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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 446 - 450

Chapter 446 A Bad Accident

“Don’t blame others if you can’t grasp a man’s heart, Ms. Larson. You only have yourself to blame as you are not charming enough.” Oscar pulled Amelia behind him before continuing bluntly, “It’s getting late anyway. The two of you please settle your relationship issues outside and don’t affect the other diners’ moods. Amelia, let’s not get in their way and leave. I don’t want anyone to bite back at our kindness.”

Upon hearing that, a hint of embarrassment and awkwardness flashed in Jennifer’s eyes.

Amelia turned to face the other woman, saying in a gentle tone, “I have no intention to compete with you. Carter and I are just friends. I’m also very happy to know that he has found happiness. Honestly, I think the two of you are quite compatible.”

Despite her words, she was met with a vehement glare from Jennifer.

Noticing that her persuasion was useless, Amelia then added, “Carter, Ms. Larson, I’m going for dinner with Oscar. It’s getting late, and my child will be hungry. We won’t trouble you further then.”

With that said, she took Oscar’s hand and left. Carter stared straight at her retreating figure, and he could not help but blurt out, “Amelia.”

As Amelia halted in her steps, Jennifer’s expression grew increasingly awkward.

Carter walked toward her and gave her a gentleman’s smile while ignoring her interlocking hands with Oscar. “Do you mind if I join you? I happen to be hungry as well.”

Before Amelia could reply, Oscar spoke up with a stoic expression.

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“Mr. Scott, I mind. Seeing as your relationship issue hasn’t been resolved, I advise you not to approach my wife. Nothing will happen to you if your woman gets jealous, but trouble might befall my wife. As her husband, it’s my responsibility to get rid of all possible threats.”

Carter’s face turned grim.

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Amelia tugged at Oscar’s clothes, signaling for him to stop before saying in a pleasant voice, “I think it’s best if you talk to Ms. Larson first, Carter. We still have many opportunities to catch up, so there’s no hurry for that. Don’t you think so?”

Carter pursed his lips while staring intently at her. He could not tell if it was due to Oscar’s words or Amelia’s warm gaze, but he did not have the heart to refuse her. Hence, he gave her a nod.

Upon seeing that, Amelia smiled. “We’ll head for dinner now, Carter. Do have your meal as well after you’ve talked it out with Ms. Larson.”

Carter turned around and went to her side, looking at her with a grim expression before saying curtly, “Let’s go.” He walked out as soon as he said that, leaving Jennifer to glance at the second floor in resentment before following after him.

Standing at a remote field, Carter crossed his arms, and a trace of impatience flashed in his eyes when he looked at Jennifer.

“You’ve already hit and scolded me, Jennifer. Can you get over it already? Please, I beg of you, stop pestering me. It’s been two years. You’re exhausted and so am I. I don’t want people to keep thinking that we’re a couple. I’ll admit that I’ve loved Amelia for ten years, no, it’s maybe longer than that. I’m afraid it’ll be hard for me to love another woman again. I’ll only hurt you by marrying you. In the end, we’ll definitely end the marriage with a divorce,” he articulated each word.

I don’t love her. She’ll be miserable, and so will I if we get into a loveless marriage. Many people in this world are in such marriages, but I don’t wish to settle for that.

Jennifer’s eyes reddened as she took a deep breath. She did not wish to show any vulnerability, knowing that Carter would not feel distressed even if she did. She was a proud woman who maintained her composure in front of a man who did not care about her. Even

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though she had pursued him for two years, she would never allow herself to show her weakness in front of him.

“Carter, what you said is so unfair to me. You’ve never given me a chance, so how would you know that things won’t work out between us?” Jennifer stared at him with bloodshot eyes. “I can tolerate you liking someone else. I only hope that you’ll treat me more fairly and make a little room for me in your heart. I won’t ask for more. I am serious, but just have some space for me in your heart. You’ve always closed your heart to me. Don’t you know that I’ve tried so hard to get through to you?”

Carter furrowed his brows as a flash of guilt appeared in his eyes.

He would be lying if he said that he did not feel anything for the beautiful woman who treated him with respect and dignity. However, that was not enough for him to fall in love with her. Other than being moved and liking her a little, he found it difficult to take it to the next level. So instead of prolonging it, he would rather push her away from the start.

He bowed to her for the first time. “I’m sorry, Jennifer, but I can’t love you. Please stop pestering me. It’ll do us both good.”

Jennifer shook her head vigorously while staring at him in disbelief.

“I don’t want to do that. I’ve wasted two years on you. Don’t think that you can escape me. I’ll never let you go!” Jennifer felt as though she was trapped at a dead end. At that moment, she did not know if it was due to her love for him or her reluctance to accept the outcome, but she was determined to hold onto him.

“I won’t let you go, Carter Scott!” she shrieked with all her might before covering her face and running away.

Jennifer got into her car and drove at a high speed with her emotions in disarray. Her vehicle collided with a truck driven by a drunk driver while crossing the highway.

When Carter rushed to the hospital after receiving the news, he realized that both his and her family members were already waiting there.

As soon as Laura saw him, she pounced at him like a madwoman and threw punches at him. “My daughter dressed up nicely to have a meal with you, Carter Scott, so why was she

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driving alone and getting hit by a truck while you're unscathed? Weren't you with her? Why would she be involved in an accident?" she sobbed.

Carter merely stood there and allowed her to hit him. Despite wanting Jennifer to stop pestering him, he never thought that she would get into a car accident.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Larson," he apologized as the color drained from his face.

"Is there any use in apologizing? Jennifer spent nearly three hours doing her hair and choosing her clothes just to have this meal with you. She left the house in high spirits, so why would she be involved in an accident? Where were you then?" Laura wailed.

She only had one daughter and could not bear to lose her. It was a torment greater than death.

