

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 136

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Chapter 136 A Contract

Amelia was shocked to hear such an unreserved answer from Derrick, but she agreed nonetheless.

“Sure. We’ll see you in the evening.”

Amelia fell into deep thoughts after she hung up. She still could not get her head around what was happening. Judging from the man’s mannerisms, he was not as bad as Tiffany said he was. Besides, he clearly sounded like a young man.

He must be a rich and successful man, but Tiffany painted a direct opposite picture. Amelia did not know if she should laugh at what her friend made him up to be.

When Tiffany finally came home, Amelia was looking at her phone.

“Hey, Babe, I’m back. You shouldn’t spend so much time on your phone. It’s not good for the baby,” she said.

“Mr. Hisson called just now, so I picked up.” Amelia’s words struck Tiffany like a lightning bolt.

Her hand froze for a while as she put the food on the table. She gave off a rigid laugh and tried to sound natural. “Did he say anything?”

Amelia continued looking at her phone as a subtle smile played across her lips. “Tiff, it seems like you’re hiding a lot of things from me, aren’t you? Don’t you think you owe me an explanation?”

Tiffany arranged the food on the table and tried to play dumb. “I don’t understand what you’re saying, Babe.”

The smile on Amelia’s face slowly faded as she locked her gaze at Tiffany.

Tiffany really did not like her behaving like this.

“Babe, stop doing this to me. You know I really can’t take you looking at me like this. I’ll tell you everything, okay?”

Amelia crossed her arms. "You'd better come clean this time. We've been friends for so many years. It's not like I'll do anything to harm you."

"Alright. Let's eat first. I bought some of your favorite snacks. I'll go grocery shopping later. I'll make you some chicken soup later. You're too thin for your own good. Your baby is already seven-month-old and your limbs are still so skinny."

"Don't change the topic," Amelia warned as she ate away.

Tiffany took some food herself and mumbled as she munched, "Babe, I didn't."

"From your boss' voice, I can tell he's our age. His voice is so magnetic, so I guess he must be an attractive man. But someone clearly said he was short, fat, and ugly. You should at least do him some justice," Amelia said.

Tiffany choked and coughed furiously when she heard her. Amelia quickly got her a glass of water and passed her some tissue before patting her on the back. "You okay?"

Tiffany took a sip of water and waved her hand lightly. "I'm fine. I was just shocked."

"There must be something going on between the two of you. Tell me, how long has this been going on?" Amelia interrogated.

Tiffany broke out in a fit of an uncontrollable cough again. She stared at her friend and cried out, "Babe! Can you stop doing that to me?"

Amelia shrugged and shot her a cheeky grin. "Alright, I'll stop, but you'll have to tell me everything. Are you guys still at first base? Or second, or third?"

Tiffany rolled her eyes at Amelia. "Babe, how did I not realize you're actually that nosy. Did something get into you today? Or have you been hiding this side of you all this while?"

"This is my true self. I'm just so curious about other people's lives," Amelia replied wittily, blinking her eyes at her.

"Oh, by the way, I've already made an appointment with him. We're meeting him at six. We need to talk about your contract. And of course, I need to see for myself this man who stole your heart away. There must be something special about him that attracts you. You're completely immune to handsome men like Oscar and Carter."

Tiffany's food fell from her mouth onto her plate as she stared at Amelia.

"Are you kidding me, Babe?"

"He called just now, and I've already promised him. He's your superior, so it's not like we can back out, right?"

Babe, I didn't know you're this cunning.

Tiffany could not believe this was the Amelia she knew.

"Why not we skip grocery shopping. We'll eat out for dinner instead. I really want to meet him," Amelia insisted.

"Babe, there's really nothing going on between us. Our relationship is purely professional. Don't you think it's too much to meet him privately after work?" Tiffany asked.

"Even if there's really nothing between you two, you still have to meet him to talk about work. If he's really canceling your contract because of the Yards, I'll talk to him as a Clinton. I'll let him know that you have me as your backing."

Tiffany was moved by Amelia's words. "Babe, don't get all cheesy with me. I'll blame it on you if you make me cry."

"Finish up. We'll go for a good meal tonight. After all, it's his treat. We should just go," Amelia said, passing her some food.

Tiffany thought about it and finally nodded.

"Tiff, if you really like him, you should let him know," Amelia suggested. But on second thought, she changed her mind. "Fine. Let's just wait for him to take action. The fact that he called you means he doesn't see you just as his employee. He's a busy man. He doesn't need to waste his time and energy on a mere author like you."

"I'm not sure if I should take this as a compliment, Babe."

Amelia raised her brows and blinked her eyes slowly as if she expected Tiffany to know what she really meant.

"Babe, you'll know we're not of the same world when you see him. He's prince charming in a fairy tale whom every girl dream of. He's perfect, handsome, successful and he comes from a good family. Yes, I'm an independent woman who's able to fend for myself, but I'm still a

Cinderella in everyone's eyes. There's no way two of us can come to the same level," Tiffany said with a solemn look on her face.

It pained Amelia to see her like this. She patted Tiffany on the head and comforted her. "Since when did the Tiffany I know became so doubtful of herself? You're the one who told me that we are people who work hard and can afford to enjoy the fruits of our labor. You said we should feel proud of ourselves instead of feeling inferior. Have you forgotten what you said?"

"Babe, I told you not to make me cry. It was just adrenaline at play when I saw him. That's why I was all flustered. Don't worry, I know how to deal with relationships. I won't invest too much in a relationship I know won't come to fruition. I won't get myself hurt. Besides, we've agreed to take care of your baby together."

Amelia smiled and said no more, but she was beginning to worry about Tiffany.

Love was not something you could just brush aside when it came knocking, else there would not be any unrequited lovers. Many could not help but fall in love, and they only sunk deeper when they struggled to break themselves free.

