

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 253

/ [Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 253 Planning On Leaving

“Oscar, Mom isn’t going to be happy with us like this,” Amelia exclaimed after entering the bedroom.

“Mom isn’t such a petty person. All you have to do is take good care of yourself so I don’t have to keep worrying about you. Don’t think I’m not mad about you repeatedly getting yourself injured. I’ll punish you after Dr. Johnston gets your arm bandaged up,” Oscar replied while examining her arm thoroughly.

Amelia broke into a faint smile after hearing that.

I really love this side of him when he is down to earth. It gives me the illusion that he loves me deeply and will treat me well even if I’m old and blind. However, I can’t bring myself to let a man this excellent be stuck with a visually impaired wife as I am unworthy of his love!

Amelia wrapped her uninjured right arm around Oscar’s neck and gave him an affectionate nuzzle on the nose. “Oh dear, I just realized that I’m finding it increasingly difficult to leave you now. What should I do, Oscar? What would you do if I really did leave you someday? Would you miss me when you’re free and bored?”

The look on Oscar’s face turned gloomy instantly. He gave her a light pinch on the cheek as he said, “Do not talk about leaving me ever again, you hear? You’ll be getting more than just a reminder if you do that next time. Is that clear?”

There was a hint of sadness in Amelia’s eyes when she giggled in response, but she hid it so quickly that Oscar didn’t notice anything at all.

After a playful exchange, the two of them heard someone knocking on the door. Oscar went to open the door and saw Dr. Johnston standing there with his medical kit in hand. “Hello, Mr. Clinton,” he greeted Oscar politely.

“Come on in, Dr. Johnston.”

Dr. Johnston nodded and brought his medical kit inside the room.

“Sorry to trouble you at this hour, Dr. Johnston!” Amelia greeted him softly with a smile.

Dr. Johnston shook his head. “It’s only eight in the evening right now, so it isn’t that late. Mr. Lancaster told me that your arm is injured. Let me have a look at it.”

“Thank you, Dr. Johnston.”

After taking a moment to examine her injury, Dr. Johnston helped bandage her arm and suggested, "Mr. Clinton, I think her injury is a little severe. I believe she did some rigorous exercise with this arm earlier, so you should get her checked at a hospital or it could lead to long-term effects later on."

"Is her arm that badly injured?" Oscar asked sternly.

"Don't worry too much about it, Mr. Clinton. I only suggested getting a thorough examination to play it safe. She should be able to recover in about two to three months," Dr. Johnston replied calmly.

The look on Oscar's face only seemed to worsen after hearing that.

Afraid that he would take his anger out on Dr. Johnston, Amelia quickly interrupted their conversation. "Thank you for coming over, Dr. Johnston. I'll get Oscar to wire you the money for making this trip by tomorrow."

"I'm just doing my job, Mrs. Clinton. The amount that you guys pay me every month is pretty huge, and I didn't really do much for you anyway. I can't ask for any more than this," Dr. Johnston said while placing his stuff back into his medical kit.

Dr. Johnston sure is a funny one!

Amelia burst out laughing after hearing what he said, and Dr. Johnston left after having a brief chat with them.

Oscar waited till he was gone before scooping Amelia up into his arms. "Oscar, what are you doing?" she exclaimed in shock while wrapping her uninjured right arm around his neck.

"I'm taking you to the hospital."

Noticing that Amelia was about to protest, he added, "You are not telling me that you don't want to go to the hospital."

Amelia could only keep quiet and swallowed those words that almost escaped her mouth.

Owen and Olivia were still around by the time Oscar carried Amelia downstairs, but Stephanie was nowhere to be found.

"Where are you two going?" Olivia asked with a conflicted look in her eyes.

"Her injury is a little serious, so I'm taking her to the hospital," Oscar explained calmly.

Olivia got up from the sofa. "I'll go with you."

"It's all right, Mom. Just let Oscar take me there," Amelia said apologetically.

Noticing the look in Olivia's eyes turn gloomy, she quickly added, "I'm sorry about hitting Stephanie earlier, Mom. I'll apologize to her tomorrow. We shouldn't have worried you elders with our petty squabbles. Oscar didn't mean what he said about moving to the city, so please don't take it to heart."

Olivia broke into a faint smile. "All right, then. You two be careful on the road. I've given Stephanie a lecture earlier, so you two just have to talk it out yourselves tomorrow."

"Mom, Dad, I'll be taking Amelia to the hospital now," Oscar said politely before carrying her out of there.

Olivia couldn't help but sigh as she watched them leave.

Owen placed his arm around her shoulder and said, "Olivia, what you did today was a little overboard. Forcing them to stay with us will only lead to everyone being unhappy. Amelia and Stephanie are only going to hate each other even more if they continue living together like this."

"What should I do, then? Knowing how protective Oscar is toward Amelia, it's highly possible that he would just ignore Stephanie completely if she really did offend Amelia. Besides, you know how stubborn and arrogant our daughter is. Without Oscar's protection, she's definitely going to suffer when she marries someone later on!" Olivia exclaimed helplessly.

Da\*n, I've never thought about it that way. Still, Stephanie did ruin her relationship with Oscar, so she has only herself to blame.

With that in mind, Owen replied, "They're all adults now, Olivia. You can't be interfering in their affairs forever. Besides, you've been spoiling Stephanie for over twenty years. It's time to let go and let her suffer a little. Otherwise, she'll keep going on thinking she can have everything her way."

Olivia flashed him a surprised look.

Owen gently ran his hand through her hair as he continued, "It's true that I didn't like Amelia all that much before, but I am well aware of her character. I believe she isn't the only one at fault for beating up Stephanie. In fact, our daughter probably orchestrated the whole incident. Stephanie isn't as pure and innocent as we think. We've been spoiling her so much that we forgot her true nature."

Olivia frowned as she began to figure out what actually happened between the two.

"You're a smart woman, Olivia. I'm sure you know Stephanie isn't as dumb as we thought. She must really hate Amelia if she's doing all this to make us hate her as well. The relationship between them has worsened to the point where they're practically arch-enemies. Knowing that, are you sure you still want them both to stay under the same roof?"

Olivia's lips twitched slightly as she prepared to argue, but Owen cut her off by saying, "I'm sure you already realize the seriousness of this situation, Olivia. You're refusing to accept that fact, just like how you defended Stephanie when she hired someone to run Amelia over. Don't make them hate you any further or you'll lose them forever."

"Are you asking me to give up on Stephanie?" Olivia asked bitterly.

"I'm not heartless enough to have you choose between Oscar and Stephanie. I'm just asking you to not be biased and jump to the weaker side like you always do. It'll be a lot easier for you to make fair decisions if you remain an outsider," Owen replied.

Olivia kept quiet and seemed to be in deep thought, so Owen decided to leave her be.

Meanwhile, Oscar was driving so fast that it felt like the car was flying.

Amelia tightened her grip on the passenger seat. "Slow down, Oscar! I'm scared!"

Oscar didn't say anything in response, but he slowed the car down slightly anyway. Even so, the drive to the hospital that would usually take them an hour or two was cut short to about forty minutes.

Amelia breathed a huge sigh of relief when the car finally came to a stop outside the hospital.

Oscar had a grim expression as he got out of the car and gently scooped Amelia into his arms from the other side.

Amelia wrapped her arms around his neck and asked, "Oscar, are you angry?"

Oscar nodded. "Yeah, I am."

Oblivious to what he was mad about, Amelia pretended to act submissive as she said, "Don't be like that, Oscar. I get scared when you have that mean look on your face. Will you please smile for me?"

Oscar ignored her request and maintained that gloomy expression as he brought her into the hospital. It wasn't until the doctors guaranteed she would be all right after three to four months that Oscar eased up on his frown a little. Even so, he still wasn't talking to Amelia until they got into the car.

Terrified by his silence, Amelia asked cautiously, "Will you please tell me what you're mad about, Oscar? It hurts me a lot when you ignore me like this."

Oscar's tone was still cold as he looked at her and said, "I want you to think about it and figure out why I'm mad, Amelia. I'm willing to spend my entire life to prove that I care about you the most. We've missed out on a lot back then, but it's not too late to fix it now. I will prove to you that I really do care about you."

Having understood what he meant, Amelia felt a warm sensation in her heart and instinctively looked down to avoid his gaze.

Oscar then started the car, and neither of them spoke throughout the entire drive home.

Although he was angry at her, Oscar still took great care of her. He helped to shower her and carried her to the bathroom in the morning. He even went as far as helping her squeeze the toothpaste out when brushing her teeth. Just like that, he looked after her like she was a newborn baby.

Although Oscar didn't think much of it, Amelia was enjoying it while also fearing that she would end up being dependent on him.

In that whole month, Oscar had his staff take care of everything at work for him apart from the more urgent documents that needed his attention while he kept a close eye on Amelia. Unbeknownst to him, his actions made her feel uncomfortable as she didn't want to be a burden to him.

If he's looking after me like this just because I fractured my arm, is he going to throw everything away to look after me if I end up losing my sight someday?

Amelia felt her heart sink at the thought of that. While his love toward her was sweet and filled her heart with happiness, it would become a burden for him if she went blind.

Oscar is an excellent man. He should stand tall and proud while dominating the corporate world like a king instead of having his wife and child get in the way of his success.

Amelia could feel her vision slowly deteriorating over time and could barely see anything far away. However, she pretended to be all right as she didn't want Oscar to find out and get worried about her.

"What's on your mind?" Oscar asked when he came out of the shower and pulled her into his arms that night.

Amelia leaned against his chest as she replied, "Nothing. I just feel like you're being so nice to me that I couldn't possibly ask for anything more." I wouldn't be alone even if I were to leave you after losing my vision...

She had started thinking about how she would leave Oscar in that one month, but she wasn't sure how she would feel about it if she were to leave him.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 254

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 254 Decided

Amelia invited Tiffany to a rather quaint teahouse with a serene environment. The former got a small, private room ready and was sipping her tea as she waited for her guest to arrive.

