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## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 451 - 455

### Chapter 451 Screwed Up

It was unknown if Kate and Crystal were deliberately torturing Tiffany by going through countless amount of clothing shops and trying out as many clothes as they could. As long as it was a piece of attire that could be put on the human body, they tried it all. It made Tiffany, who was usually a night owl in order to rush her manuscript to completion, very mentally and physically exhausted.

Rage was building up in Tiffany's heart as she watched the two women hellbent on trying out all kinds of clothing. However, she couldn't vent her anger. Not only that, she had to keep putting up a fake smile. The fury she experienced was the greatest yet at that point in her life.

Just as she was about to burst out cursing, Kate finally said, "Let's find a place to drink and relax." It was unknown if she and Crystal really were tired or because they noticed how Tiffany was looking like a volcano about to erupt.

Tiffany let out a sigh. Thank god we can finally rest. I'm afraid I'm just going to throw these bags to the ground and leave if they're going to continue to shop.

She was a pretty impatient person, which was why she couldn't endure all the dawdling.

Once the three of them sat down, Tiffany placed the bag in her hand on her chair and said, "I'm going to the washroom, Mrs. Hisson. I'll be back soon."

Kate nodded indifferently.

Malice flashed through Crystal's eyes as she watched Tiffany leave in the direction of the washroom. However, that malice was quickly replaced by a caring expression on her face. "It seems that Tiffany is more capable than we thought, Mrs. Hisson. If she still isn't angry

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after all that we've done today, I'm afraid she won't be easy to deal with." She was speaking in such a sweet voice that it could instantly melt anyone's heart.

Kate sneered, "If she wasn't at least this capable, she wouldn't have been able to ensnare Derrick's heart. However, she is still just a commoner from an ordinary family. I still have many ways to take care of her. I doubt she can win against me."

"I'm concerned that, if Derrick knows you're intentionally making things difficult for her, he will get angry, Mrs. Hisson. How about you just let her be your daughter-in-law? I don't want you to come into conflict with Derrick because of me." Crystal's gentle voice was a mismatch with her sexy appearance.

"What nonsense are you talking about right now? I like you, not her. Tiffany doesn't deserve to be a part of the Hissons. Even if Derrick does marry her, I still have ways to make sure she leaves the family." Kate narrowed her eyes with hatred.

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Crystal lowered her head to hide the joy in her eyes.

She then swiftly lifted her head again and pretended as though she was being utterly considerate. "I believe she's quite capable, Mrs. Hisson. Please take care of yourself when I'm not around. Don't make her anger you too much."

"You've always been such a kind child. That's why I've liked you since you were a little girl. I really don't understand why Derrick likes that good-for-nothing woman instead of you. I'm starting to think he's intentionally trying to piss me off." Anger was brewing in the older woman's heart.

"Don't get mad, Mrs. Hisson. Derrick's only temporarily mesmerized by her. He still loves and respects you in his heart."

"There's no need for you to speak highly of him when he's treating you like that," Kate huffed. "If I don't talk to him about this, he—"

It was at that moment Tiffany stepped out of the washroom, causing Kate to stop speaking immediately.

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"Aren't you going to order any food, Mrs. Hisson?" Tiffany asked when she saw the empty table.

"Are you making me, an elder, order food for you to eat, Tiffany?" Kate glanced at her. She clearly sounded dissatisfied.

"I'll order the food, then. What would you like to eat, Mrs. Hisson?"

"As Derrick's girlfriend, shouldn't you have known what kind of food his mother likes the most? Especially when you're at the stage where you're about to discuss marriage with him?"

Tiffany was stumped, but she still went along with it. "All right, I'll just order what you like, then. Do you want anything, Ms. Crystal?"

Crystal, surprisingly, didn't make things difficult for her and simply asked for an orange juice.

When Tiffany returned with a bunch of food, she noticed Kate was staring at them with furrowed eyebrows. Her rage was reignited as she spoke as calmly as she could. "If you don't like any of them, you can order them yourself, Mrs. Hisson. I'm sorry that I didn't figure out what you like to eat beforehand."

Kate was about to speak before Crystal stepped in. "No need to get angry, Mrs. Hisson. I'll help you order something that you like. Your body's not in the best state right now, and being angry doesn't make it better."

Only then did the older woman calm down.

Crystal left for a few minutes before returning with food and drinks that Kate liked. "I ordered these especially for you, Mrs. Hisson. Give it a try and let me know if you like it."

"You're still the one who understands me the best, Crystal. If Derrick marries you, he'll be the luckiest man in the world. It'll also make my life much more comfortable. It feels suffocating to live with a woman whom I dislike in the same building," Kate ridiculed Tiffany indirectly.

Tiffany pretended not to hear it.

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The rage in Kate's heart was burning brighter when she didn't get any reaction from Tiffany at all, so much so that she found the food and drink on the table to be an eyesore.

"I'm going to the washroom, Crystal. Just pretend she doesn't exist."

"Do you want me to accompany you, Mrs. Hisson?"

"It's fine. Just enjoy your drink."

