

# Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 901 - 905

## Chapter 901 Arrested

"Don't assume I'll offer you my gratitude even if you send me home, Amelia. I do not want charity from you," spat Isabella angrily.

Accepting charity from Amelia felt worse than cutting a blade through her flesh, for she looked like even more of a failure when compared to Amelia's elevated status.

Amelia looked at Isabella dispassionately, her lips curling into a mirthless smile. "Don't worry, Ms. Walker. I will have someone send you back later. I only brought you to a hotel because I was concerned that your body might not be able to take it while you drag yourself on the ground."

"I don't need your help. Drop your act." The smile on Amelia's face melted away. "Jolin, call the police in a bit. Tell them that Ms. Walker was abandoned here by her family, and help to remove her is requested."

Jolin already came up with a statement for the police upon hearing that. All the while, Isabella's face contorted with rage.

Tiffany gave a thumbs up appreciatively. Amelia sure is discreet while toppling others over. She might look harmless while remaining silent, but her words sting so badly if she chooses to speak.

Sure enough, Jolin called the cops to retrieve Isabella. Upon hearing that, Isabella grabbed a pillow from the bed with her uninjured arm and cast it in Amelia's direction while cursing in frustration, "F\*ck off! All of you!"

It's my biggest misfortune to meet both Amelia and Tiffany in my life! Amelia dodged the pillow and bent over to pick it up.

"We'll leave once the police arrive," Amelia promised. Isabella's chest heaved as she yelled in the loudest voice she could manage, "F\*ck off!" Tiffany couldn't help but cover her ears as the woman bellowed.

Yet, Amelia merely observed Isabella's manic behavior with much calmness, starting to pity the latter all of a sudden for having come to such an end after all the hard work she had put in.

Isabella's wretched state had her lamenting about the fact that the lowliest of people were also often abominable. "Calm down, Isabella. You're degrading yourself by lashing out like this," Amelia stated.

Isabella panted vehemently, her chest heaving. "Drop the act, Amelia. I wouldn't have been in such a state if it weren't for you. Your husband was the one who broke my limbs, and my wretched state is all your doing!" Isabella shouted.

She couldn't stomach the grudge of Amelia keeping the honorable position as the matriarch of the Clinton family while she had become incapacitated. Before that, she had assumed that all that belonged to Amelia was hers, only to be robbed of them all in the end.

Tiffany had mixed feelings when she heard that.

She's just playing the blame game.

"Instead of being reduced to a beggar on the streets, you would still be the beloved daughter of the prestigious Walker family if you didn't try to steal what belongs to others, Isabella. You brought this upon yourself. There's no one else to blame." Tiffany found her ridiculous.

Isabella glared at Tiffany resentfully.

As the two of them were at a stand-off, Tiffany cracked her knuckles, itching to punch Isabella.

Amelia shook her head at Tiffany.

The police arrived quickly. Nobody opened the door when they knocked, but the door opened the moment they turned the knob.

The two police saw Isabella lying on the bed alone when they entered.

"We have received orders from the chief to send you back home to the Walker family, Ms. Walker. Please come with us," said one of the police.

They went out of their way to come to the hotel after getting a call from their chief. None of them dared dally when they heard it was a special request from someone.

Meanwhile, Isabella wished she could choke both of the police while staring at them intently.

No one dealt with her case when it was reported to the police that she got incapacitated, but the chief stepped in when Amelia was the one who made the call.

"I'll be in your care, Sir." Despite her feelings of bitterness, she dared not offend the police while in such a wretched state. She feared being left to fend for herself on the streets.

After the police sent her back home, they also issued both Carol and Noah a warning. If they were to leave Isabella on the streets ever again, they would be detained for two weeks.

Carol had the housekeeper get Isabella upstairs before personally seeing the police off.

It wasn't until after the police were gone that Carol and Noah exchanged glances before entering Isabella's room together.

"Why did the police send you back, Isabella?" asked Carol.

She didn't believe for a second that the police would be enthusiastic enough to assist Isabella without questions.

"It was Amelia who had them send me home. She mentioned that she wouldn't hold me accountable for my past deeds and that I could call her for help if you ever bullied me again," Isabella lied through her teeth.

There was a flicker of hope in Carol's gaze.

On the contrary, Noah studied Isabella suspiciously.

"Is what you said true, Isabella? Was it Amelia who had them send you home?" Carol questioned fervently.

If Amelia was indeed her savior, we could still have Amelia put in a good word or two for us in Oscar's presence and have him spare us.

“Mom, do you think the police would be as nice to send me back if that wasn’t the case? I was lucky that they didn’t take me for a lunatic.” Isabella intentionally bent the truth.

Carol seemed to have found her saving grace.

“Ask Amelia for mercy, Isabella. Oscar obeys everything she says. You were the one who caused all of this, so you should be the one to deal with it.” Carol grabbed Isabella’s hand. “As long as you’re able to get Amelia to spare us, I will hire the best doctors to fix your limbs, and you will still be my dearest daughter.”

Isabella looked at Carol impassively, a hint of mockery in her eyes.

So this is the true character of my immediate family.

“Mom, I think it’s a good thing that the Walker family went bankrupt. With me in such a state, it feels nice to be able to have you fall with me,” Isabella ridiculed.

Having been discarded by the Walker family, she couldn’t help but mock them.

Carol’s expression changed drastically after she heard that.

“What did you just say, Isabella? If it weren’t for your presumptuousness, the Walker family wouldn’t have come to this! I’ll incapacitate your right arm and turn you into a useless person for scoffing at us instead of lending a helping hand!”

“I already am one, even without you doing that, Mom. I’m waiting for the time when all of you descend into misfortune as well.”

“You’ll really have to beg on the streets if misfortune befalls us.”

“I was left on the streets even before the Walker family was officially bankrupt. It won’t be a surprise if that happens again after the family actually is bankrupt.”

Boiling with hatred, Carol choked Isabella by the neck.

“Let me just choke you to death lest my heart gives out from this frustration!”

Isabella was still smiling despite her face being all red from being choked.

“Watch out, Mom. You’ll be sent behind bars for killing your daughter. Now that I’m already a cripple, it sounds like a nice idea to be able to drag you down with me before my death,” Isabella quipped with difficulty, her face still flushing.

In a fit of rage, Carol clutched her fingers even tighter around Isabella's neck, so much so that Isabella's face turned crimson.

Noah stepped forward to pull Carol away.

"Calm down, Mom," he urged.

Carol glowered at Isabella in chagrin, her chest still in pain from the exertion.

Meanwhile, Isabella was coughing violently but burst into laughter as she did.

Both Noah and Carol turned to check on her, unaware of what triggered the outburst.

Isabella carried on with her laughing fit, only to burst into tears later on. She wailed loudly as if venting all of the feelings of helplessness and melancholy that she had experienced.

Carol furrowed her brows, having lost all hope for Isabella.

My daughter is too far gone, and so has the Walker family reached its demise.

There was a knock on the door before a housekeeper's voice came through. "Mrs. Walker, the police have arrived and are looking for Mr. Walker."

Panic fled across Carol's face as she held Noah's arm.

"Why are the police here, Noah? Haven't they already taken your statement?" questioned Carol in distress.

"Don't get all anxious. Let me check on the situation. I guess I'll have to help with another case. I am definitely innocent. I haven't done anything, so the police wouldn't do anything to me without reason." Noah managed to speak with some composure.

During that time, he had been extra cautious while doing anything. Even when word came out that he had been evading tax, the police released him after taking his statement due to the lack of concrete evidence.

He assumed that things would more or less be the same that time around, but he was too self-conceited. It wasn't until when the police handcuffed him that he realized things were going south.

# Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 902

## Chapter 902 Bankrupt

“Mr. Walker, your company has been charged with tax evasion and smuggling. We already have the primary evidence so far. Here’s the warrant of arrest. Please come with us,” informed a male police officer while presenting an arrest warrant.

Noah was too stunned that he was in a daze even when the handcuffs were placed on his wrists. Carol, on the other hand, trembled in fear and rushed forward to grab his hand.

“You can’t take my son away. He’s accused wrongly. He has always been a trustworthy person in his business. I’m sure there must be a misunderstanding here,” Carol cried.

“Ma’am, it’s up to the court to decide whether Mr. Walker is accused wrongly.” The police pulled her away and brought Noah into the police car.

Carol trembled from head to toe, and her eyes were filled with panic. She had no one to help her now that Noah had been taken away. After pondering for some time, she decided to go upstairs to talk to Isabella.

Looking pale, Carol stepped into Isabella’s room and glanced helplessly at her daughter.

Isabella’s eyes glinted with glee when she saw Carol’s expression.

“So Noah’s taken away, huh? That’s great. He deserves it,” Isabella remarked happily.

