

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 156

/ [Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 156 Like A Fool

On one side, there was Gary mourning for his doomed affections. On the other side, Tiffany was driving her car, watching the road through the windscreen. "Babe, where are we going?" she asked Amelia.

Amelia was resting on the passenger seat with her eyes closed. "Let's go to the hospital," she replied softly.

"To see Carter?"

Amelia nodded.

Tiffany glanced at her and said, "Babe, don't you think you've been waiting on him hand and foot?"

Amelia sighed. "Tiff, no matter what, we are still friends. How can I heartlessly cut off all contact with him now?"

"You shouldn't have had any contact with him from the start," Tiffany answered solemnly. "Five years ago, ever since he vanished and abandoned you, I'd already said the two of you weren't compatible. How could a responsible man leave the woman he loves dearly alone when she needs him the most?"

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Amelia fluttered her eyes open and glanced at Tiffany from the side. "Tiff, that matter's history. Moreover, we were merely friends at that time. Although we had feelings for each other, we were too cowardly to strive for what we wanted. Carter was the right person at the wrong time. I married someone else because we weren't meant to be together. Back then, there was simply no chance he could go against his family. He left due to his own family issues. So, you have to stop excoriating him for the past. Indeed, once upon a time, I'd blamed him. But I've completely moved on from it. I understand you're trying to stand up for me, but we can't push all the blame onto him. It's not fair for Carter, for we had only been friends from the beginning."

Tiffany curled her lips. "Babe, you have a big heart. Sure, I can forget about Carter Scott being a coward in the past, but don't expect me to be nice to him. It was never a good idea for you to reconnect with him, to

begin with. Some people are meant to be left in the past where they belong.”

Amelia could only smile wryly.

Tapping a rhythm on the steering wheel, Tiffany continued, “Be honest with me. Do you still have feelings for Carter or not?”

Amelia was nonplussed. “What are you talking about? We’re just friends.”

“You keep saying that, but you obviously know how he feels for you. If you don’t feel the same, then stop leading him on. You’re only giving him false hopes this way. Do you want to ruin your marriage with Oscar over him?”

Amelia chuckled humorlessly. “Tiff, you know better than anyone that the marriage between Oscar and I is merely a puppet show. My feelings for Carter mean nothing to Oscar. As soon as he says ‘cut,’ then that’s the end of it. He’s the puppet master, while I’m the puppet who’s being pulled by the strings.”

Tiffany slapped the steering wheel in agitation. “You shouldn’t have been born with this beauty. It’s a curse. Maybe if you looked a little more mediocre, your love life wouldn’t have been such a tragedy.”

Amelia laughed, patting her own face with her hand. “I’ve never thought of myself as pretty, yet women always call me a vixen, as if I seduce men for a living.”

“Babe, vixen is a compliment,” Tiffany said, nodding her head passionately. “Don’t mind it. Do you have any idea how difficult it is to be a vixen?”

Amelia shot her a look that seemed to say, are you for real?

Tiffany shrugged. “I’m serious. Your looks are a fatal temptation to men. There are Carter Scott, Oscar Clinton, and now, even Gary Laird, who had only seen you twice and already sucked in by you. Even I can’t stand to watch this impending chaos.”

“You’re full of shit.” Amelia shook her head.

“Oh, please. You are a woman. Don’t tell me you didn’t sense that Gary was treating you differently?”

“Isn’t it because you are hitting on him? Otherwise, it wouldn’t have happened.”

“Excuse me, who do you suppose I’m doing it for? How could I have possibly known you would be such a men-magnet? I’ve only ever read something like that in a fantasy novel. The female lead has built-in attributes that could make the male lead and supporting characters crazy for her.”

Amelia shut her eyes, rendered speechless.

Tiffany took a glimpse of her and said, “You’re tired?”

Amelia nodded in response.

“All right. Take a nap then.” A few seconds of silence later, Tiffany added, “Babe, I was only joking. Don’t take it to heart. I know you don’t feel good about it either. I was merely teasing.”

Amelia shook her head. She pondered for a while before saying, “I may sound like a thankless wretch for saying this, but sometimes, it is such a burden for me when men are nice to me. If I could, all I wish is for my marriage with Oscar to be stable. I love him. I don’t wish for my child to be born without a father because of me. It’ll make me feel really guilty.”

Tiffany’s heart ached for the woman who bottled her feelings and shouldered her burdens all on her own.

“Silly woman. Don’t think too much about it. You ought to learn from me. If you’re free, watch some TV. If you’re tired, sleep. Thirsty, drink. Don’t bother about anything else. Even if the skies were to fall, we’re not the tallest anyway. It wouldn’t be crashing on us,” Tiffany said in a deliberately lightened tone.

Hearing that, a faint smile appeared on Amelia’s face. Tiffany let out a breath, smiling as well.

When they reached the hospital, Tiffany rested her hand on the steering wheel and said, “Babe, wake up. We’re here.”

It took several seconds for Amelia to sober up. “All right. Let’s go.”

Tiffany undid her seatbelt. She suggested hesitantly, “Why don’t I go see him on your behalf? I’m his friend too. I don’t think he’ll throw me out.”