Without a care for her image as a wealthy lady, Laura continued crying and hitting Carter, hating him to the core. The great satisfaction she felt toward him at the very beginning had morphed into hatred of the same intensity. No mother would be able to stand her daughter acting so desperately over a man. If I had the power to predict the future, I wouldn't have brought Jennifer back to the country and allowed her to meet such a fate.

Seeing this, Faye and Vincent rushed forward to pull the two apart, the former frowned with displeasure. However, taking into consideration that Jennifer was still in the operating room, she felt it was not right to speak too harshly.

"Please calm down. Jennifer is a good person. I'm sure she'll be fine. If her accident is truly related to Carter, I'll definitely teach him a lesson. However, Carter is obviously innocent, so you can't keep accusing him this way. I also love Jennifer very much and am heartbroken that she met with an accident, but you can't put all the blame on Carter, right?"

Laura stared at Faye with reddened eyes and sneered, "Mrs. Scott, I don't care who's responsible for her accident at the moment. I don't wish to see your family again. Leave and don't ever appear in front of us again. I must've been blind back then in bringing Jennifer back to the country. Get lost!"

Hearing this, Faye also felt her temper rising. She tugged Carter's hand as she said, "Let's go, Carter. This family is simply unreasonable! Let's not waste time here and get scolded for nothing."

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However, Carter did not move and whispered weakly while staring at the operating room, "Why don't you head back first, Mom. I've let Jennifer down."

Faye's eyes widened in shock. "Are you saying that Jennifer's accident is truly related to you? I know that you're upset because of the accident, but you can't simply say things like that," she chastised.

"Mom, I was the one who made Jennifer angry and caused her to be emotionally stable, which then led to the accident. Hence, her accident has a lot to do with me. Go back first. I'll stay here," said Carter as he turned to look at his mother.

Faye's chest rose and fell heavily in anger upon hearing that.

She grabbed onto his collar and said angrily, "You brat. What did she do to you that you constantly cause her so much grievance? Now, she's in the operating room fighting for her life. She's an only child. If something happens to her, how are you going to compensate her parents? Why are you always making me worry? Are you happy now that she's lying on the operating table?"

Carter remained silent.

Laura, who was held in the arms of Vincent, also glared at Carter as she howled, "Get lost! All of you! I don't need you to shed crocodile tears here."

"Carter is also very apologetic, Mr. Larson, so please don't be angry. We..."

"Get lost!" Laura repeated, "If something happens to Jennifer, I'll fight your family in every possible way, even if I have to use all our family's financial resources and go bankrupt."

Faye's expression turned grim as she hurriedly pulled Carter over. "Apologize to Mrs. Larson now. Do you really wish to drive me mad?"

He stepped forward and said solemnly, "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Larson. No matter what happens to her, I'll shoulder all responsibility toward her and you both."

"Scram! If Jennifer survives, I'll let her marry anyone but you. I'll never allow my only daughter to be with someone who doesn't cherish her," Laura exclaimed angrily.

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If the nurse had not walked over to remind them to keep their voice down, Laura would have had an emotional meltdown and yelled at him.

She was dragged to the side by Vincent to avoid seeing the Scotts. Carter, on the other hand, stood rooted to the spot. His mind was in utter chaos, and he could not figure out what he was feeling at that moment.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 447

Chapter 447 Cling On To You

Carter was waiting outside the operating room. The lights went off after a mere one hour. The surgeon came out and told him that Jennifer was fine and that she was lucky to have only fractured her thigh bone and got herself a few scrapes here and there.

Everyone present let out a sigh of relief.

Laura followed as Jennifer was pushed into a general ward. Carter wanted to follow too, but Vincent stopped him.

Bone-wearied, Vincent spoke. "Carter, go home with your mother. Laura is still hot under the collar, and she won't be nice to you. Don't worry. Jennifer's fine now."

Carter pressed his lips and hummed for a bit. He eventually nodded his head.

On their way home, Faye angrily probed, "Carter, what on earth is going on between you Jennifer? Weren't you just going for a meal?"

Carter bit his lips and kept his eyes on the road.

His silence made Faye more cross.

"Have you turned mute? Say something!"

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"Mom, can you be quiet? You're giving me a headache."

"Hahaha!" Faye let out a mocking laugh.

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"Carter, aren't you a grown man now? You'd gotten Jennifer into an accident, and now you're saying that I'm annoying. I was just thinking, so many accidents had happened within the past few years. Oscar got into an accident, Tiffany got into an accident, and now Jennifer. Anyone who's in any way related to Amelia somehow got into an accident. Is she a jinx?" Faye didn't hold back.

Carter frowned at his mother's words. "Mom, it was an accident. Why is Amelia in the picture? This has nothing to do with her, okay? Stop accusing her."

That was the last straw. Fire of rage could be seen gleaming through Faye's eyes, and all she wanted at that moment was to vent her fury.

"You're so quick in defending her! I'm pretty sure she had something to do with the accident. You and Jennifer always quarrel because of this woman!" Faye lost her graceful composure. "It amazes me. What's so good about her that makes you go out of your way? Do you think you're in some sort of romance drama?"

Carter's silence persisted, and it totally drove Faye up the wall. He didn't want to sing to her tune and kept quiet, dissolving her sharp lambastings just like that.

When they got back to their residence, he emotionally distanced himself. "Mom, we're here."

Instead of getting off the car, Faye stayed put.

Seeing Faye glued to the passenger seat, Carter looked at her coldly and said, "Mom, if you like this car that much, you can sit in it as long as you like. I'm getting off." He opened the door and stepped out.

"Stop right there, young man." Faye quickly unbuckled her safety belt and got off the car.

Carter came to a halt and looked at his mother, who rushed to stand in front of him. He was exasperated.

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"Mom, can you just stop? Leave me alone today, okay? You and Jennifer had been driving me nuts for the past two years. It's frustrating and draining."

Faye looked at him fixedly, and something came across her mind.

She took a deep breath and tried her best to calm herself down. "Carter, tell me the truth. Does Amelia have anything to do with Jennifer's accident?"

