

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 691

Chapter 691 Stop Lending Him Money

It was undeniable that Crosby was an incredible man and no one knew how he did it. Not only was he able to get Jayden released, but the debt collectors also said Jayden was not allowed to gamble in their territory anymore. In other words, they were indirectly banning him from gambling.

In a way, it was a happy ending.

When Jayden was freed, his face was covered with bruises, and his lips were swollen like sausages.

“Oh, my poor son. Why did they beat you up like that?” Ophelia cried out.

However, her cries only made Jayden’s head hurt.

“Mom, can you be quiet? My head hurts terribly, and I’m starving. Please make me something to eat.” Jayden said.

Ophelia said hurriedly, “Okay. Okay. I’ll go make you some food now.”

“Mom, I want to eat meat. I’m famished. Please put in lots of meat, okay?”

“Okay. Get some rest. I’ll make you some food now.” Ophelia answered.

When she left, Tiffany said, “Dad, why don’t you go and help Mom? I can take care of Jayden here.”

Reginald nodded.

The moment Reginald left the room, Tiffany’s face turned grim instantly.

Jayden shuddered and subconsciously avoided Tiffany’s gaze, which looked as if she was going to gobble him up.

“Jayden, don’t you have anything to say to me?” Tiffany questioned, crossing her arms across her chest.

Jayden blinked intensely, clearly feeling extremely guilty.

“Tiff, I didn’t do it on purpose. I just had the itch, and someone egged me on, saying he could help me win lots of money. I couldn’t control myself and entered the place again.

But I promise this is the last time. If I gamble again, I'll chop off both of my hands. I mean it," Jayden promised, gulping.

"What's the point of making promises when you never keep them?" Tiffany said frustratedly. "You're going to be forty years old soon. How could you believe such stupid instigations? If money could be won so easily, then everyone would be gambling now. Are you brainless or just pure stupid? You could've worked hard to earn that money, but no, you just had to pick up bad habits like gambling. Are you trying to ruin our family?"

Jayden licked his lips and said awkwardly, "Tiff, I just couldn't accept how things have turned out. I couldn't believe that I would be so unlucky. So, I wanted to try gambling again, thinking maybe I could turn the situation around. I never expected that I'd end up with such a huge debt."

Tiffany scoffed out loud.

"You never expected it? I bet even pigs are smarter than you." She was too tired to scold him. "If it weren't for Mr. Clinton, I'm sure your limbs would've been chopped off already. Mr. Clinton is a busy man. He can't possibly rescue you every time. I'd advise you to start behaving yourself in the future. Don't blame me for being a heartless sister if something actually happens next time."

Jayden held his silence.

Tiffany was so livid that she could only point at him, not knowing what else to say.

Amelia comforted, "Tiff, don't be mad. It's great enough that he's home. Then again, it's all thanks to Crosby this time. We should arrange a time to treat him to a meal to thank him."

Tiffany nodded.

Jayden gave Amelia an excited glance. "Mrs. Clinton, did you just say Crosby saved me? Is he the big shot in the real estate industry?"

"That's right. You know him?"

"Of course. How could I not? He's a legend among the locals. There's practically no news related to him apart from the few financial magazines that featured him. He's a legend who rarely makes a public appearance. I've been wanting to meet him. It's just that a nobody like me won't have the slightest chance of talking to him, let alone meet him."

Tiffany cut in. "Jayden, stop messing around and live a proper life with your wife. Just focus on bringing up your children and stop thinking so much about anything else."

Jayden panicked. "Tiff, what do you mean? He's my savior. What's wrong with me thanking him?"

"I'll be more than happy if you don't cause trouble for me."

Jayden was beginning to feel angry at that point.

Amelia piped up, "Jayden, Crosby told us before that he's extremely busy. He usually won't meet strangers. Besides, you said he is a big shot in the real estate industry. He doesn't simply meet people on normal days. So, stop being mad at Tiff. For the past few days, she's been working hard because of your matters. In fact, she got so anxious that she almost fell ill. She's feeling angry because she wants you to live a better life and stop being obsessed with gambling. After all, gambling isn't a good habit. Many unlucky people have lost their wealth and were separated from their family members. She's your sister. I'm sure she doesn't want to see such an ending."

Jayden's tense expression finally eased up.

He glanced at Tiffany and said awkwardly, "I'm sorry, Tiff. I promise I won't do it again."

Tiffany snorted and said rudely, "We'll talk more when you actually fulfill your promise. Otherwise, your promises are useless."

Jayden kept silent.

Instantly, the atmosphere grew tense.

Right then, Ophelia entered with some food, breaking the awkward silence that hung in the air.

"Your food's here, Jayden," Ophelia said. "Tiff, tell Derrick and your friend to come over and eat."

Soon, everyone sat down to have a meal.

After the meal, Ophelia dismissed Jayden so he could get some rest. Then, she turned to Tiffany, saying, "Tiff, don't be too hard on your brother. He knows he's wrong too. As his younger sister, you shouldn't be so disrespectful toward him."

Tiffany scoffed out loud and said in a slightly mocking manner, "Mom, it's my money he spent. He used up millions in less than three months. Don't I get the right to scold him? Fine, I don't want to scold him, either. Just get him to return my money. We should address financial matters clearly. Besides, I'm a daughter who's married off to another family. I shouldn't be paying for his mistake, right?"

Ophelia sighed and said guiltily, "Now that you're rich, I'm sure you won't be in need of those couple of millions. Why do you have to be so calculative with Jayden? Do you know how much he loved you when you were younger?"

Tiffany smirked.

Suddenly, Amelia shook her head and said, "Mrs. Winters, you haven't been sleeping well for the past few nights because of Jayden's matters. I'm sure you must be tired. Why don't you and Mr. Winters get some rest?"

Ophelia responded, "Okay. Then, we'll go get some rest. Let me know if you need anything."

Amelia nodded.

Once the older couple left, Amelia said, "Tiff, your parents are having a hard time too. It's great news that this matter is solved. Don't be mad already. It's not a good idea to disrupt the peace in your family."

Tiffany said angrily, "Babe, I don't want to be angry, either. But did you see my parent's reaction? Ugh, fine. I don't want to talk about it anymore. They're still my family no matter how bad they are."

Amelia could only pat Tiffany on the back as a silent gesture of consolation.

Amelia rested in Tiffany's house for the rest of the day. The next day, she received a call from Crosby, saying he wanted to treat her and Oscar to a meal.

Amelia said, "Crosby, my friend and her husband want to meet you too. Do you mind if they come along?"

"Of course not! Your friends are my friends. Just bring them along."

That night, Amelia and Oscar brought Derrick and Tiffany to meet Crosby and his family.

In the private room, Amelia met Crosby's wife, whom she had been looking forward to meeting. She thought the mischievous woman Crosby had been talking about would dress up in conventional clothes. To Amelia's surprise, his wife was dressed fashionably. On top of that, she had delicate features, a petite figure, and beautiful, long, curly, blonde hair. She looked extremely young just like a barbie doll. Moreover, she looked like an obedient partner as she stood beside Crosby as if they were a couple consisting of an uncle and a niece.

“Hello. You must be Amelia. I’m Soleil Yandel York. My dad’s surname is York, and my mom’s surname is Yandel. I was born on a sunny day; hence, I was given the name Soleil. Don’t you think my name is very easy to remember?” Soleil said graciously.

Amelia smiled warmly and greeted, “Hello. I’m Amelia Winters.”

Soleil gave Amelia a warm hug. “You’re just as pretty as Crosby describes. So, I’ll forgive him for tricking me into bringing me here. I’d like to be your friend. I hope you don’t mind that.”

Amelia glanced at Crosby, who shrugged, indicating he had nothing to do with Soleil’s decision to come.

“Amelia, who’s this?” Soleil asked, looking at Tiffany.

“She’s my friend, Tiffany.”

Soleil nodded as a form of acknowledgment. Her gaze then landed on Derrick, and she exclaimed, “Who’s this celebrity? He looks amazing!”

Tiffany wrapped her arms around Derrick’s and said in a possessive manner, “He’s my husband.”

Soleil’s eyes darted between her and Derrick before the former finally smiled. “Both of you are quite a match.”

Tiffany’s expression finally relaxed after hearing that. She inquired, “Don’t you think our looks don’t really match each other?”

“A little. His looks are too striking, while you look pretty, though not striking enough. Based on looks, both of you aren’t really a good match. But so what? Don’t you think people who judge others based on looks are too shallow? Anyway, I can see this handsome man really loves you,” Soleil said nonchalantly.

Tiffany could not help but give Soleil another glance.

Just then, Crosby walked over and circled his arms around Soleil’s waist. “Honey, they’re meeting you for the first time. Don’t frighten them.”

Soleil shrugged in response.

After everyone took their seats, they ordered their favorite dishes.

Throughout the meal, Amelia truly understood what Crosby meant by his wife being mischievous.

Soleil was someone who spoke freely. Most of the time, she would say and even do things that were unexpected. Though her actions seem casual, she was not a willful person. On top of that, she was smart. From their conversations, Amelia could sense that she was a smart, understanding, and knowledgeable person. That explained how Soleil managed to capture Crosby's heart.

What Amelia did not expect was that she would become best friends with Soleil, and the latter would help her out countless times.

It was an encounter by chance; yet, she gained a friendship that would last a lifetime. Perhaps it was fated long ago.

When the meal came to an end, Soleil said in a casual manner, "Amelia, Tiffany, can I have your numbers? When I go to Tayhaven one day, I'll ask you girls out. I think both of you are quite interesting and easy to get along with."

Hence, Amelia provided all her contact details. With a smile, she said, "We'd love to have you in Tayhaven. I believe we'll become good friends."

"I think so too. Besides, Crosby told me you've given birth to a cute child. We must talk about our childcare experiences when I go to Tayhaven one day."

"Sure."

Soleil then turned to look at Tiffany, who also gave the former her contact details. After saving them, Soleil said, "Tiffany, you should give birth to one soon. That way, all three of our children can grow up together."

Amelia and Tiffany burst into laughter at her words.

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Chapter 692 Return To Tayhaven

Amelia pondered for some time before nodding in agreement. "Okay."

With that, Amelia informed Tiffany about her decision to go home and have a look. Hearing that, Tiffany asked, "Do you need Derrick and me to go along with you guys?"

"It's okay. You should spend more time with your parents. I can go with Oscar," Amelia answered.

When Amelia made her way home based on her memory, she found out that the old and relatively low buildings had turned into towering apartment buildings. On top of that,

there were several sedans parked in front of the entrance. A blank look flashed through her eyes, looking like a child who had lost her way home.

“What’s wrong?” Oscar asked gently, grabbing her hand.

“Oscar, looks like I’ve really lost my way home.” She had not been home for almost ten years, and her hometown had changed too much. I don’t even know which building my house is in. Maybe my house has been gone from this place long ago. Or maybe I shouldn’t have called this place my home since young. The Winters family never acknowledged me as their child. Benjamin paid them to take care of me. The Hutton family doesn’t acknowledge me, nor does the Winters family want me. I’m just a burden.

“Amelia?” Just as Amelia was having all kinds of negative thoughts, an elderly person’s voice rang out. She turned to look in the voice’s direction to find a grey-haired woman walking toward her, gazing at the former with cloudy eyes.

Amelia, too, looked at the elderly woman the same way, searching for a certain memory in her mind. Suddenly, she exclaimed, “Ms. Malone, it’s me, Amelia. Are you still living here?” When she was younger, Emery Malone gave her food and even sang her lullabies when Amelia had no one with her. In other words, Emery was an elder who actually showed Amelia care. Since Amelia had not returned for ten years, she thought Emery might have been gone. To Amelia’s surprise, Emery was still quite healthy.

Emery walked over and held Amelia’s hand, scanning the latter from head to toe before saying excitedly, “It’s really you, Amelia. You silly girl, how could you not return for ten years after going abroad for your studies? I thought you got into an accident. And your parents... They are unbelievable. How could they not call to check in on you? Whenever I ask them about you, they only say they don’t know anything. They are such heartless people. I can’t believe they don’t even care if you’re dead or alive out there.”

Amelia’s eyes reddened. Stumbling into someone familiar caused all the good and bad memories that were buried deep in her to flood into her mind again, replaying the memories as if there was a cinema in her mind.

“Ms. Malone, do my parents still live here?” Amelia asked, changing the subject.