Once Kate left, the smile on Crystal's face was promptly replaced with a mocking scowl. She crossed her arms and said with contempt, "I don't know what Derrick likes about you, but I do know there's nothing about you that Mrs. Hisson likes. If I were you, I wouldn't dare to continue my relationship with Derrick if all I can do is piss his mother off."

Tiffany raised her head with a sweet smile. "You aren't going to pretend anymore, Ms. Halliwell? I admit I'm impressed by your acting. But despite your looks and family background, Derrick chose me in the end. I'm still the winner for now, aren't I?"

She had been pretending when Kate was around because the older woman was still Derrick's mother. Crystal, on the other hand, was a nobody to her. There was no reason for her to endure what Crystal had to say about her.

"You!" Crystal looked like a cat whose tail was stepped on.

"Don't get angry, Ms. Halliwell. You're a graceful woman, aren't you? Losing your temper in front of so many people isn't exactly elegant, and you don't want any rumors to reach Mrs. Hisson, do you?" Tiffany smirked.

The hateful words that were about to spill out of Crystal's mouth were begrudgingly swallowed back. Her pretty face was twisted into an ugly one because of her unbridled anger.

Tiffany whistled in marvel. "You look like a clown performing on a theater stage, Ms. Halliwell. It's such a shame that you aren't an actress with how talented you are in changing your expressions."

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"You're crossing the line, Tiffany!" Crystal couldn't help but exclaim, causing a few people near them to look in their direction.

"What's wrong, Crystal?" Kate's voice rang out from behind.

Crystal was shocked. She promptly put on an aggrieved look and turned around.

"I'm fine, Mrs. Hisson. It's not like Tiffany was saying that I'm ruining her relationship with Derrick." She pretended to sound sensible even though she was in a foul mood.

Kate glared at Tiffany and snapped, "Crystal knew Derrick first, and both our families had the intention of pairing them up. Not only did you ruin the prospect of a romantic relationship between the two of them, but you're also now accusing her of doing the thing you're doing? I thought you still had some manners before, but now it seems like you're just putting up a facade in front of me. I don't know why Derrick likes a woman as heinous and two-faced as you."

"If you're so certain about what I said based only on what Ms. Halliwell told you, then you're no different from the cops who catch people without concrete evidence. I've been helping the two of you carry your bags and run around this place for hours without making a peep, and you didn't even bother to give me a compliment." Tiffany couldn't take it anymore and spoke truthfully. "I know how much you don't like me, Mrs. Hisson, and I've tried my best to improve your impression of me. But it seems that my efforts are futile. I'll be leaving now since you've made it so clear that you don't like me around."

She picked up her bag and left.

When she stepped out of the mall, regret spilled into her mind. I shouldn't have been that impulsive. This is just great. Now she's going to put in even more effort to chase me away. Why did I make it even harder for myself?

She pulled out her phone and texted Amelia: I've messed up. Again. I've pissed off Mrs. Hisson a lot today. Derrick's definitely going to have to endure his mother's long complaints about me. Sometimes, I wish I can just turn my emotions on and off whenever I want. Things would be so much easier to deal with.

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Back in the mall, Kate was indeed furious about what Tiffany had said to her. She was so angry that she almost couldn't squeeze a word out of her mouth. "Did you see how insolent she was, Crystal? That isn't how a person should treat their elder!"

Crystal was quite happy because it turned out that Tiffany wasn't as patient as she thought.

Regardless of how she felt at that moment, she still obediently patted the older woman's back. "Calm down, Mrs. Hisson. Don't let her anger you. You'll hurt yourself at this rate."

Kate stood up with fury. "Let's go back. If I don't let Derrick know about what happened later tonight, his woman's going to crawl all over me."

Crystal was overjoyed to hear that, but she still pretended to be sensible. "You have to calm down, Mrs. Hisson. When you talk to Derrick later, speak to him nicely. Don't fall for that woman's ploy to worsen your relationship with him. It's not worth it."

"She's not capable of doing that."

Both of them continued to speak as they left the mall.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 452

### Chapter 452 Apology

Amelia, who was busy dealing with her blueprint design in the company, rushed to the washroom when she received Tiffany's message.

When she called Tiffany, the latter sounded as though she was about to cry. "I didn't heed your advice at all, Babe. I had another argument with Mrs. Hisson. It's all because I'm an impulsive and impatient woman. I really tried my best not to get angry, but looks like it was a pointless endeavor in the end."

"Calm down and tell me what happened."

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Tiffany briefly explained the incident that had taken place.

Amelia wasn't sure what to say, but she still asked, "If you've endured it for hours, why didn't you hold back for a little longer, Tiffany?"

There was silence on the other end for a dozen seconds before Tiffany spoke up again. "I wanted to. It's just that... I couldn't stand her bullying after hours of following her around like her maid."

"I don't think we can talk properly on the phone. How about you come to my company half an hour later? We'll have lunch together and we can discuss your next move," Amelia suggested.

"Sure."

After hanging up the phone, Amelia couldn't help but furrow her eyebrows. Mrs. Hisson is harder to deal with than I thought. Ever since Tiffany became a freelance author and was no longer restricted by a workplace, she became used to doing things her way. Her impatient personality certainly isn't a helpful trait against someone like Mrs. Hisson. I wonder, is Derrick really going to be the right man for her? If she marries into the Hisson family, can she really handle the social interactions she'll have to partake in upper-class gatherings? Will she even like it?

