

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 216

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Chapter 216 Tell The Truth

As soon as the party ended, Oscar and Owen personally saw the guests out before returning to the house. "Oscar, where's your sister?" Owen asked gravely.

Still reluctant to talk about Stephanie, Oscar tried to brush his father off. "She's upstairs."

"Oscar, seeing as how Amelia and Tony are safe and sound, can't you forgive your sister? The two of you have always been close, and you're usually very tolerant of her. Why can't you give her another chance?" Owen asked with a sigh.

"Dad, would you forgive someone who wanted to kill your wife and child?"

At a loss for words, Owen looked away.

"Dad, I can dote on Stephanie and give in to her, provided that she doesn't cross my bottom line. Now, not only has she crossed that line, but she has also violated the basic moral principles. It's no longer a question of whether I can forgive her or not."

Owen patted his shoulders and said with a touch of sorrow in his voice, "I know, but she's still your sister."

Oscar gazed at the brightly lit villa in the distance where his wife and son shared with his family. It wasn't long ago when he had almost lost them, and he never wanted to experience that again. Knowing that Stephanie was the culprit made it even worse, and it was no longer a question of forgiveness.

"Dad, when she finally realizes that she was in the wrong, I might be able to forgive her." Even though he was sure his sister would never realize her mistake, Oscar still made a compromise and gave a deadline.

With that, Owen grew even more silent.

Amelia was making her way down the stairs when Oscar and Owen stepped into the hall. The sight of them together made her laugh out loud.

"Dad, Oscar, have all the guests gone home?"

Ignoring his father's presence, Oscar lovingly caressed Amelia's cheek and asked, "Why aren't you sleeping yet?"

"It's still early."

Just as the three of them settled into a comfortable conversation, Olivia and Stephanie came down the stairs. Seeing how happy Amelia was chatting with her family, Stephanie's eyes flashed with resentment.

Even as Olivia tried to stop her, Stephanie broke away and confronted Amelia. "Are you happy now, Amelia Winters? Both my mother and brother are siding with you and chasing me out of the house. I'm sure you must be delighted. But you know what? I will eventually get back everything that belongs to me, and when that day comes, I will chase you out of our family!"

"Stephanie, what are you talking about?" Amelia asked with a look of bewilderment on her face.

"Oh, come on, Amelia. Don't—"

"That's enough, Stephanie," Oscar interrupted.

As he stepped forward to shield Amelia, Oscar stared daggers at Stephanie, looking like he'd pounce on her if she dared say another word.

Not wanting to talk back and risk getting chewed out by Oscar, Stephanie had no choice but to hold her tongue.

Amelia then tugged at Oscar's shirt, motioning for him to calm himself down before stepping out from behind him.

"Stephanie, if there's any misunderstanding between us, you can tell me about it. I promise your brother won't lay a hand on you. I don't wish to see our family in a mess because of our grudges. So if you're unhappy with me, please, let me know. I want nothing more than for our family to be happy."

Stephanie had calmed herself down but still couldn't help but steal a glance at her brother.

Knowing that the former was worried, Amelia immediately blocked Oscar and gently repeated herself, "Stephanie, if you're unhappy with me, you can tell me."

Before anyone could go on, Owen had broken the awkward silence with a cough. "Amelia, it's getting late, and Stephanie still has work tomorrow. Let Oscar send her home. I'm sure they'll have lots to talk about on the way."

Upon hearing that, Amelia became even more baffled.

"Dad, didn't you and Mom say that Stephanie went on a trip with her friends? Why are you now saying that she's working tomorrow? Are the three of you hiding something from me?"

Owen cleared his throat again and gently nudged Oscar. Thankfully, Oscar got his hint.

"It's a long story, Amelia. Stephanie's friends had mentioned taking up jobs to experience life, and she didn't want to be left behind. She begged Dad and Mom to let her work, and they eventually agreed to give her a sinecure in our company. However, Stephanie said she wouldn't learn much in a family company setting, so she insisted on getting another job. She has even rented a place outside, which is why she's leaving now."

Feeling doubtful about the explanation, Amelia asked, "Is that true, Stephanie?"

At that moment, Stephanie could only feel how ironic the entire situation was.

She found it all so amusing that she broke out in uncontrollable laughter, surprising everyone around her.

Amelia shot a glance at Oscar, who merely furrowed his brows and pulled her away. "Enough is enough, Stephanie!" he snapped.

Stephanie stopped laughing and smirked. When she spoke again, her voice was dripping with sarcasm. "Oscar, why are you still hiding it from her? Are you afraid she's too fragile for the truth, or are you trying to cover up for your one and only sister?"

Olivia went into a state of panic as she quickly interjected, "Stephanie, what nonsense are you talking about?"

"Mom, you do like her more than your only daughter, don't you?"

A feeling of helplessness washed over Olivia as she stared at Stephanie. She had covered up so many things to protect her daughter, yet Stephanie never seemed to understand her efforts.

What exactly should I do to let Stephanie understand that everything I've done is for her own good?

"How can you say that, Stephanie?" Amelia said sternly, "Even I can tell how much Mom loves you."

Amelia had always wanted to keep whatever misunderstandings she had with Stephanie between themselves. It was never her intention to get Olivia involved, as she didn't want to ruin their mother-daughter relationship.

Alas, Stephanie completely lost control and hollered, "Stop with the pretense, Amelia! It's all because of you that my relationship with my mother has become this bad! It's a pity you didn't die from getting hit by the car I previously hired."

As soon as the words left Stephanie's mouth, the color drained from everyone's faces. Amelia was speechless as she stared wide-eyed in utter disbelief.

Olivia hurriedly pulled Stephanie aside and was about to order their chauffeur to send her home when Amelia stopped them.

“Mom, I have some questions for Stephanie. She can stay here for the night since it’s already so late. After all, this is her house, and she has her room. There’s no need to hurry,” Amelia said, her tone cold and adamant.

Olivia licked her lips nervously, afraid of the storm that was undoubtedly brewing. “Amelia, Stephanie only said that in a fit of anger. She didn’t mean any of it, so please don’t take her words to heart. Anyway, I’m sure everyone’s tired from the dinner, and it’s getting so late now. Oscar, take your wife back to the room and have an early rest.”

Amelia looked sadly at Olivia before replying, “Mom, I can give in to you for all other things, but not this. The car accident had almost killed Tony and me. Surely it’s not too much to want some answers to that, is it?”

Olivia was both embarrassed and torn.

More than anything else, she was mad at Stephanie. If it weren’t for her lack of tact and willfulness, they wouldn’t have ended up in such an awkward situation.

