

When the call connected, Tiffany asked with a shaky voice, "Are you still in the company, Derrick?"

Hearing Derrick saying "Mhm" faintly made her heart drop all the way to her stomach.

"Is there a reason why you're calling me, Tiff?" he asked tenderly.

Her lips twitched as her line of sight was fixed on the man still following Kate and Crystal. She never expected him to lie to her.

Her mind was so chaotic that she couldn't figure out what to do. Still, she said, "It's nothing. I was just wondering when you'll be getting off work today. How about I deliver

dinner to you later? It's been a while since we ate together at the company. I quite miss it."

Derrick chuckled as he said gently, "No need. I'll just ask my secretary to order takeout for me. You should eat on time. Mom's not at home tonight, so you should use the time to rest. I'll buy you your favorite fruit crepe later tonight."

"All right. In that case, I won't disturb you any longer. Bye." When Tiffany finished speaking, she ended the call with a heavy heart, her eyes still focused on her man in the distance.

Amelia grabbed her hand and unbuckled the seatbelt. "Let's go down, Tiff."

Fear suddenly crept into Tiffany's mind.

She grabbed her friend's hand and shook her head. "Don't, Babe. Not like this."

There was a tinge of disappointment in Amelia's eyes as she stared at her friend. Ever since she married into the Hisson family, she hasn't been as bright and determined as she used to be. It's as if she becomes a timid mouse whenever she deals with matters concerning Derrick. I'm afraid she'll get her feelings hurt, but I also kind of dislike how she refuses to fight back.

Anger continued to swirl in her mind as she watched Derrick and the other two leave further and further away.

"What are you afraid of, Tiff? In the past, you wouldn't have been so fearful." She slapped her steering wheel and spoke with a hint of anger.

Tiffany's face turned a little paler as her eyes gleamed with sorrow.

After a while, she sighed gloomily. "Maybe it's because I love him too much."

However, that didn't quell Amelia's frustration at all. Derrick promised he would treat Tiff nicely. What prompted him to go back on his word? If I knew this was how things would end up, I never would've allowed Tiff to keep contact with Derrick back then.

She uttered flatly, "Maybe this is just a misunderstanding, Tiff. You should ask him about it when he comes home tonight."

There was a dazed look in Tiffany's eyes as she stared out the window. "The call earlier was his chance to explain what he was doing, Babe. However, he decided to lie to me."

Amelia knew married couples should trust and have faith in each other. However, if Derrick truly had nothing to do with Crystal, then he wouldn't have lied to Tiffany about what he was doing.

Upon shaking her head, Tiffany said, "Let's continue to roam around, Babe. I don't want to return to the Hisson residence today. It's awful there, and I don't feel a sense of belonging there. I used to have Derrick, but now even he's lying to me."

With a conflicted look, Amelia glanced at her friend before driving the car.

At that moment, no matter what she said to her friend, it would only fall on deaf ears.

On the other side, Derrick was staring at the women in front of him with annoyance. He was forced to lie to Tiffany because he was afraid she would overthink what he said if he was being truthful. He did have a meeting in the company earlier, but Kate called him later on and told him Crystal was leaving Tayhaven soon. Additionally, she said she would force Crystal to stay if he refused to join them and bid Crystal goodbye.

In order to be free of Crystal, he had no choice but to join them. It also greatly frustrated him that the women kept talking to each other.

"I still have things I need to do at the company, Mom. I need to leave now." He didn't even hide the annoyance in his tone.

Kate turned around to face him. "Crystal's about to leave. You should join us for a meal first. You and Crystal did grow up together, after all."

A frown appeared on his face.

Crystal spoke politely. "No need to be so defensive around me, Derrick. I just want to have a meal with you. Two days from now, I'll be gone from the city."

In the end, Derrick agreed to the request.

After the meal ended, Crystal suggested they go to the amusement park for fun.

By then, his patience was reaching its limits, but he still agreed to that as long as it meant he could get rid of her as soon as possible.

So the three of them went to the amusement park, though Derrick wasn't in the mood at all as he followed behind.

Crystal and Kate had some fun before the latter asked him to hang out with the former. The excuse she used was that she was feeling tired, and someone needed to keep Crystal company.

Without hesitation, he rejected the request, "I'm not interested in any of these, Mom."

Before Kate could say anything, Crystal spoke considerately. "It's fine, Mrs. Hisson. I'm actually not that interested in these either."

"Since you aren't interested, let's leave right now." Derrick appeared utterly displeased.

Thus, the women followed him out of the amusement park.

When the car passed by a cold beverage establishment, Crystal made yet another request. "Mrs. Hisson, Derrick, how about we go there? It may be my last opportunity to enjoy a cold beverage in Tayhaven. I probably won't have the chance to do it after this."

"She's going overseas soon, Derrick. Just do what she wants, okay?" Kate ordered.

With no other choice, Derrick agreed.

Boredom gripped him as he watched them eat and drink.

It wasn't until it was already nighttime that the three of them returned to the Hisson residence.

A housekeeper greeted them and mentioned that Terrence would spend the night at his old war buddy's place after they played chess together.

A crafty look flashed past Kate's eyes. "Very well. You can leave now."

After the housekeeper left, she said, "I'll cook something for you two to eat. You two must be tired after spending time outside all day."

Derrick loosened his tie in irritation. "I'm going to check if Tiff is upstairs."

With a nod, she suggested, "If she's upstairs, ask her if she wants to join us."

Pursing his lips, Derrick didn't answer.

He went upstairs and into the bedroom but didn't see Tiffany there.

Thus, he gave her a call and was informed that her phone had been turned off.

Exasperated, he paced back and forth in the room.

Then he stopped, took a deep breath, and tried calling Amelia but to no avail.

Hence, he called Oscar, and the latter replied, "She's at my place right now, but you don't need to come over. I think she got really tired over the past few days, so she's currently already sleeping with Amelia. When she wakes up, I'll send her back."

Derrick frowned. His sharp senses told him that there was something off about Oscar's tone. "How about I pick her up right now, Mr. Clinton? It must be inconvenient to have her at your place."

Oscar sneered and uttered calmly, "What, you don't believe me?"

Since he insisted, Derrick had no choice but to go along with it. Still, worry swirled in the latter's heart.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 815

### Chapter 815 I Hate You

Derrick didn't want to head downstairs at all, but Kate clearly wasn't going to let him go that easily. As expected, she went upstairs and knocked on his door.

He was already feeling pretty exasperated, so when he was disturbed by his mother, it intensified his frustration.

Upon opening the door, he suppressed his rage and asked, "I've already made plenty of compromises today. What more do you want from me?"

She stared at him, hurt and aggrieved. "Do you think I'm a mother who's only good at upsetting her son, Derrick?"

His eyebrows furrowed at her question.

If Kate had questioned him in a more timid manner, he would have been able to rebut her confidently. However, that clearly wasn't the case, so he couldn't bear to speak harshly.

Rubbing his forehead, Derrick said, "Do you have something you want from me, Mom? If you don't, I'd like to sleep now."

She was holding two cups of milk. "I poured two cups of milk for you and Tiff. You two can sleep after drinking it. I still haven't seen her even though I've already returned for a while. Is she angry with me?"

"No, she's just asleep because she's tired."

Kate furrowed her eyebrows. "Drink the milk first, Derrick. I'm just trying to be nice."

In order to prevent his mother from bothering him further, he had no choice but to drink it.

As she watched her son empty the cup completely, excitement flashed past her eyes.

Kate smiled. "All right, I won't bother you and Tiff any longer, Derrick. I'll head downstairs and talk to Crystal. She's leaving soon, and there's no telling if I can meet her again."

Derrick nodded coldly.

When she went downstairs, Crystal stood up in a hurry and asked, "Did he drink it, Mrs. Hisson?"

A smile was still present on Kate's face. "There's no way he won't if I ask him to. I've already asked the housekeepers. They said Tiffany never came back after she left at noon. So, he's going to be the only person in the house. After a while, go ahead and seize your opportunity. I'll ensure everyone sees you on his bed the next day."

Crystal nodded excitedly. No one's going to be here. It's like the heavens are helping me out. When everyone sees me waking up in Derrick's bed tomorrow, that'll solidify my relationship with him. With Mrs. Hisson's help, I doubt he'll refuse to take responsibility.

