

Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

Chapter 334

"Are you all right, Babe?" asked Tiffany, as Amelia's ever-evolving mood got her quite concerned.

Amelia appeared rather grim once she recollected herself. "I'm fine. Don't worry about it."

Tiffany clasped her friend's hand between her own palms. "I'm sure it's nothing. Even though Oscar went to the villa, I'm quite positive that Jeremy and the others wouldn't divulge anything that they shouldn't."

That yielded a shake of the head and a subdued smile from Amelia. "I'm okay. It's just that after so many months, I wasn't expecting him to still be finding me. Could Tony really be so important to him that he wouldn't even grant me my only wish?"

All Tiffany understood was that Amelia might be under some degree of misapprehension. "Babe, doesn't it occur to you that perhaps he might actually not be completely over you?"

Amelia disagreed and replied with some poignancy, "I know my own place. He's already got Isabella, and they are perfectly suited for each other, so I assume that he wouldn't be pandering over some woman who left without a word."

In actuality, Amelia was lacking in self-esteem way before she lost her sight. Even though she did her best to adopt a cheerful disposition, it would be disingenuous to claim that she was wholly unaffected by her own physical impairment. However, her mood had been mostly stable, and what had transpired did not make her temperamental. As far as that went, she was already managing the situation better than most.

She handled herself well compared to those who unexpectedly lost their sense of sight, or at least, the optimism she exuded sometimes led others to forget the fact that she was blind.

Tiffany hesitated when she regarded Amelia's unfocused gaze. "Have you considered the possibility that Oscar might be going to this extraordinary length to locate you simply because he wants you back?"

That caused Amelia's body to stiffen momentarily, and then she eked out a bitter smile. "I can't see anymore. When he could practically have any woman he wants, someone like myself won't be good enough for him."

When it came down to it, it was her own inferiority complex that ultimately convinced her that her disability made her unfit for the seemingly perfect Oscar. The standout of a man was like the glorious sun that stood in stark contrast to the dying star that was herself. To her, clamoring to remain by his side would be unbecoming.

Tiffany's brows creased into a furrow. "You're a great person, Babe. I forbid you to think less of yourself."

"I'm already blind, Tiff. I can't even get myself to the restroom without help, and I am also dependent on Kurt and you to take care of Tony should he gets sick. Someone like me..." Amelia's smile belied a hint of emptiness in her tone.

"Amelia." Tiffany was not amused, and she was having none of it.

"Everything that I've said is the truth laid bare, Tiff, and I've made my peace with it, really," Amelia countered gently.

"Stop putting yourself down like this. You've great qualities. Otherwise, you wouldn't have had so many guys who were into you," Tiffany replied in protest.

Amelia shrugged her off in good humor before she stood herself up from the bed, resolved to move on from the topic. "Could I get a little help, Tiff? I'd like to get some air over by the window."

Tiffany gladly complied. She pushed the windows out when they got there, and Amelia quietly let the coolness of the breeze that entered caress her own face.

That seemed to have lifted the latter's spirits as it showed on the corner of her lips. "Things aren't actually too bad for me right now, Tiff. I have a steadfast friend like you. Tony is growing well day by day, and..." She allowed herself to take a moment before she continued, "There's also Kurt. Do help me to set him up with a gentle and thoughtful girl. He's been nothing but good to us, so I don't want to impose upon him any more than I already have."

Tiffany glanced over and sighed.

"How is Kurt not good enough, Babe? Why won't you give him a chance?" Tiffany saw that as her opening to bring up a past conversation.

Amelia placed a hand on her own chest. "You've already learned how to love someone, Tiff, and also experienced what that felt like. Hence, you ought to understand that once you have someone in your heart, there will no more room for another. Even if it's no longer possible between Oscar and myself, I can only regard Kurt as a dear friend and nothing more."

"Forget it. Have it your way." The resigned Tiffany relented in finality.

When she turned toward the doorway and expectantly spotted the stone-faced Kurt standing there, Tiffany shrugged and conveyed her thoughts to him by mouthing them. "Not that I don't want to help, Kurt. I've already done what I could. You should know that you've got to be patient as you've got your work cut out trying to woo this one."

Conversely, the man turned his attention to Amelia. His previously staid eyes appeared more distant than before.

He continued to regard her silently before he made his approach. Tiffany then whispered softly, "Kurt's here."

That caught Amelia slightly off guard.

Kurt came briskly before Amelia and regarded her intently. "How are you settling in so far?"

She acknowledged him with a nod and a smile. "It's been quite pleasant here. I can still sense things even though my eyes cannot see, so thank you for your thoughtfulness, Kurt."

Her response seemed to soften the steely expression on his face. "That's good to know. I can go find another place if you are not comfortable here."

Amelia quickly shook her head. "There's no need to go to all that trouble. I think it's great here. After all, property prices in Beshya aren't exactly the most affordable, and a spacious unit like this couldn't have been cheap. Since you bought it only because of Tiff and me, it's only right that I pay you back."

"That won't be necessary," declined Kurt flatly.

Amelia's consternation then showed on her exquisite features.

"This house is expensive, Kurt. I can't..."

"We're friends, Amelia, and considering that Tony's my godson as well, you don't have to stand on ceremony with me. The way I see it, material purchases are trivialities. To be honest, prior to our meeting, I have amassed quite a fortune over the years and really have no idea how to spend it. But now, I'd gladly splurge on Tony and you." Those words might seem frivolous, but they came across as sincere with the way Kurt communicated them.

