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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 516 - 520

Chapter 516 Love Troubles

Tiffany threw the fork in her hand angrily inside a retro feeling restaurant. She raged, "What did you say? You are telling me that Jennifer's mom inflicted these wounds on you? Is she crazy? Her daughter is the person that had no means of attracting the man she wanted! Why did she blame you?"

"Don't be mad at her, Tiff. It's not worth it to be frustrated over an insane woman like her," Amelia advised, "Oscar had already contacted a lawyer. We are suing her for this. She has to face the consequences no matter what the judge makes of this. You don't have to worry about me. I'm no saint. I won't just let her off the hook easily without taking action."

Tiffany cooled down upon hearing Amelia's explanation.

She gave the latter a thumbs up. "Good! Babe, you did well this time around. It doesn't matter if the punishment is stern enough or not. She didn't even bother to think it through before hurting you. We need to teach her a lesson. I think she will try to avoid you by the time she comes out of jail!"

Amelia took a bite of her food before saying, "That's not my original intention. There's no need for her to be scared of me. What I don't understand, though, is why every single of them blamed me when something in their relationship went wrong? I've never done anything bad in my life. You can even say I'm better than them in that sense. After all, I can shout and declare to everyone I've never done anything that I've regretted."

Tiffany gave her another thumbs up and smiled. "Babe, I admire you. That's the right attitude when facing these women with ulterior motives. A friendly reminder? You can't be soft-hearted, no matter who begs or pleads for mercy, okay? If not, these people will think you are a softie at heart! Also, why are you soaked in water? What happened to you? Don't you dare hide the truth from me!"

Amelia didn't plan to. She briefly recounted the incident with Faye.

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“What an old hag!” Tiffany threw her fork on the table again. She gritted her teeth and said, “Why didn’t you slap her? You were there for Carter when he was admitted into the hospital for gastric perforation 2 years ago. How dare she treats you nicely when she needs your help and mistreats you when she no longer needs you? What right does she have to scold you? It’s her son’s fault for clinging to you! Why can’t she control her son’s actions?”

She became angrier as she spoke.

“All right. All right. Tiffany, relax!” Amelia changed the topic. “Did you buy a new car?”

Tiffany looked like all energy had been drained from her body upon hearing Amelia’s question.

“Urgh. I’m going crazy because of Derrick’s mom and Crystal. That woman couldn’t stop pestering Derrick at his company. Now instead of me, everyone thinks she’s Derrick’s fiancée. What’s worse? I can’t just run to his company and tell everyone I’m the real fiancée because people will think I’m crazy! To them, Derrick comes from a rich family. Why would he get together with a woman like me?” Tiffany continued, “Babe, you had no idea what happened yesterday. I purposely brought a manuscript to the editor so that I could eat together with Derrick. Little did I know, his mom and Crystal were there too. His mom told everyone to take good care of Crystal because she is Derrick’s fiancée. What did Derrick do? He kept a straight face. He didn’t even bother to argue with her. Do you know how disappointed I felt at that moment? I thought he was different. Yet, he acted that way. Tell me. What do you think he is trying to do? Anyway, back to the story. I was so distraught I turned and left.”

Amelia frowned. “Maybe there’s a misunderstanding?”

“I thought so too. I tried to call him, but his line was busy, so I didn’t bother to try again. Until now, Derrick has yet to call me back. Not even a single call from him. Babe, what do you think? Does he want to break up with me?” Tiffany stuffed a mouthful of meat into her mouth dejectedly.

Amelia pondered before replying, “Why don’t we head to his place later? If there’s a misunderstanding, you can talk things through with him. If he wants to break up, he must do it face-to-face. Then, you can let go of this relationship, right?”

Tiffany peered at Amelia. She nodded in reply. “Okay.”

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They finished their food and settled their bills. Just as they were about to get in the car, Tiffany's phone rang.

Tiffany's eyes darkened as she glanced at the screen while Amelia peeked at the caller. It was a call from Derrick.

"Come on. Answer your phone. Weren't you complaining about Derrick not calling you earlier?" Amelia spoke with a smile.

Tiffany picked up the phone, trying to suppress frustration and indignant feelings inside her.

"Hello. I thought you forgot about me," complained Tiffany. She felt so wronged by Derrick.

"Where are you, Tiff? I'm right outside your house, but it seems like you are not at home." Derrick's gentle voice came from the other end of the phone.

"Did I only cross your mind now? I thought you had already admitted that Crystal was your fiancée in front of everyone yesterday?" Tiffany became angrier as she spoke. I don't understand what went wrong in our relationship. I thought our bond was strong, but why did everything change when Crystal appeared in our life?

"This is not the best thing to discuss on the phone. Come back now, Tiff. I'll explain everything to you, okay? I promise you. You are the only woman that I want," Derrick coaxed.

Tiffany's expression softened.

As a rational woman, she knew if she continued to be unreasonable, it would only cause further harm to their relationship.

Tiffany answered, "All right. I'm heading home now. Wait for me inside the house."

"I left your house keys at my office desk. I've been waiting outside for half an hour now. Come back quickly."

"You..." Tiffany gritted her teeth before calming herself down. "I'll try to be there soon. Wait for me."

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After Tiffany hung up her phone, Amelia joked, "Have you guys reconciled?"

"Nonsense! I'm heading home now. If he doesn't give me a proper and reasonable explanation, I won't forgive him so easily! After all, I'm not easy to please. No one can win over my heart with praises and sweet words." Tiffany lifted her head with pride.