No one knew Kate was such a lunatic that she would be willing to set up her son.

Even if Terrence got angry after learning the news, there would be nothing he could do about it.

Kate was confident that if Tiffany saw what Derrick did, she would be so crestfallen that she would leave her son.

After waiting for a while, she said, "I'll take a look at Derrick's condition first before you head upstairs."

Crystal nodded in response and paced back and forth while the older woman checked up on Derrick.

Soon, Kate returned with a smile and nodded at the younger woman. "You can head upstairs now."

Crystal went upstairs and carefully opened the bedroom door. The moment she stepped into the room, she was pushed to the wall by a dark figure.

There was a dazed look in Derrick's eyes as he stared at Crystal and gently rubbed her cheek. He spoke in a soft voice. "I love you so much, Tiff. No matter who shows up around me, the only woman I'll ever love is you."

She gawked at him, standing so close to her, and automatically filtered out everything he was saying.

A look of obsession flashed past her eyes after she gulped. She couldn't help but say, "I've been waiting for you for so long, Derrick. Today, you're finally mine. Don't worry, once you marry me, I'll be a good wife. I promise I'll do even better than Tiffany."

After finishing her sentence, she stood on her toes and kissed him.

Derrick grabbed the back of her head and intensified the kiss as both of them headed toward the bed like conjoined babies.

Amelia and Tiffany sat next to each other on the balcony as they stared at the neon lights outside. The former suggested, "It's getting late, Tiff. I'll ask Oscar to send you back. I think it's probably just a misunderstanding. You should talk about your suspicions with Derrick personally. Blind speculations will only hurt your relationship with him."

With her eyes closed, Tiffany spread her hands and enjoyed the coolness of the breeze. "Okay. Let's go home."

After thinking about the incident for the whole day, she wasn't as upset as she was hours ago. However, if Derrick had told her the truth, she wouldn't have overthought it so much. Babe's right. Rather than coming up with wild speculations, I should just confront him and ask him about it.

Oscar was working on his laptop when he saw the women descending the stairs. He put his laptop down and approached Amelia before glancing at Tiffany. "Derrick called earlier. I told him you're planning to spend the night here."

Tiffany's eyes glimmered at his words.

Amelia requested, "You should send Tiff back, Oscar. I'll worry if she goes back alone."

"She thought things through?" he asked.

"She did."

Oscar nodded. "Okay."

Amelia sent both of them out before Oscar held the back of her head and kissed her for a long while. Envy bubbled in Tiffany's heart as she watched from the side.

She wanted to be that intimate with Derrick too, but the Hisson family was always full of drama. There was almost no place for her there, not with Kate deliberately targeting her all the time. In fact, she had no idea if her marriage with Derrick would last.

Out of nowhere, a bad feeling crashed into her heart, as though something terrible was happening. She could not help but feel like she was at a loss.

After Amelia wrapped up the kiss, she said, "You should send Tiff back now, Oscar."

He nodded.

During the ride, Tiffany stared out the window. "I used to think you don't like me, Oscar. I didn't expect the only people who're willing to help me when I'm in trouble are you and Amelia."

"Don't thank me. I'm doing all this for Amelia," he answered.

He really doesn't care if his good deeds are acknowledged, huh? A smile appeared on her face.

Both of them remained silent for the rest of the journey back to the Hisson residence.

Tiffany unbuckled her seatbelt. "Thanks for the ride. I can head in myself. Tell Amelia that I'm fine and that she doesn't need to worry about me."

Oscar nodded silently.

Just as she was about to exit the vehicle, he said, "Try not to make Amelia worry about you as much in the future. You know she'll do anything to help you, so do your best to get stronger."

She paused before replying, "I know."

After getting down from the vehicle, Tiffany stared at the brightly lit mansion. The unease swirling in her heart was getting more intense, and her heart was thumping louder with each passing second.

Upon taking in a deep breath, she hastily entered the building,

When she did, she saw no one in the mansion at all. The housekeepers, who usually busied about in the hall, had returned to their room to rest, making the space seem depressing and lonesome.

After heading upstairs and arriving at her bedroom, she wanted to open the door. However, she quickly realized the door was left ajar. As she slowly pushed the door open, she heard the sounds coming from within, and it froze her like an ice cube.

It took a long while before she gathered enough courage to open the door. It was then that she saw the two people having an intimate moment on the bed.

Tiffany felt as though a nuclear bomb had gone off inside her head. Her eyes widened, her body shook uncontrollably, and her mind went blank.

After an unknown amount of time had passed, she unwittingly entered the restroom, walked out with a bucket of water, and poured it onto the bed without hesitation.

The two people on the bed returned to their senses after being drenched in water.

The wet Derrick snapped back to reality. When he saw the woman below him, his pupils constricted.

He wanted to leave immediately, but Crystal grabbed him.

Rage, sorrow, and despair could be seen in Tiffany's eyes as she threw the bucket in her hand toward him. With a dull thump, the object landed on his body.

She questioned lividly, "How could you do this to me, Derrick?"

Derrick's body froze as he turned his head around in disbelief. He knew how screwed he was when he saw the despair in her eyes.

Upon rapidly descending the bed, he wanted to hold her hand while still naked, but she dodged him.

Tiffany stared at him as though she was looking at a stranger. She uttered in a miserable tone, "Don't touch me, you filthy man."

Derrick felt as if all the blood in his body was flowing in reverse. His mind was still in total chaos as he had no idea how any of that had happened. Additionally, being caught cheating by Tiffany only further muddled his ability to think

"Listen to me, Tiff. I can explain," he said flatly.

"Explain? How will you explain this? Are you going to tell me nothing happened between you and her at all? Or are you going to tell me you're just doing something every man does—having an affair? I saw what you were doing with my own eyes. It doesn't matter how you explain this situation because it won't change the fact that you had sex with Crystal. I trusted you in the past. Now, I just think you're a filthy man." Anguish could be heard in Tiffany's voice as she glared at him.

After covering herself with the blanket, Crystal tried adding more fuel to the fire by pretending to explain the situation. "Don't get angry, Tiffany. He just thought I was you. The only person in his heart is you. Truly. Don't misunderstand him, okay?"

Tiffany shifted her glare to Crystal before the former abruptly let out a mocking laugh. Even though he said he'd love me for the rest of his life, he's having sex with another woman on our wedding bed. Disgusting! I'm willing to tolerate many things, but betrayal is the only thing I won't stand for. I'm not a tolerant woman. My relationship with Derrick is over.

Derrick glared at Crystal and roared, "Get out!"

With an aggrieved tone, Crystal called out, "Derrick."

The interaction between the two of them made Tiffany's eyes hurt. The fact that she could still stand in the room calmly watching their interaction instead of directly killing them impressed her. She didn't expect her self-control to be that strong. "Don't give me that. You two just had sex. Don't try to act like strangers now that it's over. I'm leaving now. You two should put your clothes on first before coming out of the room."

When she turned around, she noticed many people standing at the entrance due to the commotion. The person leading the crowd was, of course, Kate.

Tiffany's lips twitched before she said, "You got what you wished for, Mrs. Hisson. In the end, he got together with the woman you like. Once I leave, no one will piss you off any longer."

When Kate saw the younger woman's dimmed eyes, it didn't make her as happy as she thought. In fact, she even felt a little bad.

Tiffany stepped past the crowd and headed downstairs.

The housekeepers also left on Kate's orders. She just wanted them to witness the scene so she would have people backing her up when Terrence questioned her later.

After the older woman descended the stairs, she saw Tiffany sitting on the couch, distraught. A glint flashed past her eyes before she sat across from the younger woman.

Derrick changed into his clothing and arrived downstairs with Crystal. He wanted to sit beside Tiffany, but Tiffany refused hollowly, "You and Ms. Halliwell should sit next to Mrs. Hisson. You three are a family. I'm just an outsider. I don't want to get too close because I'm worried I'll disgust myself."

The look in Derrick's eyes darkened.

He was so nervous that he sounded a little incoherent. "I'm not going to explain anything, Tiff. Instead, I'm just going to wait until you calm down before we talk about it. I don't know why things ended up like this, but I promise you that I didn't betray you on purpose. Just give me time to figure out what happened. I promise I'll prove my innocence to you."

