

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 831 - 840

Chapter 831 Beg Her To Start Over

Since Derrick couldn't wrap his head around it, he eventually decided to head toward Amelia's neighborhood. Moments after Derrick knocked on the door, Kurt opened it. Derrick gazed at Kurt and said, "Kurt, is Tiff at home?"

Kurt nodded and replied, "She's inside." However, Kurt stopped Derrick when he wanted to walk into the house. Derrick looked at him in bewilderment and said, "Kurt, what are you doing?"

"Tiffany said she has gotten a divorce from you. Therefore, she has nothing to do with you anymore. Please don't disturb her again in the future," Kurt warned him solemnly.

Derrick's mind went blank once he heard that. My life goes on with the only difference being you're not allowed to be part of it.

After a while, Derrick took a deep breath and said calmly, "Kurt, I helped Amelia when she desperately needed it. Moreover, we used to drink together and discussed how to treat Amelia's eyes on the balcony. I know you love Amelia deep down. In that case, you should understand how I feel. Since Tiffany is also your friend, you surely hope she can get the happiness she deserves, right?"

After giving it some thought, Kurt stood sideways to make way for Derrick. "She's upstairs."

Derrick was grateful for Kurt's help. "Thank you." He knew he would be no match for Kurt if he chose to barge into the house by force.

Derrick went upstairs and tried to open the door. Since the door wasn't closed, he entered the room and saw Tiffany squatting before a suitcase. Walking toward her quietly, he was stunned upon seeing an object in her hand.

As he stared at it, Derrick couldn't help but feel nostalgic. After quite some time, Tiffany finally decided to stand up. Perhaps because of squatting for too long, she went weak at the knees. Derrick swiftly supported her and worriedly asked, "Tiff, are you all right?"

Tiffany was startled upon seeing Derrick, who was very close to her. After coming to her senses, she quickly hid the object and said with a cold expression, "Why are you here?"

Derrick gazed at the album that Tiffany deliberately inverted for a moment and asked, "Tiff, you haven't forgotten me, have you?"

Tiffany hastily stood up and answered in a distant tone, "I want to pack my stuff. Please get out."

Slowly, the glint of hope in Derrick's eyes turned bleak.

"Tiff, can you please stop torturing me? I've missed you so much these days," Derrick begged her.

To his surprise, Tiffany chuckled upon hearing it.

"Tiff, why are you laughing?" Derrick was clueless. Derrick wasn't used to Tiffany keeping a distance from him. After all, they were still lovey-dovey two months ago but were now acting like strangers to each other. Therefore, he felt mentally exhausted due to the extreme contrast.

"Derrick, you already have another woman who will give birth to your child soon. Don't tell me you've already forgotten about that?" Tiffany ridiculed.

Derrick gazed at her searchingly and suddenly said, "Tiff, can we start over if that child doesn't exist?"

Tiffany was stunned for a while before looking at him in bewilderment. "What do you mean by that?"

However, Derrick didn't respond to her question and merely repeated his words. "Just answer me— can we start over if the child doesn't exist?"

At that moment, Tiffany couldn't help but think Derrick had begun to lose his mind.

She took a step back and responded, "Derrick, you're not calm now. I don't understand what you're saying. Since I'm moving tomorrow, I must pack my stuff. Please excuse me."

A crazy glint flashed across Derrick's eyes as he walked closer to Tiffany and hugged her. Then, he begged her in a low tone, "Tiff, please don't treat me so coldly. I miss you so much. If you dislike Crystal, I can drive her out. If you dislike the baby in her belly, I can

make it disappear. I regret getting a divorce from you. I don't have any feelings for her. However, I'm about to lose you just because someone set me up to sleep with her. I'm willing to kill her if we can start over."

Immediately, Tiffany's heart skipped a beat. She was afraid Derrick would do something stupid.

Tiffany quickly wriggled free from his embrace and grabbed his arm instead. "Derrick, please calm down. I don't care how you slept with Crystal, but the child is innocent. Since you're its dad, you should ensure it is born safely and bear a father's responsibility. Eliminating its existence shouldn't have crossed your mind at all. If you do that, I'll seriously question your character and wonder why I would fall for such a man in the past."

Presently, Derrick's despondent look with his bloodshot eyes and sunken cheeks was entirely different from his confident and proud look of the past.

"Tiff, I only made one mistake. Do you really want to end our relationship because of that?"

Tiffany's eyes turned bloodshot, and her chest rose and fell heavily.

The next moment, Tiffany shouted, "What do you want me to do then? You slept with Crystal, and thus she is carrying your child. If I were cruel, I would ask her to abort the child. I could continue being your wife and pretending that nothing had happened. However, I couldn't do it. I'm not a benevolent saint. Hence, I hate her for plotting to snatch you from me. Despite that, the child is innocent, merely the consequences of you making a mistake. Once the child is born, it will be a constant reminder of your betrayal against me. I'm sorry, but I can't tolerate it."

She paused for a while and lowered her voice. "My heart broke after I got a divorce from you. I couldn't eat or sleep well. Also, I dreamed of you many times. The dreams often begin with our sweet moments but always end with your betrayal. You married Crystal, had a child, and lived happily ever after."

With that, Tiffany squatted down and burst into tears.

In this failed marriage, the pain that Tiffany had to endure was no less than Derrick's. Her heart broke whenever she recalled Crystal was pregnant, and it would never recover.

To Tiffany, their only solution was to get a divorce and become strangers who would never talk to each other. Then, she would use the rest of her life to let go of the happiness and pain that Derrick brought to her.

After calming himself down, Derrick crouched and hugged Tiffany. He could instantly feel that she was a lot thinner than before. The next moment, he said in a hoarse voice, "Tiff, can we please just start over? I can't afford to lose you."

In response, Tiffany wept silently. Derrick felt as if a knife was stabbing his heart relentlessly as it ached terribly.

"Tiff, I beg you. Can you give me another chance?"

Suddenly, Tiffany pushed Derrick away and ran out of her bedroom. Upon arriving downstairs, she asked Kurt to stop Derrick before fleeing out of the apartment.

Derrick wanted to chase after her but was stopped by Kurt.

"Kurt, make way," Derrick shouted anxiously.

Kurt replied expressionlessly, "Mr. Hisson, you and Tiffany have gotten a divorce. Please give her the space she deserves."

Unwilling to listen, Derrick put on a stern expression and argued, "Kurt, I don't wish to go against you. Please get out of the way. This is a matter between Tiff and me."

"Tiffany is my friend. I won't allow anyone to harm her, not even you."

Moments after their gazes met, Derrick suddenly threw a punch at Kurt to start a fight. Although Kurt was a professional martial artist, Derrick had also learned martial arts when he was young. Hence, Derrick could put up a fight for some time. As they were engaged in an all-out brawl, the couch was caught in the crossfire and damaged to a certain extent.

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Chapter 832 Targeting Tony

When Amelia and Oscar came back, they instantly saw both Kurt and Derrick were injured. Amelia couldn't help but frown and ask Derrick, "What's the meaning of this, Derrick?"

Derrick gently touched his swollen lips and said, "I wanted to meet Tiff, but your bodyguard was too uncompromising. We had an argument which escalated to a fight, resulting in this."

"If I didn't remember wrongly, you have already divorced Tiff, Derrick. You even brought Crystal and your mother to City Hall to humiliate her, so don't try to put up an act in front of us now. Are you regretting your decision and seeking to get back together with Tiff again?" Amelia had her arms folded across her chest defensively as she questioned him.

Derrick frowned and solemnly said, "I really didn't mean to make things difficult for Tiff at City Hall."

"Whatever! Anyway, you and Tiff are divorced, so you should just stay with Crystal and focus on taking care of her and your unborn baby. As for Tiff, we'll take good care of her. We'll also help introduce good men to her. Many rich guys would be more than happy to marry a woman like her, unlike you ungrateful Hissons." Amelia waved him off.

Derrick's expression darkened, and he hissed, "I thought we are friends, Amelia."

"Were. We used to be, but we're no longer friends now," Amelia retorted.

Derrick's face fell, but he brushed off her retort. "I'm not here to pick a quarrel with you, Amelia. I just want to meet Tiff," he said.

Crossing her arms, Amelia replied, "Leave now if you know what's good for you, Derrick. Tiff is no longer related to you, so this harassment is not going to do anyone any good. She's not your responsibility anymore."

Derrick took a deep breath and reminded himself not to blow up. He had to suppress his impulsive desires, for if he didn't, he was sure Oscar would step in to make sure he would never get to see Tiffany ever again.

"I'll head home then. Please take good care of Tiff. I'll be back to see her again," Derrick despondently said.

Amelia was about to say something sarcastic to him, but seeing how dispirited he was, she held her tongue and spoke no further.

After Derrick left, she turned to Kurt in concern and asked about his injuries.

"I'm fine, so don't worry," Kurt assured.

Despite his insistence that he was fine, Amelia still went upstairs to get the medical kit for him.

Kurt dressed his wounds, then took leave and wisely made himself scarce.

Amelia initially wanted to ask him to stay for dinner, but she changed her mind after she caught sight of Oscar and remembered he was with her.

After Kurt left, Amelia frowned and asked, "Oscar, is there a way to stop Derrick from harassing Tiff?"

"Sure! Get rid of him, and he'll never be able to appear again. Alternatively, we can go after his business. He won't have time for love if he's busy fire-fighting to salvage his company," Oscar said solemnly without batting an eyelid.

Amelia thought about his suggestions and decided they were not feasible.

"Forget it! I'll have a talk with Tiff and see what she says. Oh gosh! How did things get so messy?" She sounded really frustrated.

Oscar's eyes dimmed, and he went over to console her. "Don't worry. I'll make sure he won't have time to come and bother Tiffany anymore," he reassured.

Amelia contemplated for a moment, then looked him in the eyes and said, "Don't get involved in this, Oscar. I think Tiff is the best person to handle this. You can stop him for a period of time, but you can't keep him away forever. Tiff and Derrick have to come to an agreement between themselves and settle it once and for all. Otherwise, even after his child is born, he and his family will still be a bother to Tiff. I really should have stopped Tiff from getting together with him in the beginning."

Oscar went into a pensive mood and appeared to be thinking about how to deal with Derrick.

Amelia gave Tiffany a call to find out where she was.

"Is he gone?" Tiffany asked instead.

"Yes, he has left, so you can stop hiding. Didn't you say you've moved to a new apartment? Can Oscar and I visit the place?" Amelia asked.

After getting the address from Tiffany, she and Oscar immediately set off for that neighborhood.

In no time, they arrived and took the elevator up to Tiffany's place. She was quick to answer the door.

Amelia walked into Tiffany's apartment and saw she had already cleaned up the place. The apartment was sparsely furnished, with only a couch and a table. It was so bare that one could easily mistake it for a rental apartment for tourists.

"Do you really plan to stay here?" Amelia asked with concern. "This place is too quiet and doesn't seem to be a safe neighborhood. Most importantly, this is not a high-end development with good security arrangements, so your privacy is not fully protected. Moreover, isn't three rooms and a hall too small for you? The renovation is also too basic." She was obviously not satisfied with the place.

Tiffany smiled and replied, "I find this place pretty cozy. It's quiet and the surrounding is quite nice. It's an ideal place for me to do my writing. When you have the time, come and visit me with Tony! Oh, by the way, I've changed my phone number, so remember to get it from me later. I don't want to cross paths with any of the Hissons anymore."

Amelia nodded and said, "Don't worry. Oscar and I will settle them. Are you writing a movie script now?"

"Yup. I've already created an outline, so I should be able to start my screenwriting tonight. I'll be busy, but busy is good as that will keep me from wasting time on unnecessary worries." Tiffany shrugged and appeared to be in good spirits.

Amelia was happy for her. "Glad you've adjusted well to the changes. I'll get two part-time helpers to come and help you with your household chores. I'll remind them not to interrupt you when you're working, so don't worry. You have a tendency to skip meals when you are engrossed in your work, so with them around, at least I'm assured your meals will be ready for you."

Tiffany accepted Amelia's offer graciously as she knew Amelia was worried for her.

Amelia nagged at Tiffany for a while like a concerned mother, and when she was about to leave, Tiffany hesitantly said, "Amelia, if Derrick asks about me, please tell him I left the country. I don't want to get involved with him anymore."

"Noted. I'll do that," Amelia promised.

On the way out, while in the elevator, Oscar turned to Amelia and asked, "Amelia, do you want to go with me to meet Old Mr. Hisson?"

Amelia looked up with a puzzled expression on her face.

"When you were chatting with Tiffany just now, I gave Old Mr. Hisson a call. He invited us for tea," Oscar explained.

Amelia nodded, and Oscar drove with her to an elegantly renovated coffee bar.

A gracious greeter came up to welcome them and gestured for them to enter. "Welcome, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton. This way please."

She led them to a private room, respectfully did a half-bow, and announced, "Mr. and Mrs. Clinton have arrived, Old Mr. Hisson."

Terrence put down his cup of coffee and waved her off, saying, "Thank you. You may leave."

The greeter nodded and quietly left the room.

Oscar had his arm wrapped around Amelia's waist as he walked into the private room. "Hello, Old Mr. Hisson," he greeted.

Terrence gestured at the empty seats opposite him and invited them to sit down. He was about to pour them a drink, but Amelia quickly beat him to it and filled their cups instead.

Oscar did not bother to beat around the bush. He looked Terrence in the eyes and said, "Old Mr. Hisson, I asked to meet up with you because of your grandson."

There was a brief glint in his eyes, but Terrence maintained a calm composure and asked, "What did my good-for-nothing grandson do this time?"