The second Carol heard that, anger rose within her, which replaced her feelings of anxiousness. She rushed forward, grabbed Isabella’s hair, and started beating the latter. The attack was so violent that the latter had no chance of fighting back.

Isabella had already slumped onto the bed, panting by the time Carol stopped when she ran out of energy. However, she still fixed a provocative glare on Carol.

Swinging her sore hands, Carol sneered, “Isabella, I’ve been your mother for over twenty years, yet I never knew you were such a despicable person. I really wanted to strangle you to death just now, but I figured I’d be giving you an easy way out if I killed you just like that. So, I’ve decided to ignore you for the rest of your life.” A few minutes later, two maids walked in and carried Isabella out the door without saying a word.

Isabella struggled with all her might, shouting, "Put me down! I'm the daughter of the Walker family!"

However, the maids kept silent, which made her struggle even more.

Sadly, Isabella's struggles were useless. In the end, the two maids placed her in the car, while one of them informed the chauffeur, "Joe, Mrs. Walker says you only need to send Ms. Isabella to the shelter. Suppose someone there takes her in; then good for her. If not, let her face her fate alone, even if she has to beg on the streets."

Isabella's face instantly drained of color. She regretted arguing with Carol earlier. After all, she was nothing without the Walker family's support. Moreover, her limbs were not fully recovered. There was no way she could work in that state. Without a job, she would have no income and starve to death.

Alas, no one seemed to care about her feelings. As soon as one of the maids shut the door, the chauffeur drove off.

Isabella stared unblinkingly at the roof of the car.

Suddenly, she said, "Joe, you've been working for my family for over thirty years, haven't you? You practically watched me grow up. I never treated you poorly over the years. Besides, you never fail to pick me up no matter how late I hang out with my friends abroad. Are you really going to send me to the shelter when I'm at my weakest? I might starve to death, you know?" She was finally playing the sentiment card, feeling as if she had lost all hope.

Without her family and good friends, who left her when she ended up in that state, there was literally no one left who could help her. Finally, she had no choice but to place her last hope on the quiet, fifty-year-old chauffeur who had been assigned to her since she was young.

Joe said nothing. Instead, he stopped the car by the roadside, turned around, and glanced at her with a meaningful look.

However, Isabella did not look at him.

"Ms. Isabella, I can choose not to send you to the shelter, but under one condition—you have to marry me. I can take care of you for the rest of your life as long as you say yes," Joe said, taking advantage of the situation.

Just like what Isabella said earlier, he had been the Walker family's chauffeur for a long time and watched Isabella grow up. Naturally, he was already viewing her differently. However, the difference in their age and status gave him no choice but to suppress his desire. However, things were different now. Isabella was desperate and looked no different from a disabled person. Though Joe was much older than her, they were currently pretty close in terms of status. At that point, age was ignorable. That was why he dared to make such a ridiculous suggestion.

Finally, Isabella turned to meet his gaze, her eyes filled with mockery.

"Joe, are you taking advantage of me just because I'm desperate? Tell you what! I'll never marry a rotten old man like you, even if I die. I'm not that shameless to sell my body to a man in his fifties just to earn myself three meals a day," Isabella hissed.

She was indeed desperate, but her pride would never allow her to give in to reality. She would rather die than marry an old man.

Upon hearing that, Joe merely cast her a final glance before turning back and continuing driving.

To Isabella's surprise, Joe actually dropped her off at the shelter and drove off.

As Isabella watched the car gradually disappear from her sight, she slowly lowered her hand that was raised.

She was officially alone.

After that, an employee there found her and took her in. In the end, no one knew where she was taken to.

Of course, Amelia was unaware of all that. In the meantime, she walked out of the kitchen with a plate of cut watermelon.

Oscar typed a few more words before shutting the laptop and saying, "Noah was taken to the police station. The trial will be held in three days. The judges will convict him based on the evidence collected by the police. I'm going to make sure he'll be imprisoned for life for his crimes of evading tax and smuggling."

Amelia placed the plate of fruits on the coffee table and took a seat beside Oscar, asking, "Did you collect all this evidence?"

Oscar nodded.



He pulled her into his embrace and kissed her head, explaining, "Noah has been quite cautious during the past years. It took me a lot of effort to find all this. Anyway, he pretty much asked for it. The Walker family never should've messed with you and Tony. I would've lent them a helping hand for Stephanie's sake, but they just had to bring it upon themselves."

Similarly, Amelia did not feel bad for them; she was only amazed by his courage. Back then, he would go easy on the Walker family because of Olivia. Now that Olivia was not there to protect them, the Walker family was utterly defeated by Oscar.

"Tiff and I saw Isabella begging on the streets when we went shopping today. Remember how she used to act arrogantly around you? It took only two months for her to end up in that state. I can't help but feel pity for her," Amelia said in an ambiguous tone.

However, Oscar was unfazed. "She's just an unimportant stranger."

"Don't forget, she was once your fiancée for almost a year. How could you say that?"

"She's the fiancée of the other Oscar who mixed up his memories, not me. Whether or not my memories were mixed up, I'll never be interested in her," he assured, squeezing her waist that made her chuckle.

Oscar then lowered his head and pressed his lips to hers to perform a rather invasive kiss. He then scooped her up and positioned her legs around his waist. With that, they made their way upstairs in that position.

After the intense moment, Amelia lay on his chest and shut her eyes from exhaustion.

"Are you tired?" Oscar asked gently as he stroked her hair.

Hearing that, Amelia nodded.

"Honey, please don't bring up Isabella anymore. My relationship with her is all in the past. Wait. No. Nothing happened in the first place. I swear no other woman can get near me apart from you," he promised seriously.

Amelia could not help but laugh at his words.

She liked seeing him worried about her.

After chatting for some time, they soon fell asleep.

Three days passed in the blink of an eye. Noah was prosecuted by the court for tax evasion, smuggling, human trafficking, and other crimes. The evidence of his crimes was solid. The court believed his crimes were too severe, so they gave him a death sentence with a two-year probation. Upon hearing the news, Carol almost passed out.

Meanwhile, Matthew, who had to take care of the brokenhearted Carol on top of his unstable company, was exhausted. No matter how hard he tried to save his company, there was no stopping Walker Group from meeting its end.

Unwilling to give up, Carol went to Amelia's company to cause a ruckus, but the guards threw Carol out before she could step foot into the building.

Hence, Carol decided to wait outside. When she finally saw Amelia walking out of the company, she rushed forward.

"You vixen! Jinx! You ruined my family! I'm going to teach you a lesson today." Before the crowd in the company, who were busy having a discussion, could even react, they saw Carol running toward Amelia with a dagger in her hand.

"Watch out, Mrs. Clinton!" Jolin appeared out of nowhere and swung her leg, disarming Carol. It took her only a short while to restrain the latter.

After locking Carol's hands behind her back, Jolin called the police.

Soon, the police came to take Carol away, and Amelia thanked Jolin before leaving.

However, Jolin followed Amelia from behind, looking hesitant to speak.

As Amelia turned around, she spotted Jolin's awkward expression, which seemed quite funny to the former.

"What's the matter?"

"It's my fault that you almost got injured, Mrs. Clinton," Jolin said with her head hung low.

"Jolin, you did well. Ever since I had you around me, I was never injured once. In fact, I'm extremely grateful to you, so you don't have to feel guilty about it. Come on. Let's go home. The Walker family is only reaping the fruits of their actions. If Noah hadn't committed so many crimes, Oscar never would've found so much evidence. I won't pity anyone who wants to harm me," Amelia uttered coldly.

Jolin let out a chuckle.

When they arrived at Amelia's home, Amelia made Jolin stay for dinner. Oscar, on the other hand, was still in a meeting. That was why he did not pick Amelia up.

It was only after dinner that Oscar arrived home.

Jolin entered Oscar's study and informed him about the earlier incident, which made Oscar's expression darken, and his eyes glint with rage.

Since the Walker family is keen on facing bankruptcy soon, I'll grant their wish.

"What do you plan to do, Boss?" Jolin asked.

"The Walker family is already at the end of their rope. I'm going to make them announce their bankruptcy in three days," Oscar explained calmly.

Despite that, Jolin knew Oscar's character well. The calmer he looked, the more furious he was on the inside.

Sure enough, three days later, Matthew finally announced Walker Group's bankruptcy due to their inability to cope with the debts.

On the television, he looked disheveled and tired, as if he had aged a lot.

Everyone could not help but feel that it was a shame for a major company to face bankruptcy in just one night. At the same time, it caused thousands of its employees to become jobless in an instant.

Meanwhile, Amelia had read about the Walker family's bankruptcy on the internet. Though she felt the same as everyone, she did not think too much about it.

That night, Olivia phoned Oscar and Amelia to get them to go home.

When dinner was over, Olivia sat on the couch, sipping elegantly on a cup of coffee.