Tiffany had her bag with her when she opened the door. She kept her voice high as she asked, "Babe, don't tell me you like pretentious places like these as well? I'm guessing you didn't ask me over just to have tea with you, right?"

A small grin crept up on Amelia's lips. She pointed at the cushion opposite of her and said, "Have a seat. Let's talk."

Tiffany put her bag aside before she sat down ungracefully.

Amelia poured Tiffany a cup of tea before saying, "Try it. The tea they offer here is the best. It's bitter but leaves a sweet aftertaste. I'm sure you will like this tea."

Tiffany picked the cup up. Influenced by her surroundings, she sipped gracefully before smiling and nodding. After that, she replied, "Yeah, this tea taste pretty good. Still, women like me are too uncouth to appreciate it because I am just too impatient. It seems that I am not destined to be a graceful lady."

Amelia smiled in response.

Tiffany swirled the tea in the cup while staring strangely at Amelia. The former then asked, "Babe, you didn't ask me over just to have tea together, did you?"

"Would that be strange? I mean, it has been a while since we hung out together and just chat," replied Amelia in a nostalgic tone.

Tiffany's expression turned grim instantly. She demanded, "Babe, just tell me. I know something's bothering you."

Amelia shook her head and grinned bitterly before replying, "I guess I really can't hide anything from you, huh?"

Tiffany raised her brows. She was rather proud of seeing through her and was glad to hear that.

She poured herself a cup of tea after that and sipped some tea while relaxing.

Amelia shared, "Tiff, I want to divorce Oscar."

Tiffany spat out the tea in the most uncouth and ugly way.

She coughed for quite some time before she wiped the tea off her lips with the back of her hands. Her voice was filled with disbelief when she asked, "Uh, Babe, what did you just say?"

Amelia shifted her gaze down to hide the tears and the sorrows away. She sounded calm when she said, "I've thought things through, Tiff. I want to get a divorce."

"But why? Don't you love him dearly? Why would you want to get a divorce? The two of you have gone through so much before being together. I have seen how good he is to you too, so why do you want to get a divorce?" blurted Tiffany in one go. She thought of something after that, and a furious expression showed up on her face. She demanded, "Babe, tell me the truth. Did he cheat on you? Perhaps, all the lovey-dovey things he has been doing for you are just lies?"

Amelia shook her head before answering, "He's great to me, Tiff. He has given me everything I wanted. In fact, he is too nice to me. That is why I have to get a divorce." Amelia couldn't accept how perfect he was, and she worried that she'd lose herself in that happiness. She also worried that her self-esteem would deteriorate after she lost her eyesight. His kindness would likely turn her into a weak woman who refused to face reality, and that was not what Amelia wanted.

Tiffany, however, didn't understand what she meant.

"Babe, are you suffering from postpartum depression or something? Why are you talking nonsense now?" asked Tiffany.

Amelia really hoped that was the case, but she meant every word she said.

"Tiff, I am being serious here."

"Okay, then tell me why you want to do this."

"I am almost blind. In fact, I can barely make out anything that is over five meters away now. My eyesight is getting poorer with each passing day, and I want to get a divorce before I go blind," replied Amelia. She used both hands to hold her cup of tea and was staring at her own reflection as she spoke in a calm tone.

Tiffany reached out to hold Amelia's hand. The former cooed, "Calm down, Babe. I'm sure there is someone out there who can fix your eyes. The technology in the medical field is extremely advanced. Even if you end up going blind, you will still regain your eyesight once they find a suitable donor. You don't need to get a divorce because of that. You love him, don't you? Are you sure you'll be alright leaving him just like that?"

Amelia grinned bitterly.

It's not that easy to find a suitable donor. If it is, most blind people on Earth would've already regained their eyesight.

"Tiff, I've thought things through before making this decision," insisted Amelia.

Tiffany retracted her hand and advised, "Babe, please take some more time to think about this. Also, I don't think Oscar will sign the divorce papers. Asking him for a divorce will just end up hurting both of you."

Amelia poured herself a cup of tea before downing it in one go.

After that, she placed the cup aside and said, "He'll sign the papers."

Amelia gave Tiffany a cliff note version of the plan after that.

When Tiffany heard all that, her eyes bulged, and she stared at Amelia as though she was a lunatic.

"Babe, I think you really have gone nuts. Cassie is your love rival, and I can't believe you're going to push your own husband, Oscar, to her. Is your brain taking a break or something?" growled Tiffany angrily. "Your eyes are not working well now, but you haven't gone blind yet, right? Why are you already wallowing in self-pity? Dang, I think your brain really has gone on strike and turned you into a dummy. Do you really think Oscar would appreciate everything you intend to do for him?"

The more Tiffany spoke, the angrier she became that her chest was heaving.

She was both angry and heartbroken at this who was going all out and sacrificing everything for love. I won't be this angry or heartbroken if she were just a little smarter and a little more selfish. She should have considered her own well-being before making decisions.

"Listen to me, Amelia. Don't act so rashly. Everyone knows how great Oscar has been to you, and he is a great husband. He won't abandon you, even if you go blind. In fact, he will likely do everything he can to help you regain your eyesight, and I am sure everything will be okay," reassured Tiffany.

She didn't want Amelia to make any impulsive decisions because the former knew how much the latter loved Oscar. I don't want her to spend the rest of her life regretting this.

Amelia picked up the teapot to pour some more tea, but the tea ended up being poured onto the table.

Despite that, she didn't notice anything and put the teapot back to its original position. When she picked up her cup to drink the tea, she noticed that it was empty.

That was when Amelia realized that she couldn't even see the content of the cup clearly.

She calmly put the cup down and grinned before she commented, "Ah, so the cup is empty."



Tiffany was stunned. She stared at Amelia for a while. After that, the former gripped the latter's hand. With her free hand, Tiffany waved in front of Amelia, but she never responded to that.

That got Tiffany to panic. She immediately urged, "Come on, Amelia. We're going to the hospital."

Amelia, however, held Tiffany back. The former sounded like she was cooing when she said, "Don't worry, Tiff. I'll be fine in a couple of minutes."

Tiffany felt like her heart was being torn apart.

She sat back down and asked, "When did this start happening, Amelia?"

"About two weeks ago, I think. It's becoming more and more frequent these past couple of days, though. I was pretty nervous when it first happened, but as time passed, I slowly got used to it. It's getting difficult to hide this from Oscar, but thankfully, he has to go to work, and my eyes worked pretty well when he came home at night. That is why I managed to keep him in the dark about this for so long. Still, I don't think my luck will last much longer. I don't want Oscar to see me going blind, and I definitely don't want to be a burden to him," said Amelia.

She waited until her vision returned before she could look into Tiffany's eyes and request, "Tiff, you know me better than anyone else, so will you please help me?"

Tiffany's eyes reddened with tears. Her voice was also thick with tears when she pointed out. "Babe, why do you insist on doing this to yourself? Oscar won't abandon you, even if you go blind, and it's best for you if you stay with the Clintons. They are rich and have an extensive network, so it'd be easier for them to find a suitable donor for you. If you get a divorce, your chances of regaining your eyesight will reduce drastically after you go blind. I don't think you should get a divorce, and I won't help you for your sake."

Amelia shook her head and begged, "Tiff, please help me."

"Babe, will you stop being stupid? If you won't care for yourself, then why don't you think about Tony's wellbeing? Do you really think you can get custody if Oscar gets together with Cassie?" scolded Tiffany angrily and with a broken heart.

"I've already thought things through. If we execute my plan perfectly, we can take advantage of Oscar's guilt. Trust me, he will definitely let me keep Tony," replied Amelia firmly.

Tiffany was so angry that she blurted, "Oh, for the love of... You know what, if you're that worried about being a burden, then why don't you give Tony up too? You'll be useless once you go blind, right? That means that no one will be around to care for Tony when that happens."

Amelia was instantly stunned.

Tiffany's heart broke. She softened her stance and added, "Babe, I didn't mean that. I was just trying to calm you down. Sometimes, we need to be a little selfish. Stop worrying about others. You feel as though you are going blind will make things hard for Oscar, but have you ever asked him how he feels about this?"

Amelia didn't reply.

"If you never even communicate with him, then what makes you think you'd be a burden to him? If he truly loves you, he won't leave you."

Tiffany was viewing the matter as a third party. Maybe it was because she had never loved anyone before; hence, she couldn't understand the low self-esteem that came with loving someone too much.

Amelia couldn't help crying. She blurted, "You're right, Tiffany, but have you considered how things will be after I go blind? I will be a cripple, and Oscar might be okay with taking care of me for a year or two, but not for a lifetime. He will eventually get tired and will start hating me. I, on the other hand, will get used to him spoiling me so much that I will become unreasonable. When that happens, our love will slowly turn to hate, and that is not something I want. I'd rather he remembers me in my best state. I don't want to turn into an old hag, and I don't want him to become more distant as I grow uglier. I honestly don't think I can survive that."

Tiffany's fury slowly died down as Amelia's tears rolled down.

She was heartbroken, even though she could understand how Amelia felt. If only she is a little more selfish. So what if she goes blind? The Clintons have dozens of maids working at their house, so those maids could easily take care of her. It's so frustrating that Amelia is too proud to show anyone her weaknesses.

"Tiff, please help me," requested Amelia, whose eyes were still wet with tears. She sounded sincere when she added, "You're my best friend. I don't know what to do if you refuse to stand by my side."

Tiffany sighed. In the end, she had no choice but to compromise. She asked, "Are you sure? Will you regret your decision if Oscar ends up marrying Cassie?"

Amelia replied, "Cassie loves him. If I can't take care of him for the rest of his life, then the best alternative is for someone who loves him to do that in my place. Besides, they have a history together, and I am simply giving them a tiny push."

Tiffany could tell that Amelia was lying, but she still grinned bitterly and replied, "Okay, I'll help you. I just hope that you won't regret this."