Amelia found her response amusing.

She offered, "Let's go. I'll accompany you home. I don't want you to lose your cool and fight with Derrick before you guys can talk it through. You can't fight against each other when other people are outside waiting to destroy your relationship!"

After they got into the car, Tiffany sped toward her house. A journey that typically took around one and half hours became an hour car ride. When the elevator opened its door, and both of them stepped out of it, they saw Derrick leaning against the door lazily.

Tiffany stared at Derrick, who was resting with his eyes closed. She walked over and called out to him gently, "Derrick."

Derrick opened his eyes immediately. He lifted his hand reflexively and tried to caress her hair. "You are back."

Tiffany avoided his touch. Derrick's hand was left hanging in the middle of the air awkwardly.

Tiffany unlocked her door. She pretended to be angry as she grumbled, "Come in."

Derrick allowed the two women to head in first before he strolled into Tiffany's house.

"Amelia, I know Tiff is not in a great mood. Thank you for accompanying her on behalf of me!" said Derrick with a smile.

Before Amelia could say anything in return, Tiffany placed her hands on her hips and raged, "Derrick Hisson, so you knew I was in a bad mood! Do you know how depressed I was yesterday when you kept quiet and refused to deny that Crystal was your fiancée? I felt like an idiot! I thought you were on my side. Never did I expect that you don't even dare to admit

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that I was your girlfriend. What is happening? Do you want to break up with me? If you do, say it. Don't manipulate or hurt me. Don't make me feel like an idiot!"

Tiffany got angrier as she spoke. The resentment and disappointment she felt the day before came gushing out in the form of a complaint.

It hurt Derrick to see Tiffany acting like this. He wanted to hug her. However, the woman dodged his arms.

She continued, "Derrick Hisson. If you don't give me a satisfactory explanation today, I think our unblest relationship should end. It's so sad that your attitude toward me has changed within these five to six days. When I ignored the pressure and agreed to be in a relationship with you 2 years ago, I thought we would be endgame. I couldn't help but wonder. Did anything happen to our love? Did I do something wrong?"

Derrick's expression darkened. He declared in a tense voice, "Tiff, please don't say that. We will never break up with each other."

"Derrick! If you don't want to break up, you have to tell me why didn't you deny it when your mom announced to your colleagues that Crystal was your fiancée? If we reveal our relationship to them one day, what would they think of me? Would I be considered a third party or a mistress that had ruined your relationship? I'm your girlfriend, and you are my boyfriend. We are in a normal relationship. Why do I have to live with the title of a mistress?"

"Calm down, Tiff. Don't argue with him." Amelia walked over and wrapped her arms around Tiffany, trying to calm down her friend.

Tiffany took a deep breath and stated, "This is between Derrick and me. I don't want to make this awkward for you. Amelia, you can head back home first."

"Can you do this by yourself?"

Tiffany nodded her head.

Amelia didn't dwell on the matter further. She merely asked Tiffany to be calm and talk things over with Derrick nicely.

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Tiffany agreed to her requests.

Amelia frowned as she left Tiffany's condominium, deep in thought.

I thought Derrick and Tiffany's relationship was sailing smoothly without any underlying trouble. It seems that I was wrong. Conflicts and problems are waiting to explode in their relationship's supposed peace and calmness. If everything goes right, they will be fine. If something goes wrong, things may end up in chaos.

Amelia had mixed feelings about Tiffany's situation. While she was worried about Tiffany, Amelia knew only the relevant parties could solve the problems in their relationship. No matter how much it bothered her, her existence would do nothing to help.

She took out her phone and sent Tiffany a message.

Tiff, don't be rash. Talk things through nicely. Sometimes, the things we see or hear may not be the truth. You have to be calm and honest when telling Derrick about your feelings. No matter what happens in the end, whether you decide to stay in this relationship or break up, I will always be there for you. But then, I sure hope you will stay and marry him in the future. Good luck! I will always support you!

After typing what she wanted to say, the woman sent the message. Amelia took a deep breath underneath the warm, bright glow of the moon. Then, she gave Oscar a call. After he picked up, she exclaimed, "Oscar, I miss you! Please come and fetch me. I'm waiting for you beneath Tiffany's condominium."

The two lovebirds continued their conversation for a few more moments before Amelia hung up, looking less melancholy than before.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 517

Chapter 517 A Plea To Derrick

Back to Tiffany, she put on a defensive stance by crossing her arms, trying not to show her vulnerable side.

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"Go on, Derrick. I'm all ears now," she said firmly.

As Derrick walked toward her, Tiffany took a step back subconsciously and reached out her hand to stop him from approaching her instead. "Just stay where you are. I don't want to be swayed or seduced by you until this matter is resolved."

He looked at her helplessly and affectionately. "Silly woman. You could have heard me denying it in front of everyone if you hadn't hurried away so quickly."

"Really?"

Tiffany still did not believe his words.

Derrick sighed. "Tiff, even if you don't believe me, can't you believe your own instinct? Everyone knows we're a couple. The editor in charge of you once asked me outright if we were dating, and I admitted it. Ask her yourself if you don't believe my words. I don't get why you would rather listen to other people's words instead of believing my love for you. Honestly, I felt sad when I saw you turn around and leave like that yesterday. Although we have had this long-distance relationship for two years, I didn't expect you would still not trust me after all this time."

