

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 191

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

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Riley kept her head down, so Amelia smiled and told Gary, "Gary, don't blame Riley. She isn't at fault."

Gary gave Riley an encouraging pat. "Riley, Amelia doesn't blame you. Won't you say something?"

Riley raised her head to stare at Gary for a while before she rose to her feet. Bowing politely, she said, "Ms. Winters, thank you."

Amelia was amused by her action.

She gazed at Oscar helplessly, and the latter immediately understood what she wanted. "Riley, right? There's no need to bow to us. Since Amelia said so, it means that she really doesn't blame you. All you're doing is making us feel awkward."

Stunned, Riley turned to Gary, who waved his hand and said, "Alright. That's it, then. Riley, no more next time."

Riley mumbled in acknowledgment. She was clearly feeling upset.

Amelia flashed a smile. "Gary, stop reprimanding her. She did a good job. I was careless this time. No one knew a car would run the red light. Even if Riley was by my side, I wouldn't allow her to jump in front of me to save me."

Riley shot a surprised look at Amelia.

Their security firm had a condition in the contract that stipulated the bodyguards had to resort to all means to protect their client's safety. As it was pretty expensive to hire a bodyguard from the security firm, the client could pretty much call the shots. As long as the client suffered losses when the contract was valid, they had to compensate five times the initial fee. The client could also sue them in court. If that were to happen, the security firm's reputation would be affected.

Thus, every time they accepted a job, they would have to put their guard up and treat the client with utmost respect no matter how difficult the client was.

"Ms. Winters, thank you for forgiving me. This is my fault, so I shall compensate you accordingly," Riley responded sincerely.

Bemused, Amelia told her, "No need for that, Riley." That money meant nothing to her. Besides, she didn't like how it made them seem so distant.

She looked at Gary. "Gary, tell Riley to stop acting this way. It isn't easy for a young lady to survive in society. So don't be too harsh on her. You're making it seem like I'm bullying her."

Gary grinned. "She has been feeling guilty over your accident. You should accept her apology. Otherwise, she'll feel bad."

Amelia was left with no choice but to accept Riley's apology.

After the fuss, Gary realized Amelia was looking pale and weary.

His heart clenched instinctively. "Amelia, are you tired?"

Amelia shook her head. "I've just regained consciousness. So I feel sleepy instead. Perhaps I'm still weak."

"Alright, then you should get some rest. Riley and I will take our leave. I'll be back tomorrow for a visit. Are you craving anything? I can buy it for you tomorrow," declared Gary, concern shining in his gaze.

"Gary, I'm already grateful that you're here to visit me. You don't have to buy anything for me. My mother-in-law will ask the maid to prepare my food," Amelia replied.

Gary inclined his head and shot a surreptitious glance at Oscar. "Alright, that's it then. Riley and I shall take our leave."

Amelia turned to Oscar. "Oscar, see them to the door, won't you?"

As Oscar rose to his feet, Gary immediately waved his hand. "It's just a short distance. You don't have to do that."

Oscar's tone left no room for discussion. "Let's go."

He walked them to the door without saying anything. Before leaving, Gary finally spoke. "Oscar, take good care of Amelia. She's a good woman."

"I will. She's my wife, so I'll definitely take good care of her," came Oscar's confident reply. "Mr. Laird, thank you for taking time to visit my wife when she got badly injured. I'd like to express my gratitude on behalf of my wife."

Oscar might be saying thank you, but he was insinuating that he was Amelia's husband, while Gary was only an outsider.

Gary was no fool and immediately understood the underlying meaning of Oscar's words.

His gaze darkened instantly. "We'll take our leave. You can head in now."

Oscar nodded. "Goodbye. When Amelia recovers, we'll treat you to a meal."

Instead of replying, Gary simply strode away. Riley trotted behind him obediently.

Oscar took one last glance at Gary's retreating figure before shutting the door.

He returned to Amelia's bed and loomed above her.

Seeing how he remained silent with an ugly scowl contorting his expression, Amelia was confused. "What's wrong?"

Oscar folded his arms. "Don't you have something to say to me?"

Amelia blinked innocently. "Mr. Clinton, what do you want to hear?"

"Don't play games with me."

"Mr. Clinton, what exactly do you want to hear from me?" Amelia continued gazing at him intently.

Under Oscar's intimidating gaze, she finally backed down. "I got to know Gary when Tiffany and I had supper one day. He is the owner of a security firm and Tiffany got the idea to hire a bodyguard for me. I couldn't refuse her offer, so I followed her to Gary's security firm and picked Riley to be my bodyguard. Before she could do her job, I ended up in an accident. You know what happened after that," Amelia revealed everything honestly.

Hearing that, Oscar finally relaxed.

He sat down in the chair and took Amelia's hand. "You silly girl, I'm not questioning you or trying to find out about your friends. I just want you to be alert. You're my wife, so many people will try to use you to hook up with the Clintons."

Amelia found that funny.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm not a fool. I know who I should befriend and who I should avoid."

Oscar tapped his knuckles on her forehead lightly.

Amelia huffed, "Mr. Clinton, I'm a patient!"

"I'm being nice because you're a patient. Otherwise, you've would have gotten spanked in the butt," Oscar chided firmly.

In response, Amelia burst out giggling. She accidentally jostled her wound and ended up gasping in pain.

Oscar stood up hastily and reached out to touch her, but he was afraid of hurting her and stopped midair.

“What’s wrong? Does it hurt? I’ll summon the doctor now!” Oscar turned on his heels to head outside. He had only taken one step when his wife grabbed his hand. Turning at his shoulder, he saw Amelia shaking her head, her face contorted from the pain.

Oscar swiveled around and bent over her. In a gentle voice, he asked, “What’s wrong? Does it hurt a lot?”