Amelia forced a smile to her lips before saying, "Thank you, Tiff."

Tiffany had a skin-deep grin on when she replied, "Babe, I will stand by you, no matter what you choose to do. I just wish that you are thinking straight. If you get a divorce, you will likely end up cutting all ties with the Clintons."

Amelia didn't reply.

"Babe, you..."

"I've thought things through, Tiff, and I won't regret it."

Tiffany kept quiet. She knew there was no point in saying anything else because Amelia had already made up her mind.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 255

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 255 Beautiful

Amelia and Tiffany finally came to an agreement, but both still had a grim expression on.

"I'd like to talk to Cassie in person," said Amelia after she sipped some tea.

Tiffany just stared at her for she could barely keep up with Amelia's way of thoughts at that moment. So she's not just going to push her husband into another woman's arm? She's also going to talk to her love rival?

"Well, you have gone nuts, Babe," concluded Tiffany.

"Our plan won't work without Cassie," replied Amelia calmly.

Tiffany bulged her eyes in disbelief. She asked, "You're going to let her in on your plan?"

"We can't implement our plan without her."

"Amelia, you have gone crazy. You know she doesn't like you, but you're still going to tell her your plan? I am certain that she will tell Oscar the truth once the dust settles. If that happens, Oscar will really hate you and there'll be no turning back," reminded Tiffany angrily.

Amelia remained calm and unmoved. "That is exactly what I want. On top of that, I want her to tell Oscar that I have fallen for someone else."

Tiffany was so angry that she kicked the floor. She kept glaring at Amelia. If possible, the former wanted to crack the latter's head open and see what was wrong with her brain.

"Amelia, are you kidding me?"

Amelia shook her head while hanging her head down.

“Why? If you do all that, you won’t just hurt yourself. In fact, you’ll hurt Oscar too. That will make it virtually impossible for the two of you to be together again.”

“I want him to hate me and see me as a vile woman. That way, he won’t hurt as much from the divorce. Most importantly, he can move on and fall in love with another woman.”

Tiffany shook her head in exasperation. She couldn’t understand Amelia at all. Her plan was totally absurd. As far as Tiffany was concerned, a married couple should go through thick and thin together. Yet, the stupid woman sitting in front of me is going to face all the hardship by herself. I honestly don’t understand what kind of love this is.

Tiffany crouched down in front of Amelia, held her hand and said, “Calm down, Babe. You don’t need to be so harsh. If you cut all ties with Oscar and make things that bad, I guarantee that everything will be messed up. Oscar can be cruel, and I bet you will have to leave penniless besides losing Tony’s custody, so we have to plan things well. We don’t need to include Cassie in this. Seriously, your plan is too extreme. If we do as you planned, things between you and Oscar will truly be over. No one can accept their wife conning them like that, so I think we should plan it carefully. My suggestion is that you leave Cassie out of this. There’s no need to go to the extreme. You need to think about Tony. The kid needs his father, so don’t act rashly.”

Amelia turned to Tiffany. The former thought about it and eventually nodded in agreement.

Tiffany sighed a breath of relief after that. She was truly worried that Amelia would do something stupid in the heat of the moment. Thank the heavens she asked me out to discuss the matter before doing anything. Who knows what will happen if she hadn’t done that?

“Let’s go. We’ll work on the issue you talked about earlier after we have a better plan. However, if you don’t want to leave Oscar, I suggest you change your mind on the matter. The Clintons have dozens of maids, and they can take care of you, even if you go blind,” said Tiffany with a heavy heart.

Amelia stood up and informed, “Tiff, if you don’t want to help me, I can manage it on my own.”

Tiffany sighed. She knew that Amelia too well and was aware of how there was no changing Amelia’s mind once something had been decided. Hence, Tiffany knew that Amelia had thought things through before deciding to get a divorce.

Amelia loved Oscar. No one knew that better than Tiffany, and she knew that Amelia would never ask for a divorce if it weren’t for the fact that she was going blind.

“I’ll help you, Babe. Back then, I was the one who told you to get a divorce because I knew that you weren’t happy. Now, I will be the one to stand by your

side as you struggle through this divorce. Our friendship will never die," said Tiffany.

Amelia couldn't help but feel comforted and smiled.

"I'm so sorry, Tiff, and thank you for everything."

"It's fine. Stop being so polite. Come stay with me after you get a divorce from Oscar."

Amelia shook her head.

"I want to leave the city with Tony. Oscar and I have too many memories here. Maybe I'll be back in the future after I've truly let everything go," replied Amelia. Her eyes shone with sorrow as she spoke.

Tiffany was taken aback, but she eventually said, "That's fine, too. I am basically a freelance writer, so all I need is to complete my assignments on time and e-mail it to Shannon. She won't complain, and I can leave with you."

Amelia's lips parted, but Tiffany was faster. The latter said, "Babe, you are not allowed to say that it's fine for you and Tony to leave on your own. If you still regard me as your BFF, then stop talking like that, or I will never forgive you."

Amelia swallowed the words she was about to say. She had so much to say but turn them into a single phrase. "Thank you, Tiff."

Tiffany stoked Amelia's shoulders to offer some comfort.

"Come on, I'll treat you to a great meal. We have to fill our stomachs if we are to plan for the divorce. That annoying Oscar is a smart one, and we'll surely fail if we go against him on an empty stomach," said Tiffany. She deliberately made it sound light, but she actually felt extremely uncomfortable. However, Tiffany knew that Amelia must feel worse, so she put on a cheery smile.

"Maybe some other day, Tiff. I have to go back to Tony," replied Amelia.

Tiffany turned to Amelia and said, "Okay, then let me walk you home. I'll go home after that and will take a week to come up with a perfect plan. Don't do anything impulsive before I clue you in on the plan, okay?"

Amelia just smiled at that.

"You go on home, Tiff. I want to go for a walk and be on my own for a while. I'll grab a cab home if I get tired," said Amelia.

Tiffany scanned Amelia once. Then, she sighed internally before asking, "Are you sure you'll be okay on your own?"

“Don’t worry, Tiff. I’m not a fragile porcelain doll.”

Tiffany couldn’t convince Amelia, so she had to compromise and leave.

Amelia left the teahouse after that and walked along the street aimlessly. Before she knew it, she had gone to the place where she and Oscar went on their first valentine together as a married couple. She remembered she was all chirpy that day and insisted that Oscar accompany her. To her surprise, Oscar agreed to do so, and they went to the park, where sakura blossomed.

At the time, Oscar saw Amelia as a money-minded woman, so he had a grouchy expression the entire time. Still, he was patient and did all sorts of childish activities with her. She held his hand, and they watched fireworks while standing under the trees. She also hopped onto Oscar’s back and pulled a prank on him by painting a dot on his forehead with her lipstick. They were doing what most couples did.

They rarely went out to hang out on their own, so that year’s Valentine’s Day became one of the most memorable moments for Amelia.

She walked to the tree where she and Oscar hung out together all those years ago. There, she saw the words “Oz loves Am”. Those were the words she carved onto the trunk back then. Even though it had been five years, those words were still clear.

At the time, she was playing a prank on Oscar when she carved those words. She never imagined that there would come a day when she would fall that madly in love with Oscar.

When she caressed those words, tears welled up in her eyes.

The accident almost took her life, and she survived after putting up a tough fight against fate. That was what prompted her and Oscar to confess their love for each other. Amelia thought that they would be together forever after going through all the obstacles, but destiny had a twisted sense of humor.

Just as she was happy and in love, she was pushed to a corner again with her condition. Consequently, she wanted to put an end to her marriage.

There was a time when Amelia was worried that Oscar would abandon her. Nevertheless, things had taken a turn, and she was now the person who would be leaving him. In some way, this was funny, but Amelia couldn’t laugh at all.

She crouched down and wrapped her arms around her knees. She looked as though she was a helpless kid who had lost her way and couldn’t find her home.

No one knew how long she had been crying, but her ringing phone was what ultimately got her to stop. She got her phone out and saw that it was Oscar who called.

She stared at the screen without picking it up.

The phone kept ringing for quite some time before it died down. The second and third calls came soon after. Amelia didn't pick up until the third call.

She deliberately pretended to be carefree when she said, "Oscar, I was shopping earlier, so I didn't hear my phone ringing. Why did you call me during working hours? Do you miss me?"

"What's wrong? Why do you sound like that?" asked Oscar. He had good hearing and could tell that there was something off with Amelia's voice.

"My voice? Oh, it's nothing. It probably sounds a little coarse because I had some fried food earlier."

"It's not healthy to eat that, so you should avoid that, okay?"

"Got it, Mr. Naggy, I shall request permission the next time I have cravings. By the way, why are you calling me? Do you actually miss me?"

Oscar murmured a soft, affirmative reply before saying, "I'll take you somewhere tonight, so dress up, okay?"

"Will there be a crowd?"

"No, it'll just be the two of us. It's been a while since we've gone on a date or stayed out, so tonight, I will give you a memorable night," answered Oscar in a suggestive tone.

Amelia's heart couldn't help thumping hard, and her cheeks flushed red.

"Wear something nice tonight, Honey," reminded Oscar from the other side of the line. His voice was ever so seductive.

"O-Okay."

"I have to work now. I'll come and pick you up later. Someone will babysit Tony for us," informed Oscar.

Amelia kept staring at the dark screen even after she had already hung up. She couldn't stop grinning. Even after we get a divorce, I'd still have all the memories we share to keep me strong. It'll be enough for me to get through my darkest times.

Amelia couldn't be bothered to keep dwelling on her sadness. She left the park and hailed a cab to head to the Clinton residence.

Olivia and Owen weren't there. Stephanie was the only one home, and she was munching on an apple.

Amelia ignored Stephanie and walked up the stairs right away. Stephanie was so angry that she bit hard into the apple before mumbling, "Just you wait, Amelia Winters. Some day, I will personally make sure that you get kicked out of the house in the most humiliating way."

