

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 360

As soon as Derrick left Scott Group and got in the car, he received a call from Tiffany. In an instant, his expression softened. "Tiff."

Tiffany's voice came from the other end of the phone. "Der—ry." She was still a little unaccustomed to calling him that.

Nevertheless, Derrick was in a good mood. "I've been back for so many days. Have you missed me?"

"Yes," she answered honestly.

"I miss you too. When I'm done with the matters here, I'll make time to go to Beshya to visit you," he uttered.

He was met with a long silence on the other end of the line.

"You don't want me to go?"

"No, I'm just afraid that Oscar would find out that Amelia is still in Beshya."

Hearing that, Derrick chuckled softly.

"Tiff, do you really think Oscar is such a fool? He only left Beshya because he compromised. I'm sure he knows where she is. However, because of the video she showed him, he compromised. He'll go back again." His words hit the nail on the head.

Once again, Tiffany fell silent.

"Don't worry. I'll handle the matters here. Oscar's feelings for Amelia are deeper than we thought," enunciated Derrick.

There was still no response from the other side of the line.

Just when he thought that the call had disconnected, Tiffany piped up, "Then be careful when you're coming."

"Okay."

"I'll hang up first. We can chat when you come to Beshya."

"Give me a kiss. I've been thinking about you a lot these days."

After a long time, he heard a mwah from the other end.

A wide grin crept on his face. The office workers, who were passing by, could not help but look at him. His face was charming to both men and women.

In the meantime, Tiffany looked apologetically at Amelia Hutton and her other friend, who was sitting on the other side, and smiled. "I'm sorry. I was chatting with my boyfriend."

Amelia Hutton smiled gently and queried, "Tiffany, is your boyfriend that extremely handsome guy?"

Tiffany did not deny and inquired, "Do you still remember him?"

"Of course. He's more handsome than the celebrities on TV. It's hard not to remember him, isn't it?"

In response, Tiffany only flashed her a smile.

Glancing at Amelia Winters, Amelia Hutton said with a smile, "I went online to check something and found out that head massages are very helpful for eye recoveries. I haven't been able to do anything to help you recover, so please allow me to give you a massage. Otherwise, I'll feel bad."

With Tony in her arms, the former tried her best to look in the latter's direction and replied, "I'm already satisfied that you would come and talk to me every day so that I won't feel bored. I often think of you at night, thinking that it's a good thing that I've met you."

The next moment, Amelia Hutton stood up and walked behind Amelia Winters. Lifting her hands, she massaged the latter's head with appropriate strength and queried, "How do you feel? In order to help your eyes recover as soon as possible, I went to learn from a masseuse. It's not bad, right?"

Nodding, Amelia Winters responded, "It's very comfortable. Thank you."

"I don't have a sister, and my only brother is usually busy with work. Hence, he has no time to care about me. The only thing he does is transfer money into my bank account. I'm really happy to have an elder sister like you." Amelia Hutton massaged more diligently.

Seeing them getting along well, Tiffany took Tony from Amelia Winters and suggested, "I'll bring Tony to the kitchen to find something to eat."

"All right."

When Amelia Hutton saw Tiffany carrying Tony into the kitchen, she plucked several strands of hair while Amelia Winters was not paying attention and placed them in her pocket. Then, she gave an excuse to leave. "I suddenly remember that I still have some work to do. I think—"

Hearing that, Amelia Winters grabbed her hand and said with a smile, "Go ahead. Don't hold up your work because of me."

"Then I shall leave first. I'll come over to have dinner with you in the evening."

After Amelia Hutton left, Rory came over with a rag and pretended to wipe the table. At the same time, Amelia Winters listened carefully and called out tentatively, "Rory?"

Startled, Rory uttered, "Amelia, you have a good hearing. You can even tell that it's me."

Amelia moved a little and responded calmly, "Now that my eyes are blind, I can hear better. Because of that, I can distinguish whose footsteps they are."

After a pause, she added, "Rory, do you have something to tell me?"