Shaking her head, Amelia panted slightly before answering, “Mr. Clinton, I’m fine. My chest was hurting a little just now. I feel much better now. Don’t you worry.”

Oscar couldn’t conceal the concern in his eyes.

“Silly, when will you stop acting this way?” He took her hand and placed it on his cheek in frustration.

Stunned, Amelia gazed blankly at Oscar, who was showing his genuine emotions to her.

She suddenly spoke. “Mr. Clinton, are you worried for me? You look kind of dumb doing that.”

Oscar shot her an exasperated look.

Amelia giggled at his reaction and accidentally jostled her wound again.

As she hissed in pain, Oscar demanded, “Stop laughing!”

Slowly, Amelia’s giggles ceased.

She struggled to raise her right hand to caress Oscar’s cheek. Gazing adoringly at him, she said, “Mr. Clinton, you have no idea how blissful I feel seeing you worrying over me. I can’t believe this is happening to me. I guess the car accident is a blessing in disguise. It feels like a dream to me. Ah... how I wished this dream won’t ever end.”

Oscar’s heart skipped a beat at her words.

Silly woman. She keeps making me guilty.

“I heard that motherhood can a person stupid for three years. You got involved in an accident and gave birth thereafter, so I guess you’re going to be stupid for at least six years.

Amelia was going to burst out laughing again, but Oscar deftly covered her mouth and chided, "Stop laughing, woman. Otherwise, you'll jostle your wound and complain about being in pain again."

Amelia merely blinked innocently.

The sight caused Oscar's heart to soften.

They chattered for some time while time ticked by.

Dr. Kane and the other two doctors came twice to check up on Amelia. He even did a thorough examination for her and confirmed she was recovering better than expected.

Finally, Oscar could heave a sigh of relief.

Just when everyone thought Amelia would continue to recover, however, her body temperature suddenly spiked at around eleven at night. She was burning as though someone had placed her in an oven.

At once, she was rushed to the operating room. Oscar's face was grim as he waited outside, leaning against the wall. Olivia leaned into her husband's arms and cried quietly while Tiffany was still in a daze.

James strode over in his doctor's coat. At once, Olivia rushed over to him and grabbed his hand. "James, please save Amelia. Please don't let anything happen to her."

James assured her, "Mrs. Clinton, don't worry. I'll do my best. Amelia will be fine."

After comforting her, he went to Oscar and punched his friend lightly. "Oz, don't worry. Amelia will be fine."

Oscar returned his friendly punch and replied, "James, please do your best. I can't live without her."

James gave him a firm nod and went into the operating room.

Oscar could only watch as the doors to the operating room slid shut.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 192

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 192

When everyone was gazing at the operating room anxiously, a phone started ringing out of nowhere.

Everyone present turned to the source of the sound, which was coming from Tiffany's phone. The latter was apparently still in a daze.

When Olivia pointed at her bag, she snapped back to reality and dug her phone out. The name "Mr. Hisson" appeared on her phone's screen.

Tiffany furrowed her brows instinctively. She had no idea why Derrick would be calling her at this hour. As Amelia was still in the operating room, she rejected the call without hesitation.

Instead of giving up, the man proceeded to call her five times in a row. In the end, Olivia said gently, "Tiffany, why don't you answer the call? Perhaps it's something urgent."

Tiffany gave her an apologetic nod and walked away to a corner to answer the call.

She didn't hide her displeasure when the call was connected. As such, the person at the other end of the line immediately sensed something was amiss.

"What's wrong? Did someone bully you?" Derrick asked, his voice deep and charismatic.

Strangely, Tiffany felt her anxiety that she had been bottling up exploding instantly. In a choking voice, she responded, "I'm fine, Mr. Hisson. If it's nothing important, I need to hang up now."

"Wait. Where are you now? I'll go over to you right away. Don't lie to me. You know I'm capable of tracking you down," Derrick demanded.

Tiffany had to reveal that she was at the Principal General Hospital.

Derrick didn't expect to hear that answer from her, but he swiftly regained his composure and answered, "I'll head over there now. Don't worry, I'll be right with you no matter what happened."

With that, he hung up.

As the screen went dim, Tiffany felt herself loosening. She no longer felt suffocated.

Putting the phone back into her bag, she returned to the operating room. Upon seeing her, Olivia asked, "Who was it? Is it an urgent business?"

Shaking her head, Tiffany responded, "It's a friend who thought I was at home and wanted to come and visit me. I said I wasn't home and hung up."

Olivia nodded and said nothing else.

The air tensed up promptly.

Derrick arrived around forty-five minutes later. When he strode over to Tiffany, it felt like there was a halo above his head, making him the limelight of the crowd.

"Are you hurt?" he came to Tiffany and asked in concern.

Tiffany merely stared at him emotionlessly. She didn't know he would come this quickly.

"Y-You're here?" Again, Tiffany became a stuttering mess in front of Derrick.

The man reached out to touch her cheek and repeated, "Are you hurt?"

It took Tiffany a while to reply, "I'm fine. It's Amelia."

Derrick frowned and looked at the operating room. "What happened to her?"

In response, Tiffany shook her head gloomily.

Clearing her throat, Olivia broke the silence. "Tiffany, who is this?"

It was only then did Tiffany realize they weren't alone.

Her cheeks heated as she glared at Derrick, who replied calmly, "Hello. I'm Tiffany's boss, Derrick Hisson. I'm her future boyfriend and husband."

Tiffany jolted up in shock. What the hell is he talking about?

"Mr. Hisson, stop spouting nonsense!"

Derrick blinked. "But I'm being sincere here. Is that wrong?"

Tiffany couldn't help but feel flustered.

Meanwhile, Olivia gave Derrick a surreptitious once-over. She had seen plenty of good-looking people in her life, but that didn't stop her from marveling over Derrick's stunning features.