"He came to my place earlier today, kicked up a big fuss, and even broke a couch I imported from Irushea. I want to discuss this matter with you because if I keep quiet about it, everyone will think I'm a pushover." Oscar narrowed his eyes and casually said. However, Terrence was no greenhorn, so he clearly understood the subtle threat Oscar was giving.

Terrence rubbed the stubble on his chin and grimly said, "If that good-for-nothing really did such a foolish thing, I'll definitely punish him for it. I'll call him over now to apologize to you."

Oscar took a sip of his drink and smilingly replied, "Old Mr. Hisson, I'm not here to ask for an apology from Mr. Derrick. I just hope you can keep an eye on him and rein him in. He's already divorced from Tiff, so he should behave accordingly. It will be regretful if we allow his problem to spoil the relationship between the Hissons and the Clintons."

Terrence's tired-looking eyes became dark and solemn.

Then, he sighed and bemoaned, "It's Derrick's loss. I've always been fond of Tiff. Unfortunately, his mother was short-sighted and did not see the bigger picture. I appreciate the faith you have in me. I'll definitely sit Derrick down for a good talk and make sure he doesn't bother Tiff again."

Oscar raised his cup for a toast and said, "Thank you, Old Mr. Hisson. We look forward to our future collaboration with you and your family on any suitable projects. I keep business and personal affairs separate, so I'll not let this affect us. Here's a toast to you!"

Terrence also raised his cup and drank to it. The two men's eyes met and they exchanged a knowing glance. Some things were best left unspoken.

After the toast, Oscar bid his goodbye. "It's getting late, Old Mr. Hisson. Tony is waiting for us at home, so Amelia and I need to get going. Let's meet up for fishing someday!"

Terrence stood up with the help of his bodyguards and replied, "Sure! An old man like me needs to rest early as well. Let's get going."

Oscar and Amelia walked with Terrence to his waiting car and respectfully said, "After you, Old Mr. Hisson."

Terrence went into the car, then popped his head out and said, "Oscar, Amelia, can you see if Tiff can spare some time tomorrow? This old man would like to invite her to dinner. After all, she was family to us for almost a year. My grandson has let her down, but I hope she will not avoid me as well."

Amelia bent over and said, "I'll check with Tiff later. If she is agreeable, I'll get Oscar to give you a call."

"Thank you, Amelia. I just wish to have a chat with her. She really doesn't need to avoid all the Hissons as if we're terrifying beasts..."

Amelia nodded and watched as Terrence closed the car door and ordered his driver to start the engines.

"Let's go too, Oscar," Amelia said as Terrence's car disappeared around the corner.

Oscar led her to their car, ushered her in, and fastened her seat belt for her.

She leaned back in her seat and asked, "Will Old Mr. Hisson get offended, Oscar?"

"No, he won't." Oscar was confident when he said that. "He headed the Hisson family for so many years and has invested a lot of effort into their family business. He knows what is good for his business. Clinton Corporations is the number one corporation in Tayhaven, so he will not want to offend us. He's more level-headed than Derrick's mom, so he can clearly see how much you mean to me. You and Tiffany are best friends, and Derrick's affair and infidelity led to their divorce. He will definitely punish Derrick to appease Tiffany and also to humor us," he added.

As Oscar's words sank in, Amelia suddenly became disgusted with the superficial and materialistic Hisson family. She felt sorry for Tiffany, thinking about the suffering her best friend had had to endure while living with such a family for almost a year.

Kate was unfriendly to her and Terrence was only hypocritically nice to her for his own benefit. I thought at least Derrick was sincere in his love, but in the end, he proved to be a scumbag who betrayed her and fathered a child with another woman. And he had the cheek to harass her even after his affair was exposed. How utterly appalling!

"Oscar, would it be too much if I asked you to cut off all ties with the Hissons?" Amelia suddenly asked.

Oscar laughed. He gently caressed her face and replied, "Do you really want to interfere in my work matters?"

"Forget it. I was just kidding," Amelia muttered, disheartened.

Oscar smiled and kept quiet, but he had already made up his mind that Clinton Corporations would never work with the Hissons in the future. However, he felt there wasn't a need to share that decision with Amelia.

When they reached home, Hugo had already put Tony to bed.

"Thank you, Hugo. It must be a bore for you to have to take care of Tony," Amelia said.

Hugo gave her a half bow and said, "No, Mrs. Clinton, not at all. Tony is very smart and obedient. I'm ashamed to say this, but I have a hard time catching up with his logical thinking!"

Amelia smiled upon hearing that.

"I'll take my leave now, Mrs. Clinton," Hugo added, and Amelia nodded.

As Hugo turned to leave, he suddenly thought of something, so he turned around and said, "Mrs. Clinton, could you go check on Tony? I have something to report to Boss."

"Sure. Go ahead!"

Hugo went to the study and shared his findings with Oscar.

Oscar frowned and questioned, "You've discovered that Tony is being followed?"

"Yes, Boss! Kurt and I suspect that to be so. I keep getting this feeling that someone is watching Tony, but I always fail to see anyone when I give chase. To err on the side of caution, we should get ourselves ready for that scenario." Hugo was solemn and serious when he said that.

Oscar smirked and uttered, "I would really like to see who is the one with the guts to target my son! Get a few men to secretly protect Tony. I won't allow anyone to lay a finger on my son!"

"Yes, Boss." Hugo hesitated for a moment before adding, "Could the people who are stalking Tony be those foes who got away five years ago?"

Oscar narrowed his eyes as a menacing look appeared in them. "I hope it's them. That will give me a chance to finish them off once and for all."

"You're right, Boss." Hugo looked down and agreed.

After taking a deep breath, Oscar instructed, "Watch over Tony carefully, Hugo. Don't let him interact with any strangers, okay?"

Hugo nodded.

Oscar then waved him off and said, "You may go now."

After Hugo left, Oscar rubbed his temples, looking troubled.

Amelia walked in with a glass of milk and noticed his grave expression. She placed the glass on the table and asked, "What's wrong? What did Hugo say?"

Hiding his troubled feelings and putting on a smile, Oscar pulled her into his arms. He assured her, "Just some work issues. I can handle it, so don't worry."

Amelia nodded, got out of his embrace, and brought the glass of milk to him. "Drink some milk, and don't stay up too late."

Oscar took the glass and gulped it down before kissing her on her lips. Pushing some of the milk into her mouth, he teased, "Is it sweet?"

Amelia swallowed the milk and replied, "Yes, it's sweet."

"Go to bed. I'll finish off some work and then come to you." Oscar caressed her face tenderly and urged.

She took the empty glass from his hand, gave him a peck on the cheek, and said, "Good night!"

Oscar's grim expression returned after Amelia left the study. Despite it being late at night, he still made a few work calls. Amelia was already asleep by the time he went back to their bedroom. He got into bed and snuggled up to her, gradually dozing off.

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Chapter 833 Coward

The next day, Terrence went to Derrick's publishing company personally. Upon seeing him, Derrick's secretary was shocked. She quickly walked over to Terrence. "Old Mr. Hisson, what brings you here?"

Terrence shot her a glance. "Where's Derrick?" he asked in a low voice. "Mr. Derrick is having a meeting in the conference room. Why don't you wait inside?" the secretary replied in fear and trepidation.

With that, Terrence walked into Derrick's office. The secretary then came in a little while later with some tea and snacks. "Old Mr. Hisson, you can have some tea first. Mr. Derrick will be back after around half an hour," the secretary said.

"You may go now." "All right. I'm going back to continue with my work." After the secretary left the office, Terrence stood up and observed Derrick's office.

Suddenly, he noticed a photo of Derrick and Tiffany on the office desk. A complicated emotion flashed across his eyes as he fell into deep thought.

As soon as Derrick returned from his meeting, his secretary approached him. "Mr. Derrick, Old Mr. Hisson is here. He's now waiting for you in your office."

Derrick lowered his gaze, nodding.

The next moment, he opened the office door and walked inside. Loosening his necktie, he greeted Terrence casually, "Granddad, you're here."

Derrick appeared disheveled and unkempt. Moreover, his tired eyes were bloodshot while a dejected expression marred his face. Seeing that, Terrence couldn't help but frown. "Derrick, do you even see yourself? You used to be a man full of vigor and spirit. Why are you like this now?"

Derrick took off his necktie and threw it on the couch on the other side before sitting down. Looking exhausted, he asked, "Granddad, why are you here? Do you have anything to discuss with me?"

Terrence's heart clenched. He said, "Derrick, I know you're upset, but you've already divorced Tiffany. Nothing is going to change that. How could you go to Oscar's house to cause trouble? You even broke their couch."

Derrick let out a chuckle. "Oh? Oscar has gone to complain to you, has he? Did Tiff go together with him? I tried to call her, but her number's not in service anymore. She changed her number just because she wanted to avoid me, so I actually hope that she has gone to see you."

If one paid close attention, they would probably notice that Derrick was scratching his suit uncontrollably when he was speaking.

Naturally, Terrence noticed his strange behavior. "Derrick, are you okay?" he asked worriedly.

Derrick shrugged, laughing nonchalantly. "Granddad, I'm fine. In fact, I've never felt this great before. It's just a divorce. I can still stand it!" Suddenly, an idea popped up in his mind. "Granddad, do you think Tiff will come and see me if something bad happens to me?"

Terrence felt a chill run down his spine. He gazed at Derrick with sharp, icy-cold eyes. "Derrick, what do you mean? It's just a divorce, and you're already thinking of ending your life? Are you still a man?"

Derrick ran a hand down his face. However, he was back to normal again in the next moment.

"Granddad, if there's nothing else, you may leave first. I still have a lot of work to handle," he said in a calm tone.

Terrence was infuriated. He felt as if there was a huge boulder weighing down on his chest.

"You b*stard! Is this how you should talk to your granddad?" he roared.

Derrick shot Terrence an ambiguous glance. "Granddad, the Hissons are the ones who forced me to do this. You, my parents, and the others from the family look like you're defending Tiff on the surface. Nevertheless, you, more than anyone else, know best what your true intentions are. I'm not blaming you. I know you're doing this for the Hisson family. But then, I have to say that this entire family has successfully disgusted me. Back then, I didn't mind taking over the family business for the sake of Tiff, but she's gone now. So, I no longer have to deal with you hypocrites anymore. That's pointless, after all. But then, can you please stop coming to my company? I don't want you to dirty this place."

Terrence felt his chest become even tighter. Clutching his chest, he stared at Derrick stonily. Although his face was devoid of expression, he had a powerful presence. "Derrick, say that again."

Derrick stood up and looked down at Terrence. A cold and solemn expression crept on his young face. Surprisingly, his aura was almost as powerful as Terrence, who had been a leader for years.

"Granddad, let me repeat myself again. I won't take over the family business of the Hisson family. Stop coming here to lecture me." He made sure to enunciate each word slowly and clearly as he spoke.

Terrence stood up by supporting himself using his cane. His hand was shaking as he clenched the handle hard, his chest hurting even more at the moment.

Just when he was about to say something, the phone in Derrick's pocket started ringing. Derrick took it out and looked at the screen, only to find that it was an unknown number

calling. Initially, he didn't want to pick up. However, when he thought that it might be Tiffany, he quickly answered the call.

"Hello, is this Mr. Hisson? I'm calling from 187 Central Hospital. Ms. Crystal Halliwell, a car accident victim, has arrived at our hospital. We found your number in her contacts list. Can you come over now?" A gentle female voice sounded from the other end of the line.

Derrick's eyes lit up. His hand, which was holding his phone, started trembling. He said anxiously, "Is the baby in her belly still alive? How is she? Is her injury serious? She's going to die, isn't she?"

The nurse on the other end of the line fell silent. After a moment, she replied, "Mr. Hisson, Ms. Halliwell is undergoing surgery in the operating room now, so her current condition is unclear. Can you come over now?"

Derrick took a deep breath. "Okay. I'm on my way."

After hanging up the phone, he said to Terrence with a smile, "Granddad, you're so eager to get a grandchild, right? I'm afraid that you're going to be disappointed. God is on my side. Crystal just got into a car accident. I guess she won't be able to keep the baby in her belly."

With that said, Derrick strode out of the office. He couldn't wait to hear from the doctor that Crystal had lost her baby. While he couldn't bring himself to get rid of that baby, he would be glad if someone could do it for him. Don't blame me for being vicious. The baby means nothing to me compared to Tiffany.

Terrence followed him out in a hurry. After getting into his car, he asked his driver to follow Derrick's car.

Soon after, Derrick arrived at the hospital. He asked the nurse which operating room Crystal was in and rushed toward that building.

When he saw a nurse, who happened to pass by the hallway in that building, he stopped her anxiously. "Do you know how the car accident victim who was just sent here is doing now?"

"I'm sorry, Sir. I'm unsure about that. Please wait patiently." With that said, the nurse walked away.

Derrick waited outside the operating room. Just then, Terrence arrived at the hospital too. "Derrick, what's the situation?" he asked.

Derrick fixated his gaze upon the red light above the operating room. Gritting his teeth, he replied, "I don't know, but I hope the baby in her belly is dead."

Terrence glanced at him without saying anything.

Terrence and Derrick waited outside the operating room silently. After some time, the red light finally went out. Following that, a group of doctors walked out of the operating room. Derrick approached the doctors and stopped the one who walked in the front. "Doctor, how is she? Did she have a miscarriage?"

"She's fine. There's nothing serious. Her baby is all right too, so don't worry." The doctor continued, "By the way, you're her husband, right? Please go and settle the payment. We'll send the patient to the general ward later."

Instantly, Derrick's expression darkened as he spun around and walked away.