Amelia raised a brow. “Do you take the Scotts as mobsters, or do you simply think Carter is a bad person?”

Tiffany shrugged. “I don’t have a good impression of the Scott family.”

Amelia shook her head and smiled. "Come on. We won't have many interactions with the Scotts. There's no need to stay long. A cursory visit will do."

Unable to refute, Tiffany could only follow behind her as they entered the hospital.

When they entered the ward, Jennifer Larson was the only one in there with Carter.

Jennifer shot a complicated glance at Amelia, her fists clenched. She put on a haughty attitude and said, "You're here."

Amelia glanced at Carter, whose eyes were closed. She nodded and whispered, "Is he asleep?"

"Yes. He was making a fuss about wanting to see you earlier. When he heard you weren't free to come, he got moody. Who knew you'd come at this hour."

Amelia and Tiffany crowded around the bed. Although he looked slightly pale, it wasn't as severe as they imagined. Seeing that, they could finally relax a little.

"I was busy earlier and came as soon as I was done," Amelia explained vaguely.

Jennifer crossed her arms against her chest, seemingly very arrogant. But if anyone were to take a closer look, she resembled more like a prickly porcupine who was merely trying to guard her love.

"Amelia Winters, I'm glad that you could come to visit Carter. But can you stop coming in the future? Your hot-and-cold attitude toward him would only give him false hopes. You're already married and will soon give birth to your child. It's impossible between the two of you. So why can't you make a clean break with him? Is being co-workers not enough for you?"

Tiffany shielded Amelia with her body and glared at Jennifer furiously. "Jennifer Larson, aren't you being too ungrateful? You guys were the ones who asked Amelia here. Now that Carter's awake, you want to chase her away. What the hell do you treat Amelia as? A frisbee that you throw out and retrieve as you wish? How shameless."

Jennifer stared disdainfully at Tiffany. "Tiffany Winters, I'm speaking to Amelia Winters. Could you not get in the way?"

Tiffany sneered, imitating Jennifer's posture. "Sorry to say, Amelia only speaks to humans. She doesn't understand the language of beasts. That's why I am the messenger. Pardon us, Ms. Larson. It's rare for us to meet a beast who has a human face as you do."

Jennifer's face immediately turned dark. She gritted her teeth and said, "Who are you calling a beast?"

Tiffany shrugged, replying aggravatingly, "Oh. Whoever's answering me, I guess."

When Jennifer raised her hand, Tiffany put on a fearful expression and said, "Ms. Larson, don't be impulsive. This is a hospital ward. If you were to make a scene, whose side do you think Carter Scott will take?"

Jennifer's face turned even grimmer, her hand remained frozen in the air.

Tiffany clapped her hands and casually added, "Ms. Larson, it's better for a woman to be gentle. No matter how beautiful you look, an unruly and barbarous woman will not win a man's heart. Don't you agree, Carter Scott?"

Jennifer was startled. She turned to the bed, only to see that the previously asleep Carter had opened his eyes and was staring fixedly at Amelia.

Her heart sank. I've given so much for him, but none of it could ever compare to a single glance from Amelia. In his heart, I never even existed.

Jennifer felt like a complete fool. It was the first time she made the first move to confess and pour her heart out to a man, yet he remained unmoved, making her look like she was a clown entertaining the crowd.

Her heart was overflowing with sorrow and indignation. Where exactly do I lose to Amelia Winters? Why is everyone so protective of that woman, yet they treat me like I'm dirt? I have a great family background, graduated from a prestigious university, and have model-worthy looks. Are these incomparable to her, who only has her beauty to speak for herself?

No matter how she thought about it, she couldn't understand. She detested Amelia and was frustrated with Carter's coldness toward her. If you would just give me a tiny little reaction, I wouldn't have to feel so much like a fool!

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 157

/ [Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Chapter 157 She No Longer Has Me In Her Heart

Tiffany blinked at Carter and said, "Hi, jinx. You saw it for yourself. Your woman doesn't wish to see Amelia. Every time Amelia comes to visit you, she's made to feel embarrassed for her presence. She's had to feel so aggrieved because of you. Don't you think you should say something?"

Carter's expression dimmed in an instant.

Amelia tugged at Tiffany's clothes, signaling for her to stop. She was only there to visit the patient and did not wish to make the atmosphere awkward.

Jennifer glared fiercely at Tiffany. She never imagined that woman to be a shit-stirrer. How dare she have the audacity to tattletale on me right in front of my face?

"Jennifer, I appreciate you for putting aside your work to take care of me all this while. You must be exhausted. Why don't you go home and rest?" Carter suggested, visibly upset.

Jennifer's face fell. She looked at Carter aggrievedly and said, "Carter, are you chasing me away?"

He shook his head. "I don't want you to be exhausted. You've been taking care of me day and night without taking care of yourself. I'm sincerely grateful for that. When I've recovered, I'll invite you and your parents out for a meal. If they agree, I'll acknowledge you as my god-sister. Should you need my help in the future, I'll definitely be there."

