

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 11

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Reality is indeed different from fiction. Regardless of the female lead, the male lead, or the side characters, their fate lies in the author's hands.

"I'm not gabbing with you any longer. Get the takeout for me when it arrives. I'm gonna go take a nap."

Amelia plopped down on Tiffany's one and only bed and dozed off in a matter of seconds.

Sometime later, Amelia was woken up by the fragrant smell of food. She walked out of the bedroom groggily, just in time to see Tiffany setting the dining table.

"Tiff, you cooked? Didn't I say to order takeout?" Amelia asked, perplexed.

"Well, you're jilted. I figured I better comfort you with home-cooked food instead." Tiffany smiled.

Amelia stared at her with unconcealed doubt and said, "The only time you're not lazing around like a couch potato is when you're writing your manuscripts. What's gotten into you today?"

Tiffany removed her apron and threw it toward Amelia. "Go wash your face and come eat. Keep yapping on and you can forget about me stepping foot into the kitchen again."

"Got it! I'm going right away. It's a once-in-a-blue-moon thing that you cooked. How could I miss it? But hold up—are they actually edible?" Having thrown out her last jab, Amelia hurriedly dashed back into the bedroom.

"Get lost!" Tiffany shook her head, but her lips curved into a smile nonetheless.

It was later proven that Tiffany's dishes were not only edible but absolutely scrumptious. That was the only talent she had other than writing manuscripts. As Amelia put it, should her writing career not take off, she could seriously consider being a chef instead. Based on the magic she'd worked in the kitchen that night, it wouldn't be too bad to be a beautiful, captivating female chef in a big fancy hotel either.

"It's been years since I last had what you made, Tiff. I didn't expect your food to still taste like heaven," Amelia complimented. "I have full faith that you could compete with Gordon Ramsay if you ever meet him."

"I was born with the gift like a packaged deal. Besides, compared to you who could set fire in the kitchen by simply boiling water, it's not that hard for me to be fantastic at it."

Amelia continued drinking her soup before abruptly adding, "Tiff, do you think I could win Oscar Clinton's heart if I pick up culinary too?"

"Dream on. Oscar Clinton's the successor to Clinton Corporations with a net worth in the billions. What food do you suppose he's never had before? Even if he wanted home-cooked food, he has plenty of servants to do the work. When would he need your contribution? If I must say, you should divorce him as soon as possible and earn a comfortable sum of alimony. You've been married for four years. Don't wait until you lose both the man and the money and end up with nothing."

Tiffany's words were a direct blow to Amelia's confidence.

Amelia shot an aggrieved look at her. "What you said isn't wrong. But even if we do get divorced, I don't want his money either. It'll make me feel as if our marriage was purely a transaction."

Tiffany stared at her as if she was an idiot. "But isn't that what it is? A transaction?"

It was yet another blow to Amelia's already fragile dignity.

"Tiff, do you think I'm a fool?" she asked, her head lowering in dejection.

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Tiffany lifted her hand to poke Amelia's forehead, resolute to not sugarcoat her words. "At least you have some awareness. I think you're a complete idiot. How could you say that you won't accept his money?! You're gonna be the death of me!"

Amelia's head remained lowered, but her hand subconsciously moved to cover her belly. "Tiff... My period's late for ten days. If I'm pregnant, what should I do with the unplanned child?"

Tiffany was rendered speechless. She stared dumbly at Amelia and gulped. "Have you tested with the kit?"

Amelia shook her head.

Tiffany stood up immediately and said, "Let's go. I'll accompany you to buy a test kit. If it's positive and you don't want the child, then abort it. If you want to keep the child, I'm sure the Clintons are more than rich enough to raise a kid."

"Tiff..." Amelia spoke with difficulty. "If it's positive, I want to keep the child. When I first got married to Oscar, we had an agreement. He's responsible for the financial part, I'll be the in-name Mrs. Clinton, and I'll have to bear a child for the Clintons. But now that Cassie Yard has returned, he probably wouldn't want a child from another woman."

Tiffany went silent. A minute later, she questioned, "Have you really thought it through?"

Amelia pondered for a while before finally lifting her head. "Yes. I won't abandon my own offspring. I lost my parents when I was five. It was my grandparents who raised me and sent me to university. But they passed on before I could repay them. I love money and saved it. And I was going to give my grandparents a better life, but it's a pity they left before I could accomplish it. I want a child, a family. So if it's positive, I won't abort it. I have the means to give them a good life and provide them with the best education. I'll use my life in exchange for whoever tries to snatch the child from me."