“Oh, yes. The building was demolished a few years ago to build a new one. Initially, your parents wanted to move somewhere else after getting the compensation money. No one knows why, but they returned to this neighborhood and bought a house. Your parents, Spencer, and his wife live there now,” Emery explained.

“Could you bring me to the house?”

“Of course.”

Along the way, Amelia asked Emery about the latter's life and what was her daughter working as.

Emery answered all of Amelia's questions one by one.

Soon, they arrived in the neighborhood. Emery pointed at the building with the label "B" and said, "They live on the tenth floor. I'm sure you have their phone number, right? Just give them a call. No matter how unhappy life was when you were younger, you're all grown up now. Your parents are also slowly getting older. All the grudges will slowly disappear as time passes by. Come back to visit them with your husband whenever you have the time. Your parents are old now. I'm afraid they don't have much time left."

Amelia felt a slight ache in her heart, and she smiled forcefully. "I understand, Ms. Malone."

Emery told her a few more things before leaving.

Amelia then lifted her head to gaze at the towering building, standing still there for quite some time. It was impossible to figure out what was on her mind.

"Amelia, what's wrong?" Oscar asked.

She returned to her senses and shook her head gently. "I was just thinking if my parents used the money I gave them to purchase a house in such a place."

"So what if they used it? So what if they didn't? Amelia, what's the point of being persistent in such things? If you want to see them, then let's go up. After all, my wife isn't that indecisive," Oscar said with a smile, caressing the back of her neck.

Perhaps having Oscar by her side made her heart calm down miraculously.

Her worry about being close to home was caused by a fear of not being able to see her family when she wanted to meet them. Losing contact with them completely was her biggest fear.

Thankfully, they still lived in the area.

Just as Amelia and Oscar were about to head upstairs, Dominic and Melanie walked out of the building. When all four of them met each other's gazes, Amelia saw a look of surprise in the couple's eyes. Fortunately, they did not resent her. Seeing that, Amelia secretly let out a sigh of relief.

Amelia was genuinely afraid that Melanie might chase her away without hesitation.

After recollecting herself, Amelia and Oscar went forward. With a smile, she said, "Mom, Dad. It's been such a long time? Are you both doing well?"

Melanie glanced at her and said awkwardly, "Why are you back? Didn't I tell you we don't have to see each other in the future? Did my words fall on deaf ears?"

Unbothered by her words, Amelia stepped forward and held Melanie's hand, smiling. "Mom, the house was demolished years ago. You guys moved away; yet, you moved back here in the end. Isn't it because you hoped I could still find the way home when I return? I'm sure both of you still view me as your daughter, right?"

Melanie's expression froze as she gazed at Amelia's eyes, which had traces of anticipation. For some reason, the former could not bring herself to utter more hurtful words.

After all, they took care of Amelia for over twenty years. It was impossible for the couple to not have developed feelings for Amelia. Unfortunately, they could not treat her too well after receiving money from the Hutton family. Hence, Melanie and Dominic could only treat her meanly. Deep down, they really wanted to accept her as their daughter.

"Since you're back, you should go in and have a look." Finally, Melanie stopped being stubborn.

"Thanks, Mom."

Soon, Amelia and Oscar followed the elderly couple upstairs.

Spencer and Evelyn were the only ones in the house. When they saw Amelia and Oscar, they quickly got up from the couch.

"Amelia, you're back!" Spencer greeted with a smile. "Come, have a seat. Why didn't you give us a call to tell us you're coming back? Evelyn and I could've prepared your favorite dishes."

As he was talking, Amelia and Oscar stepped into the house. The latter placed the gift he bought on the coffee table and said softly, "These are personally prepared by Amelia for all of you. The supplements are for the elders, the one with the purple packaging is for Spencer, and the makeup kit is for Evelyn. The rest are for the children."

The Winters family glanced at the eight bags on the coffee table. At a glance, they knew the contents inside the bag cost a lot.

Melanie said, "Why did you waste your money on such things? Your dad and I are going to leave this world soon, anyway. Why do we still need to take supplements?" Despite saying that, she still enjoyed receiving those gifts. "Don't buy such expensive stuff in the future. We can't afford to consume them. If you're free, you should come back often to visit us. We're getting old, and many things have changed here. Most of our old neighbors have moved out and even passed away. There aren't many people left whom we can talk to. It'll make things more lively here with both of you around."

Amelia smiled. Melanie's words were indirectly telling the former could come home more often.

"Mom, I'll visit you more often then," Amelia said gently. The fact they could have such a peaceful conversation was something Amelia never expected. It was as if the argument she had with Melanie back when Spencer was admitted into the hospital never happened.

Melanie nodded, saying, "I'll get Evelyn to get some ingredients. Is there anything that Oscar doesn't eat?"

"He doesn't eat vegetables like celery and bitter melon. Actually, why don't I go with Evelyn? It's been so long since I came back and I can barely recognize the roads here. I also want to see how much the farmer's market has changed," Amelia suggested.

"Sure. Then, let's go."

With that, Amelia and Oscar went shopping with Melanie and Evelyn. Along the way, Amelia asked Melanie where everyone had gone, to which the latter answered truthfully.

Apparently, Amelia's siblings had moved to major cities like Saspiuburg and Beshya. They would only return during New Year.

"Young people should go out and gain more experience," Amelia said with a smile. "Mom, what are they working as in Beshya?"

"Your brother's working in an IT company, while your sister's working as a secretary. Their monthly salary is about eight thousand, I think. There's not much left after deducting their rental fees and living expenses," Melanie explained. A monthly salary of eight thousand did not seem too little. However, it was natural to spend a lot in cities that had high costs of living like Beshya and Saspiuburg. Hence, after deducting the cost of one's living expenses and rental fees, they had to be extremely frugal. Otherwise, it would be impossible to have any savings by the end of the month.

"Eight thousand is not a small amount. As long as they work hard, their salary will increase. When that happens, they can buy a house and a car there," Amelia said. "If they need money for down payments, I can help them out."

Melanie shook her head. "It's okay. They're fully capable of taking care of themselves. You don't have to help them. Besides, you were the one who paid for Spencer's medical fees. We didn't take good care of you when you were younger. It'll make us feel bad to receive so much help from you. On top of that, this apartment was bought using both the compensation money and the money given by you. You've given our family enough help."

In terms of finance, Melanie was not as greedy as Tiffany's biological parents. Perhaps, it was the guilt of treating Amelia so coldly in the past that caused Melanie to not dare to ask anything from Amelia.

She believed the heavens were constantly watching every action a person made. Thus, she would be punished for taking too much from her children.

Amelia merely smiled without saying anything.

After getting the ingredients, Melanie personally cooked a wide spread of scrumptious dishes. Both Amelia and Oscar stayed for the meal, chatted with them for a while, and decided to take their leave.

Amelia had been away from home for too long. There was no longer a room she could call her own in the house.

When Melanie walked them out of the house, Amelia pulled out a card from her bag and handed it to the former, saying, "Mom, there isn't much in this, about tens of thousands, I think. Use it to get good food for Dad and Spencer. Spencer's health isn't as great after the surgery. Everything he food costs a lot of money."

After hesitating for a moment, Melanie finally accepted the card.

Amelia gave her a hug and said softly, "Mom, no matter what happened in the past, you're still my mom. This is something that will never change. So, please don't reject my kind intentions as a daughter."

Melanie's eyes had turned slightly red.

She then watched Amelia and Oscar leave before letting out a faint sigh. There was a heavy feeling in her heart, and Amelia's words still rang in her ears.

"Come on. Let's go home," Dominic prompted.

Melanie nodded. However, she still constantly turned around to see if Amelia would still appear, only to be disappointed by it. Amelia never turned back.

"It looks like we've wronged Amelia. This child is kinder than we think. I can't believe she repaid our ill-treatment with kindness. I really don't have the guts to face her anymore," Melanie said.

Dominic's expression was grim, but he kept silent.

Hand in hand, the couple entered the apartment. As they waited for the elevator door to open, Dominic suddenly uttered, "We've still got pickled fish at home. Amelia loved eating it when she was younger. We should've given her some before she left."

Melanie lifted her head and glanced at him while suggesting, "Why don't I give her a call to ask where is she living now? Then, we can send it over to her."

Dominic nodded.

Their eyes met, and they understood what was on each other's minds.

After arriving home, Melanie gave Amelia a call to ask for the latter's whereabouts.

At first, Amelia was shocked to hear that question. Nonetheless, she still told Melanie the name of the hotel she was temporarily staying in.

"Okay. Your dad and I will send you some food in the afternoon. We made it by ourselves. I'm sure you'll like it."

"Okay."

When the call ended, Oscar asked, "What is it?"

"Mom says she and dad want to send us some food, and she told us to wait for them in the hotel."

Oscar stroked her hair and smiled. "I think your mom wants to mend things between you and the family. You've always been upset with the Winters family's cold treatment on you. Now that she wants to mend things, you must be feeling happy, right?"

There was an indescribable feeling in Amelia's heart, and she did not know how to explain it.

During the afternoon, Melanie and Dominic went over to the hotel, bringing many things along with them. Dominic even had a sack with him.

Amelia's lips twitched, asking, "Dad, what's this?"

"These are the honeydew your dad and I picked. We planted them, so there's no pesticide used. They are super sweet. Though you two are rich, the melons you eat have tons of chemicals in them. Therefore, your dad and I have decided to bring you two some fresh fruits," Melanie said non-stop.

A warm feeling filled Amelia's heart. It was her first time witnessing Melanie showing her care.

It was a strange feeling; yet, one she had been longing for.

One by one, Melanie took out all the things she brought, which were all edibles, such as watermelon, honeydew, pickled fish, jerky, and all kinds of local delicacies.

“Amelia, I know you and Oscar are used to eating good food. These fruits we brought might not suit your tastes, but it’s just a kind gesture from us. Please don’t refuse them,” Melanie said shyly, looking at the things she brought.

Amelia smiled. “Why would I? They’re amazing! I was just talking to Oscar two days ago about where to find fruits that have no pesticides. Who would’ve known that you’d bring some over? It’s as if our thoughts are linked.”

Melanie blushed.

“Oh, what do you mean by our thoughts are linked? Is that how you use such romantic words? You silly girl. Anyway, I’m glad you like it. Well, we’ll get going now. When are you two returning to Tayhaven? We’ll come and send you off.” After beating around the bush for a while, she finally revealed her intentions of coming.

“Our flight is at eleven o’clock in the morning. We’ve got some work to do, and I can’t leave Tony alone for too long.”

Melanie nodded and pursed her lips, looking rather awkward as she said, “I have to admit that I treated Tony harshly when Spencer was admitted to the hospital. That boy must be disappointed with me. Could you please apologize on my behalf? I was just too anxious about Spencer’s condition. I didn’t mean to treat Tony like that.”

“It’s fine, Mom. Tony is a happy kid. He won’t blame you for doing that,” Amelia assured.

“That’s great then.”

Amelia hesitated for a moment, but she still said, “Mom, I’ve reunited with my biological mother. So, you don’t have to worry about Mr. Hutton harming you.”

Melanie’s fingers tensed, and she forced a smile. “That’s good. Back then, Dominic and I did not want you to meet your biological parents because of Spencer. Then again, it’s not something that can be avoided when you’re related by blood. It’s great that you’ve reunited with them. At least I won’t feel guilty about your mother.”

Amelia said, “Mom, I’ve never blamed you and Dad for that.”

Melanie looked at her deeply.

After chatting with the elderly couple, Amelia sent them off.

The next day, all four of them went to the airport. Even Crosby and his wife were there. At the same time, Crosby was holding a little girl’s hand, who looked as delicate as a barbie doll.

Amelia fell in love with her at first glance.

Squatting down to stare at the little girl, Amelia greeted, "Hello, little princess. I'm Amelia. You're as pretty as a barbie doll, and you look just like your mommy."

The little girl was not timid. She gazed at Amelia with her shiny eyes, responding, "I know you. Mommy told me before that you're the second prettiest woman next to her gorgeous looks. But I have a secret to tell you. I think you're prettier than Mommy."

Though she said it was a secret, her sweet voice was so clear that everyone at the scene heard her.

Soleil tapped the back of the girl's head, saying, "What did you just say? How dare you call me ugly? Looks like you need some beating."