Amelia was getting unsure of what she should do because she knew firsthand how terrible it felt to take part in the upper-class society without being used to them. Maybe it'll be better if Tiffany finds another man. Not having a similar social status isn't something that she can easily ignore as time goes on. I suppose we'll just have to see how it goes. It's her decision to stay with Derrick, after all, and so this is a journey she must go through. As much as I wish to interfere, all I can do is give her advice.

Amelia met up with Tiffany at a restaurant close to her company. Both of them sat by the window and ordered a couple of dishes that they liked before handing the menu back to the server.

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Seeing that Tiffany was still looking upset, Amelia asked, "Are you all right?"

Tiffany shook her head. "No. Not at all."

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“Cheer up a little. There’s no point in mulling over something that has already happened. It’s more important to focus on a solution right now.”

A sigh escaped Tiffany’s lips. “When I agreed to stay with Derrick, I thought it wasn’t going to be complicated. I can’t believe how wrong I was, Babe. Only now have I realized how simple my view of things was. Rich families value manners and rules above almost all else. Even Derrick can’t protect me forever or else his relatives will speak badly about him. He can’t win even if he has a hundred mouths. I was too naïve.”

Amelia’s heart wrenched when she saw how much agony Tiffany was in. Tiffany had been there for her through some of the toughest parts of her life. She never once abandoned her. While they weren’t related by blood, their relationship with each other was tighter than those who were. Their kinship with each other was indestructible.

“Do you regret it?” she asked softly.

Tiffany glanced at her and chuckled. “Of course not. I was just overwhelmed by negative emotions, that’s all. I’ve been in love with Derrick for two years now, and I’ve given him everything I have. There’s no way I’ll give up on him that easily. As long as he still wants me by his side, I won’t leave.”

Determination could be seen in her eyes.

Amelia smiled and patted the back of her hand. “That’s more like it. Now you look like the Tiffany I know. You almost gave me a scare with how down you looked earlier.”

“Sorry for making you worry, Babe.” An embarrassed smile crept up on Tiffany’s face.

Amelia shook her head in a nonplussed manner before she pinched her nose. “I’ll be happy to share your burden, and you certainly can tell me everything that you can’t talk with Derrick about. But to be frank, I do think that you were too impulsive today.”

Tiffany’s expression promptly turned back to a depressed one.

The server served the dishes they ordered and temporarily halted their conversation.

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When all the food arrived, Amelia intentionally changed the topic. "You should eat first. I bet you're hungry after accompanying them for three hours in the mall."

Tiffany accepted a bowl of mushroom soup Amelia handed her and finished it in a few short seconds.

With the soup in her stomach, she finally regained a portion of her energy back. "You have no idea how scary they are when it comes to their shopping ability, Babe. They could jump from one clothing shop to another without stopping, and they wouldn't leave until they browsed through the majority of clothes there. I don't want to go on another shopping spree for at least a couple of weeks."

"I don't think you're worse than them when it comes to shopping. Why didn't you buy any clothes at all?"

"Nah, they're on a completely different level compared to me. Besides, I wasn't really in the mood to buy clothes when they were treating me as if I was invisible. That was until they wanted me to hold their bags. Then they'd treat me as a maid. Even when I spotted a shirt or dress I wanted to try, Mrs. Hisson would just give me a silent look. When she did that, my desire to try a clothing out had completely vanished." Tiffany mimicked Kate's behavior as she spoke, making Amelia giggle.

"What are you going to do now that you've pissed her off?"

Tiffany paused as she stared at the delicious food in front of her. Suddenly, she didn't have a strong appetite to eat anymore. "There's nothing much I can do. Regardless of my actions, she'll dislike me all the same."

Amelia placed a piece of meat on her plate and asked, "Have you thought about what happens after your marriage, Tiff? Derrick will still protect you now since you two are just a couple in love. However, marriage isn't just a matter between the two of you. It's a matter between both of your families. If you want to live a good life with Derrick after your wedding, you need to maintain a good relationship with his family. If you can't get Mrs. Hisson to stand on your side, then I'm afraid there'll be nothing but trouble once you become a part of their family."

Tiffany stuffed her mouth full of food and chewed with great effort as though she was chewing on Kate.

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"You think I don't know what you're saying, Babe? I tried to be nice to Mrs. Hisson, but she's mean. She's meaner than your grandmother. Do you know why? It's because your grandmother ignores you while she would do everything to make my life harder. If she keeps this up, I'm afraid my marriage with Derrick won't last long." She sounded pretty discouraged because she knew how unhappy she would be without the blessings of her elders for her marriage.

Amelia fell silent.

Both of them stared at each other without a word being spoken.

In the end, it was Amelia who started talking again. "How are you going to explain what happened to Derrick later?"

"I'm just going to tell him the truth. I don't think that old woman's going to complain about such a small thing to him."

"It's best that you be prepared. Better to have you tell him what happened than her telling him an exaggerated version of the incident."