Thoroughly irritated, Carter shot his mother a glance. "Mom, this has nothing to do with Amelia. Why do you always drag her into the picture? Just like the examples you talked about. Amelia has nothing to do with them, but you somehow blamed her for their occurrences. I know you don't like her, but she has already got a husband and a son. Can you please stop making baseless assumptions? It irks me so much that I don't even feel like coming home."

Surprisingly, Faye didn't yell back.

She waved a hand in short strokes and replied, "Alright. She has nothing to do with it. That aside, I want to know what's going on between you and Jennifer. How did she get into that accident? She gave me a call before it all happened, saying that you two were going for a meal. Who knew an accident would happen just like that?"

Carter gave Faye a cold stare, strode, and eventually ran to the car, chucked himself in it, and drove away before she could react.

Faye stood there dumbfounded as the car was driven further and further away. When she finally came back to her senses, she was hopping mad.

Carter drove to a bar, got a dozen beers, and drowned his sorrows quietly in a corner.

After a few pints, someone came and sat right next to him on the sofa. It was Derrick.

Derrick smiled at him, and as Carter wanted to speak, Bam! Derrick bulldozed his fist into the latter's right cheek as fast as lightning!

Carter was sent smashing into the sofa.

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"Mr. Scott, this punch is for Jennifer, who's still lying on the hospital bed. Is it to your liking?" Derrick coldly uttered.

Carter sat back onto the sofa and softly stroked where the fist landed. Thank goodness there wasn't blood.

He then shifted his bum to where it was, grabbed a beer, and chugged.

"Oh my! Since when Mr. Scott became mute?" Derrick sarcastically jeered at him.

After a large gulp, Carter placed a bottle in front of Derrick. "Drink it if you're a man."

Derrick took the beer, opened it, and slowly savored the offer. It looked like he was drinking a well-aged wine rather than beer.

After a few sips, Derrick spoke. "Mr. Scott, Jennifer got into a car accident. I understand that she's stable now, but shouldn't you be showing some care to her?"

Carter looked up at him. "Derrick, I might be convinced that you're in love with Jennifer from your unexpected concern for her."

Derrick paused for a millisecond and chortled.

"Mr. Scott, you have quite an imagination. However, I already have a lover. Jennifer is like a sister to me."

"But she's not your real sister, isn't she?" Carter sneered. "Derrick, I don't know your stance, but man to man, you should know how it feels like to have a woman you don't love clinging to you for two years. If you're close to the Larsons, please, I beg you, talk to Jennifer and ask her to stop wasting her time on a scumbag like me."

"Hahaha..." Derrick dignifiedly took another sip. "This matter is between you and her. I'm just here to have some beer because I couldn't sleep. I'll be heading home soon."

After finishing his drink, Derrick stood up and looked down at Carter. "Ciao."

He left right after that.

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Carter continued his grog-up. However, the beer seemed to have lost its flavor.

He scanned the rest of the beer bottles and figured that drinking alone wasn't that fun after all. He got up, paid for his drinks, and left the bar.

After he got back to his apartment, he lolled himself on the sofa. He allowed his mind to go blank while looking at the pendant light.

Slowly, he dozed off.

The next day, Carter made time to go to the hospital.

Laura was surprised to see Carter when she opened the door. She looked daggers at him not long after that, though. However, she wasn't as critical as she was the evening before. "Go in. Jennifer's awake, and she's looking for you," she said.

Carter nodded, but just as he lifted his knee, Laura called out, "Carter, will you please be nicer to Jennifer? Everyone could tell that she loves you. We're planning to take her overseas once she's fully recovered.

Carter was slightly startled by their decision, and an odd feeling fluttered through him. Yet, he shunned that fleeting emotion.

"I will, Mrs. Larson," he replied and went into the ward.

Jennifer was on the bed, and she looked rather pale without makeup.

Seeing him, she frantically covered her face. "Carter, would you mind going outside for a minute? I look horrible now. Allow me to put on some makeup before you come in again."

Carter was brimmed with guilt when he heard that. It hurt him to see that this woman on the bed cared so much about his opinions about her.

Carter walked over to the bedside, dragged a chair, and sat himself down. "Jennifer, it's not necessary. You still look pretty without makeup."

"Really?" Jennifer pulled her hand slightly away from her face, and Carter nodded.

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A wide smile crossed her face as if she had totally forgotten about the accident and the unhappy episode yesterday.

"I'm sorry." Carter lifted his head and looked at her.

Jennifer was slightly stunned, but a smile ensued.

"This accident had nothing to do with you. I was emotionally unstable, I sped, and I crashed. I was too self-absorbed, and I'm supposed to be the one apologizing. I'm sorry that my mom scolded you. Please don't blame her. She did it out of care and concern for me." They sounded estranged. Perhaps it was due to the accident.

Carter looked up again, and in a slightly raspy voice, he told her how he felt. "Jennifer, you don't have to be so tolerant with me. I'm, to a great extent, responsible for the accident. I'm glad that you're alright now. If your condition were worse, I'd take good care of you. But sorry, I still don't feel the chemistry with you."

His words wounded her heart, but she chose to keep it to herself.

"Carter, I won't give up. I've only fallen in love once in my life, and it's with you. I won't let go no matter what."

Before Carter could react, Jennifer changed the topic. "Amelia got into an accident, and then it was her friends and lover. It seemed like anyone related to her would be met with such mishaps. Don't you think it's like some cliché movie plot?"

Carter almost choked on his saliva. His mother mentioned this yesterday, and now, Jennifer. He wondered if telepathy was in play.

"Why? You don't like me talking about Amelia?"

"Nah. I just didn't expect that."

"I mean, I'm just saying. I woke up this morning and saw my parents asleep by my bed. I then looked up to the ceiling and asked myself, 'How is Amelia better than me?' When she got into an accident, everyone was buzzing around her. When I got into one, you were nowhere to be found. I guess that's the difference. However, I don't want to give up. Are you

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willing to give me another chance and let me into your heart?" Jennifer looked into Carter's eyes, but he subconsciously turned his eyes away.