Naturally, Amelia didn't hear what Stephanie said. She walked up the stairs and entered the nursery to check on Tony. She also talked to Kurt before returning to her room and picking a dress.

In the end, she settled on a red dress with unique embroidery stitched onto it. She took her clothes off and put that dress on. A few moments later, a stunning woman with sexy curves stood in front of the mirror.

Amelia stared at her own reflection. Even she couldn't deny that she had an amazing figure with the right curves in the right places. As a matter of fact, the dress further highlighted her beauty.

That night, Oscar was stunned in place for a moment when he saw Amelia in that stunning dress. He blatantly checked out the ridiculously beautiful Amelia and instinctively licked his tongue a little.

Amelia blushed when she saw him doing that. Her reddened cheeks fit well with her flawless complexion, and that made her even more stunning.

She turned around to avoid his gaze. In a shy tone, she asked, "Oscar, do I look okay in this?"

Oscar kept staring. He was direct when he replied, "Yes, you are incredibly beautiful, and I am tempted to hide you away. That way, I'll be the only one who can admire your beauty."

Amelia's cheeks turned red, and she was practically melting under Oscar's burning gaze.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 256

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 256 A Romantic Dinner

Oscar bowed like the perfect gentleman and said, "This way, my beautiful lady." Amelia put her hand on his, and Oscar kissed the back of her hand. After that, he pulled her into his arms and teased her by biting her ear a little before seductively saying, "You are too beautiful. I am so tempted to lock you up so that no other man can witness your beauty. Really, you are so stunning that I am feeling a little threatened."

Amelia giggled and rested in his arms.



Perhaps it was because she knew that they would soon be separated, but Amelia was less passive that day. She would not let any opportunity to stay close to Oscar slip through her fingers. She kept enjoying his masculine scent and lost herself in it.

Amelia played with Oscar's chest a little as she said, "I miss you too, Darling."

When Oscar heard that, his entire body trembled as though he had felt an electric shock. His gaze instantly filled with lust, and it looked as if he was a hungry monster that had finally found its prey.

Oscar carried Amelia like she were a princess and freed up one hand to open the door to his car. He carefully placed her down before entering the car himself. As he entered, he closed the door behind him.

Oscar's tall figure hovered over Amelia, and his gaze was stuck on her. He bent down and kissed Amelia at the very next second.

Just as Amelia was losing her mind in the lust that Oscar had ignited, he suddenly stopped kissing her and slowly put some distance between them. He kept his eyes on Amelia, who was lost in love at the time.

When Oscar got up, Amelia instantly felt empty. Her mind slowly came back around, and she stared at Oscar in confusion.

Oscar tapped her nose lovingly and said, "Let's have dinner for now. I don't want you to go hungry."

Amelia blushed a little upon hearing that.

The more the two of them got to know each other, the more Amelia realize that Oscar was not actually a strict person. He was only putting on a show for the public. When he was with her, he could flirt and get her to blush hard as her heart thumped fast. Thank the heavens he doesn't have the habit of flirting with other women. If he does, there will be countless admirers, and who knows how much mess he'll have to clean up?

Amelia reached out and continued caressing his chest. She was seducing him deliberately and asked, "Darling, are you sure you can hold it in for so long?"

Oscar was quick to grab Amelia's hand. He reminded, "Don't play with fire. The doctor said that it's best if you don't go hungry. I don't want you to get sick, so behave."

Amelia's heart stirred for a moment there. She would never have guessed that Oscar had suppressed his lust just because he was worried about her physical wellbeing.

If a man's focus was on a woman's health, that would mean that he truly loved her.

Amelia was so touched that she felt like crying. It wouldn't last long. Soon, she would have to sever her relationship with a man who loved her dearly.

How cruel can destiny be? Why am I being dealt with cards like these just when I am blessed with a good life?.

Oscar's warm hand gently wiped the tears off her face. He asked, "What's wrong? Why are you suddenly crying? Was I too aggressive earlier when I kiss you?"

Amelia regained her composure. She touched her face and realized that she was indeed crying.

She looked into Oscar's eyes and came up with an excuse. After that, she complained, "This is all your fault for being too nice to me. It feels surreal, and I start overthinking. You know how women love to analyze everything. I am just worried that you won't treat me as nicely in the future."

Oscar grinned exasperatedly. In a loving tone, he replied, "Oh my, you think too much. I have a master plan, you know? I'm being nice to you to spoil you to the point where you behave so ridiculously that no other man can stand you. That way, you'll be mine forever. Come now, sit tight. We'll go have dinner now."

Oscar got out of the car and circled around to get to the driver's seat. Amelia, on the other hand, went to the passenger's seat.

She would never have guessed it, but their dinner was taking place on an enormous private yacht. The yacht had pearl beaded curtains, a miniature kitchen, a variety of food, and a sofa with rose petals spread on it. Everything looked magical, and it was beyond any woman's romantic fantasy.

When Amelia saw that, her jaw dropped a little. The surprise in her eyes was obvious.

With sentimental music playing in the background, everything was exquisite, Amelia was mesmerized and completely lost herself in the ambiance.

That evening was destined to be a memorable one.

Unfortunately, the happier she was, the more sorrowful she would be when she got a divorce.

Oscar pulled up a chair. Like a gentleman, he offered, "Please take a seat, my lady."

Amelia sat down. A server showed up soon after with a cart. He handed Oscar a bouquet of eleven red roses and bowed down before asking, "Mr. Clinton, shall I serve the dishes now?"

"Yes, please."

The server nodded and pushed the cart away. It didn't take long before a few more servers showed up to serve the dishes.

They placed eight exquisite dishes for sampling, two bowls of soup, and a bottle of premium red wine. They also set two wine glasses down.

Oscar waved his hand and instructed, "Everyone can leave now."

The servers were all well-trained, so they left politely and quickly.

Oscar got off his chair and got down on one knee in front of Amelia. He seemed a little nervous and excited when he said, "Honey, the florist told me that a bouquet of eleven red roses signifies a lifetime of love, and I promise that you will be my one and only love for the rest of my life."

Amelia put one hand over her lips. She didn't expect Oscar to be that romantic.

A lifetime of love. That was what she had longed for all that time. Who would've thought that she'd hear him making that promise at a time and place like that?

The mood and ambiance were great, and it was perfect for making bold promises, but Amelia felt like crying.

She couldn't help feeling sad when she thought about how she would have to leave Oscar soon. With that, tears started swirling in her eyes once more.

When Oscar saw her like that, he got a little nervous. He had always been able to stay calm, but at that moment, he was so worried that he stuttered, "W-What's wrong? Do you not like roses? Or do you think that eleven roses aren't good enough? How about I have my men get a bouquet of ninety-nine roses? O-Or nine hundred and ninety-nine roses? I can get you anything you want."

He sounded so funny that Amelia giggled when she heard what Oscar said. She thought, Yeah, it is a little difficult for a man like Oscar to do something so romantic. He must be panicking because he put a lot of thought into this. It makes all this even more precious, though.

Amelia reached out to accept the roses. She was smiling and crying at the same time when she lied, "I love them. I'm just crying tears of joy."

Oscar sighed a breath of relief. He wiped her tears off for her and said, "You really know how to get a man worried. You cry, regardless of whether you're happy or sad. Gosh, how have I never noticed that you are so sensitive? Looks like I will have a hard time ahead of me. There's nothing I can do about it, though. My wife is just too sensitive."

Amelia couldn't help chuckling. She pointed out, "You've already promised me a lifetime of love, so you can't take back your words now."

Oscar pretended to be exasperated, but his eyes shone with love.

"Yeah, I will honor my word. Hence, you can be as reckless and as ridiculous as you want to be because you are my wife."

Amelia loved the way Oscar's eyes oozed with tenderness when he looked at her. It made her feel like she was even more precious than most women and princesses in the world. To top it off, she was with her prince charming, and they were going to live happily ever after. The only sad part was that she would have to wake up soon and go back to her lonely life.

Contradicting motions ran wildly in Amelia's heart. In the end, she flung herself into Oscar's arms and said, "Thank you, Oscar." Thank you for giving me such a memorable and romantic night.

Oscar held her tightly and pointed out, "When did you become so easily touched? I celebrated your birthdays in the past too. Why didn't you throw yourself on me then?"

Amelia replied, "You were there for my previous birthdays, but you had someone else prepare everything in your place. This year, you put in the effort to do everything, so it is more precious to me. I'm so touched by all that you have done for me."

Oscar tapped her nose lovingly and grinned before he said, "You can be really mischievous sometimes. Take a seat and let's eat. The food is getting cold."

Amelia sat down, and Oscar got some food for her. After that, he picked up his wineglass and said, "Cheers."

Amelia picked her wineglass up as well and clinked it against his glass. She smiled and said, "I'll let you get me drunk tonight."

Oscar's eyes burned with lust for a moment there. His tone was seductive when he said, "Don't worry. Your hand is healed, and you're recovering well. I'm not letting you off the easily tonight."

That night was destined to be a passionate and sleepless night.

The lovers had a romantic dinner. The servers took the dishes away in a timely manner and got them their dessert.

Amelia took a bite of the dessert placed in front of her. It was fragrant and not overly sweet, so it was delicious.

Oscar watched her eat and suddenly said, "Honey, you have to finish this."

Amelia stared over strangely and asked, "Why?"

"I hired a famous chef to make this dessert for you. Don't let my effort go to waste," said Oscar in a sincere tone.

When Amelia heard that, she felt like the dessert in her mouth suddenly became a hundred times tastier.

At the bottom of the dessert was a cover where a necklace was placed inside. Amelia's eyes widened as she tilted her head up and stared at Oscar in disbelief.

Oscar calmly removed the cover and took the custom-made crystal necklace which had two doves forming a love shape together. On top of one of the doves was the engraving of "Oz loves Am" on it. The necklace was especially striking and shining brightly under the light.