"Fine." Tiffany promptly took out her phone and gave Derrick a call.

When the call connected, she told him about the unpleasant shopping experience she had had with Kate. Before she ended the call, she asked, "Can you help me apologize to her on my behalf? I was too emotional earlier. If I have the chance to apologize to her personally later, I will."

Derrick comforted in a soft tone, "I know. I'll explain it to Mom later. There's no need for you to worry. I won't let anyone upset you as long as I'm around."

"Thank you, Derrick. I'm sorry for putting you in a difficult spot again."

"Silly woman." He chuckled.

When she heard a woman on his end reminding him that a visitor had arrived, she quickly said, "You should go if you're busy, Derrick. We'll meet later tonight."

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After she hung up the phone, Amelia smiled at her. "Problem solved? Heh, look at how sweet your smile is."

Tiffany shot a glance at her silently.

"Hurry up and finish your meal. Once you're done, I'll be heading back to work. As for you, I think you should head back home and rest. You're rushing to complete your manuscript, right? Don't get lazy or the company's gonna grumble about how long you're taking with the script."

"I know, I know. I'll be heading back soon."

"Also, take some time out to apologize. Try not to put Derrick in a tough spot."

Tiffany nodded.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 453

Chapter 453 Very Suspicious

When Amelia returned to the office, Rory approached her. "Mr. Moore came by earlier, Amelia. It seems that the client wants the design by tomorrow noon. We'll have to work overtime tonight."

Amelia furrowed her eyebrows. "Can I take it back home to finish it?"

"Sure. Do you want to take the drafts back with you?"

"I do. Tony's currently in his mischievous phase, and he's not terribly close with his dad. If I return too late, I'm afraid he'll throw a tantrum."

Rory failed to stifle her laughter. "Looks like you've learned how to joke, Amelia." When she smiled, a faint dimple appeared on her right cheek. It made her look cuter. "You promised me you'll let me see Tony this weekend, Amelia. No take-backs, okay?"

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Amelia nodded.

Rory's smile became wider as anticipation flashed across her eyes. She couldn't shake away the image of a tall and imposing figure in her mind.

"What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?" Amelia asked because her friend's cheek was getting red and she looked as though she was daydreaming.

Rory snapped out of it and shook her head. "I'm fine, Amelia. I'll be going to the washroom."

"Go ahead, then."

She turned around and left. However, after taking five steps away, she glanced back at Amelia, whose back was facing her, with jealousy, dropping the lovable facade she had put up in front of Amelia.

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Entering a washroom cubicle, she heard someone talking in front of the sinks.

"Say, that new gal in the design department seems to have a pretty close relationship with Rory. Who do you think she is?" one of the women asked.

"Based on her appearance, I'm thinking she's either the daughter of a rich family or the wife of a wealthy man. Rory's the type of person who'll only approach and flatter rich people. If that new gal wasn't wealthy in some way, Rory wouldn't have bothered to put up with her at all. What a shameless woman."

"That's true. Still, Rory's quite the schemer, don't you think? Even though she's from a village and she has just graduated, she's already cozying up with Mr. Moore. Only a fool will believe her when she said she had nothing to do with him. Do you believe it? I sure don't."

Before the other woman could reply, the door to a washroom cubicle was slammed open.

Both of the women were shocked as they watched the person inside walk out.

Rory crossed her arms and sneered, "Why did you stop? Come on, go ahead. You know, talking bad about someone behind their backs will earn you a ticket to hell. You two are

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white-collar employees in a prestigious company, not middle-aged women buying groceries in a wet market. If there's something you don't like about me, say it to my face, not behind my back."

One of them looked guilty while the other refuted, "Am I wrong, Rory? Many people in our department know you have an inappropriate relationship with Mr. Moore. I'm impressed you're willing to get on with him when he's as fat as a pig!"

A vicious look flashed across Rory's eyes. "Apologize to me right now! I recorded your conversation earlier. I can bring you two to court and sue you two for slander. Article 246 of our country's law stipulates that anyone who publicly humiliates another person with violence, fabricated facts to slander another person, or other methods shall be sentenced to fixed-term imprisonment of not more than three years, penal servitude, or deprivation of political rights if the consequences of the humiliation are severe to the person's personal life. Both of you are respectable people. It'll be a shame if you're brought to court."

The two women were understandably upset to hear that.

"Apologize to me right now or I'll show you how a person from the countryside isn't a softie you can walk all over," Rory demanded coldly.

"We're sorry," they apologized unwillingly.

"I can't hear you. Speak louder."

"You're going too far, Rory."

Rory mocked, "Didn't you say I flatter rich people? So what if I do? I can show you what those flattering will get me. Don't pretend you're better than me."

"You're the most unreasonable person I have ever seen!" The two women wanted to leave right away, but they stopped when Rory spoke again. "If you don't apologize to me properly now, I'll sue you both for slander and force you to do it in front of a crowd. Didn't you say I have no shame? Well, I'm showing you how shameless I am right now."

With no other choice, both of them apologized to her.

