

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 391

Chapter 391 A Little Ungrateful

“Oscar, Amelia, your son is way too cute! It feels like I’m talking to a disgruntled old man trapped in a little boy’s body. Is he really only two years old? He’s so smart for his age!” James began to gush the moment he reached the mansion.

Oscar looked at Tony, who was still standing next to Kurt. As if throwing a tantrum, he grumbled, “Yeah, and all that goes toward bullying his own dad.”

James chuckled loudly. He had waited for far too long to see this side of Oscar.

Oscar glared at him and said, “This is funny to you, huh?”

James shook his head and said gleefully, “I just didn’t know you had this side to you. You used to be so determined and competitive. I can’t believe you’re actually losing to your own son.”

Oscar was much too lazy to continue dealing with James’ teasing.

Amelia listened to their conversation uneasily and was about to walk toward Oscar, but since the mansion was an unfamiliar environment, she nearly tripped and fell. Oscar jumped and hurriedly ran over to catch her.

“Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?” he asked urgently.

Kurt instinctively jerked toward her direction, but at the sight of Oscar catching her, he forced himself to stay in place.

Tony let go of Kurt’s hand and ran toward Amelia worriedly.

“Mommy, are you okay?”

Amelia nodded and smiled. “I’m fine. Calm down, the two of you.”

Tony blocked Mommy from Oscar and pushed him away with his small hands as he shouted, “Go away, Big Meanie! The moment you came, Mommy stopped loving me and she’s ignoring Daddy too. You stole her away. I hate you!”

Oscar didn’t seem ruffled and knelt down. “Your mother nearly died when she tried to give birth to you. When you were finally born and the doctor brought you to me, I told myself that I wouldn’t get mad at you no matter what.”

Tony tilted his head, seemingly unable to understand what Oscar was saying.

Oscar pulled his son into his embrace and Tony almost immediately began squirming and struggling. “Let go of me, Big Meanie! Let go!”

Oscar was still perfectly calm and simply planted a soft kiss on Tony’s little porcelain face. “You really are my baby boy. You’re just like how I was when I was younger. I love you so much.”

Tony slipped out of his embrace and ran away as he glanced at Oscar. “Big Meanie.” Despite his words, he was looking at Oscar with just a hint of longing. Perhaps it was because of his natural instinct toward his dad, but he was starting to feel more affectionate toward Oscar.

Amelia was terrified that they would start quarreling again and said loudly, “Tony, don’t talk to your dad like that. Haven’t I taught you manners before? Don’t shout at adults. Have you forgotten all the lessons I’ve taught you?”

After completely cutting off the Clintons back then, Amelia had never brought Oscar up in front of Tony. That was why Tony thought Kurt was his real dad and not Oscar, who had suddenly appeared.

Amelia was feeling rather torn. Because of her own selfishness, her husband and her son were like fire and water.

Just then, James clapped his hands and said, “Let’s take a seat, everyone. I invented a new game. Let’s all play it together.”

As he spoke, he walked toward Tony and said, “Do you wanna play too, Tony? It’s especially fun for super-smart young kids like you.”

Tony blinked his large eyes, which had lit up in excitement. “Okay! Let’s play.”

James brought Tony away, but not before turning back to tilt his head teasingly at Oscar as if to say, Look, you may be the

businessman here, but your kid still likes me more than you.
James – 1, Oscar – 0.

James was practically glowing with pride, but Oscar couldn't care less.

“Hugo, watch Tony for me. I'm going to bring Amelia upstairs.”
After that, Oscar helped her up the stairs while Kurt's gaze continued to follow her with a hint of sorrow in his eyes.

After Oscar had brought her upstairs, Hugo gave Kurt a pat on the back while Tiffany said, “Kurt, can we step out for a second? I just want to talk.”

Kurt followed her out silently.

“Kurt, I'm sorry that I couldn't help you,” Tiffany said apologetically. She had seen how well Kurt had treated Amelia for the last two years. He had truly done his best to lay everything out for her so she never had to worry about anything. If Amelia wasn't already absolutely head over heels for Oscar, Kurt would already have been her best choice. It wasn't easy to meet a man who loved one so much, but emotions just couldn't be forced.

“It's not your fault. Please don't apologize.”

Tiffany swallowed and said, “I think you should go back to working under Oscar. Amelia is back with him again, and if you stay with her, things will start to get awkward. Amelia would feel bad too and you wouldn't like to watch them be all mushy all the time, right? Maybe letting go is the right choice. That would also stop Amelia from being caught in the middle.”

Kurt looked at her silently.

She cleared her throat awkwardly and touched her nose. “Kurt, I’m saying this out of only good intentions toward both of you. I know you love her, and I know I sound like I’m burning bridges. Still, I know you don’t want to see her hurt or confused, so letting go would be the best choice for the two of you.”

“I won’t give up on her,” Kurt said firmly. He may have found true love later than most people, but that didn’t mean he could let go of it so easily.

“Kurt, please understand where I’m coming from. The Clintons wouldn’t like the way you interact with her either. Why would you force her into such a hard situation?” Tiffany said, starting to get annoyed.

“She’s married to my boss. I won’t get in the way of her marriage. All I want is to be there whenever she needs me. I’m willing to wait for however long it may take,” he said matter-of-factly. He couldn’t just move on so easily. Apart from Amelia, he had never felt this way for another woman.

Tiffany decided to give up.

She shrugged in defeat and said, “Whatever. I’m just saying that if I were Amelia, I wouldn’t want you to waste all of your time on me. You’re practically a brother to her, so of course she wouldn’t want to hurt you. I should have stopped her from going with you back then. Maybe you wouldn’t have fallen so deeply. After two years, it’s only natural to begin having feelings for somebody. If

Amelia hadn't met Oscar first, she might actually have fallen for you, too. You'd be a great husband."

Kurt's lips were pressed tightly together as he started to clench and unclench his fists.

Tiffany glanced at him as if she wanted to say something but couldn't figure out how.

"Tiffany, I can tell you're not done yet," Kurt said.

"Don't call me biased, okay? I'm just doing it for Amelia's sake. But please keep your distance from Tony from now on. I don't want the rift between Tony and Oscar to grow any more than it is. It'll only make Amelia sadder if this goes on. I know you and Tony have a great relationship, but..." Tiffany trailed off. She had known Kurt for two years and was honestly leaning toward his side rather than Oscar's, but from Amelia's standpoint, she would hate being stuck in this situation as well. She had to play the devil's advocate for the sake of Amelia.

"Please don't blame me, all right? I just don't want Amelia to go through any pain again after finally getting back together with the man she loves. As a man, I'm sure you can understand, right?"

Kurt's gaze sharpened and he was practically glaring at Tiffany as if he wanted to skin her alive.

She was taken aback by the intensity of his stare and stepped back as she folded her arms over her chest defensively. "You're not going to hit me, are you?"

However, after a quick pause, she said, “But, if it makes you feel better, then go ahead.”

Kurt simply continued to stare at her until he finally spoke, his voice sounding raspier than usual. “If that is what Amelia wants, I will do my best to stay away from Tony. If she wants me to go back to the boss, then I will do so without hesitation. I love her, so I wouldn’t want to do anything that might hurt her. I wouldn’t want you to feel so torn, either.”

Tiffany looked down and said guiltily, “I’m still really sorry, Kurt. Not only did I fail to keep my word and help you, I even said those ungrateful things to you. If you really are mad at me, please feel free to slap me.”

“I don’t hit girls,” Kurt said before turning to walk away.

She looked up and called after him, “Where are you going?”

“I just need some time alone. I’ll be back soon.”

Tiffany sighed as she watched him leave. Kurt had helped both her and Amelia a lot, and in return, she had said all those things to him the moment Oscar showed up again. No one would feel good hearing those things. In the end, she was the selfish one here.

I’m sorry, Kurt. I know I’ve hurt you, Tiffany thought.

She was still pretty beat up over everything. She liked Kurt and wanted him to be together with Amelia instead of Oscar, but

feelings couldn't be forced. If they could be, then heartbreak wouldn't be so common.

She couldn't help but sigh again at Amelia's overwhelming amount of admirers. Every single man who fell for her only ended up crushed and disappointed, especially someone as determined and loyal as Kurt. He rarely fell for anyone, but when he did, the emotions hit him hard and furiously. If the target of his affection failed to return his emotions, he would end up twice as hurt.

Sigh! Tiffany didn't know what to do.

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Chapter 392 Life Is Good With Him Around

After spending another night in the mansion, they woke up and had breakfast the next morning. Amelia had wanted to ask Tiffany if she could doll her up a bit so that she could look presentable in front of her donor's parents, but James suddenly received a call saying that the young man's condition had worsened quickly overnight. They were forced to cancel their lunch plans.

James rushed to the hospital while Amelia and the others waited in the mansion. Whatever happened was serious enough that they heard nothing from James until that night. He called Amelia and asked her to come to the hospital so they could do a few check-ups on her. If all was well, they could conduct the operation within the next couple of days.

Amelia was feeling rather excited, but also a little sad at the same time. Her getting her corneas replaced would mean another family would have lost their child. She couldn't even imagine the pain that family would be put through at the loss of their son, much less ever getting over his death.

She decided that if her operation was successful, she would definitely go to visit his parents. She wanted to meet the parents who were so kind that they were willing to donate their own son's corneas to a stranger they had never met. As a parent, that was probably one of the hardest decisions they ever had to make.

Amelia was to go to the hospital with Oscar and the others while Kurt was to stay and watch over Tony.

"Stay here with your godfather, okay? Mommy will be going out for some time, and I'll be able to see you when I come back. Doesn't that sound great?" she said to Tony.

The boy replied, "Mommy, are you going to the hospital?"

Amelia stroked his hair and smiled. "Yes, Tony. I am going to the hospital, but I'll be back very soon. Stay here and be a good boy, all right? When I come back, we can go home."