Tiffany might be loud and unrestrained sometimes, and she might even be an avid believer of singlehood, but she still had that desire for love in her bones. The fact that she was a romance novel writer showed that she had a longing for love, but she was aware of the harsh reality at the same time. On one hand, she was dreaming about meeting her prince charming; on the other, but her dream was suppressed by reality. Hence, Amelia really was not sure how these two conflicting forces would affect Tiffany when she finally met her Mr. Right.

When the clock almost struck six, Amelia sent Derrick a text and told him the place she and Tiffany chose. A terse reply darted back swiftly.

"Sure. See you in thirty minutes."

Tiffany glanced at his message and pursed her lips. "Seriously, all the successful people behave the same way. He's just like your husband."

Amelia smiled without saying a word.

The two women changed into something simple and went downstairs together. After they got into Tiffany's car, she fastened the seatbelt for Amelia and lowered her head toward her baby bump. "Sweetheart, we're going for a nice meal now. Is there anything you'd like to eat? Let Mommy know if what you want, and I'll get it for you. You're the boss here, and

your mom comes second. I'm here to serve both of you," Tiffany said cheekily.

"You should just start the car," Amelia said, shaking her head.

Tiffany sat back in her seat and put on her own seatbelt. "Sweetheart, I'm driving now. I'll bring you to a place with all the nice food."

Amelia looked at her from the side as she drove. "Tiff, you should have a child yourself if you really like kids. You're a good catch, so you should consider getting into a relationship if you meet someone who's interested in you. Don't just bury yourself in your books all the time."

"Stop it, Babe. I just want to earn a lot of money for you and Sweetheart. It's not like I hope you'll get a divorce though. I'm just preparing for rainy days. I always believe that we women should set aside some money for ourselves, only then we'll be able to live their life to the fullest even without men. Money is the only thing that won't betray us in our lives. We can't even say for sure if our family will turn their backs on us."

A frown appeared on Amelia's brows. "I don't agree though."

"Alright, fine. I shouldn't have said that. But it's really all adrenaline talking when I called and told you that I've fallen in love. I wasn't thinking clearly back then and I said something irrational. Don't take me seriously. He and I don't come from the same world. You'd better not get too enthusiastic about shipping us when you see him."

Amelia's lips curved in an ambiguous smile as she glanced at her. "Tiff, why do you have to explain your relationship with him over and over again? Is there something necessary, to begin with?"

Tiffany quickly shut up.

It was times like this that made her think it was not entirely a good thing to have a friend who was too smart.

"Alright, I won't tease you anymore. I know what I should and shouldn't do. I won't interfere with your relationship, just like how you never got yourself involved in my marriage. I'll support you whether or not you enter into a relationship with him."

Her words tugged at Tiffany's heartstrings as they exchanged understanding looks. It only took one glance for them to know what was on the other person's mind.

They agreed to meet at a Chanaean restaurant. The waiters and waitresses all looked impeccable in traditional clothing.

When they saw Amelia and Tiffany coming in, one of them hurried over and smiled politely. "Mrs. Clinton?"

Amelia nodded.

"We've prepared a private dining room for you. Over here," the waitress said.

The two women followed her up to the second floor and took a right turn before walking down a corridor. The waitress opened the door before them and gestured at them to enter.

"There's another friend coming over later. We'll order when he's here," Amelia said after both of them were seated.

"Sure. I'll come back again later then," the waitress said.

After she was gone, Tiffany started surveying the classically decorated private room. "I really like the vintage ambiance. It's so elegant. This is a good place to dine. Have you been here before? They're really polite to you."

"Yeah. I have been here with Oscar a few times. He even told the boss that I'm his wife."

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Chapter 137 He Is Not That Bad After All

Tiffany gave her an understanding nod. This was the benefit of being rich. It would not take a lot of explanation for people to know your status.

"It seems like Oscar is not that bad after all. He might have another woman, but he still knows you're his wife and doesn't make things difficult for you. I'd really teach him a lesson if he didn't acknowledge you as his wife," Tiffany remarked.

"Well, he might not be able to give me his full devotion, but he's actually quite nice to me," Amelia said, coming to Oscar's defense, "He makes sure I lack nothing and gave me a gold card with an unlimited spending limit.

My life is actually pretty good compared to other women in my situation. It's just that I got greedy and started coveting his heart. I forgot that life's never perfect. We can't have everything."

"Babe, I don't like how you're talking about yourself. You can't blame yourself for falling for him. It's totally natural that you want him only to yourself. What's wrong with that? Besides, you're really tolerant of him. If I were you, I would have broken his limbs," Tiffany replied.

Amelia smiled but did not answer.

Tiffany rubbed her nose consciously and fell into silence. She was just speaking her mind, but frankly speaking, if she had really fallen for someone, she would be heartbroken if that person had an affair. She would not even think about hurting him.

Although she professed to stay single, she still yearned for love. She hoped her Mr. Right would come to her one day too. It was just that dream died out slowly after a wait too long.

A knock came from the door. "Come in," Tiffany said.

The waitress came in. "Mrs. Clinton, your friend is here."

She moved aside and ushered Derrick in.

Amelia was stunned when she saw Derrick. It took her a few seconds to finally come around again. No one could stand unfazed in front of such an exquisite-looking being. Yet, despite her racing heartbeat and her awe of Derrick, she tried to compose herself.

He walked in confidently and browsed at Amelia casually before landing his gaze on Tiffany.

Amelia had already gathered herself when Derrick came closer to the table. A polite smile hung on her lips as she stood up and shook his hand.

"You must be Mr. Hisson. Nice to meet you."

"Just Derrick will do. And you are...?"

"Amelia Winters. Tiff and I share the same last name, but we're not related. We've been friends for many years. Just call me Amelia," she replied statement of factly.