"Hey! What's wrong with you? Your wife is still inside the operating room. You can't leave yet! Also, you have to go and settle the payment!" the doctor shouted from the back.

However, Derrick remained unbothered.

Terrence immediately stopped the doctor, who was chasing after Derrick. Turning around, he ordered his bodyguard to go and settle the medical fee.

"Doctor, is the patient and her baby really fine?" he queried.

"Don't worry. Both of them are fine. I must say, though, that young man is just too cruel. He doesn't even care about his wife and child," said the doctor, who was evidently dissatisfied with Derrick's reaction.

Terrence flashed a smile without explaining anything. He then asked the nurse to transfer Crystal to the VIP ward.

Meanwhile, Derrick had already left the hospital. He was so furious that he lifted his fist and started punching a pillar. Immediately, his knuckles started bleeding.

When Terrence walked out of the hospital, he noticed that Derrick was inflicting harm on himself. Immediately, he rushed over to lecture the latter, "Derrick, what are you doing?"

Derrick withdrew his hand, which was already a bloody mess. Turning around, he said indifferently, "Granddad..."

Terrence stared at him for some time. Suddenly, he heaved a sigh. "Derrick, you've crossed the line. You can't even control your emotions well. How are you going to be successful like this?"

A bitter smile bloomed on Derrick's face. He pointed in the direction of the hospital, saying, "Granddad, I just want the baby in her belly to die. I never thought it would be so difficult. Even a car accident can't get rid of it. Crystal's really destined to be my nemesis."

"Derrick, don't forget that you're the father of that baby. You're the one who made her pregnant. You shouldn't be running away, let alone cursing your own child like that! Instead, you should be responsible for her like a true man would," Terrence lectured him in a deep voice.

He disapproved of the way Derrick could curse his biological child. To him, that was an irresponsible, cowardly act.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 834

Chapter 834 Failed Mission

Jennifer had a disdainful look when she was informed by June that Crystal did not have a miscarriage from the accident. "You can't even do such a small thing. How can you deal with Oscar?" she derided.

June was starting to lose his temper when he heard what Jennifer said. "This is Derrick's matter. Why are you such a busybody? I suggest you behave and don't mess with Tony for now. The people I've sent to monitor them have told me that Oscar has beefed up their security to keep an eye on Tony, and they're all good at fighting. You'll be no match for them," June warned.

A sense of contempt rose in Jennifer's heart. "June, you're just trying to shift the blame. You're such a loser. Whatever. You either sneak into the hospital to get rid of the baby in that woman's belly or shut your mouth." With that, Jennifer hung up on him.

"Jennifer, listen to me—Damn it, how dare you hang up on me?" June smashed his phone on the ground. He was so infuriated that he kicked the man in front of him and cursed, "A

bunch of trash! You all couldn't even deal with a woman! I spent so much money to hire all of you for nothing! I'm giving you all another chance. Go to the hospital and get rid of the baby in her belly. You can all get lost if you fail the mission again!"

"Yes, Boss." With a stern expression, the man turned and left. That night, a few dark figures sneaked into the hospital and went into the ward when no one was around. Just as they crept toward the bed quietly and wanted to make a move, a sharp scream filled the air, "Ah! Help! There are thieves in the room!"

The dark figures were stunned. They glanced at the silhouette running out of the ward, exchanged looks, and escaped from the window.

It was none other than Kate.

The maid, doctors, and nurses following behind Kate scanned the room and didn't see anyone but Crystal, who was lying on the bed. "Mrs. Hisson, where are the thieves?" one of the maids asked.

Kate hurriedly said, "They must've escaped! Call the police now and get someone to surround the hospital! How dare they mess with the grandchild of the Hissons!"

The maid hesitated and asked, "But Mrs. Hisson, other than the doctors and nurses, there are only patients in the hospital. It's such a big building, so it would be impossible to have it surrounded."

Kate shot the maid a hard glare and demanded, "Call the police now!"

"Yes, Mrs. Hisson. I will call the police now."

The maid hurriedly took out her phone and called the police. Meanwhile, the doctor advised Kate, "Mrs. Hisson, the patient needs to get a good rest now. We shouldn't disturb her. Since the thieves have escaped, I don't think they will be back anytime soon. The caretaker can stay and look after her, but the others should leave the room."

Kate nodded in agreement and asked the other people to leave.

The police officers quickly arrived at the hospital and took their statements. Pressured by the Hissons, they also checked the surveillance footage. However, no suspicious individual could be found in the footage.

"Mrs. Hisson, there's no sign of the suspect. Could it be you saw it wrongly?" one of the police officers asked.

To that, Kate responded with a sneer, "What do you mean by that? Are you trying to say that I'm lying?"

"Mrs. Hisson, please calm down. We'll investigate the matter. However, as the patient did not suffer from any injuries, it is better not to waste police resources."

Kate's expression darkened when she heard what the police officer said. When she was about to argue further, Derrick rushed over and stopped her.

He politely sent the police officers away, then turned to the doctors and nurses and said, "You guys can leave now. I'm sorry on behalf of my mom for causing you so much trouble."

The doctors and nurses then took their leave.

Kate grabbed Derrick's hand and said, "Derrick, how could you let them go? The police officers are too much! I called them to catch the thieves, but they suspected I was lying. I want to call the police chief and tell him about this! How could they be so rude?"

"Mom, are you done with all this ruckus? How long more are you going to stir up trouble because of Crystal?" Derrick asked impatiently.

"Derrick, what are you talking about? I'm angry because I want to protect the baby in Crystal's belly! He's your son!" Kate glowered at Derrick and said while gritting her teeth.

He looked at Kate with mixed feelings and lowered his voice, "Mom, I don't want the child, nor have I ever accepted it. I wish she had had a miscarriage in the accident."

Kate stared at Derrick in disbelief, as if he was a stranger to her.

"Derrick, what did you just say?" She couldn't believe her ears.

"I said I wish she had had a miscarriage in the accident."

After a loud smack, Kate looked at her right hand in shock and disbelief. She had just slapped Derrick on his face.

Derrick licked the corner of his lips, which was bleeding slightly, and glared at Kate. He bellowed, "Mom, your selfish decision ruined my happiness! You forced me to accept a child I'm not even anticipating. You know better than anyone else what you've done to me. I'm sure you're happy that Tiffany divorced me, but do you know my heart is bleeding? Are you really my mom? I'm beginning to suspect whether you're even my

biological mother. You know what? I hate you. I lost the most important person to me because of your selfishness.”

Derrick wiped his face, then continued, “I came here merely to check if Crystal had died. Please don’t blame me for being brutal. I’m just disgusted by both of you.”

Kate stumbled a few steps back and looked at Derrick in devastation.

He didn’t even look at her and simply turned around to leave.

“Derrick!” Kate shouted at him in inexplicable panic.

Derrick pretended that he did not hear her.

Kate paced around anxiously and murmured to herself, “No, it’s impossible. Derrick doesn’t hate me. I’m his mom. How could he hate me? Right, it must be because of Tiffany. I’m going to visit that b*tch tomorrow! How dare she still sow discord between Derrick and me after she’s already divorced?”

With that, a vicious glint flashed through her eyes.

The following day, Kate asked someone to take good care of Crystal. Then, she deliberately dressed up and headed to the company where Amelia was working.

Although Amelia was somewhat surprised to know that Kate wanted to meet her, she knew that Kate was most likely here because of Tiffany.

“Mrs. Clinton, I’ll tell her to leave,” Jolin said.

Amelia pondered for a moment and shook her head. “No, it’s fine. I’ll go down to meet her.”

Jolin nodded in response.

Amelia then cleaned up her desk before heading downstairs.

When Kate saw Amelia, she took off her sunglasses and went straight to the point. “Amelia, where’s Tiffany? I tried to call her, but her number is no longer in service.”

Amelia chuckled upon hearing that. “Mrs. Hisson, Tiffany has nothing to do with you anymore. I don’t think I need to tell you her whereabouts,” she said.

Kate folded her arms and threatened, "Amelia, if you don't tell me where Tiffany is, I'll publicize that she came in between the marriage of her ex-husband and his current wife and became the homewrecker."

Amelia's gaze turned cold instantly as she warned, "Mrs. Hisson, please behave yourself and be a respected elder."

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 835

Chapter 835 Attacked

With a scoff, Kate began to behave like an uncivilized shrew. "Look over here, everyone! This woman here is the best friend of Tiffany Winters, who used to be my daughter-in-law. After she divorced my son, she hired someone to hit my future daughter-in-law with a car, and the poor girl was just one-month pregnant! How could someone be so heartless as to lay a hand on a child!"

Amelia grabbed onto Jolin, who was about to stop the commotion. "Let her keep going, Jolin. I want to see just how shameless the lady of the Hisson family can be."

Jolin nodded and continued to protect the former, who then recorded a video of Kate's outburst and sent it to Derrick along with a text message: Derrick, your mother is throwing a shameless fit at my workplace. Don't blame me if I end up humiliating her even though I'm younger.

Derrick's call came shortly after the message was sent.

Yet, Amelia rejected it and phoned the police instead.

A while later, both the police and Derrick showed up at the same time.

"Mom!" the latter called out sternly.

Two police officers made their way over to Kate. "Ma'am, you're hindering a company's operations. Please come to the station with us."

Kate swiftly evaded the officers' attempts at holding her before glaring at Amelia, who was currently being shielded by Jolin and Shane. "I'm just here to expose the true colors of this woman and her friend, officers. I don't think I've done anything wrong. If you want

to arrest someone, you should be arresting that b*tch Tiffany Winters instead! She tried to kill my grandchild!"

"You can report to us if someone really does want to kill your grandchild, ma'am, and we'd be sure to investigate. But for now, we'd appreciate your cooperation. Please follow us."

Yet, Kate grabbed onto Derrick's hand and declared haughtily, "I'd like to see any of you try and lay a finger on me."

The officers tried even harder to apprehend her, only to be stopped by Derrick, who then dialed a number right in front of them. "Hello, Mr. Finnegan. This is Derrick Hisson. There's been a misunderstanding between your subordinates and my mother, and they're asking her to drop by the police station."

After the person over the line had spoken, Derrick passed his phone to one of the officers. "Your chief wants to speak to you."

The officer took the phone, and his expression took a turn after he listened to what the other person said. "Yes, Chief."

Then, he hung up and turned to Derrick solemnly. "Sorry about that, Mr. Hisson. We'll be going now."

Both officers then said a few words to Amelia before leaving the scene.

"You've gone too far, Amelia Winters!" Kate exclaimed while tidying her disheveled outfit.

Amelia's lips curved upward. "You just put on quite a show for everyone here today. What an eye-opening experience."

"You!" Kate screamed in exasperation.

"That's enough, Mom. How much longer are you going to keep this up?" Derrick stepped in.

The older woman could only stare at her son in disbelief.

"Mr. Hisson, please take your mother with you. This is my workplace, and I don't want anyone mistaking my friend for a vile and heartless woman. She was your wife for about a year, so I'm sure you know what kind of person she is. Your mother claiming that she

hired someone to hit Ms. Halliwell with a car is considered slander, and I can certainly file a lawsuit if I were to bother.”

“I’ll take her away right now,” Derrick responded grimly. “I hope you’ll keep this incident a secret from Tiff.”

Amelia shrugged. “Of course. I wouldn’t want her to hear about such outrageous accusations against her.”

The man nodded.

Kate glared at the woman upon hearing that.

Then, she left with a huff, a grave-looking Derrick following closely behind.

“Are you okay, Mrs. Clinton?” asked Jolin.

Amelia nodded before turning to Shane.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Franklin. I’ve caused you some trouble again.”

Shane shook his head. “You can go home and rest if you’re not feeling well,” he replied magnanimously. “You always finish your work ahead of time, so it doesn’t matter if you leave earlier too.”

“It’s okay. I don’t need the day off. Let’s get back to work.”

As the three headed back upstairs, Amelia threw herself back into work for the remainder of the afternoon.

When the woman was done in the evening, she thought of paying Tiffany a visit.

Thus, she told Oscar not to pick her up, instead asking Jolin to take her to Tiffany’s place.

Upon arriving at the neighborhood, the two women took the elevator up to Tiffany’s apartment and knocked on the door, only to receive no response.

With a furrow of her brows, Amelia dialed her friend’s number. It turned out that Tiffany was having dinner with a few screenwriters and would likely be home late.

"Don't drink too much," Amelia reminded. "Give me a call if you can't drive after you're done. I'll get someone to pick you up, okay?"

"Got it."

They exchanged a few more words before ending the call.

After Amelia had left, another car came speeding over and stopped at the entrance of the neighborhood. Lowering the window, Derrick peered out at Tiffany's apartment, which remained dark.

"Is this where you live now, Tiff?" he muttered to himself.

The man waited outside the neighborhood for a long while before Tiffany finally returned. He then hastily got down and hopped in front of her car, forcing her to stop.

Tiffany alighted her vehicle with flushed cheeks.

Derrick grew worried the moment he saw her dazed expression, and he strode over to grab onto her two hands. "Were you drinking, Tiff?"

The woman began to struggle, only to be held more tightly. "Let go," she ordered in a slurred voice while glaring at him.

"Tiff! Don't you know how dangerous it is to drink and drive? What if something happened to you on the road? What would I do?"

Tiffany shoved him aside. She hadn't felt anything unusual while making her way home despite having had quite a few glasses, but now that Derrick was berating her, her head began to spin. Perhaps the warm breeze had also helped the alcohol kick in.

"Who the hell do you think you are, Derrick? You have no right to tell me not to drink! Don't you dare show up again, or I'll punch all your teeth out!" the woman replied while swaying.