"Okay! I'll wait here with Daddy. When you come back, we can go home without Big Meanie!" Tony said.

Amelia frowned. "Tony, that's your dad. Don't call him Big Meanie again, or I'll get very angry."

"No! He will always be Big Meanie."

Amelia was about to scold Tony when Oscar hugged her from behind and picked her up. “Come on, it’s time to go. If Tony really wants to call me Big Meanie, he can do it all he likes. As long as he’s happy, he can call me any names he likes.”

Amelia finally softened.

“Oscar, maybe you should put me down first,” Amelia said bashfully.

He placed her back on the ground carefully.

They finally arrived at the hospital after a few more minor setbacks.

James greeted them personally in his white doctor’s coat, looking pretty exhausted.

“Amelia, I’ve already prepared a private room for you that you can stay in for tonight. If your results are fine after tomorrow’s check-ups, we can conduct the surgery once the patient’s corneas are removed.”

Amelia widened her unseeing eyes and asked, “How’s that young man doing?”

“We’ve done all we can, but he’s still in a very bad condition. We’ve moved him into the ICU. If he manages to wake up within the next 48 hours, that means his condition may have improved; if he doesn’t wake up within that time then it means he won’t wake up ever again,” James said severely. Doctors may have been used to death and loss, but watching a patient you cared for slowly wither away would stress anyone out. After all, anyone

would feel despair over the sight of such a young patient passing away.

Amelia was beginning to feel even worse and said cautiously, “Where are his parents?”

“They’re waiting outside his ward. They’re extremely sad and exhausted right now, so I don’t think you should go over. If you really want to see them, I’d recommend thanking them after your operation is a success. Let’s give them some time as a family,” James said, perfectly guessing Amelia’s intentions.

Amelia nodded.

When they entered the private ward, she said, “Thank you for planning all of this for me, James. Once my eyes heal, Oscar and I will buy you a meal.”

“Okay, deal. No going back on your word,” James said breezily, familiar with Chanaean customs. “After I migrate back to Chanaea, I’ll be going over to your place so much you two will get sick of me. I hope you won’t hate me too much then!”

“Of course, we wouldn’t. Our doors are always open to you,” Amelia said with a soft smile.

“I’ll take you up on that offer,” James said. “Just wait here for a minute while I go and check on some things.”

Amelia nodded.

Once James left, Tiffany looked around the fancy private ward and said, “James is pretty efficient, babe. The moment you

stepped into Anglandur, he already organized everything for you.”

“I was the one who asked him to help and also paid for everything,” Oscar interrupted.

Tiffany simply rolled her eyes at that.

Oscar, since when did you care so much about this stuff? I can’t believe you’re actually taking credit. Still, if it weren’t for you, James might not have helped so readily. But I guess with James’ reputation, it’s not like getting this private room was anything difficult, she thought.

Bitterly, she said, “Mr. Clinton, I can’t believe you’ve gotten even more possessive after two years. You used to not care about taking credit in the slightest.”

“Of course I had to take credit to prove my love.”

Tiffany just shuddered at Oscar’s cheesy response.

“Mr. Clinton, can you not be so poetic all of a sudden?”

Oscar merely glared at her and looked away, lazy to entertain her.

The corners of Tiffany’s mouth twitched. As expected, she would never be on the same page as Oscar.

“Let’s go back first, Tiff. We should give the two of them some space,” Derrick said as he wrapped his arms around Tiffany.

She thought about it for a second and ended up nodding in agreement.

After the two of them left, only Amelia and Oscar were left in the room.

Amelia was starting to find it hard to hide her excitement. “Oscar, am I finally going to be able to see again?” After Dr. Jackson and the other doctors’ treatments, she had slowly begun to lose hope of ever seeing again. Still, fate was a fickle thing. After throwing such a large obstacle in her way, it had somehow given her a second chance that she hadn’t seen coming.

“Yes. You’ll be able to see very soon,” Oscar said as he pulled her into his embrace with a chuckle.

Amelia leaned against him and took in the subtle, familiar scent of his clothes. “Oscar, I feel really bad for that young man. I seriously can’t thank him enough for agreeing to donate his corneas to me. If my operation is a success, I’ll never do anything to harm my eyes again.”

“He’s a good man. People like him have a spot in heaven,” Oscar replied.

Amelia couldn’t help but giggle.

“What is it?”

She shook her head and said, “Nothing. I just think you’ve changed a lot. You would have never said such a thing back then. I think you’re beginning to soften up.”

“Don’t you like this new version of me?”

“I love it. I love it because you’re finally letting down your guard and softening up to people. However, I must say I’m quite impressed by the terrifying front you put up with women who chase after you. I guess I’m just selfish that way. Now that you’ve courted me back, you can only keep me and only me in your heart from now on, okay?”

Oscar couldn’t help but burst out laughing, which caused Amelia to laugh as well.

Even though they were in the hospital, Amelia was still happy with the atmosphere they had created. Whenever Oscar was with her, she felt happier than ever. Despite being unable to see, she knew that if he was around, all would be well with the world.

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Chapter 393 Pursue Me Again

The young man died two days later. Following the terms of the contract, his parents donated his corneas. However, before the surgery, they requested to meet Amelia. When they saw how polite and beautiful she was, they felt that their son’s eyes had not gone to waste. This pitiful couple was no longer as devastated as before—at least, their son’s eyes could live on with a pretty and kind girl, witnessing the beautiful scenery of Chanaea through her eyes.

The man's mother held on to Amelia's hand and said, "I'm relieved that my son's eyes are going to be transplanted to you. Please treasure them! After you've regained your vision from the surgery and returned to Chanaea from Anglandur, can you promise me to go to Norham? It has been my son's dream to attend college in Norham and see his parents' hometown. Now that he's gone, his wish can never be fulfilled. So please, fulfil it for him."

Sorrow washed over Amelia when she heard that. As the pain of losing a son was possibly the greatest torment, she did not refuse them.

"If my surgery's a success and I can see again, I'll definitely go to Norham with my husband. I'll take some photos and send them to you," promised Amelia solemnly in her hospital gown.

"Thank you!" said the mother hoarsely.

Amelia smiled in response.

After chatting for a while, Amelia was pushed into the operating room. When the door closed slowly, the couple, who looked like they had aged ten years in an instant, leaned against each other with a despairing look on their faces.

The mother said hoarsely, "Mr. Clinton, your wife's eyes look just like my son's. I feel like I'm seeing him whenever I look at her. After settling my son's funeral, can I please visit her again?"

Oscar averted his gaze from the operating room's sign and glanced at her. "Of course. Now that your son's eyes have been

transplanted to my wife, both of you will be inextricably linked. You can even ask her to be your goddaughter, but whether she's willing or not... that'll depend on her. I don't want to force her."

"There's no need to ask her to become my goddaughter for the time being. We've only met your wife by chance. I just hope to see my son's eyes again. He passed away from leukemia moments after his twentieth birthday. I don't even have enough time to see him, so I'd like to take a few more glimpses at him." With that, she sobbed heartbreakingly.

"My sincerest condolences to you, Mrs. Hill. One cannot come back from the dead," consoled Oscar drily. Any words would only seem empty and helpless in front of those who had lost their loved ones.

The mother, Mary Hill, squeezed out a smile. After saying a few more things to Oscar, she left with her husband. As their son had just died, there were a lot of things they had to settle. Meanwhile, as Oscar and Tiffany were too worried about Amelia in the operating room, they did not exchange much consolation and niceties to the couple.

The surgery lasted for nearly eight hours. When James came out, he looked utterly exhausted.

Oscar strode over to him and asked anxiously, "James, how's Amelia doing?"

James gave him a tired smile. "The surgery is very successful. Don't worry."

Hearing that, Oscar finally heaved a sigh of relief.

“Thank you!” Despite the many thoughts rushing through his mind, that was the only sentence Oscar could utter.

James punched at his chest lightly and chuckled. “We’re buddies, aren’t we? Stop being so polite!”

Feeling his mood improving greatly, Oscar cracked a smile of relief.

Not long after, Amelia was pushed into a single-room ward. There was a bandage wrapped around her eyes as she lay on the bed quietly.

Ever since hearing that Amelia’s surgery was successful, Tiffany had not stopped smiling. She exclaimed, “This is great! All the suffering was worth it. Amelia will be able to see again after the bandage is removed.”

Derrick pulled her into his arms and smiled. “Are you happy?”

Tiffany nodded. Suddenly, she burst into tears, startling the other two men.

With his heart aching for her, Derrick wiped her tears away and asked anxiously, “What’s wrong? Isn’t everything going well? Why are you crying?”

Tiffany wiped her tears in embarrassment and explained, “I’m fine. I’m just too happy! For the past two years, Amelia has been putting up a tough front and forcing herself to appear happy. I’m so happy for her. Now, she can finally stop being bothered by her own disability! There’s no need for her to leave her hometown

anymore. Over the past two years in Beshya, I've never seen her genuinely happy. Now that the rainbow after the storm has come, I'm overjoyed.”

Although Tiffany claimed to be happy, she started crying even harder.

Oscar shot her a complicated look and urged softly, “Stop crying, Tiffany. Are you trying to wake Amelia up?”

Tiffany quickly stopped crying at that. She wiped the tears away from her eyes and laughed in embarrassment.

“I'm sorry. I'm just so happy that I couldn't control myself,” she said.

Naturally, no one would blame her for crying out of happiness. Even Oscar felt like crying. After all, it was so difficult for him to reconcile with Amelia again. Despite being separated for two years, they had not grown distant. Instead, they became closer than ever. Even if they had many things to deal with once they returned home, he was willing to shield her from any danger.

Amelia woke up the next day. The moment she woke up, she called out hoarsely, “Oscar... Oscar.”

Oscar immediately grabbed her hand and pressed it against his cheek. “You're awake.”

Chuckling, Amelia asked, “Can you give me some water?”