The girl scratched her cheek and challenged Soleil's words mischievously. "Mommy, Ms. Amelia is really prettier than you. Though you're the prettiest to Daddy, I still think Ms. Amelia looks the prettiest."

"You rascal." Soleil raised her arm as if she was going to hit the girl, but the latter hurriedly hid behind Amelia.

Amelia could not help but smile when she saw the interaction between the two of them. It made her think of Tony, who was as smart as the little girl.

Amelia said, "If it's possible, you can come over to Tayhaven with your parents. I have a son too, and he's good-looking, just like you. I think you two will become good friends."

The little girl's eyes twinkled. "Really?"

Amelia nodded, saying, "He's younger than you, but he's really smart. I think you two will get along really well."

"Okay. I'll definitely get Mommy and Daddy to bring me over. I want to see him. Ms. Amelia, let's make a pinky promise. If you lie to me, then you're an ugly doggy."

Hence, both of them made a pinky promise.

After making her promise to the little girl, Amelia bid her farewells to every member of the Winters family who came to send her off. She then told Spencer to take good care of Melanie and Dominic and to call her if there was anything he needed. After all, they were a family.

With that, Amelia and Oscar passed through the security check and boarded the plane. The Winters family watched the plane fly off before going home in their car.

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Chapter 693 Go Fishing Together

Fiddling with her fingers, Kate gave Tiffany a contemptuous look. “Tiffany, all this while, I have resented your family background. If you weren’t Oscar’s god-sister, I would never have agreed to you marrying into this family. Instead of making your in-laws proud like the other daughters-in-law of prominent families, you end up causing plenty of trouble for us. Do you think that Derrick isn’t busy enough? And that you must make his life more difficult than it already is?”

Speechless, Tiffany had nothing to defend herself with.

Since Kate had decided that she was guilty, whatever she said would be useless. In fact, she might end up infuriating the former further.

Kate picked up the ashtray on the table and flung it at Tiffany. With a loud bang, the tray hit the latter’s body and covered her in ash before dropping to the ground.

“Are you mute? Why don’t you say something? Are you trying to challenge me, your mother-in-law?” Kate taunted with a glare.

After squirming her lips, a wry smile emerged on Tiffany’s face.

Raising her head, she answered in defiance, “Mom, I paid off the gambling debt with my own money and didn’t trouble Derrick at all. I’m sure I have not crossed the line by helping my own family that way.”

Given how Kate was becoming increasingly intimidating, Tiffany felt that she needed to stand up for herself. Otherwise, she would end up suffering under the former’s thumb.

“Since you’re now married to Derrick, your assets are his assets too. Therefore, how can you squirrel away money to save that disgraceful family of yours?” Kate mocked Tiffany with a curl of her lips.

Infuriated by the slight, Tiffany took a deep breath. “Mom, can you watch what you say?”

Kate retorted, “Did I say anything wrong? Isn’t your family a bunch of beggars waiting for handouts?”

Tiffany gritted her teeth and sneered, “Mom, isn’t it unbecoming of you, a lady of a prominent family, to be calling others names?”

Just because I don’t bare my fangs, she thinks that I’m a pushover.

As her expression drastically changed, Kate rolled her eyes at Tiffany. "It hasn't been that long ago since you got married, and your family has already caused so many problems by treating the Hissons as a charity organization. Derrick has spent three million alone just to bail them out. Our family might not need the money, but it doesn't mean that you can take advantage of us, for the Hissons are no fools at all."

Tiffany took another deep breath. At the end of the day, the fault lay with her family still. Furthermore, Derrick had to take a lot of time off work just to help her clean up the mess.

"Mom, I'll pay back my brother's gambling debt to Derrick. Also, I've used my own money this time. Since you don't like me using the family's money, I'll definitely not touch any of Derrick's. Even though I'm not as rich as the Hissons, my pay still allows me to fork out three to four million," Tiffany compromised.

"After this, I'm sure you're going to play the victim in front of Derrick, accusing me of making your life difficult again. Isn't that right?" Kate scoffed.

Due to the extreme proportions that Kate's bullying had reached, Tiffany's head throbbed in anger. Having to defend herself from Kate's attacks every day, she no longer had time to write.

"Mom, what is it that you want?"

Before Kate could say reply, Terrence came down the stairs and cleared his throat on purpose.

Tiffany hurried over and helped him to the couch. She then asked, "Granddad, do you want anything to drink?"

"Just make me a cup of coffee. I have a craving for it."

Tiffany nodded. "Granddad, please wait a moment. I'll prepare it for you right away."

After Tiffany left for the kitchen, Terrence shot Kate a glance, as if to let her know that he had seen through her.

"Are you bullying Tiffany again?" Terrence asked.

Kate replied with a smile, "Dad, of course not. I'm just educating her on how to be a good daughter-in-law in a prominent family. Since no one wants to see her disgrace Derrick, I'm doing this for her own good."

Terrence nodded.

After giving the matter some thought, he reminded her, "It's fine if you want to guide her but don't overdo it. If she ends up leaving, you'll just make Derrick harbor resentment for you."

Lowering her gaze to hide the raging emotion inside, Kate acknowledged, "I understand, Dad."

Emerging from the kitchen with a pot of coffee, Tiffany poured a cup before serving it to Terrence. "Granddad, your coffee."

Upon receiving it and giving it a sip, Terrence's eyes lit up. "This coffee is really good. It was bitter at first, but once you swallow it, you can taste its faint fragrance. Given how good this tastes, it's clear that you have learned the art of brewing before. Tiffany, from whom did you learn it?"

"Previously, Amelia and I took lessons from a professional. She did so because Mrs. Clinton loved to drink coffee, while I went along just to accompany her. However, after a few classes, I took a greater interest and learned the art of brewing from our teacher. Little did I expect to use my skills here today," Tiffany explained respectfully.

Terrence gave Tiffany a look of admiration as it was rare to find someone who was really good at brewing coffee.

After taking a sip, he asked, "Do you know how to play chess?"

"I played with Amelia when we were bored, but I'm certainly no match for your skills," Tiffany replied politely.

Terrence's eyes brimmed with excitement. "Shall we play?"

"If you don't mind my mediocre skills, I would be happy to do so. Nonetheless, do show me mercy during the game," Tiffany agreed with a grin.

After ordering the chess board to be brought over, Terrence started playing with Tiffany.

Initially, he just wanted to while away the time, but halfway through the game, he began to grow serious and gave Tiffany a thoughtful glance. "You're really good. In fact, you might have surpassed me anytime now."

"You flatter me, Granddad. I'm sure you're just holding back so that I won't be humiliated."

Smiling faintly, Terrence didn't comment and grew more focused on his game.

After five games, Tiffany won two, while Terrence won the other three. Stroking his chin as if he had a beard, Terrence remarked, "It's no mean feat for you to defeat me twice."

There's nothing more I can teach you. In fact, your skills will surpass mine with just a little more practice."

"Grandad, you're overestimating me. If it wasn't because you let me win, I would have been thrashed within five minutes with my lousy skills, let alone winning two games." Tiffany showered Terrence with so many compliments that he felt as if he was on cloud nine.

Terrence laughed in response. "I like how steady you are. Now that you're a member of the Hissons, you can dispense with the formalities. When you're free, you should come fishing with me. How about that?"

Tiffany's lips twitched at the thought of a fashionable thirty-year-old like her going fishing. The image conjured up in her mind was so perfect that she didn't dare believe it.

"What's wrong? Do you not like fishing?" Terrence asked.

Tiffany regained her senses and replied, "It's not that. Since I have never fished before, I'm worried that I would just bring you bad luck."

"You won't. Just come with me to meet a few old men. I want to introduce you to them," Terrence replied with a smile.

While both of them were chatting jovially, Kate felt as if she had been left out.

Rolling her eyes at Tiffany, she decided to put Tiffany out of her sight and naturally out of her mind. "Dad, I'm going out for coffee with my friends."

After Kate was gone, Tiffany smiled awkwardly at Terrence.

"Granddad, if there's nothing else, I'll head up first, for I have a few more chapters left to finish on an urgent script for the director."

"Go on then." Terrence didn't get in her way.

As Tiffany ascended the stairs, Terrence sat on the couch and thoughtfully watched her silhouette disappear into the bedroom.

Cracking a smile, Terrence remarked, "I didn't expect her to be so interesting and sociable. I assumed she would be someone rigid after being holed up at home writing scripts all day. Not only does she know how to make coffee but plays chess too. It looks like Derrick has found himself a gem of a woman."

Sipping his coffee, Terrence looked at the finished game on the chess board before rearranging the pieces and playing against himself.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 694

Chapter 694 How Is Stephanie Doing

Upon returning to her bedroom, Tiffany turned on her computer to start writing. However, her mind was in such a mess that all she drew was a blank. Feeling like going out alone instead, she turned off her computer and got herself changed.

After informing Terrence that she was heading out to meet her friends, she drove aimlessly around until she parked her car in the city center. Just when she was about to enter the mall, she spotted Isabella following closely behind Oscar. Unsure if the former was telling him a joke, Tiffany was shocked to see Oscar flash a rare smile at her.

Subsequently, Tiffany followed them without hesitation after being briefly frozen at her feet.

As she carefully stayed on their tail, she saw Isabella hold Oscar's arm when they were about to cross the street, refusing to let go afterward.

With fire spitting out of her eyes, Tiffany felt the urge to beat both of them up, for she couldn't fathom how Oscar could behave that way given how much he hated Isabella.

If memory serves me right, Isabella is now Oscar's god-sister. It's suggestive enough for them to be referring to each other as god siblings, but since when did both of them become so close?

Gritting her teeth, Tiffany swore that she would castrate Oscar if he were to betray Amelia. When a man is rendered impotent, he will not be able to have any more affairs.

Once the light turned green, Oscar and Isabella continued walking. However, Oscar had discreetly put some distance between himself and Isabella, causing Tiffany's anger to dissipate a little.

Finally, she saw both of them stop in front of a café. After Oscar said something inaudible to Isabella, the latter gave him a reluctant look before turning around to leave.

While Tiffany was still trying to figure out what was going on, Oscar turned toward her before she could quietly slip away. "Tiffany, how long are you planning on following me?"

Having been caught red-handed, Tiffany smiled wryly before approaching him.

"Mr. Clinton, what a coincidence to run into you here," Tiffany greeted him.

“Didn’t you follow me all the way here from the city center?” Oscar gave her a look while trying to hold back a smile.

“You knew?”

“Don’t forget that I have bodyguards everywhere. I’ll definitely know if someone is following me within a few hundred meters.”

Fine. I know you’re someone rich and powerful. There’s no way an ordinary girl like me can compare.

Oscar added, “If there’s nothing else, I’m going back to work.”

Acting upon impulse, Tiffany blocked his path and interrogated him, “What’s going on between Isabella and you? If you dare betray Amelia, I’ll make sure she disappears for a second time. In fact, you’ll never find her again. I can guarantee you that.”

With a glint in his eye, Oscar looked intently at Tiffany and threw the question back at her, “What do you think is going on between us?”

“Why would I ask you if I knew? I’m sure your taste is much better than that, but I just saw you bantering with her. Mr. Clinton, let me warn you, if you dare to two-time Amelia, I’ll definitely castrate you on her behalf,” Tiffany threatened with a fearless look in her eye.

“Tiffany, you’re a married woman now and not some hot-blooded eighteen-year-old. You had better tone down that stupidity of yours.” Oscar sneered, “Otherwise, I will think that novel writers are really dumb.”

Tiffany’s lips couldn’t help but twitch. What a vicious tongue he has. I’m afraid only Amelia is capable of taming him.

“Mr. Clinton, I have taken pictures of you walking side by side with Isabella. Just from your silhouette, both of you look like a couple. I might consider not telling Amelia about this if you say something nice to me,” Tiffany suggested mischievously as she waved her phone.

“Suit yourself.” Oscar was unfazed and looked as if he was about to leave.

Growing desperate, Tiffany added, “Oscar, aren’t you worried that Amelia might misunderstand? At the very least, you can make me feel better by showing that you are fearful.”

“Stop being childish.”

Fine. You win. Ordinary folk like me are no match for his tenacity.

After putting away her phone, Tiffany suggested calmly, "Oscar, I think we need to talk."

He threw her a glance and responded, "You have ten minutes."

