

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 107

Amelia nodded in response.

"You don't have to worry because Mr. Clinton's injury is not severe," the head nurse comforted her.

"Where is he now?"

"The doctor is bandaging his wounds now, so he should come out once it's done. Don't worry."

Amelia finally heaved a sigh of relief.

"You seem to be a little pale-faced now. Why don't you sit on the chair and take some deep breaths?"

Amelia nodded and said, "Ma'am, I'm sure you're busy with your work. It's okay, I'll wait for him here." She then took Oscar's phone from the nurse.

"Alright, I'll get going, then. Mr. Clinton will come out and see you once the doctor has finished tending to his injuries."

Right after the head nurse left, Amelia leaned against the wall feebly like a punctured balloon. The moment she relaxed, she felt a slight abdominal pain.

She gasped for air slowly until the pain subsided.

Then, she caressed her belly and said lovingly, "Sweetheart. I'm sorry. I was too nervous just now."

After sitting outside for nearly ten minutes, Oscar finally came out from the ward with his arm covered with thick layers of bandage.

Immediately, Amelia came up to him and asked nervously, "Darling, are you okay? Are any of your bones damaged?"

Seeing how sincere and worried she was about him, Oscar felt touched and replied, "It's not that serious, just some minor injuries on my right arm. Don't worry too much."

However, Amelia's heart wrenched whenever she looked at his bandaged arm. "How did the accident happen?"

Oscar wrapped his hand around her waist and said, "Let's go. I'll explain it to you at home."

Although Amelia followed him obediently, she couldn't help but ask out of curiosity, "It was a car accident, right? Who caused it, and who was the victim?"

Since Amelia dwelled on it, Oscar decided to give her a short explanation.

After getting off work, Oscar wanted to rush home to have dinner with Amelia. On his way back, a Tibetan Mastiff suddenly rushed to the middle of the road, causing him to jerk the steering wheel before crashing the car into a big pot of flower at the roadside.

Amelia was both amused and wrought with worry by the story.

"Mr. Clinton, it seems like you've encountered some rare sight that would only happen once in a hundred years. What more can I say? Amelia continued, "Anyway, how are you going to work tomorrow since your right arm is injured?"

"Well, it's just a minor injury. The doctor purposely put extra layers of bandages to prevent any sequela because he knows me. Besides, since my bones are fine, I can still touch you. So wait for me tonight. I'll make sure that you can't get out of bed the next day."

Amelia was rendered speechless by his words. How is he still in the mood to joke around?

She rolled her eyes at him and deliberately patted on his injured right arm. Immediately, his face contorted in pain. He gritted his teeth and growled, "Hey woman, are you trying to murder your husband?"

She replied cheekily, "Didn't you say you're fine just now? I'm just trying to examine if you were telling the truth."

He glanced at her and said, "Aren't you a little heartbroken seeing my hand is injured?"

After falling silent for a while, she lowered her gaze and said in a deep voice, "If I didn't feel heartbroken, I wouldn't even be here when I heard that you met an accident."

Oscar was touched by her response. He took her into his arms and said, "Did I worry you that much?"

The next moment, tears welled up in Amelia's bloodshot eyes as though all the grievances and anxiousness that she kept bottled up were released.

"Mr. Clinton, although you might think you're a God, can you please be a little more careful? It doesn't matter if we might get a divorce in the future, but for now, I am still your wife. I don't wish to be a widow that early, okay?"

Oscar did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"I'm still safe and sound, aren't I? Why are you trying to cursed me to death?"

"Stop it," Amelia said. "If you talk nonsense again, I'll be really pissed at you."

Deep down, Oscar felt that the way Amelia was bickering with him looked particularly cute. It seemed that the longer they spent time together, the harder it was for him to let go of the woman, whom he always thought was but a money-digger.

Amelia drove Oscar home. After entering the house, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, do you want to take a shower first?"

Oscar did not reply to her. Instead, he came up to the dining table and opened the food cover. Once he saw the dishes, his eyes glinted while his heart melted.

"Did you prepare all these?"

"Molly helped me a lot, but I made the roasted rosemary chicken myself. I tried it, and it tasted good. Anyway, the dishes are already cold. So why don't you take a shower first? I'll heat the food up in the meantime," Amelia said.

Unable to restrain himself, Oscar suddenly hugged her from behind before he gently nibbled on her earlobe. "You're so thoughtful."