Tiffany's mind was still in a state of pandemonium. She raised her head, looking as though she wanted to eat him alive, and twitched the edge of her mouth. With a disappointed voice, she mocked, "You didn't betray me on purpose? So, this was all your plan, huh, Derrick? You wanted me to see you embarrassed?"

Derrick licked his lips as he felt a pain in his throat.

Waving his hand, he spoke agitatedly. "Calm down, Tiff. I really can explain—"

She stood up from the couch, her calm expression turning cold. "No need. I'm leaving now. Tomorrow, I'll come by and talk to you about our divorce. I'm telling you right now that we're through, Derrick. I can't accept a man who betrayed me."

Instantly, Derrick's face turned pale. He looked as though he was a death-row inmate waiting for his punishment.

Derrick stretched out his hand, wanting to touch her, but she avoided it.

"Don't touch me with your filthy hand." Tiffany's body shook in rage. The look in her eyes didn't seem quite right. As she ran out of the building, he followed behind. Kate and Crystal went after them as well.

He tried hugging Tiffany from behind and was surprised when she struggled violently. It was as though she was going crazy.

Concerned about hurting her, he didn't dare to hug her too tightly. Because of that, she was able to break free easily.

Tiffany slapped him and shouted in anguish, "I hate you, Derrick! I'll never forgive you for betraying me!"

When Kate and Crystal saw Derrick being slapped, they exclaimed, "Derrick!"

He was utterly dumbfounded as he couldn't stop hearing Tiffany's hateful words repeating in his mind.

With a sorrowful look, he stared at Tiffany and muttered, "You hate me?"

"Yes, I hate you! I hate you so much! My disgust toward you right now is as deep as my love for you in the past!" She gritted her teeth.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 816

### Chapter 816 On The Verge Of Breaking Up

Tiffany stared at him with heartbreak. "I'm going to leave now. Don't follow me. If you do, I'm afraid I won't be able to resist the urge to kill you."

With that, she left. Nevertheless, Derrick stubbornly tried following her. She ran all the way to the parking lot and into her car. After that, she tried running him over, but he was able to dodge it despite his shock.

Upon catching his breath, he turned in the direction she left and saw her car disappearing from sight.

Without hesitation, he jumped into a car, intending to catch up with her but to no avail as the car just would not start up. It was hard to tell if it was an act of divine intervention.

Thus, he jumped into another car. That one worked, so he chased after her by driving as fast as he could. However, the distance between him and her was too great. When he arrived in the city area, he had already lost her.

Tiffany stopped the car in front of a bar, went in, and asked for lots of alcohol.

Before she could drink, her phone rang.

Her first thought was to shut her phone off. When she noticed it was Amelia who was calling her, she thought about it for a long while before turning her phone off.

She popped open a bottle of beer and guzzled it down. Drops of alcohol flowed out of her mouth and dripped onto her shirt. Soon, her white t-shirt turned wet, unintentionally revealing her seductive figure. It roused the lustful desires of the drunk men in the bar.

They stepped forward, intending to fulfill their desires after she got drunk. Suddenly, they were taken out by mysterious men.

One of them said, "Call Mr. and Mrs. Clinton. Tell them Ms. Winters is drinking here."

The other one nodded and called Amelia before telling her the situation.

When Amelia arrived, she saw Tiffany still drinking even though the latter was in a drunken state. With a frown, she stepped toward her friend, grabbed the bottle in Tiffany's hand, and questioned angrily, "What do you think you're doing, Tiff? Do you want to drink yourself to death?"

It took a while after Tiffany opened her blurry eyes to recognize the person standing in front of her. A silly smile appeared on her face as she said, "Ah, it's you, Babe. Drink with me. I'm feeling very uncomfortable right now, so I'm drinking. You have to drink with me until we're both totally wasted!" She clutched her chest, revealing an expression of pain.

Amelia grabbed the other bottle of alcohol her friend took and continued to question furiously, "What the hell happened, Tiff? Tell me, please. Derrick called me and said you went missing. He sounded very anxious, but he refused to say what happened. Are you two trying to worry me to death?"

Tears streamed down Tiffany's cheeks like waterfalls when Derrick's name was mentioned.

She grabbed another bottle and slapped Amelia's hand away when her friend tried to stop her. Her words slurred. "If you're my friend, you'll drink with me, Amelia. Otherwise, just leave. Derrick and I are through. Boom. Done. Over."

Amelia was stunned. I had a feeling something had happened when Tiff went back to the Hisson residence. However, I didn't expect the situation to be so severe. Did she really break up with Derrick?

Sitting next to her friend, she asked, "Tell me, Tiff. What happened between you and Derrick?"

Tiffany hugged a bottle of alcohol and cried drunkenly. "Our relationship is over! You didn't know, but I saw him having sex with Crystal on our wedding bed. Our wedding bed! Hah... Even though he said he loved me, he still cheated on me."

Her tears streamed down her cheeks even more as she laughed and laughed. "He betrayed me, Babe. Do you know that? I feel so disgusted. I thought I could grow old with him."

Amelia frowned as her heart ached. "You still have me. I promise you, I'll make the Hisson family give you a proper explanation. We have to show them that the women of the Winters family are not to mess with."

Tiffany leaped into her embrace and cried even harder.

Her crying was so loud that it buried every other sound in the bar.

Tears burst out of her eyes endlessly. "I never thought he would cheat on me, Babe, and why did he do it in our wedding room? That was our private space!"

Amelia gently patted her back.

After Tiffany stopped crying, she slowly fell asleep in Amelia's embrace.

Once Amelia asked people to carry Tiffany out, she approached Oscar, who blended in with the crowd in rage. "Can you accompany me to the Hisson residence right now, Oscar?"

He caressed her cheek. "Take it easy. Right now, we need to focus on taking care of Tiffany. We need to know what she thinks before we make our next move. She may blame you for doing something unnecessary if you act rashly."

Upon taking a deep breath, she squeezed a few words out of her mouth. "Let's go outside first before we talk further."

When they all returned to the condominium, Amelia took Tiffany's shoes off and wiped her face with a wet towel. "I'll keep her company tonight, Oscar. You should go back and sleep since you still have work tomorrow. Don't worry, I'll take good care of her."

Oscar thought about it and nodded. "Call me if you need anything."

"Gotcha. You should go rest now."

After he left, Amelia placed a blanket on Tiffany and heard the latter still muttering Derrick's name.

Her heart ached again as she caressed Tiffany's face. "Sleep tight, Tiff. Once you wake up, I'll accompany you to the Hisson residence. You still have me. I won't allow them to get away scot-free after taking advantage of you."

Tiffany was still muttering drunken words in her sleep.

As Amelia listened, she could tell that even after Derrick had betrayed Tiffany, the woman still couldn't forget about him despite how much she claimed to hate him.

Regardless of how the matter concluded, Tiffany would undoubtedly suffer the most.

Once she fell asleep, Derrick called Amelia.

Displeasure flashed past Amelia's eyes as she stared at the name on her phone screen. Still, she picked up the phone.

"Is Tiff at your side, Amelia? Did you find her?" Derrick asked anxiously. "I can explain everything, so please put her on the phone. I can't lose her. Never once did I think about betraying her, much less divorce her!"

The look in Amelia's eyes turned cold. "But you still betrayed her, didn't you?"

Silence was all she heard from the other end.

"You promised me you wouldn't hurt or disappoint Tiff, Derrick. She changed a lot in order to blend into your family better so you wouldn't be stuck in a difficult position. She did it for you, but you still let her down. Since you don't appreciate her, I'll find her a better man. This is the third strike, so you're out. I'll never let her be with a man who cheated on her." Amelia sounded like she was a referee who had decided to kick a player out of the game.

Derrick remained silent for a while before saying, "I know Tiff is there, so I'll go there right away. I need to have a proper conversation with her. You don't want her to divorce me with a knot in her heart, do you?"

Amelia hesitated but still relented. "She's drunk now, so come here tomorrow. You've hurt her too many times, so it's time to end things. I don't want her to go back to the Hisson residence anymore. Believe me, the Clinton family has the power to help her out."