Derrick took a quick and unnoticeable glance at Amelia as she introduced herself. He was impressed by her mannerism and demeanor. She had gotten on his good side just from their brief interaction.

Given his position, Derrick had met many remarkable and elegant women on different occasions. But Amelia gave him a very good impression; most importantly, she was Tiffany's most trusted confidant. Hence, he would like to be in her good book.

"Amelia. That's a lovely name. I've worked with Mr. Clinton a few times. I heard he's married, but I never knew it was you. Now that I've met you in person, I can only say that he's a lucky man," Derrick complimented.

"It's really nice of you to say that. I've heard about you from Tiff too. It's just that I didn't expect you to actually be so eye-catching. You're just like a prince who walked out of an anime."

"Oh, Tiff talked about me?" Derrick caught the most important information and glanced at Tiffany.

Tiffany met his gaze and her cheeks were pumped red instantly. Her heart began to beat faster at that question.

Why am I like this every time I see him? This man will be the death of me.

"Oh, yes! She talks about you a lot. She said you're the one who discovered her talent, and that she wouldn't be where she is today without you. She's really grateful for your help." Speaking, Amelia elbowed Tiffany. "What's wrong with you? Your boss is here. Aren't you going to talk to him?"

Tiffany took a deep breath and tried calming her racing heartbeat. "Good to see you, Mr. Hisson."

"Derrick, not Mr. Hisson. We're not at work," he corrected, his voice particularly gentle compared to how he talked to Amelia earlier on. Derrick was not interested in being her employer, or her patron—he wanted her.

Tiffany evaded his gaze and disregarded what he said. "Take a seat, Mr. Hisson. Why don't we order some food first? I believe everyone is hungry now. Amelia's pregnant now, so she needs to eat on time."

It was not until Tiffany mentioned it that Derrick realized Amelia had a baby bump.



"It's so careless of me. I should've realized. Guess I got carried away talking to you. The baby must be a few months old already. Congratulations."

"Thanks. Have a seat."

Derrick went over to Tiffany's side and sat on her right. Tiffany glared at him from the corner of her eyes and her heart started racing uncontrollably again.

"Mr. Hisson, I think you're sitting way too close to me," she said blatantly, "Don't you think it's a little..."

Tiffany did not know what else to say. It was not like she could say she was burning with embarrassment if he sat so close to her.

Sometimes, being too attractive was not a good thing.

"I said call me Derrick. I like it better," he reiterated.

Tiffany spared him a confused look.

"Tiff, it's already past working hours. And to be precise, you're Derrick's partner, not his employee, so he's actually not your superior," Amelia elaborated.

Tiffany cast her questioning gaze at her friend. Babe! Why are you on his side? Why are you calling him by his first name? You have just met him!

Amelia ignored her stare and continued, "Don't you think it's better to just go with 'Derrick' since we're hanging out over a meal here?"

Amelia's entreat made Tiffany felt like she was being petty.

"Alright, Babe. Since when are you so naggy?" Tiffany caved, pouting her lips.

Amelia called the waitress over to get the menu. "Derrick, Tiff is only so quiet when she's with strangers. She's actually very talkative. I'm sure you'll like her if you spend more time with her."

"Babe, that's enough," Tiffany interrupted.

Amelia dropped the subject and ordered a few dishes. "It's our first meal together, so I don't know what you like. Why not you order something you like, Derrick? It's on me."

Derrick did not shy away and ordered four dishes. "There's no way I'm letting you pay. This meal will be on me."

Seeing Tiffany looking at the menu without talking, Amelia spoke up to ease the situation. "Oscar and I come here a lot and Clinton Corporations pick up the tab for us, so I'm buying this meal no matter what."

Derrick smiled and agreed.

After they placed their order, Amelia started asking serious questions. "Derrick, I heard from Tiff that you're calling off your contract with her. Is this true?"

Derrick sipped his drink and put down his glass before answering. "That's just a misunderstanding. She's a prolific writer, and the stories she writes are engaging and captivating. I won't let go of such a talented writer," he said, glancing at Tiffany.

Tiffany felt tongue-tied all of a sudden. She quickly got on her feet and disregarded Amelia's frowning face. "I need to go to the washroom."

Amelia looked at her friend trying to get away frantically. "There's a washroom in here, Tiff."

But Tiffany was already out of the room.

After the door shut close, the smile on Amelia's faded away. "Mr. Hisson, I'm here to confirm something today."

Derrick knew just from the swift change in her expression that she was not just an empty shell.

"Call me Derrick," he said.

"How I address you is not important. I just want to know if you're ending the contract with her."

"I was just pulling her leg. I don't mean it," he said, shaking his head.

Amelia put down her drink and took a good look at Derrick. "I'll just go straight to the point, Derrick. Tiffany might look like she doesn't care, but she's a sentimental person. She keeps everything to herself and she doesn't open up about her feelings no matter how difficult it is for her. She takes her job seriously although she might seem unperturbed by the contract termination. She will burn the midnight candles in order to come up with a good story. She'll even check through everything multiple times after writing. She's successful as she is today because of her talent and her

hard work. Yes, there's an element of luck at play too, but if you're to end her contract, it'd be devastating for her."

Derrick listened quietly as Amelia spoke.

She let off a slight cough and smiled gently. "I must have said too much. I really shouldn't have let it all out on you. Please let me know if you find this a burden. I'll just stop talking."

Derrick rubbed his fingers as a civil smile played on the corners of his lips like a fox concocting some unfathomable plans in his head.

"I bet you know I like Tiff," he finally said.

Amelia was not expecting him to be so direct.

Derrick was a handsome man. He was a knight in shining armor. As Tiffany said, they were both from different worlds. Just from how Derrick carried himself, one could easily tell he came from no ordinary family. In fact, he was a golden bachelor.

Put his credentials aside, his looks themselves were enough to make most women fall for him. It went without saying that his partner had to have a very strong sense of security, else she would end up worrying day and night if someone else would steal her man away.

