

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 353

Amelia spent about a month recovering in the hospital before her body was slowly getting better. "You are recovering very well, Amelia. You're free to go home now. Just make sure to take good care of yourself and avoid any vigorous exercises, okay?" Boris said with a smile after giving her an examination.

Amelia flashed him a faint smile and replied gently, "Got it, Mr. Jackman. Thank you for taking care of me over the past month."

"I'm just doing my job. I promised I'd treat your eyes, so I'm definitely going to keep that promise. You should head back and get some rest for now. Drop by for a follow-up examination a few days later, and I'll see if your eyes are ready for the surgery," Boris instructed.

Amelia nodded. "Okay."

As Tiffany brought Amelia out of the ward, Collin approached them with a huge bouquet of roses in his hand. "I got this rose just for you, Amelia! Congratulations on your discharge from the hospital!" he said while holding the rose up in front of her.

Amelia froze and turned to look at Tiffany with her dull eyes.

Tiffany figured out what Amelia was thinking and gave Collin a light punch on the shoulder as she said, "You shouldn't be making jokes like these with girls who are older than you, Collin. You're not a kid anymore, so you should know what it means to give women roses. Besides, Amelia is allergic to roses, so you'll just be giving her a nasty red rash all over. Make sure you do your research the next time you congratulate someone on being discharged, all right?"

Collin burned bright red and seemed to be at a loss.

"Amelia, you're allergic to roses?" he asked anxiously.

Amelia looked right at Collin by tracking the direction of his voice. She pretended to be oblivious to his intentions and said gently, "A little, yeah. I am thankful you're congratulating me on getting discharged, but I will break out in a rash if I touch these roses. I'm really sorry, but I don't think I can accept your gift. You could still give it to a girl you like, though. An old hag like me shouldn't be accepting flowers from a young man like you, you know? Younger women are going to accuse me of robbing the cradle if I do!"

Amelia had teased him like that to relieve the awkward tension.

Meanwhile, Collin's expression grew stiff as he could tell that she had just rejected him in a roundabout way.

To have his first ever confession end in failure was very devastating, but Amelia had kindly worded her rejection nicely to make things less awkward for him.

At that, Collin put the bouquet of roses away and apologized awkwardly, "I'm sorry, Amelia. I thought all girls love roses, but I forgot to ask if you were allergic to them. Please excuse my carelessness. Let me know what you like, and I'll prepare it for you. Anyway, I'll discard these roses since I don't have anyone to give them to."

"That'd be such a waste! Here, let me have it. I'll make sure to give it to a pretty woman later!" Tiffany exclaimed with a chuckle as she reached her hand out.

Collin didn't refuse her offer and handed her the roses.

"I still have a patient to tend to, so I have to get going now. I'm sorry I can't walk you to the door, Amelia," he said while staring longingly at her.

"Go ahead, Collin. I've been here so many times now. You don't have to walk me to the door every time, you know?" Amelia replied with a smile.

Tiffany then led Amelia out of the hospital after Collin left. Kurt, who had been silent the whole time, was staring deeply at Collin as he walked away. He only snapped out of it when Tiffany turned around and called out to him.

"Why were you staring at Collin like that, Kurt? Don't tell me you see him as a potential love rival?" she asked mischievously when Kurt rejoined them.

When Amelia heard that, she gave Tiffany a smack on the back of her hand. "Don't joke about stuff like that, Tiff!"

Kurt shot Amelia a glance and replied seriously, "I was just calculating my chances of winning against him, that's all."

Tiffany burst out laughing as she found it adorable that Kurt would tell jokes with a serious look on his face.

"I didn't know you were this good at joking, Kurt!" she teased him.

Kurt, however, looked Amelia straight in the eye as he said sternly, "I'm serious."

Amelia's expression turned awkward the moment she heard that.

Tiffany's smile faded too as she quickly changed the topic. "Come on, let's get going! I sure hope Rory has prepared our meal because I'm starving!"

The three of them then got into the car. Kurt drove while Amelia and Tiffany continued chatting in the back seat.

"Tony is able to walk now, Babe! It's so funny seeing him wobble about when he walks! I bet you'd laugh your head off when you see it!" Tiffany exclaimed while holding Amelia by the hand, only to realize that Amelia was still unable to see.