A drawn-out silence ensued.

After that, he replied tiredly, "I'll come and find her tomorrow. Please take care of her."

Amelia responded by hanging up the phone.

The next day, when she opened the door for Derrick, she saw that he had bloodshot eyes and an unshaven beard. That quelled her rage a little as she made way for him to step in. "Come in."

He walked in and asked, "Where's Tiff?"

"She's not awake yet. You should wait downstairs." She then went into the kitchen and brought some food for him to eat. "You should eat something. It seems like you didn't get any sleep last night."

A bitter smile formed on his face. "I brought this upon myself"

Amelia crossed her arms. "Eat first, talk later. I'm afraid Tiff may lose control and hurt you later."

Bitterness and despair were visible in his expression. "I'd rather she beat me up, even if I end up with a broken bone. I'm more afraid she won't."

She understood what he meant. If Tiffany could not even be bothered to hit him, it meant there was no longer any love left in her heart for him.

Both of them sat there silently.

The awkwardness lasted for a few minutes before Amelia asked, "You slept with Crystal?"

Derrick froze, and the look in his eyes darkened. His silence was his affirmation.

She sneered. I thought Tiff was just spouting nonsense because she was angry and drunk last night. I should've realized she wasn't lying about him doing that. After all, she wouldn't have lost control to that degree if he hadn't done something truly unforgivable.

"Since you've done that, I think your relationship with Tiff is truly over, Derrick. Better to part ways on good terms with her. No matter what happens to her in the future, you're not getting involved in her matters." Amelia went straight to the point.

His expression darkened as he aimed his bloodshot eyes at her. He tightened his fists as his chest rose and fell. "She's my wife. I won't divorce her."

"Did that thought cross your mind when you betrayed her?"

There was silence from Derrick again.

"I thought you were a good man, Derrick. It turns out you're just as bad as most men, greedy and lustful. You don't deserve Tiff because of that alone."

He abruptly stood up. "I want to see Tiff upstairs."

The moment he finished speaking, a pillow landed on his head.

Both Derrick and Amelia raised their heads simultaneously before seeing Tiffany standing next to the railing. Her face still had the pallor of a hangover.

He quickly stepped toward Tiffany, wanting to get closer to her, but was afraid to see the rejection in her eyes.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 817

Chapter 817 Taking A Stance

Tiffany gazed at him with barely concealed grief in her eyes. "Have you brought the divorce agreement?" she asked. "I can sign it now." Derrick clenched his fists to suppress his tumultuous despair. "Let's talk about it, Tiff."

Tiffany shook her head. Her face was pale and bloodless. "There's nothing to talk about," she said somewhat dispiritedly. "I saw you and Crystal yesterday with my own eyes. That's when I knew we were completely over. I don't want to guess the nature of your relationship with her. There is no longer a chance between us."

The hangover made her body feel weak. In addition to Derrick's betrayal, everything seemed bleak and bland. Tiffany felt sluggish and wanted nothing but to find a quiet spot to sit.

Derrick was the person she was most unwilling to see at the moment. He took a step forward, but Tiffany raised a hand to stop him. "Don't come any closer. I hope we can split up amicably. Even if we get a divorce, I don't want to hate you."

Derrick was beside himself with frustration. He was like a caged beast desperate to rid itself of its predicament. A single mistake pretty much destroyed my marriage.

"I'm begging you, Tiff," Derrick said quietly, his eyes tinged red. "Let's talk about it. We've been together for years. Are you really just going to break things off with me?"

Tiffany laughed bitterly. "Why didn't you think about all our years together when you touched her?"

Derrick was rendered speechless. He could not tell her he had no idea how he and Crystal got involved. The last thing he remembered was drinking Kate's glass of milk. He knew a woman had entered after that, which he thought was Tiffany. He also assumed that was who she was when he pushed her against the wall. He vaguely remembered the feeling of being with her, but he only realized that the woman with him was not his wife when he was roused by having water splashed onto his face. Then, he saw Tiffany standing by and felt his world spin.

Tiffany's angry demand for a divorce diverted Derrick's mental resources to grasp the strangeness of the ordeal, but he could not resist a shudder upon further consideration of the matter; he did not dare believe his mother would set him up.

Tiffany passed him to go downstairs, but he grabbed her wrist.

"If I told you that I had been set up, would you believe me, Tiff?" he asked quietly.

Tiffany turned to face him. "Does that matter now?" She had already found him guilty in her heart, and she would not believe him no matter how he explained himself.

A bitter smile appeared on Derrick's lips.

"You really won't believe me, huh?"

Tiffany said nothing and retracted her arm as an answer.

She then went down the stairs and gave Amelia a small smile. "I'm sorry for causing a scene again, Babe. I'd promised you that I would be happy once I got married, but it didn't take long for my marriage to end in shambles. What do I do? Do you think I'm born to be a loser?"

Amelia felt sorry for her best friend. "Don't smile if you don't want to," she said softly. "You look horrible."

Tiffany's eyes grew red despite herself. "Send the person upstairs off for me, Babe," she choked. "I'll look for something to eat in the kitchen. I'm starving."

Amelia nodded.

Tiffany entered the kitchen while Derrick remained rooted to the spot like a pole.

Amelia sighed. These two are destined to suffer.

She went up the stairs and called, "Go on home first, Derrick. I'll bring Tiff over when she's feeling better, and you can sign the divorce agreement on good terms then. You wouldn't be happy if you forced yourselves to remain together. I'm sure this is what Tiff wanted."

Derrick stared at her in a daze. "Are you not going to help me with this, Amelia?" he said wearily.

She shook her head. "I'm not planning to. You have committed an unforgivable mistake. Maybe other women would let it slide, but Tiff is willful. She does not tolerate infidelity."

The sparkle in Derrick's eyes went out. "I won't give up," he said bitterly. "I will beg for her forgiveness." At that, he turned and walked out with his back straight, though Amelia could see how pained he was.

She shook her head and felt a weight in her heart.

Tiffany is going through what happened to me three years ago. I wonder if she would be able to handle it. Nothing can change her mind if she decides to go through with a divorce.

Amelia returned to the kitchen to see Tiffany standing blankly before the pot without a crumb before her.

"You can't be full from inhaling air, Tiff," Amelia chided as she opened the lid and took out the breakfast Molly had prepared earlier that day.

Tiffany gave a start and turned to Amelia as she forced a smile. "Has he left?"

"He's gone," Amelia assured. "Are you planning to divorce him?"

"What else can I do? I saw with my own eyes how he got involved with another woman in our marital bed. I', heartbroken, and I suddenly feel so tired that I no longer wish to struggle." Tiffany took a bun from the plate and ate slowly. Her gaze was blank.

Amelia dragged her friend out by the hand, forced her onto the couch, and half-knelt before the latter.

"Are you not going to give him a chance to explain himself?" she asked gently.

Tiffany shook her head. Her smile looked more like a grimace.

Having exited the kitchen without taking anything, she sat listlessly on the couch instead.

Amelia followed her out, at a loss on how to comfort her friend.

"If you've made up your mind, Tiff, I'll go with you to the Hisson residence," Amelia offered.

Tiffany clutched her head with both hands. "Thank you, Babe," she said in a muffled voice. "But I would like to stay for a few days before returning to adjust to the situation. Otherwise, I fear I may go crazy."

"Of course."

Throughout the five days of Tiffany's stay, Derrick came with her favorite food every day.

“Stop coming over, Derrick,” Amelia said exasperatedly each time she opened the door. “Tiff does not want to see you. Go home.”

“I just want to talk to her,” Derrick insisted.

Amelia stood squarely at the door, not intending to grant Derrick entry.

Just then, Oscar emerged and hugged Amelia from behind. “Go home, and stop coming over. I’ve hired the best lawyer for Tiff, who will meet you to talk about the divorce. He will also be discussing the division of property with you, so there is no need for you to show up here anymore.”

Derrick felt a fist closing painfully around his heart.

“You’re a man too, Oscar. You must understand how I feel. I have made a mistake, but not to the extent beyond redemption. I don’t want my fate sealed without even giving her an explanation. Let me see her. I want to talk to her properly about it.” Derrick gazed earnestly at Oscar.