Quickly standing up, Oscar poured a glass of water for her and fed her carefully. After she drank it, he helped her up tenderly and said, “I’ll call the doctor over to give you a check-up.”

Before long, James came over and gave Amelia an examination. Grinning, he said, “Your recovery is going very well. If nothing else happens, we can remove the bandage after a few days. By then, you’ll be able to see again.”

Amelia smiled. “Thank you, James.”

“Oscar and I have gone through life and death together. His affairs are my own,” said James, sounding like a true-blue Chanaean instead of a foreigner that he was. Other than his appearance, his words and actions resembled that of a Chanaean.

Amelia could not help but laugh.

James is a funny, handsome and talented man. Someone like him would definitely attract a woman’s fancy easily.

He continued, “I still need to visit a few patients, so I’ll take my leave now. I’ll visit you again once I’m done with everything.”

“Sure! Bye.”

After James left, Tiffany and Derrick came up with an excuse to leave too.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Oscar held Amelia’s hand and said, “This is great, Amelia! You’ll be able to see again soon. Once

we're home, let's register our marriage again. Our family of three will never be separated again.”

Smirking, Amelia asked, “Oscar, didn't you say that you're going to court me again? Are you trying to trick me into going home with you without doing anything?”

Oscar was taken aback for a while before saying, “Do you want me to court you again?”

Amelia nodded with a laugh. “Of course! We had a contractual marriage soon after we met. You've never done anything except for fulfilling my material needs and soliciting physical intimacy from me. You've robbed me of my first love and kiss, so I've never experienced how it feels like to date someone. You know what? This won't do at all! You must court me again.”

Amelia was not placing Oscar in a tough spot on purpose. Instead, she merely wanted to spend more romantic times with him. Back when she married him, they had a lot of unfulfilled regrets. Although they eventually confessed their love for each other, it was still not romantic enough.

Hence, it was a valuable and rare opportunity for Amelia to experience being pursued by Oscar again. For once, she wanted to be treasured and doted on by someone.

“Can you do it, Oscar?” pleaded Amelia in a cutely fashion.

“Of course!” he agreed without any hesitation.

“Oscar, I’m glad that you’re willing to accommodate my stubbornness.”

“I’ll do anything to make you happy.”

A blissful grin spread across Amelia’s face and Oscar found himself lost in her beautiful smile.

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Chapter 394 Regain Your Vision

After staying in the hospital for a few days, it was finally time for Amelia’s bandages to be removed.

James instructed for the curtains to be closed, just in case the sunlight was too blinding for Amelia’s eyes after the bandages were removed.

He said, “Amelia, I’m removing the bandages now. Don’t worry, okay?”

Amelia gripped the corners of her hospital gown, feeling a mixture of excitement and nervousness. She nodded slowly.
“Okay.”

James removed the bandages for her carefully, layer by layer. When everything was gone, he smiled and declared, “Open your eyes slowly, Amelia. Can you see anything?”

Amelia opened her eyes. A ray of light slipped through the gap between her eyelids, causing her to close them instinctively before opening them again.

“Amelia, can you see my hand?” asked James as he raised his hand and waved it in front of her.

Smiling, she waved her hand excitedly, too. “Oscar! I can finally see! I can see again!”

Oscar grabbed her hand and said, “Don’t be too excited, Amelia.”

She breathed in deeply and calmed herself down, trying to adjust to this new vision that she had been deprived of for two years. Having seen the sunlight after living in utter darkness for years, she felt a bitter feeling wash over her. She suddenly had the urge to cry out of happiness.

James reminded, “Amelia, since your eyes have just recovered, it’s best if you stay away from gadgets with a lot of radiation, such as phones, televisions, and laptops. You must make sure to give your eyes enough rest and not tire them out, okay?”

Amelia nodded.

“Take your time to adjust. I’ll visit my patients in the other wards, and I’ll come back later,” said James with a smile as he grabbed the patient list.

Just when Amelia stood up from the bed to send James off, he protested, “Amelia, there’s no need to be so polite. Just stay

where you are! You don't have to stand on ceremony with me. It'll only make us seem like strangers, no?"

Amelia smiled gently and stopped insisting on sending James out.

After James left, Amelia scrutinized Oscar carefully.

As she stroked his face, tears welled up in her eyes. A complex feeling engulfed her as she remarked hoarsely, "You've lost weight, Oscar." Even though it had been two years since she last saw him and he had lost weight, he seemed even more masculine to her.

Oscar placed his hand over hers and said, "So, do you like me better now, or do you like me better then?"

Laughing, Amelia said, "Regardless of how you look like, I'll still like you."

Oscar hugged her waist, his breath brushed against her cheek, tickling her.

"Really?" he asked.

Amelia blushed. Although two years had passed, Oscar was still able to elicit such a huge reaction from her, making her heart beat rapidly.

Cough! Tiffany, who was acting as the third-wheel, cleared her throat on purpose.

Only then did Amelia realize that there were other people in the ward as well.

She shoved Oscar away gently, her cheeks burning even more. She had been so distracted by his handsome profile that she actually forgot about her best friend.

Tiffany strode forward and shoved Oscar aside. Hugging Amelia, she exclaimed happily, “Babe, congratulations on regaining your vision! The gorgeous girl I know has finally returned!”

Amelia returned her hug, feeling moved. Were it not for Tiffany’s presence over the past two years, she would not have gotten over the depression of being blind so quickly.

She said gratefully, “Thank you for your constant company over the past two years, Tiffany. I’m genuinely grateful for everything that you’ve done for me. If you weren’t with me, I wouldn’t have pulled it through all the hardship. With an amazing friend like you, I’m eternally satisfied.”

Tiffany’s eyes reddened. Patting Amelia’s hand, she said through sobs, “Stop it! It’s a joyous occasion now that you can see again. Stop saying these cheesy words and making us cry.”

Amelia laughed.

Letting go of Tiffany’s hands, Amelia cupped her cheeks and said, “Let me see how you’ve changed.” After scrutinizing Tiffany’s face for a while, she chuckled and said, “You’ve lost some weight, but you’ve become even more gorgeous now. Looks like you’re having an amazing time dating someone.”

“Nonsense! Derrick even complained that I rarely dress up. And that I’m becoming uglier,” claimed Tiffany.

Amelia glanced at Derrick. It had been two years since she saw his handsome and androgynous face, and the sight of him still made her heart skip a beat.

He's so beautiful that he doesn't seem like a human at all!

"Compared to Derrick, we're just like peasants. He has the right to say that we're ugly," agreed Amelia as she nodded.

Stunned, Tiffany burst out laughing. "Babe, you've learned how to crack jokes after regaining your vision, huh?"

"Am I wrong?" asked Amelia as she winked mischievously.

Tiffany helped her sit down and said, "Babe, your eyes have just recovered, so you should rest more. It's been two years since you've seen the sun. If your eyes are exposed to the sun for too long, it won't be great for your recovery."

Although Amelia felt like protesting, she still lay on the bed obediently.

"Derrick, thank you for taking care of me over the past two years. After interacting with you for two years, you've passed my test. Thank you for accepting Tiffany for who she is. Please treasure her in the future and protect her well," said Amelia solemnly as she turned around and gazed at Derrick.

Derrick walked to the bed and pulled Tiffany into his arms domineeringly. Smiling, he promised, "Don't worry, Amelia. Tiff is mine. I'll definitely treat her nicely."

Amelia said with an assured grin, "I'm relieved to hear that."

“Babe, why does it feel like you’re selling me away?” demanded Tiffany in feigned anger.

“Well, if the buyer is Derrick, I don’t really mind selling you,” rebuked Amelia in amusement. Now that she had regained her vision, her mood became much better.

“You’re so mean, babe! Seems to me that all of my kindness toward you have gone to waste! I can’t believe that you’re selling me away without even accepting the deposit first.” Tiffany rolled her sleeves up as if she was about to challenge Amelia to a fight.

Amelia could not help but laugh.

In the midst of this harmonious atmosphere, someone knocked on the ward’s door. When Oscar opened the door, he saw Mary and her husband standing outside.

Oscar moved to the side and said, “Please come in, Mr. and Mrs. Hill.”

The couple entered.

When Mary saw Amelia, who had just regained her vision, she could not help but feel like crying. She mumbled, “She really does look like my... my son...”

Mary’s husband, Bruce Hills, hugged her and reminded her, “She’s not our son. Calm down now. Don’t scare her off.”

As if she had just been woken up from a dream, Mary glanced at Amelia apologetically and said, “I’m sorry, Ms. Winters. It’s just that when I saw your eyes, I thought I’ve seen my son. I couldn’t

hold myself back for a moment there. I hope that I didn't scare you."

Amelia stood up from the bed and glanced at Oscar.

He explained, "They're Mr. and Mrs. Hill, the parents of the young man who donated his corneas to you."

Walking over to Mary, Amelia greeted with a smile, "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Hill. I haven't regained my vision the last time we met, so this is my first time seeing both of you. I'm really grateful that you're willing to donate your son's corneas to me. I am sincerely very, very grateful."

Mary grabbed her hands intimately, without the awkwardness of just meeting her for the second time. She exclaimed emotionally, "Ms. Winters, I'm so glad that my son's corneas are compatible with you. It's like he lives on in you! Whenever I look at you, I feel like I'm looking at my son. Is it okay if I visit you whenever I miss him? Now that my only son's gone, I'll be satisfied if I could just look at your eyes. Please, that's all I'll ever ask of you."

Sorrow washed over Amelia. As a mother, she could empathize with the agonizing pain of losing a child.

"Mrs. Hill, just call me Amelia. And feel free to come by whenever you miss your son. Just give me and my husband a call, and we'll welcome you warmly," replied Amelia with a smile.

At that moment, Mary felt like her son's eyes had not been wasted. A kind woman like Amelia would allow her son's eyes to see the world with the same kindness.