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“Remember, if you aren’t more powerful than the person you’re talking bad about, don’t do it behind their backs. Not everyone’s going to be as nice as me. Also, I know you two are just jealous that I’m more capable, which is why you’re saying I’m mooching off rich people. Guess what? You two won’t be able to do that even if you try.” Rory then left proudly in her high heels.

The two women stared at each other in bewilderment.

After returning to the design department, Rory looked around, but she couldn’t find Amelia. She asked a random colleague about her location.

“She was summoned by Mr. Moore,” that person answered casually. Pity was present in his eyes as he reminded, “You need to be careful, Rory. I think Amelia’s going to be Mr. Moore’s new favorite. If that happens, I’m afraid you won’t be able to keep your position.”

Rory smiled disingenuously. “Only a dirty man would think so low of another person.”

Her colleague smiled awkwardly as she returned to her seat with a dark expression.

“This is what you get by saying unnecessary things,” another employee whispered to that guy. “You already know that Rory’s as feisty as a firecracker. I’m telling you, you really shouldn’t get on her bad side. Don’t say anything stupid from now on or you’ll get yourself in trouble.”

He indignantly refuted, “I’m just telling the truth! She’s only relying on her attractiveness to get what she wants. I hate that she pretends she’s better than us.”

Rory heard all their whispering, but she pretended not to notice.

Inside the manager’s office, as Amelia stared at the smiling fat man, her lips twitched. “Is there something you want from me, Mr. Moore?”

“An important client has asked for the designs to be delivered to them on the day after tomorrow, Amelia. You should know that the others in the design department will have to stay back to work overtime to meet the goal. I called you because I want you to know that if you have other stuff you need to take care of at home, you can leave early. You don’t need to mind your colleagues in the department. I can hand over your portion of the job to someone else.” He spoke with a jolly smile.

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Amelia was pretty certain that the attitude he was giving her wasn't one between a superior and his subordinate, but one that was between a youngster and their elder. The way he spoke to her was careful and soft, which made her feel quite uncomfortable.

Silence filled the air for a short while before she spoke up. "There's no need to speak to me like that, Mr. Moore. I'm a newcomer, so if the job needs the people in this department to work overtime, I'll do it. There's no need for you to give me an out. I believe other people will feel uncomfortable if I only get such a treatment."

"If they dare to speak badly about you, I'll fire them immediately! There's no need to worry about what they think!"

At that point, Amelia was pretty sure something else was going on.

She looked at him, confused, and asked, "Did someone say something about me to you, Mr. Moore?"

That promptly caused him to withdraw his expression and replaced it with a more normal smile. "I'm giving you this special treatment because you're new, and I thought you might need some time to adjust to your new job. Don't overthink it, okay? If you want to work overtime, it's fine with me. However, if your husband doesn't agree to it, you don't need to force yourself to do it."

"I've written on my resume that I'm divorced, Mr. Moore. I'm currently single," Amelia reminded.

The manager was stumped. He quickly thought about what he should say. "You should head back to work now. If you're getting too tired from drawing, you can head back home and rest. Don't push yourself too hard, okay?"

Amelia was still highly suspicious about what he was trying to do, but she didn't question it. If she had to guess, it was probably because Oscar had relayed some orders when he visited the company. She wasn't mad that he was being a busybody. The problem was that if he used his status to make sure no one bullied her, it would only give her a harder time integrating into her new workplace.

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"I'm just a newcomer in this company, Mr. Moore. Regardless of who I am, I hope you can treat me the same way you treat my colleagues. There's no need to give me special treatment." Amelia turned around and left after she finished.

The manager's lips couldn't help but curve upward. Smart people really are easier to talk to.

Amelia was so busy designing the blueprints that she didn't realize it was already seven in the evening when she looked at the clock. If it hadn't been for Oscar calling her, she would've continued to work.

"Hey, Oscar." She answered the call. "Sorry, I'm currently rushing to complete a blueprint. I didn't pay attention to the time... Huh? You're working overtime too? Is Tony still in the Clinton residence? Oh, so Mom's saying to let him sleep with her tonight? Sure. I just hope Tony won't cause any trouble. Then come and pick me up after your work's done. I might need to work until ten."

After she chatted with him for a bit longer and hung up, a cup of coffee showed up on her desk.

She raised her head and saw that it was from Rory.

"Thank you." She swept her gaze across the office and noticed there were only a few who were still working there. "Where are the others?"

"They all went back. We're supposed to work overtime, but those guys are used to being lazy. The moment it was time to get off work, they grabbed their unfinished blueprint and left. It can't be helped since that's how things have always worked here. Overtime work doesn't come often too, so it's hard for them to change their habits," Rory casually explained. "Seems like you're pretty hard-working when you're in the zone. Have a cup of coffee to keep yourself going. I assume the call was from Oscar? He treats you so nice that it makes me want to fall in love."

Amelia picked up the cup and took a sip. The thick aroma of the coffee gushed into her nose and mouth, lifting her spirit instantly. She praised with widened eyes, "Your coffee brewing skill is excellent, Rory. I love this so much."

The reason she didn't mention Oscar was that she didn't want her personal life to be known in the office. He was also a topic she didn't want to talk much about in front of other people

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because their relationship was precious to her. She didn't want anyone else to take that away from her. It was her way of protecting that relationship.