Derrick tried to close in on her, but she continued to avoid him like the plague. "Derrick! Will you only be happy after driving me out of Tayhaven?"

The man stopped in his tracks and stared at her in anguish. "Do you really hate me that much, Tiff?"

Tiffany couldn't bring herself to meet his gaze. "Go home. There's nothing between us anymore."

Of course, Derrick would never know how much willpower it took her to not throw herself into his arms and tell him how much she missed him. Every single night, she dreamed of no one else but him.

I'm the one who wanted the divorce, and now I can't even get over him. I'm so pathetic.

Just as she turned around and was about to return to her car, Derrick pulled her by the hand.

"Crystal's been hit by a car, Tiff. The child inside her is gone too, so... Will you please consider coming back to me?" Derrick proposed vaguely.

Hearing that, the woman turned around and stared at him in bewilderment. "How did the accident happen? Did you do that to her? Did you seriously kill your own child?" she blurted.

"It wasn't me."

Yet, Tiffany retracted her hand and shook her head. "You're a complete stranger to me now, Derrick Hisson. I saw you as a noble and unapproachable man who was actually very kind and generous to the people he cared about. The Derrick I know would never try to harm his own child. I don't know who you are anymore."

With that, she hastily got back into her car and drove into the neighborhood.

Derrick remained frozen in place, his lips curving into a bitter smile as the warmth of Tiffany's hand continued to linger in his.

He had thought that he would have another shot with her by telling her that Crystal's baby was gone, only to end up causing a huge misunderstanding. Is this karma? Well, forget it then.

As Derrick hopped into his car and drove away, a different car arrived and stopped outside the neighborhood. Then, a slender figure emerged out of the vehicle and removed her sunglasses. Under the bright lights, it wasn't hard to recognize this woman as none other than Jennifer Larson.

“Who would’ve expected you’d be here, Tiffany? I thought you’ve left Tayhaven,” she commented with a smirk. “My plans to approach Amelia through you would’ve been ruined if you had left.”

Then, she returned to her car and drove off.

Amelia had a good sleep that weekend for once, but as soon as she washed up, headed downstairs, and sat at the dining table for breakfast, a knock came on the door. “Ms. Larson and Mr. Scott are here, Mrs. Clinton,” announced Molly after she went to get the door.

Amelia frowned slightly but got up anyway. “Why, hello, Carter and Ms. Larson! What brings you here?” she greeted with a smile.

Jennifer beamed. “Just call me Jennifer, Amelia. It’s thanks to you that I’m now with Carter. He’s told me so much about you, and I feel bad about how much I’ve misunderstood you in the past. The weather seems lovely this weekend, so I thought maybe you’d want to come to Galbur Mountain with us. I heard they’ve built a huge pavilion there for the swans. Just imagine how pretty the view would be!”

Just as Amelia was about to respond, Oscar walked downstairs with Tony.

The little boy trotted over to his mother and clung to her leg. “Good morning, Mommy.”

Amelia bent over to pick him up and planted several kisses on his cheek. “You’re awake. Did you cause your daddy any trouble?”

Tony returned the kisses. “No. I was a good boy,” he replied sweetly.

A conflicted expression flashed in Jennifer’s eyes as she watched the mother and child interact with each other. An urge to seize the boy surged within her, but just as she took a step forward, Carter grabbed her by the hand. She then turned around to see him staring at her.

Suddenly, she realized what she had been just about to do and broke out in a cold sweat.

Jolting back to reality, the woman coughed sheepishly. “Tony looks so adorable, Amelia. Do you mind if I give him a hug?”

In response, Amelia put the boy down. “Say hi to Ms. Larson, Tony.”

The child gazed at Jennifer with a tilted head, as though trying to discern if this woman was up to no good. He then walked over to her and beckoned her to come closer. Puzzled, Jennifer bent over to meet him at eye level.

Then, Tony wrapped his arms around her neck. "You look so much prettier than before, Ms. Larson, so I won't hate you today. I'll be sure to like you if you stay kind like this."

An inexplicable feeling surfaced within Jennifer's heart as she felt the boy in her arms and caught a whiff of his milky scent. It was at that moment that she suddenly couldn't stand the thought of harming him, but her malice returned as soon as she recalled all the pain her mother had gone through.

"You're such a handsome little boy, Tony, so I've decided to like you!" the woman exclaimed, suppressing her true intentions.

Tony chuckled in response.

Amelia invited the couple to have breakfast with her. When they were done, Jennifer repeated the suggestion she had brought up earlier.

Amelia gave it a thought. "Sure. I've been so busy lately that I haven't had the time to take Tony out. It's a good day today, so having some fun outside doesn't seem like a bad idea."

Thus, she began preparing everything they needed and covered Tony in sunblock to protect him from the harmful UV rays. "Shall we drop by the supermarket to get some food for a barbecue?" she then asked.

"Don't worry about that," Jennifer remarked with a grin. "Carter and I got everything ready last night. I'm sure Tony will be thrilled."

Amelia nodded.

"How about getting Tiffany to come along, Amelia? You're practically inseparable," Jennifer suggested as the child and four adults headed downstairs.

"I've already called her. She'll make her way over on her own. Let's go."

They went in two separate cars.

Tiffany was already leaning against her car and waiting for them when they arrived at Galbur Mountain.

Dressed in a casual white T-shirt along with a pair of jeans and white sneakers, she looked much younger than she usually did. One would easily think she was in her early twenties if it weren't for the dark circles underneath her eyes.

Amelia couldn't help but crease her brows as she saw how pale her friend looked. "Did you not sleep well last night, Tiff? You don't look so good."

"Yeah. I drank a bit too much. I'm fine, though. Let's go! It's been so long since I last came to Galbur Mountain. I wonder what it looks like now."

Since she didn't seem to want to talk about it, Amelia didn't ask anymore questions.

After buying their entrance tickets, Tiffany dragged Amelia to one side and whispered, "Why are we suddenly hanging out with Jennifer? It's not like we're that close to her."

Amelia remained smiling despite her eyes looking slightly cold as she gazed in Jennifer's direction. "Rather than let her pull some tricks in the shadows, we may as well keep a close eye on her like this. I'd like to find out what she's actually up to."

Tiffany shot her friend a glance. "So, that's what you're up to, Babe!"

Amelia merely flashed her a faint smile.

As a mother, she would never allow anything dangerous to happen to Tony, and the fact that Jennifer was suddenly approaching them was more than enough to rouse suspicion within her. It doesn't take a genius to grow suspicious of what she could be up to, but for now, I'm going to play dumb and slowly draw out her true intentions.

Meanwhile, Jennifer thought she was doing an excellent job of concealing her true motives. Little did she know that as she carried out her scheme, others were watching her every move.

After making a trip around Galbur Mountain, Tony wanted to use the bathroom. When Tiffany offered to take him there, Jennifer decided to go with them.

As the two women walked side by side with the boy in Tiffany's arms, Jennifer's phone suddenly rang. It was a call from Derrick.

She gasped in shock not long after answering her phone. "What? Derrick fell from the fifteenth floor? How is he doing now? Is it serious? Is his life in danger? Say something! Don't just stammer like that!"

After a long pause, the woman continued, "Okay. I'll drop by the hospital right now."

As Jennifer hung up and turned around, Tiffany came running back to her while still holding onto Tony. "What did you say, Ms. Larson? D-Derrick..." she stuttered, gulping several times in panic. "Is he okay?"

Jennifer shook her head. "I don't know. I couldn't really get anything out of the person who called. All I know is that Derrick fell down and dropped his phone before being taken to the hospital. Don't ask me why his phone is still working; I have no idea, and neither does the one who called."

Tiffany felt her limbs go numb, and she nearly dropped Tony. "No. That can't be. How could anything ever happen to Derrick?" she mumbled. "I have to go see him. Which hospital is he in?"

Jennifer tried to take the child from her, only for Tiffany to snap back to reality and take a step back while holding him tightly. "What are you trying to do?"

"You looked terrified, so I just wanted to help you hold him," Jennifer explained, concealing her impatience. "I didn't think you'd be so..." Sensitive.

She couldn't bring herself to say that word out loud.

Meanwhile, Amelia rushed over after noticing the commotion. "What happened, Tiff?"

Tiffany remained unsettled. "Quick, Amelia! Take me to the hospital. Something's happened to Derrick."

"Calm down. We'll go now. Which hospital is he in?"

"Principal General Hospital."

With that, the whole group exited Galbur Mountain and hopped back into their respective cars, Tiffany joining Oscar's family this time.

Yet, the bridge they had to take snapped as soon as Oscar drove over it and arrived at the other side, leaving Jennifer and Carter stranded on the opposite end.

Carter immediately unbuckled his seatbelt and jumped out of his car. "Amelia!"

Jennifer smiled wryly as she saw how frantic the man looked.

Look at you, Carter. You keep telling me that you've moved on from her, but now you're panicking over her? I guess I still can't take her place, huh?

A few cars quickly surrounded Oscar's vehicle as soon as the bridge fell apart.

In response to that, the bodyguards who had been following Oscar's family from the shadows hastily jumped into the water and swam their way across to the other side of the bridge.

Oscar stared at the surrounding cars calmly before unbuckling his seatbelt. "Wait inside here with Tony, Amelia. Don't be afraid. Just keep talking to Tiffany, and I'll be back before you know it."

Amelia gripped his hand tightly. "Be careful, Oscar. Don't do anything rash. Tony and I still need you."

Oscar flashed her a warm smile.

"Don't worry. I'll be fine."

The man opened his door and jumped down. After he did so, Amelia stared out the window while holding onto the little boy.

"It's okay, Babe," Tiffany assured, taking her friend by the hand. "Oscar will be just fine. He's got you and Tony."

Amelia placed a hand over Tony's eyes. "I'm not afraid. I trust him," she answered calmly.

Despite saying that, the woman could no longer remain collected the moment she saw someone point a gun at Oscar. Tiffany immediately stopped her from getting out of the car. "Don't go there, Amelia."

Amelia turned around to face her, but as soon as she faced the other way again, she found a gun pointed directly at her. "Get out," the voice ordered.

The woman's pupils dilated as she hugged Tony even more tightly, but soon, a dark silhouette tackled the assailant to the ground. After about ten seconds, the silhouette stood up, and Amelia sighed with relief upon realizing it was Jolin.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 836

Chapter 836 Tony Is Taken Away

Jolin knocked on the car window. When Amelia rolled it down, Jolin said, "I'm sorry for being late, Mrs. Clinton. You must be shocked." Amelia studied the drenched Jolin and opened the door for her.

Jolin quickly got in and drove the car toward the men in black who were armed with guns. If it were not for the cars surrounding them, she would have driven off.

Suddenly, the men started shooting at Jolin's car. Amelia pulled Tony into her embrace and covered his ears, comforting gently, "Don't be scared, Tony. Mommy's here."

Tony leaned into her embrace and responded sweetly, "I'm not afraid, Mommy. I'll protect you, too." At first, Amelia was rather worried about him. However, his words made her smile, and the fear in her dissipated a little. Jolin maneuvered the car around the narrow space to knock into the men, causing the armed kidnapers to dodge frantically.

When Jolin finally stopped the car, Amelia witnessed a man aiming a gun at Oscar and firing it without hesitation. Amelia's eyes widened, and she cried helplessly, "Oscar!" Hopelessness, sorrow, and pain flooded her gaze.

In the next second, she passed out due to the overwhelming shock.

Tiffany shouted, "Amelia! Amelia!"

By the time Amelia woke up, she was already at home. There was no one else next to her bed apart from Tiffany.

Amelia quickly sat up and grabbed Tiffany's arm, asking anxiously, "Tiff, where's Oscar? How is he?"

Tiffany comforted, "Calm down, Babe. He's fine. Don't worry. He's just gone out with the others to pursue the kidnapers who escaped. Jolin was worried about you, so she sent you home first."

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief. Still in disbelief, she asked, "But I saw someone shooting him with my own eyes."

Tiffany, too, found it unbelievable as she recalled the earlier incident. She never expected Oscar's skills to have improved so much.

"Babe, how well do you know your husband?" Tiffany asked suddenly.

Confused by Tiffany's question, Amelia asked, "Why do you ask that?"

Tiffany studied Amelia before suddenly hopping around excitedly. "Babe, you have no idea how amazing Oscar was! I saw him dodging the bullet with my very own eyes. The bullet shot into the chest of the kidnapper's partner, and that's it. He died. It's my first time seeing someone bleed to death on the spot. Good thing you fainted before that. Otherwise, you would have gotten the shock of your life. Anyway, your husband is really cool!"

Amelia eyed her dubiously. "Really? Is he that great?"

Tiffany rolled her eyes, saying, "Babe, you obviously don't pay enough attention to your husband. How do you not know how great his skills are? Anyway, it makes sense now how all the bodyguards who work under him are so skillful. His presence alone is enough to intimidate his subordinates."

Amelia merely smiled in response.

As she got off the bed, she asked, "Where's Tony?"

"He's sleeping in his room."

"I'm going to check on him."

To Amelia's surprise, all she saw was Jolin sleeping on the bed alone when she entered the room. Panic instantly flashed past her eyes. She hurried over to Jolin and shook the latter, asking anxiously, "Jolin, where's Tony?"

"Isn't Mr. Anthony beside—" Before Jolin could finish, she saw the empty space beside her. She bolted upright and glanced around, saying nervously, "Mr. Anthony was sleeping on the bed just now. Why is he missing? How did he go missing?"

Looking utterly hopeless, Amelia said, "Jolin, please stop kidding around. Hand Tony to me, or I'm going to be mad."