“Amelia, Stephanie was only spouting nonsense. You know what she’s like when she’s angry. It’s not worth wasting your time and energy over her.”

With eyes bored into Olivia, Amelia pressed on, “Mom, you know better than anyone else if she only said it in a fit of anger. All I want is for her to give me an answer. Is that too much to ask?”

Olivia merely gaped at Amelia, tongue-tied.

Stephanie felt the fury roaring through her mind as she listened on. She had never liked Amelia and never cared if she incurred the latter’s wrath. In her eyes, Amelia was meek and could never retaliate or pose a threat to her.

“Okay, Amelia, I’ll tell you the truth. Yes, I planned the accident. That’s because I don’t like you, and I wanted to teach you a lesson!” Stephanie said as an arrogant sneer crept over her face.

Amelia scoffed, clearly exasperated, before walking up to Stephanie. “Was that the truth, Stephanie?” she asked calmly.

Intending to sow discord, Stephanie replied, “Oh, I never lie. I’m not afraid of admitting to what I’ve done. Oscar, Dad, and Mom are all aware of it, but they wanted to keep the truth from you. It looks like the lives of you and your son aren’t comparable to mine!”

“Is that so?”

Amelia's expression turned cold as she raised her hand and slapped Stephanie hard across her cheek.

The slap was so strong and sudden that Stephanie fell into a momentary daze.

"Amelia, you slapped me?"

"Not only do I want to slap you, but I also want to kill you! Do you believe me?" Amelia said through gritted teeth. "Because you're Oscar's sister, I've tried my best to dote on you. When you threaten me, I laugh it off. When you insult me, I tell myself it's because you're still young. I want to believe that you'll do better once you get older. I come up with excuses to brush off your hostility toward me and empathize with you, convincing myself that there's still some good in you. I never once thought you'd be this cruel and heartless toward me."

Tears started to roll down Amelia's cheeks as sadness washed over her.

"Tony is your nephew, and yet you'd cause harm to him? I was seven and a half months pregnant with him when the accident happened. Do you know what went through my mind as I saw the car hurtle toward me? All I could think about was what would happen to my child. I didn't even care if I'd live or die! I was thinking about all the moments he'd miss in his life if I lost him! How could you rob him of his chance to come into the world? If he hadn't pulled through, I wouldn't even have gotten to see him. How could you? How could you—"

Amelia tried to catch her breath as she clutched her chest, overwhelmed by the intense pressure and sorrow.

Oscar instantly ran up and carried her in his arms. "Amelia, calm yourself down. We can talk this through."

Still clutching her chest, Amelia looked at Oscar with a mixed bundle of emotions. He was just as guilty for covering up Stephanie's crime, and she couldn't forgive him just yet. Amelia was usually very forgiving, but she could never forgive anyone who wanted her son dead.

If Oscar is my world, then that makes Tony my life.

I cannot, and will not, forgive this murderer who wanted Tony's life!

"Put me down, Mr. Clinton," Amelia demanded.

Taken aback by Amelia's sudden aloofness, a look of disbelief flashed across Oscar's face.

"Put me down, Mr. Clinton," Amelia repeated, not wanting to look at him.

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Chapter 217 Teaching The Clintons A Lesson

Oscar's heart skipped a beat, but instead of doing as instructed, he hugged Amelia even tighter.

"I-I can explain, Amelia. It's not what you think it is," Oscar stammered. He had a sneaking suspicion that if he didn't clear things up with Amelia, their relationship would never be the same again. Worst of all, she might never trust him again.

He had been through so much before he realized his feelings for Amelia. There was no way he was going to let a misunderstanding ruin what he had painstakingly built.

Amelia continued to ignore Oscar and stared at the ground. "Put me down, Mr. Clinton."

Seeing how stubborn and standoffish she was, Oscar had no choice but to give in to her request.

Olivia glanced at Amelia sheepishly as she tried to find the right words to defuse the situation. "Amelia, this isn't what you think it is. I'm not trying to hide the truth from you, nor am I deliberately covering up for Stephanie. But she's still my daughter, and regardless of what she has done, I can't bear to send her to prison. Now that you've found out the truth, I feel just as guilty. Please believe me when I say I'm only doing this for both you and Stephanie. It pains me to see either of you hurt."

After hearing those words, Amelia felt even more overwhelmed with conflicting emotions.

She knew where Olivia was coming from, but that didn't make understanding it any less difficult. And she could never accept the fact that Stephanie had single-handedly plotted the accident.

Stephanie's lips curled with disdain as she said, "Mom, why do you even bother to explain to a nobody like her? So what if I plotted the accident? Guess what, Amelia? Even if you and your son had perished in it, this family would still have done everything in their power to protect me."

Amelia was so overwhelmed by emotions that she laughed out loud bitterly.

Oscar's face had taken upon itself an even graver expression as he warned, "Stephanie Clinton, if you so much as to say another word, I'll make sure you never return to our family."

Knowing her brother was a man of his word, Stephanie kept quiet.

“Stephanie, it’s true that I can’t do anything to you with the Clintons protecting you,” Amelia remarked as she glowered at Stephanie. “But from on, I’ll no longer treat you as my sister-in-law. No matter what happens to you in the future, I won’t get involved, and neither will I help.”

Stephanie was completely unbothered by Amelia’s threat. However, she had no idea that this would come back and bite her in the future. There would be such a day when she found herself having to beg Amelia for help, and Amelia, true to her words, would turn a deaf ear to Stephanie’s pleas.

Olivia furrowed her brows and tried to coax Amelia, “Don’t be like this, Amelia. You and Stephanie are both my favorites. You two...”

“Mom, it’s not that I don’t want to make peace with Stephanie,” Amelia interrupted with a bitter laugh. “It’s been five years, and I’ve done everything I can to please her. But when has she ever appreciated it? You’ve also witnessed for yourself how she doesn’t give a toss about me. If it had only been me who got injured in the accident, I could still be a saint about it and forgive her. But did she care that I was pregnant? Tony almost lost his life because of her. I can never, ever, forgive her for that.”

Olivia tried to reach out to hold Amelia, only to have Amelia swiftly avoid her.

“Mom, I’m tired. I’m going up to rest,” Amelia said with her eyes downcast.

“Amelia, you—”

“All right, I’ll be going now.”

As Amelia made her way up the stairs, she bumped into Tiffany, who had seen and heard everything. When their gazes met, Amelia’s eyes flashed with indignance.

Feeling sorry for her friend, Tiffany returned her gaze with an equally pained expression.