"Amelia, Oscar, my purpose for getting both of you here is to tell you that Nolan is still the Walker family's grandson. Although he's currently transferred under your names, he still has their blood running in his veins. I really hope you two can eliminate everything about the Walker family. Don't wait until someone gossips about the family to him when he's older. You won't want him to fall out with you," said Olivia.

Oscar's and Amelia's expressions instantly darkened.

Of course, they understood Olivia's concern.

# Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 903

## Chapter 903 Together Forever

Amelia glanced at Oscar before lowering her gaze. After a brief moment of contemplation, she looked up and said sincerely, "Mom, don't worry. Oscar and I will work hard and make sure Nolan grows up in a stable and healthy environment. We won't let anyone bully him. Oscar and I will be his parents from now on."

A comforting smile appeared on Olivia's face as she replied, "Amelia, it's Oscar's greatest blessing to have you as his wife. I know that you will take good care of Nolan. From now on, the boy has nothing to do with the Walker family. I also trust that both of you will keep the Walkers away from him."

Amelia merely responded with a smile. Amelia had intended to leave with Tony and Nolan after she finished chatting with Olivia. However, as Olivia had nothing else to do for the next two days, she wanted the boys to stay with her so that she could spend some time with them.

As such, Amelia left the boys with her mother-in-law and drove home with Oscar. The moment they reached their apartment, they saw Tiffany sneezing non-stop while trying to avoid the huge bouquet of roses that Teddy was carrying. When Tiffany spotted Amelia, she dashed toward the woman immediately, as if her savior had just arrived.

"Teddy, please take your flowers away. I have officially stopped liking roses from now on. Can't you see? I'm allergic to these flowers. So please let me off. Take it as I'm begging you," Tiffany said while hiding behind Amelia. Teddy walked forward with his flowers and greeted Oscar before fixing his gaze on Tiffany with a smile on his face.

"Teddy, you should try to contain yourself. If you carry on being so aggressive in your pursuit, you might scare Tiff away, and she might even flee the city. If that happens, all your efforts would be in vain," Amelia said.

Teddy shrugged and replied confidently, "There is a saying in Chanaea that goes, 'A persistent pursuer will move even the staunchest of hearts.' I believe that as long as I show her my sincerity, she will definitely fall in love with me."

Amelia simply smiled and said nothing while Tiffany rolled her eyes. Teddy's relentless pursuit was starting to annoy Tiffany. Oscar opened the door and invited the man inside.

“Amelia, how is it going? Have you gotten used to working at Royce Technologies?”  
Teddy asked casually after he sat down on the couch. “It’s going pretty well. Everyone is really pleasant to get along with,” Amelia answered.

Teddy nodded and said, “Royce had also mentioned that you are very efficient in your work and that you are a very talented designer. He thinks very highly of you and thanked me for getting him such a capable assistant. If you continue to perform well, you might even rise to the position of vice president within two years.”

Amelia brought over a cup of coffee and placed it in front of Teddy before sitting down across from him and next to Oscar on the couch.

“Teddy, I’m very happy to hear that. It’s definitely my honor to work for Mr. Royce. I’ve learned a lot from him,” she replied.

After exchanging pleasantries, Amelia changed the subject.

“Teddy, did you come to Chanaea for business or for your private matters? I don’t think there’s anything major at the company that requires your presence here,” Amelia said after casting a glance at Tiffany.

Teddy was seated in a graceful manner with his hands folded across his lap.

“I’m on a two-month business trip here. At the same time, I will also be pursuing my happiness. However, I don’t intend to go back before my sweetheart accepts me,” Teddy said, glancing at Tiffany.

Tiffany pretended not to understand what the man was talking about.

Just when Amelia was about to speak, someone knocked on the door.

When she opened the door, she saw Derrick standing outside. Suddenly, Amelia’s head started throbbing. What’s going on? Why is everyone here at the same time?

“Amelia, my subordinate just gave me some king crabs. I heard that Tony loves seafood, so I’ve specially delivered some over,” Derrick said as he raised the bag in his hand.

Amelia felt slightly speechless when she saw the bag that the man was holding.

Well, I have to give it up to him for coming up with such an idea.

“Come in.” Amelia stood aside for Derrick to enter the apartment.

Derrick took a subtle glance at Tiffany as he walked inside.

Amelia took the crabs from Derrick and went into the kitchen. When Tiffany saw that, she stood up and followed Amelia.

“Did you ask him to come?” Tiffany asked while leaning against the wall.

Amelia proceeded to empty the crabs into a bowl. Each of them was huge and fresh. One look and one could imagine how delicious they would taste.

“Why would I ask him to come over? It’s more likely that he had his men follow you and came here after knowing that you are here,” Amelia said.

Tiffany grimaced when she heard that and could hardly believe how “lucky” she was in love. She could hardly handle one admirer, not to mention two of them.

“Babe, can you help me chase them away? Please?” Tiffany tipped her chin toward where the two men were and asked sweetly.

After putting the crabs away, Amelia looked at Tiffany with a serious expression and replied, “Tiff, tell me honestly, do you still have any feelings for Derrick?”

Tiffany froze for a moment before looking at Amelia with a complicated expression. A moment later, she retracted her gaze and said with a slight stutter, “W-what feelings? It’s already over between us. It’s been over since I made the decision to go overseas. So please don’t try to matchmake us. I don’t like that.”

Amelia looked at her friend and said, “Since you no longer care about him, why are you so scared of him?”

“Who says I’m scared of him? I’m not scared. It just feels kinda awkward. I’m not at the stage where I can be friends with him and pretend that nothing had happened,” Tiffany said with a huff and gave a dismissive wave.

Amelia was amused and glanced over Tiffany’s shoulder before saying, “Tiff, if there’s really nothing between you and Derrick, you should have a proper talk with him. Look, he’s just right behind you.”

Tiffany was slightly startled and turned around immediately. Indeed, Derrick was standing there, right outside the kitchen.

When she met the man's gaze, she looked away at once and touched her nose awkwardly.

Amelia patted the woman's shoulder and walked out of the kitchen.

Then, Derrick entered the kitchen and stopped in front of Tiffany.

"I suddenly remembered that I have to make some edits to the ending of my script. I'll go back first." Tiffany wanted to escape as she was feeling rather flustered. However, when she was walking past Derrick, the man reached out and grabbed her shoulders.

"Tiff, there's really no need for you to avoid me. Don't worry. I won't do anything to you without your consent," Derrick said in a deep voice.

Tiffany turned to look at the man and took a deep breath.

Flashing a brief smile at him, she said, "I saw the crabs that you brought here. They look really big and yummy. It seems like my taste buds are in for a treat." Tiffany said, trying her best to sound gracious.

Derrick looked at the woman thoughtfully before he let out a sudden chuckle and said, "If you like it, I can prepare some just for you. I'm quite a good cook now, and crabs are my specialty."

"No need. I'm worried that I might get indigestion if I eat more than two of them."

When the man heard that, his eyes darkened slightly before he let go of Tiffany.

"You can leave. Just don't treat me like a monster. I'm not going to eat you up. Even though we can't be husband and wife, we can still be good friends," Derrick said as he turned around.

He left the kitchen after saying that.

Tiffany stared at the man's back and sighed silently.

In the end, she was still unable to talk to Derrick comfortably.

Derrick and Teddy stayed for lunch at Amelia's insistence and left after that.

The two men went downstairs together. When they reached the ground floor, Derrick put his hands in his pocket and looked at Teddy with a serious expression.



“Mr. Rice, thanks for the concern you’ve shown my wife, but she’s really not the woman for you. Tiffany and I are in love with each other, and there’s no need for you to come between us,” he said in a frosty tone.

When Teddy heard that, a confident smile appeared on his face. The two men were standing next to each other. Although Teddy was not as attractive as Derrick in terms of looks, they had equally imposing auras.

“Mr. Hisson, every man wants to have a good woman in his life, and Tiff is a good woman. Besides, since she’s currently single, I have the right to pursue her. You’re just her ex-husband while I’m her future husband. Don’t worry, I will definitely invite you to our wedding when the day comes,” Teddy narrowed his eyes and said nonchalantly.

Derrick curled his lips and said, “Mr. Rice, it’s good to be confident, but it’s better for you to know your place.”

With that, Derrick turned and left, not letting Teddy have any other chance to speak again.

Once the two were gone, Amelia led Tiffany downstairs. They then walked to Tiffany’s car.

“Tiff, it looks like it’s time for you to enter a relationship, but you have to think hard and long about who to pick. If you want neither, you have to tell them earlier. It’s not good to send them the wrong signals,” Amelia said to her.

Tiffany nodded.

“I’m thinking of joining a movie adaptation in Saspiuburg. It’s a piece of work by several well-known screenwriters. If I work with them, I’ll be able to learn quite a lot from them. I’ll be there for around three months, but don’t tell those two about this.”