As she looked at Derrick's frustrated and helpless expression for the first time, Tiffany could not help but feel bad.

There was a hint of panic in her eyes as she tried to organize her words. However, the more anxious she felt, the more tongue-tied she became.

"Derrick, I was... I was only being jealous. I'm jealous that Crystal has your mother's approval. As much as I tried to get her acknowledgment and approval, to her, I'm only someone who earns her living by writing. Other than that, I'm practically a useless woman," Tiffany incoherently said as she waved her hands helplessly.

Derrick came forward and held her in his arms, resting his chin on top of her head, and said, "What am I supposed to do with you? If I really liked Crystal, I wouldn't have dated you. The reason I didn't deny it immediately when my mother introduced Crystal as my fiancée was because I didn't want to say anything that would offend and humiliate my mother. She'd probably get mad at me for a while, but she will definitely vent her anger on you instead. You know she doesn't have a good impression of you anyway, and if I acted like that in public,

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my mother would blame you for it. I can see that you did not consider all the painstaking effort I put into this relationship.”

Tiffany was taken aback by his words. She had not expected Derrick’s true intention to protect her.

She began to feel guilty about being upset at him.

“I’m sorry,” mumbled Tiffany as she buried her face in his chest.

Derrick stroked her hair and said in a low and seductive voice, “Can you just trust me a bit more from now on?”

Tiffany nodded wordlessly.

“I’ve always trusted you, Derrick. It’s just that I’m scared our relationship will end not because we fell out of love, but because the elders are giving us a hard time,” Tiffany said frustratingly. She then continued, “I write novels, and I’ve written about the confrontation between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law. I’m afraid you’ll take your mother’s side, and I’ll end up as the woman who was never a part of your family at all.”

Derrick smiled lightly upon hearing Tiffany’s words. It’s kind of cute to have a woman who overthinks a lot.

“Silly woman! Novels are simply fictional stories meant to disillusion innocent and naive little girls with wild imaginations. How can there be so much conflict in life?” Derrick chuckled. “Since you’re a writer, you should be aware that in-laws’ disputes are only to appease the audience. I’m sure that if there were no conflict in a novel, it wouldn’t pique the readers’ interests. You’re merely writing a novel and not immersing yourself in one of your plots. It’s just a fool’s way of doing things if you can’t tell the difference between reality and fiction.”

Tiffany chuckled as she wrapped her arms around Derrick’s waist.

At that moment, the blunt and occasional spunk within Tiffany was gone. What remained was only the tenderness of a woman in love.

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Eventually, they managed to patch things up.

As she lay in bed at night, Tiffany finally saw the text message Amelia had sent to her previously. She felt touched and warm after reading Amelia's message and replied: I've made up with Derrick, Babe. It was I who misunderstood him. Now that he has explained the situation to me, everything is fine between us.

Amelia's reply came just shortly after Tiffany sent out her text message.

It's great to hear both of you reconciled. I can finally put my mind at ease as well. It's getting late now, so get some sleep. We'll talk about it when we meet, okay?

Tiffany read Amelia's message and sent a reply, wishing the latter a good night before she turned off her phone.

As she went back to bed, Tiffany snuggled into Derrick's arms naturally and fell asleep quickly.

The next day, Derrick woke up at eight in the morning. Looking at Tiffany, who was still fast asleep, Derrick planted a kiss on her cheek and whispered in her ear, "I'm going to work now, sleepyhead. I'll leave your breakfast on the table later, so remember to get up and eat it, okay? And don't oversleep!"

Feeling itchy, Tiffany's ears twitched before she opened her eyes groggily and nodded in confusion.

Derrick went into the bathroom to wash up and changed into a crisp, fitting suit. Then, he went downstairs to prepare breakfast for both of them. After finishing his meal, Derrick went upstairs and saw that Tiffany was still sound asleep. Shaking his head helplessly and affectionately, Derrick went over and kissed her forehead before whispering, "Wake up, sleepyhead. I've prepared breakfast for you. Get up and have your breakfast now."

Having been disturbed by Derrick, Tiffany finally opened her eyes. She immediately grabbed the back of his neck and pulled him close to her, kissing him fiercely. After that, she mumbled, "Be a good boy and stay safe on the road. I'm going to sleep a bit longer because I'm going to be grumpy if I don't get enough sleep."

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After that, she went back to bed and fell asleep again, which made Derrick feel amused at her antics.

He then tucked her in and left for work.

As soon as he arrived at the office, Derrick's secretary approached him and said, "Mr. Hisson, you have a guest in your office."

After hearing his secretary's words, Derrick assumed that it was a friend of his who came to visit him on a whim, so he didn't think too much about it and simply nodded. "Got it. Bring me a cup of coffee as well."

"Yes, Mr. Hisson," the secretary replied.

Upon entering his office, Derrick was stunned for a moment when he saw the woman sitting on the couch in his room. He then smiled and said, "What brings you here, Jennifer?"

Jennifer removed her sunglasses, revealing a pair of reddened eyes as if she were an innocent rabbit who had just cried.

Derrick was startled. As far as he knew, Jennifer had always been a perfectionist and a proud woman. If nothing had happened to her, Jennifer would not have shown her vulnerable side in front of others, let alone cry.

"What's wrong, Jennifer? Did you cry?" Derrick walked over and sat down on a decent spot that was not far from her. "If you have something to tell me, just go ahead and say it. I'll definitely help you if I can. However, I guess you must've come here for a reason. For you to let go of your pride to seek my help, I fear it might not be a small matter."