"I had this necklace custom-made for you. Do you like it?" asked Oscar.

Amelia took a closer look at the necklace and saw the words engraved on it.

"Oscar, these words..."

"When we celebrated our first Valentine's Day as a married couple, you dragged me to a park and carved the same words onto a tree. You said that was the most common thing a couple did and claimed that our marriage will last forever as long as the tree lived," reminded Oscar. He got up and helped Amelia put on the necklace. After that, he looked at her and complimented, "You look stunning in this."

Amelia caressed the necklace around her neck. There were too many surprises that day that she was lost for words.

The prank from five years ago... She thought that she was the only one who would remember it, but as it turned out, Oscar remembered it as well. That was indeed a huge surprise.

That evening, Oscar had sprung her with too many surprises.

"Oscar, you remember all that?" blurted Amelia. She felt like she was dreaming because everything was simply too unbelievable.

"What a silly girl! Of course, I remember. I remember every word you say and everything you do," replied Oscar sweetly.

"But back then..."

"Shh! We should only focus on the present and our future. All you need to know is that right now, you are the woman I love. You are also the person I want to spend the rest of my life with. We have wasted so much time in the past, and I don't want to waste another second from now on," said Oscar.

Amelia nodded. She caressed the necklace around her neck and truly loved the crystal doves.

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 257

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

Chapter 257 Crying

"Do you like it?" asked Oscar.

"I love it," replied Amelia in a sweet tone. That necklace was priceless as far as she was concerned, and she would never sell it, no matter how much money she was offered. It signified Oscar's love for her, after all.

Oscar was not a romantic guy, but when he did something romantic, he would go all out, and he could make someone feel like the happiest person on Earth.

Just then, Amelia suddenly heard fireworks going off. She stared curiously at Oscar. He responded by calmly holding her hand and leading her outdoors.

Amelia seemed stunned when she stared at the colorful and dazzling sparks in the night sky. She gasped and blurted, "It's beautiful."

Oscar smiled. Carefully and gently, he held Amelia in his arms and cherished the precious moment with her.

The fireworks lasted for a while. When it was nearing its end, a message lit up in the sky. It said, "I love you, Honey. I will love you forever."

Amelia was so happy that she was tearing up. That night was beautiful and magical. It was as if everything was a dream.

"Oscar, when did you get everything ready?" asked Amelia in a surprised tone.

"I got everything prepared a few days ago. Do you like it? I personally arranged for everything," answered Oscar in a tone that suggested he was bragging a little.

Amelia nodded to let him have his moment. She then said, "I love it."

Oscar was glad that he got his beautiful wife to smile. They were both happy, and as soon as they went inside the yacht, their passion was lit instantly in that luxurious room. Their bodies became one and there was nothing between them now...

They made love the entire night, and Amelia became so tired that she couldn't even lift a finger. Oscar, on the other hand, seemed as energetic as a majestic dragon. He was a little heartbroken when he saw Amelia panting on the bed in exhaustion, so he asked, "Are you spent?"

Amelia turned to him and nodded slightly.

She was tired, but she was also happier than she had ever been. That was her first time together with Oscar after they confessed their love for each other. Perhaps it was because of the love between them that Amelia felt especially content that night.

"I'll carry you to the bathroom so you can take a bath."

Amelia rested in Oscar's arms and let him carry her into the bathroom. He helped her clean up, but he couldn't resist, so he took advantage of the situation and drew her against his aching hardness.

When everything was done, Oscar carried Amelia out of the washroom and placed her on the bed. He pulled up the blanket for her and smirked like a mischievous kid that had just gotten away with stealing some candy.

"Sleep well."

Amelia nodded and rested in his arms. It didn't take long before her even breathing could be heard.

Oscar caressed her hair and stared lovingly at her. After that, he murmured, "You silly woman. I won't have to worry about you if you just listen and rely on me all the time."

Amelia had never been someone who listened, so Oscar couldn't help but get worried sometimes. After spending a few years together, her presence had found its way to etch into his mind without him realizing it.

It was like how his friend once described things to him. That friend had claimed that Amelia was like an addiction, and she was fatally attractive to men around her. Men would fall head over heel for her over time.

Oscar didn't think much of it then and assumed that he would only love Cassie. To his surprise, Amelia broke his inhibition, which he had always prided himself on. In the end, he had submitted himself willingly at her feet.

Alas, he was at her command for the rest of his life.

He held her tightly and slowly fell asleep as well.

At around eleven o'clock the next morning, Amelia woke up, but her eyes couldn't see anything. She reached out to pat the spot beside her, but it was empty.

That got her to panic, so she shouted, "Oscar, Oscar."

It just so happened that Oscar was pushing a cart with breakfast over. When he saw how helpless she seemed, he abandoned the breakfast and hurried over to say, "I'm right here. Are you up, my love?"

Amelia sighed a breath of relief and blurted, "Oscar, it's still dark out there, so why are you up so early?"

Oscar's expression instantly stiffened. He turned to the window and saw the sunlight streaming in. He held his hand up and waved in front of Amelia, but she didn't respond to it.

That got Oscar to turn pale.

"Oscar, what time is it? It's so dark out. Did we sleep for long?" asked Amelia. The night before was simply too perfect, and that was probably why Amelia didn't think about how her eyes might be having some trouble. That, in turn, got her to let down her guard.

Oscar was quick to come around. He got onto the bed and answered, "It's not even six o'clock. I was mesmerized staring at you, so I couldn't sleep. Come now, be good, and sleep a little longer. We'll have brunch after we wake up."

Amelia nodded.

She obediently rested in Oscar's arms. Just before she closed her eyes, she regained her sight.

Her heart jumped. She tilted her head up and saw Oscar staring with worry burning in his eyes. That got her heart to grip. Oh no, he looks so sad.

She panicked and couldn't come up with a good excuse. What excuse or explanation can I offer to get out of this?

Oscar stared at her. He put on a forced smile as he asked, "What is it? Why aren't you sleeping? It's not even six o'clock yet, so I'll sleep a little longer with you."

Hearing that further broke Amelia's heart. He knows that I might go blind, but he's putting on an act for me.

"Surprise, Darling! How was my acting earlier? I bet it was good. You totally bought it," replied Amelia. She suddenly got out of his embrace and sat up as she winked mischievously.

Oscar was a little taken aback when he saw how Amelia was acting like an entirely different person. He was a quick thinker but he still couldn't react to it.

Amelia hopped out of the bed and pretended that everything was fine. She walked to the cart and opened the lid. A delicious aroma swept over, and she acted surprised when she turned around to say, "Oscar, you got me my favorite breakfast. This is perfect. I am famished, and it's so great that I can eat as soon as I wake up. Ah, I love you so much!"

Oscar sat on the bed quietly. His eyes scanned Amelia carefully.



The smile on Amelia's face faded a little. She walked to him and sounded apologetic when she lied. "I was just messing with you and pulling a small prank. Are you mad?"

Oscar just kept quiet and stared at her.

Amelia suddenly felt vulnerable. Oscar was a genius, and it seemed like it would be a tough job to hide her condition from him.

"Amelia, are your eyes...?"

"They're fine. My eyes are perfect, and I won't go blind. Don't worry," blurted Amelia as she panicked and interrupted Oscar.

Her hasty reaction worked more like a confession than a lie. To Oscar, that was a sign that she was feeling guilty.

Amelia didn't realize that she spoke too soon until she had blurted those words. She suddenly felt lost. Her lips moved, but she couldn't find the right words.

Oscar's expression became even grimmer. He got off the bed and stood in front of Amelia. His tall figure became a form of pressure for Amelia.

He tilted her chin up and demanded, "Honey, are you going blind?"

Amelia instinctively backed away. She put on a straight face and lied, "No, not at all."

After that, she caressed her tummy pitifully and requested, "Oscar, I'm so hungry. Can we eat for now? You went insane last night, and my back is aching so much. Will you give me a massage after our meal?"

Oscar's expression remained the same.

Amelia sighed. She married a genius, and it was difficult to con him.

"Oscar, my eyes are fine. I was just messing with you earlier. Will I be able to stand here if my eyes are going blind? I recalled a scene from a tv drama earlier, so I pulled a prank as the actress did to the actor. I didn't think I'd actually get you worried. That's the truth," said Amelia in a sincere tone.

She paused and sounded convincing when she further pointed out. "Tiff already told me about the blood clot in my brain, and I know that it'd affect my sight. I promise you this, though. If that actually comes to it, I will surely tell you. I want to spend the rest of my life with you, so I will take care of myself. You can trust me on that, right?"

Oscar's tensed expression finally eased up.

“So, you’re not mad anymore?” asked Amelia to test the waters.

Oscar hugged her and instructed, “Let’s go and eat now. I’ll go shopping with you later.”

Amelia nodded and rested in his arms for a while. After that, she walked to the cart again. Unfortunately, her eyes acted up once again after she had taken a few steps forward.

Oscar was observant and detected her strange behavior. He quickly asked, “What is it? Do your eyes feel uncomfortable?”

Amelia pretended to be calm and tilted her head up. She sounded as though she was just being coquettish when she requested, “Darling, will you carry me to the bed? I want to have breakfast in bed with you. I saw it on the tv, and that is how the actor spoils the actress. Will you play along with me?”

Oscar tapped her nose in exasperation, but he still spoiled her by carrying her and placing her onto the bed.

After that, he went to push the cart over and placed a small table on the bed. Then, he put everything in place. “Alright, eat up.”

Amelia still couldn’t see anything, so she was rather panicked.

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. In a mischievous tone, she requested, “Darling, I want you to feed me. I will keep my eyes closed and leave the rest to you.”

Oscar loved it when Amelia acted like a helpless woman, so he didn’t think much about how strange Amelia’s behavior was.

He got the bowl up and started feeding Amelia like a kid, and she was eating away happily.

After their meal, Amelia opened her eyes, but she still couldn’t see. She pretended to be calm and said, “Darling, you should eat up too. I’m a little tired, so please nap with me later.”