In other words, she was telling Amelia that she wanted neither suitor.

Knowing what Tiffany meant, Amelia nodded.

Five days went by in the blink of an eye. Amelia sent Tiffany to the airport, but to their surprise, Derrick still caught wind about Tiffany’s departure and had come to the airport. When he saw Tiffany, he called out to her.

“Tiff! I’m so glad I caught up to you this time,” Derrick said, still panting from his run.

Tiffany stared at him as a wave of complicated feelings washed over her. She had wanted to go to Saspiuburg discreetly but he still found out about it.

"Derrick, thank you for coming here to send me off, but I'm only going to Saspiuburg for a while. I'll be back after that," Tiffany told him.

"Go ahead. It'll be a great experience for you to work with first-rate editors, so you have my support. I have told you this before: Even if we're not a married couple anymore, we're still good friends. You'll always have my support," Derrick replied.

Tiffany's heart skipped a beat at that, and she quickly averted her eyes from him before giving him a stiff smile.

Derrick raised his hand to pat her head, but she avoided his touch. Thus, he lowered his hand. Nevertheless, a bright smile remained on his face.

"Take good care of yourself when you're there. Don't forget to eat even if you're rushing to churn out the plot," Derrick reminded her in a low voice.

Tiffany nodded.

"All right, it's almost time. Go in now."

At that, Tiffany checked the time and realized that he was right. After uttering a swift goodbye to Amelia, she hurried through the security checkpoint. Anyone who saw her would assume that she was fleeing from something.

A smile grew on Derrick's lips as he watched her go.

"Derrick, I realized you're getting slyer. In fact, I'm starting to see Oscar in you. It looks like Tiff will have a hard time escaping you, but I hope you won't hurt her again," Amelia said after keeping her silence the entire time.

Hearing her, Derrick turned.

"Amelia, that doesn't sound like you disagree with me courting Tiff again."

"I'll intervene if Tiff doesn't love you anymore, but alas, she does."

After a pause, she continued, "The one mental obstacle she can't get past until now is that child. Maybe you should bring the child to interact with her. Perhaps she would be

able to try to accept the child. If she can't, I hope you'll stay away from her for the rest of your life."

Derrick's expression was grim, and what he said next was not a response to Amelia's words.

"I'll be going first." With that, he left.

Right then, Jolin stepped forward to say, "Mrs. Clinton, we can go back now."

Amelia nodded.

Amelia would have never imagined receiving Kate's call that night. As it turned out, Derrick, who was driving to Saspiuburg, was hit by a drunk truck driver and was sent to the operating room right away. Kate even said that she did not know whether or not he was going to make it and that she would have called Tiffany to ask the latter to come back if she knew her number.

Amelia was taken aback by the shocking news. Never in her wildest dreams did she expect things to turn out this way.

After ending the call with Kate, Amelia called Tiffany and told her everything that happened to Derrick. Tiffany was so frightened by the news that her voice started trembling, and she told Amelia that she would come back right away.

Tiffany took a flight back from Saspiuburg and headed straight to the hospital after her plane landed. It was then she met up with Amelia and Oscar.

"Amelia, how is he?" Tiffany asked before she could catch her breath.

Amelia shook her head, her lips pursed.

"Please stay strong after hearing this, Tiff. Derrick's in critical condition. The truck crashed right into his vehicle, and he was covered in blood when he was rescued, so..." Amelia hesitantly told her.

The colors drained out of Tiffany's face, and she stumbled back in disbelief.

He was fine just this morning. How can he be in a car accident by night? There's no way life can be so theatrical. Derrick's a madman. There's no way God would want him back so soon. He's going to be fine, Tiffany reassured herself in her mind.

Kate, who had a sad expression on her face, walked over with a bloody box in her hand. As she passed it to Tiffany, she said, "This is a birthday present Derrick prepared for you. It was a present he owed you for your previous birthday. He said he promised to be with you for every one of your birthdays, but you were overseas then, so he couldn't do that. This year, he decided to drive to Saspiuburg to give you the gift, but who knew this would have happened? I'm really the one at fault for causing so much trouble in the past and ending up hurting Derrick in the end. He truly loves you, but I realized this far too late. If he can't pull through this... You should see him for one last time."

Tiffany took the box with shaky hands. All of a sudden, she crouched down and bawled her heart sinking in sorrow.

Tears rolled down Kate's eyes. In the past year, she had witnessed her son turning into a workaholic who wanted neither familial love nor any woman. When he got tired, he would take a nap for one to two hours in the office. Derrick had transformed his yearning for Tiffany into energy for work, and that was why he managed to take over the Hissons' business in such a short time and became the head of the Hisson family. It was only now she realized how absurd she had been previously.

Watching the agony Derrick was in slowly made her realize what she had done wrong, and tried to accept Tiffany's presence in her son's life.

However, some things went by in life and would never return.

Therefore, Kate had no one to blame but herself now that Derrick was in critical condition in the operating room. There was nothing she could do to salvage the situation, not even if she were to end her life a thousand times.

It felt as if Kate had grown old by ten years at that moment, and even her usually-straight back was hunched.

Time trickled by painfully as they waited.

No one knew how long they waited until the light outside the operating room finally went out. Dozens of doctors and nurses then came out.

Kate was the first to run over to them.

"Doctor, how is my son?"

"It's not looking good. He had massive hemorrhaging in his brain and damage to multiple organs. We've done our best. If he doesn't wake in twenty-four hours, he would either be

classified as brain dead or enter a vegetative state. I'm sorry," said the leading doctor calmly.

Kate stumbled back and passed out. In the meantime, Tiffany continued to stand behind the crowd, her hands still trembling as she held onto the birthday present Derrick had bought for her.

Derrick was taken into the intensive care unit. Everyone hoped that he would wake in the next twenty-four hours, but he did not. Nevertheless, he entered a vegetative state instead of becoming brain-dead.

After that, Derrick underwent two more major surgeries. The injuries he sustained slowly healed, but he did not regain consciousness. Tiffany visited him in the hospital every day, but there was nothing she could do other than watch him become thinner by the day. Even Teddy came to the hospital twice to visit him.

Tiffany told Teddy that they were not a match for each other and that Derrick was the only person in her heart. Even if Derrick had betrayed her, he was still the one she loved; in fact, she had never forgotten about him. Perhaps Teddy was touched by the deep love she had for Derrick that he decided to give up courting her in the end.

"Tiff, give me a call if you need any help. I'll take a flight back to the country right away. You're a good woman. It's true that I'm a foreigner, but I love intelligent, traditional Chanaean women," Teddy sincerely said to her.

Tiffany chuckled.

"Thank you, Teddy. I learned plenty of things from you while I was overseas that year. I have to say that I'm glad to have a knowledgeable and well-read friend like you," she replied.

Ever since Derrick entered a vegetative state, nothing seemed to faze Tiffany anymore. All she wanted to do was stay by his side for she was certain that he would wake up one day.

"Take good care of yourself. I'm going back now, but I'll come and visit you whenever I'm free," Teddy said.

"Have a safe trip. I hope you'll be able to find the woman destined for you."

"Thank you."

After Teddy left the ward, he bumped into Amelia downstairs.

“Amelia, call me if anything happens to Tiff. I’ll be going back to my home country first.”

“Have a safe trip. I’ll take care of Tiff for you. She’s a stubborn girl, and it’s hard for anyone to change her mind on things she has decided on,” Amelia answered with a nod.

Teddy only smiled at that.

After exchanging a few more words, Teddy left.

When Amelia went upstairs and saw Tiffany talking to Derrick, she felt a stab in her heart, and she could not help but sigh.

“Tiff,” Amelia called out.

Tiffany lifted her hand to quickly wipe her tears away before standing up and turning to Amelia.

“You’re here.”

After putting the food on the table, Amelia walked over to the bedside to glance at Derrick.

“Did the doctor say anything about him?”

Tiffany shook her head.

“Just the usual things. The doctor said that it’s highly unlikely that he’ll regain consciousness. Even if that happens, I’ll still take care of him for the rest of my life. Regardless of everything, he and I are destined to be together for the rest of our lives,” Tiffany said with a small smile.

Amelia’s heart ached as she looked at Tiffany.

“Babe, don’t try to change my mind, and don’t pity me. I was too stubborn in the past—too insistent about clinging to my dignity. I was disgusted by him when I found out he was cheating, and that was why I forced the love I had for him aside, but now, he’s in this state. If I’m not by his side, he might really end up as a poor old man who no one cares about,” Tiffany said softly.

At that, Amelia realized that Tiffany was never going to leave Derrick.

Hmm... They tormented each other when they were together but now that he has ended up like this, she's starting to cherish him.