Look at this hunk. I don't think I've ever seen anyone as handsome as him. Even Oscar, whom I'm proud of, isn't his match.

She complimented, "Mr. Hisson, you're a stunning man."

Derrick flashed a polite grin. "Thank you for your compliment, Mrs. Clinton. And please, just call me Derrick."

Olivia returned with a nod as a smile flitted across her lips.

“Derrick, now that we’ve been introduced to each other, I have a question for you. Are you going to court my goddaughter?” She went straight to the point.

Derrick tilted his head in confusion.

“I’ve just taken Tiffany to be my goddaughter, so I have the right to question her suitor,” Olivia explained.

Without flinching, Derrick’s lips curved into a grin. “Tiffany’s lucky enough to be your goddaughter, Mrs. Clinton, seeing how elegant and pretty you are. I’m glad that she won’t be rejecting me using the excuse that she isn’t worthy of me. Now that she is the Clintons’ goddaughter, and I’m the owner of a small publishing company, we should be a perfect match.”

Olivia scanned him discreetly. He was smiling, but his gaze remained calm even after he got to know that Tiffany was her goddaughter. Instantly, her admiration for him heightened.

“Derrick, you’re an excellent man. My son, Oscar, is no match for your striking looks. To be honest, I’m concerned if you’re courting my goddaughter,” Olivia revealed.

“Mrs. Clinton, looks won’t last forever. True love has nothing to do with looks, right?” Derrick was humble.

Olivia nodded in agreement.

“My daughter-in-law is still in the operating room, so I’m not in the mood to chat further. When Amelia recovers, we can meet up to have some tea. I adore Tiffany a lot. As she’s working alone in the city, I have to help her screen her suitors,” Olivia explained in her usual soothing voice.

Derrick shot her a polite nod.

He stepped backward and stood behind Tiffany, holding her hand gently. Shocked, Tiffany looked up at him.

Derrick gave her a comforting smile and mouthed, Don’t worry. I’m here.

At once, Tiffany’s heart skipped a beat. Tears welled up in her eyes as she whispered, “Thank you, Mr. Hisson.”

Ignoring the other people in the immediate vicinity, Derrick patted her head softly. Tiffany’s eyes immediately widened in surprise.

On the other hand, Olivia took one look at Derrick’s intimate action and said nothing.

They waited in front of the operating room until dawn when the doors finally glided open to reveal James and the other doctors.

Oscar immediately dashed over to them and demanded anxiously, "James, how is Amelia faring?"

James seemed exhausted but excited at the same time.

"Oz, don't worry. Amelia's condition is within our expectations. She was running a temperature from the previous surgery. If we didn't discover it in time, it might develop into pneumonia."

Oscar breathed a sigh of relief.

He patted James' shoulder gratefully. "Thanks, mate. I owe you one."

James shrugged in response.

Oscar turned to the other doctors to express his gratitude. "Thank you, everyone. When Amelia gets better, I'll treat you all to a meal."

Dr. Kane and the others grinned. "You're welcome, Mr. Clinton. This is our job."

"Thank you for your hard work today. You should take a well-deserved rest. I'll make sure to repay you once Amelia's condition is stable."

After exchanging a few more pleasantries, Dr. Kane finally excused himself and left with the other doctors in tow.

Oscar followed Amelia back to her ward. Staring at an unconscious Amelia, he felt his heart squeezing in agony.

If possible, I'd like to bear the pain for her.

He went on his knees and placed her hand on his cheek. Immediately, he frowned upon realizing how cool her hand was. It felt like she was about to leave him any minute.

"You silly girl, when will you stop making me worried?" he asked in a low voice.

Olivia placed a hand on his shoulder. "Oscar, relax. James told us Amelia's fine, right? She'll wake up after getting enough rest."

As Oscar buried his face in Amelia's palm, he felt a myriad of emotions overwhelming him. His voice was muffled as he answered, "Mom, I'm fine. It's late, so you and Dad should go home to rest. You must be exhausted after tonight's events."

He must be dying to spend some time alone with Amelia. At that thought, Olivia nodded.

"Alright. We'll head back home, then. Can you take care of Amelia alone?" Olivia urged.

Oscar nodded solemnly.

"We'll be off then. Call me if anything crops up."

There was no reply from Oscar, so Olivia turned to her husband and Tiffany. "Let's go. They need some alone time."

They filed out of the ward.

Inside the ward, Oscar remained on his knees beside the bed. He looked up at Amelia and mumbled, "Woman, you look really ugly now. Look at how pale you are. You're no longer the seductive woman I know. If you keep lying in bed, I'll stop loving you. It will be a one-sided crush on your side, get it?"

However, there was no response from the sleeping Amelia.

Slowly, Oscar caressed her icy hand and continued, "Alright, that was just a joke. You're pretty no matter what. Don't you want to hear my confession? If you wake up, I'll tell you the three words that you long to hear."

Nothing came from Amelia.

Oscar brushed his fingers across her oxygen mask. "Have a good rest. I'll confess my love for you when you recover. Since you want to lead a peaceful life, I shall try my best not to disappoint you."

He stood up and unfolded a foldable chair. His body was too big for it, so he could only curl up into a ball, but that didn't stop him from holding Amelia's hand.

"Good night, woman. Sleep tight. I'll be right by your side," he whispered.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 193

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Chapter 193 Confession With Marriage In Mind

After leaving the ward, Tiffany was instantly stopped by James. Studying the man beside her, Derrick, he raised his chin and asked, "Who is this, Tiffany? Are you not going to introduce him to me?"

Before Tiffany could answer him, Derrick wrapped his arm around her waist in a possessive move. Then, he gracefully said, "I'm her boyfriend. May I know who you are?"

James was dumbfounded. He never expected his feelings for her to be crushed before they could truly bloom.