"Whether or not there's a child remains in the future. Right now, let's eat. As for what happens next, we'll wait till we've filled our stomachs to find out. No matter if you wish to have a showdown with Oscar Clinton, or keep it from him, I'll support you anyway," Tiffany said in assurance.

"Thank you, Tiff." Amelia smiled in appreciation.

"There's no need for thanks between us. Although I write novels online, I can still afford to feed you and the little bean in your belly. So don't be afraid. At best, we'll go back to our old life. The only difference is that we'll have one more mouth to feed."

Tiffany said it rather nonchalantly, but Amelia knew that she was telling her that she would always be on her side no matter what decision she made.

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It would be a lie if Amelia said she wasn't moved. They weren't biological sisters, but their close relationship was one even money couldn't replace.

After having their brunch, Amelia stayed at Tiffany's until the sun had set before returning to the condo she shared with Oscar in the city.

She assumed Oscar was still out entertaining his clients, yet the lights were on when she pushed open the door. Oscar was sitting on the couch with an ankle over his knee, swirling the wine glass in his hand refinedly. All she received was a faint, indifferent look when she entered.

Amelia reacted quickly, putting on the smile she frequently used to deal with the man in front of her. "Mr. Clinton, didn't you say you have a business dinner tonight?" She bent to switch her footwear into her home slippers.

"Where were you? Why are you back so late?" Oscar questioned.

Amelia headed toward him, plopping down right on his lap. With her arms around his neck, she deliberately sniffed him and grinned. "You're back early. Did you miss me?"

Oscar circled his arm around her waist and placed his glass on the table, darting a profound gaze at her. "How obedient of you today. Are you out of money?"

Amelia giggled, but the iciness still reflected in her eyes. "You're so generous. The allowance you give me is more than sufficient to pay for my shopping for an entire year. How could I finish it so soon?"

He lifted and stroked her chin with his thumb. "I'll never let you go hungry as long as you remain obedient."

She snuggled into his embrace, sniffing him like a puppy. "Did you drink?"

Catching her wandering hands, he answered, "A little."

"There are plenty of beauties at those banquets. Why didn't you take the opportunity to abduct one of them?" Amelia leaned against his chest like a lazy kitten.

“Isn’t it better to be in the company of a lazy kitten like you?”

Amelia laughed. “If you were to take me to a banquet, I reckon I’ll turn into an enchanting little Persian cat.”

“All you need to do is to stay home obediently.”

Her eyes darkened in an instant. That man would never acknowledge that she was his wife. Each time he was to attend a social event, the female companion by his side would never be her.

Abruptly, she shifted away from his embrace, her tone distant as she announced, “I’m exhausted after shopping for the entire day. I’ll go take a shower and go to bed. Good night.”

Without waiting for a response, she returned to her room upstairs.

Oscar remained seated on the couch alone, his expression complicated as he watched Amelia slam the door behind her. When he returned to his senses and tried to go after her, the door had already been locked from the inside.

Frowning, he ordered with a low voice, “Open the door!”

However, a minute passed with no movements from the inside. Oscar raised his hand to knock on the door, getting visibly irritated. “Amelia Winters, stop throwing tantrums. Open the door.”

The door remained firmly closed.

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Oscar’s knocks gradually became heavier and furious. “Amelia Winters, open the door!” he commanded.

It wasn’t until he knocked ten consecutive times that the door finally clicked open from the inside.

Amelia, dressed only in a bathrobe, was standing behind the door, her hair wet and her cheeks slightly flushed. She was, needless to say, a picture-perfect example of temptation.

Oscar's eyes darkened with desire in a blink of an eye. His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed and scrutinized her from head to toe.

Amelia noticed the difference in his behavior, yet she remained distant when she spoke. "Mr. Clinton, I'm tired."

Oscar glanced down at her, picked her up, and kicked the door shut with the back of his foot. He lowered her onto the couch in the room, his large, calloused hand caressing her soft cheeks. "Why are you throwing a tantrum?"

Amelia rested her hands on his broad chest and replied, "Nothing. I'm just tired, that's all."

He looked at her silently. "It better be. I'd picked you in the first place because I liked that you weren't one who enjoyed meaningless quarrels. If you're now learning to put up airs with me, let me make it clear—you won't end up with a thing from me."

She was aware this was a warning from him. Her heart felt like it had dropped into a black hole, sinking so deep she could feel it in her stomach. But she still wore a smile on her face to conceal it. "Mr. Clinton, you don't have to keep reminding me. I know it better than anyone else that our marriage's merely a transaction. I'm not delusional. I love your money, you enjoy my body, and occasionally I'll help you to get rid of unwanted admirers."