Oscar tossed another glare toward Stephanie before following Amelia upstairs.

As she saw how defeated Amelia looked, Stephanie couldn’t help but break into a smile.

The method that Cassie taught her had paid off well. By sowing discord, she could already see cracks forming in Amelia and Oscar’s relationship. With her plan off to a good start, Stephanie knew that as long as she continued to put in the effort, it’d only be a matter of time before she drove Amelia out of the Clintons.

Just as Stephanie was still feeling smug about herself, she felt another slap on her face.

Clutching her cheek, Stephanie looked at her mother in bewilderment. "Mom, why did you hit me?"

"Look what you've done, Stephanie! Are you happy now?" Olivia cried out, feeling even more disappointed in her daughter than before.

Before Stephanie could reply, Olivia had marched away in a huff.

Owen's face was clouded with sadness as he gazed at his daughter. "Stephanie, why did you have to ruin the relationship you have with your brother? Your mother and I have tried so hard to cover this up for you and are even sending you away so you can learn to be independent. We've done so much for you, yet you don't seem to appreciate any of it. As for what you've done today, I don't even know where to begin. You're on your own now."

With that said, Owen turned and made his way upstairs.

Stephanie was now all alone in the hall, speechless and confused.

I did all these to get Amelia out and bring peace back to our family. I just want the best for us. What's wrong with that?

Frustrated with the way her family was treating her but not knowing what else to do, Stephanie decided to return to her room.

Meanwhile, Tiffany had escorted Amelia into Tony's nursery and stood at the door, blocking Oscar from entering. "Mr. Clinton, I think it'd be best if you slept alone tonight."

Oscar frowned as he replied, "Let me in."

"Mr. Clinton, after what your sister has done, do you think Amelia's in the mood to see you?"

Oscar fell silent. Deep down, he knew Tiffany was right.

"Amelia's your wife, Mr. Clinton. And now she has Tony too. As her best friend, all I want is for her to be happy. She loves you, so I won't persuade her to leave you. But please, let me talk to her first. You going in now is going to make her clam up even more. If you trust me, please leave."

Oscar gazed steadily at Tiffany, only to have her stare back with a firm, unwavering expression.

After about ten seconds, Oscar finally gave in. "Fine. Help me look after her. And please, tell her I do care about her. The only reason I didn't tell her the truth was so she wouldn't overthink and get upset."

Tiffany merely nodded and reassured him with an “OK” gesture.

After taking another look inside the room, Oscar sighed and walked away reluctantly.

Tiffany closed the door and gingerly made her way toward her friend. Ever since stepping into the nursery, all Amelia had done was gaze at Tony sleeping soundly in his crib.

Tiffany felt a tinge of sadness well up in her as she tried to comfort Amelia. “Babe, cheer up. It’s Tony’s welcome baby party today. Let’s not imagine things, okay?”

Amelia caressed Tony’s fingers as she muttered, “Tiff, it hurts. I never thought Stephanie would harbor so much hate for me. She hired someone to knock me down and almost caused me to miscarry. I’ve always told myself to put up with her tantrums, but who knew she’d go to such extremes? Even just talking about it makes me shudder. How can she not care about her nephew’s life?”

Tiffany pulled Amelia into a tight hug and gently consoled her with a reassuring touch.

“Babe, let’s not overthink it. It’s her loss for not liking you.”

Amelia shook her head, her emotions running even wilder by the second. “Tiff, I can’t get over this. Even if she’s Oscar’s sister, there’s no way I can forgive her. And neither can I stop this growing hatred I have for her. Tony and I barely made it out of the accident, yet the Clintons are still protecting her unconditionally. If we had died, would Stephanie still be able to get away with it scot-free? Do you know how angry this makes me? I wish she’d get into an accident so she can have a taste of her own medicine.”

Tiffany cleared her throat nervously before replying, “All right, let’s not say things like that. You and Tony are very blessed and loved. Especially Tony—this little guy’s going to grow into a handsome man.

No matter how hard Amelia tried, she couldn’t even manage a chuckle.

“Tiff, who do you think Oscar values more? Tony and I, or Stephanie?”

What Amelia had asked was very much like the age-old question of who would one save if one’s mother and lover fell into the water at the same time.

It may sound simple, but it had stumped many people before.

“Come on, babe. It’s so unlike you to ask such a question,” Tiffany teased, trying to lighten the mood. Alas, Amelia fell to her knees as gut-wrenching sobs tore through her chest.

Flustered, Tiffany clumsily wiped the tears off Amelia's face and tried to calm her down. "Amelia, why are you crying? It's not worth wasting your energy on someone like her. There, there, stop crying. If you continue to, I wouldn't know what else to do."

Amelia stopped crying after a while, her makeup completely ruined from her river of tears.

As they sat on the floor, Tiffany decided to cut to the chase. "What are you going to do about Oscar? Are you going to leave him because of that piece of sh*t Stephanie?"

Amelia shook her head, knowing full well that Oscar wasn't to blame. If she were in his shoes, she could only see herself severing ties with her sibling. Even she felt that it would be too heartless to send a sibling into jail.

"I've never thought about divorcing Oscar. It just makes me upset to see him tolerating Stephanie, so I'm going to need some time to get over it. Every time I think about how I could've lost Tony in the accident, it fills my heart with fear and hatred. I don't understand why Stephanie hates me so much that she could hire someone to finish me off. In my opinion, you can hate someone however much you like, but you should never hurt an innocent child. And besides, the child we're talking about is her nephew! How can she bear to lay her hands on him?"

The more Tiffany heard, the angrier she felt.

"She's been spoiled by her parents her entire life, so of course, she can't stand anyone going against her. And with others instigating her, it doesn't surprise me that she did something so vile. You know what? I think the instigator is either someone from the Yard family or Cassie herself. The Yards have truly put in a lot of effort to ruin your relationship with the Clintons."

Upon hearing that, a hint of resentment flashed in Amelia's eyes.

"As long as I'm in the Clintons, Cassie can give up all hope on coming anywhere near Oscar."

"Yes! That's the spirit! As the Clintons' daughter-in-law, your status isn't beneath that of the Yards'. So what if your family background isn't a fancy one? What matters is how people value your position in the Clintons. Who's going to care about where you come from or what your family does?" Tiffany exclaimed.

After hearing Tiffany's words, Amelia felt considerably better.

"Babe, don't worry. Tomorrow I'll teach her a lesson she'll never forget. It's what she deserves for being a bully."