“Okay.”

Oscar ended up finishing the romantic lunch quickly on his own.

He had the server take the dishes away before he got back to bed and hugged Amelia. He asked, “Do you want to take a nap?”

Amelia nodded.

Oscar stroked her back and promised, “Sleep well. I’ll be right here.”

Amelia pretended to be asleep.

Oscar seemed to be tired as well, and he fell asleep soon after.

Amelia listened to his even breathing and opened her eyes when she was certain that he was asleep. The darkness she saw got her to cry silently.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 258

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 258 Earlier Than Scheduled

After a while, Amelia slowly regained her eyesight. She carefully moved Oscar's hand that was on her waist away carefully and got off the bed. Putting on a jacket, she walked out and headed for the deck for a breather. Staring at the vast ocean, she spread her arms wide and took in the fresh air.

When her emotions settled, she pulled out her phone to give Tiffany a call.

The call was soon connected, and Tiffany's thick voice rasped out, "Hey, Babe."

Amelia asked gingerly, "Tiff, are you still asleep?"

"I'm going to wake up soon," came Tiffany's lazy reply. That was what she said, but in reality, she sounded like she was exhausted and couldn't wait to go to bed.

Furrowing her brows, Amelia answered, "If you're sleepy, go back to sleep. I'll call you later."

"No need. I'm awake now. What is this about?"

"You're no longer sleepy?" Amelia knew Tiffany's work forced her to keep a nocturnal schedule. She'd often work all night long to meet deadlines and sleep in the day. Sometimes, she'd only get to sleep less than five hours a day. Tiffany was dedicated to her job, compared to other full-time authors. Besides being efficient, she rarely missed deadlines. Hence, many editors loved to work with her.

"I want to take action earlier than scheduled." Amelia didn't bother beating around the bush and revealed her thoughts.

After a long silence, Tiffany asked, "Babe, are you sure? If you take action, you won't be able to get back together with Oscar. Tony will lose his father at a young age. Are you sure about this?"

Staring at the endless ocean, Amelia couldn't help but fall into deep thought. She knew she was being selfish by claiming that it was for Oscar's own good. In fact, she was afraid they'd end up being total strangers one day.

The truth was, she wasn't bold enough to face Oscar with her disability. The more Oscar treated her well, the more unsettled she was. Her utmost fear was that one day Oscar would get bored with her and dump her. Thus, she refused to let herself drown in his warmth.

To put things plainly, her disability made her a coward. If she remained with Oscar, she'd slowly lose herself as fear overwhelmed her. The more capable Oscar was, the thicker her shell became. Like a wounded hedgehog, she was prickling both herself and Oscar.

"Tiff, the intervals when I lost my eyesight are getting longer. I think I'll lose my eyesight completely in a few months. I want to complete the divorce procedures when I can still see," Amelia explained while she held back her emotions. "You'll help me right, Tiff?"

Tiffany sighed out loud. "I once said I'll support you no matter what your decision is. I wish you'll spend some time to calm down. It's has been a long challenge for Oscar and you to keep your marriage afloat. Won't you think about it? Even if you end up being blind, I don't think Oscar will dump you."

Amelia's eyes reddened instantly. Huge waves crashed into the yacht, making it wobble dangerously.

"Tiff, I know. But I can't help but despise myself. You have no idea how it feels to be blind. It's easy to get dejected when one's surrounded by the dark. I don't want our love to wear out on this endless, dark path. I'd rather leave when the memories on each other are still pleasant than do it when things turn ugly. That way, he'd remember me at my prime. I sound really selfish, right?"

Amelia couldn't stop herself from bursting into tears.

Tiffany panicked at once. "Babe, I'll help you. Don't cry. Since you've made up your mind, I'll support you. Let's not give up and wait until the hospital finds a suitable cornea donor. You'll be fine," she tried to comfort Amelia.

Alas, Amelia said nothing.

On the other end of the line, Tiffany continued, "Babe, I still think you should think twice before getting a divorce. Of course, if you're really sure about it, I'll stop giving you advice. I just don't want you to act recklessly. After all, it would be best to remain in the Clinton family even if it is for the sake of treating your condition."

"Tiff, stop it. I've thought about it for a long time." Amelia insisted on getting a divorce. "If you won't support me, I'll do it alone."

"No, Babe. I didn't say I won't help you, did I? Don't be so reckless. I have a perfect plan, so you'll catch him in the act. Are you sure you can stand seeing another woman in his arms?"

Her question caused Amelia to freeze in shock.

Can I stand seeing Oscar with another woman? The answer is definitely no.

The mere thought of Oscar kissing another woman just like how he kissed her, treating another woman gently just like how he spoiled her rotten, would cause jealousy to swell in her heart. She loved Oscar too much to allow him to even hug another woman.

However, heaven had played a joke on them. It seemed like they weren't fated to lead a peaceful and sweet life together forever.

"Tiff, go to bed. I'll call you when the time comes." Having said that, Amelia cut the line without hesitation.

Her phone still grasped tightly in her hand, Amelia spun around to see Oscar coming over to her from two meters away. Halting in her tracks, she lowered her gaze guiltily.

Oscar strode over in big strides before coming to a stop in front of her. He caressed her cheek gently and asked, "When did you wake up?"

"I couldn't sleep and come out to get some air. The sea breeze is really relaxing. I haven't been here in a while, so it's pretty relaxing to be surrounded by the ocean on a yacht." Amelia leaned into Oscar's arms and spread her arms wide, enjoying the cooling sensation brought about by the sea breeze.

Oscar wrapped his arms around her waist. "If you like it, we can come here often. I'll take twenty days off next month. Should we travel to Horbah? Think of it as the honeymoon which we didn't have five years ago."

Amelia's eyes widened in surprise. "Really?" Wait. My loss of eyesight is happening more frequently. If we go to Horbah, he'll find out about it.

"What's wrong? You don't like Horbah?" asked Oscar.

Amelia shook her head.

"I love it, but I can't bear to stay apart from Tony for a long time. Let's head there when Tony is older, yeah? Actually, as long as you're with me, I don't mind staying at home," Amelia said shyly.

Her words pleased Oscar greatly. He caressed her cheek affectionately. "I'll take twenty days off just for you. We can go anywhere you like."

With a sweet smile hanging on her lips, Amelia nodded happily. However, she felt rather miserable for she had no idea how long they'd get to be together.

After a long while, Oscar inquired, "Should we head back now?"

Amelia nodded in response.

Once they got off the yacht, Oscar gave Amelia a ride home.

In the living room, they saw Isabella having tea with Olivia. At the sight of Oscar and Amelia, Isabella got to her feet as a flash of shyness appeared in her gaze. She quickly regained her composure and became the elegant gentlewoman she was. There was not a hint of clue showing that she had feelings for Oscar.

"Oscar, Amelia, you're back," she greeted them politely.

Amelia's intuition told her Isabella was a threat, so she couldn't bring herself to warm up to her.

"Oh, Isabella. Why are you here?" she asked coolly.

"I came with Noah. He went out with Stephanie, and I stayed back to have some tea with Mrs. Clinton. I was hoping to learn how to brew tea from her," Isabella answered gaily.

"Mom is an expert at brewing tea. You came to the right person," Amelia told her.

"Yes. Mrs. Clinton is elegant, beautiful, and excels in both tea ceremonies and calligraphy. No wonder Mr. Clinton adores her. If I were a man, I'd fall for someone like her." Isabella's words were extremely flattering.

Amelia had to admit she was great at this. It was obvious by the satisfied grin flitting across Olivia's lips that she was extremely pleased by her compliment.

"Amelia, Isabella has just returned to the country, so she's not familiar with things around. You should spend some time with her. Young people like you should have a lot in common, especially regarding fashion. You can go shopping together," Olivia suggested.

Isabella smiled. "If you're all right with it, let's meet up one day to go shopping. We can also have a meal together. I've been back for months, but I haven't got the chance to have a meal outside with you. Of course, you can join us, Oscar. The more the merrier," she said cheerfully.

Oscar placed a hand on Amelia's waist and answered, "Amelia's feeling unwell. You should go shopping with someone else. As for me, I'm too busy to head out for a meal with you."

Isabella's expression fell slightly.

Olivia's smile faded away as she chided, "Oscar, don't be rude. Isabella's our guest. You might hurt her feelings when you said that."

"Mom, I'm sorry," Oscar answered icily. "This is how I treat every other woman with Amelia being the only exception."

Isabella's smile became awkward. "I'm fine, Mrs. Clinton. Amelia and Oscar are a loving couple. I envy their relationship a lot."

Before her feelings developed further, Oscar had already nipped it in the bud.

Nevertheless, she didn't give up. To her, no couples were unbreakable, and no marriages were indestructible. There could only be lazy mistresses. Isabella was a proud woman, so it was rare for her to meet a man that met her standards. Oscar was the first man she fell in love with. Though he was married, she was sure no man would resist temptation. If I work hard enough, I'll get him to fall for me and take me as his wife.

Oscar wasn't interested in her at all. He turned to Olivia and said, "Mom, Amelia's a little tired. We'll go upstairs and rest."

Olivia nodded in agreement.

Suddenly, Isabella spoke up. "I haven't met Tony before. Amelia, do you mind if I head up together with you to catch a glimpse of him?" Amelia wondered if the move was intentional.

Oscar glanced at Isabella briefly as a hint of displeasure flashed across his gaze.

Amelia squeezed his hand and grinned. "Of course not. Come on up."

"Thank you, Amelia."

Isabella trotted behind Amelia and Oscar as they made their way up the stairs. She chatted with Amelia the entire way but kept stealing glances at Oscar. The adoration in her gaze was unmistakable.

Upstairs, Oscar announced, "You should visit Tony alone."

Isabella's expression froze.

Amelia patted Oscar's hand. "Oscar, head back to the bedroom. I'll bring Isabella to Tony."