Jolin glanced at Amelia guiltily and gibbered, "Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Anthony was sleeping on the bed a while ago. I don't know how he disappeared when I only just fell asleep. I'm usually a light sleeper. I-I... Mrs. Clinton, please give me some time! I'll bring Mr. Anthony back."

Jolin walked to the door and turned back, saying emotionally, "Please don't panic, Mrs. Clinton. Calm down, okay? I'll go out and look for him now. But where should I start looking? There's no way he could get lost right under my nose. I'll never lose him."

Seeing Jolin in such a state of panic made Amelia feel bad. She hurriedly held the former's hand and comforted, "Calm down, Jolin. Let's try to understand what happened first. I'm sure Tony will be fine."

Amelia was beginning to understand the reason for all the sudden incidents. They're clearly here for Tony. I can't believe we still lost to them after taking so many precautions. I've got to remain calm now. Only by doing that can I bring Tony back. The more anxious I am, the more danger Tony will be in.

Seeing how Amelia was not getting mad at her, Jolin suddenly got on her knees and said guiltily, "It's all my fault, Mrs. Clinton. I performed poorly at my job and failed to protect Mr. Anthony. I swear I'll pay with my life if I cannot bring Mr. Anthony back to you."

Amelia bent over and helped Jolin up. "I don't want that, and Tony will be fine."

Tiffany, who had been silent the entire time, walked over to the windows. Immediately, she spotted a rope hanging down from the windowsill. She called out, "Amelia, I think they came in from here. What I don't understand is that with Jolin's sense of alertness, there's no way she wouldn't realize Tony was being taken away."

That made Jolin feel even more guilty.

"I'm sorry," she muttered.

Amelia empathized with Jolin and consoled her, "Don't say that, Jolin. Now is not the time to be blaming yourself. Can you get the surveillance footage from the neighborhood? I want to see which jerk has the guts to kidnap a kid in broad daylight."

Jolin nodded. Just as she was about to leave, she suddenly retreated, saying, "Mrs. Clinton, I still need to protect you. Kurt and Hugo have gone with Boss to pursue the kidnappers. I wouldn't be able to make up for it with my life if something were to happen to you."

Amelia's expression turned grim, and she offered, "I'll go with you."

With that, Amelia, Tiffany, and Jolin went out to look for the neighborhood's administrator to get the footage. Sadly, Jolin found nothing suspicious about the footage during the time they were home. As the trio stepped out of the security office, Jolin said,

"Mrs. Clinton, these people came here prepared. They avoided all the surveillance cameras throughout the process. Looks like the footage won't help us much."

Amelia furrowed her brows. She was about to say something when her phone rang. As she pulled her phone out, she saw Oscar's name on the caller ID.

Her anxious heart miraculously relaxed. However, she had experienced so much nervousness and misery for the past few hours that she answered the phone and cried out in a choked voice, "I'm sorry, Oscar. I lost Tony. What should I do? I don't think I could live if something were to happen to him."

There was a long silence at the other end of the phone. Trying his best to remain calm, Oscar said, "Amelia, I need you to calm down. Where are you? Come home first. I've already reached home. No matter what happens, you've still got me. I promise nothing will happen to Tony. You trust me, right?"

Amelia's eyes reddened as she replied firmly, "I trust you."

As soon as the trio returned to the condominium, Amelia threw herself into Oscar's embrace, sobbing, "Oscar, they took Tony away. I'm scared. I'm really scared. I fear something might actually happen to him."

Hugging her, Oscar consoled, "Don't be scared. I'm here now. I promise no one will dare to harm Tony."

Still in his embrace, Amelia nodded and slowly parted from him.

Oscar shot Jolin a glance, scaring the latter so much that she stepped forward and recounted the entire incident.

Jolin fell to her knees and said seriously, "Boss, it's my fault. I failed to protect Mr. Anthony. I'll do everything in my power to rescue him. Please give me a chance to redeem myself. I'll let you punish me however you want once I find him."

Oscar stared at her condescendingly, saying, "Jolin, you've been working with me for many years. I'm sure you're well aware of my rules by now. You've made the worst mistake. Tell me. Are you working with the enemy? Where have they taken Tony to? I trained you personally, so there's no way you wouldn't realize such major movements."

Jolin paled and explained frantically, "I'm not working with them, Boss! I swear I'm loyal to you! I just... I don't know why I didn't realize anything when they came in. I suddenly felt

so sleepy when I was watching over Mr. Anthony and fell asleep without realizing it. I didn't realize Mr. Anthony was gone until Mrs. Clinton woke me up."

Oscar's eyes glinted with murderous intent. He kicked Jolin and stepped on her chest, growling, "Tell me the truth."

Jolin's eyes were filled with fear as she gazed at him. She coughed violently and stammered, "Boss, I-I really didn't do it."

The murderous intent in Oscar's eyes intensified. "Jolin, I'm going to kill you if you don't speak up."

Finally snapping out of her daze, Amelia walked over and grabbed Oscar's arm, shaking her head. "Oscar, let Jolin go."

Oscar froze for a moment before removing his leg from Jolin's chest. Seeing that, Amelia bent over and helped Jolin up, patting away the dust on the latter. Amelia asked caringly, "Are you okay?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Clinton. I'm fine." Jolin nodded and coughed several times.

Amelia comforted, "Jolin, Oscar's just worried about Tony. Please don't take it to heart. I believe you truly care about Tony and me. I'll make Oscar apologize to you once we find Tony."

Jolin refused hurriedly, "No, no. It's my responsibility to find Mr. Anthony."

Right then, Kurt and Hugo returned. They reported in unison, "Boss, we've found five of the kidnapppers, but they're really good at keeping their mouths shut. Till now, we still haven't gotten a single piece of information from them."

"Continue questioning them. They've got Tony, and I want to know where they've taken him to," Oscar said grimly.

Upon hearing that, Kurt subconsciously glanced at Amelia.

It was Hugo's voice that brought Kurt's attention back.

"Got it, Boss," Hugo responded.

Meanwhile, Kurt pondered for a moment and said, "Boss, I gave Tony a bracelet once. It has a GPS tracker on it. As long as he still has the bracelet on, I can locate his exact position."

Oscar gave Kurt a thoughtful gaze. He then patted the latter's shoulder, saying, "Kurt, I'll owe you a huge favor if this works. Once he's back, you can return and continue watching over him. Compared to me, you're more attentive to him."

Kurt lowered his head and answered stiffly, "Don't mention it, Boss. I'm just carrying out my responsibility. Besides, I once promised Amelia to keep Tony safe."

"Very good," Oscar uttered with a complicated look, patting Kurt harder.

I love Amelia and Tony deeply, but I was not as thorough as Kurt when it came to keeping Tony safe. I guess I can only blame it on my overconfidence in my abilities. This entire situation would've been irreversible if it weren't for Kurt.

With that, Kurt began locating Tony's position. It took almost half an hour to finally find the latter's location. It was at an abandoned building on the far west of the city's outskirts.

Oscar ordered, "Hugo, gather everyone from the organization and head to the far west of the city's outskirts. No one is to move in until I give the order. They must get Tony out safely. Not a single hair on his body must be harmed."

"Got it, Boss," Hugo responded hurriedly and made a phone call to inform all the members scattered across Tayhaven, all except for those carrying out missions in another province or country.

Right as Oscar and the others were heading out to carry out the rescue mission, they saw Carter and Jennifer walking out of the elevator.

Carter hurried over and examined Amelia before asking worriedly, "Amelia, are you okay? That broken bridge caused a huge delay for Jennifer and me. We had to get someone to bring us over using a boat. You have no idea how anxious we were seeing you guys in the midst of all that danger."

Amelia glanced at Jennifer and shook her head. "I'm fine."

Suddenly, Oscar ordered, "Hugo, watch over them. We'll talk more once I get back."

Hugo stretched out his arm and gestured for them to follow him. "This way, Mr. Scott, Ms. Larson."

Perplexed, Carter asked, "Mr. Clinton, what's the meaning of this?"

"Both of you invited us for a trip to Galbur Mountain. And now, my son is in trouble. Do you think we're going to believe it's all a coincidence?" Oscar uttered coldly. He then grabbed Amelia's hand and walked into the elevator.

Carter stood frozen to the ground. Then, he shot Jennifer a complicated look before following Hugo into the condominium.

Upon entering the house, Jennifer asked, "Carter, you believe Oscar's words, don't you? You, too, think I planned all this?"

Carter eyed her and shook his head, smiling bitterly. "I don't know."

Jennifer moved her lips as if wanting to say something. Sorrow surfaced in her eyes.

I did consider making a move on Tony before, but I really didn't plan this. Besides, I don't have the capability to hire armed kidnappers. Then again, I mentioned this trip to June before, so I wouldn't put it past him to use me to plot something. Once everything is exposed, there's no guarantee he won't put all the blame on me. He's a vicious and sinister person. There's always a possibility of him making me his scapegoat.

Suddenly, Jennifer's heart sank. It was at that moment that she realized her collaboration with June was an act of playing with fire from the very start. If June were to put the blame on her, she would have to face Oscar's rage.

Noticing her expression, Carter lowered his gaze, which had a hint of disappointment. "Jennifer, did you really do this? Did you purposely get close to me so that you could use me?"

Jennifer's lips twitched, and she let out a wry chuckle. "Would you believe me if I said I didn't do it and that I just wanted everyone to have a good time at Galbur Mountain?"

Carter shook his head, saying, "I don't know. You've changed a lot. You're no longer the woman from three to four years ago who'd follow me blindly. I don't know if you'll use me as a stepping stone to harm Amelia. She was once the woman I loved for many years. Even now, she has an important place in my heart. So, I don't know if I can trust you when it comes to her matters."

Jennifer stiffened, her last strand of hope instantly turning into ashes.

She put away her wry smile and folded her arms, stating stubbornly, "I get it. I no longer hope to get your trust. After all, only the innocent know they're innocent. We'll talk more once Tony is rescued. I'm feeling a little tired. If you don't mind, I'm going to get some sleep. Even a deathrow inmate gets a last meal, right?"

With that, she lay on the bed and closed her eyes, unwilling to take another look at Carter.

Carter cast her a conflicted look. After some time, he walked out of the guest room and glanced at Hugo, who was guarding the front door. "Hugo, can I know how did Tony go missing? He was still with Amelia at Galbur Mountain the last I saw him."

Hugo eyed him and said flatly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Scott. I can't tell you anything."

Not bothered by the reply, Carter pressed on, "Do you know Tony's exact location? I can send someone over to help."

"I think you should go in, Mr. Scott," Hugo suggested politely.

Though Carter had gained zero information from all the questions, he still worried about Tony's safety. At the same time, he feared Amelia might not be able to handle it if something actually happened to the boy.

Meanwhile, Oscar sped to the far west of the city's outskirts.

Many bodyguards were already hidden in the woods and behind bushes by the time he arrived. As soon as they saw him, they stepped out and greeted, "Boss."

"How are things?"

"We've sent someone to scout the area. It's confirmed that Mr. Anthony is in there. He's fine at the moment, merely sleeping on the ground. The opponent has quite a huge number of men. Judging from their gait and how they handle their guns, they're most likely to be veterans. They also appear to be from various countries. Looks like rescuing Mr. Anthony won't be so easy," one bodyguard explained.

Oscar's eyes darkened even more, and he clenched his fists, saying coldly, "Make the arrangements. We move once the sky darkens. I want to find out which b*stard is bold enough to kidnap my son."

"Noted, Boss," the bodyguards responded in unison.

Oscar wanted to personally scout the abandoned building to find out how Tony was doing.

Reading his mind, Amelia took his hand and said in a worried tone, "Oscar."

Oscar caressed her face and said gently, "Don't worry. I'm here. I won't let anything happen to our son."

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 837

Chapter 837 Saving Tony

Amelia held onto Oscar's hand tightly, worried about the countless dangers that awaited him in the building. He pulled her into his arms and said softly, "Don't be afraid. Tony and I will both be fine."

She nodded with a heavy heart as she leaned against his chest. Kurt wanted to go with Oscar. "It's safer for me to go with you. No matter how strong you are in combat, you can't possibly dodge all those bullets."

Oscar merely glanced at Kurt and nodded. Then, the two of them carefully got closer to the abandoned building and avoided the patrolling armed kidnappers. They slowly made their way to the second floor and hid behind a pillar to see the situation on the floor below.

Like what the bodyguard said earlier, Tony was still sleeping. Besides that, the boy was surrounded by no less than ten kidnappers with guns. Each of them was wearing a mask. Anyone could tell that they had no intention of killing Tony.

Kurt said softly, "Boss, I'll distract them while you go in and save Tony. I'm worried he'd get scared when he sees so many strangers around him when he wakes up."

Oscar grabbed Kurt's hand and replied in a low voice, "Let's not be so hasty. It'll be dark after an hour. We'd have better cover then. I don't want anything to happen to Tony."

"Yes, Boss." With that, Oscar and Kurt retreated as quietly as they arrived. Despite only being two men, they were confident they could save Tony with their abilities if only there

weren't so many people around. However, it appeared that the kidnappers were well-prepared, and they had guns. A single mistake could put Tony in danger.

Oscar wasn't going to bet on that. After Oscar and Kurt returned, Amelia rushed up to Oscar and examined him for wounds. Then, she asked anxiously, "Oscar, how is Tony? Is he okay? Is he scared? Did they give him a hard time?"

In an instant, Amelia asked tons of questions. "Calm down. He's still sleeping and looks okay. I'll save him once it's dark. Don't worry. I'm here," Oscar comforted. She nodded, and her eyes reddened involuntarily.