The tip of her ear turned red instantly.

"Hey, your arm is injured. Behave yourself." Amelia said as she pushed him away gently, feeling embarrassed.

Oscar put on a smile and replied mischievously, "I'm just hugging you. Why? Did you imagine something else?"

Amelia glared at him but couldn't conceal her embarrassment.

"Go take a shower now. I'm going to heat the food."

He kissed her cheek once before letting her go and going upstairs.

When he came downstairs again, Amelia had finished heating the food. Once he came to the dining room, she observed his right arm. When she saw that the bandage wasn't wet, she heaved a sigh of relief. "Here I was, worrying that you wouldn't know how to keep your bandage dry. I guess I was worrying for nothing."

He gently poked her nose and questioned her, "Don't you have some trust in your husband?"

She scrunched her nose up and said teasingly, "Mr. Clinton, my nose might fall off if you keep poking it. Aren't you worried that I'll look like a piggy if that happens?"

"Well, if you really become a piggy, no one is going to take you in except me. So, you really have to please me, or else I might abandon you at any time."

She rolled her eyes at him and rebutted, "You're the piggy here, not me."

"Well, if I'm a pig, you'll be a sow."

Amelia almost burst into laughter once he finished. He's good at making jokes now. Should I compliment him for unlocking a new achievement?

Nonetheless, she was rendered speechless by the word "sow."

How can a beauty like me be described as a sow?

Amelia retaliated by patting on his injured right arm, making him grit his teeth in pain.

Then, she said delightedly, "Mr. Clinton, never offend women because we are all vengeful creatures."

Oscar did not know whether to laugh or cry at that.

After both of them sat at the dining table, Amelia opened a bottle of 1982 wine and filled up their glasses. Then, she lifted her glass and said, "Mr.

Clinton, let us toast to your safety. It's a blessing from God that you're safe and sound after the accident."

The next moment, Oscar lifted and clinked his glass with hers. "Cheers."

After taking a sip of the wine, she cut some of the roasted rosemary chicken onto a plate for him and said, "I roasted it for about three hours. Mr. Clinton, you should try it."

When Oscar took a bite, his first thought was that even though the food was not as good as the ones prepared by Molly, it still tasted heavenly because it was cooked by Amelia herself.

Although Amelia did cook before, he didn't care about her back then as he treated her as a gold digger. Now that he slowly accepted her as his wife, his impression of her had changed as well.

Deep in his heart, he felt that his home was almost perfect, for he had a wife and a child, who would be born soon.

It was the first time he felt that life was satisfying and complete because of having a wife.

As he was deep in thought, he said lovingly, "Honey."

Amelia, who was holding the ladle, was stunned. She stopped moving her hand and gazed at him with a shocked expression.

Ever since they had a heart-to-heart talk in the car, Oscar hadn't called her "Honey" again until now. She felt a warm feeling surging through her once she heard it.

"Mr. Clinton, you..."

"We're having a nice moment here, why are you still calling me Mr. Clinton?"

She chuckled and said as he wished, "Darling."

Instantly, Oscar's lips quirked up, his mood brightened by a tonne.

"From now on, you have to call me Darling and not Mr. Clinton whenever we are at home. Got it?" Oscar commanded in an overbearing tone.

Glancing at him sideways, she asked bewilderedly, "Mr. Clinton, did you change your gender?"

He almost choked on the soup upon hearing that.

“You’re really...”

She stuck her tongue out playfully and added, “Well, Mr. Clinton, you can’t blame me for thinking that you’ve changed your gender. After all, you’re acting so....”

You’re acting so weird today. Amelia dared not speak her mind, for he was sitting in front of her.

“What’s with how I’m acting?” He asked, following her train of thoughts.

However, she merely shook her head and lowered her gaze, pretending to have her soup.

Meanwhile, Oscar couldn’t help but look at Amelia with affection.

“Am I a horrible monster? Why aren’t you looking at me?” Oscar questioned.

After hesitating for a few seconds, Amelia looked up at him and said with a smile, “Mr. Clinton, is the food delicious?”

“It’s Darling.”

Seeing how she was at a loss, he explained again, “If you don’t call me Darling at home, I won’t reply to you at all.”

Amelia was amused by his words. After all, it was her first time to realize that he was rather stubborn.

Gazing at him, she drawled out the words and called out sweetly, “Darling.”