"I wasn't going to convince you otherwise. I just want to remind you to take care of yourself while you're taking care of him." As Amelia spoke, she opened the food container and passed Tiffany a fork. "Eat so that you have the energy to keep up with this. It looks like you'll be taking care of Derrick for a long while."

Maybe he won't wake up anymore.

Tiffany began digging into it almost immediately. It seemed like she had quite the appetite, for she ate two plates full before putting the utensils away.

"Tiff, I thought you'd tell me that you're not hungry and that you don't want to eat it."

"I have to eat more, or else I won't have the energy to take care of him. After all, this is a long battle I'm planning to fight until I'm old," Tiffany said in a lighthearted manner.

Amelia's heart only ached for Tiffany even more.

Something in the back of her mind was telling her that Derrick was never going to regain consciousness again.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 904

### Chapter 904 Finding Out The Truth

The moment Amelia stepped out of the hospital, she received a call from Benjamin. She stared at the phone screen in a daze. If it wasn't for this call, I might have forgotten the existence of the Hutton family. I haven't been in contact with them for a year or two. It feels kind of strange to talk to them.

Snapping out of the trance, she eventually answered the phone. "Hello." Hearing Benjamin's reply from the other end of the line, Amelia hesitated and nodded.

After hanging up the phone, she got into the car and asked Jolin to drop her off at a nearby café. When they arrived at the destination, Amelia unbuckled her seatbelt and said, "I'm going to meet with the Hutton family. Wait for me outside."

Jolin immediately became wary and grabbed Amelia's hand. "Mrs. Clinton, I'll go with you." Seeing the grim expression on Jolin's face, Amelia knew that the former would feel upset if she wasn't allowed to go inside, so she agreed to it. Nevertheless, she told Jolin to sit in a hidden spot to avoid awkwardness in case the Hutton family discovered her.

After entering the café, Amelia Winters immediately saw Benjamin and Amelia Hutton. The latter had become more feminine over the years. Compared to her previous innocent appearance, she looked foxier and more attractive with her wavy hair.

For some reason, Amelia Winters felt the way Amelia Hutton had dressed up looked familiar. Standing up from the chair, Benjamin called out, "Lia, over here."

Amelia Winters walked toward them before sitting down. "Mr. Hutton, Ms. Hutton, it's been a while. It looks like you have been doing well," she greeted them politely. Amelia Hutton merely responded with a smile.

On the other hand, Benjamin looked at Amelia Winters with an unreadable expression, a hint of indescribable yearning flashing in his eyes.

"Amy, we're all family. Even though we haven't been in contact for more than a year, it doesn't change the fact that we're related by blood. You don't have to be so courteous. Mom isn't here anymore, but the two of us are still your dad and sister, right?" Amelia Hutton pushed the cup of coffee in front of her to Amelia Winters and added, "Amy, this is the coffee I ordered for you. Try it. The coffee here is quite good."

Amelia Winters glanced at the coffee with no intention of touching the cup.

"Take a sip, Amy. Are you turning down the drink I ordered for you?" asked Amelia Hutton.

Instead of drinking the coffee, Amelia Winters eyed her warily.

Realizing that she was being too eager, Amelia Hutton primped her hair and smiled charmingly. "Amy, I didn't mean anything by that. I simply want to mend our relationship. Also, I'm here to give you an invitation to my wedding. I'm engaged to the eldest son of the Jefferson family from Saspiburg. We're getting married in three months."

A hint of surprise flashed across Amelia Winters' eyes.

"Amy, don't tell me you thought I'm still pining for Oscar, do you?" Amelia Hutton asked with a smile and continued, "Yes, I used to harbor feelings for him. But there's always a



limit when it comes to crushes. I met my true love a year ago. Now, I want you to attend my wedding as my sister.”

Amelia Winters smiled at her explanation. “Congratulations, I will be there.”

“Thank you, Amy. Since there’s no wine here, let’s have a toast to my wedding with a cup of coffee instead.” With that, Amelia Hutton raised her cup.

Amelia Winters hesitated before picking up the cup and clinking it with her sister. After taking a sip, she sat down and wiped her mouth with a clean napkin. She discreetly wiped off all traces of the drink.

I can’t afford to let my guard down. I don’t know whether Amelia is telling the truth or not. So, it’s better to be safe than sorry.

It was unclear whether Amelia Hutton saw Amelia Winters’ movement as the former merely smiled in response.

Then, she took out a wedding invitation from her bag and pushed it in front of Amelia Winters.

Still wearing a smile, Amelia Hutton uttered, “Amy, this is my wedding invitation. Remember to come to Saspiuburg with Oscar for the ceremony.”

Picking up the invitation, Amelia Winters saw the picture of Amelia Hutton leaning intimately against a handsome-looking man. Upon closer inspection, the man seemed to resemble Oscar.

“You two look like a perfect match for each other,” remarked Amelia Winters.

At her comment, Amelia Hutton beamed like a happy bride-to-be.

The two sisters chatted for nearly half an hour before Amelia Hutton said that she and Benjamin were planning to meet with other friends. Therefore, they had to cut their conversation short.

Standing up, Amelia Winters took a glance at Benjamin, who remained silent throughout the conversation. After contemplating for a while, she could not help but remind him, “Mr. Hutton, please take care of yourself lest your children worry about you.”

Benjamin glanced at Amelia Winters as if he wanted to see through her. However, he probably realized by then that no matter how much Amelia resembled that woman, they

could not be the same person. Besides, a year and a half had passed. Even if he missed her dearly, his feelings were bound to die down a little. He eventually nodded calmly at her reminder.

After leaving the café, Amelia Hutton and Benjamin waved Amelia Winters goodbye before getting into their car.

While driving, Amelia spoke up. "Dad, you can rest assured now that she's doing well. That crazy rumor about her divorce from Oscar might have been fake news. Although Amy looks a lot like Mom, she is not her. You should give up on trying to get her back. It's pointless, anyway. Besides, I'll have a baby soon after getting married. You can just focus on being a granddad."

Benjamin leaned against the car seat with his eyes shut. He eventually nodded after a while.

Only then did Amelia heave a sigh of relief.

Amelia Hutton had changed a lot in the past year and a half. Meeting the man of her life was the major turning point. For him, she had stopped being a materialistic person. She also worked hard to learn how to be a good wife. Hence, her temperament changed drastically. Maybe due to her future husband's preference for beautiful women, she began to dress more maturely and look sexy. As a result, her appearance looked even more similar to Amelia Winters.

That day, Amelia Hutton deliberately asked Amelia Winters out to tell her that she had found the man she could spend the rest of her life with. Therefore, the two of them could be sisters without any hard feelings. Furthermore, she indirectly wanted to be on good terms with a prestigious family like the Clintons. Firstly, she intended to provide her future husband's family with more resources. Secondly, she wanted to make it clear to the Jefferson family that not only did she have the support of the Hutton family but also the Clintons so that they would think twice before bullying her.

It was a win-win situation for Amelia Hutton to make that trip.

Meanwhile, Amelia Winters frowned while standing in front of the café.

"Jolin, help me find out if Amelia Hutton is truly getting married or not. And send someone to keep an eye on the two of them. Just let them be if they leave without causing any trouble. If they try to pull any tricks, you can deal with them as you see fit," instructed Amelia Winters.

I'm not being paranoid. It's just that I can't afford to let my guard down after suffering so much in the past. Otherwise, if my so-called family betrays me in the future, I will have no place to cry.

Jolin nodded in response.

After sending Amelia Winters home, Jolin sent someone to follow the father and daughter from the Hutton family. Then, she used her contacts in Saspiuburg to find out about their lives over the past eighteen months. Indeed, Amelia Hutton was engaged to the eldest son of the Jefferson family and would get married in a few months. As for Benjamin, he had been visiting Eleanor's grave for the past year and a half. Other than that, he stayed at home and isolated himself from the rest of the world. He did not seem to pose any threat at all.

Afterward, Jolin informed Amelia about the findings of her investigation.

Amelia mulled over it and felt relieved that none of them seemed suspicious.

Amelia Hutton is about to get married soon. That means I have one less enemy to deal with. It's better to have one more friend than an enemy. Since she extended the olive branch, I should accept her kindness.

Jolin went out to answer a call. Soon, she came back and said that the Hutton family's father-daughter duo had arrived at the airport and would depart in half an hour.

Nodding, Amelia instructed, "Ask your people to watch get on the plane before coming back."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton. Xavier also booked the same flight as them. He will personally send them to Saspiuburg before coming back," Jolin said reassuringly.

Amelia was amused by Jolin's words. Nevertheless, she felt touched by their dedication to their duties. I gave them the orders casually. But I didn't expect Jolin and the others to understand me so well and take care of everything I was concerned about.

"Jolin, when Xavier is back, please ask him out on my behalf. Let him know that I'm treating him to a meal. He should be rewarded for being such a responsible bodyguard. I'm going to speak to Oscar and ask him to raise his salary," Amelia said.