Tiffany’s request for divorce had been tormenting him for the past few days. Dark circles appeared beneath his eyes, and his beard grew straggled. His cheeks became sunken in and gave one the impression of extreme despair.

His wretched appearance seemed to move Oscar. In the end, he half-dragged Amelia to stand aside.

She glanced up inquiringly at him, but he merely shook his head at her.

Derrick entered, promptly went up the stairs, and lightly opened the door to the guest room to find Tiffany sitting quietly by the window. The silhouette of her back looked especially morose.

He walked over as his heart twinged.

“Tiff,” he called out softly.

Tiffany jumped and hurriedly raised her hands to wipe her eyes.

Surprised, Derrick strode over to grab Tiffany’s shoulders and discovered tear stains on her face.

"Have you been crying?" His heart ached, and he tried to wipe her tears, but she avoided his gesture by taking three steps backward.

"What are you doing here?" she asked stiffly.

Derrick felt his heart lurch. "Don't be like this, Tiff. Please?" he pleaded.

Tiffany pursed her lips. "How would you like me to behave, then? I don't want to argue with you, Derrick. I've had Oscar hire the best divorce attorney in the city for me, who will discuss the divorce with you on my behalf. As for the division of property, you don't have to give me a dime."

The anguish in Derrick's eyes was about to spill forth.

"Is this really how it ends, Tiff?" he croaked.

Tiffany averted his gaze. She feared her resolve would falter if she saw how dejected he looked.

"You have tarnished our marriage, Derrick," Tiffany murmured. "I'm just putting an end to it."

Derrick dashed over to hug Tiffany. He could not hold back his tears anymore. "I'm begging you, Tiff," he cried. "Give me another chance. I did not intend to touch Crystal. It really was a misunderstanding. I don't even know how I got involved with her. I feel horrible when you treat me like a stranger."

Tiffany remained stiff and still in his arms. "Stop this, Derrick," she said quietly. "We could still be friends even if we get a divorce."

Derrick let go of her and met her serenity with confusion.

"Do I really not have a chance to redeem myself?" he asked hoarsely.

Tiffany shook her head.

Derrick gazed at her for a while before falling unexpectedly to his knees before her.

Startled, Tiffany took a step back and instinctively reached out to help him up, but her hand froze in midair. She quietly retracted it the next second.

Derrick glanced up. "You wouldn't give me a chance even when I'm on my knees, Tiff?"

Tiffany gazed at him with a complex mix of emotions flashing in her eyes. Suddenly, she knelt down as well.

“Stop forcing me, Derrick,” she said softly as she lowered her gaze.

Derrick looked at her and let loose a sudden laugh that sent tears streaming down his cheeks.

“I always thought I understood you, Tiff. I never thought you would be crueler than I imagined. I’ve only made one mistake, and you sentenced our marriage straight to death without even giving me a chance to redeem myself. It seems that our four-year-long relationship meant nothing to you.”

Tiffany wept silently.

Derrick stood up and left, slamming the door shut behind him.

Only then did Tiffany crumble to the floor and stared at the door in a daze until Amelia pushed open the door and entered. She half-knelt before Tiffany, whose tears began flowing unbidden.

Amelia held her tenderly in her arms. “Let it out,” she soothed. “We’ll go to the Hisson residence after you feel better. It’s all right. Just get a divorce if you can’t see past this. You were by my side during my divorce back then, and I will be here for you during your divorce this time. So don’t be afraid.”

Tiffany grabbed Amelia’s arm and bawled her heart out, shedding every tear she had and would ever have.

She became so frail that it gave Amelia the impression that she would be unable to hold on.

Fortunately, she was able to step out from her pain slowly after ten days of despondency. Or so she appeared.

That was when Amelia and Oscar accompanied her to the Hisson residence.

Aside from Terrence and Kate, many of the Hissons were also present. Over twenty people were gathered at the hall as if awaiting a trial.

Tiffany could not resist a grim smile. These people would not miss a chance to see me make a fool of myself.

Derrick came down the stairs as Tiffany gazed up and coincidentally met his eyes. Her eyes flashed with emotion.

Derrick had grown thinner. His cheeks had sunken to an alarming degree, and his facial hair was more unkempt than ever. An air of utter misery had replaced his handsome confidence.

Tiffany felt awful seeing him that way, and she could not understand how their marriage had gotten to such a state.

Their wedding vows still rang in her ears. Derrick had promised to love and cherish her for the rest of his life, yet their marriage had collapsed within a year.

She had failed as a woman by not keeping an eye on her husband and pushing him into the arms of another woman.

Derrick hobbled over, and his lovesick gaze fell onto her. "You came," he said quietly.

Tiffany quickly averted his gaze and closed her eyes to hold back the tears that were about to fall.

Derrick watched her, not intending to miss her expression.

Amelia put her arm around Tiffany's shoulder. "Let's go and take a seat over there, Tiff."

Tiffany nodded.

As soon as the two women turned around, Derrick grabbed Tiffany's wrist.

"Don't go, Tiff. Please?" Derrick begged.

Tiffany did not turn around.

Instead, it was Amelia who turned to look at him. "Many people are watching, Derrick. Don't make things difficult for Tiff, all right?"

Derrick stared at Tiffany's back instead of responding.

Oscar then stepped forward and pried Derrick's hand open, to which Derrick increased his grip to contend with his. A hint of plea appeared in his eyes.

Oscar leaned in to whisper in Derrick's ear, "Be a man. Don't embarrass yourself in front of people for a woman."

Derrick let go of Tiffany's hand at last.

Amelia brought Tiffany to sit on another couch. Thanks to Oscar's presence, she did not feel nervous as she face the vast Hisson clan.

Terrence addressed Tiffany, "I heard how Derrick has let you down, Tiff, and I have taught him a lesson on your behalf. Men would commit grave mistakes during their process to maturity, but as long as his heart remains true to you, I think this is a forgivable matter."

Amelia gave Tiffany's hand a squeeze as she faced Terrence and gave a polite smile. "You may think of your grandson's mistake as something every man will make in his life, Mr. Hisson, but Tiffany has been brought up in a normal family. She is stubborn by nature and insists on her husband's fidelity. Although it may seem foolish to you, I will support her in whatever decision she makes. Naturally, Oscar is on my side."

Terrence's expression changed greatly at that.

"Are you going to cast me aside because of Derrick's mistake, Tiff?" Terrence implored after taking a deep breath and facing Tiffany.

Tiffany took a deep breath as well before meeting Terrence's inquiring gaze. "You have been good to me ever since I married into the Hisson family, Granddad," she said calmly. "However, Derrick and I are not fated for each other. I only came here today to discuss the divorce with him. Do take care of yourself in the future."

Terrence's expression shifted again.

"I have already arranged for Crystal to be escorted out of the Hisson residence and have met with the Halliwells to explain Derrick's mistake. I guarantee he will not have anything to do with Crystal again. So please, do this for me. Forgive him this one time, will you?" Terrence pleaded, appearing to have set his pride aside.

Tiffany lowered her gaze. Nobody could tell what she was thinking at the moment.

Terrence observed her. "Are you not going to consider it, Tiff?"

Her eyes flickered with a myriad of emotions as she struggled with herself. Although she claimed to hate Derrick and was determined to get a divorce, she missed him. She was deeper in love with him than she realized.

Finally, she spoke. "I'm sorry, Granddad. Let me think about it a little longer. My mind is a mess right now."

Terrence was visibly relieved while delighted surprise lit Derrick's eyes. Kate's face, however, flushed momentarily with fury.

Terrence gave an easy laugh. "Good girl. I know you love Derrick, and I guarantee he will not make the same mistake again. You are the only granddaughter-in-law I approve of, and I will break his legs if he ever wrongs you again."

Everybody present was aware that Terrence behaved that way for Oscar's sake.

Only fools would dare offend Clinton Corporation.

Tiffany pursed her lips. "I'll be heading home then, Granddad. Let me calm down over the next few days, and I'll give you an answer."

"All right."

Amelia helped Tiffany up and turned to leave.

Terrence called out to Oscar, "Derrick has been foolish to make the mistake all men make, Oscar. Teach him a lesson for me at your leisure. Consider it making up to Tiff."