“Amelia, you have a very kind soul. I’m so glad that my son’s corneas are transplanted to you.” Mary smiled through her tears. “My husband and I rushed over today just to visit you. I hope that you’ll treasure your eyes and let them stay with you as you explore the world. Just treat this as a mother’s selfish wish.”

Amelia nodded.

“I promise, Mrs. Hill. I’ll definitely treasure these eyes and not let them be harmed,” promised Amelia solemnly.

“Thank you.”

“I should be the one thanking you instead. Were it not for your selflessness, I might still be blind. I’m really grateful to you for letting me see again.” Amelia was starting to get emotional, too. She was genuinely grateful to them for their selflessness. After all, there was a possibility that they might regret it at the last moment before the cornea transplant.

“You’re a good person,” said Mary.

Amelia merely smiled in response.

They talked for almost an hour before Mary and her husband stood up. “My husband and I will take out leave first because we still have to attend to some things. Now that I’ve gotten your number, I’ll give you a call whenever we visit your city. Please agree to meet with us then, okay?”

“Okay! Have a good trip, Mr. and Mrs. Hill,” said Amelia and Oscar as they sent the couple to the exit.

After the couple left, Oscar and Amelia walked back to the hospital ward.

“They’re such strong and kind parents. I admire them a lot,” said Amelia sincerely.

“Yeah. They’re very selfless parents,” agreed Tiffany.

Oscar and Derrick did not say anything.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 395

Chapter 395 Meeting Tony

Amelia stayed at the hospital for a couple more days so James could perform a final health check. It was vital to ensure that her body was not rejecting the transplanted cornea.

Oscar took it upon himself to pack Amelia’s luggage while Tiffany stood to the side with her arm linked through Amelia’s. “Babe, how do you feel about leaving the hospital?” she asked with a grin.

Amelia mirrored her elated expression. “My heart is pounding with excitement. I never thought this day would come so quickly. I can finally see again!”

“People say that after a storm comes a calm. Things will only get better from here onward. Now that your eyes are completely healed, your next blessing will be your children. They’ll grow up

to be successful people, so you'll get to sit back and bask in their filial affection.”

Amused by her friend's words, Amelia shook her head.

“My only wish for them is to be safe and sound—protected from diseases and shielded from disasters. The amount of money we earn now is more than enough to sustain them for their entire lives even if they don't work at all. As long as they're healthy and well, I'm contented. I don't need my children to be outstanding to be happy,” Amelia said lightly. These were her innermost thoughts. Perhaps she had been deprived of attention when she was young, but her only goal as a mother was to shower her children with unconditional love and educate them to be cultured people. Raising her children to be successful entrepreneurs was never on her list.

“Babe, you're a great mother, and I think you've made a wise decision. Let's visit Tony now. He misses you badly. After all, you've been away for quite a few days. He calls me daily to ask about when you can go home. From the looks of it, he'll charge through the hospital doors to see you if you don't go back to him right now,” Tiffany joked as she tugged Amelia's arm playfully.

A giggle escaped Amelia's lips. She, too, yearned to go home. She had pictured her son's grown features countless times in her mind, but she was still eager to see how her imagination differed from the real thing.

“Getting discharged, Amelia?” James greeted Amelia with a warm smile as he entered the hospital. His white lab coat flapped behind him as he strode over.

Amelia returned his smile. “James, you were the one who approved of my discharge papers. Why are you asking the obvious?”

“To fit in with you Chanaeans,” he quipped.

Both women burst into laughter when they heard his witty remark.

With both hands in his pockets, James shrugged nonchalantly and commented, “Amelia, you’re a natural beauty, and your charm has elevated ever since you regained your eyesight. A hint of allure under your purity, and yet a tinge of innocence within that allure—a masterpiece! Surely a wonderful being like you has a sister?”

Amelia could not contain her mirth as laughter bubbled up inside her.

Tiffany gave him a side-eye. “James, are you laying it on thick in hopes that Amelia will introduce you to a beauty?”

“I’m planning to move to Chanaea for good. Can’t I find myself a good Chanaean girl beforehand? Besides, the two of you promised to find me a girlfriend two years ago, and yet here I am with none! You liars,” James retorted. It was hard to tell if his complaints were genuine.

“James, are you serious? With the qualities you possess, you can get any woman you want! Why would you need us to introduce you to anyone? Don’t tell me that you’re aiming for a sham marriage,” Tiffany rebutted after giving him a once-over.

“It’s precisely because I’m overwhelmed by all the options I have! It’ll be better if someone could introduce me to a nice lady,” James replied with a casual shrug.

“When you find a woman who can hold you down, you’ll know that she’s the one. I hope that she appears sooner than later,” Tiffany muttered.

James chortled at her words.

After some more friendly banter, the group took the elevator downstairs, got into the car, and headed for James’ villa.

Amelia exited the vehicle the moment the car pulled to a stop. She immediately caught sight of a tiny figure barreling toward her, his arms flailing in excitement. The young boy’s high-pitched voice pierced the air as he called out, “Mommy!”

Amelia reflexively caught him in her arms as her eyes reddened with emotion.

With her hands on Tony’s shoulders, Amelia bent down to observe his face. Tears spilled over as she lamented the time she lost with her son.

“Tony, my dear son. You’re already two years old, and yet this is the first time I’m seeing you. You’ve grown up so well. Look at you, you’re such a handsome boy,” Amelia said. Her tears trickled down to her smiling lips.

Amelia carefully caressed Tony’s face. She marveled over how her son’s features were a wonderful marriage of hers and Oscar’s. With his doe-like eyes and upturned nose, Tony resembled a doll.

She wanted to envelop the toddler in her embrace and never let go. A surge of pride coursed through her as she registered that the adorable child was her and Oscar's son.

A tiny hand clumsily wiped the tears on Amelia's face. "Mommy, why are you crying? Are you sad to see me?" Tony asked, confusion coloring his sweet voice.

Amelia laughed through her tears when she heard her son's words. "Of course not! Mommy is very happy to see you. Now that my eyes are healed, I can see you clearly. When you're old enough to go to kindergarten, I'll be able to bring you myself. I'll always be with you, even when you attend elementary school and high school. I'm delighted that I can see you," she assured.

Tony cocked his head as he processed her words. He then threw his arms around Amelia and patted her back while consoling her, "There, there, Mommy. When I grow up, I'll protect you. Now, you can see me, and I can see you. All right now, stop crying. You'll become ugly if you cry." He mimicked the way adults comforted him.

Charmed by her son's endearing antics, Amelia laughed.

The sound of Tony's silvery voice chased away any lingering sorrow or remorse.

Tiffany approached them and reminded Amelia gently, "Amelia, don't get too emotional. Your eyes are still healing, so crying too much may aggravate them."

Amelia dabbed at the corners of the eyes and scooped Tony up in one swift motion.

“All right, let’s head in,” she said.

As Amelia passed by Oscar with Tony in her arms, the young boy shot his father a taunting look.

Derrick, who was walking next to Oscar, noticed Tony’s sassy attitude and teased, “Mr. Clinton, it seems like Tony is out to get you. He’s only two, and yet he’s already mocking you. It’s unbelievable!”

Oscar glowered at Derrick.

Chuckling at Oscar’s sullen expression, Derrick continued, “Mr. Clinton, you’ll have to work hard to earn Tony’s approval. He’s a sharp one, that boy. You can’t fool him like other kids, so you better watch yourself.”

“I would believe that you mean well if it weren’t for that obnoxious grin on your face,” Oscar grumbled.

Derrick guffawed, his boisterous laughter garnering the attention of others.

“Mr. Pretty, what are you laughing at?” Tony asked curiously.

Derrick’s face fell. “Tony, I’m your godmother’s boyfriend, and I’ll become her husband once we get married. So, you should start calling me Godpa instead of Mr. Pretty, all right?” he corrected.

Tony pouted and whined, “But you’re so pretty. Why can’t I call you Mr. Pretty?”

Derrick felt defeated. This kid here is the bane of my existence.

Pretty, pretty, pretty.

The word echoed in Derrick's head, taunting him. He detested it when people described him as pretty.

Oscar patted his back and chuckled. "Seems like we're in the same boat, Mr. Pretty, though I think that the name is extremely befitting. You are quite pretty."

Derrick's features twisted into a scowl.

Oscar, on the other hand, had brightened up significantly.

Derrick felt miserable. Under normal circumstances, if someone were to mock his appearances, he would have a million ways to shut them up. Unfortunately, when it came to Oscar, Derrick fell short in both physical strength and work capability. He had no choice but to bite his tongue as he was not Oscar's rival at the moment.

Once they entered the house, Derrick made a beeline for Tony and started to negotiate. "Tony, if you call me "Godpa," I'll give you the limited edition Ultraman figurine I just bought. What do you think? You see, the word 'pretty' is usually meant for women, so it doesn't quite suit me. Will you be a good boy and stop calling me that?"

Tony cocked his head and extended a hand, palm facing up. "Mr. Pretty, I want the Ultraman," he said.

Derrick had to muster every ounce of his self-control to stop himself from strangling the boy.

“Tony, you must learn to be grateful. If I give you a present, you should give me something in return. I just want you to call me ‘Godpa.’ It’s not difficult, is it? Just one word and the Ultraman is all yours,” Derrick coaxed.

Scrunching his nose, Tony insisted, “Mr. Pretty, I want the Ultraman.”

Derrick sighed in resignation.

Just then, Tiffany walked over and reprimanded jokingly, “Derrick, you’re in your thirties, and yet you’re quarreling with a toddler about such a trivial matter. He’s been calling you “Mr. Pretty” for the past two years. He has determined that you are pretty, and I think that you should just accept your fate.”

Derrick eventually caved in. He stood up and hugged Tiffany from behind. “Tiff, my heart is bleeding. You’ll have to compensate me for the hurt I’ve received, or my heart will be scarred forever,” he mumbled childishly.

Squirming in his arms, Tiffany scolded, “Let me go! Tony is watching us. This behavior is not acceptable in front of a child!”