"Oh, no. Don't do that, Tiff," Amelia said with a frown. "This grudge is between Stephanie and me. I don't want to drag you into the mess. More importantly, I don't want to have Dad and Mom think badly of you. No matter what, Stephanie is still the Clintons' only daughter. Compared to her, we're merely outsiders."

With the emphasis on the last word, it was evident that Amelia had come to a realization.

She knew that no matter how much Olivia doted on her, she could never measure up to Stephanie, who was Olivia's flesh and blood.

"Don't worry. I'll be very discreet. I promise you, no one will ever find out. If we don't teach Stephanie a lesson, she's going to think she's some bigshot to whom everyone has to give in to," Tiffany replied with a snarl.

After a pause, Tiffany added, "That said, I don't think you should forgive the Clintons anytime soon. We can't have them thinking you're a pushover. Why don't you pack up tomorrow and bring Tony along to stay with me? You can return when they've apologized to you. You have to be firm with your principles and not easily give in to them. It's about time they realize you're a strong and clever woman and not one for them to lead by the nose."

Without even giving it much thought, Amelia nodded.

Tiffany smiled, relieved that Amelia took up her suggestion so readily.

"Babe, follow my instructions tomorrow. Our family backgrounds may not be as illustrious as theirs, but that doesn't mean we should let them have their way. We have to show them we aren't pushovers. If they want their daughter-in-law and grandson back, they'll have to take sides. If they continue to condone Stephanie's actions, then you'll gradually lose your say in the Clintons despite being their daughter-in-law."

Amelia stayed silent, but everything that Tiffany said had resonated with her.

"Thank you, Tiff! No matter what happens in life, you're the only one who's always by my side."

"Oh, come on. Don't mention it. I think our friendship is already past that point."

Amelia finally smiled, looking a lot cheerier than before.

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Chapter 218 Leaving Home

Because of Stephanie's foolhardiness, many people had difficulty falling asleep that night. Tiffany and Amelia ended up sleeping in the guest room that the Clintons had prepared for Tiffany. Oscar, on the other hand, stood outside the guest room like a lovesick puppy. When Olivia came out of her room from not being able to sleep, she felt a twinge of sadness at the sight of her son.

"Oscar, why aren't you sleeping yet?"

"I just felt like being close to her," Oscar whispered.

Olivia stared at the door to the guest room as mixed emotions began to well up inside her.

She had chosen to cover up for Stephanie out of a mother's love for their children. However, she had never expected things to take such an ugly turn. Now that her daughter and daughter-in-law were at loggerheads, their family could never find peace again.

If Olivia hadn't always treated Amelia as her own, she wouldn't be feeling so conflicted now. What made it worse was that the matter had even caused a rift between Oscar and Amelia. However, Olivia did understand why Amelia had gotten so angry, especially after what had happened to Tony. After all, it was only natural for a mother to protect her child. If someone wanted to kill Olivia's child, she'd have fought it out with them.

"Oscar, I'm sorry. It's all because I didn't think this through well enough that led to Amelia misunderstanding you."

Oscar merely shook his head sadly, not saying anything else.

"It's getting late. Why don't you go back to sleep? Let Amelia think it over tonight, and we can talk again tomorrow."

Oscar remained frozen in his spot, not wanting to move nor say a word.

At that, Olivia's heart ached even more.

Olivia knew her son well. Even though Oscar might look cold and distant on the outside, he was a sentimental man. Once he fell in love, he'd love fiercely and unapologetically. That was the case with Cassie in the past. But now, Olivia wouldn't be surprised if he loved Amelia more than he did with Cassie.

As a mother, all Olivia ever wanted was to see her son and daughter-in-law live happily ever after. Knowing that she was to blame for their rift made her feel all the more upset and awful.

"Oscar, please, don't be like this. Amelia's a good girl. She'll come to understand the reasons for your actions. Go to bed for now. You can explain things to her tomorrow. If you continue being like this, I'm going to be worried sick."

Since his mother had put it that way, Oscar eventually gave in and returned to his room.

Olivia let out a long sigh before making her way back to her room. "What took you so long?" Owen asked, still awake and waiting in bed.

After climbing into bed to join Owen, Olivia leaned against his chest and said despondently, "Dear, I think Oscar is head over heels in love with Amelia. And it warms my heart to see him happy with her. But now with Stephanie... I'm afraid the rift between Stephanie and Amelia can never be fixed.

"Don't worry. Amelia's a considerate girl. I'm sure if we give her some time, she'll eventually understand."

After all, that's all we can do for now.

After tossing and turning in bed for hours, Olivia finally fell asleep at five in the morning. Amelia had also found sleep to be impossible as she stared blankly at the ceiling. She had briefly overheard the conversation between Oscar and Olivia and would've leaped into Oscar's arms if she hadn't stopped herself in time.

She wanted to ask Oscar why he had so readily forgiven the murderer who had almost killed Tony and herself. As much as her heart wanted to do that, Amelia still chose to follow her head in the end.

It was almost daybreak when Amelia finally drifted off to sleep. When she woke up before eight in the morning, Tiffany's side of the bed was already empty.

Just as she was getting out of bed, Tiffany walked out of the bathroom.

"Babe, you're up?"

Amelia patted her head that was beginning to hurt due to the lack of sleep. Ever since the accident, her body's immunity had been drastically affected. Added to that, she had also just given birth to Tony then. Yet, she had to stay in the hospital to recover and recuperate. Even though the hospital was well-equipped, nothing could beat being able to rest at home. After that ordeal, whenever Amelia didn't get enough sleep, she'd be tormented with the worst headaches.

With hesitation, Tiffany walked over to Amelia and started massaging her head.

"You look awful. Did you stay up thinking about things again?"

"I couldn't sleep. Tiff, can you use more force? My head hurts so bad," Amelia moaned.

"Babe, don't blame me for scolding you. You haven't fully recovered, and in case you've forgotten, you even broke a few ribs during the accident. It's a miracle you even survived it. Yet now you're tormenting yourself over someone like Stephanie? Why would you do that to yourself?"

Still battling her headache, Amelia could only let out a bitter laugh.

Tiffany couldn't bear to chastise her friend anymore and continued to massage Amelia's head in a bid to alleviate the pain.

Just then, one of the maids came knocking on the door. "Ms. Amelia, Ms. Winters, are you awake? Mrs. Clinton wants me to let you know that breakfast is ready."

"All right. We'll be down in a bit," Tiffany replied.

After a while, Tiffany put her hands down and asked, "How's the headache? Is it better?"

Amelia nodded and smiled. "Tiff, thank you so much."

"Go get yourself cleaned up. We got to prepare ourselves for an upcoming battle," Tiffany replied with a nonchalant shrug.