It took him ages to finally want to settle down. It was then he met a Chanaea woman he liked, and he wanted to abandon everything he had to try things out with her. Yet, before he could do anything, fate told him it was game over.

Is this a cruel joke from fate?

Staring at her in disbelief, he squeezed out, "Tiffany, tell me why."

At that, Tiffany raised a brow. To her, she was barely friends with James. Regardless of whether she was in a relationship with Derrick or not, James was barely an acquaintance.

"What do you mean why, James?" Tiffany waved her hand, annoyed. "I'm grateful that Amelia's fine, but I really am not in the mood to play word games with you. I'll treat you to a meal another day. All I want to do now is to have a good, long nap back at home. We'll talk again another day, okay?"

Never a clingy man, James replied, "Don't misunderstand what I mean, Tiffany. Your mother is interested in matchmaking us, and you've left a good impression on me. Plus, I've been planning to settle down in Chanaea too. I was thinking if you'd like to try things out with me. As you know, foreigners are always straightforward."

Taken aback by his words, she widened her eyes and glanced at Derrick. With an awkward chuckle, she said, "James, stop joking. It's not funny. Your mind must be stuck after spending so many hours for the surgery. You should get some sleep so that you'll recover tomorrow. Let's talk again tomorrow, okay? I'm exhausted. Bye."

With that, Tiffany ignored the menacing glares the two men were exchanging and walked away.

Derrick shot James a smirk before hurrying after Tiffany.

James, who had been left behind, shrugged. Although he had just been rejected by Tiffany, there was no trace of sadness on his face.

Instead of truly having feelings for her, he had confessed to her because he wanted to settle down. Moreover, among the people he knew, he realized Tiffany was not someone he hated. Therefore, he wanted to see if they would be a match. If they were, he would be glad to have her as his wife. If not, he would only say that they were not fated to be.

Shrugging again, he stuck his hands into his coat pocket and whistled as he walked in the other direction.

Meanwhile, right as Tiffany stepped out of the hospital, someone grabbed her right wrist. With a tug, she fell forward against a broad chest.

Her nose smashed onto the steel-like chest, and she cried out in pain. Immediately, her hand shot up to cover her nose as tears welled in her eyes.

Snapping her head upward to glare at the culprit, she snarled, "Mr. Hisson, you must be doing this on purpose, aren't you? It hurts!"

Ignoring her struggles, Derrick secured his arm around her waist and towed her toward the car. With a quick move, he pinned her against the car.

His entire body was leaning against her, and she could feel his breaths on her face.

In the dark, Tiffany's heart raced, and she blushed as she stared at the handsome man.

She could not tear her eyes away from the man's sapphire-looking eyes.

"Who is he?" Derrick questioned, leaning closer.

They were only a hair's breadth away from each other, and Tiffany felt as if her heart was going to escape from her chest. Even her mind was nothing but mush at that point.

"Who?" she mumbled in a daze.

"That foreigner."

Blinking, she then muttered, "You mean James?"

Derrick nodded.

"Why are you asking?"

"Do you like him?"

All of a sudden, Tiffany wondered if she had lost her mind. When separated, Derrick's words made sense to her. Yet, when they were combined into a sentence, she realized she could not comprehend what he was trying to say.

"Huh?"

"Do you like him?" Derrick was pressing against her to the point that every inch of her back was against the car. Their lips were only a finger apart.

Tiffany could only blink slowly. Every time Derrick was around, the gears in her mind would cease to function, and she would not be able to recall anything.

Seeing how she remained silent, Derrick narrowed his eyes dangerously. "So, you like him?"

Like a fool, she nodded.

The look in Derrick's eyes turned even more menacing. In the next second, he lowered his head and kissed her, forcing her teeth to part as he began entwining his tongue with hers.

The sudden kiss made her tense before struggling slightly. However, after Derrick's forceful invasion, she slowly relaxed into the kiss.

That made Derrick satisfied, and he deepened the kiss. By the time the two separated, Tiffany was slumped against the car as she panted. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were unfocused.

Pulling her up and into his arms, he waited for Tiffany to regain her senses. The moment she did, she shoved him away and slapped him.

Right after the slap, the look in Derrick's eyes changed, and Tiffany stood transfixed, stunned by her own action.

Retracting her hand, an embarrassed look crept upon her face. However, when she recalled that Derrick had been the one to force a kiss on her, the anger in her burned bright again.

Furious, she gritted out, "Mr. Hisson, I can think of your prior harassment as just a prank, but I'm enraged by your kiss this time. I'm not your pet; I'm not here for you to play with when you're happy and get left aside when you're not."

Staring at her, Derrick quietly asked, "Do I treat you like a pet?"

Tiffany averted her eyes guiltily, but still, her voice remained calm. "That's enough. I'll just think that your hormones took over your brain tonight. Time to go. I'm sleepy."

Feeling guilty, Tiffany tried to escape, but Derrick pulled her into his arms again.

Instinctively, she placed her hand against his chest to break free from him. "Derrick, I'm warning you now to let me go. If you don't, I won't be as polite."

Finding her reaction cute, Derrick's lips curled. In a confident tone, he said, "Tiff, you clearly don't hate me. So why won't you say yes to me?"

Tiffany's mind was in a mess, and she blurted out, "Who courts others as you do? Everyone courts with flowers and gifts, and they're gentle with the girl. All you do is force your way regardless of whether I like it or not. There's no sign of

sincerity at all. Forget it. I don't want to waste my time with you anymore. I'm leaving. Goodbye."

With that, Tiffany hurried away as if she was a rabbit escaping from a wolf.

Derrick's only response was a growing confident smile on his face.

A moment later, he opened the door and entered the car. After backing out of the parking space, he drove to Tiffany's side.

Then, he opened the door and said, "Get in."

Tiffany ignored him. Instead of insisting, he slowly drove behind her.