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Every word that Carter said was one hit after another on Jennifer's heart. She fell in love with him at first sight. While he was hospitalized, she had practically made the hospital her home simply to take care of him. She even threw aside her ego and reached out to Amelia—the woman she knew he loved. She had put down her pride and dignity aside for him, yet all he was willing to offer her was to be his god-sister.

God-sister my ass!

That had to be the most insulting speech she had ever heard. If she had wanted a god-brother, men would practically line up to apply for the position. Carter was obviously aware of her feelings, yet he suggested something so ludicrous. It was too much.

Jennifer's heart had turned numb. She chuckled coldly and said, "Carter Scott, I put aside my pride simply because of my love for you. I've given up so much for you. Do you really think I did all that to be your god-sister? Why do you have to be so pretentious?"

The temperature in the air cooled as soon as she spoke.

Carter struggled to get up, but his wound hurt with even the slightest movement. He hissed in pain.

Jennifer, who had been feeling aggrieved earlier, immediately rushed up to help him when she saw him in that state. "You're injured! Will you stop being willful? You'll ruin your body!"

Carter subtly avoided Jennifer's touch, which only added to her pain. Facing his constant rejection, she had already been feeling anguished. Seeing that he was actively distancing himself from her, her heart felt like it was being sliced into pieces. That kind of pain was unbearable.

Her eyes surged with wave after wave of rage. But in the next second, it exploded like a broken dam, endless tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Carter Scott, which part of me exactly is so disdainful to you? Why do you have to treat me this way? I've poured my heart out to you; even a block of ice would melt one day. And yet, you're like a piece of steel. Why can't you feel my love?"

Carter sighed, his face grim. "Jennifer, will you stop making a scene?"

In his perspective, everything Jennifer did for him was unwarranted and a burden.

Jennifer's emotions were like a roller-coaster, her chest heaving in agitation. "I'm making a scene? Carter Scott, you're the most cold-blooded man I've ever met!" she howled.

Carter acted as if he only saw her distress as an annoyance.

Tiffany hurried forward and held onto Jennifer's arm. "Ms. Larson, calm down," she urged. "I had no intention to involve myself with your grievances with Carter Scott. But I can't stand to watch you lose control.

Calm down, calm down. Screaming like a shrew wouldn't do anything to the fact that he doesn't love you."

Had she not mention the last sentence, it would've been fine. As soon as she said so, Jennifer's face scrunched up, her eyes filled with wrath as she glared straight into Tiffany's eyes.

Tiffany flinched and subconsciously took two steps back. "Ms. Larson, calm down. Don't act hastily. It doesn't make you look good."

Against her intention, Tiffany's words were like pouring petrol into burning flames. Jennifer's anger only increased, her chest heaving harder and harder.

Jennifer pointed her index finger at Tiffany and yelled, "Tiffany Winters! Who do you think you are? I am speaking with Carter Scott. Why do you have to interrupt?"

Tiffany wasn't angry. In fact, she smiled, responding in a gentle tone, "Ms. Larson, don't misunderstand. I'm merely a passer-by. I'm only interrupting for your own good. Men do not like women who are too assertive and unreasonable. Even if he loves the woman, he'll eventually get sick of it. Therefore, I'm advising you to calm down."

Jennifer only felt worse. The hand she used to point at Tiffany trembled.

Amelia tugged at Tiffany's sleeves and shook her head. They were in a hospital ward. She didn't want Tiffany's words to provoke Jennifer further as Carter didn't look so well. If it were to reach the point of no return, the Scotts might not be able to provide a reasonable explanation.

Tiffany took a glance at Amelia and obediently swallowed back the words in her mouth.

Jennifer turned to glare at Amelia, deciding she might as well go all out there and then. "Amelia Winters, I had enough of you pretending to be a good person. The more innocent you make yourself to be, the more I detest you! Is feigning innocence your trick of getting everything? Otherwise, how did Carter lose his way because of you?"

Amelia merely listened to Jennifer's rants in silence.

Tiffany's face turned ugly. She pulled Amelia behind her and said, "Jennifer Larson, will you not speak in such a crude way? Amelia's a married person. She'll give birth to her child very soon. She had no relationship with the jinx from the beginning. You couldn't make him love you. Don't blame your lack of charm on someone else!"

"Amelia Winters, you're incredible! No matter where you are, you could make anyone protect you! Everyone's so afraid that you'll lose even a single strand of hair!" Jennifer glared furiously at Amelia. "I have to bow down to you. Your expert ways to manipulate everyone are truly spectacular."

Tiffany sneered, retorting, "Manipulate? The reason why everyone tries to protect her is that she treats her friends wholeheartedly! That alone should prove her character. Unlike Ms. Larson, other than your beauty, I can't seem to find any other good traits on you."

Jennifer lifted her hands with reddened eyes, her stance as if she was about to get into a physical fight. Before her fists could reach Tiffany, a loud crash sounded from the bed. All three women flinched.

They turned toward the source of the noise only to see Carter had fallen onto the floor. Jennifer immediately hurried over and helped him up carefully. She said distressedly, "Carter Scott! Will you only be satisfied after ruining your body?"

But Carter acted as if he didn't hear her. He looked toward Amelia and asked, "Are you all right?"