After washing up in the bathroom, Amelia put on a simple but elegant white dress.

Tiffany couldn't help but give her a thumbs up. "Babe, you really can pull off anything you wear. I realize how good white looks on you. It makes you look so pure and elegant. Honestly, I could say you're innocent yet seductive, and nobody would disagree."

Embarrassed by the high praise, Amelia just smiled reluctantly.

Tiffany made a face to try to cheer her friend up. "Babe, let's see that smile on your face. Don't look so glum. We have to show the Clintons that even without a fancy background, our upbringing is still way better than theirs."

Amelia didn't say a word as she made her way down the stairs with Tiffany in tow.

Stephanie was already seated at the dining table and tucking into her breakfast. Despite that, Tiffany and Amelia remained calm and composed.

Tiffany took the lead and beckoned over one of the maids. "Can you please pack a few sets of clothes for Amelia and Anthony? Remember to pack diapers and anything else that Anthony might need too."

Stumped by the orders, the maid looked hesitantly at Olivia, not daring to act.

Olivia set her spoon down and gently asked, "What's this about, Tiff? Why are you getting the maid to pack clothes for Amelia and Tony?"

"Oh, Mrs. Clinton, don't get the wrong idea. I was the one who asked Amelia to stay with me for a few days. After the little episode yesterday, we all know there's someone who doesn't particularly like Amelia. If the mother and son continue to stay here, who's to know if that person might strangle Tony in a fit of anger? So, to be safe, I'd like Amelia and Tony away from here for a few days. That'd be the best for everyone, wouldn't you agree, Mrs. Clinton?" Tiffany replied while smiling politely.

Olivia's face instantly fell.

Stephanie, on the other hand, felt called out by Tiffany and stood up angrily. "Who are you talking about, Tiffany?"

"I don't talk to animals," Tiffany replied flatly with a shrug. "I don't want to stoop to their level."

Stephanie looked ready to blow her top at any moment as her face contorted with anger.

Olivia glanced at Stephanie and said firmly, "Stephanie, you can leave once you've finished your breakfast. I'll get the chauffeur to send you to your office. Also, don't bother coming back here for the time being. I'll inform the security guards about it."

Stephanie got even more infuriated as she pointed at Amelia. "Mom, you're chasing me away because of that woman?"

Olivia steeled herself before turning to Norton, who had been standing by. "Norton, please see Ms. Stephanie out."

Norton walked up to Stephanie and bowed politely. "Ms. Stephanie, please."

"F*ck off! Who do you think you are?"

Despite her tantrum, Norton remained unfazed.

"Ms. Stephanie, please."

Stephanie glared at Norton as a fresh swell of rage rose in her.

"Stephanie Clinton, when are you going to stop throwing tantrums? If you don't leave now with Norton, I'm going to get our bodyguards to escort you to the car," Olivia said adamantly.

Stephanie shot Olivia a furious glance before yelling, "Fine! I'll leave!"

Before leaving, Stephanie left Amelia with a warning. "Don't be too smug yet, Amelia. One day I'll see to it that you get kicked out of this family. You'll never become the lady of the house!"

With that, Stephanie finally left, looking defeated and miserable.

Olivia sighed and gingerly approached Amelia. "Amelia, I know the pain Stephanie has put you through. As a mother, I had no choice but to help cover up what my daughter had done. Stephanie may not be appreciative of what I've done for her, but I'm sure you can understand my actions, yes?"

Being a mother herself, Amelia understood Olivia perfectly well. However, she still couldn't forgive that easily.

“Mom, I don’t blame you.”

“Then please don’t leave. Tony is still young and can get all fussy, especially at night. At least we have maids here to help take care of him. You haven’t fully recovered, and Tiffany doesn’t have any experience with looking after babies. Tony’s only going to tire the both of you out.”

“Mrs. Clinton, you don’t have to worry about that,” Tiffany interrupted. “I’ve hired someone to help take care of Tony. She came highly recommended, so I’m sure we can trust her.”

“Tiffany, I like you, and I’m glad that you always have Amelia’s back no matter what happens. But just this time, please help me persuade Amelia to stay.”

Upon hearing Olivia’s heartfelt pleas, Tiffany started to flounder.

After all, Tiffany respected Olivia a lot. Olivia was elegant, intellectual, gentle, generous, and considerate. To put it simply, everyone liked her, and every woman wanted to be her.

Sensing the awkward silence, Amelia butted in, “Mom, I do want to stay with Tiff for a few days. Once I’ve sorted out my thoughts, I’ll come back with Tony.”

Seeing how Amelia had already made up her mind, Olivia decided to put her foot down. “I can’t agree with that, Amelia. You’re still recovering, and Tony is only a month old. With you and Tiffany so young and inexperienced, how are you going to take care of Tony? I won’t agree to it.”

“Mom, if you truly treat me as your daughter, then let me go for a few days. I promise to come back once I’ve thought things through. I know you genuinely love me, but to be honest, I can’t face you right now. The more I respect you, the more it hurts knowing how easily you condoned the culprit who tried to kill Tony and me.”

Amelia’s words silenced Olivia. Eventually, Olivia gave in and agreed to let Amelia stay at Tiffany’s for a few days.

As the maids hurried off to pack for Amelia and Tony, Olivia still couldn’t stop worrying. “Amelia, I know you’re in a bad mood, and I agree with you taking some time to yourself. But please don’t stay outside too long. Otherwise, you’re going to break my heart.”

Amelia simply nodded in response.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 219

/ Too Much to Bear, My Love
Chapter 219 Crying Uncontrollably

As Olivia walked Amelia to the car with Tony in her arms, the maids loaded their luggage into the car boot.

Still unable to be at ease, Olivia kept fussing over Amelia. "Amelia, I'll take this as a short break for you, but please take care of yourself and Tony. Come back as soon as you've thought things through. Don't take too long, though. Otherwise, I'll be heartbroken."

Amelia merely nodded in response.

Olivia then turned to Oscar and said, "Come say something to Amelia."

Ever the thoughtful person, Olivia got everyone to step back to give Oscar and Amelia some privacy.

"Honey, do you really have to go?"

Amelia's eyes glistened as she lowered her head. "I just want some peace and quiet."

"If you don't want to live here, we can always move back to the apartment. We can get Molly to help us with Tony. You don't have to go to Tiffany's."

Amelia sighed before meeting Oscar's unwavering gaze. "Mr. Clinton, do you still not understand? The problem between us isn't about that. It's that whenever I think about how much more you value others over Tony and me, it's like a stab to my heart. Give me some alone time, and I might get over it in a few days. I no longer want to bury my emotions. It's too tiring."