Lifting her hand to wipe her tears, she said embarrassedly, "I didn't want to cry like this. I want to be strong while I save Tony, but I'm really worried about him. I'm scared that something will happen to him! He's still so little! He hasn't even attended kindergarten and made friends his age! There's still so much of this world that he hasn't seen or experienced! What should I do if anything happens to him?"

Oscar held her in his arms silently to comfort her and make her feel safe.

As night fell, a black car approached the abandoned building right when Oscar and the others were about to make their move. Seeing that, Oscar gestured for the others not to act rashly.

Once the black car stopped, a man walked out of the vehicle. When Oscar and Amelia saw who it was, Amelia growled through gritted teeth, "June? Him again? What did the Clinton family do to him that made him go after a child? If anything happens to Tony, I swear I'll kill him!"

Murderous intent flashed across Oscar's eyes too as he declared, "I won't let him off either!"

When June approached the abandoned building, the kidnappers with guns greeted him politely, "Boss."

June walked straight into the building and half squatted before he pinched Tony's sleeping face, observing it. Letting out a wicked laugh, he uttered, "So that's why the Clinton family treats you like their precious gem. You're adorable. If I were in their shoes, I'd love you and take good care of you too."

June pinched Tony's face with more force the second time and put on a mask. "Little boy, it's time to wake up. You'll become stupid if you sleep too much."

Tony slowly opened his eyes and woke up. Although he was a little afraid when he saw so many strangers around him, he quickly got up from the floor and avoided June's touch. There was a red mark on his fair and soft face.

He touched his cheek and, despite his size, asked sternly, "Who are you? Why did you kidnap me?"

June reached out to Tony's face again while smiling. "As expected of the eldest grandson of the Clinton family. You still possess the strong presence of a Clinton even when you're afraid. Little boy, aren't you scared when you see our appearance?"

Tony looked at June and thought of something. Suddenly, his eyes reddened, making him look like a pitiful child.

"Mister, I'm scared. I wish to see Mommy. Could you please bring me to Mommy?" Tony asked pitifully.

June was delighted to see how pathetic Tony looked. He smirked sinisterly and pinched Tony's face again, saying, "If only your father was as cowardly as you. But it's good news for me that his son is a scaredy-cat. I wonder how Oscar and Amelia will react when they can't see you?"

Tony looked angry for a split second. However, he was smart enough to know that he shouldn't offend June when he was alone. Therefore, he agreed with what June said, "You're right, Mister. Big Meanie is a coward! It'll be best if you can separate Big Meanie from Mommy!"

Obviously, June was amused by what he heard. "You're calling your daddy Big Meanie? Hmm. It sounds pretty appropriate."

Tony nodded seriously and looked up innocently. "Mister, you think he's a meanie too, don't you? He kicked Mommy out and was the reason she couldn't be together with Godpa, so I don't like him. He steals Mommy away from me all the time, so she doesn't have time for me and doesn't love me as much anymore! I hate him!"

June pinched Tony's face and said, "Little boy, you're really adorable. What should I do? I think I've taken a liking to you."

Tony opened his eyes widely and said sweetly, "I like you too, Mister. I think you're better than Big Meanie. Although I don't know what you look like, I think you're really kind and friendly."

Instantly, June felt better. "Okay. I'm in a good mood today, so I won't do anything to you."

Unexpectedly, Tony hugged June and kissed the latter's cheek. "I like you very much, Mister!"

June couldn't help but stretch his hands and hug Tony. "Since you like me so much, once I use you to strip your daddy's right to manage Clinton Corporations, I'll be sure to take good care of you. Don't worry. I won't let you sleep on the streets."

Tony opened his eyes the widest he could and acted cute. "Mister, once Big Meanie hands over his management right to you, can you marry Mommy and become my daddy?"

June's mood became even better than before. He squeezed Tony's cheeks and said, "You're really too likable! I can't imagine anyone who wouldn't like you. No wonder Oscar and Amelia treat you like a gem. Sure. Once I get the right to manage the company, I'll marry your mommy and become your daddy."

Tony nodded.

They were chatting happily when Tony suddenly clutched his belly and said pitifully, "Mister, I'm hungry. Can you give me something to eat?"

June agreed. Right when June was about to get his men to grab Tony something to eat, Tony pushed his luck by acting cute. "Mister, can you cook for me? You must be a good cook if you really want to be my daddy in the future. I want to eat what you cook. Please?"

No one knew what June was thinking, but he agreed to Tony's request and even asked his men to prepare some clean kitchenware.

One of the burly men said roughly, "Boss, we don't need to play pretend with a little child. We can just give him a slice of bread."

Instantly, June slapped the man angrily and shouted, "Who are you to interfere with what I want to do?"

The man slapped by June was angry and displeased, but he didn't dare to express his anger. He used to be in the special forces but had already retired. Therefore, he had a bad temper. He would've taught June a lesson if it weren't for the money.

June glared at the man and snapped, "Well? Why are you still here? Prepare the kitchenware! Why did I even spend so much on hiring you guys when you can't even do something as simple as this?"

Having no other choice, the man could only walk away to prepare the kitchenware in exasperation.

"Boss, the kitchenware is ready," the man said after almost ten minutes.

June nodded and said in a kind manner to Tony, "Little boy, I'll prepare some food for you now."

"Please hurry, Mister. I'm starving."

"Okay. I'll cook as fast as possible."

June got up and shot his subordinate a look. Then, the latter took out a medical kit before taking a long syringe. After that, he drew some liquid from a vial with the needle from the syringe. Once that was done, he squatted down and pulled Tony's arm over to him. Tony panicked. "Mister! Please help me! I'm scared!"

"You'd better be good, little boy. That mister is only giving you some vitamins. It's harmless," June replied amicably. However, his eyes were cold.

Tony struggled, and his eyes were filled with fear. He tried his best to get as far away as he could by moving backward, but that man pulled the boy closer and aimed the needle at Tony's arm. After that, a cold liquid was injected into Tony's system.

The young boy couldn't help but burst into tears.

Before he walked out, June said, "Get him to pipe down."

"Stop crying, or I can't guarantee there won't be another jab," that man threatened.

Hearing that, Tony stopped crying immediately. He looked at the man with an aggrieved expression and didn't dare to act rashly anymore.

He shrunk away into a corner before he eventually dozed off. The next moment, the man squatted down and gave Tony another injection.

Soon, yells about a fire could be heard from outside. The one who injected the medicine into Tony's bloodstream said to another man next to him, "Go find out what's going on out there."

The other man nodded and walked out. He returned as quickly as he left and said, "There's a fire out there! Boss asked us to put it out."

"You, you, you, and you. Go extinguish it."

"Okay!"

Once the four men walked out, only three to four people remained inside the building.

Oscar, Kurt, and the others climbed onto the second floor and swung toward the men indoors with the help of a rope. Before the men with guns could react, Oscar and the others immediately kicked the kidnappers to the ground. With lightning speed, Oscar grabbed a gun from one of the kidnappers and fired at another kidnapper who wanted to shoot him. After that, he dashed toward Tony and picked up the latter. Oscar's eyes widened when he saw Tony's tightly shut eyes and felt the coldness from the boy's body.

"Tony, Tony," Oscar called out to Tony softly as he hugged the latter.

Meanwhile, Tony merely lay against Oscar's chest quietly. If it weren't for the soft sound of Tony's breathing, Oscar would've thought that the child in his arms had already...

Oscar didn't dare to even think too deeply into it.

Kurt ran up to Oscar after the former finished someone off. In an anxious tone, he said, "Boss, you should leave with Tony first. Hugo and I will take care of the matters here."

Oscar nodded and jumped out of the window with Tony in his arms. He also got rid of two kidnappers who noticed them and chased after them. After that, he dashed toward the reeds with the help of the darkness from the night sky as camouflage. Anyone who saw Oscar running would be shocked by how fast he was.

Oscar carried Tony back to Amelia, who immediately took her son from the man and urged in a distressed tone, "Tony. Tony! Wake up! It's Mommy. Please open your eyes and look at me!"

Amelia's shaking successfully woke Tony up. He looked at her in a daze and said weakly, "Mommy, I missed you."

The next moment, he fell asleep again.

Amelia began crying out of worry. "Tony! Tony!"

However, Tony was motionless.

Meanwhile, Oscar said somewhat calmly, "Amelia, we're bringing him to the hospital now. He'll be all right."

She held Tony in her arms, looking soulless.

On the way to the hospital, she hugged Tony and peppered him with kisses. She said in between sobs, "I'm sorry, Tony. It's all my fault. I couldn't protect you."

Tiffany comforted her, "Babe, please don't think that way. Tony will be fine. He's only asleep because he's tired. If you feel guilty, he'll feel bad too."

Amelia cried even harder after hearing what Tiffany said.

She felt like her heart was breaking into pieces as she touched Tony's freezing body, which seemed to get colder by the second.

"Tony has never experienced any hardship all his life! I'm a terrible mother! If only I were good enough, none of this would've happened to him!" At that moment, Amelia was so overwhelmed by guilt that she didn't even know what to do anymore.

As the guilt grew stronger within Amelia, Tony burrowed deeper and deeper into her arms. Shivering non-stop, he murmured, "Mommy, I'm cold."

She hugged him as tightly as she could and said, "Oscar, please turn the heater up."

With that, Oscar turned up the heater to the maximum. Even after he and the others were sweating, Tony kept mumbling about how cold he was.

Amelia said while crying, "Oscar, please hurry! What's wrong with Tony?"

Oscar was already driving at full speed. Fortunately, they were still on the outskirts, so there weren't many cars nearby.

Tiffany took Tony from Amelia's arms and hugged him tightly. Only then did Tony's mumbling become softer. However, his lips had turned blue because of the cold.

Eventually, they reached the hospital after Oscar drove them back to the city and ran a few red lights.

At the hospital, Oscar hugged Tony and shouted as loudly as he could, for once losing control. "Where's James? Where the hell is he? I've already called him!"

Soon, James rushed over to where Oscar was with a group of doctors and nurses.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 838

Chapter 838 Alerted The Enemy

Tony was rushed into the operating room. Amelia and the others waited outside for several hours before the light outside the operating room was finally turned off. James took off his mask as he emerged from the room. Amelia rushed forward, grabbed James' hand, and asked anxiously, "James, how is Tony?"

Feeling a little tired, James answered, "Tony was injected with a drug that could impact his intelligence. Fortunately, it was discovered in time. Otherwise, with the right dosage, his intelligence would've been stuck at two or three years old for the rest of his life."

Amelia's expression changed drastically, and her body swayed slightly as she asked, "Tony will become—"

James quickly assured, "Don't worry. The good thing is that we discovered it in time. He's fine. We have cleansed his stomach and intestines, but Tony will show signs such as chills and convulsions within five days."

Amelia nodded. As long as he's okay. Although it's hard for me to accept the fact that he has to suffer from chills and convulsions, it's better than him becoming mentally challenged.

Tony was wheeled into a VIP private ward, with Amelia and others following behind. As Amelia looked at Tony whose face was pale and he was hooked onto an IV drip, her eyes reddened as she was overwhelmed by mixed feelings.

"You've had a long day, Tiff, and I'm sure you're tired. Go back and rest. You can come over to visit Tony tomorrow," Amelia said.

Tiffany originally wanted to refuse, but Amelia added, "Tony has collapsed. Don't make me worry about you as well."

Hearing that, the former could only agree to go back to rest.

"All right. I'll head back now. Don't tire yourself too much. I'll come back tomorrow," Tiffany said.

Amelia nodded in response.

As soon as Tiffany left, Amelia walked to the bedside, half-squatting as she stroked Tony's cheek, her eyes filled with distress.

"Go and rest on the couch, Oscar. I'll talk to Tony for a while. He must be very scared after being abducted for so many hours and injected with a drug. I'll stay here and accompany him so he won't be afraid anymore," Amelia said while staring at Tony.

Oscar walked over to Amelia, kneeled down beside her, and wrapped his arms around her before saying solemnly, "I'm sorry, Amelia. It was my over-confidence that put Tony in danger. You can scold and beat me if you want, but please don't be so sullen."

Amelia shook her head. She kept her eyes on the boy on the bed while responding softly, "I don't blame you, Oscar. I just hate June and the others. We should have nothing to do with him in the first place, but he had to be so ruthless. I want nothing more than to have the police arrest him, but he's a foreigner. Even if they arrested him, he would only be sent back to the police station in his home country. With the Adertons' influence abroad, as long as they took the matter into their hands, we wouldn't be able to do anything to June. I hate him so much. Seeing Tony in this state, I wish I could kill him with my own hands."

Oscar scooped her up by the waist and placed her on the large couch. After covering her with a quilt, he said, "Rest well. I will do everything in my power to set an inescapable trap and catch June. I've never thought of handing him over to the police. Since he touched my son, I'll be the one to take care of him."

Amelia nodded.

Perhaps because she had been worrying and filled with fear all day, she quickly fell asleep the moment she was able to relax.

Oscar's eyes darkened after he kissed her on the forehead.

Kurt and Hugo soon came to the hospital. Oscar sent several bodyguards to guard the ward before instructing the two to head to James' office.

"Did you catch him?" Oscar asked with a stoic expression while radiating a powerful presence.

Kurt and Hugo exchanged glances before the latter replied, "I'm sorry, Boss. He escaped. Please punish us for our incompetence."

"I'll get him sooner or later. There's no way he'll give up so easily after all his efforts to open a company in Tayhaven. You guys keep an eye on his company. I want him to watch himself losing everything," Oscar uttered menacingly.

After some thought, Kurt spoke up. "I'll go and end his life, Boss. There's no need to toy around with such a person."