“Well, then. You’ll have to make it up to me when we’re alone.”

Tiffany rolled her eyes at him, but a blush rose to her cheeks. She scurried away from Derrick to hide her embarrassment.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 396

Chapter 396 A Strained Relationship

While Oscar brought the luggage into the bedroom, Kurt seized the opportunity to approach Amelia. “Amelia, congratulations on getting your eyesight back,” he said sincerely.

Conflicting emotions warred within Amelia, but she responded with a gracious smile, “Thank you.” After a brief moment of silence, she continued, “Kurt, I appreciate all the care you’ve given Tony and me over the past two years. If it weren’t for you, things would have been a lot harder for Tiff and me. It’s thanks to your support that I’ve overcome the trauma of being blind. I’m sorry that I can’t reciprocate your feelings, but you’re like family to me. I know that this is selfish of me, but you are like a family member that I can never part with. I’ll always be grateful to you.”

Kurt stared at her, his eyes shining with infatuation. “Amelia, I never asked for your thanks, and I certainly don’t want you to feel guilty about anything. Everything I did for you was on my own accord.”

Amelia averted her eyes to escape Kurt’s intense gaze. She licked her lips nervously and said, “Let’s treat each other like family from now on, all right?”

Hurt flashed across Kurt’s eyes. Rejection was always a hard pill to swallow.

With a deep inhale, he replied, “If that’s what you wish for, I’ll respect your decision. However, if ever your relationship with Boss becomes rocky, I hope that you’ll give me a chance.”

Amelia parted her lips to speak, but at that moment, she glimpsed Oscar standing a short distance away. Her heart skipped a beat. She felt like a treacherous wife who had been caught red-handed by her husband. Although her relationship with Kurt was strictly platonic, he had been involved in her conspiracy to leave without notice back then. Amelia knew that it bothered Oscar to a certain extent although he never vocalized it.

Amelia widened the gap between her and Kurt. Now that she had finally mended her relationship with Oscar, she did not want anything to screw things up for them.

“Oscar,” she chirped.

Kurt was stung by Amelia’s subconscious actions. Nevertheless, he took a step backward and greeted Oscar deferentially, “Boss.”

Oscar wrapped a possessive arm around Amelia’s slender waist once he neared. “Honey, the doctor said you shouldn’t overwork your eyes, as they’re still healing. You should go get some rest.”

Amelia looked up at Oscar. She wanted to protest, but the words were stuck in her throat.

“Don’t worry, I won’t go against my word. I just want to have a talk with Kurt. Don’t look at me like I’m a monster,” Oscar teased her gently.

Although she was reluctant to leave the men alone, Amelia complied.

“Kurt, let’s talk outside,” Oscar said with his hands in his pockets. His imposing tone left no room for refusal.

“Yes, Boss,” Kurt answered submissively and trailed behind Oscar. Respect for Oscar was etched in his bones. Oscar had taken Kurt under his wing when Kurt was young and molded him into the man he was today. Hence, Kurt’s feelings toward Oscar were of reverence rather than fear.

Outside, the two men stood in the middle of a wide field. Oscar turned to Kurt and asked the obvious, “You’re in love with Amelia, right?” It was more of a statement than a question.

Kurt thinned his lips and lowered his head. After a moment of tense silence, Kurt gave a low murmur of assent.

“Kurt, you’ve grown a lot braver since the day you left my side. Back then, you wouldn’t even dare to talk against me, but now you’re trying to steal my woman. Aren’t you scared that I’ll come for you? Or do you think that I won’t dare to touch you with Amelia protecting you?” Despite his harsh words, Oscar’s tone was impassive rather than accusing.

“Boss, I was never one to hide behind a woman’s skirt, and I still won’t. I also never planned to ruin your relationship. I never wanted to fall in love with Amelia—it happened involuntarily. I admit that I like her, but I’ve never acted on my feelings. I did not cross any boundaries in the past two years,” Kurt swore solemnly, his head still bowed.

Before Kurt could react, Oscar lifted his leg and kicked Kurt forcefully.

Kurt crumpled to the ground. With a loud gurgle, a mouthful of blood spilled out of his mouth and splattered onto the grass. Kurt lifted a hand to swipe at his lips before climbing to his feet. A crimson smudge stained the bottom half of his face.

“You big meanie! You can’t hit my daddy!” A small figure lunged at Oscar and tackled him. Tony swung his stubby limbs at Oscar in an attempt to avenge Kurt.

Shocked, Kurt rushed forward to stop Tony. He was worried that the young boy’s ignorance would evoke the wrath of Oscar.

Refusing to be held down, Tony thrashed in Kurt’s arms as he yelled, “Daddy, let go of me! I’m going to teach Big Meanie a lesson!”

Oscar’s expression darkened. He sullenly watched his biological son attack him on behalf of another man, and not just any man, but a man who was in love with his wife! Oscar had never felt such unadulterated fury in his life. A man I had personally brought up is now trying to steal my wife! The audacity!

All reason flew out of the window. In hindsight, Oscar realized that he should have kept his composure and been the bigger man instead of beating up another person in front of his own son.

However, the thought of his wife and son defending another man made him livid, and it was impossible to suppress such

vehemence. After all, he was a man with human emotions and not an imperturbable saint.

Oscar had never imagined that one of his subordinates would betray him and help his wife leave him without a goodbye. They had vanished for two whole years. When they first left, Oscar wished that he could die. After all, succumbing to eternal oblivion seemed a lot more inviting than the agony of living without Amelia.

“Let bygones be bygones” had become Oscar’s new mantra as he constantly reminded himself to forget the past two years. He was worried that his anger would scare Amelia away. However, his sanity was hanging by a thread, and the sound of his son calling another man “Daddy” was the last straw. No amount of self-hypnosis could prepare him for such heartbreak.

It was not that he did not feel upset; he was just better at hiding it than the average human.

With his arms circling Tony, Kurt pleaded, “Boss, I’m so sorry. Tony didn’t mean it. Take it out on me if you’re mad. I have a thick skin; I can take it.”

Oscar let out a bark of incredulous laughter.

“Kurt, don’t forget that Tony is my son. Who are you to protect him?” Oscar’s lips curved upward, but the smile did not reach his eyes.

Kurt stiffened imperceptibly. He glanced down at Tony, who had calmed down in his embrace. He was a jumble of emotions as he was once again reminded of his identity. That’s right, I’m just

Tony's godfather. Oscar is his real father. I have no right to interfere in their relationship. At the end of the day, Kurt and Tony did not share the same blood.

"Forgive me, Boss. I was just worried that Tony would anger you," Kurt apologized quickly.

He was in no position to talk against Oscar.

Tony shot Oscar a death glare and patted Kurt on the shoulder. "Daddy, don't be scared. I'll protect you. We'll go tell Mommy that Big Meanie hit you. Mommy will hit him for you!" Tony's crisp voice rang with certainty.

Kurt quickly concealed his churning emotions and corrected Tony, "Tony, Boss is not a big meanie. He's your daddy."

"He's not my daddy! You are my daddy. I want you to be with Mommy, just like last time. Can't the three of us just be a family?" Tony threw his arms around Kurt's neck and mumbled in his childlike voice.

Something in Kurt's gaze shifted.

Meanwhile, Oscar's face had clouded over. He had been ostracized by his own son and was now regarded as an outsider.

How ironic.

Oscar smirked derisively. His cold exterior was a defense mechanism to mask the unease within.

His gaze lingered on the two figures who demonstrated the textbook example of a paternal bond. He turned to leave, but his footsteps faltered when he caught sight of Amelia standing behind him.

His expression softened as he approached her. “When did you get here?” he asked, feigning indifference.

Amelia cast him a remorseful look. Out of the corner of her eyes, she saw Tony wriggle out of Kurt’s arms and run toward her. She felt another pang of guilt as she realized that she was the cause of the strained relationship between the father and son. Had she not upped and left two years ago, Tony would not have such an aversion to Oscar.

“I’m sorry, Oscar.” Her voice was barely above a whisper.

“You silly woman. You did nothing wrong. Why are you apologizing to me?” Oscar pretended to be unaffected as he continued, “You don’t need to feel sorry for me. Don’t overthink it. Tony and I will be fine.”

Amelia tried her best to ignore the regret that washed through her. She tossed Oscar a half-hearted smile that resembled a grimace and turned to catch Tony in her arms.

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Chapter 397 You Need Only Ask

Amelia took Tony into the house and turned to Oscar. She said, “Oscar, I’ll take Tony to his room. You can go ahead and chat with Derrick on the first floor.”

Oscar shot a look over before nodding.

After Amelia walked up the stairs, she went into the bedroom and set Tony down on the floor. She stared at Tony's face and thought about how he looked like a miniature version of Oscar. That prompted her to suppress her emotions and ask, "Tony, do you not like your father?"

Tony tilted his tiny head to the side and looked like he was deep in thoughts. In his baby voice, he answered, "Mommy, I don't actually hate that Big Meanie. It's just... I'm worried that he'll take you away. I want you and Daddy to be together."

Amelia placed her hands on each of Tony's shoulders and said, "Kurt is your godfather, Tony. He and I will never be together. I understand that you like him, but I only see him as a friend."

"But the two of you have been living together this entire time. It's like how they show it on the television. Only a husband and a wife will live under the same roof, so why are you and Daddy merely friends? Daddy is the one who is always there as I grow up," replied Tony. His big, round eyes shone with innocence and confusion as he spoke.

His words rendered Amelia speechless. She didn't know how to explain the complicated nature of love, and how both parties had to be in love to be together. Indeed, she had lived with Kurt for two years, but nothing ever happened between them, and she

only ever saw him as a friend. Anything beyond that never even crossed her mind.

Amelia never imagined that her son would be an obstacle to her relationship with Oscar, but that seemed to be the exact situation.