Oscar was about to caress Amelia's face when she moved away from him.

As his hand hung in mid-air, an awkward silence ensued until Amelia whispered, "I should go now."

"I can let you stay out for a few days, but I can't have you overthinking things. I've opened my heart to you because that's how much I want to be with you. Not just for today, but forever. You, me, and Tony, we're a family. I can't live without either of you, do you hear me?" Oscar said firmly.

Tears suddenly welled up in Amelia's eyes as she started to have doubts about her decision. However, whenever she thought about what Stephanie had done and how the Clintons had condoned her, she couldn't help but find them and their actions loathsome. It was also then that she realized how fragile relationships were.

Amelia averted her gaze from Oscar and replied, "I'm leaving now."

Amelia finally got into the car and beckoned for Tiffany, who took Tony from Olivia before joining her.

As soon as they were all safely in, the chauffeur drove off.

Oscar stood rooted to the ground, staring wistfully at the car leaving. His expression remained stoic despite the many thoughts running through his head.

Owen patted Oscar on his shoulder in a bid to comfort him. "Give her some time."

Oscar didn't respond in any way.

"Let's go back into the house. We can visit Amelia in a couple of days," Olivia suggested. "We've truly let her down this time, so it's only understandable that Amelia wants some time alone."

Owen nodded as Olivia turned her attention toward Oscar.

"Oscar, let's head inside. You can visit Amelia in a couple of days when she's in a better mood. When you see her then, remember to say something nice. I'm sure she'll understand."

As soon as the car disappeared from his line of sight, Oscar suddenly said, "Mom, there's still work to do at the office. I'll be going now." Right when he finished his words, Oscar got into his car and hurriedly drove off.

Seeing her son speed off into the distance, Olivia let out a deep sigh. "Why is there so much drama in our family? Stephanie's getting more and more out of hand. Amelia almost lost her trust in us because of what happened to Tony. And now with Oscar, I don't even know what he's thinking anymore. The older our kids get, the more unpredictable they become."

Owen placed his hands on Olivia's shoulders and gently squeezed them. "Don't worry too much. The kids will do just fine on their own. And besides, Amelia knows how much you dote on her."

"I hope so."

While Olivia was left with a heavy heart, Amelia was feeling just as troubled. She knew that her insistence on leaving with Tony would hurt Olivia a lot.

Stephanie had plotted the accident alone, and while Olivia had nothing to do with it, she still intentionally covered up for her daughter. That was what infuriated Amelia the most. She was starting to feel a twinge of guilt when the sight of Tony once again reminded her why she had to be firm.

No. I can't forgive those who had hurt my son without an ounce of remorse.

Tiffany grabbed Amelia's hand and said, "You're overthinking again, aren't you? It's good to give one another some time and space to cool down. The Clintons won't blame you for it."

Amelia nodded with a faint smile.

It wasn't long before the car pulled up in Tiffany's neighborhood. John opened the doors for them and quickly unloaded the luggage. "Mrs. Clinton, let me know which floor you're staying on, and I'll bring the luggage up."

"Thank you so much, John," Tiffany said politely after giving him her address.

"You're welcome."

John already had two suitcases in his hands and was about to take one of the backpacks when Tiffany stopped him. "John, don't worry about the backpacks. I got them."

John obliged before entering the elevator with them and carrying the suitcases all the way into Tiffany's house.

"Thank you, John."

John smiled politely. "Is there anything else you'd need help with, Mrs. Clinton? If there isn't, I'll be going back now."

"No, that's all. Have a safe journey back."

With that, John nodded and left.

As soon as he got back downstairs, John noticed Oscar standing beside his car. "Mr. Clinton."

"Has she gone upstairs?"

John nodded.

"Did she say anything during the ride?"

"No, Mr. Clinton. Mrs. Clinton spent most of the time playing with Mr. Anthony and didn't say much at all."

Oscar nodded and replied, "All right. You can head back first. And don't tell anyone that I've been here."

"Yes, Mr. Clinton."

John promptly got into the car and drove off, leaving Oscar alone.

When he was sure that John was gone, Oscar called out, "Kurt, show yourself."

A dark figure suddenly appeared from the other side.

"Mr. Clinton," Kurt greeted.

"Protect Amelia and Tony well. I don't want her to be hurt again," Oscar instructed as he looked up at the floor that Amelia was on.

"Got it."

"Kurt, remember my words. Amelia is now your boss, and you'll only take orders from her. If any harm comes to her, I'll come after you."

Kurt was solemn as he replied, "I, Kurt Alfsen, promise to protect my boss with my life. As long as I'm alive, no harm will befall her."

Satisfied, Oscar nodded. "One more thing. Don't let her know that I've been here."

Kurt nodded.

Oscar took another glance at the apartment building before giving one final order. "If there's anything she needs help with, I want you to do it discreetly. Take care of Tony and her."

"Yes."

It was only then that Oscar got into his car and left.

Meanwhile, Amelia and Tiffany had their hands full with Tony. Tony had always been very well-behaved at the Clintons, but as soon as he got to Tiffany's apartment, he started bawling his head off.

No matter how much Amelia and Tiffany tried to comfort him, nothing seemed to work, which made Amelia even more worried than before. "Tiff, what's wrong with Tony?"

Tiffany looked just as helpless as she replied, "Do you think it's because he's hungry?"

"But I've already fed him before we left the Clintons."

Tiffany checked Tony's diaper thoroughly, only to find that it was dry. "Well, at least we know his diaper isn't dirty."

Tony cried so uncontrollably that Tiffany once again carried him in her arms and tried to soothe him.

When that didn't work, Amelia took Tony over from Tiffany and coaxed him. Alas, that wasn't effective either. Tony had cried so much by then that he started hiccupping.

Tiffany felt so miserable and was almost on the verge of tears herself when she took her phone out to make a call. "Hazel, when can you come over? The kid's crying so much, and we don't know what's wrong with him. Can you please take a look?" After listening to Hazel's reply, Tiffany furrowed her brows. "What? You can't make it today because your grandson has a fever? Well, all right then, I guess we don't have a choice. But you have to come tomorrow! We agreed on this yesterday, didn't we? My friend recommended you to me, and if you were to bail on me, I'd have no one else to turn to."

After a long pause as Hazel answered, Tiffany finally replied, "Okay, it's a deal then. Please remember to come tomorrow. Just hire a car to send you to the address that I provided yesterday. Don't worry. I'll pay you for it. Okay, that's all. I'll hang up now."