"But you know Tiff wants someone on par with her," Amelia told him outright.

"I can walk into her world," Derrick said confidently.

For a few seconds, Amelia stared at him, his words ringing in her ears. This meant Derrick was not only willing to understand her past, but he was also willing to make sacrifices to be part of her life and her future.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 138**

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Chapter 138 A Solemn Promise

"Tiff is just a simple girl next door. Although she's now one of the best-selling authors, she's very ordinary. She dislikes fine dining and isn't fond of learning proper etiquette. She's super messy and sloppy at home, to the extent of not showering when she's suffering from a mental block

in writing. She doesn't look good most of the time. In fact, she's messy, disheveled, and unkempt. Can you stand a girl like her?"

Amelia described Tiffany like the back of her hand.

A sweet smile appeared on Derrick's face and gradually transitioned into a wide grin. He looked as if he could visualize Tiffany's casual looks at home.

"I'm really looking forward to seeing her true colors in daily life because it will mean that I'm already her man when that day comes," he hinted.

Amelia chuckled. "I'm not trying to discourage you. However, will a talent like you who is most likely to pursue exquisite things and a quality life tolerate a scuzzy person like Tiff?"

Derrick answered with a question, "How would I know if I don't give it a try?"

Amelia simply smiled.

Sipping her tea, she said, "Tiff has talked about you before but in a bad way. She described you as a pervert boss who's as fat as a pig. I didn't expect you to be so handsome. Honestly, you turned out to be better looking than any other man I've seen. I used to think that my husband's the most good-looking man on earth until I met you. Now, I finally knew how does a prince charming looks like. You've fulfilled all the criteria in the fantasies of all women. But somehow, I don't think you and Tiff are compatible."

Derrick looked at her intensely. "You don't agree?"

She let out a faint smile. "It's not about whether I agree to this. It's up to Tiff. If she likes you, I hope that you two can have the happily-ever-after life that you deserve. On the contrary, if she doesn't have any feelings for you, I hope that you'd let her go. After all, your backgrounds are completely different. There's no point in staying together when you can't guarantee her a future."

He fidgeted the cup in his hand. "Frankly, I've investigated everyone around Tiff thoroughly since the first day I fell for her. I'm aware and very certain that you're an intelligent woman. Your friendship with Tiff is way solid than I've expected. My purpose of meeting you today is to reach an agreement with you."

"Go ahead."

“Please don’t be the stumbling block between Tiff and I.”

Amelia laughed.

“Rest assured that I’ll never meddle in Tiff’s private affairs. I’ll only help her analyze the options available but I won’t decide for her based on my standards just because I care. Her marriage is her decision to make.”

Derrick was full of praise for Amelia’s wisdom.

A smart man would always enjoy negotiating with a smart woman as it is easier and more effective.

Derrick raised his cup of tea. “Allow me to toast with tea instead of wine. Thank you!”

After clinking glasses and taking a sip, Amelia said to him, “You’re better than I thought, Derrick. A steady man. I’m afraid Tiff can’t handle you.”

Before he could reply, there was a knock at the door. Subsequently, it was pushed open and a few nicely dressed waitresses entered with dainty dishes in their hands.

Swiftly, they served the individually served portion. “Bon appetite, Mrs. Clinton. If you like the food, our manager has humbly asked that you put in a good word for us with Mr. Clinton.”

Amelia nodded her head lightly.

The waitresses then left the room courteously. Amelia frowned upon realizing Tiffany was still not back from the bathroom. “Why is Tiff taking so long? Let me go and check in on her.”

When she was about to stand up, Derrick stopped her. “Let me do it.”

Amelia agreed. “Sure.”

When he was tucking in his chair, she called out to him again, “Derrick, I can tell that you really like Tiff. However, I have my qualms if this relationship alone can suffice you in sustaining your fight against your family. If you don’t have the confidence in winning the battle, please stay away from Tiff. She may look very carefree, but she’s actually a very sensitive person who can get hurt very easily. Don’t pursue her if your goal is just to fool around. She’s not the type who wants a short-term relationship.”

Without turning his head, Derrick smirked. "My marriage has always been my personal decision to make. Should I want to toy her around, I wouldn't have waited two to three years to make my first move. With my looks and family background, I can easily get a dozen of women presenting themselves to me without lifting a finger. Why do I need to exert so much effort on one woman?"

Amelia grinned. "Derrick, remember what you said today. Otherwise, I won't forgive you."

He nodded.

When he left the room, Amelia muttered, "Tiff, I think he suits you well."

On the other end, Tiffany had no idea what the two had discussed behind her back.

Derrick came to the ladies' washroom and instantly got hold of a woman who was at the exit. The woman was shocked to the core, blushed, and faltered at the sight of a handsome man, "Any... anything, mis...ter?"

Before he could respond, Tiffany walked out of the bathroom and saw them seemingly having some physical contact. She rolled her eyes at him. "Mr. Hisson, why are you here? It's surprising to see a good looking man like you behaving like a rogue."

He released his grip on the woman and said charmingly, "You may go now."

Dwelling in her fangirling moment, the woman lost herself in a frenzy. Thrilled, she held Derrick's hand. "You're a celebrity, aren't you? What movie have you acted in? Or are you a model? You look so cool. I'll surely search for all of your work online."

As Amelia had said, men who had a successful career would have a specific threshold levels or tolerance for cleanliness, be it psychologically or physiologically. Derrick was a clean freak who did not like being touched by others. He could not bear messiness nor anything presumed as filthy or contaminated. He could not accept it when the woman ran her hand around his.

The only reason he subconsciously got hold of the woman just now was to request for her help to check on Tiffany in the bathroom.

