

Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

Chapter 335

Having stayed over for four days, Derrick was prepared to return home. "I'm going to head back, Tiff," he said after breakfast while he wiped his lips with a napkin.

The silverware stiffened between Tiffany's fingers when she heard that. All of a sudden, the previously enjoyable breakfast she was having had lost its appeal.

Emotions rushed up inside her like a tidal wave while she looked toward Derrick. The more time they spent dating, the more she became like other women who were in love, demonstrating a reluctance to be apart from the man she loved.

"So soon?" The expression of longing that might be commonplace elsewhere was a bit of an anomaly when it evoked on Tiffany's face.

"The company has negotiations for two more television adaptations that I'd be handling, so I have to get back earlier to make preparations. Take care of yourself when I'm not around. Remember to eat on time and don't skip your meals just because you're rushing a manuscript. Also, the adaptation rights to your previous novel have been firmed up, and we'll be getting the top stars in the country to take up the male and female lead roles. Shooting will commence in six months, and once that has wrapped up, I'll be turning my focus to marketing. Rest assured that your fame will only grow once the production airs, and you, my girlfriend, can surely consider yourself amongst the finest writers by then."

Though those words did not count as sweet nothings, they were more than music to her ears.

A discernible hot flush washed over Tiffany's cheeks as she moved to remind him, "Have a safe flight and remember to call when you arrive. Know to balance things and don't push yourself too hard. Have your meals with regularity. Also, do call me whenever you can find the time."

Tiffany rambled a bunch, but Derrick was all smiles as he listened. He did not express any overt aversion to it even though what she said was largely irrelevant.

Only after they were done being lovey-dovey did Derrick regard Amelia in earnest. "Tiff, Amelia, Oscar has already found his way to my villa in Beshya. I think he may be onto me, so it may no longer be convenient for me to come back here. Both of you have to be careful, and be sure to call Jeremy should you ever need anything. He has worked at the Hissons for decades now and has proven himself smart and capable. On top of that, his extensive connections throughout Beshya means he should be a tremendous asset to you."

That left those at the dining table with mixed feelings as made visible on their troubled faces, with Amelia feeling especially guilty because of the numerous sacrifices Tiffany had to make on her account.

"Why don't you follow Derrick back, Tiff? I think Oscar will be too preoccupied to question why you've returned if you go back quietly. Should he ever run into you, you can tell him that we've already fallen out and that you have no idea where I've taken Tony. With Derrick's protection, he shouldn't be able to do anything to you." After some consideration, Amelia proposed what she thought would be the most ideal solution to their predicament.

Whatever traces of the wistfulness that might be present within Tiffany's heart immediately dissipated when she heard what Amelia said.

She became slightly somber. "What's that supposed to mean, Babe? Are you trying to chase me away?"

Amelia was nonplussed. "You know that I don't mean it that way, Tiff. It's so hard for Derrick and you to finally come together, and time is what you need at this very moment to foster your relationship. There's no need for you to whittle your days away here with a blind bat like me. Besides, you can't possibly be by my side all the time as you'll eventually have to get married and start a family of your own."

Tiffany took a deep drawl as she tried to settle her own emotions.

That was when Derrick offered up a timely interjection, "It'll be good for Tiff to stay here with you, Amelia. Considering how close she is to you, she'd be worried and unhappy if I were to drag her off somewhere else, so it's just as well that she stays to take care of you and I fly back whenever possible. As the adage goes, absence makes the heart grow fonder. It'll make our time together that much more precious."

Once again, Amelia's attempt to speak was hijacked by Tiffany.

"I like Beshya, Babe, and I think that it's a nice place to settle down in. Derrick has also talked about relocating the publishing company office here. After all, Beshya's a major city and a gathering place for outstanding talent. Thus, shifting here could be better for the company's development," Tiffany explained.

Amelia wanted to respond, but again, Derrick spoke up before her, "It's as Tiff put it, Amelia. It really is my intention to establish a branch office, and Larson Group also has a branch office set up in Beshya. In the future, I'll have an increasing number of opportunities to make work trips here. You don't have to worry about the distance affecting my relationship with Tiff because I'm serious about her, and we'd be looking to tie the knot when the time is right."

Amelia breathed a sigh of relief as she was genuinely concerned that her presence would drive a wedge in the relationship Derrick and Tiffany had worked so hard to build together. Knowing that the two of them already had their own plans mapped out did help to lessen her unease.

In fact, it was Tiffany herself who helped to pack Derrick's luggage. She had already gotten that out of the way the day before once she learned that Derrick would be leaving. Nevertheless, hearing about it that day still proved difficult for her. That was why she deliberately took things slowly in the hope that it could delay Derrick's departure.

However reluctant she was, she had to let him go when the time for him to leave approached so that he could get to the airport in time.