Jennifer put on her sunglasses and spoke. Her voice was surprisingly hoarse. It was as if she had been crying bitterly for quite some time ago.

"I do have something that requires your assistance, Derrick. If you can't help me this time, I wouldn't know what to do at all. I really can't find anyone else to help me but you."

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Derrick looked at her earnestly and smiled. "Don't be so serious. Just say what's on your mind. I told you that I'd help if I could. After all, you know that I've always thought of you as my biological sister."

Jennifer could only smile bitterly.

"My mother assaulted Amelia Winters and was sent to the police station for further investigations. Meanwhile, Oscar had already instructed his legal team to file a lawsuit against my mother. You know better than me how strong the Clintons are in terms of wealth and power. The financial situation of our family is definitely not comparable to theirs. Since I've heard you're in a romantic relationship with Tiffany, you're the only one who can help me this time," Jennifer said after hesitating for a brief moment.

Derrick understood the situation and asked, "So you want me to ask Tiff to plead with Amelia?" Regarding Laura's alleged assault on Amelia, he decided not to probe further for the time being.

Jennifer nodded.

"Derrick, I came to ask for your help because I'm really desperate right now. I hope you can help me this time. I don't wish to see my mother being sent to that dark, dingy place. Please, I beg of you. You can consider me owing you a huge favor this time if you're willing to help me," Jennifer sincerely said as she looked at Derrick in anticipation.

"Could you tell me why Mrs. Larson would harm Amelia?" Derrick asked calmly.

However, Jennifer fell silent immediately. Judging from her expression, it seemed to be something she had a hard time explaining to him.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 518

Chapter 518 Promise To Help

Derrick crossed his arms and said boldly, "Jennifer, if you don't tell me everything that happened, it's hard for me to be of help. Tiff cares about Amelia a lot. At times, she'd even

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prioritize her over me. Hence, I'm sorry. If you don't tell me what happened, I'd have to reject you. I don't want my relationship with Tiff to get affected."

Jennifer could only stare at him with a conflicted expression. However, her glasses were blocking her face. That was why Derrick could speak to her frankly, as he could hardly see her expression the whole time.

Derrick shrugged and added, "Jennifer, you're like a sister to me. If it were something else, I would've accepted your request in an instant. However, it concerns Tiff. I'm sorry I can't help you. In my heart, no one is more important than her."

Upon hearing that, Jennifer smiled, albeit a bitter one. "Derrick, can't you just lie to me once? Indeed, regardless of gender, once someone has gotten into a relationship, they'll ditch their friends for their significant others." Jennifer then mocked herself on purpose when she said, "It seems like I'm nothing compared to the woman you hold dearly to your heart. However, I still hope you can help me this time around. I have nowhere to turn to anymore. Please, help me."

"You'd have to tell me why Mrs. Larson hurt Amelia first. I have to know exactly what happened so that I know what to say to Amelia, right? Otherwise, I might make things worse."

"Are you willing to help me?"

"Well, tell me what happened first." Derrick didn't straight out reject her request for help.

Finally, Jennifer told him roughly what had happened.

Derrick listened and processed it before asking, "Are you saying that Mrs. Larson went there on purpose to find trouble with Amelia? After that, she accidentally injured her?"

Embarrassment flashed across Jennifer's face, and she kept mum. Her silence suggested that she was admitting to it.

Derrick changed his posture and said, "Jennifer, I can't help you. The moment I say something about it, Tiff will hate me for it."

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Jennifer widened her eyes and stared at Derrick intently through her glasses.

“Derrick, are you really not going to help me?” Jennifer was unwilling to give up.

“I’m sorry. It’s not that I don’t want to help you, but I can’t. If it were something else, I’d have helped you in a heartbeat. But since it concerns Amelia, there’s nothing I can do to help.” Derrick rejected straightforwardly.

Jennifer then sank deep into her thoughts.

Suddenly, she stood up before dropping to her knees. Derrick was stumped when she did that.

In fact, he was utterly startled.

He then stood up and bent down before trying to help Jennifer up. “Get up, Jennifer.”

Jennifer kneeled on the floor stubbornly. Humbly, she said, “Derrick, I really can’t find anyone else to help my mom. When I looked for those who are close to us, all of them excused themselves when they heard we were dealing with the Clintons. There’s no way my family is capable of going up against the Clintons on our own. I beg of you. I really don’t want my mom to be jailed. Since she’s already of age, how could she possibly get used to the harsh environment in jail?”

Derrick’s heart was growing soft when he looked down at her from high above.

“Just get up first, will you? I’ll try,” Derrick uttered.

Jennifer took off her glasses and raised her gaze toward him. “You’re really going to help me?”

“Well, how could I say no if you’re acting like this?” Derrick reached out his hand to help her up and said, “Get up.”

Jennifer eventually got up from the floor, and she was very grateful to Derrick.

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Because of what happened to Laura, Jennifer had experienced the true nature of people for the first time in her life. Prior to that, she was highly regarded wherever she went. Besides, all her family's friends had always told her how much they liked her. That was why she thought if she were to ask for help from them, they'd surely help her. However, from that incident, she found out that wasn't the case, and she'd been too full of herself.

Jennifer stood up and thanked him sincerely. "Thank you."

"Don't thank me just yet. I can't promise it'd work," Derrick said.

