

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 594

Amelia liked her headstrong personality.

She then asked smilingly, "Do you need me to do anything?"

"Don't. Mrs. Hisson knows that you're my best friend, but she still made my life difficult. She likes Crystal a lot and already treats her like her daughter-in-law. It's only natural that Mrs. Hisson doesn't like me. I'm not highly educated or from a wealthy family," Tiffany responded, shrugging her shoulders.

"I trust you. Don't worry, as time will tell. I'm sure Mrs. Hisson will warm up to you after spending time with you."

"I hope so."

A sad look flashed across Tiffany's face for a split second before she recomposed herself.

"So, what are you going to do about the Winters family? Are you going to keep in touch with them?"

Amelia cast her eyes down, hiding the sadness in her eyes. "I don't think I would have any reason to keep in contact with them after Spencer is cured."

"You're too soft-hearted. If I were you, I would just cut ties with them. With the kind of power Oscar has, no one from the Winters family would dare to disturb you again as long as you don't want it."

Amelia gave her a small smile in response but said nothing.

"I will meet the Winters family tomorrow. I would like to see how many masks they have put on. They're so unbelievably shameless," Tiffany said as she cracked her knuckles.

"Don't be rash, Tiff. No matter how horrible they are, they are my family."

"You're the only one who thinks of them that way. Do they treat you like family?"

Amelia fell silent.

"I'm sorry, Babe. That's not what I meant. I just wanted you to open your eyes and see the truth. They are horrible people."

"I know that."

Tiffany gazed at her in silence for a long moment. "All right, all right. I trust that you know what you're doing. It's just that you would stand to lose out because you're too soft-hearted. Be careful, okay?"

"I will."

Tiffany and Amelia chatted for several hours. She only left when Derrick came to pick her up.

Tiffany sat in the car with her hand on her chin, deep in her thoughts.

"What's wrong? You seem troubled," Derrick asked.

Tiffany remained silent and just gazed out of the car window.

Derrick had never seen her behave this way. He was starting to get worried.

"What is it? Are you feeling unwell? Or did Amelia say something to you?"

Tiffany turned her head to look at him. "Not really. It's just that her family is here, and they're at the hospital."

Derrick could not help but blurt out, "Amelia has a family?" It was no wonder that he thought that way. No matter what Amelia was going through, her family never showed up. "I'm sorry. That's not what I meant. I just thought that her family members were no longer here."

"I wish they were no longer here. They wouldn't be able to hurt her, then. They're a bunch of heartless monsters," Tiffany spat through gritted teeth.

"What's wrong?" He could tell that there was a secret about Amelia's past.

Tiffany very quickly summarized everything that Amelia had gone through when she was younger.

After that, she shrugged and said angrily, "Why did they even become her parents in the first place? All they do is cause her trouble and harm her. Even if Amelia isn't their biological daughter, they spent so many years as a family together. Don't they love her?"

Derrick stretched his arm out and patted her head affectionately. "I know that you're close to Amelia, but every family has its own problems. I think it's best if you don't get involved. If Amelia needs anything, I'm sure she will ask you for help. If she doesn't, just pretend you don't know anything."

"So even you think that I'm being a busybody?"

Derrick chuckled lightly.

"Silly girl. You know that I'm always on your side."

Tiffany shrugged and turned to continue gazing out the window.

"Are you angry?"

"Why would I be? I'm not Amelia's family, but I'm closer to her than they are. No one will understand the relationship we have. If she gets hurt, I will stand up for her. She will do the same for me. We will do anything for each other."

"I understand."

No, you don't understand. Even if you say that Amelia is a good person, you selfishly hope that I wouldn't be too close to her. Most people wouldn't accept the way our friendship is.

"What are you thinking about?" Derrick hooked his finger around her chin and turned her face toward himself. He gazed into her eyes for a few seconds before turning back to focus on the road. "Are you thinking that I'm a cold person for always telling you not to get involved with Amelia?"

Tiffany decided not to deflect.

"Yes. I know you're just speaking from experience, and you're doing this for my own good. But I can't just ignore Amelia."

"Silly girl, did I ever tell you to ignore her?"

Tiffany only smiled in response.

Derrick drove the two of them back to the neighborhood they lived in. They got out of the car and entered the elevator together. When they arrived on their floor and exited the elevator, they saw a very familiar person standing there.

The smile on Tiffany's face instantly faded.

"You're back, Derrick." Crystal smiled warmly as she approached them, a thermal flask in her hand.

Tiffany unlocked the door to her apartment and said, "I'll be heading in first, Derrick. Please have a lovely chat with this pretty woman."

Derrick grabbed her arm and pulled her into his arms protectively. He then turned and raised his head to look at Crystal.

The latter maintained the smile on her face. "Mrs. Hisson and I made a huge pot of mushroom soup for you, Derrick. I've tasted it, and it's really delicious! Why don't you have some? We made it for you, after all."

"Sorry. I've already eaten," Derrick flatly refused.

"Are you really not going to have some, Derrick?" Crystal asked again, the smile still remaining on her face. She never seemed to lose her temper in front of him.

"It's getting quite late, Crystal. You should go home." He tried to chase her away.

"I'll give Mrs. Hisson a call, then. She will definitely be very heartbroken to hear that her son doesn't appreciate her efforts in cooking for him," Crystal said with a smile on her face.

Tiffany, on the other hand, pursed her lips.

Crystal is more manipulative than I thought she would be. She even used Mrs. Hisson to guilt-trip Derrick. It might be difficult to deal with her in the future.

Left with no choice, Derrick grabbed the thermal flask from her hand. "You may leave now," he said coldly.

However, Crystal continued to behave brazenly. "Aren't you going to invite me in, Derrick? I haven't visited your new home since you moved in. I've been to your previous place a bunch of times. We would always talk about paintings over a cup of tea," she said shamelessly.

"Crystal, please do not take things out of context to intentionally mislead my girlfriend. Mom was with you every time you came over to my house." Derrick exposed her trick mercilessly.

"Yes, she was. But that didn't stop us from having a good time with each other, right?" Crystal glanced at Tiffany, who was still standing next to Derrick. "At least I don't invent words of my own. She's so useless! Just look at what happened during the investment meeting. How is someone like her supposed to be your pillar of support?"

When Tiffany heard that, she raised her head to look at Derrick.

The man pointed toward the elevator and said bluntly, "Are you done? If you are, leave. Right now." This was the first time he spoke to a woman in such an ungentlemanly manner.

Crystal was shocked by his harshness, and tears welled up in her eyes.

She was a very prideful woman, and Derrick had hurt her ego over and over again.

She raised her chin and tried to prevent the tears from spilling over. "Derrick, she is clueless about what is happening in your company. Don't you think you should tell her that the investors withdrew from the novel's movie adaptation? She's such a jinx!"

She did not want to make herself seem inferior in front of Tiffany.

Without replying to Crystal, Derrick held Tiffany close to him as he entered the house. He slammed the door shut and locked it.

Crystal glared at the door, anger boiling up inside her. She clenched her fists tightly, her thin and long nails digging deep into her skin.

She took a deep breath and calmed down slightly. Then, she fished out her phone and dialed Kate's number.

"Yes, Mrs. Hisson. Don't worry. I will try my best to sow discord between them. Yes, I'm okay. Derrick is still quite polite toward me. I will persevere for the sake of my love. I'll talk to you when I get home, all right?" With that, she ended the call.

She took one last look at the door to Derrick's apartment before leaving.