"Killing him will dirty our hands. Not only that, but it'll also attract disgusting flies buzzing around us. Just go and monitor him. I already have something in mind," Oscar replied resolutely.

Kurt initially had something else to say, but Hugo shot him a glance as if telling him to stop talking nonsense.

"Kurt and I will do it right away, Boss." With that, Hugo pulled Kurt out of the office.

Kurt shook off his hand and walked in front of him in a sullen mood.

Hugo quickly caught up and uttered solemnly, "You've crossed the line, Kurt. Don't forget that you and I have been personally trained by Boss. We only have to obey his instructions, not protest."

Kurt looked at him. "Even if his decision is wrong, can't I bring it up?" he remarked indignantly.

"Kurt," Hugo called out in a stern voice.

Kurt took a deep breath. His chest rose and fell heavily, and the veins on his neck bulged.

Hugo let out a sigh before saying in a raspy voice, "I know you're worried about Mrs. Clinton, Kurt, but don't forget that we are her subordinates. Our boss has done his best for her and Mr. Anthony, and his feelings for her are no lesser than yours. Don't think too highly of yourself. Our boss has undoubtedly decided to adopt a long-term plan to secure

a greater victory by destroying June's hard work. This is way more devastating to him than taking his life. Do you understand?"

Kurt clenched his fists tightly and walked back with his head down. The rollercoaster of emotions he was experiencing was what made him reveal his longing to kill June over adopting a long-term plan to secure a greater victory in destroying June's hard work and making him lose everything. In his opinion, a day of letting June off would fuel the latter's arrogance and give him enough time to grow stronger. Delays led to more complications.

The more Kurt thought about it, the more he felt indignant about letting the matter go that way, so he also came up with his own plan to finish June off no matter what. He did not care if he would later be punished by Oscar or even expelled from the organization. He would not allow Amelia and Tony to be in danger again.

He intended to use his own method to protect the woman he loved and her child.

Hugo was afraid that Kurt would do something drastic, so he quickly followed him. After leaving the hospital, Kurt opened the car door to get in, but Hugo grabbed his arm. "Don't be rash, Kurt," he advised.

Kurt stared at the other man intently and said patiently, "You know my temper, Hugo. Even if you can stop me this time, can you stop me forever? Either you tell our boss, or you let me leave. Your choice."

In the end, Hugo had no choice but to let him go, but he also got into his car and followed Kurt.

Kurt caught June outside Yard Manor, but the latter was carrying a gun and had several foreign bodyguards with him. Both parties soon engaged in an intense battle.

Kurt shot June in the shoulder during the melee, but the latter's men were not incompetent. As a result, Kurt was also shot in the arm amid the raging gunfire, and if it were not for Hugo rushing in to cover him, Kurt would have perished there.

Hugo opened the car door for Kurt to get in before speeding away.

Hugo drove for some time and saw that no one was chasing them. He then wanted to turn the car around to head to the hospital, but Kurt grabbed his arm and said forcefully, "There's no need to go to the hospital. Isn't there a medical kit in the trunk? Take it out and help me remove the bullet and bandage the wound. An injury like this won't kill me."

Hugo glanced at him through the rearview mirror and compromised by stopping the car. He got out and took out the medical kit from the trunk. He then took out a knife and disinfected it with alcohol before taking a small towel for the other man to bite. "Bear with it. It'll be very painful," Hugo warned.

"Go ahead. I can handle it," Kurt said.

Hugo cut open the wound on his arm with the knife, removed the bullet with pliers, and bandaged the wound skillfully.

Due to their dangerous line of work, they could lose their lives at any moment, so they were long familiar with the process of handling gunshot wounds. As long as it was not life-threatening, they would treat the wound in that basic manner and allow it to slowly heal itself.

Kurt slumped against the seat, looking rather pale. "Sorry. I've alerted the enemy. I'll go back to our boss and beg for his forgiveness," he said in a weak voice.

"Don't think too much. The most important thing for you now is to recover well from your injury. As for that foreign man, we can catch him at any time. The fact that he can still appear at Yard Manor at this critical moment means that Cassie has a very important place in his heart. As long as we keep an eye on her, there's no fear that he won't appear," Hugo replied.

Kurt simply nodded in response.

Hugo sent Kurt back to the apartment where he was temporarily staying and poured him a glass of warm water. "Have some water. You were shot, so there's a possibility that you might run a fever tonight due to the inflammation of your wound."

Kurt took a sip of water and said with a shake of his head, "I'm fine. It's just a minor injury."

Despite saying that it was a minor injury, he was in so much pain that his face turned ashen. Hugo was worried and gave him painkillers. Seeing Kurt's complexion improving after taking the painkillers, Hugo finally felt relieved.

"Get some rest. I'll ask the others about Mrs. Clinton and Mr. Anthony's condition in the hospital." Hugo took out his phone and went to make a call, chatting for almost three minutes before coming back.

Kurt asked with great concern, "How is it? Tony is fine, right? I was too impulsive just now and didn't have time to ask how he was doing."

Hugo furrowed his brows. "Mr. Anthony was injected with a drug. Fortunately, it was a small dosage. They've cleansed his stomach and intestines, so it's not a big problem. However, he'll show symptoms such as convulsions and chills within these few days. Luckily, his life is not in danger."

Kurt's expression turned extremely gloomy.

He struggled to get up from the couch. "I'm going to the hospital to see him now. How can he endure this kind of suffering at such a young age?"

Hugo forcefully pinned him down on the couch, signaling him not to act rashly anymore.

Kurt shouted indignantly from his position, "What are you doing, Hugo? Let go of me. I just want to visit Tony. He'll be scared if he can't see me."

Hugo glared at the other man fiercely and spoke the truth. "Snap out of it, Kurt. Mr. Anthony has Boss and Mrs. Clinton, and the people he wishes to see are also them. They are his parents, not you."

Kurt immediately stopped struggling.

A trace of distress flashed in Hugo's eyes. If he allowed Kurt to become overconfident in his feeling for Amelia, the person who would be hurt would also be Kurt himself.

He uttered with a little pity in his tone, "I'm sorry, Kurt. That's not what I was trying to say. I—"

"I'm tired, Hugo. I'm going to bed." Kurt got up and went into the bedroom without looking back.

Hugo's mouth twitched, but he did not stop Kurt in the end.

That night, quite a few people were bound to be sleepless.

Early next morning, Tony suffered a full-body convulsion. Amelia held him in her arms while Oscar called the doctor. James gave Tony a sedative that quickly stabilized him, but he was soon foaming in his mouth again and spitting all over his face, looking extremely pitiful.

Amelia wiped his mouth with a handkerchief as James examined him and gave him another injection. Tony convulsed for another dozen minutes before calming down.

"How is Tony's condition, James? Will this happen a lot in the next few days?" Amelia asked in distress.

James nodded and said grimly, "Amelia, Tony's condition will get worse in the next few days, so you better be mentally prepared. Also, considering his young age, it's not advisable to give him too many injections. Otherwise, it'll affect his growth."

Amelia's eyes reddened in anguish.

"I'm begging you, James. Please save Tony. As long as you can lessen his suffering, I'll agree to whatever you want in return," she pleaded.

James quickly supported her. "Don't be like this, Amelia. I'll do my best to treat Tony."

Amelia nodded and murmured feebly, "Thank you."

James could only sigh inwardly when he saw her state.

Olivia rushed to the hospital with Owen after hearing the news, and upon seeing Tony lying on the bed with needle marks all over his arm, she was so shocked that her legs weakened, and she nearly collapsed on the floor.

She stumbled to the bedside and exclaimed with reddened eyes, "What's happened? How did my healthy grandson become like this?"

Amelia merely stood on the side quietly, visibly distressed.

Olivia kneeled beside the bed and stroked Tony's pale cheek as tears rolled down her cheeks. All of a sudden, she went berserk and grabbed Oscar's clothes before hitting his chest. "Tell me, Oscar. How did Tony end up like this? He was fine only two days ago. Why did he become like this after spending a weekend with you? When has my grandson ever suffered this much? If something happens to him, how am I supposed to live?"

Oscar simply let her beat him in silence.

Owen came over and pulled his wife away. "Calm down, Olivia. No one wishes to see Tony injured," he uttered.

Olivia leaned against his chest and sobbed, her heart hurting as if it had been pierced with a knife.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 839

Chapter 839 A Vicious Plot

When Isabella heard about Tony's incident from Stephanie, she immediately knew her opportunity had come. At this moment, Oscar had weak willpower. I'm sure I can change Oscar's opinion. I just have to get him to drink the medicine and hypnotize him.

Isabella felt that even God was on her side and blessed her with the golden opportunity to get her hands on Oscar. She was so ecstatic that she walked around excitedly with her eyes full of excitement. Stephanie walked over with her bulging belly and looked strangely at her. "Isabella, what are you doing?"

Isabella quickly suppressed her excitement and came up with an excuse. "I've put on some weight recently, so I wanted to exercise. Didn't you say that Tony was injured? Let's visit him at the hospital. He's your nephew, after all."

Stephanie fidgeted with her fingers and said casually, "He's not dead. There's no need for us to be in such a hurry to be nice to them. Oscar and Amelia wouldn't appreciate our kind gestures, anyway. Not to mention I'm about to give birth. Who'll be responsible if we rush to the hospital and something terrible happens on the way?"

Idiot. Isabella cursed at Stephanie inwardly. Despite what she thought, she persuaded, "Steph, you're wrong. If we visit him now, Aunt Olivia will surely acknowledge your sincerity. With that, she'll surely put in a good word for you in front of Oscar, no?"

Stephanie mulled over it and felt that Isabella's words made sense.

After taking a glance at her belly, she said viciously, "All right, then. I'll follow you to see if that nemesis of mine is dead already. With him around, I'm becoming more and more insignificant in the Clinton family."

In response, Isabella said, "I'll prepare some food. Since Oscar has been at the hospital for a whole day, he must be famished. I'll tell them the food is prepared by you, okay? After all, you're Oscar's sister. There's nothing wrong with you preparing food for him. If I were to say that the food was prepared by me, I'm afraid that he might not eat it."

Stephanie shot her a doubtful look and asked, "You won't lace the food, right?"

Isabella merely smiled in response.

After preparing a huge amount of food, Isabella followed Stephanie and Noah to the hospital. Upon arriving outside the ward, Stephanie, who was reluctant and wore a gloomy expression, immediately adjusted her expression. She put on an anxious expression and walked into the ward at a fast pace.

Stephanie held her waist to support her bulging belly and asked worriedly, "Mom, how's Tony?"

Olivia held Stephanie and questioned, "What are you doing here? Aren't you about to give birth? Why aren't you staying at home?"

"Mom, I'm worried about Tony. I was so anxious when I heard that he was kidnapped," Stephanie answered anxiously.

Olivia's expression softened. "That's so thoughtful of you."

Stephanie walked toward the hospital bed and looked at Tony. With a frown, she asked with concern, "Mom, Tony looks terrible. What did the doctor say?"

"It's not that serious. Calm down, okay?" Olivia answered.

Stephanie heaved a sigh of relief and got Noah to bring the food forward. "Mom, after what happened to Tony, Amelia and Oscar haven't eaten much, right? Here, everyone, sit down and eat something. We won't be able to take care of Tony if we're hungry."

Olivia's expression eased up even more. "You've become so thoughtful, Stephanie."

Stephanie laid out the food on the table and said, "Mom, I'm about to be a mother soon. I can't possibly be as inconsiderate as before, right?"

Olivia nodded and invited Amelia and Oscar to eat.

At first, Amelia wasn't in the mood to eat. Moreover, she didn't feel like eating the food brought by Stephanie and the others. However, out of respect, she couldn't turn Olivia down, so she had no choice but to sit down with Oscar and eat.

Isabella stared at Oscar as she watched him eat the food she prepared. When she saw he had finished the food on his plate, she heaved a sigh of relief silently and smiled.

Oscar then put his fork aside and glanced at Isabella. "Stephanie, bring the members of the Walker family away. I'm not in a good mood right now, and I don't want these irrelevant people in the ward."

Upon hearing that, Isabella stopped smiling. His words had dampened her good mood.

Stephanie got angry, and she got too emotional. With a hand on her belly, she shouted anxiously, "Mom, help! I think I'm about to give birth!"

Olivia held her and voiced, "Noah! Hurry and get the doctor! Your wife is about to give birth. Why are you still standing there?"

Noah dashed out of the ward and moments later, a group of doctors came to bring Stephanie to the operating room.

Olivia wanted to follow them, but she was worried about Tony. "Why does it have to be happening now? Don't we have enough problems to worry about?"

"Mom, be with Stephanie, okay? She's your daughter, after all. Oscar and I will stay here and take care of Tony," Amelia said.

After contemplating for a while, Olivia agreed with her.

Just like that, Olivia and Owen rushed toward the operating room as well.

Amelia sighed and asked, "Oscar, shouldn't you go over too?"

Oscar gazed at her and consoled her by saying, "Don't worry. She's just giving birth to a child. There's nothing much to worry about. Besides, she's giving birth to a Walker. Why should I be there?"

Amelia was rendered speechless.

She sat by Tony's bed and watched him silently. While looking at Tony, she was frowning, and distress was written all over her face.

Seeing that, Oscar was in a foul mood as well. He bent down to kiss her on her head and said, "I'll go get you a cup of coffee, okay?"

Amelia nodded in response.

The moment Oscar exited the ward, Isabella approached him and greeted, "Hey, Oscar."

Oscar merely nodded at her indifferently and wanted to walk past her. However, Isabella slightly rotated her watch and uttered in a hypnotic tone, "Oscar, I would like to bring you to a place. Would you come with me?"