"Hey, Oscar, you were never this cold to me in front of Amelia."

"You still have nine minutes."

Flashing him two thumbs-up, Tiffany compromised. "All right, all right. Nine minutes it is. Tell me what's going on between you and Isabella? Why are both of you walking together?"

"I have nothing to tell you, but there's definitely nothing going on between us," Oscar answered with his brows furrowed.

Tiffany tilted her head at him. "Oscar, did something unspeakable happen between you and Isabella?"

Oscar's lips twitched. "Stop letting your imagination run wild. There's nothing going on between us at all."

Before Tiffany could say more, a gentle voice rang out.

"Oscar."

After turning to see who it was, Tiffany gave Oscar a cheeky look as if to say "speak of the devil."

Pretending not to see Tiffany's teasing look, Oscar frowned slightly at Isabella who had unexpectedly returned.

"Didn't I tell you to go back to the office to prepare the documents needed for the afternoon meeting?" Oscar asked.

"I got my assistant to do it. I came back because I was worried about you," Isabella remarked on purpose after sneaking a glance at Tiffany.

Oscar insisted, "Go back to work."

Isabella nodded with a smile. "Oscar, let's head back to the office together then."

With her arms folded across her chest, Tiffany discreetly stepped in front of Oscar and threw Isabella a look of indiscernible scorn. "Oh, isn't this Ms. Walker, the goddaughter of Mrs. Clinton? What's wrong with you? Are you still reluctant to forget Mr. Clinton?"

Glancing at Tiffany, Isabella let out a hypocritical smile. "Oh, it's you, Ms. Winters. No, I should say, Mrs. Hisson. Aren't you supposed to be on your honeymoon? Why are you here?"

Tiffany's lips pouted before she retorted, "My honeymoon has nothing to do with you. As for your clinging onto a married man, it's just despicable. If you still have any dignity left in you, you had better stay away from Oscar instead of sticking annoyingly to him all the time."

Isabella gave Tiffany a look of disdain. "Mrs. Hisson, why are you still being a lackey for Amelia? After getting married, shouldn't your husband come first? I truly pity you."

Letting out a snort, Tiffany turned toward Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, someone has just ridiculed your wife."

With a grim expression, Oscar swept his gaze at Isabella, whose heart skipped a beat.

She had forgotten about Oscar's presence when her toes were being stepped on by Tiffany.

"Oscar, that's not what I meant. I-"

"Go back to work."

Giving her lip a defiant bite, Isabella had no choice but to leave.

Tiffany shrugged her shoulders. "Mr. Clinton, I'll be taking my leave now. However, I would like to remind you before I go that the line between god siblings is a thin one. Hence, you had better watch yourself."

"Aren't you my god-sister?"

Stumped, Tiffany realized she had forgotten about that.

"You had better not spew nonsense in front of Amelia and cause her to worry unnecessarily."

"I know. Don't assume that I'm as foolish as you are." Tiffany was cognizant that she had gone overboard with her joke. "I'm sorry about this. You should go back to work, while I'm going to take a walk."

As he stared at Tiffany's leaving silhouette, an indiscernible expression descended upon Oscar's face.

Once he returned to his office, Isabella was already waiting there with a stack of documents in her hand. "Oscar, you're back. I have some documents for you to sign."

“Come in,” Oscar replied as he led her into his office.

Isabella carried the documents in and placed them on the desk. “Oscar, these are the partnership agreements with Sky Group and a few other companies for your approval. Please sign them once you’ve gone through them.”

Upon receiving the agreements, Oscar skimmed through the documents swiftly before signing his name. Subsequently, they were handed back to Isabella. “You can go now.”

Picking up the documents, Isabella hesitated briefly as she looked at Oscar. “Oscar, I’m meeting Aunt Olivia for lunch. Why don’t you join us? Since we can’t become lovers, it’s normal for god siblings to share a meal together. I’m sure this isn’t too much to ask.”

Oscar raised his head and gave her a thoughtful look. “Stop wasting time with me. There’s no way you can afford to wait this out. My mom is the only reason I’m being cordial with you, so don’t you dare take advantage of the situation. If I find out that you have harmed a hair on Amelia’s head I will fire you from Clinton Corporations immediately.”

Isabella’s teeth clenched, while her grip on the documents tightened.

After drawing upon her overwhelming willpower to calm herself down, she replied with a smile. “Oscar, don’t worry. I don’t deny your attractiveness, but I too have my dignity to uphold and will not stoop so low as to break up someone else’s marriage. I felt that I stood a chance before you reconciled with Amelia, but now... I have given up hopes on that. I just feel that there’s nothing wrong with going out for a meal since we’re both colleagues and god siblings, isn’t that the case?”

Oscar recovered his gaze and responded coldly, “You and Mom should just go ahead. You can send me the bill after that.”

Biting her lip, Isabella forced a smile. “Fine. I’m not going to force you. Aunt Olivia and I will be having a feast. If you want, I’ll pack a portion for you, but I can see that you’re not interested at all.”

Oscar continued to bury his head in work.

After leaving Oscar’s office, Isabella slipped into a quiet stairwell where her eyes flashed with irrepressible rage and indignance.

“Oscar, my perseverance will definitely pay off. One of these days, you will still be mine,” Isabella vowed through her gritted teeth.

After venting her frustration, Isabella tidied her hair even though it wasn’t messy at all. She then strutted out in a dignified manner and returned to her office.

In the afternoon, she and Olivia met for lunch in a nearby restaurant.

“Aunt Olivia, excuse me for being late, I was just caught up with work. Have you waited for long?” Isabella asked.

Standing up to wave at her, Olivia smiled warmly. “Come and have a seat. I just arrived too.”

Once Isabella settled down, she summoned the waiter and ordered Olivia’s favorite dishes.

“Isabella, don’t just order what I like, you should order what you enjoy too,” Olivia suggested.

Isabella instructed the waiter. “We’ll have these. Please be quick about it.”

“All right, please wait a moment.”

When the waiter left, Isabella turned to Olivia and beamed. “Aunt Olivia, I like everything that you do. Both of us have the same taste.”

“You’re such a darling to me.”

A smile broke across Isabella’s face as she poured Olivia a cup of coffee. “Aunt Olivia, I’m surprised that you asked me out for lunch today.”

After taking a sip of her coffee, Olivia explained, “It’s been a long time since I saw you, so I decided to invite you out. Why? Am I not welcome?”

“Of course not. I was waiting with anticipation to see you.”

Once the dishes were brought to the table, Isabella served Olivia the food. “Aunt Olivia, this is your favorite dish. Why don’t you give it a try and see if it’s up to your taste.”

After taking a bite out of courtesy, she casually asked, “Isabella, has Stephanie been lazy ever since she got married?”

Isabella’s hand froze while holding her fork as images of Stephanie shopping for branded bags without anything else to do emerged in her head, causing a wicked glint to flash in her eyes.

Hiding the devious look in her eye, Isabella replied with a smile, “She’s doing well and getting along fine with my parents. My whole family likes her a lot.”

Hearing that, Olivia’s mind was put at ease.

“If she’s being too difficult given how we spoil her at home, there’s no need to put up with it,” Olivia suggested.

Isabella grinned as she served Olivia again. “Stephanie is a wonderful person. She’s filial, generous, and cheers up the elders at home. Hence, my parents love her. As for the both of us, we’re like sisters who keep no secrets since I have known her before she got married.”

Olivia beamed. “That’s a relief. I was worried that she would get on your parents’ nerves instead.”

“Not at all. She’s sensible in what she does.”

Using Stephanie as an icebreaker, both of them chatted jovially with each other.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 695

Chapter 695 My First Compliment From You

After lunch, both of them walked out of the restaurant side by side. Olivia asked, “Isabella, is everything fine between Oscar and you?”

“Now that Oscar is married, he tries to avoid any misunderstanding. Even though I’m his god-sister, it’s unavoidable for him to treat me indifferently due to the fact that we’re not related by blood,” Isabella commented in a nonchalant tone while giving her shoulders a shrug.

After pondering a moment, Olivia suggested, “Come, I’ll go with you to the office and talk to Oscar about it.”

“Aunt Olivia, there’s no need for that. Since we’re both working in the same place and I had feelings for him before, it’s normal for him to keep his distance.”

“In that case, do you still like him?”

Isabella was briefly stunned before breaking out a wry smile. “It’s not easy to let go once you love someone. Nevertheless, I’ve decided to go on blind dates. There’s this guy who’s the eldest son of the Windsor family and has just returned from overseas. My mom says that he’s someone successful and has a good sense of humor. Since he’s educated overseas, his background would be similar to mine. Therefore, I think we would make a good match.”

Olivia tilted her head at Isabella and smiled. “It’s good that you have chosen that path. Just a few days ago, I mentioned you to a few friends of mine from prominent families,

asking them to introduce some eligible bachelors. They did bring up a few and even showed me pictures. However, I was worried that you wouldn't be open to it, so I didn't tell you. Now that you are, you should take a look. If you see anyone that catches your eye, I'll make the arrangements for you to meet them."

Suddenly, an evil glint flashed in Isabella's eye, as she watched the ongoing traffic in front of her. A devious thought had entered her mind. She was wondering how wonderful it would be if she could push the hypocritical old hag beside her toward the road so that the latter would disappear from the world. If it wasn't because of Olivia's unrealistic promises, she wouldn't have been entrapped by her feelings for Oscar.

"Isabella, what's wrong? The light has turned green." Olivia's voice brought her back to reality.

Regaining her senses, she gave Olivia an apologetic look. "Aunt Olivia, excuse me for being distracted."

Olivia replied, "Let's go. Next time, you have to be more mindful when crossing the road. Or else, you might be hit by a car."

"I understand," Isabella acknowledged the advice.

When they returned to Clinton Corporations, Isabella remarked, "Aunt Olivia, I'll be going back to my office and won't be going up with you."

Olivia nodded in response.

As Isabella took the elevator up, Olivia took a separate one that was reserved for members of the Clinton family to the top floor.

"Welcome, Mrs. Clinton," the secretary greeted Olivia upon arrival.

"Is Oscar in his office?" Olivia asked.

"Mr. Clinton is chairing a meeting and might need half an hour more. Why don't you wait inside?" Linda invited Olivia into the office and brought her a cup of coffee to make her feel welcome.

"You must be Linda," Olivia said.

"I am. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Has Oscar had lunch yet?"

"Not yet." Linda added, "However, he has ordered food from a celebrity chef restaurant. It should be arriving in five minutes."

Olivia nodded. "Remember to heat it up for him. Don't let him have cold food."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton," Linda reassured her. "I'll be going back to work now."

Olivia nodded.

After waiting for half an hour, Oscar returned to the office. Linda subsequently brought an exquisite-looking box and put it on the table.

"Mr. Clinton, I have heated up your food for you. Please enjoy it while it's hot. Anyway, I'll head back out now." Linda left the room after that.

As Oscar loosened his tie, an exhausted expression descended upon his face. He asked in a raspy voice, "Mom, what brings you here?"

Olivia pointed at the box. "You should eat first. There's something I want to talk to you about."

Oscar went ahead as he was indeed famished.

After wolfing down his food, he wiped his mouth with a napkin. "Mom, what is it that you want to see me for?"

"The following day is the Walkers' thirtieth wedding anniversary. Since we are their in-laws, Amelia and you will need to show up bearing gifts," Olivia informed Oscar.

Oscar replied, "Mom, you could have told me this on the phone."

"I was having lunch with Isabella nearby and came over since I haven't seen you in a while. If you're free during the weekend, the three of you should come home and stay over. Ever since your sister got married, she seldom returned home. Hence, your dad and I are pretty bored most of the time." Olivia finally revealed the objective of her visit.

"Mom, I'll bring Amelia and Tony back once I'm no longer busy."

After pondering for a moment, Olivia added, "Now that you and Amelia have reconciled, I don't want to be the unreasonable mother-in-law anymore. Since the anger I felt for her has been negated by Tony, you should get her to visit me more often. After all, I don't want us to become enemies."

Oscar cracked a smile. "Mom, Amelia would be delighted to hear you say that, for she has always felt bad about disappearing with Tony. Even though you have forgiven her, she's afraid to approach you, as she's worried that you still resent her. Bringing this up is a sign that you have let go of the past. Consequently, she will no longer need to feel guilty for disappointing you."