Jennifer looked terrible when she heard him utter those four words.

Do you have to keep reminding me that you feel nothing for me?

As if venting her hatred, Jennifer shoved Carter onto the bed with no concern for his condition. He fell onto the soft mattress and let out a painful groan.

Tiffany and Amelia rushed up to him. Amelia asked worriedly, "Carter, are you all right?"

Tiffany glared at Jennifer. "Jennifer Larson, what did you do that for? He has yet to recover fully. Aren't you worried about hurting him?"

Jennifer's gaze looked tortured. She raised her chin and feigned arrogance as she replied, "Isn't he fine?"

Tiffany shook her head. It's no wonder Carter didn't fall for you despite all your efforts.

"If you truly love someone, you should first learn to exercise restraint on your temper," Tiffany said.

Jennifer froze. She instinctively turned to look at Carter, only to see him clutching Amelia tightly, his gaze gentle and affectionate.

She clenched her fists, her fury reignited. "Carter Scott!" she yelled with all her strength.

A single shout made Tiffany, who stood the nearest to her, jump back in shock.

Carter turned to look indifferently at Jennifer and said, "I'm sorry, Jennifer. You'll meet someone who loves you one day, but that person isn't me."

"You've never even attempted to let me in! How could you be so sure you'll never love me?" she screamed.

Carter sighed. "As I said, I'm grateful that you took care of me. But grateful isn't love. I won't deny you're a charming woman. Many men would kill for someone like you. However, there's already someone in my heart. I don't have a heart big enough for another person. I'm sorry."

"Is this woman really worth it?" Jennifer pointed at Amelia and said indignantly.

Carter's mouth curved into a gentle smile. "She deserves everything and so much more."

The pain Jennifer was feeling had hit its limit. "Am I not as pretty as her?"

Carter shook his head. "You're both vastly different women. Once you've fallen in love with someone, no matter how outstanding others are, you wouldn't be bothered. This is why I can't reciprocate your feelings. It isn't because you're not good enough, but because I only have space for one person in my heart," he said honestly.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 158

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 158 I Just Want To Be Alone

Jennifer felt conflicted. Carter's words went into her heart like an iron shard. She had never seen anyone as heartless as him. When he got admitted to the hospital, she took care of him. Not even his mother was as thorough as her. However, the man had just rejected her cruelly in front of her love rival.

It was unfortunate that she had fallen in love with someone this ruthless.

Jennifer's hoarse voice rang out, "Carter, can't you feel my love for you? Why won't you pick me?"

Carter glanced at Amelia and replied, "She's irreplaceable."

Despair flitted across Jennifer's face.

Meanwhile, Amelia was uncomfortable with Carter's confession. She only regarded him as a friend, but now, things were going to turn awkward for the both of them.

Tiffany cut in, "Jinx, can you not drag Amelia into this mess? You're making things difficult for her. Don't you get it?"

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Carter glanced at Amelia apologetically. "Amelia, I didn't mean it. I..."

Amelia shook her head and said casually, "I think you should talk to Ms. Larson. Tiff and I shall return for now. I'll visit you another day."

Immediately, Carter panicked and took Amelia's hand. "Amelia, don't leave. There's nothing between Jennifer and me. Trust me."

Amelia froze. "Stop it, Carter."

Tiffany slapped his hand away and stood in front of Amelia. "Jinx, if you keep on doing this, you won't get to see Amelia again."

Carter glanced at Amelia earnestly.

After witnessing the entire debacle, hatred flashed across Jennifer's eyes. "That's enough," she croaked out.

Tiffany shot her a look and told Amelia, "Let's go."

In his haste to stop Amelia from leaving, Carter struggled to get off the bed. Seeing how he was holding his stomach and wincing in pain, Amelia sighed and pried Tiffany's hand away. She returned to Carter and helped him lie down. "Carter, you're still ill. Be careful."

Carter settled in his bed gratefully. He gazed at Amelia affectionately and uttered, "Amelia, you're worried about me, right?"

Averting her gaze, Amelia answered, "Carter, you're still recovering, so don't act hastily. You should take good care of yourself."

Carter grabbed her hand. "Amelia, I miss you so much. I regret leaving you five years ago. I've been looking for you all this time. Please give me another chance. I promise I won't repeat the same mistake again," he pleaded.

Amelia tried to struggle out of his hold, but Carter's grip tightened.

Tiffany was about to launch into a tirade when Carter continued, "Amelia, I regretted making that decision back then. If I was strong enough, my family wouldn't be able to harm you. After your departure, I kept blaming myself and swore to work hard. That way, I won't become a loser who relies completely on my family. A few years ago, I established my own company. It started off as a startup with a few employees but has since grown to a company with a few hundred employees. I've never asked for a cent from the Scotts and strove hard all by myself. The reason I worked so hard was to show you that I can survive without leeching off the Scotts. Amelia, I can provide for you now. Can't you give me another chance?"

Amelia was rather flustered.

If Carter had said the exact words five years ago, she would be elated. Alas, five years had since gone by, and her heart now belonged to another man. She was no longer in love with Carter. It would be pure torture for them both to be together now.