As she walked, she could not help but turn to look at the car behind her. This... This is such a strange scene.

Three minutes later, she finally walked toward the car.

With a grin, Derrick asked, "Are you getting in?"

Hearing that, Tiffany shot a vicious glare at him and began walking forward again. When she realized he was still adamant about following her, she stomped her foot and yelled, "Stop following me, Derrick! Or I'll show you what a punch is!"

Derrick burst out laughing.

Then, he stuck his head out the window and said, "Hop in. I won't do anything to you."

Tiffany huffed and continued storming away.

Once Derrick found a spot to park his car, he got off and strode toward Tiffany. Disregarding her struggles, he spun her around to make her look at him. Then, in a soft tone, he muttered, "I'll admit that I did things wrong, so let me apologize to you. Let's get into the car first. It's getting late, so let me send you back. I promise I won't do anything to you without your permission."

At that, Tiffany shook his hand off before walking back up the path she came from. Opening the car door, she then plopped down on the front passenger seat.

In response, Derrick shook his head. He, too, returned to the car and sat on the driver's seat.

When he started the car, he commented, "And here I thought you were just mildly spicy but turns out you're actually a bottle of choking tabasco sauce."

Tiffany rolled her eyes at him. "What's the matter? Do you not like me now that you found out I'm not the same as who you think I am?"

Derrick grinned, feeling exceptionally delighted.

"Of course I do. Why won't I like you like this?"

Immediately, Tiffany's cheeks heated up. She began moving away as if she was trying to minimize her presence.

Right then, Derrick looked at her and said solemnly, "Woman, be honest with me. Do you want to be in a relationship with me? We'll be dating with marriage in mind. I'll love you and dote on you when you're with me. I can't guarantee that I can protect you from everything, but you have my promise that I'll do my best to protect you from harm."

Tiffany's heart thumped louder and louder as she stared into the man's serious eyes. Subconsciously turning her head toward the window, she replied loudly, "Mr. Hisson, this isn't a funny joke. Hurry up and drive. I'm very sleepy!"

Derrick only stared at her for a while longer. He knew not to push her. Thus, he said, "Tiff, I'll give you time to consider this; I'm not in a rush. One day, you'll say yes. I'll let time prove that marrying into a wealthy family won't be as hard as you think it is. Men who let their wives suffer at home are nothing but b*stards. I'll make sure to prove that I've never been one. and will never be one."

After Derrick sent Tiffany home, and as she lay on the bed after her shower, his words kept replaying in her mind.

Annoyed, she smacked her head and yelled, "Derrick, you b*stard! You're the b*stard of the century! It's impossible for us to be together, and yet you just have to flirt with me! Argh! You're the bane of my existence!"

Unsurprisingly, Tiffany was left sleepless throughout the night. It was only at six in the morning that she finally dozed off. When she woke again, it was only nine in the morning.

She was woken up by the incessant ringing of her phone. Not a morning person, she accepted the call grumpily and snapped, "Hello? Who's this? If there's anything, send a prayer and I'll answer you in heaven. If not, I'm hanging up."

"Tiffany, you're just tempting me to strangle you here and now. When it's your death anniversary, I'll make sure to pray hard and send you a message," came a devil-like voice through the speakers.

Tiffany instantly sobered up.

"Oh, why, if it isn't the ever-beautiful Shannon the editor. What's the matter? Why are you being huffy so early in the morning?" Tiffany said with a chuckle.

"So you still remember that I'm your editor? Where's the manuscript you promised me a week ago? You said you're giving me hundreds of thousands of

words, but I don't see anything at all. Are you messing with me? If I don't see your manuscript coming in soon, I'm going to drag you to hell with me."

Tiffany quickly pulled her phone away from her as Shannon's high-pitched voice nearly busted her eardrums.

"Calm down, Shannon." It was work, after all. Tiffany would not spout unreasonable excuses. "I'm not deliberately avoiding to give you the manuscript. It's just that Amelia was in an accident a few days ago, and the doctor said she might not make it. I went to the hospital to visit her, so I ended up not working on the manuscript."

As expected, Shannon immediately calmed down.

"Ms. Winters was in an accident? When?"

"Just a few days ago. I've been taking care of her in the hospital these few days, so I wasn't in the mood to work. She went for surgery yesterday too, so I ended up reaching home at about three in the morning. I was exhausted, so I fell asleep. I was wondering if you can extend the deadline for the manuscript for another half a month? I swear I'll give it to you by then. I won't procrastinate," Tiffany solemnly replied.

Quietly, Shannon asked, "Which hospital is Ms. Winters in?"

"Principal General Hospital."

"All right, I got it. Come to the office, and I'll discuss the manuscript with you there before we head to the hospital to visit her," Shannon uttered. "You'd better not tell me that you want more sleep. You know how scary I can be."

Tiffany did in fact know how scary Shannon could be. Ain't no way I'm provoking her.

Thus, she obediently went to the office.

At the office, Shannon berated her for half an hour. Right as her eardrums were about to burst, and Tiffany was about to plead for mercy, Shannon stopped.

The two then discussed the issues of the manuscript. In a blink of an eye, it was twelve.

Packing away the things, Shannon then said, "Let's go visit Ms. Winters."

"Should we have our lunch before we head there? Amelia's still sick, so I doubt she can help you with lunch," Tiffany suggested with a grin.

Shannon only rolled her eyes. In the end, the two had lunch before heading to the hospital.

When they reached the ward, it was crowded. Fruits and flowers were all over the room.

Then, they heard Olivia's voice. "Ladies and gentlemen, my daughter-in-law has just woken up, and the doctor said not to tire her out. We're very grateful that you can come and see her today, but it's noon. I've asked the butler to reserve spots at Thalassa Restaurant, so please have your lunch there. She needs to rest too."

The visitors exchanged polite words before leaving the ward.

