

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 538

After listening to Derrick, Amelia regained her composure.

"Derrick, your mom doesn't like Tiff, and she has an ideal daughter-in-law in mind. You were aware of this, yet you insisted on pursuing Tiff. What are you going to do now?" she asked with a frigid calm.

Derrick glanced at her without a tinge of frustration. Instead, he replied seriously, "I've never thought of letting Tiff go, and I've planned to marry her. My family knows about this. Though I respect them, it doesn't mean that they can dictate my marriage. Even without the support of my family, I can provide a good living for Tiff."

Only then did Amelia's expression soften.

After contemplating for a while, she said, "Derrick, I've had a high opinion of you since the beginning, which is why I allowed you to pursue Tiff despite the fact that you two have different family backgrounds. Your attitude and behavior toward her have been satisfactory all this while, so I hope you won't let me down this time around too."

Derrick tugged his lips into a smile. "No matter what happens, I won't let her go. Perhaps my recent actions have hurt Tiff, but I can't disregard my mom's health condition. If I'm someone who only focuses on my love life and neglects my mom, I don't think you would've approved of me."

Amelia burst out laughing upon hearing his words.

"You're sharp-witted indeed," she remarked as she got up from the couch. "I'm glad that you two have reconciled. It's time for me to go to work. My workload is quite heavy these two days, so I'll leave you two alone. You have to explain everything if anything happens next time. Don't cast Tiff aside and let her overthink. Though she looks tough, she's fragile inside. If you love her, be more considerate of her feelings. Don't let her make wild guesses all the time."

"Will do," Derrick agreed without any hesitation.

Amelia gave him a few pieces of advice before leaving with Tony and Kurt.

When they arrived downstairs, she said, "Kurt, bring Tony home first. I'll drive to my workplace."

Tony gazed at his mother pitifully and asked, "Mommy, are you really leaving?"

"Tony, be a good boy. I'm going to work, and I'll be home in the evening. Go back with your godfather now, and I'll buy you some snacks tonight, all right?" Amelia negotiated with him.

With that, the boy nodded reluctantly. However, he seemed somewhat despondent, judging from how he had his lips pouted.

"My good boy, I'm going to work now," she cooed and lowered her body to peck him on the cheek before turning around. To her surprise, someone grabbed her wrist in the next second. She turned around and saw it was Kurt.

Without a change in her expression, Amelia withdrew her hand from his grip and asked, "What's wrong, Kurt?"

Kurt looked into her eyes intently. He wanted to hug the woman without a care in the world, but he knew he was in no position to do so. Hence, he could only suppress his feeling.

"Be careful on the way," was all he said.

Amelia nodded in response. "I'm leaving. Take care of Tony."

Kurt nodded.

Then, she got into the car and drove off right away.

Tony only retracted his gaze when her car was nowhere in sight. Looking up at Kurt, he asked, "Daddy, don't you love Mommy?"

Kurt shifted his attention to the boy. As he lifted his hand and tousled the latter's hair, he stated, "You're a little kid. Don't bother yourself with these things."

Tony pouted his lips and said, "Daddy, I'm not a kid anymore. I'm a little man. I know you like Mommy; I saw you sneak glances at her many times. You like Mommy, but why would you want to let Big Meanie be with her? Adults are so complicated."

Kurt's eyes darkened. A wry smile touched his lips briefly. Then, he tousled Tony's hair again and said, "All right. Let's go home."

The boy pursed his lips but did not say anything else.

With Tony in his embrace, Kurt headed toward his vehicle. All of a sudden, a fiery red car screeched to a stop right in front of him.

The car window rolled down, revealing a familiar-looking woman, who poked her head out and said, "Get in, Kurt. I have something to talk to you about."

Seeing that it was Jean, he hesitated briefly before opening the car door and getting into the back seat.

Through the rearview mirror, Jean shot a glance at Tony, who was in Kurt's arms. A hint of gloominess flashed across her eyes.

"Why is Mr. Anthony here?" Jean asked in a seemingly casual tone.

"It's none of your business." Kurt's attitude toward her was rather cold. "Why did you seek me out?"

"Do you mind having a drink with me at a karaoke bar? I need to tell you something," Jean replied coldly. However, if one paid close attention to her voice, one would be able to tell that it carried a hint of a pleading tone.

Putting Tony on his lap, he said, "No, Mr. Anthony is here."