She then quickly held a hand over her mouth as she apologized, "I'm sorry, Babe. What I mean is—"

Amelia cut her off with a casual chuckle and reassured her, "Don't worry about it, Tiff. I may not be able to see Tony's development, but I can definitely feel it. You don't have to worry about me feeling sad because I can't see him walk or anything. I'm not that weak, really."

Tiffany breathed a sigh of relief when she saw no sign of sadness on Amelia's face. "Mr. Jackman said your body is getting better, so I'm sure it's only a matter of time before you regain your eyesight! Do you really plan on going back to see him after your eyes are all better, though?"

It was obvious who Tiffany was referring to.

Amelia's expression went blank when she heard that. Kurt pricked his ears out of curiosity as he, too, wanted to know Amelia's answer.

However, Amelia simply remained silent and seemed to be in deep thought for what felt like forever.

Right as Tiffany and Kurt thought she wouldn't answer the question, Amelia spoke up. "I've been missing him, so I might actually go back if I do regain my eyesight. Even just seeing

him once from afar is good enough for me. We are already divorced, after all. As loyal as a man may be, there's no way he'd wait that long for me."

Tiffany felt her heart ache when she heard that.

Meanwhile, Kurt tightened his grip on the steering wheel, and the atmosphere in the car grew tense all of a sudden.

No one said another word until they made their way back home. "We're here," Kurt announced after parking the car.

He then opened the door for Amelia like a chivalrous gentleman and held her by the arm as he said, "Be careful not to hit your head on the door frame, Amelia."

"Thanks," Amelia replied courteously. She had adopted a more neutral attitude toward Kurt ever since she knew about his feelings for her. Amelia was neither overly close nor distant toward him, which made Kurt feel helpless and defeated.

Despite him trying really hard to court her, Amelia showed no interest in him and maintained a safe distance the whole time. Right as he tried to make another advance, Amelia told him, "Kurt, I am really thankful to you for liking me, but I only see you as a good friend. I'm sorry, but I don't want to waste any more of your time. Please stop being so nice to me because it's giving me a lot of pressure. I hope you'll find yourself a cute and caring woman instead of a blind person like me."

At that moment, Kurt wanted to grab her by the shoulder and tell her he would love her regardless. However, he couldn't bring himself to say it when he saw the distant look in her eyes.

Knowing that Amelia never loved him filled his heart with an unprecedented feeling of helplessness.

He didn't mind waiting and giving Amelia his all, but she still wouldn't see him as more than a friend.

Just then, Tiffany took Amelia over from him and said, "Kurt, you can go ahead and bring the luggage upstairs. Amelia and I will take the elevator later."

"We'll head upstairs together," Kurt said while retrieving a suitcase filled with Amelia's clothes from the trunk.

Tiffany shot him a glance. "You go on ahead. Amelia and I have some stuff to talk about in private. You know how it is with women."

At that, Kurt nodded and began walking toward the apartment without another word.

"Babe, did you just disqualify Kurt from courting you?" Tiffany asked.

Amelia burst out laughing in response. "What are you saying, Tiff? Kurt and I have nothing going on, to begin with, so what's there to disqualify?"

"You really don't have any feelings toward him?"

"I believe the answer should be obvious by now, Tiff. Why are you still asking me such a silly question?"

"I just thought your stone-cold heart might've been touched by his sincerity and selfless care throughout the past few months."

At that point, Amelia was starting to get a little mad. "I am touched, but that doesn't mean I have to fall in love with him. It's impossible for Kurt and I to be together. I believe I've made myself very clear about this, Tiff. I only see him as a friend, so please stop this nonsense, or I'll leave and take Tony with me. I may be blind, but I'll still try my best to take good care of him!"

Hearing that, Tiffany had no choice but to give in.

"All right, all right... I promise I won't ask you this again, so don't be mad at me, okay? Come on, let's go upstairs."

Amelia sighed and eased up on her tone as she apologized, "I'm sorry, Tiff. I didn't mean to yell at you like that. I just don't see Kurt as more than a friend. He'll only ever be Tony's godfather, not his stepfather. I know it's selfish of me to use him like this, and I feel really bad for it. Even so, that doesn't mean I'll fall in love with him."

Noticing that the conversation had taken a gloomy turn, Tiffany tried to change the topic. "Let's get going. I'm sure you'll feel all better when you see Tony."

Amelia didn't dwell on the issue either and replied with a faint smile, "Yeah, I really miss him!"