Oscar unknowingly shivered upon hearing it and said in a deep voice, “Speak properly.”

In response, Amelia supported her chin with an arm and kept casting suggestive winks at him. “Mr. Clinton, don’t you think the way I talk is cute?”

A gleam flashed across Oscar’s eyes at that, but he immediately lowered his gaze and had his soup. Noticing the change of his emotions, Amelia said in an even more coquettish voice, “Darling, I’ll be upset if you keep ignoring me.”

Hearing that, Oscar spat out some of the soup that he just had. Then, he lifted his gaze to stare at her and spoke in a perplexed tone. "Speak properly."

Evidently in a good mood, Amelia simply grinned mischievously.

Shortly afterward, she continued to talk coquettishly as though she was addicted to it. "I heard that many men like women who acted cutely. Darling, don't you like how I talk now?"

"You're not that type of woman."

"Well, Darling, if you prefer this type of woman, I can try to change."

"Well, don't."

After gazing at him for three seconds, she suddenly burst into laughter.

"Haha... why are you... You're too adorable!"

Oscar stared at Amelia for a while. Seeing how she couldn't stop laughing, he said helplessly, "Let's have dinner."

Nevertheless, she simply kept laughing.

Oscar stood up and came up to Amelia. Then, he held her head and dipped his head to kiss her lips.

Both of them were immersed in the romantic moment as their lips touched each other. However, as soon as they were about to go all the way, Amelia's stomach growled at an inopportune timing.

Oscar let go of her and asked while staring at her stomach, "Are you hungry?"

Blushing, she averted her gaze and replied, "I was worried about you ever since I received the news. Now that it's nearly ten at night, I'm famished."

No matter how merciless he was, he couldn't force himself upon her when she was hungry. As such, he only stared at her aggressively and said, "I won't let you off the hook later."

Amelia chuckled and said defiantly, "I'm worried instead that you might..." Although she bit her tongue, Oscar could guess the unpleasant words that she wanted to say. After all, her emotion was written all over her face.

He asserted, "You'll find out whether I'm still able to do it later."

Once again, Amelia burst into laughter because he looked adorable when he argued with her.

After a while, they finished having dinner, which was not particularly romantic but definitely warm. When Amelia took the plates and glasses into the kitchen, Oscar followed behind her, gazing at her like a famished wolf that was targeting its prey.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 108

When Amelia was doing the dishes, she felt uncomfortable as Oscar kept staring at her with his ardent eyes from behind.

Shortly afterward, Oscar hugged Amelia from behind tightly before he gently bit her ear and said lovingly, "Honey, you look particularly sexy when you're doing the dishes. All men love women who are willing to cook and do the dishes for them. Well, come to think of it, I guess it is a blessing from God that I got to marry you back then."

Amelia's ear twitched, and she struggled a while to free herself. "Mr. Clinton, stop it."

The moment Oscar heard her addressed him as Mr. Clinton, he bit on her ear gently again.

"What did you call me?"

Loss for words for a while, she decided to fulfill his wish. "Darling, I'm doing the dishes now. Why don't you go out and have some fruits? Just stop messing around here."

When he bit her ear again, she said helplessly, "Oscar, are you a puppy in your past life?"

With that, her ear was bitten once again.

Amelia put down the dishes and wiped her hands. Then, she turned around and gave him a cold-eyed stare before she pinched his cheeks forcefully. "Are you going to bite me again, huh?"

In response, Oscar simply let her pinch his cheeks. After nearly a minute, he finally grabbed her arms and said, "Are you done venting your anger?"

Instantly, Amelia rolled her eyes and instructed him, "Mr. Clinton, get out and stop pestering me while I'm doing the dishes. Or else, you can be the one to do the dishes, whereas I'll go out and have some fruits."

Oscar pretended to be angry as he glared at her. "Honey, you're getting bolder every day. How dare you talk to your husband like that?"

Amelia wrapped her arms around his neck and said coquettishly, "Mr. Clinton, don't you like how I behave now? Isn't it true that all men prefer girls who are sometimes playful, sometimes obedient, and sometimes overbearing? I think you'll love me even more because of my ever-changing personalities!"

Once she finished, Oscar pinched her cheeks and said, "My God, woman! How shameless can you be?"

Amelia tried to dodge but couldn't escape from him.

After frolicking for quite some time, he was finally willing to let her go.