"That doesn't matter. I'm grateful enough knowing that you're willing to help." Jennifer smiled bitterly and continued, "Before this, I thought I was someone everyone adores, and everyone would cater to my needs. But ever since my mom had been detained, none of my family's friends were willing to help. Instead, they'd find excuses to reject me. That was the heaviest blow. I've just realized I'm not above everyone else. Instead, I'm only a girl who grew up with a silver spoon in my mouth. I'm nothing compared to the Clintons."

Derrick looked into her eyes, and he could tell she was quite remorseful.

"I bet you've gone through a lot in the past few days, right?" Derrick asked light-heartedly.

Jennifer forced a smile and answered, "Yes, indeed. This incident had been a wake-up call for me. Finally, I realized the world doesn't revolve around me. When something bad happens to my family, no one is obliged to clean up the mess for me."

"Jennifer, this isn't your style."

Jennifer picked up a cup of tea from the table and took a sip. After calming herself down, she said softly, "Style? How does that matter? Even the man I've been after for two years had refused to help me. I thought even if he didn't like me, he'd at least help me out of the friendship we've had. I've utterly overestimated my charm and underestimated his cold-heartedness. Frankly, I feel like the confidence and pride I've had for twenty-odd years had just been trampled and stepped on."

"Well, you can't expect people to help you because no one is obligated to do so. It has nothing to do with your charm. Cheer up, will you? From what I know, you're a capable, sensible, and prideful girl. Don't think too much about it," Derrick comforted her. "I guess Carter didn't help because he was wary of Amelia."

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Jennifer smiled bitterly and didn't want to add on to that.

Instead, she said, "Derrick, I'll count on you regarding my mom, okay? I shall make a move now before taking up too much of your time." Jennifer stood up and grabbed her purse. "I'll go now. Regardless of the outcome, I'm still very grateful."

After Jennifer left, Derrick sat on the couch and pondered. Finally, he whipped out his phone and rang Tiffany.

It took a long time for the call to be picked up.

"Hello? Who's this? Whatever it is, it better be important. Otherwise, I'm going to show up in your face and beat you up." Tiffany was rather grumpy as she was woken up from her sleep.

Derrick couldn't help but find her response adorable. "Tiff, it's me."

Hearing that, Tiffany was instantly wide awake. From the phone, Derrick heard the sounds of her getting out of bed abruptly before tripping on her blanket and falling to the floor.

Derrick couldn't help but guffaw.

"What are you laughing at? Stop laughing." Tiffany was so embarrassed that she got furious.

Upon hearing that, Derrick was even more amused.

Tiffany burst out laughing as well as she recalled her comical fall.

After laughing for a while, Derrick returned to the main topic and said, "Tiff, get up for breakfast. After breakfast, come over to the office, okay? We shall have lunch together afterward. I heard there's a new restaurant serving tasty dishes. Perhaps you'll like it."

"Sure! Wait for me."

After hanging up, a smile appeared on Derrick's face.

Although Tiffany tried her best to get to the office as early as possible, she only got there at around eleven. However, she was right in time for lunch.

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She got on an elevator and headed toward the top floor. When she got out of the elevator, she noticed how polite and full of courtesy Derrick's secretary was toward her.

"Tiffany, you're here! Mr. Hisson is waiting for you inside." The secretary opened the door for her.

Tiffany knew exactly the reason behind the secretary's change of attitude. Not only am I Derrick's real girlfriend, but I'm also the best-selling author. I'm practically the company's cash cow. No wonder these secretaries are so nice to me.

When Tiffany walked in, Derrick was on the phone with someone. He was speaking a foreign language, and there was a serious look on his face. He was undoubtedly on a business call.

When Derrick saw her coming in, he pointed at his phone before pointing toward the couch. He was telling Tiffany he was on the phone and would like her to sit while she waited.

Upon seeing that, Tiffany sat down on the couch and scrolled through her phone boringly.

After Derrick was done with the call, he walked toward her and touched her head. With a smile, he said, "Let's go get some food. I've already reserved us a table."

Tiffany kept her phone and stood up before flashing him a half-smile and asking, "Derrick, why are you suddenly so romantic? Are you trying to make it up to me for what you did wrong a couple of days ago?"

"Did I do something wrong?"

Well, I guess he didn't, and I misunderstood him, she thought to herself.

"Let's go. I'll get you something delicious!"

Tiffany held his arm like a woman who was deeply in love. In fact, she was blissfully smiling the whole time.

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Derrick drove Tiffany to the restaurant he told her about. After getting a parking spot, they both made their way into the restaurant. Tiffany threw a cursory glance around the restaurant, and she liked how the place was decorated.

“Not too shabby! The place is nicely decorated, and it feels comfortable. I wonder how the food will taste, though. But it’s fine. I believe in your taste,” Tiffany said.

In response, Derrick merely gave her a smile.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 519

Chapter 519 It Was A Good Sign

Both Tiffany and Derrick enjoyed their delicious meals. Once they were done eating, Derrick wiped his mouth elegantly with a napkin. He then grabbed another clean napkin to wipe off the stains around Tiffany’s mouth. With a smile, he asked, “Was the taste okay?”

Tiffany gave a thumbs up. She praised, “They were delicious! The taste of the food here is simply perfect! I liked them very much.”

“Since you like the food here, we should come here more often in the future.” Derrick put the napkin aside and smiled dotingly.