Carter was insistent. "I'm no longer wet behind the ears. Won't you give me another chance?"

His grasp on her hand turned more forceful when she tried to pull her hand back.

"Amelia, I love you; I really do. After the surgery, I lapsed into unconsciousness, but I couldn't get you out of my mind. Even though you're married to Oscar, I still want you. I promise I'll treat your child as my own. It is my utmost hope that you'll become the lady of my house. I love every bit of you, including your past."

Yet, Amelia was still struggling to free herself from his grasp.

She uttered awkwardly, "Stop it, Carter."

Jennifer watched expressionlessly as Carter expressed his feelings for Amelia. Suddenly, she strode forward and knocked Tiffany out of her way before tugging at Amelia forcefully. Tiffany immediately steadied herself

and rushed to catch Amelia before the latter fell down. "Amelia, are you alright? Is your baby okay?" she asked anxiously.

Amelia was holding her belly with a terrified expression.

As she said nothing, Tiffany thought something bad had happened. "Amelia, calm down. I'll get you a doctor now. Don't worry, I won't let you and the baby get hurt," she declared.

Tiffany was about to dash out when Amelia caught her wrist.

Confused, she turned to see Amelia flashing her a comforting smile. "Tiff, I'm fine. My baby's fine, too."

"Are you sure?" Tiffany was still worried.

Amelia nodded firmly.

Only then did Tiffany heave a sigh of relief.

Carter tried to sit up, but accidentally jostled his wound and plopped onto the ground pathetically.

At the sight of his plight, the hatred and jealousy which were pulsing through Jennifer's veins disappeared without a trace.

She bent down and tried to help him up. "Are you all right, Carter?" she inquired in concern.

Carter shoved her out of his way and struggled to stand up. He held his stomach and limped toward Amelia. "Are you okay, Amelia?"

Amelia nodded and stretched out her hand to help him, but Tiffany stopped her midair.

"Carter, you're nothing but a jinx," said Tiffany icily. "Trouble always comes Amelia's way when she's with you. Can't you control your girlfriend and your family? Stop harassing Amelia! She isn't a cat with nine lives! If your girlfriend's action had brought harm to her today, I won't let you off the hook easily."

With that, she grabbed Amelia's hand. "Come, let's go. This is getting out of hand. We shouldn't stay here."

Anguish flashed across Carter's gaze as he held his belly and implored, "Amelia, please don't leave."

Amelia took one last glance at him and allowed Tiffany to lead her out of the room.

Carter tried to follow them as he howled, "Amelia, don't leave! Don't leave me!"

Seeing his desperate actions, agony filled Jennifer's gaze. Tears rolled down her cheeks when she saw Carter leaning against the wall and gasped in pain.

She scurried to his side and took his arm. "Carter, stop it. Amelia isn't the one for you. She's married. Can't you forget her? I'll always be by your side."

Carter flung her hand away angrily. "Get out!"

Hurt crept into Jennifer's voice. "What did you say?"

Carter repeated firmly, "Get out!"

At once, Jennifer's eyes reddened. Trembling profusely, she uttered, "Did you just ask me to get out?"

"Get out!" snarled Carter again.

His harsh words caused tears to trickle down Jennifer's cheeks.

"Carter Scott, do you really hate me that much? I've sacrificed a lot for you! How could you?" Jennifer voiced her frustrations.

Carter had one hand on the wall as his face turned ashen from the searing pain in his belly. Cold sweat was trickling down his forehead.

He pointed at the door. "Jennifer, please leave. I'm exhausted."

Instead of leaving as told, Jennifer raised her chin stubbornly. "Carter, are you seriously asking me to leave because of that woman?"

Carter gazed at her with his red-rimmed eyes. "I'll do anything for her. After losing her five years ago, there's no way I'll let her go again. You're an outsider, so you don't know how important she is to me. I'll mourn for the rest of my life if I lose her. No one else but her can be my wife. I only think of you as a sister."

Jennifer sobbed pitifully. "How could you?"

Utterly drained out, Carter replied weakly, "Jennifer, stop making a scene. If you really like me, please leave. Your love is a burden that's too heavy for me to bear."

Jennifer staggered backward in dismay.

Carter was struggling to get back to his bed. As he seemed to be in extreme pain, Jennifer tamped down her frustration and stepped forward to help him, but the man rejected her without hesitation.

"Just leave."

Jennifer's pride was in pieces after being rejected by Carter continuously. "Do you hate me so much, Carter?"

Carter breathed heavily as pain twisted his belly. He finally reached his bed and sat down. "Jennifer, I'm really tired. Can you please leave? I want to be alone."

Jennifer plopped down on a chair as sorrow engulfed her heart. Deep down, she was in despair, but it didn't show on her face.

Instead, she folded her arms and announced arrogantly, "Carter, I don't care who you love. I'm going to latch onto you. You're the only man I've ever loved, so you must take responsibility for me."

Carter felt exasperated, but the blazing pain was too much for him to bear. Lying on the bed, he shut his eyes and sweated profusely.

Worried, Jennifer inched nearer and noticed he was drenched with sweat. "Carter, did you jostle your wound?"