“Listen to me, Tony. Oscar is your father, and he and I are destined to be together,” said Amelia with a heavy heart. Tony was a smart kid. Although he was only two years old, his intelligence inspired his mother to explain things to him as though he were an adult. Instead of spanking him and forcing him to behave, Amelia was teaching Tony patiently and hoped that he would understand.

Unfortunately, Tony still couldn’t understand what she was saying. He pointed out, “But Mommy, that Big Meanie has never lived with us, so why would you want to be with him? Hasn’t Daddy treated us well all these years?”

By then, Amelia was a little exasperated. She crouched down to be on the same level as Tony. In a sweet voice, she explained, “Listen to me, Tony. When you were a baby, your father and I had a misunderstanding, so I took you away. I know you don’t understand what that really means, but all I ask is that you treat your father a little nicer. Don’t be that hostile toward him, okay?”

“But he hit Daddy!” complained Tony angrily.

Amelia’s gaze flickered, and she eventually said, “Tony, you misread the situation. Your father was just training your godfather. Kurt works for your father, so the latter was training

the former. That's great, isn't it? Don't you want your godfather to become stronger?"

"Really? He can become stronger?"

Amelia nodded.

Tony bought that. He asked, "If Daddy becomes stronger, will he be able to toss me up even higher?"

Amelia frowned. She tried to negotiate by asking, "Tony, you should start calling Kurt your godfather. Don't address him as Daddy from now on, okay?"

"But why? I've always called him Daddy."

"Tony, are you a good boy who listens to his mommy?"

"Yes! I am a good boy and will only listen to you and Daddy."

"If so, you must promise me that you'll stop calling Kurt Daddy. Instead, call him Godpa. You will also be nicer to your father, who loves you very much. Please don't make things difficult for me, okay?"

"But I don't want to call that Big Meanie my father."

Amelia felt defeated.

She had no choice but to remind herself to take things slow. She couldn't be too eager because Tony and Oscar were separated for two long years. Oscar might be the boy's biological father, but at the end of the day, the two of them had only spent little to no

time together. Hence, it was only natural that they would see each other as strangers.

“I won’t force you to call him your father, then. Just promise me that you won’t see him as a villain.”

“Mommy, what’s a villain?”

Amelia sighed. She suddenly felt exhausted.

She reached out to stroke Tony’s silky hair and reassured herself by thinking about how Tony was still just a kid. He doesn’t know what it means to have a biological dad. I’m sure he’ll grow fond of Oscar after they spend more time together.

“Come on. Let’s get out of the room,” said Amelia as she picked Tony up.

They exited the bedroom and walked down the stairs. Oscar rushed over as soon as he saw them.

Tony instantly acted like a hunched-up cat and glared evilly at Oscar. He wrapped his short arms around Amelia’s neck and spoke as though he was marking his territory. “You are not allowed to get close to my mommy, you Big Meanie! You hit Daddy, so you are a bad person.”

The helplessness in Amelia’s heart grew.

“Tony is just a kid, Oscar, and Kurt practically raised him, so please don’t mind Tony’s words,” said Amelia apologetically while looking at Oscar.

“I actually think that my son is incredible. He may be young, but he already knows to fight against his old man. That just proves that he is much stronger than I ever was. Still, Tony, you can’t just scream about like a shrew. If you want to defeat me, you must work hard to grow up and become stronger. You will only be an expert if you can defeat me in every single way and in every field,” replied Oscar. He was looking at Tony at the time and seemed genuine when giving that advice.

Tony blinked. He listened to every single word, but he didn’t quite understand most of it.

Amelia was so annoyed that she was speechless for a moment there. She asked, “Oscar, are you talking nonsense because Tony got you too angry? He’s too young to understand what you said earlier.”

Oscar reached out and took Tony over to his side. The former was firm when he said, “Tony, stop complaining. It’s fine if you don’t like me, and it’s okay if you want to chase me away, but you must become stronger before you do anything. I will have to obey you once you grow to be so strong that you are a match against me. For now, however, I am still your old man, and your mom is my wife. Understand?”

Oscar’s overwhelming aura shut Tony right up. The toddler stared at Oscar without even blinking.

“We good?”

Tony didn’t respond. He was still staring without saying a word.

Oscar kissed Tony's cheek after that. To everyone's surprise, Tony was displeased with the kiss. The boy wiped his chubby face in distaste, pouted, and complained, "You Big Meanie! Don't kiss me without my permission or I will be really, really angry at you."

Amelia couldn't help giggling aloud when she heard that.

"Okay, okay, I'll take note of it."

Tony proudly harrumphed and demanded, "Now put me down! I haven't forgiven you just yet. You hit Daddy, so I won't play with you unless you apologize to him, you Big Meanie!"

Oscar's jovial expression dimmed a little at that.

Amelia stepped forward and picked Tony up before saying, "Let's eat, Oscar. Tony is just a kid, so please don't take his words to heart."

Oscar grinned upon hearing that. In a voice brimming with confidence, he promised, "Don't worry, Honey. I am certain that I will win this battle against my son. Hah, I've dealt with so many experienced business tycoons and politicians, after all. There is no way I won't be able to beat a kid."

Amelia's lips parted. She looked like she had something to share, but she ended up keeping her words to herself.

After that short break, everyone sat at the table. Even Hugo and Kurt were allowed to join them.

Everyone was about to eat up when Oscar's phone rang.

Oscar took his phone out and checked the screen. The content made his eyes glow a little differently, and he turned to the crowd. "Sorry, I have to take this. You guys eat up," he said before he got off his seat and headed out.

Amelia didn't look away until Oscar was already out of sight.

Tiffany shot a look over at Amelia. The former wanted to ease the tension in the room, so she said, "All right, then let's eat up. Mr. Clinton can join us after his call concluded."

Amelia ate away, but her mind was on Oscar the entire time. She was certain the call from earlier wasn't work-related because Oscar wouldn't need to head out to answer a call from work. They had been apart for two years, and that meant they hadn't seen each other in over seven hundred days. Amelia didn't even know if Oscar had met another girl during that period or if he had a secret he couldn't tell her.

Truth was, Amelia didn't want to suspect Oscar of infidelity, but she still couldn't help being bothered about the sudden call.

Tiffany got some food and place it on Amelia's plate before saying, "Amelia, try this. I made this just for you. See if you like how it tastes."

Amelia pushed her feelings down and shifted her gaze to her plate. Smiling, she said, "I'm sure your cooking tastes great."

Tiffany got closer and whispered, "Don't worry. You can just ask Oscar about that phone call if you're that curious about it."

Amelia smiled and replied, “Okay.”

“Let’s eat up. The food will get cold if we don’t.”

Amelia started eating, but she wasn’t enjoying her meal at all.

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Chapter 398 Love Can Be Sweet And Bitter

Outside the house, Oscar’s smile had faded completely. He answered the call and greeted, “Mom.”

Turned out, the call was from Olivia.

“Oscar, are you with Amelia now?” asked Olivia directly to get to the point.

“Mom, where did you hear that crazy rumor from?” asked Oscar calmly.

“Stop lying to me, Oscar. I just want to know the truth. Are you with Amelia now? I’ve already looked into the matter and know that you’re in Anglandur. Why did you travel over with her?” asked Olivia in a hostile tone.

“Mom, you had someone investigate me?”

“Oscar Clinton! Everything has progressed to this terrible extent, so why are you still trying to distract me? Do you only care about Amelia? Is she more important than me?”

Oscar took a deep breath and tried to sound appeasing when he said, “Mom, I don’t know what you’ve heard, but I am here in Anglandur for work-related issues.”

“You’re still lying? And to your own mother? Someone saw you and Amelia getting on the plane in Beshya heading to Anglandur. They also saw Derrick and Tiffany there! Why are you protecting Amelia? And why didn’t you tell me that you found my grandson? What are you scheming? Are you going to keep my grandson away from me for the rest of my life?” demanded Olivia in an agitated state.

Oscar massaged his temple and replied, “Mom, it’s true that I’ve found Amelia and Tony, but I have to settle the matter in Anglandur before I can take them home. You’ll be able to see Tony soon.”

“I don’t freaking care what you have to deal with. You are to come home with my precious grandson right now! As for Amelia... Well, don’t bother taking her over. I don’t want to see her,” insisted Olivia. There was no room for negotiation at all.

Oscar took another deep breath and was working hard to stop himself from losing his temper. Despite his struggles, he pointed out, “Mom, you’re too agitated, so I won’t waste my time saying anything else. Amelia is the only woman for me, and I don’t care if you like her or not. She is my one and only wife.”

“Oscar Clinton, are you trying to drive your own mother nuts?”

“Of course not, Mom. I just want you to know how determined I am about Amelia. I love her. It had been two years, but I still

can't get her off my mind. This is something I've never experienced before, not even when I was with Cassie."

"I don't care if you love her. In fact, I will make things crystal clear right now. However much I loved Amelia back then is how much I loathe her now. I will only recognize my precious grandson as family and will not take Amelia back in," declared Olivia before she ordered, "I will give you two days. If I don't see my grandson in two days, I will move to the hospital right away, and you can forget about ever seeing me again!"

After saying all that, Olivia hung the call up.

All Oscar could see was how his phone's screen had turned dark. He felt a headache coming. Olivia was stubborn, and no one knew that fact better than Oscar.

He took another deep breath to calm himself down and to ease the frustration boiling within him. When he turned around, however, he saw Amelia standing there.

Amelia flashed him a smile upon seeing him.

Oscar rushed over to her and caressed her face. After that, he asked, "How long have you been standing here?"

"Not for long. Was that Mom?" asked Amelia nonchalantly.

"Yeah. Did you hear everything?"

"Not really. How has Mom been?"

“She’s good, but she misses Tony. She actually called to ask if I’m with you. According to her, I had better take you home within two days or else all hell would break loose. Anyway, your eyes seem to be recovering well, so will you come home with me?” requested Oscar as he held Amelia’s hands.