"I took some time out in the past to learn it. I can brew coffee more often for you if you like." Rory smiled while trying to hide the emotions in her eyes.

"Thank you."

She chatted with Amelia for a little longer before she returned to her seat.

Amelia glanced at her with narrowed eyes. The way she asks about Oscar is definitely beyond how people usually ask about their colleague's personal life. It seems like those rumors about her have some truth to them. I need to be on guard against her. As long as she doesn't show her greedy side to me, I don't mind treating her as a younger sister. In fact, I do want to treat her nicely.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 454

Chapter 454 Carter And Oscar

It wasn't until almost ten at night that Amelia finished the blueprint. She stood up and stretched her body while sweeping her sight across the office. She and Rory were the only two people left there.

"Have you finished the design, Amelia?" Rory smiled.

"I have."

Rory approached her and stared at the blueprint displayed on the computer screen. Jealousy and shock flashed across her eyes. When she raised her head back up again, those two emotions had been replaced with a joyous smile. "You're so awesome, Amelia. I can't believe you managed to design so many blueprints in such a short amount of time. You really are a top student from a prestigious school. I'm so bad compared to you."

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After pulling out the USB drive with a copy of the blueprints in it and turning off the computer, Amelia advised, "You should head home now. It's dangerous for a girl like you to continue to stay back."

"Is Oscar going to pick you up?" Rory asked excitedly. Realizing her tone was all wrong, she quickly corrected herself, "I was just thinking how nice it is to have someone who really loves you pick you up at this hour."

Something strange flashed past Amelia's eyes, but she remained silent.

When the both of them headed to the ground floor, Oscar was nowhere to be seen. To Amelia's surprise, she saw Carter's car parked at the side of the road.

At the sight of Amelia, Carter straightened his back and walked toward her. Rory was dazzled by the handsome man making his way in their direction. She subconsciously glanced at Amelia and asked, "Do you know who he is, Amelia?"

Amelia didn't answer the question.

It didn't take long before Carter arrived in front of her and stared intensely at her.

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"Amelia," he said softly.

She glanced at Rory and said, "This is a friend of mine. He needs me for something. You should head back first. There's no problem for you, right?"

Rory still had a lot of questions, but their friendship, or at least the appearance of it, still wasn't at the point where she could insist on staying. Therefore, she nodded in agreement. However, she was getting incredibly jealous that handsome rich men kept appearing around Amelia. Even though they were both women, their ability to attract the opposite sex couldn't be any more different.

"No worries, Amelia. I'll be heading off, then." Rory waved her hand and left.

Once Rory was out of sight, Amelia asked, "Why are you here, Carter?"

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"I heard that you're working here, so I decided to take a ride here and give it a look myself. I didn't expect you to leave this late. Are you tired?" Carter asked tenderly.

"Not really. There were just a few blueprints I wanted to take care of as soon as possible, which is why I got off work late." Amelia subconsciously avoided his gaze. "How's Ms. Larson?"

"She'll be out of the hospital tomorrow."

"That's good. I'm glad to hear that she's fine." Amelia let out a sigh of relief. "It's getting late. I think you should visit her."

Carter's eyes never moved away from her as he asked in a deep voice, "Are you afraid of me, Amelia?"

Amelia shook her head.

Then she thought for a second and glanced at him. "I have someone I like and a son now, Carter. I think it's best that we keep our distance from each other. Both of us are still undeniably friends, but I don't want Oscar to misunderstand anything."

Pain flashed across Carter's eyes.

He placed his hands on her arms and lowered his head to force her to look at him. "It's been two years, Amelia. I missed you dearly. Don't you miss me at all after so long?"

"Stop it, Carter." Amelia spoke with resignation as she tried to shake his hands off of her. Unfortunately, he was holding her so tightly that she was starting to feel pain.

A deranged look surfaced in his eyes as he hugged her. "I really missed you, Amelia. You were gone for two years, and I've missed you for two years. Please give me another chance. I lost you once. I don't want to lose you again. Please, don't be so cruel to me. It's been many years since then, yet I can't forget you."

Amelia was desperate to break free from his hug, as she was afraid that Oscar would witness them and misunderstand the situation.

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"Let go of me right now, Carter, or I'm going to be really angry!" Amelia exclaimed.

Carter ignored her warning and refused to let her go. "I really missed you a lot, Amelia. Nothing happened between me and Jennifer. Please, I beg you, give me another chance."

"Are you drunk?" Amelia would rather believe it was because of alcohol that he was being so unreasonable.

"I'm not drunk. I've never been this lucid in my entire life. Everyone is forcing me to be with Jennifer, but I don't love her. You're the only one I ever think about, which is unfair to her."

Amelia could feel the emotions passing through his body.

Suddenly, her struggle to leave his hug ceased as she said calmly, "Let me go first, Carter, and we'll talk. What you're doing right now is just going to make me leave as far away from you as I can."

Carter grew silent before slowly letting her go.

She promptly moved two steps back to help her maintain her distance away from him. Then she saw a familiar figure in her periphery. She reluctantly turned in the direction of that figure and saw none other than Oscar standing in a distance.