Shannon, with fruits in her hands, glanced at Tiffany, not sure whether to enter the room or not.

"Tiffany, it seems like we've come at a bad time. Do we still go in?" Shannon whispered.

Before Tiffany could answer her, the ever-observant Olivia noticed them.

She stepped forward to grab Tiffany's hand and smiled. "Why are you still standing there? Amelia was just mumbling that she misses you, and you're here now."

Tiffany smiled back before following her into the ward.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 194

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 194

Tiffany went to Amelia's bed and straightened the latter's fringe. "Babe, are you awake? You gave me a shock yesterday."

The oxygen mask had been removed from Amelia's mouth, but she still looked pale with her chapped lips.

"You must've been worried."

Tiffany placed the fruits she brought along on the ground as there were plenty of other gifts on the table. There was no more space for her stuff.

Shannon came to them and showed her concern. "Ms. Winters, do you feel better? Tiffany just told me you were in an accident, so I came with her to visit you."

Amelia flashed a weak smile. "Ms. Shannon, thank you for visiting me."

Shannon then placed the fruits she brought on the ground as well. Amelia turned to Olivia and said, "Mom, please get a chair for Ms. Shannon."

Olivia dragged a chair over. "Have a seat. I'll cut the fruits up for you."

At once, Shannon waved her hand. "No need, Mrs. Clinton. You don't have to go to all the trouble."

A pleasant smile was hanging on Olivia's lips as she said, "You're Amelia's friend, right? Don't stand on ceremony. As you're our guest, I should serve you some fruits."

With that, she took the fruits and entered the washroom to wash them.

A flash of concern appeared in Shannon's gaze. "Ms. Winters, you look really pale. Are you alright?"

Amelia shook her head to tell her not to worry. "I'm alright. I'll get better after some rest."

Shannon inclined her head and fell silent.

She wasn't that close to Amelia as she had gotten to know the latter through Tiffany.

Instead, it was Amelia who broke the silence. "Have you had lunch?"

"We ate some before coming here. What about you?" asked Shannon.

"I took some soup earlier." Something occurred to Amelia and her lips curved into a grin. "I'm craving meat now. It feels like I haven't eaten meat for ages. Ugh, just thinking about me got me salivating!"

Both Tiffany and Shannon burst into giggles.

"Babe, you've just been operated on, so you won't get to eat meat for some time. But upon your recovery, I'll prepare a meat feast for you, alright?"

Amelia swallowed hard. "Tiff, I can't eat meat now. So stop tempting me."

Her words made both Tiffany and Shannon titter in delight again.

"Ms. Winters, I thought you're a sexy and aloof woman, but turns out you have a hilarious side to you, huh?" teased Shannon as she wiped her tears of joy away.

Tiffany didn't forget to chime in, "Shannon, she might seem like a seductive vixen, but she's actually cuckoo. Only those who are close to her get to see this side of her. She's always aloof to others. When you get to know her better, you'll find out how silly she is. I can't help but tease her."

Amelia shot Tiffany an exasperated glance as Shannon laughed her heart out.

When Olivia came out with a plate of fruits, she saw them chattering happily. She smiled and went over to them. "Sounds like you're having a fun time. What are you chatting about?"

Shannon covered her stomach that hurt from laughing too much and blurted out, "Tiffany said Ms. Winters is a cuckoo and told me not to be fooled by her looks."

Olivia placed the plate on the table and gestured for them to eat the fruits.

Affected by Olivia's warmth, Shannon gradually relaxed. She picked a piece of fruit and took a bite. "Mrs. Clinton, do you think Ms. Winters is a cuckoo?"

Olivia took one look at Amelia and beamed. "Amelia's a considerate and kind young lady. She might look like a sexy and promiscuous woman at first sight, and to be honest, when Oscar wanted to marry her back then, I was worried. I wanted him to marry an obedient wife, so Amelia's looks didn't make the cut. But the more time I spent with her, the more I adored her. Her most likable trait is that she's filial. I'm glad to have her as my daughter-in-law."

Upon hearing that, color returned to Amelia's face slowly.

Envy shone in Shannon's gaze. "Mrs. Clinton, you're gorgeous, elegant, and nice. Ms. Winters is lucky to have you as her mother-in-law. I hope my future mother-in-law is half as nice as you."

Olivia gave Amelia a slice of apple. "Amelia, you can only eat a little."

After Amelia took a bite, Olivia gave a half-smile. "Shannon, right?"

Shannon nodded, feeling flattered.

Olivia proceeded to share her opinion. "Shannon, I don't agree with your words. Actually, it isn't as complicated as you think. Those mother-in-law and daughter-in-law fights you see on TV are mostly made-up. Most moms want their sons to have a blissful life with their wives. Why will they be happy to see their sons fighting with their wives? Of course, there are some moms who want to control their sons and they'll treat their daughter-in-law as enemies. That's the minority, though. You're pretty and amiable, so your mother-in-law will surely be the same."

Shannon gave her a thumbs up. "Mrs. Clinton, I can't believe you're this understanding. If you're thirty years younger, and I'm a man, I'll definitely court you." She didn't conceal her admiration for Olivia.

Olivia burst out laughing at her comment.

It was a heartwarming session in the ward.

Tiffany gave Shannon a slight push and joked, "Shannon, stop it. Even if Mrs. Clinton is thirty years younger, she still belongs to Mr. Clinton. You're no match for him."

The sounds of lighthearted laughter resonated in the ward.

Amelia chuckled as she lay in her bed.

"Tiffany, why are you still calling me Mrs. Clinton?" asked Olivia. "You should be calling me Aunt Olivia."

At her words, Shannon gave Tiffany a baffled look.

Tiffany glanced at Amelia shyly. To her surprise, the latter nodded at her encouragingly.

"Tiff, Mom told me she wants to take you as her goddaughter. It's a good thing, so you should say yes," urged Amelia.