Tiffany placed her chin on her hands. She looked at Derrick momentarily before saying directly, “Derrick, the food was like your face. You look like a snack. Even if I was eating a plate of bland meat, I could still enjoy it very much. Any ordinary dish can taste even more delicious just by looking at you.”

Derrick did not know whether to laugh or cry.

“Do I have to go back and thank my mom for giving me this face?” he asked. In the past, Derrick hated himself for looking too androgynous. In his opinion, a man had to look masculine. Although he did not have a feminine appearance, it was hard for him to feel proud of his beautiful and almost enchanting face. But as he saw how the woman he loved was looking at him, he started feeling that it was all worth it.

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If I never had this face of mine, we might not have ended up together. People attach great importance to physical appearances. I understand this.

“Tell me, then. Do you like my looks or my personality?” Derrick deliberately asked to put her in a spot.

Tiffany thought about it seriously.

She then replied, “To tell you the truth, I fell in love with your face first. Although I’m not an angelic beauty, I’m still a good-looking person. I like people with good looks, so my heart skipped a beat when I first saw you. My heart was beating so fast that it almost jumped out of my throat. I thought that I would only be watching you from a distance, admiring your face along the way. I never expected that we would end up together. At the time, I thought a gift fell from heaven and landed right at my feet. It was so surreal.”

Derrick could not help but chuckle.

The two talked for a while. But then, Derrick fell silent.

Tiffany looked at him curiously. She asked, “Derrick, what’s wrong?”

Derrick pondered for a while and said, “Tiff, there is something that I want to tell you. I’m just thinking about how I should tell you about it.”

Tiffany’s eyes suddenly widened, leaning forward as she was interested. She responded, “Tell me. I’m very curious. You’ve always been helping me all this time. It’s rare of you to ask me for help.”

Derrick pursed his lips. He asked, “I heard that Amelia got hurt on her forehead a few days ago. How is she?”

Tiffany gave him a strange look. She replied, “Oh yeah. It was Jennifer’s mom who did that. Could it be that Jennifer went looking for you?”

Derrick shook his head. He replied, “It’s all because of my mom. The woman who hurt Amelia is close to my mom. That’s why she’s so fond of Jennifer. When Jennifer begged my

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mom to help her mom, my mom begged me to do the same. Since my mom already asked me to, it's impossible for me to refuse her. If not, then she'll dislike you even more."

Tiffany's face darkened instantly.

"Derrick, are you planning to help that woman plead for leniency?" Tiffany stared at Derrick. The joy and passion she had from eating the food had already disappeared completely.

Derrick sternly replied, "I'm not going to help that woman plead for leniency. I only want you to leave a good impression on my mom. I don't want her to see you living so miserably. Even I feel distressed when I see you suffering. Of course, if you don't want to talk to Amelia, then pretend like I never said anything. I'll only get a few earfuls from my mom when I get back home. I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable, after all."

Tiffany suddenly calmed down, and the anger on her face slowly faded away.

"Sorry, I was getting too emotional just now." Tiffany lowered her head.

Derrick thought about it before saying, "Tiff, I know that my request is a bit excessive, but she asked my mother. I already refused her two days ago. If I refuse her again this time, I'm afraid that she might feel uncomfortable."

Tiffany remained silent.

"Forget it. Forget what I said. I'm sorry. Don't take it to heart, now. I'll drive you home. After that, I'll go back to the company to work."

Derrick stood up. He looked like a handsome young man who was very tolerant.

Derrick did not have high hopes regarding Jennifer's request for him. He did not want to trouble Tiffany. There was a reason why he did not tell her that Jennifer had asked him directly. The reason was that he did not want Tiffany to misunderstand his relationship with Jennifer.

"Tiff, let's go. Stop thinking about it." Derrick smiled.

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Even if he said to stop thinking about it, Tiffany only thought about it more. Amelia was on one side, while Derrick was on the other. Whether she agreed to do it or not, she would feel guilty toward one of them.

Just as Tiffany was in a dilemma, Derrick leaned over and pulled her up directly. He lifted his hand and stroked her hair. With a smile, he said, "You silly woman. Stop thinking about it. Let's go. I'll drive you back home."

Tiffany was pulled a few steps forward by Derrick. She muttered, "Derrick, I can try."

Derrick paused and looked down at her conflicted expression. He felt bad for her.

"I was only joking with you. Don't take it to heart," Derrick stated. "Let's go. I'll drive you back home."

As they got in the car, Tiffany sat in the front passenger seat. She fell silent, however.

"Are you really considering it?" Derrick freed up a hand to hold hers. He solemnly said, "Forgive me. I shouldn't have said those words. I didn't even consider your thoughts. I'm sorry."

Tiffany turned her head to look at him. She asked, "If I don't help you, Derrick, would you blame me?"

"Silly. I would never blame you." Derrick replied.

Tiffany fell silent.

After a while, she ruffled her hair irritably. She tried to stand up from her seat but then sat back down because of the seat belt.

Tiffany gave Derrick a vicious look. She said in an irritable tone, "Derrick. If you didn't want my help, why else would you tell me about it? I'll help you. It's hard for me to say no while thinking about Amelia. If I refused, then I'd feel like I wronged you somehow. Do you know how I feel right now? I feel like beating you up. I wouldn't be so irritable if it weren't for you."

Derrick was barely able to contain his laughter.

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"You want to fight me?" He lifted his right cheek and smiled dotingly. "Come at me, then. Take out all your anger on me. I don't mind."