Seeing his hand being grabbed by an unknown woman, Derrick's tolerance level almost hit a breaking point. Tiffany could sense that he was about to blow a fuse, so she quickly diffused the situation, "Ma'am, could you

please let go of my friend? He has obsessive-compulsive disorder and rashes may develop on his body if you keep holding on to him like this.”

The woman regained her senses and loosened her hand, knowing that she had lost her self-control. Her face turned crimson red. “Sorry, sorry...” She ran away after apologizing.

Derrick fixated his gaze on Tiffany, who avoided having eye contact with him.

“Mr. Hisson, why are you here?”

“I was worried about a cheeky girl who spent more than ten minutes in the bathroom,” he said in a teasing manner.

Tiffany’s heart skipped a beat, but she tried to maintain her composure. “My stomach doesn’t feel too good. Sorry for making you worried.”

Approaching closer, he cornered her. Tiffany was so anxious that she kept scanning left and right in case someone was passing by in the hallway.

“Tiff, are you scared of me?” He leaned over to her face, so close that she could feel the breath he exhaled.

She blocked him from advancing further by placing both hands on his chest. “This isn’t appropriate, Mr. Hisson. Others might get the wrong impression if they saw us like this.”

He insisted for an answer, “Tiff, are you scared of me?”

Her heartbeat raced rapidly as she tried to gasp a breath of fresh air to calm herself down. “Mr. Hisson, let’s return to the private room. We can talk over there.”

He continued gazing at her intently. In a sexy voice, he asked, “Tiff, has anyone ever told you that you’re very attractive?”

Her heart was pounding so fiercely as if she was having an anxiety attack. Moments later, she got very upset and pushed him away. “Mr. Hisson, I don’t know what you’re trying to do. If teasing me makes you happy, then you’ve achieved the objective. Let me be frank with you, I don’t like this. Quit playing games with my heart, it’s game over for us now, or I’ll consider terminating our working relationship.”

Derrick gazed at her with intently.

She took a deep breath. "Mr. Hisson, I'm happy to work with you, but if you continue harassing me, I'll seriously consider ending the contract. After all, nobody likes being pestered by a pervert!"

He cringed. Stroking her face and lifting up her chin, he concluded, "You are the only woman who dares to call me a pervert, Tiff."

She avoided his affection as her gaze grew cold. "We should go now, Mr. Hisson."

She left him behind and strode away. Sinking into deep thoughts, he stared at her back profile, then hurried to catch up with her.

When they returned to the private room, Amelia could sense something was off between the duo. "Tiff, are you okay? Why were you away for so long?"

Looking sullen, Tiffany shook her head.

Amelia knitted her brows and shifted her gaze to Derrick, only to find him locking his eyes on Tiffany too. Amelia chuckled and asked, "Derrick, did you bully my sweet Tiff?"

Abruptly, he stood up and poured some wine into three glasses. Tiffany interrupted, "Not a drop for Amelia, she's pregnant."

Derrick apologized, "I'm sorry. I forgot that you're pregnant. You're too gorgeous and doesn't even look thick, I can't picture you as an expecting mom."

Amelia shook her head. "It's okay. Just a few sips is fine."

Tiffany pursed her lips and said under her breath, "Such a sweet talker."

Bewildered, Amelia glanced at Tiffany, turned sideways, and then whispered, "What's wrong, Tiff? You don't seem to be yourself."

Shaking her head, Tiffany took a deep breath and smiled. "Why wouldn't I be?"

Amelia added, "Tiff, don't just keep eating. Serve your boss. He's been so helpful in your career. How could you be so cold to him, right?"

Reluctantly, Tiffany took some food for Derrick. "May I serve you a dish, Mr. Hisson? If you mind it, I can have it all by myself."

Amused, Derrick accepted the dish. "Please let me try it."



Subsequently, Tiffany did the same for Amelia. “Babe, please eat more. You have Sweetheart to feed, don’t starve my little cutie.”

Amelia burst out laughing.

“I can take care of myself, Tiff. You keep your boss company.”

At that point, Tiffany had moved on from the earlier incident and could face Derrick at ease.

“Babe, Mr. Hisson is a matured man who will make sure he eats to his heart’s content. You should worry about yourself. It’s past seven o’clock and you haven’t fed my sweetheart.”

Amelia turned to Derrick. “Tiff is very straightforward and frank when she’s in front of close friends. Please don’t mind her antics. She’s very kind-hearted and always puts others first. She’s a blessing to the man who will be taking her as his future wife, I always wonder who will that be. Yet, I’m also worried if that man will still cherish her and treat her well after marrying her.”

As casual as it sounded, each word uttered by Amelia was carefully crafted with the intention to remind Derrick.

“Tiff is so beautiful, talented, and caring. I’m sure her future husband will treasure her and spoil her rotten. I don’t think he will let such a woman suffer even the slightest bit.” Derrick responded with a solemn promise, which he deliberately pronounced to Tiffany.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 139**

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

Chapter 139 He Is A Charming Man

Tiffany observed Amelia and Derrick. She was not a fool and understood perfectly well the hidden agenda behind their dialogues.

Derrick served Tiffany some food. “You’ve slimmed down recently. Eat more.”

Realizing what she was served, Tiffany took a peek at Amelia, who was enjoying her meal with her head down, and then she cast a surprised look at Derrick.

"Why? You don't like it? I remember you like Coq Au Vin," Derrick said confidently.

Puzzled, Tiffany asked, "How did you know that my favorite is Coq Au Vin?"

"When there's a will, there's a way," Derrick replied.

She could not help but feel her heart soften as the man's words made her heart ripple.

I acknowledged Derrick as a very outstanding person. His face is perfectly chiseled and his gestures are always reminded her of the elegance of a prince. He's a ten out of ten. How can I not be moved when such a rare gem goes the extra mile to get to know me?