Oscar turned around and smiled. "I will gladly oblige to your request, Mr. Hisson, but now's not the time." With that, he and Amelia marched their way out, looking very much like Tiffany's guardian angels.

Derrick got to his feet and scrambled after them.

"Get back here, Derrick!" Kate yelled in a panic.

Derrick ignored his mother while Terrence glared at her. "Set whatever scheme you have aside, Kate. You will not remain in the Hisson residence if Derrick and Tiffany get a divorce."

Kate's expression hardened, but she did not dare cause any trouble before Terrence.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 818

## Chapter 818 Unreachable

Derrick went after them and called out to Tiffany's departing figure, causing her to freeze while a complicated glint arose in her eyes. "Go on, Tiff," Amelia coaxed. "You should talk things through with him properly."

Tiffany pondered for a long while before nodding. Amelia and Oscar stood tactfully aside as Derrick quickly arrived before Tiffany and gazed lovingly at her. "Can I assume that there's a chance you might forgive me based on what you said in there, Tiff?" he asked expectantly, though he appeared afraid of her answer.

Tiffany sighed and gazed up at him. "I don't know if I would ever forgive you, but I know for certain that I can't take you back like none of this ever happened." Derrick saw a glimmer of hope.

"It's all right," he said at once. "I'm willing to wait however long it takes, as long as you'll forgive me. Crystal and I are not what you think. I'm not making excuses for myself since I have indeed done wrong, but I only have you in my heart."

Tiffany gazed deeply at him and gave a bitter smile. She did not know which of Derrick's words were genuine and which were not, and she wanted to ask if his vows were so cheap that he had violated them less than a year into their marriage.

However, she swallowed the urge to say those things. It no longer matters whether or not I asked him.

"I'm heading back. I want to straighten my thoughts. So don't come over in the next few days. I can't think rationally when I see you," Tiffany declared, deliberately lowering her eyes to avoid looking at Derrick's anticipatory ones.

Despite how much she had once loved him, she felt disgusted at what Derrick had become and could not bring herself to believe he loved her.

Derrick grabbed her hand, but she shook him off as if she had touched something foul.

His gaze dimmed.

"I'm leaving." Tiffany turned to leave without another word.

Derrick gazed longingly after her departing silhouette got into the car, which sped off soon after.

He clenched his fists slowly as his heart twinged with guilt. I have single-handedly destroyed the trust between us. I'm sorry, Tiff.

Tiffany gazed listlessly out the window at the scenery racing past. Amelia was worried sick about her friend's state.

"What are you thinking of, Tiff?" she asked at last.

Tiffany jumped. She turned around and faced Amelia, disoriented.

Amelia sighed. "Why don't you take a nap? You haven't been sleeping well for the past few days. There are dark circles beneath your eyes, you know?"

Tiffany obediently shut her eyes.

Amelia gazed at her friend, plagued by an anxious feeling she could not quite shake off.

When they arrived home, she woke Tiffany up. The woman opened her eyes which had lost all of their lusters.

"I'm going up to sleep, Amelia," Tiffany announced when the trio entered the house. "Don't worry about me, I'm fine. I'll feel better once I wake up."

Amelia was about to say something but thought the better of it.

Tiffany locked the door immediately after entering her room.

Amelia gazed at the shut door from down the stairs and turned helplessly to her husband. "What do we do, Oscar? Tiff looks more hurt than I expected. I'm afraid she wouldn't recover from this ordeal."

Oscar touched her cheek. "Don't worry. I'll speak with her soon. I don't think she's as weak as you think."

Amelia nodded.

The pair conversed downstairs for nearly two hours before Oscar went up the stairs and knocked on the door to no avail.

"I'm coming in, Tiffany," he called. There was no response from within. He turned the knob but found it locked from the inside.

He then procured a key and unlocked the door. The first thing he saw was Tiffany standing fixedly by the window.

His gaze darkened as he walked over.

Tiffany turned around. She pursed her lips when she saw it was him. "I thought you were Amelia."

Oscar sat down on the couch, looking business-like.

Tiffany walked over and joined him.

"Did Amelia ask you to come?" she asked.

Oscar nodded. "Yes. Amelia's very worried about you, so I came up to check on you. You've been wasting away for close to half a month, and it's time you got your act together."

Tiffany glanced at him. "I'm bothering you guys, aren't I?"

"Yes, you are. I'm willing to help you because you're Amelia's best friend, but I have no obligation to help a hopeless case who refuses to help herself," Oscar said firmly. "I'll give you another three days. I hope you'll pull yourself together by then."

Tiffany pursed her lips.

Subtlety was never Oscar's strong suit, but she could not fault him as he was right. She had not been herself as of late, and it had obviously disrupted Oscar's life with Amelia.

Tiffany nodded. "I understand."

The following day, she came to say goodbye to Amelia.

"You're going on a vacation? Where to? Did Oscar say something unpleasant to you?" Amelia asked in a panic.

Tiffany shook her head. "Calm down, Babe. I want to take a trip to clear my head. Ever since I became a freelance novelist, I have been writing non-stop for the past few years without going on a holiday. Now's as good a time as any."

Amelia gazed doubtfully at her.

Tiffany smiled. "Don't worry, Babe. You know nothing can get me down. It's about time I pulled myself out of my stupor. I'll give the matter between me and Derrick closure when I return."

Accommodating her friend was the only thing Amelia could do.

After packing several sets of clothes, Tiffany was ready to leave.

Amelia reluctantly sent her to the airport. "Call me once you arrive at Yaleview," she reminded Tiffany anxiously. "You must be reachable every hour of the day, and you must pick up whenever I call you, or I'll call the police. Also, you must have regular meals no matter where you are. Be kind to your belly."

"You're becoming a naggy old lady, Babe," Tiffany teased, amused. "I'm grown-up enough to know how to take care of myself."

Amelia opened her mouth again but decided to leave her words unsaid.

"I'll be going through security check now. You and Oscar should head on back." Tiffany waved her hand and walked through the metal detectors looking as if she did not have a care in the world.

Amelia gazed at her best friend and only looked away after she disappeared from sight.

"Did you say something to Tiff yesterday, Oscar?" she asked after returning to the car and fastening her seat belt.

"I only told her to pull herself together as she was worrying you by being dejected. It wouldn't do her marriage with Derrick any good either," Oscar explained. "I can have somebody bring her back if you think what I did was wrong."

Amelia shook her head.

"That's not what I meant, Oscar. Forget it. It's good for her to be out and about, I guess. Perhaps this trip would open her mind and make her feel less strongly about Derrick's affair."

Oscar glanced sideways at her.

"Don't overthink it, Amelia. This is her personal problem. You can give your opinions, but it's best not to be too involved. Although she looks fine now, there might come a day when she will hate you for it."

Amelia was rendered speechless, aghast at his words.

“Forget it,” Oscar continued. “Just think of me as a pessimist. Regardless, she must be the one to work through the matter between her and Derrick, or any words of help you have for her would be useless.”

“I understand.”

Oscar drove them home, and life went back to normal for Amelia.

Unexpectedly, Tiffany stopped responding five days after her departure. She was also unreachable via phone or any of her social media. Driven to despair, Amelia even called the police.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 819

### Chapter 819 Another Misunderstanding

Derrick came to a stop in front of Amelia, huffing and puffing. “What did you mean when you said Tiff had gone missing, Amelia? Wasn’t she with you the entire time? How could she have disappeared? Is this some kind of a sick joke?”

Amelia was similarly frustrated. “I wish it was a joke too. Tiff said she was going on a trip, but she hasn’t answered any of my calls or texts on WhatsApp. It’s as if she’s vanished from the face of the earth. I’ve filed a police report,” she replied agitatedly.

Panic assailed his thoughts, and he paced around, clasping his head with both hands. “Why didn’t anyone inform me she went on a trip? She could have yelled at me or hit me for making a mistake. Why did she have to punish me in such a cruel way?” Derrick said in a frenzy.

Rage seethed within Amelia as she looked at him. She spat, “Tiff wouldn’t have turned out this way if you hadn’t cheated on her. This is all your fault.”

He froze, his eyes filled with anguish and pain.