Blushing, Amelia pushed Oscar away and said, "Mr. Clinton, please, just wait outside. It's over eleven o'clock now. None of us can sleep if we go on like this."

"In that case, let's not sleep."

Hearing that, Amelia couldn't help but roll her eyes again.

After nearly half an hour, she finally finished doing the dishes.

Once she exited the kitchen, Oscar came up to her and asked, "Are you done?"

Amelia gave him a sideways glance and said teasingly, "Mr. Clinton really has a comfortable life. After preparing dinner for you, I still had to do the dishes. Alas, you're not thoughtful at all."

Oscar could instantly tell that she was hinting at something else. As such, he began to massage her shoulder and said, "You're the only woman who'll get to experience my massage."

Amelia squinted her eyes as she enjoyed the service.

After massaging her shoulder for a while, Oscar suddenly scooped her into his arms and gazed at her lovingly. "Well, now that I've served you, shouldn't you do the same for me?"

She yelped, instinctively wrapping her arms around his neck.

With Amelia in his arms, Oscar went upstairs and entered the bedroom straight away. He then strode toward the bed before placing her down gently.

The next moment, Oscar pounced on her and said, "I'm not letting you off tonight."

With a smile on her face, Amelia replied seductively, "Well, Darling, I'm waiting."

However, when Oscar dipped his head to kiss her lips, the phone beside the bed suddenly rang.

Knitting his brows, Oscar decided to ignore it. Just when he was going to continue kissing her lips that he had lusted over the whole night, the phone started ringing again.

After a few seconds of incessant ringing, Amelia pushed at his chest and said, "Darling, your phone keeps ringing. Just answer it, or else we can't sleep at all."

Oscar grabbed his phone in annoyance. The moment he checked the screen, he frowned and was a little reluctant to pick it up.

Meanwhile, Amelia, who was initially in the mood for sex, recollected herself after noticing the change of emotions on his face.

A moment later, she covered herself with a blanket and asked, "Mr. Clinton, is it Ms. Yard?"

Oscar glanced at her and said, "I'm going out to answer this." With that, he left the room with his phone.

Amelia's heart wrenched as he left.

Just when she thought she was able to take their relationship further, Cassie had stepped between them yet again. No matter how obsessed Oscar was with her body, he would always recollect himself once Cassie called him.

At that moment, Amelia suddenly felt like a clown. She could provide Oscar physical pleasure but could never hold a special place in his heart.

She couldn't help but feel dejected. After all, whenever she thought that her relationship with Oscar improved a lot, Cassie's presence served as a

reminder that she was merely a replacement. Even though Oscar could satisfy her material needs, he still didn't love her wholeheartedly.

Although she knew that she probably wanted too much from him, she had to be greedy for her baby.

Oscar spent half an hour on the phone call. When he reentered the room, Amelia was already asleep on the bed.

He came up to the bed and gazed at her face. Then, he bent down to kiss her cheeks and said gently, "Are you asleep?"

Amelia did not respond to him.

Oscar walked toward the closet to grab his pajamas and put them on. After that, he got into bed, hugged her carefully, and rested his head against her stomach before talking to the baby softly. "Sweetheart, it's me, your daddy. Your mommy is asleep now, so you have to be a good baby and don't kick your mommy's stomach in the middle of the night, okay? Otherwise, I'm going to give you a good spanking once you're born."

Coincidentally, the baby in Amelia's stomach threw a kick in response.

Oscar was taken aback. A moment later, his lips curled into a smile, and he said in a low voice, "What a naughty baby."

For a few minutes, Oscar kept talking to Amelia's stomach like an idiot. At that moment, he didn't look like the intelligent, aloof man that he was and instead, he looked like a humble and caring man.

"Sweetheart, I have to sleep now. I'll talk to you tomorrow. You have to be a good baby and stop interrupting your mommy's sleep."

The next moment, the baby kicked twice, seemingly telling him to go to bed quickly and promising not to disturb Amelia.

Oscar kept smiling as he looked at Amelia's stomach. Later, he wrapped his arms around her waist and whispered, "Silly girl, Cassie did call me just now, but I didn't go to meet her as she requested. Now that our relationship has improved a little, I won't let her presence ruin it. I'm not sure how long we can keep the affection for each other, but I wish to at least leave you with some sweet memories."

With that, he closed his eyes while hugging her.