I'm a best-selling author who's written a plethora of novels, from romance, fiction, to horror. Yet, I'm never in any relationship now and neither have I had many boyfriends in real life. All of my past love stories ended in tragedies, either I dumped the person for being insincere or that I was dumped for not being gentle.

I have mixed feelings about Derrick. His actions touched my heart, but I am also confused and fearful. It is the feeling of a poor person being blessed with a million in wealth out of the blue. First, the person is stunned. Then, he feels troubled for not knowing how to spend it or worried that the money might just disappear into thin air.

Anxieties crept up in her, causing her to feel uneasy. However, she had nothing to begin with. Therefore, she was not afraid of losing anything.

Amelia's lips curled upward. "Wow, it seems to me that Derrick, the big boss, is putting in a lot of effort to learn about the best-selling author, Tiff."

Keeping silent, Derrick continued serving Tiffany more food.

Tiffany glanced at Amelia. "Babe, go ahead and stuff yourself, or Sweetheart is going to start a protest."

Amelia obliged. "Mmm... the food tastes so good today. I wonder if it's because we have a real looker dining with us."

Tiffany retorted, "Babe, don't forget your status as a married woman. It doesn't matter if he is handsome or not, it's got nothing to do with you. Cast your dirty thoughts away and focus on the meal."

Amelia teased her, "I'm taken, but you're not. Since your boss is still single and ready to mingle, why don't you consider dating him?"

Tiffany darted her a warning to keep her mouth shut.

Turning away, Amelia asked, "Derrick, I heard from Tiff that the cover page for her new paranormal romance novel is done and it's going to be published in two months. Is that so?"

Derrick nodded. "The editing is completed. Two months from now, it'll be sold on various online platforms and bookshops. There'll be a large-scale press conference too. If the sales are good, we'll organize a signing event too. The team has put in a lot of effort working on Tiff's paranormal romance novel. I'm sure it'll be a new hit in the market."

Amelia agreed. "Wishing you all the best, Tiff, and hope it brings greater profits to your company!"

Feeling happy, Derrick chimed in, "Please also wish me luck in marrying my dream girl."

Amelia followed suit, "I wish you all the best in claiming your beloved. However, I think she's not falling head over heels for you yet, so you've got to work harder, Derrick."

"That's for sure!"

Tiffany ate quietly.

They spent two hours having dinner. When they left the restaurant, they were greeted by a dark grey sky across the horizon. The city was well lit by dim street lamps and flashing neon lights.

Derrick was a gentleman. "Ladies, do I have the pleasure of driving you both home?"

Amelia let Tiffany decide, but she declined right away, "Thanks for offering, Mr. Hisson. We drove this evening, so please don't trouble yourself."

Derrick nodded helplessly. "All right then, drive safe. I'm glad to have a nice meal together with you both. I'll be the host when we meet next time. Please allow me to exercise my duty as a gentleman."

Amelia said politely, "Sure, it's your treat next round. Anyhow, by our next appointment, I hope to see you wearing a different identity instead of Tiff's boss."

A confident smug appeared on his face. "Most definitely!"

Amelia winked at him playfully. "Well, I'll keep my fingers crossed."

Derrick turned to Tiffany. "Please think of me when you get home, Tiff."

Tiffany almost vomited blood out of annoyance. She avoided his intense gaze. "Have a safe drive home, Mr. Hisson."

Derrick quirked his lips slightly and said, "I'll see you off first."

Tiffany bowed her head and pouted. "Suit yourself." She then held Amelia's hand and walked toward her car.

Seeing how she sped off, Amelia asked, "Are you upset?"

Tiffany hit the steering wheel lightly. "Babe, why do I have a feeling that you've sold me out to Derrick?"

Amelia laughed out loud. "If he's the one for you, I don't mind doing that at zero cost."

Feeling rather disappointed, Tiffany explained, "Babe, you aren't blind and you can see the vast difference between us. You know how it's like to be married into a prominent family, more than anyone else. Are you sure you want me to follow your footsteps?"

Sitting on the passenger seat, Amelia responded, "Tiff, it's not as complicated as you think it is. It all depends on your lover's attitude. If you have him on your side, your marriage will be a blissful one even if when you are faced with multiple challenges. On the other hand, if you don't have the right person with you, you'll suffer in agony albeit presented with rare delicacies and priceless luxuries."

That was the reflection of Amelia's true feelings.

Being the daughter-in-law of the Clintons, she was lucky to have met a mother-in-law like Mrs. Clinton, who treated her like her own daughter. She gave her a sense of belonging. Although the rest of the Clintons would jeer at her sometimes, they still tolerated her flaws.

Amelia had never regretted her decision to marry into the Clinton family. Her only regret was giving her heart to Oscar, who could not return her with the same amount of love. To him, perhaps I'll never be as significant as Cassie.

Tiffany understood the meaning between her lines.

“Babe, don’t overthink things. I was just babbling.”

Amelia continued to ask, “Tiff, tell me how you really feel about Derrick.”

Feeling slightly irritated and annoyed, Tiffany subconsciously hit the steering wheel again. “I don’t know. We’ve been colleagues for two to three years now, but we’ve never spent a lot of time alone with each other. I usually communicate with my editor about my novels and the editor will report to the top management. I don’t know how he feels about me... He’s marvelous, indeed. Like a beam of shining light, he captures people’s attention wherever he goes. He’s always in the limelight. Everyone can tell that we’re from completely opposite backgrounds. So...”

She shrugged. “I admit that he makes my heart flutter. But, so what? I don’t see that we have a future together. Hence, why bother giving it a shot?”

Amelia looked out at the night view through the window. “Tiff, this is uncharacteristic of you to be so timid. You sounded like a coward.”

Tiffany smiled wryly.

“Babe, you know me better than anyone else. I’m usually very courageous and bold, but I freak out every time I think about starting a relationship. My identity as a best-selling author doesn’t mean anything. I’m just an amateur when it comes to love.”