After Tiffany sent him to the airport, she held him tightly. "Take care, and call me when you get there."

Derrick ran a hand through her hair. "Cheer up now. I'll be back in Beshya sooner than you realize."

Tiffany withdrew herself from her man's embrace, then without regard for the urbanites who passed them, she stood on her tiptoes and planted a kiss upon his cheeks. "Hold it together should Oscar come calling. Don't let him in on Amelia's whereabouts."

"Don't you trust me on this?"

Tiffany shook her head.

"I do, but I'm worried that Oscar will deliberately implicate the publishing company that you worked so hard to build up because of Amelia," she replied with a frown.

Derrick dotingly stroked her nose and laughed. "Don't worry. Your man isn't such a pushover. I'll give Oscar a good run for his money."

They held off their goodbyes for as long as they could before Derrick finally passed through security and boarded the plane.

Afterward, Tiffany drove back to the apartment. Rory approached the moment she spotted her pulling up. "You're back, Tiffany. Is Derrick, I mean Mr. Hisson, already on the flight home?"

Tiffany shot her a look. "You're just a caregiver, Rory. Don't you think you're being a little too nosy?"

That left Rory looking discomfited.

Tiffany then walked right past her and into the room to check in on Amelia.

Once in the room, Tiffany chuckled when she saw Tony on the bed practicing turning himself over.

Amelia's ears perked up, and she asked affably, "Is that you, Tiff?"

Tony was happily playing on his own when Tiffany approached. She picked him up and fiddled with him. "Tony's put on some weight again, Babe. I can totally see him becoming a pudgy little boy if he keeps this up, but he's going to be the most handsome one there is."

The boy was indeed growing fast, and his features were becoming more exquisite as his face elongated.

"He definitely has an appetite, but things should improve when he starts to gain height," replied Amelia assuredly.

Tiffany plopped herself down beside her friend while she continued to play with the baby in her arms. "What was on your mind just now, Babe?"

"It's nothing. I just thought about how nice all of you've been to me and how there's nothing I could do to repay you guys," said Amelia as she shook her head.

"What's up with this melancholy, silly." The amused Tiffany laughed.

Amelia laughed as well, except an inexplicable sorrow crept up on her as she did.

She held Tiffany's hand and regarded her solemnly. "Call Derrick when he gets off his flight later and ask him not to pit himself against Oscar anymore. As the Clintons rule the roost there, it will not bode well for Derrick's company should he oppose Oscar. There's no reason for him to risk ruining his life's work for an outsider like me."

Tiffany eked out a consoling smile. "Babe, you must have faith that Derrick has what it takes to counter Oscar and trust that he'd be fine. I will not allow the Clintons to snatch Tony away from you either, as he is very dear to all of us."

Amelia remained ill at ease as the Clintons continued on the up and up while she had already lost her sense of sight. Hence, she had a hunch that Oscar would eventually track her down no matter where she went. What did she even have at her disposal to resist them with when that time arrived? On account of her disability alone, the prospect of the judge awarding her legal custody over Tony bordered on the impossible.

Beneath her calm veneer, Amelia was panicking inside. She feared that the motivation behind Oscar's dogged search for her was merely to recover baby Tony whom she had quietly spirited away. Once behind the impenetrable walls of the Clinton residence, she was afraid that she would never have another chance to lay her eyes upon her son again.

Judging from the awful expression on Amelia's face, Tiffany had a good guess as to what was bothering her friend. Seeing how aggressive Oscar had been, she too was secretly concerned for Derrick and worried about the lengths Oscar might go to get Amelia's location from him.

On both sides were the people she cared for the most. She did not want to see Amelia hurt, nor did she wish for their initial act of willfulness to lead to the ruination of the career Derrick had painstakingly established for himself.

Tiffany was in a dilemma.

Elsewhere, Derrick had barely stepped off his flight when he found himself intercepted by two men in black and ushered to a car. After which, he calmly followed and settled himself into the back seat. "Gentlemen, should I not at least expect a name since your boss is inviting me over for a chat?"

If the men heard his query, they offered no response to it.

Derrick did not press further, and he uncharacteristically refrained from putting up any semblance of resistance. That was because he was quite certain that Oscar was the one behind this. It took him a little by surprise how quickly the latter was able to have someone move on him the moment he alighted, and it occurred to him that Oscar might be becoming impatient.

Derrick scratched his chin. The chance to cross paths with someone who was sharp brought out that long-dormant competitiveness within himself. He had been aware of Oscar's fame for some time and lamented the fact that they never had the opportunity to collaborate owing to a difference in business direction. Now that a chance to cross swords had presented itself, he was keen to witness for himself the capabilities of the one hailed as the wizard of the corporate world by those old foxes.

He was practically rubbing his hands in anticipation of their meeting.