“The moment I talk about her, your face will light up with joy. How come? Are you worried that I’ll get rid of her and then find another woman for you?”

Oscar chuckled without rebutting.

“Oscar, I’m not someone that can’t tell right from wrong. Since both of you have remarried, there’s no way I’m going to replace Tony’s mother. He is everything to me now, and the last person I would ever hurt,” Olivia explained.

Glancing at Olivia, Oscar realized that he didn’t understand his mother as much as he thought.

Even though she had grown up in a wealthy family and never tolerated dissent, she was still willing to accept a daughter-in-law she disapproved of for the sake of her children and grandchildren.

Getting to her feet, she remarked, “I’m taking my leave now. Don’t forget about the Walkers’ wedding anniversary.”

After Oscar walked her to the door, Olivia turned around and said, “Oscar, please treat Isabella better and stop being snarky to her. Don’t forget that your sister is married to Noah, and Isabella is also her sister-in-law. I’m worried that she might take it out on Stephanie.”

Oscar’s lips were pursed in silence.

“Please do it for my sake,” Olivia pleaded, which was a rare sight.

Oscar had no choice but to nod.

It was only then that Olivia left in satisfaction, while Oscar threw himself back into work.

At five in the afternoon, Amelia strutted into Clinton Corporations in her heels and took the private elevator up to the top floor. The moment she came out, a secretary welcomed her, “Mrs. Clinton.”

“Is Oscar around?”

“He’s still in a meeting. Why don’t you wait in his office? I’ll make a cup of coffee for you,” the secretary answered respectfully.

Amelia shook her head. “There’s no such need. I’ll wait outside the meeting room. Since I’ve not seen him chairing a meeting before, it would be interesting to take a look.”

“Mrs. Clinton, do you need me to guide you?”

“I’ll be fine.”

As Amelia was familiar with the way, she quickly arrived at the conference room and peeked through the glass door. Coincidentally, she saw Isabella explaining the contents of her presentation in a professional manner, while Oscar was sitting in the center, listening intently.

At that moment, Amelia couldn’t help but see Isabella as a growing threat. Despite being aware of how ridiculous such emotions were, she couldn’t deny how Isabella and Oscar looked like the perfect power couple together.

Even though she trusted her husband fully, she was unsettled by the fact that there was a woman who desperately coveted him by his side. To sit idly by and do nothing would only mean that she either didn’t love Oscar enough or was too confident in herself.

Unfortunately, neither applied to her.

Given Isabella’s proximity to Oscar, Amelia couldn’t help but be concerned. Nonetheless, she knew she had to keep her personal feelings out of work, as there was no way she could get Oscar to fire Isabella based on a whim of hers.

After observing the presentation for a while, Amelia saw Isabella finish up and walked up to Oscar with documents in hand. She then said something to the latter with a smile, to which the latter nodded.

Squirming her lips, Amelia turned around and left.

Inside the conference room, Oscar was fiddling with his gold pen. “Does anyone have anything to add? If there isn’t, we’ll go along with Ms. Walker’s proposal. That’s all for today.”

In the blink of an eye, everyone packed up and left, leaving Oscar and Isabella inside.

“Oscar, do let me know if you think there are any problems with the proposal. I will go back and change it, as I want it to be perfect,” Isabella suggested.

“I think it is very good. Hence, there’s no need to make amendments. Your recent performance has improved significantly, and you’re finally doing justice to your position as director,” Oscar praised her, which was a rare event.

Isabella’s eyes glistened, while the smile on her face broadened.

“Oscar, this is the first time you have complimented me.”

“As your boss, I keep my personal feelings out of work. If you do well, you deserve to be praised. Anyway, I’m going off.” As Oscar left the room ahead of her, Isabella followed behind him, staring admiringly at his leaving silhouette.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 696

Chapter 696 A Sense Of Danger

“Oscar, your meeting is finally over,” Amelia commented with a warm smile as she shifted her attention toward Oscar from the secretary she was talking to a moment ago.

At the sight of Amelia, Oscar’s stony expression immediately gave way to a huge grin as he picked up his pace and made his way to her.

“What time did you arrive? It’s not six o’clock yet,” Oscar asked.

“Shane and I met up with an important client to discuss some details of the contract. After the meeting ended, he let me have the day off. I have nothing else to do, so I decided to come here and see you. This way, we can go home together once you get off work.” Amelia adjusted Oscar’s tie and brushed his suit with a smile. “You look incredibly handsome today. If you take any more of my breath away, I might faint on the spot. My hubby is so exceptional. I’m so proud of you.”

Amelia’s compliments made Oscar’s heart flutter. Beaming, he kept his eyes on Amelia, ignoring any other women around him. Naturally, he missed the resentment that filled Isabella’s gaze as the latter stared at them.

Caressing Amelia’s cheek adoringly, Oscar replied, “There are still some documents that I have to go through. You can go hang out and play some video games in my office first. We’ll go home together once I’m done.”

Amelia nodded.

“Hi, Amelia,” greeted Isabella as she stepped forward.

Turning her head toward the voice, Amelia noticed Isabella, causing her smile to falter slightly. “Oh, Ms. Walker. Nice to meet you,” Amelia responded politely.

“Please, call me Isabella. Since Aunt Olivia has taken me as a goddaughter, Oscar and I are practically siblings. That makes you my sister-in-law, so there is no need for such formalities.” Isabella flashed Amelia a huge grin, so natural that it almost seemed genuine.

Amelia merely smiled subtly in response without saying a word.

Isabella hugged her files closer to her chest. Her knuckles paled slightly at the force she was gripping her files with. "I'll head downstairs first and stop bothering you two being all lovey-dovey. Don't wanna be the third wheel."

Amelia shot a discreet glance at Isabella. "You're too kind, Ms. Walker," she said in a polite tone.

Tossing a final glance at Amelia, Isabella left to wait for the elevator.

"Let's go into my office," suggested Oscar as he wrapped his arms around Amelia's waist.

"You go ahead. I wanna walk around the building." Completely disregarding the people around them, Amelia raised her heels and bit Oscar's chin lightly with a smile.

"In that case, be careful. I'll let you know once I'm done so we can leave together. I've asked Molly to prepare your favorite roast duck. She's been preparing the dish for you since hours ago. Can't wait to taste it together with you once we return."

Amelia swallowed mischievously and teased, "Look at what you've done, Oscar. Now I'm hungry."

Oscar patted her head dotingly in response.

"Hurry up and finish up your work!" urged Amelia. "I can't wait to go back and eat the roast duck!"

Hearing that, Oscar retreated to his office.

"Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Clinton sure is kind to you. I've never seen Mr. Clinton treat another woman so nicely before," one of the secretaries commented in awe.

Amelia flashed a warm smile in response. "The belles in this company are as many as the stars above. It's only natural for men to have a change of heart. Even though Mr. Clinton looks strict and unapproachable, I think I'm right to assume that many women want to be with him. If he truly wants to flirt around with other women, there is nothing I can do about it."

The secretary peered around at her colleagues. Upon making sure that everyone had their nose buried in their work, she leaned closer toward Amelia and revealed boldly, "It is true that a lot of people are crushing on Mr. Clinton, but the only one daring enough to chase after him is Ms. Walker. Before you return, everyone thought that she would be his wife someday, but that speculation vanished the moment you came back. Ever since you came back, everyone realized that it has always been unrequited love. Because of that, Ms. Walker was humiliated. If it weren't for old Mrs. Clinton, the entire fiasco with

Ms. Walker might not have resolved so quickly. However, I think Ms. Walker is still not planning to give up on Mr. Clinton. You would need to be wary of her, Mrs. Clinton.”

“Thanks for the warning.” Amelia nodded before craning her neck to look around. When she could not find Linda, she frowned. “Isn’t Linda one of the most valuable secretary to Mr. Clinton? Why isn’t she here?”

“Haven’t you heard? Linda allowed Ms. Walker into Mr. Clinton’s office without permission so Mr. Clinton fired her after his warnings were ignored. Now, everyone in the company knows that Mr. Clinton’s office is a forbidden space unless he allows you to enter,” answered the secretary.

Amelia nodded before smiling at the secretary again. “Alright, I won’t keep you from doing your job any longer. Don’t want Mr. Clinton to accuse you of forsaking work for gossip.”

“Sure, Mrs. Clinton.”

With that, Amelia headed for the elevator and pressed the “down” button. When the elevator arrived, she pressed the floor number Isabella’s office was located. As she stepped out of the elevator, the employees immediately stood up and greeted her.

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Clinton.”

“Continue with your work, everyone! Don’t mind me! I’m just walking around out of boredom. I hope I’m not getting in your way.” Amelia waved.

“Of course not, Mrs. Clinton.”

Amelia greeted the employees in a friendly and outgoing manner as she continued to walk deeper into the floor. As she was walking, she bumped into Isabella hurling the folder in her hand at a young woman. From the looks of it, the young woman was a new intern in the company.

Before Amelia could step closer, Isabella’s harsh tone could be heard from miles away.

“Are you an idiot? Printing is such an easy task, yet you somehow manage to mess it up. You said you were from a top university? Even vendors from the market have greater talents than you do! We hire you to help, not for you to cause us more trouble by being so clumsy! With how stupid you are, I sometimes wonder how did you graduate from a prestigious university in the first place!”

“I’m sorry, Ms. Walker. I’ll print a new copy.” The girl bowed apologetically as tears threatened to spill from her eyes.

“Then, what are you still standing around for? Is crying all that you know?” Isabella reprimanded with a fierce expression.

“I’ll do it now.” Having said that, the young woman bent down to pick up the documents that were strewn all over the floor. Amelia strode forward and lent her a helping hand. After all the papers had been picked up, Amelia handed the young woman a piece of tissue with a comforting smile. “Women look ugly when they cry. Here, dry your tears. Ms. Walker is only scolding you because she sees your potential and hopes that you can do your best. Don’t take it too personally.”

The young woman accepted the tissue. Slightly taken aback by Amelia’s kind gesture, she sniffed. “Thank you.”

“Go on, now. Otherwise, you wouldn’t be able to finish work before office hours.”

With a nod, the young woman hurried away with a bulky folder in her arms.

Amelia then turned around to meet Isabella’s fiery gaze. Upon seeing the fury written on Isabella’s face, Amelia gave her a smile in return. “Such a coincidence, Ms. Walker. We just bumped into each other upstairs just a short while ago, and here we meet again.”

Isabella eyed Amelia with mixed emotions. Lowering her voice to a whisper, she asked, “Amelia, what are you doing here?”

Amelia blinked innocently in response. “I just got bored and decided to walk around. Why? Am I not allowed to walk around the company my husband owns?”

At that moment, Isabella was suddenly very aware of the curious and intrigued gazes of the surrounding employees. They seemed to be anticipating the drama to unfold.

Isabella was fully aware of the fact that she had become the joke of the company due to her pursuit of Oscar. Even though Olivia had stood up for her and publicly accepted her as a granddaughter, Isabella still felt that she had somehow become inferior to everyone else. Sometimes, she even wondered if everyone was laughing at her actions and her downfall behind her back.

“Quit being smug, Amelia. Sooner or later, I will reclaim my rightful position and everything else that goes along with it!” Isabella whispered between her gritted teeth.

Isabella’s words caused Amelia to raise an eyebrow in amusement. “Are you not pretending anymore? You sure put on a solid act in front of Oscar just now. I even thought you were over with him.”

Tightening her grip on the documents in her hand, Isabella turned to enter her office without looking back. Persistently, Amelia followed suit.

Closing the door behind her with the back of her hand, Isabella glowered. “Stop daydreaming, Amelia. I will never give up on Oscar. During the two years that you weren’t around, it was me who walked through that difficult time with him. When he was

so focused on work that he almost developed gastric, it was me who cooked him porridge and asked his secretary to pass it to him. I even took care of him in all the mundane needs. However, the moment you came back, all you did was sit back and relax while I had to give up my place to you. Why must I be the one to back down? And yet, you have the audacity to come and go whenever you please. I've never met another person as selfish as you."

With a smile that did not reach her eyes, Amelia taunted. "So what? Even if that happened, isn't that something between me and Oscar? What has it got anything to do with you? You've been by Oscar's side for two years; yet, you couldn't win him over. This proves that I have a place in his heart. Now that I'm back, you're in the wrong for still trying to come between us."

Isabella's gorgeous face was distorted slightly in fury.