Amelia thought about it for a little while before replying, “I want to drop by Beshya first, Oscar. Many in Beshya had helped me in the past two years, and I can’t just leave them now that my eyes have recovered.”

“But Mom misses Tony too much. Let’s head home first because Mom actually misses Tony so much that her illness acted up several times. Will you postpone the trip to Beshya as a way of doing me a favor?” asked Oscar. His tone made him sound as though he was begging.

Amelia looked guilty when she shot a look over. She tilted her head down almost immediately after and confessed, “Oscar, the truth is... I’m scared.”

“What are you scared of?” asked Oscar as he walked over and pulled her into his arms. “Are you worried that Mom would take Tony away?”

Amelia rubbed her face in Oscar’s chest and deliberated for a moment before answering that question. “Oscar, I took Tony away without saying goodbye and was gone for two years. I’m sure Mom hates me for that. At the time, my condition made me think that I should cut off all ties with the Clintons. I never even imagined that you’d find me or that my eyes would recover. Heading back to the Clinton residence after everything that had

happened... I'm so nervous. I truly worry that Mom will take Tony away.”

Oscar caressed her hair and chuckled. “Silly woman. Stop overthinking the situation. I will deal with my parents, and I won't let them hurt you.”

Amelia smiled. She knew that Oscar was deliberately making things sound simpler than they actually were. Amelia had experienced how stubborn Olivia was, and the latter was practically a dictator at home. If Olivia refused to let Amelia into the house, it was likely that Amelia would actually be chased out of it.

Still, Amelia was the one who got herself into that mess, so she could only blame herself and do her utmost best to make up for everything she had done.

All that worry compelled Amelia to keep resting in Oscar's arms. She eventually requested, “Oscar, please give me some time. I will go home with you after I've thanked all the people who helped me in Beshya.”

Oscar couldn't help compromising once more.

“Okay, I'll spare a few days. We'll head back to the Clinton residence once you've settled everything. Don't worry. I will deal with Mom,” promised Oscar as he stroked her hair.

“Oscar, thank you for loving me unconditionally. Over the past two years, I kept thinking that you don't love me and was convinced that you won't stay by my side as I struggle through my blindness. That was something I couldn't accept about myself.

Then there was Cassie. Seeing you with her in the hotel... That was something I can never erase from my mind. Everything was such a mess, and I thought that I can move on as time passes. Unfortunately, it turned out that I had underestimated my love for you.”

“Nothing happened between Cassie and I.”

Amelia put her finger on Oscar’s lips and smiled. “I don’t blame you for anything, Oscar. I just didn’t think that the end result would be that different from what I imagined. Truth is, I thought that I would never see you again. Who would’ve thought that we’d find each other two years later? And to think that you’re the one who cured my eyes by tapping into your network. How will I ever repay you for all that?”

Oscar smiled exasperatedly. He flicked his finger over Amelia’s head to punish her a little.

“Stop overthinking things, woman.”

Amelia smiled, but she felt depressed. She knew that the peace she had with Oscar was temporary. They were in the eye of the tornado, and the war was awaiting them in the city she had tried to abandon.

She looked at Oscar. He was the man she could never forget in her lifetime. I will fight for him because he is worth it. Even if I am wounded from this war, the scars I wear will still be bittersweet. That’s how love is, after all. Its happiness is always tangled with its hardship.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 399

Chapter 399 Why Did You Hit Her

After James confirmed that there weren't any after-effects from the surgery, Amelia and the others packed up and planned to return to Chanaea. As for James, he had submitted his resignation and would also head to Chanaea in a month.

Before leaving, he deliberately made time to meet Amelia.

“Amelia, please don't let Oscar down. He has spent a lot of time trying to find a suitable cornea for you in the past two years. I've never seen him treat any women so altruistically. Even when Cassie left him back then, I never saw him trying to reconcile with her. To him, you're extraordinary. I think you should compromise some things for him.”

Amelia lowered her head and contemplated for a while. Then, she raised her head and assured, “James, don't worry. I will.”

“I'm glad that you're willing to listen to me. Ever since you left, Oscar has been under a lot of pressure. Previously, his mother even threatened him with her life, forcing him to completely cut ties with you, but he persevered with it. Although he seems aloof, he's fiercely loyal toward the woman he loves.” James told her a lot of things she had no way of knowing.

In an instant, she was overwhelmed with mixed feelings. An indecipherable emotion flashed across her eyes.

“James, thank you for telling me this,” Amelia expressed her gratitude.

Hearing that, James smiled heartily. “I talked a little more than usual today. I hope you don’t mind. All right, I have to perform two surgeries later, so I won’t be sending you to the airport.”

“It’s okay. Go ahead.”

Shortly afterward, James asked the butler to send them to the airport while he hurried to the hospital.

At the airport, Amelia walked up to Oscar and straightened his perfectly tidy suit. “Oscar, I’ll go back to Beshya for a few days. Once I’ve settled everything, I’ll bring Tony back. No matter what, he’s still the grandson of the Clinton family. I’ll definitely let Mom meet with him.”

Oscar’s lips curled upward into a smile, and he gently patted the back of her head. “I can’t go to Beshya with you. You must take good care of yourself, okay? Only I’m allowed to bully you. You need to stop giving yourself a hard time. Understand?”

Amelia could not help grinning and patted his chest. “You’re so domineering.”

While waiting for the plane, they were being lovey-dovey and unwilling to separate for even a second. It wasn’t until the time came that they boarded the plane separately. Amelia, Tiffany, Kurt, and Tony returned to Beshya while Derrick and Oscar headed to Tayhaven.

On the plane, Tiffany piped up, “Amelia, after reconciling with Oscar, I noticed that you’re more willing to express your feelings toward him.”

A smile crept onto Amelia’s face. “He has done so much for me. If I wasn’t touched by it, then I would be a woman with a heart of stone. Moreover, his attitude toward me has never changed.”

Tiffany turned around to look at her and saw the gentle expression on her face. She looks just like a woman who’s deeply in love.

“I thought that your feelings would dwindle after two years of separation, but they grow stronger instead. Seeing that you and Oscar are doing well, I feel relieved,” Tiffany stated.

After a pause, she cast a brief look at Kurt, who was holding Tony with his eyes shut, looking to be asleep. “Amelia, now that you’ve reconciled with Oscar, what are you going to do with Kurt? Tony’s too reliant on him. It won’t be easy for you and Oscar to get back together.”

The smile on Amelia’s face faltered. She lowered her head and fell into deep thought.

Grabbing her hand, Tiffany uttered, “Since you’ve chosen Oscar, I think you should keep a distance from Kurt. It’d be good for both of you.”

“I know. I’ll find a time to make it clear to him. It’s just that Tony’s too clingy to him. I’d only hurt Tony if I separate them by force.” That was what Amelia was concerned about. Besides, it

would be ungrateful for her to chuck Kurt aside immediately after she reunited with Oscar.

Taking another look in Kurt's direction, Tiffany saw Tony fiddling with Kurt's chin mischievously. At that instant, complicated emotions flashed across her eyes.

“You should think about it carefully. I actually said some pretty harsh things to Kurt when we were in Anglandur. I believe he'll listen to what you have to say. If you're certain that you don't love him, it's better to separate as soon as possible. Stringing him along will only make him fall deeper in love with you,” stated Tiffany solemnly. Back then, she intended to get Amelia and Kurt together, but now that Oscar had appeared, it would be bad for the three of them to be in an entanglement.

“Okay,” responded Amelia softly.

Subsequently, Tiffany took the coat on her lap and draped it over Amelia's shoulder. “Take a rest. Your eyes have just recovered. So don't tire yourself out now.”

Amelia closed her eyes obediently.

When they arrived in Beshya, Amelia and Tiffany walked in front, while Kurt walked behind with Tony in his arms.

Then, they hailed a cab and went back to the neighborhood where they lived before. As soon as they got out of the elevator, they saw Eleanor and Amelia Hutton standing at the door.

Eleanor and Amelia Hutton also turned their heads when they heard the sound of the elevator. Seeing their appearances, Amelia

Winters was still stunned even though she was mentally prepared. Back when she could not see, she could comfort herself that Tiffany and the others were exaggerating. However, now that she saw it with her own eyes, she was shocked to realize that there was someone who looked so similar to her.

Never had Amelia Winters thought she would look so identical to Eleanor.

At that instant, a strange thought flashed across her mind. Is she truly my biological mother? Or is she so passionate toward me only because I look like her?

Eleanor's eyes reddened the moment she saw Amelia Winters. She rushed toward the latter and stopped when she was two steps away from her. "Lia, you're finally back. Where have you been? You didn't even tell me that you were leaving. I thought you weren't coming back anymore. You've scared the daylights out of me. Please don't do this again. I've been waiting for you for days, and we can't get through your phone. I really thought something happened to you and was worried sick."

Before Amelia Winters could answer, Amelia Hutton walked over, lifted her hand, and slapped the former before everyone could react.

After slapping her, Amelia Hutton reprimanded, "Normally, people would inform their family and friends before they leave, but you just left without saying anything. No matter how many times we tried to reach you by phone, it couldn't get through. Do you know that my mom almost fell ill because of you? She had a medical history of mental illness. If she fell ill this time, she might

need to be admitted to a psychiatric hospital. Are you proud that my mom is worried about you? You're such a hypocrite."

The slap was so sudden that Amelia Winters fell into a momentary daze.

Meanwhile, Eleanor pushed Amelia Hutton away and scolded sternly, "Why did you hit her?" Then, she turned to Amelia Winters and asked concernedly, "Lia, how do you feel? Does it hurt? Amelia doesn't know any better. I'll teach her a lesson when I go back. Hurry up and show me your face. Does it hurt a lot?"

As she spoke, a hint of cold glint flickered past her eyes. Glaring at Amelia Hutton, she said anxiously, "Apologize to your sister right now. How can you slap her without any reason? Seems like I'll have to discipline you when we're home."