Amelia could not hold back her laughter.

Tiffany looked at her, baffled.

“What’s so funny?”

“Nope. It’s interesting to see how Derrick could bring out the philosophical side of you.” Amelia’s reply cheered Tiffany up.

“Babe, I’m being all serious here while you think I’m being philosophical.”

Amelia shrugged her shoulders.

Half way through the journey, Tiffany licked her lips and commented, “Babe, I see that you’re always putting in good words for Derrick.”

“Why not? He’s an attractive guy, who is even more alluring than Oscar and Carter. Derrick can get any woman he likes in a snap of his fingers. Many know that he’s a poison ivy, yet they are still dying to pounce on him at all cost.”

Amelia continued to analyze the man, “He’s really enchanting. I’m not surprised if you fell for him. I’m dumbfounded that you could still describe him as a fat pig though you know how charming he is. You’re probably the only one on earth who would make such comments.”

Tiffany’s cheeks instantly turned red.

Silence filled the air. Moments later, Amelia advised her, “Tiff, I can tell that Derrick is serious about being with you. If you have feelings for him too, why don’t you go for it? Be brave in love. Even if you fail, there’s always me who’s willing to spend the rest of your life with you.”

Tiffany corrected her, “It’s three of us, Babe, don’t forget about the bun in your oven!”

“Oops, how could I forget to include my little bundle of joy.” Amelia scratched her head.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 140

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 140 An Affair

Smiling, Tiffany said, “Babe, I hope you’ll stay happy and well being Mrs. Clinton.”

Amelia’s gleeful expression disappeared and was replaced with a tinge of exhaustion. Leaning back on the passenger seat, she murmured, “Oscar is entangled between Cassie and me. On one hand, he’s enjoying sweet moments with her while he’s also giving me unrealistic promises. I don’t know which side of him to trust. Sometimes, I hate the playboy in him. Yet, most of the time, I hate the fact that I am not upholding the principles of my own beliefs. I’ve stooped so low...”

Tiffany felt so sorry for Amelia.

Tightening her grip on the steering wheel, she advised the latter, “Babe, divorce him if you’re no longer feeling happy in this marriage. Considering how long you guys have been together, I think Oscar won’t demand a hundred million from you for breaching the contract, will he?”

Shutting her eyes, Amelia forced out a stiff smile.

Tiffany took a quick glance at her. As an outsider, I'm not in any position to pass remarks on their marriage. If it's so easy to cut off ties with a person, especially one whose life is closely intertwined with yours, there won't be so many couples locked in bitter battles.

"Babe, if you don't want to leave him, then stay and work hard to capture his heart," Tiffany suggested.

Heaving a sigh, Amelia said disappointingly, "It's very challenging to read his mind. We've been married for five years, but I still have no clue what he's thinking half of the time. Generally speaking, he treats me well and does show affection at times. However, I can't tell if he still has any feelings for me."

Tiffany chuckled. "Babe, one thing I don't like about you is how you'd falter back and forth before making a decision. From my point of view, what's there to be afraid of? It's no big deal even if you fail in the end. Most importantly, you've worked on it and have no regrets for yourself."

Amelia tried to shake the thought away. "Let's not talk about him anymore. I don't plan to go home tonight. I'll stay at your apartment."

Tiffany felt so helpless. "You know what? Since the day you married Oscar, I've lost count the times you stayed over at my place."

Looking completely nonplussed, Amelia replied, "Well, you always turn into a nocturnal creature when you try to meet deadlines at work. You even barred me from visiting you if I had nothing urgent."

Batting her eyelids, Tiffany defended herself, "Babe, don't put the blame on me. Haven't I been welcoming you with open arms and serving you the best cuisines when you sleep over at my place? I'm so hurt by your words."

As the atmosphere started to liven up, Amelia became more relaxed.

After a moment of silence, her topic revolved around Derrick again. "Tiff, I do think that Derrick is serious about you. How do you feel about him? Would you consider going out with him?"

Tiffany paused. The question had removed the twinkle in her eye. "Babe, why are you talking about him again? He's my boss, the one who feeds me, and there's no other possibility between us. Although I'm a renowned author, I'm just a small fry compared to his family. My salary per annum is not even comparable to what they earn in a day. Do you think that they will accept a daughter-in-law like me?"

Amelia fell silent.

Some prominent families may prefer a spouse who comes from the same social circles. As realistic as this may sound, it doesn't rule out the possibility of gaining equal footing on other aspects which are as important. For example, if the woman is highly educated and has a similar lifestyle, then she is most likely to handle the etiquette required in unfamiliar situations too. This may bridge the gap of having a distinct difference in terms of wealth, making the union more desirable.

There are many fairy tales about Cinderella marrying her Prince Charming. The story will usually end with a happily-ever-after with no sequel. This is because everyone knows that Cinderella didn't marry only the prince, she's gotten herself involved in the entire royal family. She needs to master all kinds of etiquettes and rules, endure the cynicism of others, demonstrate flexibility as well as an ability to overcome various unforeseen circumstances. When the going gets tough, Cinderella must either demonstrate tenacity or she will be defeated, end up getting a divorce, and leave her prince miserably. Conversely, the prince would succumb to the arrangement made by the royal family to choose the next princess who suits him best. The new partner might not be the love of his life, but a compatible one nonetheless. Unfortunately, this is the reality.

"From the way he acts and carries himself, Derrick seems like a person who's in control of his own life. Why don't you give him a chance?" Amelia thought for a while before prompting Tiffany.

"Babe, did he bribe you or something? Why do you keep saying good things about him? Tell me, what benefits are you reaping?"

Amelia grinned from ear to ear. "Will I go above and beyond to promote him if I don't think he is any good?"

Tiffany was puzzled. "Why, Babe? Give me a reason. You've only seen him once. Why are you working so hard in making us an item?"