“Yes, it’s all on me. Tiff wouldn’t be in this situation if it weren’t for me.” He wrapped his hands around his head in distress.

If he could turn back time, he would keep his distance from Crystal and stay strangers from the beginning.

Amelia was taken aback to see him on the verge of a breakdown.

"Derrick, stop it," she coaxed.

He started hitting himself on the head, and she called for Oscar.

Oscar came over with swift strides and grabbed Derrick by his collar, lifting him off the floor and throwing a few punches to his midriff.

Derrick let out a groan, the pain overriding the flood of emotions, and his sanity slowly returned.

He raised his hand to wipe the corner of his mouth and looked at Oscar. "Thank you for the wake-up punches, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar loosened his grip and replied, "As a man, you should be thinking about how to find your woman after she has disappeared, not throwing a fit here. Learn to clean up your mess and quit blaming others like a wimp since you are to blame in this situation."

Derrick smiled ruefully. "Got it."

He used his resources to search for Tiffany but to no avail. Just as everyone was bracing for the worst, she appeared unexpectedly before them. In fact, she was fine, save for being a little tanned and slimmer.

Amelia stilled before blurting, "Tiff?"

Derrick lurched toward Tiffany unsteadily like an injured leopard, gathering her in his arms and crying, "You're back, Tiff. Don't scare me like that again, or you might send me into an early grave. Please stop doing this to me."

Her body stiffened as he held her close, and she could even feel his tears soaking her clothes.

He tightened his arms around her as if he was trying to absorb her into his being.

"I'm sorry, Tiff. Please don't ever scare me like that again. Punish me however you like, but please don't disappear on me, or I'll go crazy," Derrick sobbed.

Men usually only cried when the soft spots in their hearts were triggered.

Tiffany was shocked to feel genuine tears from him. She slowly lifted her hand and hesitated before resting it against his back.

A shudder stole over Derrick's body when he felt her touch, and he enveloped her tighter to him.

"Tiff, Tiff," he mumbled in a low voice.

Both of them stood in each other's embrace for a long time before pulling away.

Tiffany wiped her eyes in embarrassment under Derrick's ardent gaze.

Amelia came forward to draw her in for a hug without prolonging the awkward moment. "Everything's fine now that you're back, but don't do that again."

Tiffany returned the hug and said, "I'm sorry. I won't do that again."

Four of them took each corner of the couches.

Tiffany began to tell them what had happened. Only then did Amelia and the rest find out that Tiffany had followed a guided tour into the forest and gotten lost. They went in circles for a long time before coming across a local just when they thought their fate was sealed. The local showed them the way out, and Tiffany bought a plane ticket home after bidding goodbye to her tourmates, hoping to reunite with Amelia as soon as possible. The rest was history.

Amelia shot Tiffany a wry look. "Why didn't you call us after getting out of the forest? We almost went insane looking for you."

"Sorry, I lost my phone in the woods. We had no signal in there at all," Tiffany replied apologetically. "It won't happen again."

Amelia shook her head. "Nothing matters as long as you're back safe and sound."

Tiffany smiled.

Amelia signaled Oscar to leave the room with her, giving Tiffany and Derrick some privacy.

Derrick got down on one knee in front of Tiffany and raised his head, pleading, "Forgive me, Tiff. I'll accept any penance, truly, but please don't ever put yourself in danger. I can't bear it."

She gave him a perplexed look, revulsion still lingering in the pit of her stomach. Thus, she couldn't agree with him at that moment.

"Give me two more days, and I'll give you my answer," she responded.

Delight shone in his eyes as he grabbed her hands and exclaimed, "Will you really forgive me, Tiff?"

She withdrew her hands and looked away, avoiding his intense gaze before giving him the boot. "You should go."

Derrick didn't want to risk upsetting her and quickly said, "Sure, I'll take my leave, then. Get some rest, and I'll look for you in two days."

Having said that, he left in a hurry.

Tiffany pursed her lips and heaved a sigh.

She went downstairs and saw Amelia and Oscar watching TV with their hands around each other. Her heart clenched with envy at the sight of them.

She stood on the landing and quietly observed them for a long time before Amelia noticed her. "Why are you standing there, Tiff?"

Tiffany snapped out of her reverie and walked over to them.

"Sorry for making you worried, Babe." She sank into the other couch.

"All's good as long as you're back safely." Amelia poured her a cup of coffee and continued, "You should have given things some thought after disappearing for a few days. I see you still have feelings for Derrick. Do you intend to forgive him?"

Tiffany lowered her gaze and murmured, "I don't know. Maybe I'll have an answer two days later."

Amelia tactfully refrained from asking more questions.

Tiffany drove to Derrick's office two days later. As soon as she stepped out of the elevator, his secretary intercepted her with a flustered expression.

"What brings you here, Mrs. Hisson? I haven't seen you around in a while," the secretary asked with a glint in her eyes.

Something clicked in Tiffany's head as she looked at her. Tiffany's gaze cooled, and she asked, "Is someone in Mr. Hisson's office?" Specifically, a woman who was intimate with him.

"No, yes. Mr. Hisson is in a business meeting. Mrs. Hisson, would you like to wait a moment before going in?" The secretary rambled, "Or I could make you a hot cup of coffee. It's nice, I promise."

Tiffany nodded. "Sure."

"I think you should come with me, Mrs. Hisson. I'm not sure what your preference is."

"Okay."

The secretary visibly sighed with relief and led the way. Tiffany snuck away toward the office while she was unaware.

"Mrs. Hisson..." Tiffany had pushed the door open before the secretary could finish her sentence, and the scene that greeted her made her burst out laughing.

Crystal was laughing heartily while sprawled atop Derrick. It was a scene straight out of a romance novel, and Tiffany didn't think she would see it play out in real life.

"Excuse me for interrupting such a private moment. Carry on, I'll leave now." Tiffany waved her hand and very thoughtfully shut the door.

"Mrs. Hisson," the secretary said in a panic.

"That was a pretty spectacular show, and I'm satisfied, but my novel doesn't need such a scene," Tiffany joked and left with the click-clack of her heels without looking back.

Derrick caught up with her as soon as she was inside the elevator and watched as the doors slid shut.

He could feel the blood coursing through his body, and his brain started pounding painfully. Running to the other elevator, he pressed the button and waited anxiously.

Crystal ran up to him with disarrayed clothes and seized his hand, begging, "Don't do this to me, Derrick."

Her mannerism and plaintive voice made him sick to the stomach.

Crystal's disheveled state could cause anyone's imagination to run wild. She even seemed like one of the typical second female leads who feuded with the female leads in television dramas. As melodramatic as it seemed, desperately bored viewers would still enjoy watching a catfight.

Derrick slapped her across the face and snapped, "I know you're shameless, but know your limits. You disgust me." The elevator doors opened, and he entered.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 820

### Chapter 820 Facing Off

Crystal stood rooted to the spot with resentment flashing in her eyes. Derrick, you think I'm shameless? Fine, I'll make sure your marriage with Tiffany falls apart. You deserve it for looking down on me. I'll turn you into a pathetic fool.

With that thought in mind, anger boiled within Crystal. Her expression darkened after she felt the strange gazes on her from the surrounding people. With a glare, she spat, "Why are you looking at me? Stop staring!" With that said, she strode off proudly with her head held high.

Meanwhile, Derrick took the elevator down and caught up with Tiffany nervously. Then, he tried to explain himself. "Tiff, listen to me. It's not what you think it is."

Tiffany did not shake off Derrick's hand. Instead, she looked at him calmly and said, "Derrick, I've given you many chances. So I don't want to listen to your excuses anymore. It's repulsive. I wish for a blissful life for you and Ms. Halliwell in advance. Please have a lifetime of happiness and have a lovely baby together."

Anxious, Derrick grabbed her hand tightly and said, "Tiff, don't do this to me. I can explain. If you don't believe what I say, you can check the security footage for today. You'll believe in my words after you watch them."

Tiffany gazed at him intently with a deep sense of exhaustion in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, but I don't want to watch any footage. I'll appoint a lawyer to proceed with our divorce. After our divorce, I won't take a dime from you. So you don't have to worry about that." Tiffany wanted to pull back her hand after saying that. However, Derrick tightened his grip.