"How much more shameless can you be, Amelia?"

"Am I the one who is shameless? My relationship with Oscar is not something for you to judge. However, you're in the wrong for wanting to break our marriage apart. You loving Oscar doesn't make any difference, and it definitely doesn't give you the green light to do whatever you want." Amelia crossed her arms in front of her chest. "And just because I don't argue doesn't mean I won't guard my marriage."

Isabella scoffed with a sneer on her face.

"And here I thought how high and mighty you are, Amelia. Looks like you're just like most women. From the looks of it, I say you're here to wage war and threaten me today," mocked Isabella.

Amelia feigned a smile. "I don't have to wage war with you. Either way, you've already lost and nothing can change that. I'm just here to ask you to keep your distance from Oscar, so you won't make me nauseous."

"You little—"

"I'll be leaving now. I still wanna go downstairs to look around."

Before she could leave, Isabella grabbed Amelia by her wrist. "You better clarify yourself, Amelia. What did you mean by I've already lost and nothing can change that?"

"Is that not the case?" Amelia arched an eyebrow.

"Just you wait, wait till I win Oscar over. There'll be a time when you're the one who is crying!"

“Whatever you say.” Amelia shrugged nonchalantly. “If you truly do win Oscar over, it only proves that Oscar and I weren’t meant to be. Nevertheless, I still stand by what I said. Please show yourself a bit more respect. Don’t make me look down on you.”

Isabella suppressed her voice as she flipped out. “Get lost!”

Amelia tossed Isabella a gentle glance before turning and exiting the room with her chin held high.

Taking the elevator back to the top floor, Amelia walked straight into Oscar’s office.

At the sound of the door opening, Oscar looked up from his work and immediately caught her eye.

“Where have you gone to?”

“Nowhere. I just paid Ms. Walker a visit and coolly warned her to stop having ideas about you. It’s your fault for being so outstanding that I worry about losing you. Therefore, I shall nip the problem in the bud,” Amelia recounted casually with a half smile. From the way Oscar was looking at her, one could tell that he could not tell if she was joking.

“You didn’t have to do that yourself. You could have told me, and I would have done in for you.”

“Why? Are you worried that I might hurt her?”

Oscar shook his head with a helpless smile on his face.

Amelia walked toward him and hugged him from behind. Peering over his shoulder, her gaze landed on the title of the document on top of his desk. “West Coast Villa Developmental Proposal?”

“Mm-hmm. I’m planning to collaborate with Celestial Real Estate to develop the west coast by building villas. This project is still undergoing negotiation, but it should be able to be put into action soon enough,” explained Oscar without hiding any details.

Amelia reached out from behind him to flip through the document. “This proposal is quite professionally done,” she commented. “Let me see who did it.”

After flipping a few pages, her gaze landed on a name, causing her eyes to twitch slightly. Lo and behold, the proposal was written by none other than Isabella Walker.

“Looks like Ms. Walker is quite important to you,” Amelia said in feigned indifference.

“Are you jealous?”

As a response, Amelia grabbed him by the back of his head and pressed her lips forcefully on his.

Oscar froze for a moment. Snapping out of his daze, he grabbed her by the back of her neck and slid his tongue dominantly in between her teeth, inviting her to lose herself in the deep and passionate kiss.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 697

Chapter 697 Wedding Anniversary

They left the office and took the elevator downstairs. Unexpectedly, they bumped into Isabella at the entrance.

Isabella's eyes flickered for a brief moment when she saw the two of them interlocking fingers with each other tightly. Nonetheless, she did not display hostility toward Amelia.

Instead, Isabella approached them and smiled at them politely. "Hi, Oscar, Amelia. Are you guys going back?"

"Hello, Ms. Walker." Amelia acted as if nothing sour had happened between them. "You get off work early today. How about you invite a guy for dinner together? A pretty girl like you should have someone to accompany you." She faked a smile.

Isabella stole a glance at Oscar before responding with a smile, "Well, I'm not as lucky as you to be able to meet Oscar at a young age. Moreover, you guys are still acting like love birds even after eight years of marriage."

"You can too, if you want to."

Isabella grabbed her bag tightly while the smile on her face broadened.

"I hope so! I'll invite you to witness my happiness when I've found my Mr. Right!"

"Sure!"

After exchanging pleasantries, Amelia held Oscar's hand and got into the car.

She fastened her seatbelt and let out a sigh helplessly.

"What's wrong?" Oscar asked, feeling amused.

"Nothing. I can't help but feel the small talk I had with Isabella a while ago was pretty pointless. It was boring," answered Amelia.

“You can ignore her next time. You don’t have to waste your time on unimportant people like her.”

She nodded with a smile on her face. “I think the same too. However, I started to realize that she’s quite a strong opponent. She’s pretty outstanding. Not to mention that she comes from good family background, has a pretty look, and is quite capable. If I were a guy, I might choose her too.”

“That explains why you are not a guy. Look at your poor taste!”

Hearing that, Amelia was rendered speechless.

After reaching home, they had dinner with Tony together. Amelia played with Tony for nearly an hour before taking him for a shower and coaxing him to sleep.

After cooing him to bed, she returned to her bedroom.

Oscar remarked, “Mr. Walker and Mrs. Walker’s thirtieth wedding anniversary is coming soon. They will be inviting all the reputable and influential people there. Can you go with me on that day?”

“Okay.”

Amelia nodded in agreement.

To prepare for the big day, Oscar purposely hired a professional makeup artist to do the makeup and also to pick the most beautiful gown for Amelia.

Amelia came out of the fitting room, looking extremely beautiful in a black-diamond gown. The evening gown fitted her perfectly and clung seductively to her hourglass curves. With her hair tied up, it revealed her slender and fair neck. Besides, her makeup was just right, as it was not too heavy. There was a hint of coquettishness in her sexiness.

As she walked out, Oscar stared at her in amazement.

Amelia could not help but blush and asked awkwardly, “Oscar, do I look bad?”

“No, you look good. In fact, you’re extraordinarily beautiful today,” he said sweetly.

Amelia straightened his suit and uttered graciously, “Well, you look super handsome today too. Will we garner everyone’s attention when we show up?”

“That’s for sure. You’ll be the center of attention. What should I do then? I wish to keep you by my side, and I don’t wish to see the other men fixing their eyes on you.”

“Don’t worry. Those men can look at me all they want, but that doesn’t change the fact that I’m yours.”

Hearing that, Oscar tapped on her nose dotingly.

Amelia, Oscar, and Tony’s arrival successfully caught everyone’s attention. The men shifted their attention to Amelia naturally, while the single ladies stared at Oscar. Their looks were too striking after the makeover that everyone fixed their eyes on them.

Meanwhile, Olivia was chatting with Carol and the others. She swiftly excused herself when she spotted her precious Tony and instantly headed in Tony’s direction.

“Tony, my darling! You’re finally here!” With that said, Olivia hugged him and gave him two sweet kisses on his cheek. Anyone there could see her overflowing love for her grandson.

Tony responded by returning her a kiss on her cheek and said, “Grandma, you look pretty today, just like Mommy!”

Olivia’s heart was instantly filled with delight when she heard his words. “Such a good boy,” complimented Olivia.

Meanwhile, Carol and the others walked over too. Seeing Tony, they kept pouring praises on him.

“Tony, you look very handsome today! You’re just like a little prince!”

Shooting a glance at Carol, Tony put on a stern face and voiced, “Thank you, Mrs. Clinton.”

The smile on Carol’s face froze. She wanted to reach her hand out to touch Tony, but the little boy dodged almost immediately.

Carol’s expression became awkward, and she retracted her hand briskly.

“Oscar, thank you for coming to our wedding anniversary. Initially, we didn’t want to organize this. However, it’s difficult for everyone to get together once a year. Hence, we decided to throw this party, considering that this would be a good reason for everyone to gather together,” said Carol, changing the subject.

In response, Oscar merely nodded.

Olivia attempted to break the ice. “Has anyone seen Steph and Noah? I’ve been here for almost ten minutes, but I haven’t seen them.”

“Steph is shopping at the mall with her friend. She wants to buy a diamond necklace, but she has maxed out her credit card. Hence, she called Noah for help. I guess she called him over to pay for her necklace.” Carol beamed.

The smile on Olivia’s face faded slightly.

“I have to give her a lecture when she returns. How could she splurge like that? She has to understand that she’s married and is no longer living with the Clintons. She can’t do whatever she wants now. This kid is not behaving well,” Olivia grumbled.

Inwardly, Olivia cared about Stephanie a lot. Steph is now married. She can’t do whatever she wants now. As a good daughter-in-law, she should be more responsible and treat her husband’s family well, regardless of getting married into a rich or ordinary family. Furthermore, Steph should be more sensible, take good care of Noah, and work hard to raise a family with him. Obviously, Steph still has her own way and acts like she’s a single lady.

Then, Carol plastered a smile. “It’s nothing. Stop blaming her. Steph likes to buy accessories for herself. Our family can afford to pay for her branded bags and jewelry. You don’t have to be worried about that.”

Olivia responded with her brows furrowed, “You can’t spoil her like that. Or else, she might become more arrogant someday.”

The next second, the smile on Carol’s face widened.

“Olivia, you’re exaggerating. As Steph’s mother, I think you know her well,” Carol uttered.

Olivia’s lips parted, but she kept mum, nonetheless.

Meanwhile, Stephanie was late and only showed up when the banquet was about to commence.

“Dad, Mom,” she greeted.

Hearing her voice, Olivia turned around, only to see Stephanie approaching them with Noah in her stylish outfit. Seeing that, Olivia could not help but frown again.

“Steph, today is your parents-in-law’s thirtieth wedding anniversary. Where did you go? Do you know that you’re late? How can you be so disrespectful as a daughter-in-law? I didn’t raise you to be this bad-mannered,” Olivia lectured her angrily.

Stephanie was already feeling upset, as the diamond necklace had been bought by someone else just now. She got more furious upon being reprimanded by Olivia out of the blue.

“Mom, I’m already married. Why can’t you show me some respect, especially in front of so many people here?” Stephanie said in a fury.

Her reply made Olivia more livid. Nevertheless, considering that there were many guests around, Olivia held herself back by suppressing her anger.

At the side, Carol comforted, “Don’t be mad, Olivia. Other than being a shopaholic, I don’t think there’s anything else I can complain about her anymore.”

Olivia pursed her lips in response.

“Dad, Mom, Oscar, Amelia. You guys are here,” Noah greeted them brightly.

Then, Amelia nodded at him politely.

Shifting her attention to Noah, Olivia instructed, “Noah, Steph is now your wife, but you shouldn’t pamper her too much. Otherwise, she would be spoiled by you one day.”

Hearing her, Noah tenderly caressed Stephanie’s hair and smiled dotingly. “Mom, I’m lucky to be able to marry Steph. I’ve made my promise to love her and pamper her for life. Other than being a little willful sometimes, Steph is perfect. I bet any man would treat her like a princess, too, as she deserves to be loved!”

With that, Olivia’s expression relaxed a little.

Meanwhile, Amelia scrutinized Noah coldly as he spoke. I would’ve believed that Noah’s a good man who treats Stephanie well if I didn’t know about Noah’s true colors from Oscar.

“Noah, stop being touchy. There are a lot of people here.” Stephanie was not really pleased with his sweet talk. Later, she continued, “Where’s the gift that I prepared for Mom and Dad? Take it out now,” she ordered.

Listening to her harsh tone, Olivia and Carol naturally weren’t pleased.

“Steph,” Olivia called her out.

Stephanie pouted in response to her mother.

Taking out the gift, Noah handed it over to Carol and mentioned, “Mom, Steph personally picked this gift for you. Take a look and see if you like it.”

Carol quickly calmed herself down and said with a smile, “Steph chose it for me? It must be pretty. There’s no need to check on the gift, as I’ll like it regardless.”

Subsequently, she asked the maid to keep the gift carefully for her. "All right, the banquet is starting soon. I'll need to excuse myself. I need to go on stage for a speech with your father," Carol uttered with a smile.

"Mom, you can go up now. I'll take care of my in-laws here," Noah said gently.

Carol nodded and walked up the stage with Matthew.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 698

Chapter 698 Estranged

She gripped her glass tightly as annoyance rose in her heart.

Stephanie and Noah then walked over to the group as well. Stephanie nodded politely to her older brother. "You look handsome today, Oscar."