"Mrs. Clinton, he will be so delighted to hear that. He has been telling me non-stop about how amazing you are, and that Boss always listens to you." Jolin could not resist but tell Amelia.

The latter was amused by Xavier's impression of her.

At that moment, her phone rang.

It was a call from Amelia Hutton.

"Hi Amelia," Amelia Winters answered the call.

"Amy, I specially called to inform you that Dad and I have boarded the plane and it will take off in half an hour. I'll call you when we arrive in Saspiuburg, so please don't worry about us. Most importantly, you must come to my wedding. I want to let everyone know that I have a sister who's so pretty and that I have the honor to bear resemblance to her." Amelia Hutton was in a cheerful mood.

Amelia Winters smiled gently. "All right, I wish you and Mr. Hutton a safe flight and call me when you arrive. I'll definitely be there at your wedding."

After ending the call, Amelia Winters went to settle other matters.

Meanwhile, after a few days, news about the company that June founded suffering huge losses broke out. That same afternoon, a company spokesman responded that it was a rumor and that they would take legal action against the rumormonger. However, it was heard that the company spokesman was summoned to the police station the next day to assist with an investigation regarding suspected tax evasion. That was not the end of the company's woes. The police also found large amounts of controlled drugs in the company, which were hidden in the general manager's lounge. All fingers pointed to June, as the lounge had been locked during his absence and he was the last person seen in the room. Hence, the police were looking for him but to no avail. They had to seek assistance from their counterparts in other countries and co-issued an arrest warrant for June. It seemed like nobody from the Adertons would be able to settle this issue this time.

Meanwhile, June, who was in hiding, saw the news reports about his company. A resentful glint flashed across his eyes.

"You really don't intend to explain to the police?" Jennifer asked.

June turned his head and glanced at her.

"June, don't tell me you don't know that you're currently wanted by the police?" Jennifer crossed her arms in front of her chest and looked at him indignantly.

"Of course, I do, but how do you want me to explain to them? If I'm caught, there's a high possibility that I will be imprisoned for life or sentenced to death. I thought nobody can enter that office without my permission." June was visibly infuriated by the series of unfortunate events.

June had fallen into the trap set up by Oscar this time. He could not fathom how the stuff which he took great pains to hide in the lounge could be discovered.

"June, I can now ascertain that you're a boar and a very stupid one in fact. I feel so insulted to be working with you," Jennifer mercilessly ranted.

June threw her a deadly stare.

"Jennifer, don't forget that we're now on the same boat. You better watch your words." June gritted his teeth.

Jennifer knew that was the truth and she could not rebut it. She took a deep breath and forced herself to calm down.

"What do you plan to do then?" Jennifer asked.

"Well, Oscar cares about his loved ones, so let's kidnap them." There was a spiteful look in June's eyes. "Since he's leaving me no way out, I shall also make him lose everything except his power. We shall see who's more pitiful then."

Jennifer narrowed her eyes and looked at him doubtfully. "You've been saying for the longest time that you're going to capture Tony and Amelia. But they're still out there, alive and kicking."

"Don't worry, I have it all planned out. I'm going all out to fight against him. I can't take it lying down if he doesn't get a taste of his own medicine. Even if I get caught eventually, I want to make sure someone pays the price."

Jennifer remained silent and did not respond.

That evening, June drove Jennifer to a farmstay and parked the car under a tree.

Jennifer looked out of the car window, feeling slightly puzzled.

"What are we doing here?" Jennifer questioned.

"Today, that Old Mrs. Clinton will be bringing the two kids here for dinner. Both Oscar and Amelia are busy with work and will not be coming, so this is the best opportunity for us. I've already planted someone inside this farmstay to drug their food. I can't wait to see the expression on Oscar's face when I take the three of them down one by one in front of his eyes," June hissed as he drummed his fingers rhythmically on the dashboard.

Jennifer turned her head to look at him, appearing a bit hesitant. "One of the kids seemed to be Noah's son right? He's innocent so we shouldn't lay our hands on him."

"Jennifer, sometimes benevolence will turn against you. That child is adopted by Oscar, which means he's his son now. As long he's part of the Clintons, I will not let him off easily. I will do anything to make Oscar suffer." June was behaving like a maniac.

He had suffered too much under Oscar's hands. Thus, he spent a huge effort setting up this ambush just to deal Oscar the most devastating blow of his life.

Jennifer kept quiet. She was feeling a bit apprehensive about this operation.

"Jennifer, let me remind you. Now is not the time to feel sorry. Success is within our grasp and you will be able to seek vengeance for your mother soon." June was not pleased with Jennifer having second thoughts.

"Don't worry. I'm still committed."

"It'd better be this way."

After waiting for almost half an hour, they did not see anyone from the Clinton family. Jennifer looked doubtfully at June. "June, are you sure you got the correct information?"

"Be patient, they'll be here."

Speaking of the devil, a car soon arrived at the entrance of the farmstay. Oscar, Amelia, and their two children were here.

June let out an evil smirk. "Here they are."

Jennifer peered through the car window with a calm expression in her eyes.

To Jennifer, Amelia and Oscar were her true enemies but she did not want to drag any innocent parties down. But it was apparent that June did not think the same way, and she could not do anything about it.

Just as they were getting ready to act, a group of armed police officers suddenly surrounded their car. The officers pointed their guns toward the vehicle and ordered June and Jennifer to alight immediately.

Jennifer turned toward June, her eyes filled with panic.

“June, what’s going on here? Didn’t you have this planned out?” Jennifer was panicking with fear.

June was equally stunned as well. His well-curated plan certainly did not include a group of armed officers demanding them to get out of the car.

But he did not have the luxury to think. The number of guns outside his car was realistic enough to make him follow their instructions.

June raised his hands the moment he got out of the car.

“June, you are under arrest for committing multiple offenses. You do not have to say anything. But, it may harm your defense if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.” One of the officers handcuffed June.

June did not resist but he was still hoping for his bodyguards to save him. When nobody appeared while he was being pushed against the police car, he knew that he had fallen for Oscar’s trap once again.

June’s face twisted with anger. He could not accept the fact that he lost to Oscar again after all that he had done.

After the police left, Jennifer did not leave and stared at the ground.

Just as she was feeling relieved that she was not taken away by the police, a pair of heels appeared in front of her. She raised her head and saw Amelia.

“Ms. Larson, are you available? I will like to have a word with you,” Amelia said.

Jennifer did not want to speak to her at all. However, now that June was arrested, she had effectively lost her ally. She was now an easy target for Oscar to deal with. Thus, she was resigned to fate if Amelia’s intention was to insult her. After all, she had no support to fight against them anymore.

"Ms. Larson, if you wish to know the truth, please follow me. If you choose to be blinded forever, that's fine with me too." Amelia turned around and walked away after expressing her intentions.

A skeptical glint flashed across Jennifer's eyes as she watched Amelia leave. After a few seconds of hesitation, she decided to follow her.

Jennifer followed Amelia into a private dining room at the farmstay. Soon as she entered, she saw someone kneeling on the floor, his body visibly shaking. Jennifer looked at the person's back and found it familiar. As the person turned around, Jennifer realized that he used to be the chef who worked for her family.

What is he doing here?

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 905

### Chapter 905 The Finale

"I'm sorry, Ms. Larson. Please spare me. I was hired by someone to do this. I've never thought something bad will happen to Mrs. Larson. This is just a mistake. Please spare me, I beg you." The man flung himself on Jennifer and pleaded for forgiveness.

Jennifer was utterly confused. Yet, she realized something after looking at the pleading man before her eyes. She didn't want to believe that her previous hatred toward Oscar and Amelia was merely a misunderstanding, as it would make her grudges seem like a cosmic joke.

Jennifer really didn't want to believe any of this was true.

"Ms. Larson, we didn't mind that you kept accusing Oscar and me of hurting your mom. But being misunderstood still made us feel uncomfortable somehow. So, I asked Oscar to find the culprit who poisoned your mom. We got lucky and found out it was this man's doing. I think he will tell you the truth," Amelia explained.

Jennifer's lips shivered as she lowered her head and looked at the man kneeling in front of her, then said, "Tell me."

"Ms. Larson, I was forced to do so by a foreigner named June. He gave me a huge amount of money and asked me to mix the drug into Mrs. Larson's food but reassured me that nothing bad would happen. I agreed for the sake of money, but I never wanted to



harm Mrs. Larson. Please believe me. I was horrified when the dog bit her, and I didn't know she was dead after she went overseas," the man said in a petrified tone.

Jennifer took a step backward and became dumbfounded. She had never expected the truth to be so ugly and cruel.

Jennifer's lips trembled as she questioned, "Are you saying that it was June who instructed you to poison my mom?"