In an instant, Oscar's eyes went dull, and he nodded obediently. "Okay."

Jolin then appeared out of nowhere and said, "Boss, Mrs. Clinton is looking for you."

When Isabella saw Jolin, a hint of viciousness flitted across her eyes. She then put on a pitiful look and glanced at Oscar. "Oscar, your bodyguard is so annoying. Don't you get to decide who to talk to?"

Upon hearing that, Oscar turned toward Jolin and fumed, "Buzz off!"

Isabella cast a triumphant glance at Jolin and said, "Oscar told you to leave! Didn't you hear him?"

Jolin threw her a complicated look in response. However, she had no choice but to obey Oscar and back down. Before she left, she turned to look at Oscar again. Why do I feel that something is wrong with Boss? He doesn't seem himself.

Isabella smiled. "Oscar, let's go. Your bodyguards are so annoying. Could you get all of them to leave?"

Oscar nodded and said obediently, "Yes."

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 840

Chapter 840 Unsuccessful Hypnosis

Oscar drove his car at high speed to shake off his bodyguards, who were secretly following him. He brought the car to a halt in front of a well-concealed psychiatric clinic. Isabella looked outside the car window and could not help curling her lips into a smug smile. I can finally obtain everything I want after putting in so much effort.

She unbuckled her seat belt, leaned forward to kiss Oscar, and said with a smile, "Oscar, one day, you will belong only to me."

He merely glanced at her impassively. "Let's go," she said affectionately. Oscar nodded, unbuckled his seat belt, and got out of the car obediently.

Isabella held Oscar's arm and led him inside. An old foreign man with white hair stepped forward and greeted them, "Isabella, is this the man you mentioned? He's very handsome. No wonder you fell for him. However, judging from his appearance, I think a man like him is very difficult to control. Even if you possess him now, you can't have him forever. Besides, when he completely recovers his memories, he will recall everything you've done to him. Are you really prepared for this?"

Isabella's expression turned cold. "Professor Zabinski, that's not what you told me previously. You said you could provide me with a medication that could make someone submit to me and will never have any adverse reaction. Why are you telling me a different story now?"

Bernard Zabinski shrugged. "Those are nothing more than lies. There are no such medications in this world. I would have forced the wealthiest man to yield to me if there was. Moreover, I did inform you about all the possible aftereffects of this medication, but you were too greedy, so you used it without considering the consequences. By the time he regains his memories, I do not know if he will fall in love with you for real or take revenge on you. You need to make up your mind now. Both of you can still come out of this situation unscathed if you call this off now."

Isabella clenched her fists as a menacing look spread across her face.

"Professor Zabinski, I've brought him here, so there is no way for me to turn back now," she uttered adamantly.

Bernard gestured for them to enter. "Please, come in. I've made all the necessary preparations, and we can start any time. This man is our tenth test subject. I think I can perfectly create a set of new memories for him."

Isabella subconsciously grasped his hand and said, "Professor Zabinski, you are not using me, are you?"

He beamed at her like a kind, old foreign man. "Isabella, I'm just a psychiatrist with enthusiasm for research. I am passionate about exploring the psychology of humans so I can assist those at a loss to alter their memories using hypnosis. Although my actions do not comply with the most fundamental medical ethics, why does it matter? I do not want to be a mere traditional-minded psychiatrist. All right, we can begin now. I can't wait to see the effect the medicine I invented has on this seemingly perfect tenth test subject."

Catching sight of his zealous demeanor, Isabella suddenly felt ill at ease and instinctively tightened her grip around Bernard's hand.

Bernard turned his head around and smiled gently. "What's the matter, Isabella? Are you regretting your decision? If that's the case, I will cancel this experiment. But are you really willing to give up now, after spending so much effort to achieve this stage thus far?"

Countless thoughts flashed across Isabella's mind as she ruminated on his words. Then, she gradually let go of him.

Bernard asked Oscar to lie on the bed before pushing the latter into a piece of medical equipment to undergo an examination. After the process went on for close to an hour, Oscar was brought out of the machine, and Bernard officially began hypnotizing Oscar.

Unexpectedly, despite his attempts to forcefully implant all the fake memories he had discussed with Isabella previously into Oscar's mind, Bernard failed to enter the deepest part of Oscar's brain due to the latter's immensely tough mental strength.

Bernard, now covered in cold sweat, wasted almost three hours on the hypnosis. Still, Oscar continued to struggle in the chair, showing faint signs of waking up.

Bernard hurriedly stopped what he was doing. He wiped the sweat off his forehead while panting heavily, and he said, "Isabella, his willpower is too strong. Even if I implant a different set of memories into his brain now, I'm afraid this condition will not last for many years. You should be prepared to handle any sudden changes."

Staring at Oscar, Isabella clenched her fists and uttered aggressively, "I don't care. I've spent so much effort and endured his endless disdain and mockery to accomplish this step. There is no turning back now. He can only be mine."

Her resolution sparked Bernard's competitiveness. He suggested, "Isabella, bring him back for now and come here again the day after tomorrow. I guarantee this process will be successful then. I reckon I am not well prepared today."

She replied anxiously, "Professor Zabinski, you must accomplish the hypnosis today. His bodyguard is already starting to suspect me, so it is very difficult for me to lead him here."

"Don't worry. My hypnosis will affect his real memories to a certain extent, so he will not spurn you as much as before. His feelings might not be altered to the point of falling in

love with you, but he will harbor a sense of familiarity toward you, so you can rest assured," Bernard persuaded her.

Isabella remained slightly unconvinced. "Really?"

"You can only believe in me now, right?"

She nodded in reluctance. "I will try to bring him here the day after tomorrow. If I fail, please allow me one more week."

"There's no hurry. Unusual cases like him are interesting and can invoke my desire to polish my skills further. If I can successfully modify his memories, I'll be considered to have achieved the pinnacle in my research area. Then, I'll have no regrets in my life. Haha!" Bernard suddenly stated fervently.

Taking in his crazed mien, Isabella cursed inwardly. What a lunatic. He's a nutcase who is too passionate about his research.

Isabella drove Oscar back to the hospital. Right after she parked the car, he woke up.

She gazed at him in anticipation and asked cautiously, "You're awake, Oscar?"

When he turned to glance at her, Isabella sensed the lack of detestation and indifference he usually regarded her with. He merely asked, "Why am I in your car?"

Isabella subconsciously let out a sigh of relief.

"Oscar, you said you wanted to buy Amelia's favorite dessert to please her. Look, you're still holding the takeaway box. Have you forgotten?" she answered while gesturing at his hands with her chin.

He looked at the dessert in his hands, and he was indeed holding Amelia's favorite dessert from her preferred bakery. Nonetheless, Oscar could not shake off the feeling that he had forgotten something.

He furrowed his brows and glanced at Isabella with suspicion.

Isabella's heart was in her mouth. "What's the matter, Oscar? Let's get out of the car first. Otherwise, Amelia may be upset if you are out for too long."

Oscar was still doubtful, but he was no longer as repulsed by Isabella as before. Still, he could not bring himself to like her.

After they got out of the vehicle, she said, "Oscar, you should return to the ward first. I have some things to attend to, so I will go upstairs after a short while."

He gave her a meaningful look and nodded placidly.

Watching him entering the hospital building without turning his head around, she could not help but curve her lips upward as she felt strangely delighted.

Isabella muttered, "Oscar, you will be mine sooner or later. I will make you fall in love with me for real, even if this process will take one or two years. I don't want you to think of me as a nice person only when you are under the influence of hypnosis."

Oscar could not care less about her thoughts. Amelia hurriedly jogged over when he entered the ward, and she sized him up.

He patted her head affectionately and said cheerfully, "What's the matter? Are you getting impatient, waiting for me to buy you your favorite dessert?"

Only then did Amelia notice the bag he was carrying. "You went to Mama's Little Bakery on East Street to buy their dessert for me?"

Oscar nodded. He handed the bag to her and said, "You did not eat much earlier, and I know you must be exhausted from taking care of Tony, so I went to Mama's Little Bakery to buy some dessert for you. Dig in."

Contentment rose within Amelia, prompting all her earlier suspicions to dissipate.

She opened the bag and started eating the dessert he had bought for her, feeling that the dessert tasted even more delicious than usual.

After consuming two or three pieces, she piped up, seemingly inadvertently, "Oscar, I heard from Jolin that you left the hospital with Isabella, and you even drove the car at high speed to elude your bodyguards. Is that true?"

A hint of perplexity flashed across his eyes. Still, Oscar replied unconcernedly, "She freeloaded my car. I drove fast because I wanted to send her to her destination as quickly as possible."

Even though Amelia remained doubtful, she did not have the mindfulness to probe further, as her mind was occupied with Tony's hospitalization and Stephanie's childbirth inside the operating room at that moment.

She changed the topic of conversation. "Oscar, go and check on your sister. I'll stay here to take care of Tony."

He sharply sensed something amiss with her emotions. "Amelia, are you upset because I fetched Isabella?"

Despite feeling a little unsettled, Amelia shook her head in response and said with a smile, "How can that be? I'm not such a petty person. I was worried because you were gone for about four to five hours, and you weren't picking up the phone too."

A look of bewilderment flashed across Oscar's face. "I was gone for about four to five hours?" As he could not recall what had happened, he could not help but feel suspicious of Isabella. However, just as that hint of dubiety surfaced, countless memories flooded his mind and disrupted his thought process. As a result, he could not bring himself to dislike Isabella.

Meanwhile, Amelia was intently observing the emotional changes reflected in his facial expression. Her heart sank when she noticed his unresponsiveness.

"Oscar, go and check on your sister. I suppose she should have delivered the child by now, since a long time has passed," Amelia suggested while wearing a wavering smile.

Noticing her low spirits, he pulled her into his embrace and said softly, "Are you really unhappy? Are you mad at me? In that case, I will never fetch another girl in the future. Be good and don't be angry. I'll feel guilty if your anger toward me affects your health."

Amelia pulled herself from his embrace and chirped, "Hurry up and visit your sister. I'm not such a petty person."

Oscar nodded.

After he left, Amelia's face darkened slightly, and her eyes gleamed pensively.

Jolin entered the ward and said, "Mrs. Clinton, I think Boss is acting a little unusual. It happens whenever he consumes the food brought by Ms. Stephanie and Isabella. I suspect something is wrong with the food."

Amelia's face fell. "Are you sure, Jolin?"

Jolin replied solemnly, "Mrs. Clinton, I've never lied. Boss despises Isabella. On normal days, he finds it disgusting to even speak to her, much less fetching her in his car and

ditching us, his bodyguards, for her sake. Therefore, I think you should be more careful, Mrs. Clinton. Isabella is not a simple woman.”

Amelia subconsciously clenched her fists as she contemplated Jolin’s advice.

“Jolin, I want you and Hugo to protect Oscar in secret. I will also convince Oscar to let James examine his body,” Amelia said.

Jolin replied, “Mrs. Clinton, let me stay here to protect you and Mr. Anthony. Hugo and Kurt will guard Boss without alerting him. I will also instruct our men to monitor Isabella’s movement closely. The Walker family is being too much. I can never let her off easily.”

“I’ll leave this matter to you. Thank you, Jolin,” Amelia uttered sincerely.

If Oscar truly harbored loving feelings toward another woman while Tony was in this condition, Amelia would certainly be devastated.

“You’re welcome, Mrs. Clinton. Boss instructed me to protect you and Mr. Anthony at all times. I have failed in my duties, as my negligence resulted in Mr. Anthony’s current state. For that reason, I will try my best to make up for my dereliction of duty. Nevertheless, I must thank you for giving me this opportunity, Mrs. Clinton.”

Amelia glanced at her and responded with all seriousness, “Jolin, to me, you are not just a bodyguard assigned to me by Oscar. I’ve long since thought of you as my sister, so from now on, I do not allow you to blame yourself. No one wanted this unfortunate kidnapping to befall Tony, and I’ve never considered this your fault.”

Amelia’s speech warmed Jolin’s heart, encouraging the latter to serve Amelia more dutifully.

Oscar returned approximately half an hour later and said to Amelia, “Stephanie delivered the baby through C-section. He’s a baby boy. Both of them are safe and sound, so you can rest assured now.”

Amelia nodded.

She thought briefly before saying, “Oscar, since we are in the hospital, I wish for us to undergo a health examination. Tony’s misfortune shone a light on the fragility of life for me. A healthy individual can get sick without warning. Anyone unlucky enough to be diagnosed with cancer will not get more than a couple of years to live. Therefore, I told

James to make the necessary arrangements for us to do a medical checkup because I want us to stay together healthily until we are a hundred years old. What do you say?"

Oscar chuckled. He agreed to her request without hesitation, assuming she was frightened because of what had happened to Tony.

He had never refused any of Amelia's requests.

Amelia sighed in relief, hoping that everything was merely her suspicion. Otherwise, Isabella's scheme would seem all the more terrifying.

"Okay. We'll stay together until we are a hundred years old. By the time all my hair turns white, I'll hand the company to Tony. Then, I will bring you everywhere for sightseeing. We'll visit all the most beautiful places in Chanaea before traveling abroad. What do you say?" Oscar said while caressing her cheek.

Amelia nodded as the gloom that lingered in her chest gradually disappeared.

"Oscar, Tony and I love you a lot. I hope your feelings toward us will never change too. All right?"

"Silly girl. What are you thinking about? I've gone to great lengths to be with you finally, so there's no way my feelings will change. Do not mention such ridiculous nonsense in the future," Oscar replied while using a finger to tap her nose affectionately.

"Okay." Amelia beamed at him and stopped uttering those ambiguous nonsense.