"We can send him home first. Kurt, we have known each other for many years. We have carried out tasks and experienced life-and-death situations together. Can you really bring yourself to be so heartless?" she continued, her gaze turning cold.

After mulling over it, Kurt agreed at last but did not send Tony home. Instead, he asked Hugo to take care of the boy. Since Amelia and Oscar were working and Molly was well on in years, he felt uneasy about letting her take care of Tony.

Once he brought Tony to Hugo, Jean drove him to a karaoke bar. They requested a big private room that could accommodate over a dozen people. Jean even took the initiative to order a lot of liquors.

When the waiter served her order to the room, she took out a cigarette from her bag and asked, "Do you want one?"

"No. I've quit smoking," Kurt said as he shook his head.

At that, Jean's eyes flickered. A bitter smile crept onto her face and disappeared within seconds. "I remember that you used to be a smoker and would smoke a few cigarettes to clear your mind whenever you felt frustrated. Smoking kept you clear-headed. Can I know why you quit smoking?"

He glanced at her and replied flatly, "Amelia doesn't like the smell of smoke, and Tony is still young, so I stopped smoking unknowingly."

"As simple as that?"

Kurt cast a glance at her again and inclined his head.

"Everyone in the organization says that you're interested in Mrs. Clinton. I didn't believe it at first as I thought you had never fallen in love with any woman throughout all these years. Thus, I deemed it impossible for you to fall in love with someone so quickly. I thought I knew you well, but I was wrong. The truth

gave me a hard slap on my face." Jean took a puff of her cigarette. Through the smoke, there was a glazed look in her eyes. It was as though she was reminiscing about something.

Kurt got up from the couch and said coldly, "Jean, if all you wanted to tell me is such nonsense, I'll make a move now. I'm too busy to listen to your yak."

After saying that, he strode away.

The man had no sooner taken three steps forward than she hugged him from behind, pressing her soft body against his back.

"Kurt, I've loved you for so many years. Why can't you give me a chance? Mrs. Clinton already has Boss. It's impossible for you to be together with her. Do you really want to offend Boss because of her?"

Kurt was startled as a confused look crossed his eyes. It was apparent that he had no idea about Jean's feelings for him. Before he met Amelia, he knew nothing about relationships at all.

However, he soon regained his senses and removed Jean's hands from his waist without a sense of chivalry.

He took two steps forward before turning around. Looking at her ashen face, he said, "Jean, we are only colleagues. It never crossed my mind that you like me, but I won't fall for you. Let's forget about everything you said today and remain as colleagues."

Jean concealed the sorrow in her eyes, walked forward, and looked into his eyes. "Is that all that can happen between us? Just colleagues and nothing more? I've mentally prepared myself for so many days to confess to you. Don't you want to give it some consideration?"

"I'm sorry, but I don't love you."

Upon hearing his rejection, she let out a sorrowful chuckle. However, she was never a sentimental woman and thus could never beg a man for his love.

Taking in a deep breath, she soon regained her repose.

"Do you really love Mrs. Clinton?"

"Yes," Kurt admitted honestly without any intention of hiding it.

"Tell me. Am I any less than her?"

"It's about feelings. I only treat you as my colleague. But to her, I want to protect her all the time. In my heart, she is like a fragile glass, even though I know she isn't. She's like the fire in the winter, lighting up the darkness within me. Perhaps that's why I'm smitten with her."

Jean let out a sorrowful chuckle again after listening to him.

"You're frank indeed. But aren't you afraid that I'll hurt her?"

"Can you defeat Boss?"

That rendered her speechless.

"You can leave now. I'll drink alone to drown my sorrows. I knew I would be embarrassed after confessing to you today, so I had the foresight to order so many liquors. Now, I can get myself wasted."

Kurt looked over at the table full of liquors. A hint of hesitation flashed across his eyes.

"Go, or I'll force myself on you. But I won't give up on you so easily. After all, I've liked you secretly for so many years. I was hesitant to confess to you, and you fell in love with someone else. This time around, I won't give up on you anymore," Jean continued.

Kurt's response to her was a glance before turning around to walk away.

"How heartless," Jean grumbled, yet her eyes turned red in spite of herself. As she lived a dangerous life, it was hard for her to fall in love with someone. To her chagrin, her first confession failed so miserably.

It was indeed pathetic.