Now, Tiffany had no reason to reject the offer.

Olivia took her hand and patted it gently. "Tiffany, don't feel pressured to say yes. I'm sincere in wanting to become your godmother. You're Amelia's friend, and I adore you, too. If you don't want me to hold a party to introduce you to everyone, we can do it in private then. I shall introduce you to my friends in the corporate world sometime later. You're a freelance writer, so I can introduce you to bigger publishing companies out there. You have the potential to become a best-selling author in Chanaea!"

Before Tiffany could reply, Shannon's excited voice rang out. "Tiffany, you should thank Mrs. Clinton! Not everyone gets the chance to be a best-selling author. You're lucky to be talented and appreciated by your benefactor. Many authors are talented but lack the chance to shine. Tiffany, you need to grab the chance before it slips away!"

Shaking Tiffany's hand enthusiastically, she added, "If you're going to be a best-selling author, I'll be your only editor!"

Tiffany was amused by her reaction.

Amelia chimed in, "Mom, don't give Tiff too much pressure. If she doesn't want to be your goddaughter, you should forget it then. She might be a famous author, but she spends most of her time at home. If she becomes the Clintons' goddaughter, it might bring her unwanted attention. Some nasty people might even start criticizing her. I don't want this to end in a disaster."

After thinking about it, Olivia nodded in agreement. "Seems like I was being too hasty. Alright, I'll stop talking about it. But Tiffany, I'll be waiting for you to call me Aunt Olivia."

Hearing that, Tiffany heave a sigh of relief inwardly.

Half an hour later, Shannon excused herself as she had to return to work. Tiffany remained to accompany Amelia.

Olivia told her, "Tiffany, stay here with Amelia. I need to go back home. Oscar will be here soon."

"Mrs. Clinton, you can leave if you have something on. I've already taken a few days off, so I can take care of Amelia here," said Tiffany.

"Alright, then. Amelia, I'm going home. If you crave anything, give me a call. I'll be back later," Olivia told her.

"Okay, stay safe, Mom."

Olivia inclined her head and left with her bag in hand.

After seeing Olivia off, Tiffany returned to her seat beside the bed. "Babe, Mrs. Clinton adores you."

Amelia nodded without saying anything.

Grabbing her hand, Tiffany advised earnestly, "Babe, you've barely survived the ordeal. Clearly, Oscar has feelings for you. So don't push him away like a fool. If you love him, hold on to him. Now that your baby is here, you're a happy family of three. You don't have to overthink things. I don't want to see you backing off when Cassie kicks up a fuss again."

Amelia's gaze was blazing with happiness. "As long as Oscar remains by my side, I won't leave him."

Tiffany was relieved to hear that.

"Don't worry. When you were in the operating room, I saw how grim Oscar's expression was. I'm a freelance writer, so I know how the male and female lead think. I'm certain he loves you. You should have a serious discussion with him after this," Tiffany suggested.

Amelia shot her an obliging nod.

Pleased, Tiffany proceeded to inquire, "Anyway, where is Oscar? Don't tell me he had let down his guard after you woke up?"

"He received a phone call and had to return to his office to sign an urgent document. I think he'll be back soon."

Tiffany pursed her lips in annoyance. "What a lame excuse. He'd better be signing an urgent document now."

"Why are you so biased against him? I thought he only viewed me as a toy in the past, but after what he did for me for the past few days, I'm certain he won't lie to me. No, it's more like he won't go to the hassle of lying to me." A blissful smile lit up Amelia's lips at the mention of Oscar.

Tiffany shuddered in disgust. "Babe, your words sound so corny."

The smile on Amelia's lips remained.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 195

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 195

Just when they were chatting amiably in the ward, Amelia's phone suddenly rang. Tiffany picked it up and saw that it was Oscar.

"It's Oscar," she revealed before answering the call. "Hello?"

When Oscar heard her voice, he fell silent for a moment before saying hesitantly, "Tiffany?"

"Yeah, it's me. What is it?" Tiffany responded.

"I'm going to be late as there are still some documents I have to go through at my office. Please pass the message to Amelia."

Tiffany immediately huffed, "Oscar Clinton, is this an excuse so you can sneak out to be with your mistress?"

"Seeing as you're Amelia's friend, I won't reproach you. But still, you need to mind your words. You don't want Amelia to worry, do you? Besides, if I want to get myself a mistress, I won't make it a secret," Oscar announced at the other end of the line firmly.

Stunned, Tiffany glanced at Amelia as her expression grew solemn.

"I'm sorry for being harsh earlier," Tiffany immediately apologized. "Go back to work. I'll take care of Amelia. But I'm warning you, if you dare to hurt her, I won't let you off easily."

Oscar didn't take her warning seriously and replied, "Pass the phone to her. I need to say a few words to her."

Without hesitation, Tiffany handed the phone to Amelia.

Oscar called out, "Amelia?"

Amelia hummed in acknowledgement.

"I'm still working, so I might be late. Take good care of yourself, you hear?"

"You should focus on your work. Mom and Tiff are here with me, so don't worry," came Amelia's gentle reply. "Even if you're busy, remember to take your meals on time. Don't starve yourself."

Warmth flooded Oscar's heart upon hearing her reminder. Softly, he answered, "I know. I want to grow old together with you, so I'll take good care of my health."

Amelia felt her cheeks heating in embarrassment. She couldn't handle Oscar after his abrupt change, but his sweet nothings still brought her a ray of happiness.

"I got it. You should go back to work."

After cutting the line, Tiffany took the phone from her and joked, "Babe, look how flushed you are. You need to calm down. I can't believe how love-struck you are."

Amelia blushed even harder when she heard that.

As Tiffany pulled the covers up, she grinned. "I know you love Oscar, and that you're happy with him. Be good and take a nap now."