Her throat became as dry as a desert. She didn't want him to show up at all, yet the heavens ignored her prayers.

Her lips twitched. She didn't know how to explain herself.

"Oscar, I—" she said in a quavering voice, her face pale when Oscar arrived in front of her.

Oscar draped an arm over her shoulders and looked at Carter in a very gentlemanly manner. "If you've finished chatting with my wife, Mr. Scott, I would like to take her back home."

Carter glanced at him with a complicated look. He thought Oscar was going to go off the rails, but the man was able to keep his cool better than him.

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He smiled and said, "I recall that you still haven't reinstated your marriage with Amelia, Mr. Clinton. This means she's still single, and I still have a chance."

Oscar raised his eyebrow and smirked. "Thank you for your reminder, Mr. Scott. I'll remember to take her to the City Hall tomorrow. It's my bad for letting you get your hopes up. Amelia is my wife, and I've prepared to spend the rest of my life with her, and maybe even in the next life too. If you want to get together with her, you'll have to wait for quite a long time."

Carter's face darkened.

Oscar pulled Amelia into his embrace and hugged her tightly. "If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving with Amelia now. She still hasn't eaten anything yet, so I'll be taking her to supper. Goodbye."

Carter watched as the two of them left. His fist tightened and his lips pursed.

Oscar opened the car door for her, helped her get into the vehicle, and tenderly fastened her seatbelt. His movement didn't imply he was angry at all, but he had yet to make eye contact with her.

Amelia was feeling rather anxious as she stared at him. "Oscar, I—"

She couldn't bear the silence in the car any longer and tried to speak up, but he cut her off, "I'm very angry right now, Amelia."

She lowered her head as her face became pale again. "I'm sorry."

Oscar gave her a glance, sighed, and patted her head. "I'm not angry with you. I'm just jealous of those men who refuse to let you go even though they know you're already taken. If it's possible, I'd like to put you on my belt so that no man will dare to look at you."

Amelia raised her head and stared at him.

A smile appeared on his face. "I will never be mad at you. I'm simply jealous that someone else hugged you."

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Amelia's heart was warmed by that statement. "Thank you for trusting me, Oscar."

"Do I get a reward for that?"

She rolled her eyes at him before closing them with a smile. "I'll let you do whatever you want once we return home."

Excitement flashed in his eyes as he stepped on the gas pedal.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 455

Chapter 455 Crossed The Line

Oscar pinned Amelia against the wall once they got home, claiming her lips in a deep kiss.

They made love to each other all night, and despite her exhaustion, Amelia woke up early the next morning thanks to her unerring biological clock.

Her eyes fluttered open, and Oscar leaned over her, sweetly planting a kiss on her forehead as she tried to get out of bed.

Oscar swiped the alarm clock off their bedside table and noticed that it was twenty to eight. He pulled Amelia back into his arms and coaxed, "Sleep a little longer. Don't go to work today. I'll call in sick for you."

Amelia burrowed into his embrace and lightly nipped at his jaw. "Oscar, it's time for me to get up. I'm going to be late if I fall back asleep."

"You have me. You don't need to work so hard," Oscar replied, tightening his arms around her.

Amelia mock-scolded him, "Oscar, I've finally regained the overflowing passion for design I haven't seen since my university days. My body feels like it's bursting with creativity with all

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the designs I'd like to explore. You promised you'd support me in my choices. Don't tell me you're going back on your words now."

Oscar merely kissed her forehead once more, mildly exasperated by her determination.

"Do you really like this job?"

"I do," came Amelia's earnest reply.

"All right. But you've got to let me know if it's tiring you out. I'll open a design studio where you can be your own boss. That way, you'll call the shots and the hours."

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A radiant smile bloomed on Amelia's face. She pushed herself up on her elbows and kissed Oscar's cheek. Thankfully, the soreness from last night's activities had begun to dissipate, and Amelia eventually crawled out of bed with some difficulty. "I'm going to get a quick shower. You should too, or you'll be late."

She washed up in under ten minutes and came out of the bathroom. As she did so, she saw Oscar picking out a suit in their wardrobe, his hair freshly wet from a shower.

Amelia could not resist the urge to hug him from behind. She pressed her chest against his broad back and purred like a kitten.

She sighed and lamented, "What should I do, Oscar? I'm jealous of all your admirers too."

Oscar turned around and shot her a loving gaze. He could not help himself as he lowered his head and captured her mouth in a longing kiss. Things were just getting heated when Amelia hastily pulled herself away.

Wryly, she stated, "We need to go to work, Oscar."

Oscar nipped her lip softly and replied, "I'm letting you off the hook today."

Finally, they got dressed and went downstairs hand-in-hand. Molly happened to come out of the kitchen with their breakfast, and she smiled warmly before greeting them, "Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton."

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Amelia dashed down the stairs and exclaimed, "Molly, you're back! I missed you so much when you weren't around."

"Mrs. Clinton, I'm sure you miss my cooking more than you miss me," Molly teased.

"Molly, I'm hurt that you would think that way. I missed you first before yearning for your cooking."