Rory placed the rag on the table, approached Amelia, and said, "I know that I shouldn't say much as the caregiver. However, you're a good-natured and kind-hearted person, so I can't help but want to remind you to be careful of Ms. Hutton. I just saw her plucking your hair and putting it in her pocket. Although I'm from the countryside, I know that hair can be used to test DNA. Ms. Hutton isn't related to you, so she has no reason to pluck your hair. I think you'd better be careful. I don't want you to get deceived."

In an instant, Amelia's smile faltered.

"Did you really see it? Rory, you should know that I don't like people who lie."

Rory replied anxiously, "Amelia, I'm not lying. I saw it with my own eyes."

Lowering her head, Amelia fell into deep thought.

"Amelia? What's wrong?"

After a while, Amelia organized her thoughts and shook her head. "It's nothing."

"Then about Ms. Hutton?"

"I'll be careful. Rory, thank you."

Shortly afterward, Rory approached Amelia while clasping her hand and piped up after some hesitation, "Amelia, can I discuss something with you?"

Amelia deliberately turned her head over to Rory's direction and grinned. "Go ahead; I'm listening, and relax... you don't have to act so scrupulously."

A hint of greed flickered across Rory's eyes as she uttered, "A few days ago, my mother called and asked if I found a job in Beshya, so I told her that I'm working as your caregiver. Then, she started wailing and said that she had worked hard so that I could graduate from a university. However, I became a caregiver in the end and disappointed her. I'm thinking—"

"You want to get a new job, don't you?"

"Amelia, I'm sorry. It's not that I don't want to take care of you, but my mother..."

"It's okay. Every parent wishes to see their children succeed in life. The offer from the advertising company that Derrick introduced to you before this is still valid. If you want to become a white-collar worker, I'll ask Tiff to call the boss of that company."

"Amelia, don't you blame me?"

"Everyone has their aspirations. Although I don't know why you suddenly want to work in a company, I won't force you to be my caregiver if you aren't willing to be one."

A myriad of emotions surged through Rory. Then, she cast a meaningful glance at Amelia and said, "Thank you."

"It's all right. You're a university graduate. It's indeed a waste of your talent to become a caregiver."

The moment Tiffany heard that Rory wanted to quit her job as a caregiver, she glared at her and said angrily, "Rory, what do you mean by this? Did we mistreat you or refuse to pay your salary while you were working here? Do you have any conscience?"

Lowering her head, Rory apologized, "I'm sorry."

Just then, Amelia stood up from the sofa and walked toward Tiffany cautiously. "Tiff, I've agreed to let her go. Everyone has their ambitions. Rory is a university graduate. It's more promising to be a white-collar worker in an advertising company."

"Previously, I asked Derrick to arrange a job for her, but she hypocritically refused it. Now, she suddenly says that she doesn't want her parents to be disappointed and wants to work in a company. Only an idiot will believe this." Tiffany placed her hands on her hips and demanded, "You want to leave? Fine. We've signed a contract at the beginning, so you should pay up the compensation."

Rory's face turned pale.

At that moment, Amelia sighed and piped up, "Tiff, don't make it difficult for Rory. Don't you still have the phone number of the boss of the advertising company? Give him a call. It's not easy for university graduates to find a job now. We should help if we can."

Taking a deep breath, Tiffany asked, "Amelia, you're not angry?"

In response, Amelia shook her head.

"Fine. I'll help." Tiffany shot Rory an icy stare and added, "Rory, I'm only helping you because of Amelia. You'd better remember that she's your patron."

Excited, the latter nodded and uttered, "Thank you, Tiffany."

Shrugging, Tiffany walked toward Rory and whispered in her ear, "I don't know why you suddenly changed your mind, but don't try to use Amelia to achieve your goals. If you want to climb to a higher position, that's your business. Don't get Amelia involved. She might seem amicable, but she's smarter than everyone. Good luck with your future endeavors."

An indecipherable emotion flashed across Rory's eyes right then.

The next moment, she uttered innocently, "Tiffany, I don't quite understand what you mean. I just wanted to try living a white-collar life. I'm not thinking of climbing to a higher position. You've misunderstood me."

"I don't care whether it's a misunderstanding or not. This is all I can do to help you. Also, I don't have the leisure to care what you do in the future."

Nevertheless, Rory only curved her lips upward.