She put on a smile, though utterly disheartened. "Carter, I'm not going to give up. I can mess with you, but I'm never leaving you. You'd better brace yourself because I'll continue clinging on to you."

Carter was vexed.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 448

Chapter 448 The Feeling Of Falling In Love

At noon, the maid from the Larsons sent some packed lunch over. Despite Laura's stoic face, Jennifer still cheerily invited Carter to join her for lunch. He had been at the hospital accompanying her the entire morning. Nonetheless, the man shook his head and rejected her kind offer, quoting that he had urgent matters to deal with at the company.

Once Carter left, the ward was only left with Jennifer and Laura.

The smile on Jennifer's face soon vanished as she stared blankly at the meat in her bowl.

Heartbroken, Laura stroked her silky hair gently as she said, "Let's go overseas after your discharge. This place isn't for you."

Jennifer shook her head.

"Mom, I can't get him out of my head. I'm sure I won't be happy even if I go abroad because I'll still think of him," She said with a determined tone. "I don't want to give up on my relationship that easily, Mom. I've spent two years on him; I refused to leave so pathetically."

Laura's chest rose and fell heavily in anger.

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“Why are you still thinking of him when you’re in such a state? Do you want to see me worry for you even in my old age? You won’t fall short of suitors with your looks and family background. Why must you cling onto him like this?”

Jennifer looked up with her reddened eyes and yelled uncontrollably, “You’re the one who asked me to return here back then. You’re also the one who persuaded me to go for the blind date. Yet, you’re saying I’m clinging onto him after I fell in love with him. What exactly must I do to satisfy you?”

Laura’s face went pale instantly as she stared at her daughter in disbelief.

Ruffling her hair in frustration, Jennifer continued in a softer tone, “Mom, I’m sorry. I don’t mean to shout at you. I’m just feeling too stifled with all the emotions in there.”

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With an increasingly darkened face, Laura uttered, “Let’s eat. Anyway, I’ve discussed things with your dad. We’ve got in touch with a university in Anglandur and found a spot for you to further your studies. We’ll go abroad right after your recovery. This way, it’ll save you from turning yourself into a lifeless zombie because of your so-called love too.”

Jennifer threw her a cold glance. “Mom, I’m not going.”

“It’s not up to you to decide. I’ve let you do whatever you want for the past two years. I used to hope that you’ll become the daughter-in-law of the Scotts one day, but that isn’t the case now. All I want now is for you to have nothing to do with Carter. He’s unworthy of you.” It was a rare moment where Laura was rather assertive. “You’ve changed because of a man. You are once an obedient girl, but nowadays, you don’t listen to me anymore. I’ve decided; you’ll leave after you recover. The Scotts are clearly out of our league.”

Sick of her mother’s tirade, Jennifer fell back on her bed and covered herself up with the blanket.

“Jennifer, I’ll make it clear to you now. You’ll go overseas once you get discharged. And that’s that. There’s no room for discussion.” Finishing her words, Laura strode out of the room.

Jennifer flung her blanket aside and sat up on her bed, staring emotionlessly at the glaring white ceiling.

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Meanwhile, Carter's phone rang as soon as he strode out of the hospital and got into his car.

Fishing out and glancing at the screen, his gaze flickered as he quickly answered the call.

"Amelia." Carter sounded extremely gentle.

"Carter, am I disturbing you?" Amelia said from the other side of the phone.

"No. I'm not doing anything right now. I'm glad that you're calling me." Carter's lips curled up instinctively. "Is there something up that you'd give me a call?"

"Not really. I only want to ask about Ms. Larson. I heard she ran into an accident yesterday. How is she doing now?" Amelia asked.

"Everything's fine except a fractured leg. All she needs is some rest. Don't worry too much," Carter assured.

Amelia fell silent at his words.

The man, too, was somehow at a loss for words. A strange and awkward silence began to permeate the air.

"Carter, don't blame me for being a busybody. Ms. Larson is a nice lady. I hope you'll learn to cherish someone like her. I have to get back to work. Please send my well-wishes to Ms. Larson. I won't be visiting her since I don't think she'll want to see me either." Amelia concluded the call after finishing her words.

With his eyes fixated on the black screen, Carter was suddenly overwhelmed with mixed emotions.

"Amelia, I'll try to accept her if I can forget you, but you're always appearing in my mind. That's why I have no other choice but to break her heart," he mumbled to himself. "I've let you down seven years ago. I won't allow myself to let go of you again now."

Amelia, who had just made the call to Carter while in the toilet cubicle in her company, certainly did not know that the man was so conflicted. She put her phone back in her pocket and strolled out, only to run into the well-dressed Rory waiting for her outside.

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"Rory, why are you standing here?" Amelia cast her gaze at the lady who seemed troubled by her thoughts.

"Amelia, I have a little problem, and it'll be great if you can help me. Do you happen to be free now?" Rory responded after some hesitation.

"Of course. What is it about?"

"Amelia, I have a slight issue with my blueprint. It feels like it's lacking something, but I can't figure out what it is. I have zero inspiration right now. Can you help enlighten me and perhaps offer me some tips?"

"Email me a copy of the blueprint later. I'll take a look for you."

"I'll thank you in advance then, Amelia."

"You don't have to be so courteous with me. Get back to work first."

Because Rory's blueprint was a tricky task, Amelia could not get off work at six. Eventually, she had to call Oscar and ask him to have dinner with Tony without her since she had to work overtime.

The discussion and brainstorming session for possible ways to perfect Rory's blueprint lasted for hours. It was almost nine when Amelia finally managed to produce a rough outline and contour of the sketch. The remaining thing Rory had to do was to complete the drawing at home.

"Amelia, thank you so much. I really won't know what to do without you." Rory was extremely grateful.