A blissful smile played on Amelia's lips. She was exhausted, so after exchanging some friendly banter with Tiffany, she promptly fell into a deep slumber.

Gazing at Amelia's peaceful expression, Tiffany felt pleased. Still, she couldn't stop worrying about her friend. It was clear that Amelia had fallen head over heels for Oscar. Oscar's attitude had changed after the accident. Is Oscar's hidden feelings for Amelia deeper than the love Amelia has for him? She fell in love with him first, so she has to suffer more. She's destined to be on the losing side as she said "I love you" first.

"Babe, I hope you did the right thing, and Oscar is your Mr. Right. I want you to form a happy family with him," Tiffany lamented and let out a sigh.

Meanwhile, after talking to Amelia, Oscar hung up and scowled unhappily.

He leaned in his chair and glared at a man, who was pinned to the ground by his bodyguards. "Spill," he commanded as the man shivered in fear.

Immediately, the man revealed in a trembling voice, "M-Mr. Clinton, please forgive me this once. I won't do it again! I didn't hit Mrs. Clinton on purpose. It was Ms. Stephanie who gave me the orders! I'm telling the truth."

Oscar narrowed his gaze.

After a while, he gestured at his bodyguards, who immediately pulled out a knife before stabbing it down on the man's palm.

The next moment, the man's wails of anguish resonated in the room.

Oscar frowned. "Seal his mouth."

A cloth was stuffed into the man's mouth.

The man lay on the ground and held his bleeding right hand, writhing in pain.

Oscar gave another nod, and one of the bodyguards removed the cloth from the man's mouth.

Immediately, the man hissed in pain.

He raised his head weakly to say, "Mr. Clinton, please spare my life. It was Ms. Stephanie who gave me the orders! Otherwise, I won't dare to harm Mrs. Clinton!"

Oscar's face turned grim in an instant as he commanded, "Donnie, call Stephanie and ask where she is. Bring her over now."

"Understood, Mr. Clinton," Donnie answered and strode out.

"Kurt, cripple his hands!" Oscar ordered his other bodyguard viciously.

"Understood."

Fear was written all over the man's face as he cowered back while pleading, "Mr. Clinton, please spare me. Have mercy on me!"

Oscar furrowed his brows. "Well? Hurry up, Kurt."

Kurt Alfsen grabbed the man deftly and took action. Soon, another horrifying yell rang out.

After finishing his job, Kurt flung the man onto the ground and returned to his original position quietly.

As for the man, he lay curled into a ball while convulsing from the pain of his crippled hands.

Oscar told him, "I'll give you another chance. If you reveal the real mastermind, I'll spare your life. When Stephanie arrives later, and I find out you've been framing her, you'll suffer from a worse fate."

The man struggled to meet Oscar's gaze. "Mr. Clinton, I wasn't lying. It was Ms. Stephanie who ordered me to do so. Please spare me. I have to support my eighty-year-old mother, daughter, and children. My wife was diagnosed with uremia last month, so I ended up taking the job to get money for her treatment. I won't do it again. Please, Mr. Clinton. My family needs me."

Oscar's lips quirked into an icy smirk.

"Don't you know the consequences of hurting one of the Clintons?" He fiddled with his fingers. "I remember your daughter is eighteen this year. She's an adult now, right? What if I send her to work at a nightclub?"

The color drained out of the man's face as he crawled toward Oscar slowly. Blood trickled out from his wounds to the ground to form a terrifying scene.

"Mr. Clinton, it was my fault. I lost my mind at the sight of money. If you want to take revenge, punish me. But please, don't hurt my daughter. She's innocent," he begged.

Hostility crept into Oscar's eyes. He couldn't forget the suffocating feeling when he heard about Amelia's accident. The sight of her frail and pale figure entering the operating room was too much for him to bear. He refused to experience the same thing again.

Shooting an icy glare at the man pleading for his forgiveness, he sneered, "Look at you, begging for me not to target your daughter. When you hit Amelia, did you think about her baby in her stomach? She was seven months along! You could've killed her and her baby. I might lose my wife and never get to see my son."

The man's expression contorted as he howled, seemingly regretting his mistake.

Shortly after, Donnie arrived with Stephanie in tow. She was still complaining when she stepped in. "Donnie, I'm warning you. If this isn't an urgent business, you shall suffer from my wrath!"

Right then, she spotted the nearly unconscious man collapsed on the ground. When she went nearer and realized who he was, her eyes widened in shock. Instinctively, she stepped back and turned to leave, but Donnie blocked her escape and pushed her in.

Seeing her reaction, Oscar scowled and pointed at the man on the ground. "Stephanie, do you know this man?"

After her initial terror, Stephanie had regained her composure.

She pretended to shoot a disdainful look at the man and said, "Who is this? Look how scruffy he is. I don't know anyone like him."

The man perked up upon seeing Stephanie and yelled, "Ms. Stephanie, don't lie! You were the one who came to me and promised to pay me three million and treat my wife if I can get someone to hit Mrs. Clinton—"

Before he could finish, Stephanie stormed over and started kicking him forcefully.

"Nonsense! Who are you to sow discord between me and my brother? Yes, I don't like Amelia, but I'm not that cruel to attempt to kill her. She's pregnant with my nephew. I will never do such a crazy thing!"

The man immediately yelped in pain.

Oscar spoke up. "Stephanie, stop!"

Hearing his order, Stephanie finally stopped kicking him and heaved angrily.

"Oscar, don't listen to him. Why would I hire someone to hit Amelia? I'm not that crazy!" Stephanie tried to defend herself.

Not a word came from Oscar's lips as he studied his sister carefully.

Under his scrutinizing gaze, Stephanie averted her gaze guiltily. She felt thoroughly exposed.

"O-Oscar, what's wrong? Why are you staring at me?" Stephanie stammered.