Once Oscar was breathing slowly and steadily, Amelia, who was supposed to be asleep, suddenly opened her eyes. She pried his hands away from her

stomach carefully and turned around. Staring at his face under the faint glow of the bedside lamp, she eventually got sentimental.

Oscar, it seems that I really can't depend on you. I thought you sincerely treat me as your wife, yet you only wish to create some wonderful memories for me.

If you're not being sincere with me, I would rather not want the memories. At least then, my heart wouldn't wrench as much when it's time for me to leave.

Amelia caressed Oscar's face and whispered, "Oscar, I'm not as strong as you think I am. All I ever wanted was an ordinary family, a husband who loves me, and our baby. Back then, I married you because of my debts. If I had a choice, I wouldn't marry someone while I was in a terrible situation. After all, every woman would want to be their best when they're marrying someone. Oscar, are we destined to be husband and wife only in name?"

What she got in response was Oscar's steady breathing.

Amelia heaved a sigh and continued, "Oscar, if you don't have feelings for me, why pamper me? Don't you know how difficult it is for a woman to let go once she has fallen in love?"

She touched his cheek gently as she added, "Oscar, you're the cruelest man I've ever met. You're good at stealing someone's heart, yet often forgets to return it."

After a while, she started to become a little hysterical. "Ever since I'm pregnant, I've become quite sentimental. Oscar, are you disgusted by me because I can't stop talking?"

She leaned in his arms and continued talking to herself. "Oscar, I don't want to get a divorce with you, and I'll try my best to keep you with me. As long as you need me, I'll never leave you."

With that, she finally closed her eyes and fell asleep.

The night went by silently.

When Amelia woke up the next morning, Oscar was not on the bed. She got up to check the bathroom before going out of the room and glanced downstairs, yet there was no sign of him. As she scratched her head in bewilderment, Molly, who was carrying a tray of breakfast, saw her.

"You're awake, Mrs. Clinton?"

“Good morning, Molly.”

“Good morning.”

Amelia scratched her head again before she asked, “Molly, where is Oscar?”

“Mr. Clinton left at eight in the morning. He specifically reminded me to let you sleep for a little longer. That’s why I didn’t come upstairs to wake you up. Since you’re awake now, please come downstairs and have breakfast. You need to keep a balanced diet.”

“I’ll wash up and come downstairs later.” Before entering the bathroom, she checked her phone. It’s already nine o’clock now. No wonder he has left.

After washing up and putting on some light makeup, Amelia came downstairs and sat at the dining table to have breakfast prepared by Molly.

Molly got a bowl of soup for her and said, “Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Clinton specifically instructed me to prepare a hard-boiled egg for you. He said it’s nutritious and good for your body.”

Amelia glanced at the hard-boiled egg in the bowl and pondered over it. Although she didn’t particularly like hard-boiled eggs, she still felt touched, for Oscar had specifically asked Molly to prepare an egg for her.

Even though she knew that it was just a gesture of kindness from Oscar, she still couldn’t help but feel charmed by it.

As she peeled the egg, she said, “Molly, have you had breakfast? Let’s eat together.”

Smiling, Molly replied, “It’s okay, Mrs. Clinton. I’ll have breakfast later.”

Amelia insisted, “Molly, we’re family. Besides, you’ve been working here for more than three years, you don’t have to be that courteous with me.”

With no other options, Molly sat down at the dining table.

Immediately, Amelia picked some vegetables for her and said, “Here, Molly, you should eat more.”

Molly beamed at her. “I might be the only one who can eat with my employer.”

"You're my elder. I see nothing wrong with you sitting down and eat with a junior like me."

Molly kept smiling and added, "Mrs. Clinton, you're a kind-hearted lady. Nowadays, there aren't many ladies who are both beautiful and polite to elders. I've seen many arrogant ladies who like spending money without restraint."

Amelia's lips quirked up. "Molly, you're flattering me too much. I might become arrogant because of your compliment."

"That's impossible. Mrs. Clinton has always been a beautiful and kind-hearted woman. If you and my youngest son are not married yet, I would have introduced him to you already. I'm just worried that a gorgeous lady like you won't be fond of my boy."

Amelia grinned.

"Molly, you're good at joking now."

"I wasn't joking. I mean what I said."

Upon hearing this, Amelia's felt more exuberant.

After having breakfast, Amelia received a phone call from Cassie. She couldn't help but furrow her brows as her good mood slowly faded away.