Molly struggled to bite back her laughter.

She waited patiently as Amelia and Oscar enjoyed the breakfast she had prepared. Amelia seemed to have worked up a large appetite as she devoured two bowls of oatmeal. She panicked when she checked her phone and noticed the time. "Oscar, hurry up. We're going to be late."

Calmly, Oscar said, "Not to worry. I've called your manager and informed him that you'll be late because you're feeling unwell; he has given his approval."

Well, my body's still a bit sore from last night. I guess it's better to report late to work. Still, Amelia grimaced as she imagined how quickly the theories for her tardiness would spread through the rumor mill at work.

She was often amazed at their penchant for creating and spreading gossip around the office.

After they finished breakfast, Oscar drove Amelia to work.

On the way to work, Amelia propped her chin on her elbow and asked Oscar, "Don't you think you're abusing your power? You said you wouldn't interfere with my work, yet you've gone behind my back to contact my manager. He walks on pins and needles around me! How should I punish you for that?"

Oscar stretched his right hand out and pinched her cheek playfully. He turned serious and explained, "I was just worried that you would be bullied in your new company; that's why I contacted your manager and asked him to look out for you. I didn't mean anything else by it."

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Amelia smiled gratefully and clarified, "I'm not blaming you. I find your chivalry absolutely charming."

Her praise brought a loving smile to Oscar's face. He was a sucker for her rather unorthodox displays of affection.

They arrived at Amelia's office too soon, and she kissed Oscar goodbye before undoing her seatbelt and alighting from his car.

She headed up to the design department, where a grinning Rory sauntered to her and pointed at her desk. Rory teased, "Amelia, I'm about to expire from jealousy. Oscar sent you flowers and gifts to start your day at work. Every woman in the department is dying to know what's in that exquisite gift box. You should open it and spare us all from the suspense."

True to Rory's words, Amelia saw a big bouquet of roses on her desk. She was more befuddled than anything since Oscar did not mention any gifts during their car ride. Just then, she recalled Oscar's promise of a memorable courtship, and she secretly hoped that the surprise on her desk was one of his many romantic gestures.

Amelia walked to her desk and picked up the bouquet. The lack of a message card briefly raised her suspicion, but she supposed it was plausible for anonymity to be part of Oscar's surprise.

Under her colleagues' expectant gaze, Amelia unwrapped the exquisite gift box on her desk. When she saw its contents, Amelia stumbled backward in horror. She flung the box away and out rolled a bloodied ball of hair, a photo with a pin stuck on it, and a note.

Amelia paled further when she recognized the young boy in the photo; she picked it up and pulled out the pin with shaky hands.

Sticking a pin on the photo of her beloved son was a sin Amelia could not forgive.

Amelia would have let the entire matter slide had the subject of this horrid prank been anyone but her precious son. How could they be cruel enough to target an innocent child?

Rory was equally horrified by the items that fell out of the gift box. Warily, she picked up the neatly folded note and opened it. She blanched and muttered, "Amelia, look at this."

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Amelia snatched the note and read it. She began trembling in anger and fear.

Amelia Winters. How are you enjoying your gift? The game has just begun, and I hope you're excited. You love your son more than anything else in this world, yes? Be careful, then. Watch your son like a hawk lest you find him floating lifelessly one day. Who knows, you might find his beautiful eyes in your next package. You received someone else's eyes, after all. I'm sure it's fair for your son to give up his in exchange. I can't wait to see your devastation when your darling son meets his doom. Oh, I'm positively brimming with anticipation for that day to come. Consider this a friendly reminder to keep an eye on your son. Yours truly, Your Mysterious Sentinel.

Before she realized it, Amelia had crumpled the note in her shaking fists. Rory sensed her fear and hurriedly helped her into a chair before asking for a glass of warm water.

Rory comforted her, "You need to calm down, Amelia. Don't be scared. Perhaps this is just a harmless prank. We'll call the police and report this."

Amelia turned to stare at Rory, frightening the latter with her hollow gaze.

Amelia retracted her gaze and rummaged through her purse for her phone. She immediately called the Clinton residence.

The line connected quickly, and a maid answered the phone.

"Hello, this is Amelia. Where's Tony?" Amelia cut straight to the point.

The maid replied, "Good day, Ms. Amelia. Mr. Anthony is playing with Mrs. Clinton outside. Would you like me to summon him to the phone?"

"No, it's all right. I just missed him after spending a day apart. No need to disturb him during his playtime. I'll come and fetch him tonight." Amelia heaved a sigh of relief. "I've got to get back to work now. Don't let him know I called."

"Yes, Ms. Amelia."

Amelia hung up just as Rory handed her a glass of warm water. Rory advised, "Here, Amelia. Have some water."

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She received the glass before apologizing to Rory, "I'm sorry you had to deal with my overreaction earlier. I hope I didn't frighten you."

Rory shook her head and replied, "It's fine. By the way, I've arranged for someone to contact the police. I think it's best we leave the investigation to the authorities. I hope we weed out and punish this horrid prankster soon."

Amelia smiled weakly in response.

This prankster has crossed the line by bringing my son into the picture!

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