"I won't lie to you anymore, Ms. Larson. At that time, he transferred a large sum of money to me via his bank account. You can fact-check this if you don't believe me. There are three hundred thousand, and I have used none of the money."

Jennifer glared at the man who used to be their family cook. Losing all control, she grabbed him and shook him violently.

"Why? Why did you do that? The Larsons have always been kind and generous to all our helpers. We would even prepare gifts for you during the festive seasons. Although my mom could be arrogant sometimes, she never mistreated you. How can you be so cruel to hurt her? Do you know she died because her chronic illness relapsed? She even died a painful death! My dad and I lost an important person. Why would you hurt her? Why?" Jennifer wailed in a desperate tone.

She was deeply affected because the people whom she once thought were her enemies turned out to be someone else. It was as if someone had destroyed everything she used to believe in.

"I didn't do this on purpose, Ms. Larson. The temptation of money was too great for me. I never thought the drug would cause Mrs. Larson to become violent and psychotic. I beg you. Please spare me this time."

"In your dreams! You killed my mom and ruined my family. I will make you spend the rest of your life in prison!" Jennifer said while gritting her teeth.

The man continued begging her.

After Jennifer was tired of beating the man up, she lifted her head to look at Oscar and Amelia with her reddened eyes. She then spoke in a raspy voice. "Mr. Clinton, Amelia, I owe you an apology if this is the truth. I will come to beg for forgiveness after I've dealt with my own issues. Please leave this person with me for now. I will return when I've settled the matter."

"We can't leave this person with you, Ms. Larson. We're afraid you'll do something silly. Let's hand him to the cops instead. I'm sure the cops will help you get the justice you deserve," said Amelia.

Jennifer looked at Amelia. The latter didn't give in and stared back at Jennifer as well.

After a few minutes went by, Amelia spoke again. "Ms. Larson, I promised someone that I'll forgive you and help you seek the truth, as long as you don't make any mistakes that cross my boundaries. I've delivered my promise, so I can't let you take this person with you to do something stupid. I'm sorry. Besides, the cops will be here soon. I believe they will seek justice for you."

Jennifer smiled upon hearing Amelia's words. However, the smile looked bitter. "All right. We'll leave this person to the cops. I'll go home first, and I'll come back after I've settled everything on my hands." With that, she turned around and left.

Just then, the police arrived. They arrested the man on the ground. Amelia went to them and said, "Thank you for coming. This man committed a crime that murdered someone indirectly, and it was very serious. Thus, it would be best if you interrogate him properly. Not only is this my instruction, but it's also my husband's. I'm sure the chief will agree."

The police in the lead nodded his head in acknowledgment.

After the police took the man away, Oscar wrapped his arm around Amelia's shoulder and asked, "Are you happy now?"

"I'm just doing this to help Carter. After all, it's a pity for a perfect couple like them to miss out on each other," Amelia answered while leaning against his chest.

However, Oscar's opinion differed from Amelia's. He thought it was difficult for Jennifer and Carter to get back together. Instead of compromising and staying in the relationship, perhaps it was the best outcome for Jennifer and Carter to stay apart. After all, if Jennifer remained bothered by this matter, it would be better for them to stay separated from the beginning.

Yet, Oscar didn't express his opinion out loud.

After Jennifer left the farmstay, she returned to the Larson residence and didn't step out of the house for two days. On the third day, she changed into a black outfit and left the house. No one knew where she went. Two months later, she appeared at the police station.

"June, why did you attack my mom?" Jennifer asked calmly while staring at June, who was sitting across from her with a tired look on his face. Although she wanted to murder June so badly, she believed karma would eventually hit him for all the crimes he had committed.

June scoffed. "You found out, huh? I was still planning to use you as my pawn to deal with Oscar. I didn't expect you to find out so soon. Anyway, this is actually good as I feel bad about lying to a foolish woman like you."

The look on Jennifer's face shifted, and there was a hint of hatred in her eyes when she looked at June.

"You're really ruthless, June. In order to fight against Oscar, you're willing to attack my mom and set Oscar up as the scapegoat. But there's a saying in Chanaea that goes, 'what goes around comes around. Don't you care about Cassie? Then let me destroy her for you so that you two can share the same fate,'" Jennifer said smilingly.

There was a slight change in June's expression, and he glared at Jennifer while gritting his teeth in fury. "If you dare touch her, I'll kill you as soon as I get out of here."

"In that case, we shall discuss further after you're released. Having said that, who knows if you'll ever leave this place. By then, even I don't know where I'll be." Jennifer burst out laughing. "However, the woman you miss dearly won't be as fortunate. What do you think I should do to her? Should I disfigure her face or cripple her? Perhaps I should cripple her. I think it's better to turn her into a disabled person."

"How dare you!" June lurched forward in agitation to strangle Jennifer, but the door was in his way.

"I'll be taking my leave now, June. Soon, you'll hear about Cassie's tragic news. Do thank me by then." Jennifer left the police station wearing a smile.

After exiting the facility, she contacted Cassie for them to meet at a coffee shop.

Cassie showed up in a relatively simple outfit.

"It feels like you've changed a lot, Ms. Yard," Jennifer said.

Cassie ordered a cup of Jamaican Blue Mountain coffee and responded with a faint smile.

"I didn't change. I simply felt that the constant rivalries and strife were meaningless, so I went to a primary school in the rural area and become a volunteer. I just returned recently, and my skin has become darker from daily exposure to the sun. However, I think I'm leading a more fulfilling life now, and this is the lifestyle I long for. I realize I've wasted so much of my time after I reflected on how aimlessly I used to live," Cassie said calmly.

Cassie appeared gentle and beautiful in her current peaceful and untroubled mien. She looked much more charming than when she behaved in an overbearing manner in the past.

A hint of surprise flashed across Jennifer's eyes as she glanced at Cassie. She didn't anticipate the latter would ever undergo such a transformation.

"You're indeed very different from before. It has been approximately one year since we last met one another. I was under the assumption that you'll be the epitome of human selfishness when I see you again. Unexpectedly, you've learned to think for others," Jennifer said.

Cassie merely smiled in response.

A short while later, the waiter served the cup of coffee.

Cassie lifted the cup and took a sip of coffee. Then, she gazed at Jennifer.

"Do you know June is in trouble?"

"I heard my mom mentioned this earlier in the morning, and I plan to visit him tomorrow. After being involved with him for almost ten years, I didn't expect him to end up in such a miserable state. Actually, I have indirectly caused all these things to happen. I'll choose to go abroad with him if he can be released," Cassie replied tenderly.

Jennifer chuckled.

"In some ways, you two are truly a match made in heaven."

Cassie didn't get mad.

"I owe him that much. Besides, I also owe Oscar and Amelia an apology, but I don't plan to say that in person to them anymore. I'll let time wash away the grudges between us."

Glancing at Cassie, Jennifer could not help but admire her.

Subsequently, both of them fell silent, finished their coffee, and got up to leave.

Ultimately, Jennifer did not lay a finger on Cassie as she watched the latter's car drive away. She didn't feel the need to drag Cassie into the mess involving the grudge between June and her. Besides, she knew the chances for June to regain freedom were very slim.

After that, Jennifer went to meet with Amelia.

She held an exquisite box and handed it to Amelia.

"What's this?" Amelia asked.

"This is for Carter, but I want to ask for your favor to pass this to him because I won't be seeing him," Jennifer replied.

Amelia didn't reach out to receive the box. "You should give this to him personally. I think you should clarify things with him regardless of the outcome."

Jennifer shook her head.

"That's not necessary. We cannot be together anymore, so coming face-to-face with him doesn't mean anything. Please help me hand this to him. Also, thank you for forgiving me. I should consider myself lucky that you're not chasing me with a knife and threatening to kill me after all the things I've done," Jennifer said.

Amelia eyed her. In the end, she stretched out her hand to take the box from Jennifer.

"What do you plan to do after this?" she asked.

"I'll travel around, find a suitable man to get married and give birth to a child so that my dad can take care of the kid. Otherwise, he'll be overthinking things if he has too much free time. I may not come here again in the future. Take care of yourself," Jennifer answered with a smile.

Amelia stared at her. "Are you really not giving Carter another chance?"

"Let bygones be bygones. I don't want my dad to be worried about me anymore."

Amelia sighed inwardly and didn't press that matter further.

Jennifer waved at Amelia. "Goodbye. I'm afraid we won't see each other again following my departure this time."

Amelia nodded.

After that, Jennifer left in her car. In the afternoon, she boarded a plane and went abroad, but no one knew which country she was heading to.

Carter's gaze darkened, and he flashed a wry smile when he received the box Jennifer requested Amelia to pass to him.

"She left, after all," he uttered in a deep voice.

"You can locate her if you're willing to investigate her whereabouts."