After ending the call with Hazel, Tiffany looked helplessly at Tony, who was still crying. "Oh, sweetheart, please stop crying. Your mother hasn't fully recovered, and the help that I hired can't come today. Please be a good boy for us and stop crying. How about I do a silly dance for you? Will you stop crying then?"

True to her words, Tiffany started dancing around in a bid to make Tony laugh.

Alas, Tony's cries became even louder.

"Tiff, stop it," Amelia groaned. "Tony's crying so much. Do you think he has fallen ill? Should we take him to the hospital?"

Tiffany hesitated before replying, "I don't think so. Maybe it's because he's not used to a new place."

Just as Amelia and Tiffany were at a loss, the doorbell suddenly rang.

Tiffany opened the door without hesitation and was shocked when she saw Kurt. "Kurt?"

Just then, Tony's wails brought her out of her daze, and Tiffany hurriedly ushered Kurt into the apartment.

After getting pulled toward Amelia, Tiffany looked to him and instructed, "All right, Kurt. Help us with Tony."

Taken aback by the sudden turn in events, Kurt was rendered speechless.

Seeing how worried Amelia looked, Kurt finally said, "Ma'am, may I carry him?"

Amelia looked hesitant as she asked, "Do you know how?"

"I'll give it a try."

As soon as Amelia handed Tony to Kurt, he immediately stopped crying. If Amelia and Tiffany didn't believe in miracles before, they'd have changed their minds then.

The women exchanged surprised glances before Tiffany turned to Kurt with a look of admiration. "Damn, Kurt, you're good. We've been trying our darndest to pacify Tony, but nothing worked. Who knew all it took was for you to hold him to stop his tears? It looks like you strike fear even in the hearts of little children."

Kurt's face instantly clouded over.

Is that supposed to be a compliment?

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 220

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 220 Disappointed

Tony was so well-behaved and quiet in Kurt's arms that Tiffany couldn't help but be impressed. With two thumbs up, she said, "What power you have, Kurt. Tony stopped wailing as soon as you got here. Not only can you be the male lead in an action film, but you're also Tony's future nanny. Congratulations! You've found yourself another job on top of being a bodyguard!"

Kurt's lips twitched, still saying nothing.

Amelia tugged at Tiffany's shirt, beckoning for her to stop spouting nonsense. Jokes were only appropriate in front of friends and family, not strangers like Kurt.

"Kurt, what are you doing here?" Amelia quizzed.

"Ma'am, I'm in charge of your protection now. I'll follow you wherever you go," Kurt replied solemnly.

Amelia flinched at the way Kurt greeted her. It was something she could never get used to, no matter how many times she had heard it.

"Kurt, please call me Amelia. I feel awkward being spoken to like that."

Kurt gently patted Tony's back before replying, "Yes, ma'am."

Tiffany raised her hand and patted Kurt on his back. "Hey, Kurt, take it easy. You're about the same age as Amelia, so calling her ma'am makes her sound like a

princess from some faraway land. Call her by her name. It's more natural like that."

Kurt merely nodded.

After that, Tiffany instructed Kurt to carry Tony into the bedroom and placed him on the bed.

Seeing the smile on Tony's face, Tiffany couldn't help but chuckle. "Oh, Tony. You didn't like it when two pretty ladies carried you, but here you are, smiling so gleefully after being carried by a handsome guy. Let me warn you now, you better not treat future ladies in your life like that. Otherwise, don't blame me for smacking you."

Kurt couldn't stop his lips from twitching. This woman really says the darndest things.

Amelia, on the other hand, couldn't stop laughing. "Stop it, Tiff! You're so full of sh*t."

Tiffany shrugged as she continued to play with Tony. "Kurt, you're now Amelia's bodyguard, aren't you? You'll listen to everything she says then?"

Despite having a sneaking suspicion that Tiffany was up to no good, Kurt nodded.

Tiffany snapped her fingers in glee and said, "Good! We have just the thing for you to do now. I have here a list of things that Tony needs. Can you get them for us? Have a look and let me know if you have any questions."

Kurt received the sheet of paper from Tiffany, only to find it filled with words.

"Ok?" Tiffany once again asked.

Kurt nodded before leaving to get started with the errand.

Amelia glanced at Tony before turning toward Tiffany. "Tiff, what did you get Kurt to buy? Ordering him about doesn't seem very nice, especially when he isn't all that familiar with us."

Tiffany shrugged nonchalantly and brushed Amelia off. "It's not every day that you get a big, strong man to help out with errands. If I don't get him to do it, then it's down to us. Are you sure you want that?"

Amelia held her tongue. She hated to admit it, but Tiffany made a lot of sense.

Ever the efficient worker, Kurt returned in less than half an hour with his hands full of bags.

Amelia was about to help him with one of the bags when Kurt moved away from her.

"I've bought everything that was listed on the paper," Kurt said as he placed the bags on the sofa.

Tiffany looked through the bags thoroughly before giving Kurt a thumbs up. "Well done, Kurt. You're the most handsome and efficient bodyguard I've ever met!"

Despite the compliments, Kurt remained stoic.

Unbothered by his lack of response, Tiffany started to unpack the bags.

Perhaps Kurt's presence had helped as Amelia and Tiffany became a lot more grounded ever since he arrived.

The funniest thing was, Tony truly and absolutely loved Kurt. Whenever Kurt carried him, not only did he stop crying, but he'd also burst out laughing and flail his arms about in glee.

Tiffany became so jealous of Kurt that she couldn't help but voice her displeasure. "Hey, Kurt, stop trying to charm Tony with your looks. Tony's still young and can't differentiate between handsome and ugly. You better keep yourself in check."

Kurt remained expressionless as he listened intently.

After some more teasing, Tiffany asked, "By the way, Kurt, are you planning on staying the night in my humble abode? I don't think that'd be very appropriate, would it?" As innocent as her question might have sounded, she was also indirectly hinting for Kurt to take his leave.

"It's my responsibility to protect ma'am."

"Oh, really? I haven't met any bodyguard who guards this closely," Tiffany replied with a smirk.

Kurt remained silent, not wanting to engage anymore.

Eventually, Tiffany had no choice but to prepare the guest room for him. "Guess what, Kurt? You're the first man to stay in my humble abode. Careful not to let Oscar know. Otherwise, he might punish you for it."

Kurt gingerly took a pillow and blanket from the bed and turned to Tiffany. "I'll take care of Tony. You and ma'am can go to bed. If need be, I don't mind waking up a few times in the middle of the night."

Tiffany gave Kurt a quizzical look before asking, "Are you sure?"