Instantaneously, Amelia retorted aggrievedly, "Mom, I'm just seeking justice for you. Look at you. You've lost so much weight because of her."

"I don't need you to seek justice for me. I was just worried that something had happened to Lia. Who asked you to slap her? If Lia's angry at me for this, you don't need to call me Mom anymore," berated Eleanor.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 400

Chapter 400 She Did Not Dare To Acknowledge Her

Tony broke away from Kurt's embrace and trotted toward Amelia Hutton. In the next moment, he bit her hand like a puppy, causing her to cry out in pain.

Immediately, Amelia Winters stepped forward and hugged Tony in her arms. "Tony, let go of her. Otherwise, I'll get angry."

Only then did Tony stop biting Amelia Hutton. However, he still glared at her like a wolf cub as he snarled, "How dare you slap Mommy? I'll bite you to death."

Grabbing the hand that was bitten by Tony, Amelia Hutton was on the verge of tears. She looked at Amelia Winters and questioned, "Amy, is this how you educate your son?"

Just then, Tiffany shielded Amelia Winters behind her and piped up, "Ms. Hutton, we're just acquaintances. It might be inappropriate for us to leave without informing you, but that doesn't mean you can slap Amelia because of it. I think Tony did nothing wrong. He's teaching you how to respect others. To be honest, we only got to know you and your mother by chance. We aren't obligated to report our whereabouts to both of you."

A hint of embarrassment flickered past Amelia Hutton's eyes while Eleanor's face blanched.

With Tony in her arms, Amelia Winters uttered, "Tiff, don't say that." The next moment, she averted her gaze to Eleanor and suggested, "Mrs. Hutton, let's talk in the house. This is the corridor. We might disturb others."

After entering the house, she put Tony down and said to him gently, “Tony, what did I tell you? You can’t be rude to people, and you can’t bite them without reason. Have you forgotten what I taught you? You’ve bitten Amelia just now. Shouldn’t you apologize to her?”

Nevertheless, Tony lifted his chin and snorted arrogantly. “Mommy, she’s a bad woman. She slapped you. I’m not going to apologize to her. I’ll bite whoever that bullies you.”

Using his little hand to caress her cheek, he leaned over and blew on it gently. “I’ll blow away all the pain for you, Mommy.”

His words and actions brought warmth to the deepest part of her heart.

Amelia Winters pulled Tony into her arms and grinned. “It doesn’t hurt anymore. However, you still have to apologize if you did something wrong. Go and apologize to Amelia and promise that you’ll never do it again in the future. Or else, I’ll be angry.”

Tony pursed his lips, looking obviously reluctant.

“Tony, be good now. Hurry up.”

In the end, he reluctantly approached Amelia Hutton and apologized, “Amelia, I’m sorry. But you did bully my mommy, so I don’t regret biting you.”

Amelia Hutton’s expression darkened.

Subsequently, Eleanor squatted down and hugged Tony. “You’re such a good boy and even know how to apologize to others at

such a young age. Your mother has taught you well. I'm so proud of you."

With that said, she looked at Amelia Hutton and questioned, "Tony is only two years old and already knows that he has to apologize when he has done something wrong. What about you? Shouldn't you apologize to Lia?"

Amelia Hutton stood rooted to the spot and did not respond.

"Are you trying to piss me off?" Eleanor's face fell as she spoke.

Only then did Amelia Hutton walk over reluctantly.

"Amy, I'm sorry. I was too impulsive just now. Please forgive me," enunciated Amelia Hutton insincerely.

Amelia Winters wore a smile on her face, but her smile was tinged with a hint of aloofness.

"Amelia, I don't blame you. I went to Anglandur in a hurry, so I forgot to inform you and Mrs. Hutton. When I arrived in Anglandur, I had too many problems to settle. Plus, I changed to an Anglandurn phone number, so I wasn't able to receive your call. I'm the one who should apologize to you. I'm glad that you still remember me even though we aren't that close," remarked Amelia Winters.

Amelia Hutton's cheeks flushed a little.

"Amy, I acted too rashly just now. I shouldn't have slapped you even if I'm angry. I just feel sorry for my mom. She has a history of mental illness, and the doctor said that if she falls ill again, she

may need to be admitted to a psychiatric hospital for treatment. She has controlled her emotions well in the past few years, and she's also doing counseling with her psychiatrist every month. Yet, she almost had a relapse because she was too worried about you. That's why I was anxious," explained Amelia Hutton.

Truth be told, Amelia Hutton had complicated feelings toward Amelia Winters. On one hand, she hoped that she could have an elder sister who could chat with her, but on the other, she did not want Amelia Winters to take away all the attention of her family. It was somewhat of a love-hate relationship.

Moments later, Amelia Winters shifted her attention to Eleanor and uttered guiltily, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Hutton."

Eleanor looked at her sparkling eyes and was unable to hold back her excitement. She hugged Amelia Winters while shedding tears. "Lia, have your eyes recovered? I didn't notice it because of the chaos just now. You can finally see again. I'm really happy for you."

When she calmed down, Amelia Winters helped her to sit on the sofa and handed her a tissue. "Mrs. Hutton, please wipe your tears."

Wiping off the tears from the corners of her eyes, Eleanor explained apologetically, "Lia, I was too happy for you. Did I scare you?"

In response, Amelia Winters shook her head. "Mrs. Hutton, I'm grateful that you cared so much about me. I've always regarded you as my elder. Previously, Tiff said that I look a lot like you, but

I don't really believe it. However, I believe it now. Looking at you, I almost thought that I'm actually your daughter, but I know that I'm not. I appreciate everything that you have done so far, but I'm leaving soon. We might put this apartment up for sale after we leave. Fate has brought us together. So, if you go to Tayhaven one day, please come look for me, and I'll provide you with food and accommodation."

"Why are you leaving? Was I being too friendly? Did I scare you? I can change if that's the case." All of a sudden, Eleanor grew nervous.

"Mrs. Hutton, don't get me wrong. I'm not leaving because of you. My husband is from Tayhaven. He manages his family business over there and can't leave. As his wife, it's only natural that I'd bring my son back to reunite with him. There's no reason for a married couple to live separately, right?" Amelia Winters clarified with patience.

"I see." There was a hint of disappointment in Eleanor's eyes.
"Lia, can I go visit you after you go back to Tayhaven?"

Amelia Winters grinned. "Of course. You're welcome to drop by anytime."

Eleanor's lips curled into a smile as well. She fixated her gaze on Amelia Winters and stated, "Lia, you're such a good child. I wish I could keep you by my side for the rest of my life. Sometimes, I think that it would be great if you could call me Mom. However, many things are out of control, and I don't have a choice. I'm not keeping the truth a secret for my sake. It's because I'm afraid that you will be hurt for a second time. Anyway, it's a good thing that

you're leaving Beshya. Although Tayhaven is pretty far from Saspiuburg, I can travel there by plane. I'll visit you when I get the chance."

Upon hearing that, Amelia Winters felt a pang of sadness in her heart.

Her heart was a tempest of emotions as she looked at Eleanor. She could see the agony in Eleanor's eyes. There had to be a reason why she did not dare to acknowledge Amelia Winters as her daughter. Hence, the latter did not mention a word regarding their blood relation as well. If she was being honest with herself, the situation they were in right then was not that bad. Everyone knew the truth but chose to play dumb and pretended that it had never happened.

"Lia, you must be tired after traveling for the whole day. Take a good rest. I'll make you some beef bourguignon in the afternoon," commented Eleanor while standing up.

"Thank you, Mrs. Hutton."

After Eleanor and Amelia Hutton left, Tiffany vented her frustration. "What the hell is wrong with them? Are we obliged to forgive them if they back down after beating people up? Do they really think that we're pushovers?"

"Tiff, please don't say that. We were indeed at fault for leaving without informing them. They have the right to be angry."

"But that doesn't mean they can beat someone up. You don't even know how much I want to teach Amelia a lesson just now. If

it wasn't for the fact that she might be your younger sister, I wouldn't have suppressed my anger.”

In response, Amelia merely shook her head.

“Amelia, you're being too kind to her. She's getting more and more overboard now. She didn't even show you any respect earlier.”

“Tiff, if a stranger suddenly appears to rob you of your mother's love, you'll feel upset as well, right? She's just spoiled. Not to mention that Mrs. Hutton is too protective of me, so it's understandable for Amelia to feel hostile toward me.” Amelia Winters could understand Amelia Hutton's feelings and empathize with her. If our roles were reversed, I'd probably hate the person who takes away my mother's love as well. It's human nature.

“Why are you defending her? Did you forget how hard she slapped you just now?”

“Tony has blown away the pain for me. It doesn't hurt anymore. So let's just stop talking about this. Once we leave Beshya, we won't have anything to do with them anymore.” Amelia's face turned gloomy as she said that. With much difficulty, she finally met someone who might be related to her by blood, but they were not willing to acknowledge her. No matter it was the Winters family or the Hutton family, to them, she was just an outsider. Even if Eleanor treated her well, she could see that Eleanor did not dare to acknowledge her.

She could not help but smile bitterly. Did I do something wrong? Why do both families dislike me? Although the Winters family never abused her physically, emotional abuse still caused her trauma. In actuality, she also longed for family affection and a warm home in her heart.

“Babe, let’s stop talking about the Hutton family. It doesn’t matter whether they’re related to you or not. If they don’t acknowledge you, we’ll pretend that we didn’t find out about it. After we go back to Tayhaven, you should cut off all ties with them. You still have us. Oscar, Tony, Kurt, and I are your strong and reliable relatives.”

Listening to that, Amelia burst out in laughter. The sadness she felt earlier disappeared in an instant, and her mood inexorably improved.

Life had to go on. She had no time to waste on indulging in sadness. Besides, there were more unfortunate people in the world than her. Although her family treated her indifferently, at least she was well-fed and had a house to live in. She was grateful that she did not have to starve.