Tidying the documents on her desk, Amelia replied, "Don't say that. That's what friends are for, isn't it? It's already nine; let's head home now."

Rory hurriedly packed her stuff and was about to walk over to Amelia when her high heels gave way, causing her to almost trip over. It was lucky the latter was quick to react and held onto her swiftly. "Are you okay?" she worriedly asked.

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A pained expression appeared on Rory's face. "I think I've sprained myself. But not to worry. The pain feels bearable. Let's head downstairs."

"Remove your heels. I'll help you downstairs."

"There's no need, Amelia. I'll do some stretches and walk my way down slowly. Let's quickly head downstairs. I'm sure Oscar and Tony are missing you already."

Just then, the phone in Amelia's bag rang.

Rory teased, "See? I've told you. I'm sure it must be Oscar."

Amelia shot her a look of exasperation but proceeded to fish out her phone from her bag. And indeed, the call was from Oscar.

She answered the call.

"Are you done with work? I'm waiting for you downstairs, in front of your company."

"You're here? I'll head down right now."

After a quick chat, Amelia hung up the call and looked at Rory. "Are you sure you can handle it by yourself, Rory? Oscar's here; he's waiting downstairs."

"Let's hurry then. Don't keep him waiting."

As the two reached the ground level and exited the elevator, Rory's gaze instinctively landed on a tall and lean figure leaning against his car. At once, she became a little spellbound. It had been a long time since she last felt her heart flutter and pound like crazy. The last time she had such feelings was when she fell in love with Derrick.

Watching Oscar stand straight and walk toward them, she could clearly hear her heart thumping faster and faster.

Rory grew up in the countryside as a child. Perhaps because of her good looks and excellent scores in her studies, she became very confident and essentially a little smug too as she grew up. As a result, she had higher expectations for her other half, and gradually, she

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began dreaming about climbing up the social ladder. Even at this age, she still held onto her dream of meeting a prince charming. Having stepped foot into society, she had met all kinds of oddballs, yet she had barely crossed paths with a rich and handsome man. There were, of course, rich men around her, but those were ugly and even had a beer belly. As much as she wanted to marry into a wealthy family, she could not bring herself to marry someone with a lower-than-average appearance. That was why she had stayed single to date. Now that she saw someone of a high caliber like Oscar, it was no doubt she would go through the same feelings she would when falling in love for the first time. Those feelings were so much more vivid than when she met Derrick that she almost thought she had fallen in love with another man. Possibly, she had viewed Oscar as a man so much more stylish and handsome than Derrick.

Without sparing Rory a glance, Oscar went straight up to Amelia and gently said, "Done with work? Let's go home."

Amelia smiled. "Why are you here? Where's Tony?"

"Tiffany is looking after him. She says she's tired after going through a section of her script and came over to play with Tony instead."

Rory gave Amelia a light nudge and modestly muttered, "Amelia, is this Oscar?"

Only then did Amelia remember that Rory was beside her and thus quickly introduced, "Oscar, she's my colleague. Her name's Rory."

The man took a glance and greeted placidly, "Nice to meet you."

Rory quickly tried her best to hide her lovestruck expression and reached out her hand confidently. "Nice to meet you too, Oscar. I'm Rory Sanders. You can call me Rory. I used to work as Amelia's caregiver while she was in Beshya. If not for her, I wouldn't have the opportunity to work at such a great company. That's why I'm extremely grateful toward Amelia."

Only then did Oscar spare her a few more glances and reciprocate the handshake.

All that Rory felt was her heart racing even faster, as though it was pounding out of her chest.

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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 449

Chapter 449 Do Not Give Up So Easily

"Oscar, let's send Rory home first. She sprained her leg just before we came down," Amelia said.

Oscar only replied with a nod.

While she steadied Rory toward the car, the latter feigned a conflicted expression. "Amelia, go back with Oscar. I'll be fine taking the bus back home by myself."

"What do you mean? We're friends now. Am I even human to leave you by yourself when you've sprained your ankle? Oscar's a nice person; get in the car." Finishing her words, Amelia helped Rory into the backseat before heading for the passenger seat at the front.

Inside the car, Oscar turned his body toward Amelia and planted a kiss on her lips. She was slightly embarrassed by his sudden show-off and gave him a push on his chest as she whispered, "Rory is in the backseat. Take it easy, Oscar."

Oscar fell back onto his driver's seat and started his car engines without saying anything further.

Lowering her head, Rory tried to suppress the jealousy in her eyes. Moments later, she looked up again; this time, her eyes were as clear and bright as a fresh graduate who had just stepped foot into the society and had yet been brainwashed and influenced by the complex and nasty world.

"Amelia, you have a good relationship with Oscar. I thought you weren't on good terms with Oscar while I was taking care of you back at Beshya, and that's why you guys had a divorce. I guess my mind has gone into the gutter. You two are truly a match made in heaven. How wonderful!" Rory chuckled as she spoke her mind.

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Amelia smiled. "We did have a misunderstanding previously, but we've talked things out. He's quite aloof and doesn't like to talk. Don't be freaked out by him."

Rory secretly sized the focused man up and cackled. "At one look, it's enough to tell that he's a successful man, unlike me who has just stepped into the workforce for a few months and would still make mistakes at work."

"He's indeed quite successful with his career." Amelia did not go in-depth into Oscar's job.

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Likewise, Rory was nimble-witted and did not continue probing. She tried changing the subject and started putting her flattery skills to use.

"You're equally awe-inspiring too, Amelia. You could've easily depended on your looks for livelihood, yet you chose to make yourself shine with your talents. I admire that you'd rather carve out your career route with your own efforts and capabilities when you could've lived your life comfortably without having to slog your guts out. I already find that you were no ordinary woman back while I was your caregiver in Beshya. And just like I've thought, you're indeed one exceptional woman."

Amelia kept a warm smile on her face upon hearing that.

"Rory, you're flattering me. I'm not that great."