Carter didn't reply.

Reaching out, Jennifer touched his forehead, which was burning by then. Shocked, she retracted her hand and blurted anxiously, "You're running a temperature! I'll ask the doctor to examine you now."

Spinning on her heels, she dashed for the door. Right then, Carter's eyelids fluttered open. "Wait, I don't want the doctors to be all over me."

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 159

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 159 Unlucky

Jennifer came to a stop.

His voice had grown hoarse from exhaustion. "Please, Jennifer. Just leave, will you? I don't want to see you now."

Jennifer's heart sank as her hands balled into fists. She had done so much for this man, but he wouldn't even look at her.

The blazing pain, like a sharp knife in her gut, brought tears to her eyes.

She looked up and forced back the tears.

"Carter, I know you don't love me. However, you're the first man I've ever loved. No matter what, I won't give up. Your brain is muddled because you're in pain. I won't take your words to heart," she declared. "I'll go get the doctor now. If the doctor says you're fine, I'll leave at once. I think we both need some time alone."

With that, she left his ward.

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Shortly after, she returned with two doctors and a nurse hot on her heels. The doctors examined him and gave him an injection to relieve his pain. "Mr. Scott, you can't be this agitated as you've just gone under surgery."

Carter's energy was drained, so he said nothing.

Jennifer was worried. "Dr. Ludwig, is he all right?"

Dr. Ludwig replied, "Mr. Scott is strong enough to recover soon. However, if he gets agitated frequently, it might slow down his recovery."

Jennifer exhaled in relief.

After Dr. Ludwig and the rest left, Jennifer asked, "How do you feel now, Carter?"

In response, Carter shut his eyes.

Sighing, Jennifer continued, "Carter, I'm begging you here. Even if you hate me, shouldn't you say something out of courtesy?"

At her words, Carter's eyes snapped open. Gazing at Jennifer icily, he stated, "Jennifer, I'm exhausted. Can you please leave?"

A woman with her pride still intact would've left long ago. Alas, Jennifer's pride was long gone.

She bit back her misery and answered, "I'll leave when Mrs. Scott arrives. You're still weak, so I'll stay with you."

Carter shook his head. "You should go. I'll be fine. If anything happens, I'll just summon the nurse."

Jennifer had to bite her lip in order to not cry.

"I apologize for my reckless action earlier. But Amelia isn't the one for you. She doesn't even love you. Besides, she's married and about to give birth to her baby soon. Are you that shameless to come between them? Why can't you give up? Your perfect match might be waiting for you by your side," she said.

Weariness shone in Carter's gaze. He felt terribly pressured by Jennifer's persistence and feelings.

"Jennifer, it's not going to work. I'm grateful for your concern, but my heart belongs to another woman. Even if she's married and pregnant, I still love her. One day, she'll be mine," came Carter's reply.

With her lips pursed, Jennifer clenched her fists as a vein popped up on her neck.

"Carter, this is too much. How could you be this cruel?" There were both displeasure and reluctance in her voice.

"Jennifer, I've been clear from the very start." Carter was tired of saying the same thing repeatedly. "There is nothing between us. It doesn't make sense for you to accuse me of being cruel to you."

As Jennifer's face contorted angrily, she demanded, "Carter, are you saying I'm latching myself onto you shamelessly?"

Carter acknowledged her point of view by remaining silent.

Quivering with anger, Jennifer pointed at him and huffed, "Damn you! You just won't stop insulting me, huh?"

In response, Carter closed his eyes.

Pacing around in annoyance, Jennifer spoke again. "Carter, what do you want? What did I do wrong for you to treat me this way?"

Carter's head was buzzing by then. He massaged his temples and requested, "Jennifer, can you please shut up?"

Jennifer let out a sarcastic laugh and picked up a doll on the sofa before flinging it at the wall to create noise.

Carter shut his eyes again.

As she didn't receive any response, fury vibrated through her being. She proceeded to grab everything in sight and hurl them everywhere.

When Faye came into the ward, the messy sight greeted her eyes. Immediately, she thought a robber had ransacked the ward. However, upon further inspection, Carter was lying on the bed as though he was asleep while Jennifer was heaving angrily.

Utterly puzzled, she asked, "What happened? What's with the mess?"

The blazing anger in Jennifer's gaze faded away when she spotted Faye. For a moment, she was at a loss for words. After all, Faye could be her future mother-in-law. If she finds out I flew into a fit of rage even before we start dating, she will reconsider her decision of agreeing to let me marry Carter.

Jennifer took a deep breath and put up a calm front.

"Mrs. Scott, why are you here? Didn't I ask you to rest at home?" She forced out a smile.

"I was worried about Carter," said Faye. "I came as I had nothing else to do at home."

Jennifer helped her to the sofa. "Mrs. Scott, have a seat. I'll clean up the clutter."

Faye took a look at the mess, where apples and bananas were scattered all around. Frowning, she queried, "Jennifer, what happened? Did someone kick up a fuss here?"