It was rare for Tiffany to see Derrick's mischievous expression. She could not help but chuckle.

This guy sure is cute.

"Forget it. You have already brought it up. If I refused you, I'd feel sorry for you. I'll try my best, but who knows whether I'll succeed or not. If I had my way, I would make that old hag suffer. You also saw Amelia with gauze wrapped around her forehead last night, right? It's such a big wound. I already want to strangle that old hag. I can't even imagine how Oscar feels. I doubt that he'll let that old hag off," Tiffany said as she leaned back in her seat.

"Thank you, Tiff."

"Don't thank me. I hate you right now. If the guy who came to ask me a favor weren't you, I would have given him a big punch already. Since it's you, though, I would never take my anger out on you no matter what," Tiffany replied.

Derrick felt warm in his heart. He believed Tiffany's words and appreciated her compromise, even though he felt guilty.

Derrick brought Tiffany back. He kissed her forehead and said, "Go up there now. Don't force yourself, though. If you really can't do it, then don't."

"All right, stop being a busybody. I'll be sure to bring it up gently with Amelia. I won't force her to do anything she doesn't want to. You're just as important as her. I won't let her do what she doesn't want to do. Don't worry."

Tiffany unbuckled her seat belt and got out of the car. Then, she waved at Derrick, who was in the car. She said, "Go back to work now."

When Derrick drove away, Tiffany's face finally contorted. She raised her head and looked in the direction where Derrick's car had gone. She said to herself, "Derrick. If you weren't my boyfriend, I wouldn't have held myself back from beating you up. I can't believe you asked me to do something like this. I can't wait to kill that old hag. Who knows if you had a stroke of genius or not. I can't not help you, but I can't help you that easily either. You're making it

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hard for me to feel happy. You really do make things hard for your girlfriends over the last twenty years.”

Of course, Derrick did not hear Tiffany’s words. He simply drove toward the company in a good mood. At least Tiffany didn’t reject me because of Amelia’s predicament. My efforts over the past two years have not been in vain. She cares about me more and more. It’s a good sign, no?

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 520

Chapter 520 Let It Pass

At 5 o’clock in the afternoon, Tiffany called up Amelia. Once the call got through, she asked, “Amelia, can you spend an hour with me after getting off work?”

“What happened? You sound serious,” Amelia replied, smiling.

“We’ll talk after you get off from work. It’s complicated. I can’t tell you over the phone. All right. I’ll hang up now. Give me an hour later. Don’t let Oscar know about it, or he’ll skin me alive.”

The more Tiffany tried to keep the suspense, the more Amelia felt curious about it.

After work, the latter went down with Rory and saw Tiffany leaning against her car, looking bored.

Rory and Amelia went up to Tiffany. A tinge of jealousy flashed across Rory’s eyes when she saw the red car, but she quickly concealed it.

“Tiffany,” Rory greeted at her politely.

Tiffany glanced at her and said, “Rory, you go home first. I have something to do with Amelia, so I can’t send you home today.”

Rory replied with a smile, “No problem. I’ll make a move, then.” With that said, she straightened her back and walked away. Nonetheless, her smile instantly disappeared when

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she walked some distance where the two women couldn't see her expression. She looked a little emotionally unstable.

Looking at Rory's departing figure, Tiffany snorted before saying to Amelia, "Let's get into the car, Babe."

Amelia got into the car and fastened the seat belt. Then, she turned to look at Tiffany and said, "Tiff, aren't you a bit harsh toward Rory? She's still young. What you did earlier might hurt her dignity."

"Shouldn't she earn her dignity by herself? Plus, I didn't do anything to her. I just don't like her. Since I don't like her, how can you ask me to smile at her?" Tiffany responded nonchalantly.

Amelia smiled without saying a word. She then changed the topic because she knew they wouldn't come to any conclusion if they continued discussing Rory.

"What's the matter you wanted to tell me when you called me earlier? You sounded so serious," Amelia asked.

"Let's eat first. I'll tell you later."

"Sorry. Oscar insisted I have dinner with him tonight, so I have no choice but to stand you up. He's coming over at seven. You told me that you only needed an hour."

Tiffany glanced at her. "Babe, no one would look so defiant like you when you prioritize your lover over a friend."

"We can always be forthright with each other given our relationship."

Tiffany was thrilled at her words.

She drove to a dessert shop and said, "Have some desserts with me first. We'll talk about it as we eat, okay?"

Amelia nodded in response.

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After walking into the shop, the duo ordered two drinks and some pastries. The owner served their order without taking long.

“Try it. They have good reviews,” Tiffany said.

Amelia took a bite of the pastry. “Spit it. You know you can tell me everything. I won’t turn you down as long as it’s within my capability. So, just say it.”

Tiffany was hesitant, but she decided to cut to the chase. “Babe, you know that Jennifer’s family knows Derrick’s family, right?”

Amelia was enlightened the moment she heard that.

“They went to the Hissons to beg for mercy, and your future mother-in-law came to look for you, is that right?” Amelia asked.

Tiffany snapped her finger and looked at Amelia with an approving look. “Babe, you’re smart. Yeah. She went to look for Derrick, and Derrick came to look for me. I can’t turn down an elderly’s request, so I’m asking you to do me a favor. Of course, I’m only saying it. It’s up to you whether you agree to it or not. If I were in your shoes, I would teach that old hag a lesson, or she would think that you’re a pushover. You can reject me without minding my feeling. If it weren’t for Derrick, I hope the judge would give her a jail sentence of at least a few years.”