"Amelia, I knew you're special ever since the first time I saw you. I'm pretty sure I'm right about that at this point. Don't you think so, Oscar?" Unlike her reserved appearance earlier when she first met Oscar, Rory was now bubbling with energy.

Perhaps caught off guard by Rory's chattiness, Oscar did not respond.

"Oscar, Rory is talking to you," Amelia reminded. She was afraid Rory would be intimidated by Oscar's unapproachable and forbidding vibe.

"Amelia has always been the best in my heart," he calmly replied.

Hearing that, Rory only felt like she ate dirt.

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“Rory, he’s always like that, so don’t be scared by his attitude.”

Rory’s fingers that she rested on the seat twitched slightly as her grin grew wider. “Oscar is a man who has to shoulder great responsibilities. Such a demeanor suits him perfectly.”

At that, not only did Oscar remain quiet like how he did before, but even Amelia also fell dead silent.

And with Rory’s direction, Oscar soon arrived before her accommodation.

As the car came to a halt, Amelia hurriedly went over to help Rory get out. At the same time, she took a quick look at the surroundings. Hmm, what a nice neighborhood this is. It’s serene and quiet. She instinctively nodded in agreement with her thought before popping the question. “Rory, this is a pleasantly peaceful area. I’m guessing the rental isn’t cheap?”

The latter chuckled. “It’s half of my salary. I reckoned I should have a nice place to stay after working my fingers to the bone; otherwise, I wouldn’t be doing justice to myself. As for the rest of my monthly salary, I’ll wire a thousand for my parents and save the rest for daily usage. Amelia, are you judging me for spending way too much money?”

“Why would I? How’s your ankle feeling right now? Do you need us to send you upstairs?” Amelia was like a caring sister to her.

“There’s no need. It’s getting late; you guys should head home now. Don’t let Tony stay up waiting for you.”

“All right. Be careful, then. Call me if you have any problems. Don’t hold it in. Understand?”

Rory nodded her head.

After she headed up, Amelia looked at the grim-faced Oscar, lifted her hands, and tugged his cheeks. “What’s wrong? Why haven’t you been talking the whole night?”

Oscar wrapped his hand on her neck and pulled her in to kiss her. He then pried open her clenched teeth with his tongue and slipped it through to entangle with hers. It was as if their lips were glued that they separate from each other for a long time. By the time they part

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reluctantly, Amelia felt herself feeling breathless. It was so intense that even her gazes looked a little dazed and out of focus.

“Get in the car,” Oscar muttered lovingly after planting another kiss on her lips.

After getting into the car, Amelia received a text message from Rory. In it, she said she hoped to visit them and play with Tony on the coming weekends.

In that instance, Amelia felt an odd feeling rising within her. She found that Rory had become unusually enthusiastic all of a sudden.

“Who’s that?” Oscar asked.

“It’s Rory. She wants to visit us and see Tony this weekend. What do you think?” Amelia answered.

“You shall decide since she’s your friend. I’m fine with anything.” Oscar focused his attention on the road but did not forget to warn Amelia. “But I hope you’ll decide if you want to befriend her after you get to know her better. After all, she’s honestly still very young. I’m worried she’s still emotionally immature and fantasizing about unrealistic dreams that are out of her reach. I don’t want any vain and materialistic women to ruin the peace and harmony within our family.”

“You don’t like Rory?”

“I don’t like any other women other than you. I would admire women for their competency and entrust them with responsibilities based on their capabilities. However, that has nothing to do with whether I like them or not.” Oscar looked intently into Amelia’s eyes as he earnestly explained.

A sweet smile appeared on her face.

“What a sweet talker. But I love it.”

Oscar could not help but broke into a smile.

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“Rory is a good girl, except that she’s still young and naive. All she needs is a few more years of work experience and encountering the shady and dark side of the working life. She’ll be able to mature and settle down after that. Don’t scare her off with your sour face, alright?” Amelia casually reminded.

“I got it.”

She turned and stared intently at Oscar before she continued, “By the way, Jennifer got into a car accident yesterday, Oscar. But I heard it’s not too serious. Do you think we should go and visit her?”

The man remained calm and collected, almost as though he could not muster any emotions at all.

“She has nothing to do with us, so there’s no need for us to go. I don’t want other women to point fingers and say anything bad about my woman. She only has herself to blame for getting into an accident. She’s lucky that she didn’t die,” Oscar coldly responded.

Amelia bit her lips and did not say anything.

Moments later, Oscar stopped his car at the traffic junction and took the free time to turn to Amelia and asked, “Why did you work till this late today?”

“I was helping her with a challenging issue regarding her blueprint, and that’s how we ended up staying till so late. Have you had dinner? I’m hungry now as I haven’t had anything. Shall we go and get some supper? We rarely get to eat junk food. I’m craving for barbecue,” Amelia whined.

Oscar reached his arm out and caressed her cheeks lightly. “You’re always making me get worried for you. I haven’t any dinner either, so let’s eat together then. And don’t you ever dare work overtime till this late anymore in the future. I don’t think your boss is so inhumane that he’ll force his employees to work overtime.” After all, she was Oscar’s woman. In truth, no one would dare to do that.

Amelia’s smile grew even brighter than before.

The pair only headed home after having supper at a roadside eatery.

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Just as they stepped foot into the apartment, Tiffany pretended to cry as she launched herself into Amelia's embrace. "Babe, you're finally back. Tony doesn't get tired, huh? I'm dying of exhaustion after playing with him alone. It's even more tiring than reading my script."

Tickled by her appearance, Amelia reached her arms out to grab her. "Where's Tony?"

"He just fell asleep."

"Thank you for your hard work. I've bought pasta for you. Finish it and have an early rest here tonight. It'll save you the hassle of traveling here and there."

Tiffany took the pasta despite having no appetite at all and said lifelessly, "I came over today to ask you for some tips to get in the good books of a future mother-in-law. Mrs. Hisson asked to meet me for shopping tomorrow. I wonder if she's planning some funny tactics against me. Please save me, Babe."