"My sixth sense," Amelia said.

It made Tiffany even more flabbergasted. "I thought you loathe forming an opinion based on sixth sense?"

"The gut feeling of a woman can be quite accurate. I can just envision how he will spoil you rotten."

Arching her brow, Tiffany questioned, "Are you bewitched by his charm?"

"That's one of the reasons."

Tiffany could not help but shudder as her brows twitched. "Babe, when did you start judging a book by its cover?"



"I've always been like this. Don't you know?"

Rolling her eyes, Tiffany gave up.

Then, she said in a serious tone, "All right, Babe. Let's stop talking gibberish. At one glance, you and I can see clearly that Derrick and I are from different realms. I've been working with him for two to three years now and I can safely tell you that he didn't show any interest in me all this while. Anyone would be shocked to the core with his sudden confession. Aren't you worried if he's approaching me with ill intentions? Perhaps he wants to exploit my talents and then chuck me aside once I'm of no more value to him. Won't you feel bad for me?"

"Tiff, your reasons are..." Amelia was utterly dumbfounded by her logic. "I might believe it if you tell me that Derrick is eyeing your beauty and he wants to get intimate with you. But you're saying that he wants to manipulate you and take advantage of your expertise. Are you serious? He's the boss of a big company. Is there a need for him to do so?"

Knowing how bizarre her argument was, Tiffany did not refute.

"Okay, don't think too much. I can only say that your fate shows up in a timely manner. Prior to this, I was worried that you'd be a spinster forever. Unexpectedly, you wowed me with how the story has unfolded. I'm relieved, nonetheless."

Sulking, Tiffany protested, "Are you looking down on me, Babe? What do you mean by I'd be a spinster forever?"

"Your daily activities rotate between writing novel, sleeping, and sticking around me. When I introduce a man to you, you always reject it by giving me lots of excuses. Wouldn't I be worried when you refused to meet any guy? I'm just like an anxious mother waiting for my overaged daughter to get married. Now that there's a person trying to court you, I actually feel good about it."

Tiffany was rendered speechless.

Before Amelia could continue speaking, her phone rang. It was Carter.

She looked sideways at Tiffany while the latter simultaneously asked, "Who's it, Babe?"

"Carter."

Furrowing her brows, Tiffany was slightly annoyed. "Why does that jinx keep calling you? As an eligible bachelor, he's always in contact with a

married woman, is he trying to be a homewrecker? Are all those who are born with a silver spoon that free? They've got nothing better to do besides coming up with ideas to destroy someone else's families?"

Amelia was amused by Tiffany's comments.

She picked the call up, "Carter."

His faint voice was heard from the other side of the line. "Amelia, are you at home?"

"I'm with Tiff right now and I'll most probably sleep over at hers tonight. How are you feeling? Any better?"

"I'm all right. Thanks for visiting me today. I'd like to meet you. Is that okay?" Carter faltered before stating his request.

"What time?" Amelia hesitated.

"Now."

Amelia's frown deepened. "Carter, you've just undergone a surgery and shouldn't be moving around. We shall meet when you're discharged."

"I'm in your neighborhood. I'll just wait right here until you show up."

"Carter, stop fooling around. Go back to the hospital. You can't move so much after an operation." Panicked, Amelia did not expect a capricious Carter, who would risk his health just to see her.

"Amelia, I'll wait for you in the neighborhood. I'll wait here the whole night until you show up." Then, he hung up.

Amelia had a strong urge to curse when the call was disconnected.

"What's the matter?" asked Tiffany.

"Carter is waiting for me in my neighborhood albeit not feeling well. He said he won't leave until he sees me." Feeling helpless, Amelia asked for a favor, "Tiff, please make a U-turn and send me home."

The request almost made Tiffany hit the ceiling. "Who does the jinx think he is? A three-year-old? He's such a childish dude. If others find out, it has no effect on him as he's still single. On the contrary, you might be reprimanded by the Clintons. This man doesn't think about your situation. He's so spoiled and willful. Let's just ignore him. Nothing good ever happens when he's in the picture."

“Tiff, don’t be so stubborn and send me home. He was admitted to the hospital a few days ago for stomach perforation and underwent surgery. His body surely can’t withstand the hassle of traveling to and fro. If he continues staying out in the cold, his condition might get worse.”

After some consideration, Tiffany’s heart was softened and she changed the course though she remained firm in her words. “I couldn’t care less even if he dies. He’s not concerned about his own health, so why should we?”

On the way home, she continued advising Amelia, “Babe, don’t go easy on this man who wants to be part of your life. If you allow him to do so, he will continue to sink deeper in his crooked love. Alas, things will get complicated or out of control.”

Amelia scratched her head. “I know, Tiff, but he’s the first man whom I’ve ever loved. Frankly, it’s so difficult for me to harden my heart and ignore him totally.”

Tiffany sighed because she understood what Amelia was going through and felt bad for her. She takes everything in and bears all the burdens on her shoulders. Yet, she always portrays to be strong, generous, and ever so gorgeous. Just because she can withstand the pressure, everyone thinks that she’s full of grit and competitiveness.

However, nobody knows that Amelia lacks a sense of security. She’s extremely sensitive and is sharp to find out how others think or feel about her. She doesn’t show it upfront. Hence, others would think that she doesn’t take it to heart. The truth is, she gets hurt often too.

“Babe, I’m not trying to pinpoint your mistake. I’m just reminding you to protect yourself and don’t get hurt. Neither Oscar nor Carter suits you. Admittedly, Carter loves you but he’s not a conscientious man who can fulfill the duty of taking good care of you. You’re destined to get hurt because of his carefree attitude,” Tiffany said earnestly.

Shaking her head, Amelia assured her, “Tiff, Carter is just a friend. He was then, he is now and he will only remain a friend even in the future.”