Amelia was a little perplexed and also somewhat pressurized by Kurt's openness about his romantic overtures.

His attempts, forceful yet gentle at times, felt like a meticulously weaved net steadily cast over her. It stealthily entrapped her and left her feeling overwhelmed.

She instinctively took a step back. "You don't have to do this, Kurt, because frankly, this is becoming kind of stressful for me."

The look in Kurt's eyes alluded to his mild disappointment, but nevertheless, he responded in earnest, "I'm sorry for putting you in such a position, but I'm not giving up. As long as you remain single, I will continue to be hopeful."

With that, he made straight for the exit.

Amelia's trepidation was obvious. "Kurt..."

"He's gone, Babe," Tiffany helpfully pointed out.

She could not help but quietly bemoan as she looked upon Amelia. Sometimes, being the subject of unwanted attention could make being unlucky in love seem preferable in contrast.

A flummoxed Amelia turned to Tiffany and blinked her unfocused eyes several times haplessly. "Why do you think Kurt fancies me?" How could he have fallen for her, seeing that they had never been intimate in any manner before?

This was something that Amelia had never been able to wrap her head around, and she doubted that she would be able to handle any more emotional debt in view of everything that was already on her plate.

Tiffany reached over and tidied up her friend's fringes. "Don't fret your little head over it, Babe. There wouldn't be as many men and women who are tormented by love if it's so easy to rationalize."

"I don't want to become indebted to Kurt," Amelia exhaled in despondence.

"Don't be like that. I think he's committing himself quite willingly."

"It's precisely for that reason that I can't put him through this. He's a good man, but it's impossible between us. As such, I shouldn't be leading him on."

With a frown, Tiffany persisted. "On top of being pretty cute, Kurt's highly skilled and also very capable financially. Even though he might have brushes with danger at times while out on missions, he still comes across as being very dependable. Why won't you consider it? It's not as if he can't hold a candle to Oscar. A major plus is that he doesn't come with the family baggage Oscar has. You can't get any better than that, Babe."

"You're quite the gifted Pandarus, Tiff. If only you aren't so fixated on pimping out your own friend for your first dealing," the hapless Amelia responded genially.

Tiffany then feigned offense and proceeded to attack Amelia in her sensitive spots. The other woman, who was very susceptible to ticklishness, howled, "I'm sorry, Tiff. I won't do it again." Amelia sought a desperate retreat while she begged for mercy.

Tiffany started to burst out laughing as well. "Call me Pandarus, will you? What a callous girl you are! Truly, it saddens me that you'd even question my intentions while my hair is fast turning white just worrying for your future happiness here."

After messing around for some time, the two finally collapsed together on the bed in exhaustion.

"It's been a long time since we last loosened up like that, right, Babe?" said Tiffany as she tried to catch her breath.

"Too long." That felt nostalgic to Amelia as well. After graduation, they dove right into their journeys as rookies in the workforce. They bungled their way through that dog-eat-dog world they were in, leaving themselves without space to slow down and take stock. Had it not been for the setup that happened, perhaps they might both still be struggling inside the corporate arena, trying painfully to keep their heads above water. Perhaps then, she might not have gone through that five bittersweet years of marriage with Oscar as well. It was also quite probable that Tiffany would not have left the corporate world to become the celebrated author she was now; adored by countless readers and whose published novels were hailed as instant classics.

The way that incident reshaped the fates of both Tiffany and herself left her wondering whether she should hate Faye or thank her for everything she did. If it were not for the latter's machinations back in the day, perhaps they would both still be caught up with scrapping tooth and nail for meager earnings.

The wheels of fortune are in constant motion. In retrospect, what appeared to be a crisis could very well turn out to be a welcome opportunity.

That being said, she felt somewhat grateful to Faye, for it was the latter who brought about her meeting with Oscar, which subsequently led to their union as man and wife. Even though it was only on paper and they inevitably ended up divorcing, it gave her a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to experience the greatest love of all. With that, she could see herself dying without regrets.

Tiffany suddenly recalled something amusing. "Babe, I just remembered how you looked when you began working. So fresh-faced with your two braided pigtails and no makeup, you were so fair-skinned too. If anyone told me that you'd become an alluring beauty that no one could take their eyes off in a few years, I'd definitely smack the heck out of them for daring to mar your innocence with the notion of sexiness. Then out of nowhere, you started dressing more fashionably and becoming prettier and more sensual in the process. However, we both seemed to have lost the purity and carefreeness of youth."

Meanwhile, Amelia held her silence.

She, too, reminisced about the times when she was younger and oozing with naivety. Regardless of how much she resembled Cassie on the outside, her gradual gravitation toward Oscar perhaps spurred her own subconscious desire to transform herself and to shake off the burden of being Cassie's doppelganger. Deep down, she simply did not want to exist as the latter's substitute.

The smiling Tiffany sat upright. "Enough of that. Being alive and well and living in relative comfort already makes us better off than most people, so what more can we ask for?"

Amelia's lips curled into a smidgen of a smile.

Indeed, apart from losing her sight, she found little else to complain about. Fate merely took away one amongst many things that she most cared about. With everything else that mattered still firmly within her grasp, she really did not seem to have too much cause for dissatisfaction.