Kurt nodded, much to the delight of Tiffany.

“You’re going to be Tony’s best nanny, Kurt! He’s all yours then!”

Already immune to Tiffany’s nonsense, Kurt barely responded.

With Kurt’s help, Amelia and Tiffany finally managed to get a good night’s sleep. Earlier on, they were still worried about how they’d get through the night with a wailing infant, yet now it was the most peaceful night. As such, Tony’s mother and godmother slept very soundly in their respective rooms, not waking up even once to check on him.

Subconsciously, they knew that Kurt was the bodyguard sent by Oscar. As such, they could trust him with Tony and also trust that he wouldn’t hurt them in any way.

In other words, Amelia still had a lot of trust in Oscar and believed that he would never cause any harm to her or Tony.

It was eight in the morning when Amelia and Tiffany finally woke up. After a quick wash, Amelia came out of her room to look for Tony when she bumped into an apron-clad Kurt serving breakfast.

Taken aback, Amelia wanted to help Kurt with the dishes when he took a step back.

“Ma... Amelia, I’ve prepared breakfast for you. Mr. Clinton has instructed that since you’ve yet to recover, it’s important to have nutritious meals.”

Amelia fought back mixed emotions and licked her lips. “You were sent here by Oscar?”

Kurt nodded.

“D-Did he say anything?”

“Mr. Clinton told me to take good care of you and make sure you don’t tire yourself out.”

“Anything else?”

Kurt looked at Amelia in confusion, not knowing what else she wanted to hear from him.

Embarrassed, Amelia changed the subject with a wave of her hand. “I’m going to check on Tony. Did he disturb you in the night?”

“Tony was very well-behaved and slept through most of the night. He’s still sleeping in the crib now.”

“Kurt, thank you so much. If it weren’t for you, I don’t think Tiffany and I could’ve gotten through the day, much less the night.”

“I’m only doing my job. I take my orders from you, which makes Mr. Anthony my responsibility too. It’s only right that I help protect and look after him.”

Amelia grew flustered and waved her hands. “Kurt, don’t say that. We’re of equal standing. If you continue saying things like that, I’m going to feel really bad. Oscar sent you here to protect me, but he didn’t ask you to take on the role of nanny too. Next time, leave the meal preparation to us women. You can sit and wait for the food.”

“But I’m used to cooking, and I’m pretty good at it too. Even Mr. Clinton has complimented my food before. Ma... Amelia, why don’t you give it a taste first before deciding if you want me to continue cooking?”

Sensing his enthusiasm, Amelia had no choice but to comply.

“Since you’re here to protect me, I should be the one paying you, shouldn’t it?”

“No need. My pay gets wired to my account every month.”

Amelia didn’t say anything more as she went to check on Tony, who was sound asleep and looking as adorable as ever.

After looking at her son for a while, Tiffany’s voice— loud and surprised—suddenly rang out outside.

Amelia couldn’t help but smile at her friend’s silliness. It sure feels different with a man around the house.

Soon after, Amelia and Tiffany sat down to enjoy the breakfast that Kurt had prepared.

To both their surprise, Kurt wasn’t lying when he said he was good at cooking. In fact, his food was better than famous hotel chefs. Even Tiffany, who had always been very proud of her culinary skills, had to eat humble pie in front of Kurt.

“Kurt, tell me, what’s your secret behind this chicken noodle soup? How did you cook from scratch?” Tiffany asked, hoping to pick his brain.

Happy that his food was so well received, Kurt briefly shared his recipe with Tiffany.

“That’s all? It’s that simple?”

Kurt nodded.

The food he cooked had always been simple—nothing more, nothing less.

Feeling defeated, Tiffany pouted and turned to Amelia. "Babe, I've always thought my food was good. Now I realize there will always be someone better than me. I've really met my match this time."

Amelia merely laughed at how disappointed Tiffany sounded. However, she had to admit that Kurt's cooking was so good he could probably reach the pinnacle of the culinary world.

Amelia started to feel and look much better, perhaps due to Kurt's attentive care and excellent food. Just like that, three days passed in a blink of an eye. On the first day, Amelia could still joke and laugh with Tiffany and Kurt. For the next two days, however, Amelia felt herself having to force a smile. Ever since she left the Clintons, none of them had come to see her. Not even Oscar, whom she had been secretly pining for, had shown up since he ordered Kurt to protect her.

Amelia would be lying if she said she wasn't disappointed. She and Oscar had only just confessed their love to each other and should be enjoying each other's company. Unfortunately, Stephanie ruined all that, which resulted in a temporary separation between the couple.

Now that she was staying at Tiffany's, the Clintons never once paid a visit, thus making Amelia feel even more dejected.

She often got lost in her own thoughts while staring at Tony, who bore a striking resemblance to Oscar. Oscar Clinton, do you really not want me anymore?

With the Clintons seemingly out of her life, Amelia started to chide herself for her indecisiveness. They merely left her alone for a few days, and Amelia was already starting to worry herself sick.

She held her forehead as she silently lamented. Amelia had hoped to let Oscar realize they could reach a fair solution, but instead, she continued to let him lead her by the nose.

The feeling of always being the passive one did not sit well with her. In fact, she hated it.

After playing with Tony, Tiffany got a bowl of pumpkin soup for Amelia. She knew something was up with her friend as she asked, "Babe, what's wrong? Are you not happy?"

Amelia took the soup from her, even though she didn't have much of an appetite.

"No, no. I'm happy. Especially since I have Tony and you."

Oh, what a silly woman. I can tell you're lying.

"Have you seen your face? How is that happy? Yes, you have Tony and me, but you're still missing someone."

Amelia instantly shot a look at Tiffany.

Unfazed, Tiffany shrugged and prodded Amelia's head. "Babe, stop being such a loser. The Clintons have already climbed all over your head, and now you're getting upset because they haven't contacted you in three days? What if this goes on for half a month? Wouldn't it drive you crazy? This is the time to put your relationship with Oscar to the test. If his feelings for you can't even withstand this test, why stay with him? Honestly, if Oscar ignores you over something this small, I don't think he's worth committing your whole life to."

Amelia fell silent as she pondered Tiffany's words.

Tiffany made a lot of sense, but it was easier said than done.

"All right, let's stop thinking about it. Chin up! Tony needs you to bring him up big and strong. The Clintons are going to take the high road, so all the more we shouldn't lose to them!" Tiffany exclaimed, all puffed up with pride.

Amelia couldn't help but break into a smile, except that smile still seemed rather forced. Despite Tiffany's best efforts, Amelia's heart remained heavy and her spirit miserable.