Amelia chuckled as she stirred her drink.

“Tiff, you came for me, expecting that I would agree to do you a favor, right?”

“Are you angry, Babe?” Tiffany asked tentatively, looking at her cautiously.

“I’m not angry, but I didn’t expect that you would beg for mercy on her behalf. I thought you would side with me.”

“Oh, Babe, don’t be like that. I’m siding with you. I swear that I would never want to beg for mercy on behalf of anyone and do something that hurts you. When Derrick asked me about it, I wanted to bash him up. But, he rarely asks me for a favor, so I can’t turn him down

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directly. No matter what, you still have the final call. No one will blame you even if you don't agree with it. I mean it," Tiffany explained anxiously.

Amelia felt nonplussed at her reaction. She quickly comforted, "Calm down, Tiff. I didn't mean anything, and I gave it some thought yesterday. My wound is not severe. If I were to sue her, and the judge gave her a jail sentence of two years, she won't be able to take it, given her old age. Since you're here to beg for mercy on her behalf, I'll tell Oscar about it later."

"You're the best, Babe! Thank you for tolerating me. My selfishness has put you in a tough spot," Tiffany said apologetically.

Amelia rolled her eyes at her and said, "Hey, stop with that act!"

The duo continued to chat for a while more before Oscar called Amelia. The latter answered it immediately. "Oscar, where are you now?"

Uncertain of what the man replied, Amelia nodded and said, "You drive safe then. I'm having dessert with Tiff at Starlight Café. You may come here directly later. All right. See you soon."

After hanging up the phone, Amelia smiled. "He's on the way, but the traffic is slightly congested. So, he'll be here around 7:30 p.m."

"Babe, why didn't you drive to work?"

"I planned to, but Oscar insisted on sending me to work. I couldn't change his mind, so I gave up convincing him."

"Since when he has become so clingy?"

Amelia stirred her drink as she replied casually, "Oscar became clingy ever since I came back from Beshya. He couldn't sleep well without hugging me at night. It's as though I'm his sleeping pill. After two years of separation, he has changed a lot. Though he looks cool on the surface, he might not sleep well if I'm being too close with any man. He thought that he hid it well, but I'm his wife. I can detect anything unusual in him, no matter how little it is."

Tiffany was stunned. "What do you mean?"

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Amelia put the teaspoon down and looked up at Tiffany. Then, she said softly, "I suspect that Oscar has an anxiety disorder."

Tiffany spurted out the drink instantly. Wiping the corner of her lips with a tissue, she apologized. "Sorry. That's a funny joke you just said. I couldn't help it. Please don't take it to heart."

Amelia chuckled too.

Then, Tiffany looked at her with a straight face and asked, "Babe, are you serious?"

"It's just speculation. Last night, I woke up to pee as I had drunk too much water, but Oscar wasn't beside me, so I went out to look for him. It turned out that he was boxing while roaring like a beast. I'm worried about him."

Tiffany snorted. "It's normal. Men usually have endless energy, especially someone like Oscar. I was wondering what the big deal was. Don't overthink, but if you're worried, ask him directly. I think he will tell you why he did that. Instead of speculating, it's better to ask him about it."

"You're right." Amelia shook her head lightly and smiled. With that, the feeling of worry dissipated in her heart.

However, if she chose not to question Oscar about it, there wouldn't be so many things that happened later.

Oscar arrived about half an hour later. Tiffany and Amelia walked out of the shop, and the former said, "Mr. Clinton, I'll return her to you then."

Oscar nodded in response.

Then, Amelia said, "Tiff, we'll go back now. You go home early too. Don't you have a manuscript to submit tomorrow?"

Tiffany nodded.

After getting into the car, Oscar drove off right away.

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While they were on the road, Amelia glanced at Oscar, who was driving attentively. She asked, "Oscar, what's the progress on Mrs. Larson's case?"

"The lawyer has already sued her, and the trial will start the day after tomorrow," the man replied.

Licking her tongue, Amelia said coquettishly, "Darling, I've changed my mind, and I don't want to sue her anymore. Let's not press charges against her for my sake, is that fine?"

Oscar swept a quick glance at her. He didn't turn her down immediately. Instead, he replied, "Give me a reason you changed your mind so suddenly."

"I just don't feel like doing so anymore. That's how capricious I am. Will that reason do?" Amelia asked, smiling sweetly while supporting her chin in her hands.

"Are you sure you don't want to go after that woman?"

Amelia nodded in response. "Yeah. It's pointless anyway."

"Did anyone say anything to you? Amelia, I don't want you to lie to me."

Amelia was at a loss for words.

After a short pause, she said with a smile, "Do you think anyone can change my decision once I made up my mind? It's pointless, so I decided to let her go. Otherwise, people might think that we are bullying an old woman with our influence."

"Okay. I'll promise you."

"I love you, Oscar." Amelia gave the man a flying kiss.

Oscar smiled. "I've given you my word. Shouldn't you give me something more than that?"

"You can do anything you like tonight."

Oscar gazed at her intently. Then, he pressed harder on the accelerator.

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Holding to the safety belt, Amelia reminded, "Slow down, Oscar."

Having heard that, the man slowed down the car.

Amelia teased, "You sure are cute, Oscar."

The man looked at her affectionately without saying a word.

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