Jennifer's hand froze midair before she could touch the banana she was trying to pick up. "Mrs. Scott, Ms. Winters came here earlier. She brought along a basket of bananas and apples with her. Shortly after she left, I wanted to bring the fruits to the fridge, but Carter thought I was going to throw them away. He panicked and jostled his wound—"

Before she could finish, Faye interrupted hastily, "What? He jostled his wound again? Did you call for the doctor?"

She rushed to Carter's side and inspected him. As her son was pale, she declared, "This won't do. I need to summon the doctor to examine his wound. He has been operated on a few times previously. If anything happens to him, it'll be the death of me!"

Jennifer approached Faye and assured her. "Mrs. Scott, don't worry. I've already called the doctor earlier who gave him painkillers. The doctor said he's strong enough to recover speedily. Don't you worry."

Faye heaved a sigh of relief. However, she couldn't stop herself from blaming Jennifer.

"Jennifer, don't blame me for being harsh. Carter has just been operated on. He's still weak now. If he wants to see Amelia, let him be. Once he recovers, I'll talk to him. You're my daughter-in-law, and he's my son. He'll listen to me, right?"

Deep down, Jennifer snickered silently. Wow, does she seriously think I'm a fool? How dare she claim I'm her daughter-in-law but ask me to allow her son to flirt with his crush?

She knows I'm deeply in love with Carter, so she treats me like a fool. Ha! She's obviously torn between Amelia and me. I can't let this happen.

Carter's already treating me like trash. How dare she toys around with me? After I marry Carter, I'll teach them both a lesson. They'll know I'm no pushover then.

Sensing Jennifer's displeasure, Faye continued patiently, "Jennifer, I know you're upset. But Carter got to know Amelia first. He couldn't forget her after years. You did so much for him, but he's obviously not into you. So—"

Forcing back her tears, Jennifer flashed a smile. "Mrs. Scott, it's normal for men to have a few female friends. If no one finds him charming, that means he's not accomplished enough. I fell in love with Carter because of his outstanding achievements. I'm fine with Amelia's presence."

Upon hearing her reply, Faye let out a satisfied grin.

"Jennifer, you're a good girl. Carter is really lucky to have you. Don't you worry. He's right here. Remember, persistence is key. He'll notice you since you are around every day," said Faye.

"Amelia has been in his heart for a long time. You've only met him, so it's impossible for him to forget Amelia that quickly. Take things slowly, and he'll be yours one day," she concluded.

To Faye, Carter was nothing but an item waiting to be sold. She had blatantly ignored Carter's wishes by urging the buyer to buy him forcefully.

Carter deserved sympathy, for Faye had stopped him from going after his first love. Now, she was even forcing him to marry someone he didn't love. It was unfortunate that he had such a mother.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 160

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 160 Hit

Her words worked wonders as Jennifer felt slightly better.

Faye tucked Carter in and led Jennifer to the sofa. "Jennifer, did you throw a tantrum just now?" she pretended to ask in a friendly manner.

Jennifer lowered her gaze. "Mrs. Scott, you're really observant."

Faye took her hand and patted it gently. "Was it because of Amelia?"

Jennifer nodded honestly.

"Silly girl!" Faye chuckled. "To me, you are the perfect match for Carter. I really like you and asked for your parents' approval before introducing you to Carter. It was all my fault. I didn't inform Carter before telling your family to return from abroad. Otherwise, things wouldn't end up being this awkward."

Jennifer remained silent.

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Patting her hand again, Faye asked, "Jennifer, you must've blamed me for this, right?"

Still, Jennifer said nothing.

Faye wasn't mad at all. Instead, she continued persuading Jennifer, "I won't be mad even if you do blame me. I was the cause of your frustration. I hope you won't give up on Carter. He's just simmering in resentment for failing to get Amelia back. Soon, he'll fall in love with you after realizing how great you are."

Something flickered in Jennifer's gaze.

Faye added, "Carter's my son, so I know him well. He might seem pleasant, but in reality, he keeps everyone at arm's length. As long as you're sincere, he'll fall for you one day."

Looking up, Jennifer met her gaze. "Mrs. Scott, I've never thought of giving up on Carter. He's the only one I love. As long as he's unmarried, I'll make sure he marries me."

Faye nodded in approval. "That's the Jennifer I know."

After a pause, she added, "Jennifer, you've been here for a long time. I believe your parents are worried about you. You should go home for the time being. I'll take over now."

Jennifer gazed at Carter, seemingly troubled. In the end, she nodded. "All right then. I'll head back for now. We've just argued, so I don't think he wants to see me now. I might come again after two days."

Faye let out a wry laugh.

"You'll make up soon. Don't worry. I'll reprimand Carter when he wakes up later. He should be a thoughtful gentleman."

Jennifer's cheeks turned pink at her words.

Pleased with Jennifer's attitude, Faye flashed a warm smile. "Okay, I'll stop teasing you. You should head home now. Don't worry, I'll make sure Carter learns his lesson. After all, you're the perfect daughter-in-law that I approve of."

Jennifer nodded obediently. "Goodbye, Mrs. Scott. Please keep me updated."

"I will. Stop worrying about him."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Scott. I'll be here in two days' time," said Jennifer politely.