"There is no such need. I don't want to disturb her since she has made the decision. I just want to know if she's living a safe and peaceful life somewhere. My greediness to keep both women had caused her to slip through my fingers. And now, I don't have the right to pursue her again," Carter said while gently rubbing the delicate box in his hand.

Taking in his demeanor, Amelia couldn't help feeling a little woeful. It is rather sad that not every couple who harbors mutual loving feelings will end up together.

"Amelia, thank you for sending Jennifer's gift to me. I thought you two would never be able to reconcile. Unexpectedly, you two have restored a friendly relationship without me knowing," he added.

Amelia merely smiled and shook her head.

"What are your plans after this?" she asked.

"I plan to put my work on hold and go on a holiday. I'll return once I gather myself. Perhaps one day, Jennifer and I will stumble into one another at someplace. If that happens, I'll pursue her again."

"Good luck to you then."

After chatting with him for some time, Amelia bid farewell to Carter and left.

In the blink of an eye, Amelia Hutton got married. Amelia Winters and Oscar attended her wedding.

She wore a red evening gown and strode toward Oscar and Amelia with her arms wrapped around her husband's as a contented grin spread across her face.

"Amelia, Oscar, thank you for coming to my wedding. I'm glad you two are here," Amelia Hutton chirped.

She turned to look at her husband. "Dear, this is the Amelia Winters I kept telling you about. We have the same first name. I already told you about her. Also, this is my brother-in-law, Oscar. He's the heir to Clinton Corporations. I suppose you should've heard of this."

"Oscar, Amelia, it's a pleasure to meet with you. I'm Connor Jefferson." Connor held out his arm magnanimously to shake Oscar's hand. "Oscar, Amelia, you two can rest assured. I'll take good care of my wife. She's a wonderful woman," Connor assured.

Amelia bobbed her head.

"Amelia, now that you're married, you should rein in your temper and do your best to play your role as a caring wife and loving mother," Amelia Winters said.

"Don't worry, Amelia. I know what to do."

Amelia Winters spoke to Amelia Hutton for a little longer before letting the newlyweds entertain the other guests.

"Please try out the food with Oscar. I'll go and greet the other guests with Connor. Let's talk further after the ceremony."

Amelia bobbed her head slightly.

Amelia Hutton and Connor strode off with their hands locking each other. Amelia Winters gazed at their leaving figures from behind and muttered that the couple looked good together.

"As long as she doesn't act up and trouble you, I'm willing to collaborate with the Jefferson family because she's your younger sister," Oscar said.

"What? Is our company cooperating with the Jefferson family in the future?"

"The Jefferson family is making plans for us to work together. Besides, they are considered one of the most prestigious families in Saspiuburg, so if I wish to establish a good reputation there and explore Saspiuburg's market, collaborating with the Jefferson family may be a good choice," he explained.

Amelia nodded.

"You can make the decision. I have no objections."

At that moment, Benjamin walked over with a glass in his hand. He gazed at Amelia lovingly.

"Lia."

"It's been a long time, Mr. Hutton."

"Lia, it's already been so long. Can you address me as your dad now? I think this would also be your mom's wish before she passed away."

Amelia looked at Benjamin, whose sideburns were beginning to turn white. A hint of sympathy rose within her heart.

"Dad," she said.

Tears brimmed in Benjamin's eyes when he heard her acknowledging him as her father. Even his hands, wrapped around the wine glass, trembled slightly.

"Good, good. Here, my son-in-law. Let's have a drink," Benjamin uttered excitedly while raising his glass.

Oscar was momentarily dazed before he came to his senses. Then, he lifted his glass and bumped it against Benjamin's.

Benjamin gulped his wine and wiped off the wine trickling down the corner of his mouth.

"Oscar, you must treat Amelia well in the future. I haven't taken good care of her in the past thirty years, and I even called her a b\*stard and a jinx. I was wrong," Benjamin croaked.

Only after losing Eleanor did he realize how many mistakes he had made previously.

"Cherish her and never let her suffer." He could not help crying out loud. Benjamin had lived in torment for the last one and a half years.

"I will, Dad. Amelia is the only woman I love in this life. No one else can take her place," Oscar replied wholeheartedly.

Hearing that, Benjamin guffawed in response. "Oscar, I feel much at ease after listening to your words."



After the wedding ceremony ended, Benjamin personally sent Oscar and Amelia to the airport.

“Lia, come to Saspiuburg and visit me whenever you’re free. Old people like me tend to get sentimental and miss our family members as we age,” Benjamin said.

Amelia nodded in agreement.

“Oscar and I will come and see you whenever we have the time. We’ll bring Tony and Nolan along too.”

“Nolan?”

“Nolan is Oscar’s younger sister’s son. His sister passed away from an accident, so we adopted the kid. He’s one year old this year and has an endearing personality. I reckon you’ll like him when you meet him.”

Benjamin nodded but didn’t seem very excited after hearing her explanation.

“Dad, the plane is taking off soon. Oscar and I need to go through the security check now. You can fly to our city when you’re free too. I think Tony will be fond of you. He has grown up a lot now.”

“Okay.”

After boarding the plane, Amelia and Oscar became absorbed in their respective work.

Two years later, every member of the Clinton family sat around the dining table to have their meal. A maid served a plate of fish on the table, and when Amelia caught whiffs of the fishy smell, she suddenly felt nauseous. The next second, she covered her mouth and hurriedly dashed to the washroom.

Taking in her reaction, Olivia was stunned for a few moments before a hint of pleasant surprise flashed across her eyes.

“Oscar, is your wife pregnant?” she chirped.

Oscar thought so too.

“I don’t know. I’ll take her to the hospital later for a health checkup.” He remembered Amelia’s menstrual cycle had been delayed for a fortnight. They had planned to visit the hospital tomorrow, but unexpectedly, she began showing signs of nausea so soon.

"We'll go right away. I'll accompany both of you. If she's really pregnant, the Clinton family will be welcoming a new member. In this case, the atmosphere in the house is going to get merrier."

Therefore, after waiting for Amelia to exit the washroom, Olivia and Oscar immediately took her to the hospital.

After undergoing a test, Amelia was confirmed to be pregnant and was in the first month of her pregnancy.

Olivia smiled from ear to ear and began nagging Amelia about all the things the latter needed to be mindful of, thoroughly treating Amelia as if that was her first time having a baby.

"Mom, don't worry. I already gave birth to Tony."

"Ah! Look at me. I was too excited and completely tossed that matter to the back of my mind. I'm just thrilled," Olivia said cheerfully.

"Mom, why don't you go back and take care of the two kids at home? Oscar and I will go and check on Tiff."

"Derrick hasn't regained consciousness yet?"

Amelia shook her head.

The smile on Olivia's face wavered. "Tiff is also living a tough life."

"Mom, who knows, this is perhaps a form of blessing to her."

"You're right." Olivia nodded in agreement. As long as he's not dead, there is hope for him to wake up.

After Olivia left, Oscar wrapped his arm around Amelia's waist as they moved toward Derrick's ward. At that moment, Tiffany was trimming his nails.

"Tiff," Amelia called out.

Tiffany placed Derrick's hand on the bed before she turned to beam at Amelia.

"You're here. Take a seat. I'll get both of you a glass of water."

Then, Tiffany went to pour two glasses of water.

"How's Derrick? Is he showing any responses?"

"Nothing has changed. I plan to bring him back to where I live and take care of him there. Perhaps he'll recover with a change of environment."

"That's worth a shot."

Looking at Tiffany, who had lost a lot of weight, Amelia felt her heartache. It seems there's no telling when Derrick will wake up.

"Tiff, you need to take care of yourself too. Otherwise, I'll be worried about you."

"I will. I feel that I'm living a fulfilling life now. I'm taking care of him while writing my novels. His son is also addressing me as his mommy now. That child is quite adorable. His grandma even said she's sending him to his first year of elementary school starting next year. A couple of days earlier, he even drew a picture of the three of us as a family," Tiffany recounted while wearing a faint smile.

She was genuinely grateful that Derrick had only ended in a vegetative state instead of losing his life. At the very least, she could still hope for him to wake up someday. Tiffany remained energetic and motivated as long as there was still hope.

"As long as you're happy, Tiff."

Amelia and Oscar got up to leave after chatting with Tiffany for around an hour.

After ten months of pregnancy, a baby's cry pierced the air sometime in the early morning. The nurse came out from the delivery room and announced the good news, "Congratulations, it's a girl."

Olivia heaved a sigh of relief and laughed out loud.

Meanwhile, Tiffany leaned against the door. She could not help curling her lips into a smile as she imagined the scene of Oscar gently kissing Amelia, who was drenched in sweat, inside the ward.

Inside the room, Oscar was indeed pecking Amelia on her forehead. Taking in her weak and exhausted state, he uttered affectionately, "Honey, thank you for giving birth to our adorable little princess."

Amelia flashed a feeble but contented smile.