In response to that, she said placidly, "Let go of me. There's no point in doing this. Let's end things on good terms."

With a pull, Derrick held Tiffany in his arms and hugged her tightly in his embrace. It was as if he didn't want to get separated from her.

"No, Tiff. You said you'll forgive me. Don't take back your words now. I've never begged anymore before, but I'm begging you now. Please, just watch the footage. If I did anything to hurt you, I promise I'll get a divorce right away."

Without a word, Tiffany stood still in Derrick's arms like a piece of wood.

Derrick's heart lurched when he saw Tiffany behaving this way. He brought her to the car and buckled her up. Then, he cupped her cheeks and pleaded, "Please, Tiff. Don't act coldly toward me. You have no idea how scared I am when you do this. Please, I'm begging you."

Tiffany blinked before looking straight at Derrick. Then, she pursed her lips.

"We're done, Derrick," she said decisively. This time, it was completely over between them.

Derrick's face went pale abruptly, and he lost whatever strength was left in his arms. Unwittingly, he let go of Tiffany's arm.

Tiffany continued, "Take good care of yourself in the future. Let's go to the City Hall to go through the divorce procedures when you have time. Otherwise, I'll ask an expert to handle this."

With that, she turned and left.

Derrick stayed at the same spot while staring blankly at Tiffany's retreating figure. The only thing on his mind was that he was doomed.

Meanwhile, Crystal stood not far from where Derrick was and looked at him until he turned around. The two locked eyes. After meeting his gaze, Crystal flashed a faint smirk and walked toward him.

“Has Tiffany left, Derrick?”

Derrick clenched his fists tightly and quickly threw a punch at Crystal under the horrified eyes of the nearby employees. Being a pampered daughter of a prominent family, Crystal was caught off guard and was sent flying away by Derrick’s punch in an instant.

She fell to the ground as Derrick walked toward her intimidatingly. Terrified, she hurriedly scrambled back. At this moment, she was scared that Derrick would lose his cool and kill her.

“Help! Mr. Hisson is going to kill me! Stop him now!” Crystal screamed her head off just before Derrick threw another punch at her face.

The next moment, Crystal’s shrieks rang through the whole lobby. Derrick changed the direction of his punch and snapped her arm instead.

The people watching them eventually realized the seriousness of the situation and stepped forward to try to hold back Derrick, who was in a rage. However, they didn’t expect him to act like a manic lion out of control, and nobody could stop him.

While the people were trying to stop Derrick, Crystal took the opportunity to get up and run off. Upon seeing her action, Derrick blew his top.

Like a mad lion, Derrick quickly chased after Crystal. She would have been killed or heavily wounded if it weren’t for the security guards that stopped him.

Aghast at his behavior and his hateful glare even after being stopped by the crowd, Crystal took out her phone and called Kate in shock.

“Mrs. Hisson, please come to the company now. Derrick is trying to kill me,” she gibbered.

Derrick looked like he was about to break free from the security guards to chase after her, so she got so frightened that she ran even faster.

When Kate and Terrence arrived at the company, Derrick was no longer angry. However, there was a lingering gloom between his eyebrows.

Kate trotted toward Derrick and asked anxiously, “Where’s Crystal, Derrick? What have you done to her?”

Devoid of all emotion, Derrick glanced at Kate and said, "I killed her, Mom. You planned all of this. Shouldn't you be satisfied with this result? You forced your son down the path of no return."

Hearing that, Kate felt a jolt in her heart and her eyes brimmed with disbelief.

She looked at Derrick anxiously and asked, "Is this a joke, Derrick? Tell me where Crystal is right now. Why would you kill someone all of a sudden?"

Derrick smirked and said with a sneer, "But isn't this what you've always wanted, Mom? I just did it in advance. Shouldn't you be happy?"

Kate's hands trembled slightly as she looked at her son with mixed feelings. Then, she said, "What are you talking about, Derrick?"

Terrence walked up to them and prodded the cane in his hand on the floor. He said, "What's with all the fuss? Let's continue when we get home."

Feeling numb, Derrick followed behind them and got into the car.

Back at the Hisson residence, Terrence summoned Derrick to the study.

"Tell me. Where is Crystal now? You should know that I wouldn't be able to protect you from the Halliwell family if you did kill her."

Derrick remained silent and couldn't care less.

"Derrick," Terrence said with a more assertive tone.

Derrick hooked his lips and said coldly, "Granddad, I would love to know where she is too. That's because I want to kill her now. She ruined everything I have. Tiff decided to divorce me. I just lost the person I cherish the most."

Terrence's face sank as well.

"Granddad, don't forget how much Amelia cares about Tiff. If she finds out about our divorce, I'm not sure what Oscar will do to the Hissons. You know how much Oscar cares for Amelia too," Derrick looked at Terrence and said deliberately.

He wanted to stir Terrence's attention so that the latter would persuade Tiffany on his behalf. He knew that Terrence cared about the interests of the Hissons.

"How dare you!" Terrence glared at Derrick. "You're the one who screwed up, and now, you want me to clean after your mess? Where is your conscience?"

Derrick said blankly, "Granddad, keep in mind that it was your beloved daughter-in-law who did all this. She was the one who caused all this mess."

Terrence was baffled.

Then, Derrick puffed out his chest and continued, "Granddad, if Tiff insists on divorcing me, I'll give up all my inheritance right, and I'll never intervene in the Hissons' businesses again. The Hissons will have nothing to do with me anymore, even if that means I'll lose everything I have."

"You—" Terrence got so angry that his chest hurt. He clutched his chest and took several deep breaths to calm down. Looking as if he had compromised, he said, "Don't worry, I won't let you get divorced."

Curling his lips, a glint of hope flashed in Derrick's eyes.

"I'll be waiting for the good news from you then, Granddad. I'm willing to let go of everything I have now as long as Tiff doesn't leave me. I'll help out at the family's company as I promised. No one matters more to me than her," Derrick promised with an unflinching gaze.

There was a trace of scrutiny in Terrence's eyes.

He seemed to be deep in thought after hearing what Derrick said.

Terrence made an effort to go to the Clinton residence. However, to his dismay, Tiffany did not meet him. It was Amelia who attended to him instead.

Molly served Terrence a cup of coffee and said, "Please have some coffee, Mr. Hisson."

To that, Terrence nodded his head.

After Molly left, Terrence went straight to the point. "Amelia, I'm here today to apologize on behalf of my unfilial grandson. I'm doing this because I don't want them to get a divorce. Can you ask Tiff to meet with me?"

"Mr. Hisson, please don't get me wrong. It's not that I refuse to. But things are over between Tiff and Derrick. Their marriage is fated to not last long. I'm doing this because Tiff doesn't want to step up herself. I've already hired the best lawyer in the city. Tiff is

such a nice person that she doesn't want money from the Hissons. Also, we won't be asking for a matrimonial assets division after the divorce." A smile adorned her lips as she spoke courteously.

All tensed up, Terrence said, "Amelia, I know you're young and do not tolerate mistakes. But I've lived a long life and seen many things. Young couples become each other's companions when they grow old. No matter how much they love each other, humans yearn for a considerate companion when they age. Although Derrick did something wrong, I don't think it was unforgivable. Don't you think so?"

"You have a point, Mr. Hisson. But we can't force them to stay together in a broken marriage. I'm sure you know about Tiff's condition too. She can never get pregnant. I don't think you should insist on their marriage," Amelia retorted. The hidden meaning in her words was that Terrence wasn't sincere to Tiffany, and he only came here for the business collaboration with the Clintons.

Terrence could read between her lines, but he was not bothered.

"Young lady, I'm an old man who's nearing his end. Although I care about the Hissons' future, I care about my grandchildren's marriage, too. I want Derrick to get married to a virtuous woman. I'm an old-fashioned person with a not-so-open mind. I can tell Derrick and Tiff is a match made in heaven. That's why I'm here. If possible, I hope you can help to dissuade Tiff from getting a divorce. As the saying goes, I would rather destroy ten temples than a single marriage. I'm sure you want Tiff to be happy too," Terrence persuaded.

At that, Amelia merely flashed him a faint smile without saying a word.

Then, Terrence shot her another glance.