Oscar's expression was stern, radiating an unwelcoming aura.

Amused, Amelia softened her voice. "Go back and change, all right? Otherwise, Tony might refuse to let you hold him."

Hearing that, Oscar relented and left.

Flashing Isabella an apologetic smile, she led her into the nursery.

To her surprise, Kurt and Tony were nowhere to be seen. Frowning, Amelia called out, "Kurt? Kurt!"

After she called his name out loud a few times, Kurt appeared before them as though he were a phantom. He was holding Tony in his arms.

Amelia was used to his sudden appearance, but Isabella couldn't hide her shock.

Taking Tony from Kurt, Amelia said gently, "Isabella, meet Tony."

Isabella inched nearer and pretended she adored Tony. "Oh, how adorable! He inherited the best qualities from both of you," she praised heartily.

Amelia kept a smile on her lips.

Isabella continued heaping praises on Tony before turning to Kurt. "Amelia, who is this?" she queried.

"Oh, this is the bodyguard Oscar arranged for Tony. Tony loves him, so he usually takes care of Tony," Amelia explained.

"Oh, I see. No wonder he seems nimble." Isabella stretched her arm out and introduced herself. "Hello, my name is Isabella Walker. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Kurt remained expressionless as he shot a look at Isabella's hand instead of taking it politely. He always kept everyone at arm's length, especially when it was an unfamiliar woman.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 259

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

Chapter 259 You Are Not Her Type

Isabella couldn't help but feel embarrassed. With her striking features and curves, she was constantly surrounded by men. Being ignored by both Oscar and Kurt made her slightly humiliated.

"Kurt," warned Amelia. "Isabella is a guest."

Hearing that, Kurt stretched out his hand and said coolly, "Hello. I am Kurt Alfsen."

Isabella flashed a wry smile. "No wonder Oscar hired you to be his bodyguard. You're more imposing than the usual bodyguards."

Instead of answering her, Kurt took Tony from Amelia. "Your arm has just healed, so I'll hold Tony."

Seeing that, Isabella suddenly said, "Amelia, you and Kurt look more like a couple. Together with Tony, you look like the perfect family." It wasn't sure whether she did it on purpose.



Amelia threw her a sideways glance.

Isabella covered her lips as though she had just realized her mistake.

With an apologetic tone, she said, "I'm sorry, Amelia. I didn't mean anything else. It was just a casual remark. You both look every inch the perfect couple. Your looks complement each other, and I find that pleasing to the eye."

Kurt gave her a sharp gaze. "Apologize to her."

For a moment, Isabella didn't quite get what he meant.

"Apologize," he repeated sternly.

Isabella was confused.

With Tony in one arm, he appeared before Isabella in a flash and grabbed her neck with his right hand. He lifted her up by force and announced frostily, "I hate women who are presumptuous."

Isabella's face turned red from the chokehold. She slapped Kurt's hand and kicked her feet around frantically to free herself.

Amelia gave a start. "Kurt, release her!" she yelled.

In response, Kurt tossed her unceremoniously to the ground. Once Isabella landed on the ground, she was invigorated again. After taking a few deep breaths, she glared at Kurt angrily. Before she could unleash her wrath, the door opened, and Oscar strode in.

Her angry expression immediately disappeared as she dissolved into pitiful sobs.

Oscar spared her a brief glance. "What's wrong?" he asked Amelia.

Amelia had no words to explain the bizarre situation.

Kurt revealed stonily, "I taught her a lesson for trying to stir things up. If you're upset, I'll willingly get punished."

Oscar couldn't be bothered about Isabella's plight. "Are you all right, Amelia?" he inquired gently.

Amelia shook her head.

Feeling utterly humiliated, Isabella scrambled to her feet and exclaimed indignantly, "Oscar, Amelia, is this how you treat a guest?"

Oscar knitted his brows, for he hated it when women tried to approach him with ulterior motives.

"I'm sorry, Isabella. Kurt doesn't like it when strangers get close to him. Please forgive him for his rude action. I'll treat you to a meal sometime later, all right?" Amelia offered in an effort to appease her.

Wiping her tears dry, Isabella replied firmly, "Amelia, I'm not pinning the blame on you. I want him to apologize to me. I was just trying to be nice, but he mistreated me. I don't deserve that, so please ask him to apologize."

Amelia bobbed her head before turning to Kurt. "Kurt, you were too harsh to her. Hurry up and apologize to Ms. Walker. You can't be rude to our guest."

Obediently, Kurt apologized to Isabella readily. However, his expression remained stoic.

Isabella bit back her anger and pretended to be easy-going. "I'll forgive you this once. Amelia, let's head down. I had been back for months but didn't manage to visit you often. Mrs. Clinton told me you're a great chef. If you don't mind, can you teach me how to cook?" she inquired eagerly.

Amelia was stunned. She had no idea what Isabella was getting at. She's an heiress, so there's no need for her to cook personally.

A woman would only cook for her loved ones. Isabella was the apple of the eye of the wealthy and affluent Walker family. They were extremely powerful in the country even though they resided overseas for most of the time.

Before Amelia could say anything, Oscar answered on her behalf, "Amelia isn't free. Ms. Walker, you should get yourself a teacher."

Isabella glanced at him before asking, "Oscar, do you dislike me?"

"Yes," came Oscar's curt reply.

She burst into giggles. "Why? Oscar, a gentleman wouldn't disgrace a lady. Yes, I had just returned from Anglandur, and you might feel uncomfortable by my style, but that's no reason for you to dislike me."

"You might be a smart lady, but I admire capable women instead of women who loved showing off how smart they are," Oscar told her in a straightforward manner. He didn't bother sparing her pride.

Isabella was rather embarrassed.

"I don't understand, Oscar."

Oscar put an arm around Amelia's waist and answered, "Forget it, then. Amelia, let's go."

With that, he left with Amelia in tow. Kurt had disappeared with Tony earlier. When Oscar and Amelia were no longer in sight, he showed up before Isabella, causing her to backtrack in fear.

"You're too ugly to be Boss' match," he announced brutally.

Isabella's expression hardened. "Come again?" she demanded.

"It's pretty obvious what you want. You're not a good actress, so stop pretending to be one." Having said that, Kurt spun on his heels and headed to Tony's bed.

With her intention exposed, Isabella felt both humiliated and disgraced. She stalked to Kurt and laughed icily. "Kurt, you don't know me well. Yes, I admire Oscar, but that doesn't mean I'll lower myself to be the other woman. You're nothing but a lowly bodyguard, so watch your mouth!" she declared haughtily.

"Get out."

"What?"

"Get out. Your perfume is disgusting. Tony hates it."

Isabella's face distorted with anger instantly.

She promptly marched out and slammed the door shut.

"Isabella, what's wrong?" Olivia voiced out her concern when she saw Isabella walk down the stairs furiously.

Running toward Olivia, Isabella held back her anger and shook her head. "Mrs. Clinton, I guess Amelia doesn't like me. I was talking to Oscar, but she thought I... She thought I..."

Her hesitance was enough to fuel anyone's imagination.

"Isabella, you might've misunderstood Amelia. She won't act that way. Oscar isn't close to other women, so his female employees are all afraid of him. Perhaps Amelia's just afraid his icy attitude will hurt your feelings," Olivia offered an explanation.

Flashing a nonchalant smile, Isabella answered, "Oh, I see. I'm fine, Mrs. Clinton. My mom just called and told us to go home, so I need to get Noah. We'll come visiting again tomorrow."

"Okay. I'll ask Norton to give you a lift."

"No need for that, Mrs. Clinton. Noah and I drove here," Isabella rejected her offer.

After Olivia saw her to the door, Isabella said, "Mrs. Clinton, I'll head there to find Noah and Stephanie. See you."

Olivia nodded in response.

Shortly after, Isabella found Noah and Stephanie chatting by the lake. Perhaps Stephanie couldn't get Noah's gradual advance, for her reaction was cold.

"Noah!" Isabella called out.

Both Noah and Stephanie turned around.

"Isabella," Stephanie greeted her warmly. She had a fairly good impression of Isabella.

Isabella returned her smile before turning to Noah. "Should we head home, Noah? Mom just called. Apparently, she needs to talk to us."

Noah gave Stephanie an apologetic smile. "We need to go."

"Oh? You're leaving this soon? Isabella, did you see Oscar?" Stephanie inquired.

"Yes, but he seems to loathe me," came Isabella's answer. She sounded disappointed.

Her lips twitching, Stephanie said, "Isabella, we're friends, so I shall be honest with you. My sister-in-law is a jealous wife who bans Oscar from getting close to other women, including me, his sister. After they got married, Amelia has him on a leash. Oh, I wish you were my sister-in-law instead!"

Suddenly, the enormity of what she had just said fully dawned on her. Hastily, she uttered, "Isabella, don't let Amelia know about this. Otherwise, Oscar might reprimand me for babbling nonsense."

Shaking her head, Isabella promised, "Of course, I won't. Well, Noah and I really need to go. We'll be back tomorrow if time allows."

"All right. Drive safe!" Stephanie waved.

Isabella and Noah got into their car and sped away from the Clinton residence. After some distance away, Noah took off his glasses, his gaze turned cold.

"Noah, it has been months. Haven't you conquered Stephanie yet?" Isabella leaned into her seat and asked casually.

"It'll happen soon," Noah answered in an icy tone.

Snorting, Isabella said, "I don't think you're Stephanie's type. Why don't you show her your true colors? Perhaps she prefers domineering men."

Glancing at her, Noah answered, "You have no say in my matters."

"Noah, I have no intention of butting into your matters. Don't forget that Mom and Dad left orders for you to marry her. The Clinton family is the richest family in the city. Marrying their daughter will only benefit our company. You mustn't let your guard down. Otherwise, your lover might kick up a fuss. A man who can't even keep his own woman happy is nothing but a loser." She scoffed.

"Hey!" Suddenly, Noah stepped on the brakes without warning. Isabella's body lurched forward from the inertia. Fortunately, she was held back by her safety belt.