All Oscar did was to nod in response.

Stephanie bit her lip, but Noah looked at Amelia gently. "Just call for the waiters if you would like to have something to eat, Amelia. Please, make yourself at home. I'm sure that Oscar will take good care of you."

Amelia nodded. "Got it."

Suddenly, a commotion erupted near the entrance. Amelia turned and looked in the direction of where the sound was coming from, only to notice that June, Jennifer, and Carter appeared at the same time.

Jennifer was holding June's hand as they walked toward Carol and Matthew, who had already exited the stage. They gave the older couple a fancy gift and chatted with them politely before walking over to where Amelia and the others were.

As Amelia stared at Jennifer and June walking hand-in-hand, she could not help but find it weird.

"It's been a while, Amelia. How have you been?" June asked politely. "I have been caught up with a lot of bothersome matters recently. That's why it's been so long since I've gone to look for you."

His strange choice of words was strange and seemed to give off an ambiguous feeling to others.

Oscar possessively wrapped an arm around Amelia's waist as he replied, "Your video with Ms. Larson is still circulating the internet. Both of you have become quite famous in Tayhaven, and yet you still dare to attend such a big event like this. Aren't you afraid of getting embarrassed again?"

Jennifer's expression darkened at Oscar's words.

"However, I find that both of you are a perfect match for each other. Not only are you two the stars of that tape, both of you even dared to appear at the event holding hands. I guess the universe is really trying to matchmake the both of you," Oscar continued. "Both you and Jennifer can produce similar tapes to upload online for the world to enjoy. I think that Ms. Larson's status will definitely attract the attention of men who are trying to climb up the social ladder. It's not every day you can catch a glimpse of the body of the Larsons' daughter."

As soon as Oscar's words fell, Jennifer's face was as dark as thunder.

Amelia tugged Oscar's hand and shook her head at him, signaling for him to watch his words. As the tape had been circulating the entire city, Jennifer's reputation was damaged badly. Furthermore, Larson Group's share prices had plummeted. Jennifer probably was not having a good time recently.

June, however, smiled unhesitatingly. "What a good suggestion, Mr. Clinton. However, if you managed to come up with such an idea, I guess that you had probably made the same videos with Amelia, right? Why don't you take the lead and upload them, too? I'll take note of the results. If those men are interested in Amelia's body, I don't mind taking more of Jennifer and I's."

Oscar's expression darkened as he looked at June maliciously.

Noah quickly stepped forward to be the mediator. "Mr. Wick, I hope that you will let this go on behalf of the Walker family. I'm sure that Oscar doesn't mean any harm," he said.

He knew that both June and Oscar were not people that the Walker family could afford to mess with. The family had purposely invited June because they knew about his family, the Adertons. If the Walker family could form a good relationship with such a powerful family like the Adertons, they would definitely have an advantage in the international market.

"Of course, I will, Mr. Walker. All right, I'll get off my own high horse and apologize to Mr. Clinton," June replied politely.

Upon speaking, he even feigned sincerity as he bowed to Oscar.

June then looked at Jennifer before speaking. "Let's go over there, Jennifer. These people don't particularly seem to welcome us."

Jennifer nodded in response.

The both of them then proceeded and made their way to speak with other businessmen.

However, all the businessmen were definitely just as shrewd. They saw the video as well. Therefore, their gazes toward Jennifer did not sit well, which led to the latter feeling frustrated.

“June, I’ll head out for a while. It’s too stuffy in here,” she said as she tried to suppress her anger.

June nodded.

Jennifer then left the hall and walked out of the building. Carter, who was talking to Amelia, immediately spotted Jennifer’s absence. He soon got distracted by it.

Amelia obviously noticed it as well.

“Go and check if she’s doing all right, Carter. It must’ve been hard for Ms. Larson as well, after going through that scandal. I think she must be feeling terrible deep down,” Amelia said.

Carter thought about it for a moment before agreeing, “I’ll excuse myself for now. We’ll talk later.”

Upon speaking, he turned to leave.

Amelia stared at his retreating back and turned to look at Oscar. “Oscar, do you think Carter and Jennifer make a good couple?”

“Just all right,” Oscar replied.

Amelia shook her head with a slight smile. “You should be a tad friendlier toward Jennifer in the future. It must be hard for her as a lady. You’ll only make things worse for her by scrutinizing and targeting her,” she said as she glanced back at him.

Oscar’s eyes darkened. “If she did not try to sabotage you in the past, I would not even spare her a single glance,” he replied.

Amelia held onto his arm. “Let’s go over there now.”

Oscar walked along with her.

Meanwhile, Carter walked out of the hall and searched around the area before spotting Jennifer by a small scrub.

When his eyes landed on her slim figure, Carter stopped in his tracks.

“Who is it?” Jennifer called out.

Carter took a deep breath before replying, “It’s me.”

Jennifer turned around to look at him. “What are you doing here?”

Carter walked over to her and noticed that her eyes were slightly red. His heart could not help but ache, but he quickly pushed that feeling away.

“Are you crying?” he asked.

Jennifer looked at him with an unreadable look before she scoffed. “Why should I cry? There’s nothing to cry about. Today’s Mr. and Mrs. Walker’s thirtieth wedding anniversary. I still have to congratulate them with a smile.”

“Could you be a little kinder with your words, Jennifer?” Carter replied with a frown.

The said lady crossed her arms in front of her chest as she answered, “Are you complaining that my words are hurtful? If so, don’t listen to me then. I’ll be leaving now.” She resembled a hedgehog that had its quills spread out in defense.

Carter reached out to stop Jennifer, who was about to brush past him. “Jennifer, even if we can’t be lovers, we can still be friends. Don’t treat me like your enemy.”

“I have no interest in being your friend. There are still a ton of issues for me to deal with back at Larson Group. If you’re trying to get something out of me as Amelia’s spy, I apologize, for I have nothing to give.”

Carter’s eyebrows seemed to knit themselves into a tight knot. “Jennifer, I came out here just to ask if you’re all right. I don’t have any other motives. Moreover, my actions have nothing to do with Amelia at all. Can’t we just talk properly? There’s no reason for us to become enemies,” he said as he tried to suppress his annoyance.

“No. I’ve been chasing after you for two years but to no avail. My mother even ended up in this state. I have no plans on being friends with you anymore.” Jennifer shook Carter’s hands off her. “Don’t follow me. I want to be alone.”

Carter stared at her retreating figure as the forgotten ache in his heart could be felt once again.

His lips quivered, but he did not know what to say.

He had never expected that he and Jennifer would end up splitting ways. Never had he thought that they would become so estranged from each other and that the words that

they exchanged would be filled with thorns. Upon that thought, his heart seemed to ache even more.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 699

Chapter 699 Futile Regret

Jennifer hastily fled and headed to a location where few people go. She lifted her head to look at the sky, forcing her tears to cease.

A wave of sorrow washed over her. You should stop appearing in my life if you don't love me, Carter.

"Don't you feel bored standing here alone when it's so lively inside, Ms. Larson?" Behind her, Jennifer heard a woman's voice, which startled her.

Instantly, she raised her hands to wipe away the tears before turning around. It was Isabella who had, at some point, followed Jennifer out.

Jennifer raised her chin. "Ms. Walker."

Isabella handed Jennifer a cocktail. "Have a drink. It's a crime that you don't have a glass of booze in your hand when the night is as enthralling as it is now."

Jennifer accepted the cocktail but subconsciously kept her distance from Isabella.

"I've heard some of the stuff said about you, Ms. Larson," Isabella started. She took a sip of her cocktail and continued, "I've also seen the videos circulated wildly online. I'm truly sorry for what happened to you. Please let me know if I can be of any assistance. I'd be more than happy to help."

Jennifer glanced at Isabella and smiled. "I don't think we're close enough for that, Ms. Walker."

Isabella chuckled as she raised her glass to clink it with Jennifer's. "We certainly do not know each other in the past, but we do now. I believe this is fate. We will become friends as we share the same enemy, don't we?"

Jennifer gazed at Isabella intently. She asked, feigning ignorance, "What exactly are you on about, Ms. Walker? I'm afraid I don't exactly get it."

After taking a second sip of her cocktail, Isabella raised her head to admire the brilliant moon in the night sky. The weather that day was spectacular. The sky was clear, creating an inky canvas for the moon and the constellations.

“Since I came here to find you, Ms. Larson, it’s obvious that I know about your issue,” Isabella started. “As for your mom’s—”

Jennifer, however, exploded in anger before Isabella could finish her sentence. “Those are our family’s problems, Ms. Walker. I believe an outsider like you shouldn’t interfere.”

“Calm down, Ms. Larson. I’m merely feeling sorry for you. Not only did your mother’s illness reappear, but your scandal has also spread on the internet like wildfire. Right, I even heard that your video caused a significant decline in Larson Group’s stock price, and many directors even sold their portion of shares. Think about the potential consequences if people who intend to ruin you and your family had a hold of those stocks. Your dad’s position as the company’s greatest shareholder might be in danger,” Exaggerating, Isabella said while grinning.

Isabella’s words stung Jennifer in the heart. The latter felt as if everyone was against her. She had had enough of them constantly bringing up her scandal and her mother’s illness.

“Could you really accept it as it is, Ms. Larson?” Isabella continued softly.

Jennifer gritted her teeth. “Stop beating around the bush, Ms. Walker.”

“Work together with me. I could invest in your family’s company and bring it back to life,” Isabella declared firmly.

Jennifer snorted. “Do you think you’re capable of that? It’s not that I don’t believe in you, Ms. Walker. But all you are is the daughter of a wealthy family. How are you expected to assist me in overcoming my difficulties? Don’t tell me you want to use that face of yours to establish your capability.”

“You don’t have to be concerned with how I’ll help you; all that matters is that I am capable of doing so. I merely wish to collaborate with you to get rid of Amelia,” Isabella replied.

Jennifer stared at Isabella as she sneered, “Your words sound pleasant to the ear, Ms. Walker. However, I must remind you that Oscar is to be blamed for my mother’s current condition. Additionally, he was the one who first publicized my scandal. I recall you trying to pursue him in the past. Are you sure you would let me do him any harm?”

Isabella lifted her head and downed her entire cocktail. She answered, laughing, “I’m only trying to get Amelia. I won’t stop you if you can do anything to Oscar. However, it appears that you can’t. I don’t think you’ll stand a chance against Oscar even if you work with that foreigner. Hence, I’m not worried about it at all. You and that foreigner are merely tools I will utilize to eliminate Amelia. Only capable women should be eligible for the position of Mrs. Clinton.”

Jennifer scoffed. I don't see how you fit in that criteria, though. You're merely a fool who's too full of herself.

Jennifer had no intention of getting involved with Isabella. Thus, she had not given Isabella's suggestions much thought.

Getting onto her feet, Jennifer said, "I'll be going in first, Ms. Walker."

Isabella, who stood rooted at her spot, watched Jennifer's diminishing figure as a smirk crept up her face. "I would like to see how long you can keep up with that worthless pride of yours, Jennifer Larson."

Jennifer entered the banquet hall and returned to June's side.

June regarded her with a half-smile. "Where have you been? I saw Carter following you out. What? Did he want to go back to you?"

Jennifer glared at him, not bothering to answer his question before asking haughtily, "When will we be heading back?"

"Why are you in such a hurry? We've come to witness how happy Oscar and his family are," June stated as he lifted his chin. "With that, we'd be able to experience the thorough sweetness of revenge when we finally push them down from their pedestal. Aren't you the slightest bit excited about that?"

Jennifer scoffed. "Look at how composed and controlled you are now, June. Those who don't know might even think you're about to succeed. But don't you remember how many times you were defeated by Oscar? Are you sure you aren't the unfortunate rival of Oscar's?"

June's expression darkened at that.

"Don't forget that we're in the same boat, Jennifer. You're probably going to create an internal riot before we even get to the enemy with the way you're bulldozing your way through your comrades' self-worth," he exclaimed through gritted teeth.

"No. You've got it all wrong. I'm just trying to see whether the person I choose to work with is a scaredy-cat who's all words and no actions," Jennifer refuted with a cold smile.

June wrapped an arm around Jennifer's waist. Stealthily, his fingers managed to pinch a patch of her skin. "Remember Jennifer. We've done it before and not just once. I guess you could say I'm your lover. I even recorded us doing it on camera. Dare I send them to your dear unrequited love?"