Oscar gazed fervently at her as if trying to pick up any trace of unwillingness or pretense on her face. "That's good to hear."

Amelia was suddenly hit by a wave of fatigue. The thought of dealing with Oscar Clinton was completely overtaken by her yearning to go to bed. She closed her eyes and said, "I'm really tired. May I sleep?"

Oscar lifted her without warning, gently placing her on the bed before climbing up above her.

It was nearly half an hour later when the bed stopped creaking and their heavy panting gradually slowed down in unison.

Amelia leaned against his chest, inhaling his distinct masculine scent. She failed to conceal the weariness in her eyes for her body was worn out and so was her heart.

Oscar naturally noticed her abnormality and lifted her chin with his forefinger. "What's the matter?"

She shut her eyes at that, letting the silence fill up the room before she mustered up the courage to ask, "Darling, if I am pregnant with our baby, will you want me to give birth to them?"

Her loneliness late at night had caused her to spill her unspoken thoughts. She subconsciously wanted to treat Oscar as a loving husband rather than an associate of their transaction.

"Are you pregnant?" His tone was composed, making it hard to tell what his true thoughts were.

"What if I am? What will you do?" she asked feebly. Perhaps she was still wishing for Oscar to allow her to keep the child.

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"Abort it," Oscar said heartlessly.

Amelia blanched, feeling as though someone had stabbed her heart time and time again by those two words.

"Don't you want a child of your own?" She forced a smile.

"My child will only be borne by the woman I love. If you're pregnant, I'll get someone to arrange for a doctor's appointment. You'll go to the hospital and get an abortion." He spoke coldly like a beast who had no emotions.

Amelia's heart chilled there and then. Apparently, other than their chemistry in bed, he had no other feelings toward her despite their four years of marriage.

Abort it?

He's truly ruthless. He doesn't even want his own child. A man like that is definitely not worthy of my love and commitment.

She blocked out the mess in her mind and chuckled humorlessly. "You're really that cruel?"

Oscar regarded her with no emotions and said, "We talked about it when we first got married, hadn't we? The only relationship between us is my financial responsibility and your performance in bed. You'll get a sum of

money when the relationship comes to an end. Should you get pregnant accidentally, I'll pay for you to abort it. These were the conditions we mutually agreed. What? Are you trying to use a child to tie me down?"

Amelia's head drooped, desolately shielding the sourness in her eyes.

This man is still as cruel and ruthless as always.

Oscar raised her chin roughly only to meet her reddened eyes. His face dimmed, a hint of anger showing in his cold gaze. "Why are you crying?"

She shook his hands off stubbornly. "I'm not."

He reached for her once again, forcing her to look him in the eyes. "Are you really pregnant?"

She stared back silently.

"Are you really pregnant? Hm?" he patiently repeated the question.

Amelia chuckled forcibly, searching his face. "Mr. Clinton, if I'm really pregnant, are you going to send someone to force me to the hospital and get an abortion?"

Without a second thought, Oscar answered, "You can't keep the child. I can't let Cassie down."

Once again, she felt as though her heart was cut open by a small blade. He wouldn't even pretend to lie to make her feel better. Other than money, there was nothing else he was willing to offer.

Cassie Yard. Cassie Yard. To you, Cassie's the only woman your heart yearns for, even if she hurts you. Whether she returns or not, the spot in your heart's solely kept for her forever.

Amelia had never met the woman, but she couldn't help but be jealous of her. She had lost thoroughly before she even had a chance to compete against her rival in love.

"How devoted of you," she commented. It was too bad that devotion wasn't meant for her.

"Say, if you love Ms. Yard so much, why would you have sex with other women?"

Is it true that men only think with the lower half of their bodies? As long as it's a woman with decent looks, he would go to bed with her without the need to involve emotions.

"Cassie's a gem. She deserves to be treated well by me," he said as if he didn't know the words he spoke were killing someone else.

So I'm an ugly rock, then? Amelia scoffed silently in her heart.

She released herself from his shackles and said perfunctorily, "I'm exhausted. My body's taking a break for a day, so I'll go sleep in the guest room."

She turned to leave.

Oscar frowned. "So are you pregnant or not?"

Her steps halted. "Rest assured. If I'm pregnant, I'll make a trip to the hospital personally and get an abortion. I wouldn't want my child to be born into a world without a father."

Unaccustomed to her distant attitude, his brows furrowed even more. "Stop right there, Amelia Winters."

She had already made it to the door when he stopped her.

Without turning around, she responded indifferently, "Is there anything else, Mr. Clinton?"