She took her bag and went to Carter's bed. Leaning closer, she kissed Carter's right cheek twice and whispered, "Carter, I'm heading home. I will leave you alone for two days. Rest well, and dream of me."

As she straightened her back, she didn't notice Carter's eyelashes fluttering slightly.

The moment she stepped out, Faye's expression darkened.

Standing up, she folded her arms and strode to Carter's bed. "She's gone. Stop pretending to be asleep."

Carter opened his eyes and gazed at her coolly.

Sighing, Faye asked, "Carter, why don't you like Jennifer? Is she that terrible?"

Carter gazed at the ceiling blankly. "Mom, she's a great woman, but I've already fallen in love with someone else five years ago. I have no choice but to disappoint her."

Faye sat down in the chair and told him sternly, "Carter, feelings can change easily. If you don't try, how will you know she isn't the one for you?"

Carter grew increasingly annoyed.

"Mom, you've interfered in my relationship five years ago. Are you still going to interfere with who I choose to marry five years later?" he responded stonily.

Faye was taken aback by his sudden outburst.

At that moment, Carter's mind was in total disarray. He shut his eyes and muttered, "Mom, I don't want to start a fight. If you still love me, please stay out of my affairs."

Upon hearing his request, Faye felt her heart breaking into a million pieces. She put in a lot of effort so her son could be happy. Right then, he was accusing her of being a busybody. How ungrateful of him!

"Carter, are you seriously blaming me?" Faye demanded.

Reaching up to massage his temples, Carter answered, "Mom, that wasn't what I meant. I'm already thirty years old. I'm matured enough to plan my career and life. Jennifer and I are not suited for each other. I won't fall for her or marry her. If you like her that much, you can take her to be your goddaughter."

Immediately, Faye trembled with rage.

"How could you deny my efforts? I did everything for you!" she tamped down her irritation and exclaimed.

"Mom, I'm not a puppet," responded Carter calmly. "Yes, you think you're doing this for my sake, but have you ever asked me about my wishes? You

are merely forcing me to go your way. For example, Jennifer Larson. I've never liked her. Do you know her insistence has disrupted my life and job? How many times do I have to say this? I want nothing to do with her!"

Faye's lips were quivering as she took a deep breath and questioned, "Carter, is this how you talk to your mother?"

Sighing, Carter apologized readily. "I'm sorry for my harsh words, Mom. Don't get mad at me."

Upon hearing his apology, Faye exhaled sharply.

"Carter, be honest with me. Do you mean what you say?" She seemed disappointed.

Yet, Carter fell silent.

It's a yes.

Faye let out another sigh.

"I'm doing this for your sake, Carter. Jennifer is the perfect wife candidate. She comes from a prominent family and graduated from a top university. She's also polite and loves you dearly. You won't lose anything by marrying her. I don't get why you are so against it."

The perfect wife for her son should be someone with the same social status as her son. Jennifer was Faye's first choice because she was born with a silver spoon. Also, Jennifer was great at flattering her. Amelia, however, was a different story. Her looks were so vixen-like and seductive. Hence, Faye concluded that Amelia wouldn't be an obedient stay-at-home wife.

Carter's energy was burned out by now. He had no idea how to explain to his mother that marrying someone of the same social status wouldn't make him happy at all. Jennifer might be the prettiest girl in the world, but he just wasn't interested in her.

As he kept mum, Faye continued, "Carter, I'm not forcing you to marry her. You need to marry someone of your social status! Those Cinderellas obviously just want your money. They have no interest in you."

Carter was speechless. "Mom, you mean I'm not charming enough to attract other ladies?"

Faye's words died in her throat.

"Can you not misinterpret my words?"

Carter replied weakly, "Can we stop, Mom?"

A fresh swell of rage rose in Faye. "What do you mean? I'm doing everything for your sake! Jennifer's a good girl. Why do you keep hurting her? What would her parents think of us?"

Carter responded promptly, "Mom, you were the one who got involved with the Larsons. Hence, you should deal with them. They are none of my business. Anyway, I don't like Jennifer no matter what she does."

Faye couldn't understand her son at all. After all, Jennifer was pretty, fashionable, and mild-mannered. She was the perfect wife for him. There was no reason for her son to reject her advances.

Carter buried his face into his pillow. "Mom, I'm still sick. This isn't the time for romance. Can you tell Jennifer to stop coming to the hospital?"

"Well, why don't you tell me what you hate about Jennifer?" asked Faye.

"Everything."

Faye was rendered speechless.

"Just because of Amelia?"

"Yes. I won't consider anyone else aside from her," came Carter's weak reply.

Faye waved her hands in distress. "Carter, that's nonsense. What do you mean by you won't consider anyone else? If that woman rejects your advances for the rest of your life, are you seriously going to remain single forever? Are you punishing me for chasing your beloved away back then?"

A heavy silence hung in the air, indicating Carter's silent yes.

Faye started hitting him angrily as she wailed, "You're an unfilial son! How could you harm yourself over a woman? If I knew you'd end up like this, I wouldn't have given birth to you in the first place! This is so upsetting!"

Carter said nothing as she rained her fists on him in a fit of anger.