Jennifer smirked. "Sure. Send them if you like. The majority of the men in Tayhaven, I believe, have seen my body anyway. I'm just a sl*t who has slept with many men. The

scandal started with the first video. Therefore, I see no issue uploading two or three more videos.”

June moved closer to Jennifer’s face. From another angle, it looked as if the two were kissing.

Amelia approached Carter while holding a wine glass in her hand. She observed June and Jennifer’s interactions. “I’m concerned Ms. Larson will be whisked away by another man if you don’t make your move, Carter.”

With a bitter chuckle, Carter turned away from June and Jennifer. “What are you on about, Amelia? You know who I like. Stop trying to play matchmaker.”

Amelia laughed. Carter is such a stubborn person. He has fallen for Jennifer, yet he still refuses to admit it. I’m afraid Jennifer would already have become another man’s lover by the time he finally allows some sense to crack through that thick skull of his. June, on the other hand, does not sit well with me.

Amelia narrowed her eyes. June did not seem like a good person to her. She had a terrible feeling that Jennifer would be unhappy if they ended up together.

On top of that, she also had no idea how June and Jennifer got together in the first place.

“I advise you to think things through, Carter. If you keep being stubborn, your woman will end up in the arms of another man. Besides, I don’t think June is a good person. Despite being engaged to Cassie, he maintains messy relationships. And now he’s here to get involved with Ms. Larson. I don’t think Ms. Larson will benefit from continuing her relationship with June,” Amelia stated straightforwardly.

Carter’s hand, which had been aimlessly swirling the wine in his glass, stopped. He said nothing.

“It’s rare for us to meet people we love and who love us back. Don’t hold back if you really have feelings for her. It will be meaningless when you regret missing out on the opportunity. We didn’t work out years ago, and it’s practically impossible now. You’re not in love with me, Carter. What you feel for me stems from the fact that we did not work out. For the past two years, Ms. Larson has been pursuing you and taking care of your everyday requirements. I don’t believe that you don’t feel a single thing for her,” Amelia added.

Carter looked at her, a bitter smile on his face. “You’re just so eager to push me to another woman, huh, Amelia?”

Amelia smiled as she took a sip of her wine. “Please don’t get me wrong, Carter. You’re the one who had grown to care for her; I’m not attempting to play matchmaker. I just

don't want you to live in regret. I now have my own family, and I want you to find happiness as well. It's quite lonely to spend your entire life alone. You don't lack for either money or ladies. I know that, but it's hard to find one who truly cares about you."

Carter was deep in thought after hearing Amelia's words.

"Give yourself some time to think about it. I'm going to find Oscar and Tony." With that, Amelia left and went back to Oscar.

The corners of Carter's lips were upturned at the sight of Amelia leaning against Oscar with a happy smile on her face. It no longer left Carter feeling a pang of jealousy within him. However, when his gaze fell on Jennifer, the smile on his face dropped slightly.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 700

Chapter 700 Do Not Put Yourself Down

Carter quickly made his way toward Jennifer as soon as the banquet ended. "Let me send you back, Jennifer."

With a conflicted expression, Jennifer glanced at him before retracting her gaze. Coolly, she said, "I won't have to trouble you, Mr. Scott. I already have someone sending me home."

June laughed as he tightened his grip on Jennifer's waist. "Mr. Scott, are you interested in my partner? Sorry to disappoint you, but Jennifer is now with me; she even agreed to be my lover if I did something to help her family's company. I doubt I'll be able to let you have her."

Carter's eyes gleamed, his gaze locked on Jennifer.

"Is he telling the truth, Jennifer? Didn't I tell you that you could always come to me with your company's problems? I could help you." Carter's brow furrowed as he continued angrily, "You shouldn't disgrace yourself no matter what the circumstances are."

Jennifer scoffed. "You're funny, Mr. Scott. I'm still a bachelorette, and June's a bachelor. It's none of your business if I willingly become his lover or get married to him. I no longer want to bother you. Don't you love Amelia? Please continue with that. However, I respectfully request that you refrain from getting involved in my business. I'm the one to determine who I get involved with."

Carter felt a tug at his heartstrings. However, he suddenly had the urge to snap back at her with cruel comments.

He didn't like Jennifer putting herself down.

"Get Amelia out of your mouth," Carter snarled. "You can't compare to Amelia in any way. Even after experiencing so many horrible things, she didn't degrade herself. How about you? You brought this upon yourself. Who are you acting like a sl*t for?"

Jennifer felt a pang in her heart. Furthermore, the sight of Amelia holding onto Oscar, the epitome of a happy family, walking toward her made her feel extremely humiliated. Fuming, she turned to June. "Let's go, June. We shouldn't stay and listen to a crazy person spouting nonsense."

Carter tried to take Jennifer's hand, but she quickly slapped his hand away.

Carter was irritated as he watched her leaving figure. He did not intend for this to happen. He only wanted Jennifer to keep her distance from June. However, his anger got the better of him and overcame his sense of reason, turning his words into knives.

Amelia sighed upon seeing the scene. How could Carter have such low EQ? I told him to pursue her, not piss her off. I don't remember his EQ being this low in the past.

Amelia cocked her head to a side as she looked at Oscar. Amused, she said, "You should teach Carter a move or two on pursuing women when you're free, Oscar. If not, he's bound to be single for the rest of his life."

"Sure," Oscar agreed without further hesitation.

Oscar would be one rival down if he could bring Carter and Jennifer together. Amelia had no feelings for Carter, but there was no denying that having one less opponent would make Oscar feel better.

Carter turned around and was met with Amelia's gaze. His face burned in embarrassment before chuckling bitterly. "Heading back, Amelia?"

Amelia nodded. "Mm. Tony is sleepy."

"You guys should go then. I'll be heading back too," Carter replied.

Amelia called out to Carter, who was walking ahead, "Carter! You have to take your chances, or else you'll really regret it when she's no longer available."

Carter stopped in his tracks.

Oscar, too, spoke up. "Mr. Scott, you've already blown your shot with Amelia. Your indecision has contributed to her becoming my wife. You should quit lying to yourself when you've finally developed feelings for another lady. June, in my opinion, is not a good person. As a result, I doubt Ms. Larson will be happy if she ends up with him."

Carter's gaze darkened at that.

Meanwhile, Oscar patted Tony on the back. Turning to Amelia, he said, "Let's get going, Amelia. Some people need time to come to terms with their own emotions. But if they wait too long, the woman they want might end up in the arms of another man."

With an arm around Amelia, Oscar and his family left.

Carter, on the other hand, stood motionless, staring at the silent night sky while lost in thought.

June was staring at Jennifer, who was sitting quietly in the passenger seat. Sneering, he inquired, "What? Do you feel bad about how you treated Mr. Scott earlier?"

Jennifer opened her eyes. Infuriated, she exclaimed, "Shut up."

June shrugged before mocking, "Silly woman. Stop being naive. The man you love accused you of being cheap just by seeing you and me together. Why do you think he said that? Would he think you and I were messing around if it wasn't for someone spreading false information to him?"

Jennifer was jolted by his words. "What do you mean?"

As if to add salt to her injury, June added, "Don't forget who caused you to become like this. You, the daughter of an affluent family, are in this situation because of that woman's actions. While you're strolling down the street, people assume you're soliciting customers. I even heard that your company's directors had advised your father to allow you to use your body to satisfy those major clients. They claimed that because of your internet success and the attractiveness of your body, many men would be interested in you. Say, am I right?"

"Shut the heck up," Jennifer spat, her anger failing to dissipate.

June smirked. "You're getting mad over this?"

"Start driving. I don't mind walking if you don't want to drive." With that, Jennifer unfastened her seatbelt and was about to get off the car. At that moment, June piped up, "I have no idea how you're supposed to win against Amelia with how easily you lose your composure, Jennifer. Men adore her for a variety of reasons, including her beauty, elegance, and most significantly, her poise and ability to maintain control of the situation."

Jennifer fell back to the passenger's seat again and regarded June coldly. "What? Are you trying to tell me that you've fallen for her?"

“Not a chance. I merely admire her courage and elegance. The person I love is always Cassie,” June exclaimed with a shrug and a smile.

“Your love is quite cheap, huh? Even though you’ve been publicly expressing your love for Cassie, you have relationships with numerous other women. Don’t tell me this is your so-called love,” Jennifer retorted.

June shot her a glance. “You should take care of yourself. You aren’t qualified to give me a lecture.”

Jennifer slumped against the seat and said nothing in return.

When June received a call from Elizabeth informing him that Cassie had a fever and asking him to check her out, his car had already arrived in the town area. As a result, June had no choice but to pull over to the side of the road and tell Jennifer to get out.

While unfastening her seatbelt, Jennifer said, “Cassie has been telling me how much of a pervert you are—an inhumane animal, to be exact. However, she’s been extremely nervous when you’re with me, huh? She’s been coming up with a bunch of problems these few days. I swear she’s the one who’s always seeking problems.”

Much to Jennifer’s surprise, June had a satisfied smile on his face. “The more she seeks problems, the more valued I am in her heart.”

“The both of you are seriously a match made in heaven,” Jennifer scoffed. Before getting off the car, she reminded, “Help me tell Cassie that we’re allies. She doesn’t have to be wary of me and treat me as if I’m a foe.”

June’s answer, however, was to speed away right after Jennifer got off the car.

Jennifer felt slightly disheartened as she stared at the car’s disappearing figure.

Carter’s words from earlier were still replaying in her mind.

She crossed her arms in front of her chest. At that moment, she was at a loss. She had been working hard, preparing for each move, and had even become involved with June. She felt dirty as she didn’t hesitate to give him access to her body. Even though Carter was the one she loved, she felt no guilt about having sex with other men.

To get her revenge, she gave up on her body. However, she wondered if it was right to do so.

Jennifer hailed a taxi to get home. She saw a tall figure standing by the entrance of the villa compound. The illumination of the street light had elongated his shadow.

A grim look flashed in her eyes as she stared at the figure not far away in a daze. If I could rewind time, I wouldn't want to know him. He made me experience the bitterness of love and caused many terrible things to happen to my family.

It had not even been three years, and she was already exhausted by the effects of the so-called love.

Millions of thoughts raced through Jennifer's mind before she finally decided to walk over with her head raised high and proud. She would not allow herself to show any signs of weakness in front of the man not far away.

Without sparing the man any glances, she strode toward the villa. The man reached out to grab her when she passed him. "Jennifer, I apologize for my harsh words earlier. Can we please talk?"

Jennifer turned around and stared at him as if she had just realized he was there. Mockingly, she said, "Oh? Mr. Scott? How did you end up here? I thought you went ahead to pursue your so-called true love. I didn't expect you to show up here. It can't be that you're here especially to wait for me, the nobody who gets nothing in love?"

Carter frowned as he tried to keep his anger at bay. "You can get mad at me all you want, Jennifer. Just please don't degrade yourself further. I've heard about your company, and I'll help you. Don't stray too close to June. I've done some research on him; his relationships are complicated, and he's even entangled with Cassie. There'll be no good outcome if you end up with him."

Jennifer found Carter's words humorous.

"Are you pitying me, Carter?" she retorted.

"I'm not, Jennifer. I've always thought of you as my little sister, and I don't want to see you get hurt," Carter explained.

Jennifer immediately freed herself from his grip and yelled devastatingly, "Get lost!"

Carter stared at her in shock.

She waved her hands in defeat as she pleaded, "I'm begging you, Carter. Stop appearing in my life. I indeed love you, but please stop giving me futile hope. I always feel extremely humiliated when I see you. So please, I beg you, stop appearing in my life."

Carter was staring at her intently. He raised his hand subconsciously but soon lowered it weakly.

Jennifer spared him a last glance. Regaining her composure, she said, "I'll head in first. I still have to go to work tomorrow."

Carter nodded. "Sure. I'll see you at work tomorrow. I believe you'll have calmed down enough to listen to what I have to say."

Jennifer only sighed helplessly. Without sparing Carter another glance, she turned around and went straight into the villa compound.

She had no extra energy to deduce the reason for Carter's sudden appearance. The company, her scandal, her involvement with June, and Laura's recurring illness had occupied most of her time. It was no longer of great importance to her whether Carter loved her.

What difference would it make even if she loved him?