"Our beloved Tiff is invincible and has never failed in anything. Are you sure there are things you're afraid of?"

"Babe, you don't know how I've been in a super difficult situation this period. Mrs. Hisson always comes to my place, yet she says nothing except stare deadly into my soul. She does it to the extent that I'd think that there's a floating spirit behind me, and that freaks me out. I honestly can't figure out what's in her mind exactly and neither do I know what to do. I wanted to chase her out, but she's Derrick's mother. How can I bring myself to do that? Then, I figured I could talk to her nicely, but she would ignore me. I've no idea what she might do tomorrow to torment me. I have never met someone like her," Tiffany cried as she was on the verge of breaking down.

Furrowing her brows, Amelia asked, "Why didn't you tell us about that?"

"It's embarrassing. I initially thought I could solve it on my own, but Mrs. Hisson is getting increasingly out of hand."

"Did you tell Derrick about this?"

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“No. That is, after all, a fight between us. Getting Derrick involved will only give his mom more reasons to find trouble with me. Don’t worry. I can still handle it. I’m just getting a little annoyed by her, so I thought I get recharged by learning some tricks from you.”

Amelia looked completely nonplussed.

She pulled Tiffany to the sofa and massaged her shoulders. “Let me know if there’s anything that puts you in a difficult situation. I know you aren’t in the right position to complain to Derrick about his mother, but you still have me. I’ll help you think of a solution. But to be honest, she’s your future mother-in-law, after all. Try to put up with her as it doesn’t threaten you in any way. That said, that isn’t the ultimate solution. You’re a novel writer. You should be good at reading a person’s mind. I don’t think it’s too difficult for you to think from a mother’s point of view, right?”

Tiffany rolled her eyes at that.

“It’d be great if things are so easy. Mrs. Hisson is a total creep! Though she’s devastatingly beautiful, she’s formidable at tormenting people as she has a myriad of tactics. You’ll know once you meet her. I’d have my ways to deal with her if she goes crazy and screams her head off at me or if she throws money at me to humiliate me. Sadly, she’s too unpredictable and is always out of the norm. Ahh! I’m going bonkers soon!”

Amelia leaned closer to massage Tiffany’s throbbing temples.

“Don’t think about that anymore. I’m sure she’ll realize you nice you are as a person one day.”

Tiffany leaned on Amelia’s shoulders and said, “Babe, she knows I’m Oscar’s god-sister and can’t talk bad about my background. But she’s tormenting me in other ways nowadays. Huh, it’s hard to deal with women from prominent families like her.”

The latter could not contain her emotions and burst into laughter.

Tiffany did not respond to that. Truth be told, she did not hold a grudge against Kate. All she wanted was to vent her frustrations. It had not been easy for Derrick and her to get to their current stage, and therefore there was no way she would give up so easily. She was still looking forward to growing old with Derrick, having their children and even grandchildren, and for their offspring to show their filial piety for them. There was no way she would allow herself to be defeated since she had yet achieved all of her dreams.

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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 450

Chapter 450 She Bears With It

Tiffany stayed the night over at Amelia's place. The next day, Amelia gave Tiffany a makeover. Half an hour later, she looked like a completely different person.

Tiffany admired her new look in the mirror for a while. She gave Amelia a thumbs-up and said, "Babe, this should do it. This time around, she won't be able to find fault with my makeup. The last time I was at her place, you have no idea how badly she criticized my dress and even said that I looked nothing like an elegant lady. Now, I want to see what she is going to comment on. She's way too inexperienced to go up against me."

Amelia was amused to hear that.

"Tiff, since she likes you to look graceful, just play along. Why do you have to stoop to her level? If Derrick and you really get married, then she will be your elder. You should think of ways to please her instead of arguing with her. Otherwise, Derrick will be stuck in the middle. If it's some minor issue, just let it go. Don't push her to her limits," advised Amelia.

Tiffany was an impatient person who was also quite argumentative. Amelia was worried that she might enrage the older members of the Hissons and ended up losing everything.

"Babe, I want to get along with her too, but that's not what she wants. If she doesn't create some kind of problem, she won't be satisfied. She has never wanted me to be part of their family. If not for Oscar, she would have turned against me. I also heard that Crystal will be coming to Tayhaven in a few days' time. I wonder what will happen to me by then," said Tiffany nonchalantly.

"You have to put in more effort. Ms. Halliwell is Mrs. Hisson's favorite. Everyone in the upper-class society believes that a couple should be well-matched in terms of their status. That woman is considered to be your greatest love rival."

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“What’s the point of her being Mrs. Hisson’s favorite? Derrick has to like her too. If he is cheating on me, then I will dump him before he can even ask for a breakup. I believe in being faithful to your partner. Since I can do it, I will naturally expect the same from him.”

“Why are you talking about all this for no apparent reason? Don’t think too much. Even if you think Derrick is cheating on you, you will require evidence before jumping to the conclusion. Right now, your mission is to suck up to Mrs. Hisson and get along well with Derrick so that the both of you can get married soon. If things get delayed any further, other issues may crop up.”

Tiffany’s face fell.

“Babe, I’ll make a move first. If I get bullied by her badly, you must give me a booster for my morale.”

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“Quick, go. Stop talking rubbish. Once you are done, come back here, and I will cook some nice food for you.”

“Babe, you are becoming such a good wife now. In the past, you were only more worried about looking sexy. Now, you are making soup for your beloved. Bravo!”

Amelia was speechless.

After breakfast, Tiffany left and went to meet Kate. However, there was no sign of Kate after an hour. Tiffany decided to wait inside a juice bar nearby and ordered a drink.

She stared out the window as she was drinking her beverage, but there was still no sign of Kate.

“This old hag is so unreliable. I have been waiting for one and a half hours now, and she still isn’t here yet,” grumbled Tiffany while biting on her drinking straw.