Isabella's heart was still pounding hard as she glowered at Noah. "Have you gone nuts?" she demanded.

"Isabella Walker, this is a warning to stay away from her." Noah's warning was so low, it was practically a growl.

Running on sheer anger, Isabella sneered, "Noah, you should win Stephanie over so no one will dare to lay a hand on your lover. I can't stand your sheep in wolf's clothing act. You tried to court her as though you were teenagers, but she's experienced enough to fall for your childish act. You should learn some pickup lines. Your young lover might adore you, but you're nothing but a loser to other women."

In the blink of an eye, a hand grabbed her throat.

It was Noah, who exclaimed viciously, "Isabella, stay out of my business. Otherwise, I'll make sure you regret it. You might be beautiful, acting high and mighty, but you're nothing but a loose woman. Oscar won't fall for someone like you. My advice is for you to learn to be a cultured and intelligent woman. No man will fall for your sharp tongue."

Isabella's face twisted in fury.

"I'll make sure Oscar falls in love with me! Men are born cheaters. So what if he's married? If I wish, he'll fall head over heels in love with me!" she insisted.

Shoving her away, Noah replied in a cruel manner, "Compared to you, Amelia is more irresistible. Both you and Stephanie are damaged goods that no one wants." There was cruelty in his tone that warned her to stop talking.

Isabella shot him an indignant glare.

Ignoring her fury, Noah floored the accelerator. Slowly, the car picked up speed as Isabella's petrified yells grew louder.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 260

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

## Chapter 260 Silly Girl

"Oscar, you don't like Isabella?" Amelia inquired back in the bedroom.

Puzzled, he glanced at her. "Do you want me to like her?"

Amelia wrapped her arms around him from behind. "Of course, I don't. But you're too outstanding. Even when they knew that you're married and that your wife is with you, they still flirt with you unscrupulously."

Oscar placed his hand on the back of hers. "All that matters is that I only look at you," he said.

Delighted by his words, she leaned on him contentedly. "I'm content with your words, Oscar. I'll allow you to look at other women discreetly while I'm away."

He smiled lovingly and replied, "Silly girl. You are always saying silly things."

Despite returning his smile, her heart sank.

I know that when I leave in the future, there will be another woman taking over my place, Oscar. I just hope that when you're with another, I'll still have a place in a corner of your heart. I'll be happy with that.

The two enjoyed a few hours of intimacy and only went downstairs when the maid came to call them.

"Dad, Mom," Amelia greeted as they sat down at the dining table.

Olivia nodded with a smile. "Was everything alright during your night outside with Oscar?"

Amelia's face burned as she recalled the wild night that she and Oscar shared.

"It was good," came her vague reply.

"Amelia is so blessed. I'm so envious that Oscar dotes on her so much. I really hope that I can meet a man as lovesick as my brother someday," Stephanie said with a hint of mockery in her tone.

Amelia merely glanced at her and said nothing.

"There's no need to be envious of her, Stephanie. Noah seems like a good man. Not only is he polite and gentle, but he is also handsome and the sole heir to the Walker family. You'll become a noble young mistress after you marry him, and you'll definitely be happy there. So be more affectionate toward him, and don't keep him waiting long," Olivia remarked.

Stephanie stabbed her meat with her fork. "Mom, I don't even like him. Yes, he is handsome and polite. But he can't handle me at my worst, so stop trying to get us together. I don't like it," she replied, sounding annoyed.

Upon hearing that, Olivia dropped her cutlery. "What are you talking about? I think he is a great guy. He is well-mannered, filial, and very capable too. He'll definitely treat you well if you marry him. What more can you ask for?"

Stephanie lowered her head to eat before rebuking, "Mom, you've only met him a few times. From that alone, you're determined that he's a good man? Looks can be deceiving. Have you not considered that this could all be an act? After I've married him, he may indulge in heavy-drinking, womanizing, gambling, and even have a lover. Who will feel sorry for me then?"

Seeing that her daughter was going overboard, Olivia could not help but feel a little angry.

"You speak such nonsense. I'm certain that he is a good man. I'm more worried that the Walker family will not be able to stand your temper should you marry him. You should look within since you're not young anymore. It's time to find love and get married." she remarked with slight anger in her tone.

Stephanie set her fork and knife down and blurted out, "Mom, I don't mind looking for love. As long as I can find a dignified man like Oscar, I'll marry him right away. I don't care if he is rich or poor. In any case, I admire someone like Oscar. Do as you see fit."

Her words sounded odd to everyone present. To put it simply, she said that Oscar was her type. Hence, it could be interpreted as she liked her own brother.

If it was someone who did not know her, they would surely think that she was taking the opportunity to confess to him.

"Stephanie, what nonsense are you talking about?" exclaimed Olivia angrily.

The girl retorted, "I just admire Oscar, Mom. What's wrong with that? He is excellent in everything since he was a child and is a man of honor. What's wrong with using him as a benchmark for my Prince Charming?"

While Oscar merely listened calmly, Amelia had a rather complicated expression on her face.

Seeing that Olivia was so angry to the point that she was lost for words, Owen spoke up. "That's enough, Stephanie. Cut the crap."

Stephanie pursed her lips and discreetly taunted Amelia. Since I can't do anything to her openly, I'll use my words to annoy her. I want her to feel disgusted by them.

True enough, Amelia was disgusted. Stephanie must've gone mad. She dares to say anything in front of me now and doesn't think about how disrespectful her words can be.

Following Stephanie's unpleasant words, the dinner ended on an unhappy note.

Just as Amelia was about to head upstairs, Olivia called out to her.

She turned and inquired, "Is there anything, Mom?"

"Amelia, Stephanie has admired Oscar since she was a child. Although they were at odds with each other recently, their sibling bond is still there. There's no malicious intent in her words just now, so don't take it to heart."

Hearing that, Amelia replied with a smile, "I didn't think much of it, Mom. Oscar is an outstanding person. Stephanie is his sister, so understandably, she'll use him as a reference to find her ideal partner. I understand. They're siblings, after all. Are you afraid that I've misunderstood that she likes Oscar?"

Olivia's smile stiffened at her words. "It's good that you didn't think negatively about it. I'm just afraid that you'll feel uncomfortable by her words. Looks like I'm just overthinking."

Amelia smiled. "If there's nothing else, Mom, I'll go upstairs to check on Tony."

"Go ahead. I'll also check on him shortly."

Amelia nodded and went upstairs.

She stopped by the nursery to check on Tony and give some instructions to Kurt before returning to her bedroom.

Facing Oscar, who had just come out of the bathroom wearing only a bathrobe, Amelia whistled as she said teasingly with a smile, "Who is this handsome guy? No wonder so many girls are in love with him."

He strode over her and stroked the tip of her nose affectionately. "What did Mom say to you when she called out just now?"

"She said that Stephanie was purely joking about taking you as a reference to look for a husband, and told me not to overthink."

Upon hearing that, Oscar's face turned grim.

"Just ignore her." He was obviously displeased with Stephanie's words. "She meant it as a joke."

Amelia rushed into his arms and stood on tiptoe. Their faces were tantalizingly close as her nose touched his.



After kissing him, she chuckled. "My husband is so outstanding that every woman who sees him will fall in love with him. Now even your sister has expressed that you're her type. What should I do? You're so desirable that it makes me worried. I'm afraid that if I'm no longer perfect one day, you'll forget me in no time."

Oscar nibbled her lip as an act of punishment in response.

"What do those women's love have to do with me?" he exclaimed while having an arm around her waist.

His words made Amelia happy as she responded with sweet words that could rival his, "I love you so much, Darling. You're outstanding, efficient at work, handsome, authoritative, have a sense of social responsibility, love to think critically, and good at sports. In short, you're both good-looking and well polished. I must've done something good to be able to meet you and become your wife. Marrying you was the best achievement and happiest thing in my life," She said those words sincerely while gazing into his eyes.

Oscar could not contain his smile upon hearing that.

"Your words are so sweet. Let me have a taste and see if you've eaten honey." He leaned forward to kiss her, only to meet with her avoidance.

"Oscar, I've found two dramas. Watch them with me later." Tugging on his arm, Amelia continued coquettishly, "There's a scene in these dramas that I really like. Once you've seen it, we can reenact it if you like. Can you make my dream come true?"

"Okay," he agreed readily.

"Oscar, aren't you afraid that I'll sell you off?"

"With my impressive net worth, who dares to buy me? However, I don't mind it if you sell yourself to me. I'm willing to pay a lifetime's worth of effort to make you mine. What do you think?" Oscar pulled her into his arms, locking her in a tight embrace.

Then, he lifted her chin and lowered his head to capture her lips in a passionate kiss.

When the kiss ended, they were so close that they could hear each other's breathing.

"Honey, you still taste so good. I won't get enough of it in this lifetime. You're like an addiction, bewitching me with your charms." It was a rare moment of him sweet-talking.

Amelia's cheeks blushed as she chuckled softly. "Aren't you afraid of dying from an overdose?"

"I'll die a happy man under your spell."

Amelia stroked her own cheek twice. "This is embarrassing! Let me see how shameless you can be. You don't even blush when you say such sweet words."

Oscar tightened his grip on her arm. "Don't you enjoy it?"

Leaning against his chest, she listened to his strong heartbeat and felt warm and fuzzy.

They stayed like that for a while before Amelia went to get her laptop. She sat on her bed and patted the spot next to her. "Come, Oscar. Let's watch the drama together."

Oscar did as he was told.

Amelia instinctively snuggled against him as she tapped on the video that she had downloaded earlier.

She commented enthusiastically while they were watching. When they got to the part where the male and female lead were checking into a hotel, she suggested, "Let's stay overnight at a love hotel next time. What do you think, Oscar?"

"Do you like that?"

Amelia leaned closer and whispered into his ear. She blushed when she finished. On the other hand, his eyes turned intense.