After two hours, Kate finally showed up, and standing next to her was a stunning girl dressed in trendy clothes. Looking carefully, Tiffany found her familiar. It then dawned on her that the girl was none other than Crystal. I thought she is only supposed to be here a few days later? What is she doing here?

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Tiffany pursed her lips. She knew Kate was not going to give her a pleasant shopping trip.

Tiffany was about to walk out when her phone rang.

It was Derrick.

“Hi, Derrick,” Tiffany called out in a much gentler tone.

“Are you going shopping with my mom?”

“That’s right. Old Mrs. Hisson has just got here, and so is your lover. In fact, she came together with your mom. Do you want to join us? The four of us can play a game of poker together,” joked Tiffany. Judging from her tone, it was not evident if she was upset or happy.

“Where are you now? I’ll come over.”

“It’s fine. I was just joking with you. If you really come over, then your mom will say that I am tattling to you. To her, I am a condemned case. There’s no need to give her another chance to chastise me.”

“Tiff, I’m sorry for what you are going through,” apologized Derrick.

“It’s all right. It’s normal to spend time with our elders. In the future, once I am married to you, this will be something common. But, I may need more time to complete the script for the fantasy movie. Is that okay?” Tiffany saw Kate chatting away with Crystal, and they made no attempt in walking over to the mall. Hence, she was not in a hurry to head out as well.

“There’s no rush. The filming of the movie will only start once you are done with the script. I’m your man, and it’s my job to give you special treatment. Just focus on your writing. It is my responsibility to promote your novel and turn you into a top-notch writer,” promised Derrick.

“I’m getting close now. Just a bit more effort on my end, and I should be right there. What do I do? Derrick, I love you so much. I’m so lucky to have a boyfriend like you who gives me so many privileges. It feels so good,” teased Tiffany.

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“Derrick, I have to go. Your mom and Crystal are walking over now.” Tiffany immediately ended the call.

She paid for her drink and quickly walked out.

The moment Kate saw Tiffany, the smile on her face faded. She scrutinized Tiffany with a frown but found nothing wanting, and she snorted.

“When did you get here?” asked Kate.

“Old Mrs. Hisson, I just got here too. Who is this?” Tiffany pretended not to recognize Crystal.

“This is Crystal. She’s the one I want Derrick to marry, but you got in between them. Then again, Crystal is a very generous girl and knows that Derrick is just fooling around. Once he gets sick and tired of you, he will definitely marry her.” Kate reached out to hold Crystal’s hand and ignored Tiffany.

Tiffany’s mouth twitched. She had no idea that Kate and Crystal were in denial and even lied through their teeth.

“So, this is Crystal. You look familiar. Have I seen you before?” Tiffany studied Crystal in detail before exclaiming, “I remember now. You came to Derrick’s villa in Beshya once. You still look as beautiful as I last saw you. If I am not Derrick’s girlfriend, I would think that both Derrick and you will make a very handsome couple. You two look just like a match made in heaven.”

Tiffany poured praises on Crystal as she looked at her.

Crystal was sizing Tiffany up as well and smiled, “Old Mrs. Hisson, is this the woman that Derrick like? She looks very decent. I seemed to recall seeing her at Derrick’s villa more than a year ago. But after some time, I have forgotten those unnecessary people in my life. I thought Derrick has broken off with her a long time ago. Looks like Derrick is quite serious this time.”

Crystal’s gentle demeanor was a far cry from her arrogant self. Tiffany could not help but think that she was a very good actress. There were so many facades to a person.

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“Derrick is only fooling around. Once he is old enough, he will settle down with you. All these other women are just passing through in his life.”

Tiffany could not help but rub her nose. They treat me like nobody. Is this a good thing?

Crystal linked her arm with Kate and grinned at Tiffany. “You are Tiffany, right? Old Mrs. Hisson has mentioned about you on our way here. If you don’t mind, I will address you as Tiffany. I don’t come to Tayhaven often. So sorry to have to trouble you. Let’s go shopping then. I want to buy some nice clothes for Old Mrs. Hisson.”

Tiffany forced a smile.

It was very stressful for Tiffany to go shopping with two pretentious women.

Watching the two hypocrites having a good time shopping, she felt that she was invisible.

Crystal saw something she liked and went into the changing room with Kate. She was happy with her choice and paid with her card. Subsequently, both Kate and Crystal had managed to buy a few bags of clothes.

Kate pointed to the bags and said, “Tiffany, if you want to be the daughter-in-law of the Hissons, then you must learn to serve. It’s only right that you carry the bags for your future mother-in-law, don’t you think?”

Tiffany was about to blow her top, but the fact that she was Derrick’s mom stopped her.

She went over and picked up the bags. With a smile, Tiffany asked, “Old Mrs. Hisson, where else will you like to go next?”

“It has only been half an hour. Crystal seldom comes here, so we intend to go through all the shops in the mall. Why? Are you tired?” Kate frowned and lectured her, “You cannot be so weak if you want to be the Hissons’ daughter-in-law. If you get pregnant, how are you going to have the strength for childbirth? Tsk! I have no idea what Derrick likes about you. Crystal is far more superior than you in every aspect. Every time I go shopping with Crystal, I have never heard a single complaint from her. In fact, she will even give her suggestions when it comes to choosing the clothes. You are so useless. Just carrying a few bags, and you start to complain.”

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Tiffany suppressed the anger in her and smiled. "Old Mrs. Hisson, you are right. Let's continue with the shopping until you are happy. If you don't have enough money, I can pay for it."

"What is that supposed to mean? Are you implying that I am poorer than you? How dare someone like you from a less well-off family acts like a rich person! The money that you have belongs to my son anyway," ridiculed Kate.

Tiff, just suck it up and bear with it...

Tiffany kept reminding herself.

Hence, she stomached the humiliation.

"Old Mrs. Hisson, it was my fault for saying the wrong thing. Please don't hold it against me. Shall we continue shopping?" said Tiffany with a smile.

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