

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 161

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Chapter 161 Cringy Phone Conversation

In the end, she grew tired and stopped hitting him. "Carter, please tell me that was a joke," she demanded furiously.

Unfazed, Carter told her, "Mom, I'm tired. You should head home."

He successfully ignited her anger again.

"Damn it! Why are you so stubborn? You have plenty of choices out there. Why won't you give up on Amelia? Is she that amazing? Is she worth all your efforts?" Faye yelled in fury. "You're seriously taking revenge on what I did back then. I raised you up, but this is what I get in return. How disappointing!"

Carter's mind was throbbing dully. First, Jennifer caused a scene, followed by his mother. He couldn't help but get depressed.

Meanwhile, Faye took a deep breath to calm herself down.

Sitting down, she dismissed everything with a wave and said, "Carter, we both need to calm down. I was too rash earlier."

Carter lay in bed silently. It was more exhausting to deal with both women than to work nonstop for four days.

As Faye folded her arms, she spoke calmly, "Carter, tell me. What must I do before you'll agree to marry Jennifer?"

"Mom, I won't marry her," repeated Carter stonily.

Exasperated, Faye told herself, This is my son. He's my son. I can't get mad as we can talk things out.

It took her a while to regain her composure before she spoke gently, "Carter, I know you're still sick, hence the immature words. Can we stop arguing?"

Carter's head was throbbing. "Mom, I wasn't trying to argue with you. Forget it. I'm tired, so I'm going to sleep now."

Faye towered above Carter and said, "I'm not trying to force you, Carter. All I want is for you to forget Amelia and start a relationship with Jennifer. You need to give her a chance to find out if she's the right one for you."

In response, Carter's eyelids fluttered shut.

Faye reached out and shook him to force out a reply from him. Utterly annoyed, Carter opened his eyes again and responded, "Mom, please give me some freedom if you still think of me as your son. The more you force me, the further I'll drift apart from you. One day, we might end up being strangers. Don't blame me, for this is all your doing."

Faye was dumbfounded as she had never expected her son to say something this brutal to her.

Sighing, Carter added, "Mom, leave me alone. I'm really drained out by Jennifer and your actions. Do you know how torturing it is to be plagued by a woman you don't even know? Stop pushing me to do stuff I hate!"

Disbelief flashed across Faye's face.

"I'm doing this for you. How could you say that to hurt me?" Faye slumped down in her seat in dejection.

As Carter was her only son, she loved him dearly and tried her best to provide the best for him. Alas, her son didn't even appreciate her efforts.

Feeling heartbroken, tears rolled down her cheeks. I worked so hard for him, but he couldn't even understand my efforts!

She started bawling her eyes out.

"I'm such a failure! My son isn't on my side and is even accusing me of being pushy! Well, I'm a stepmother to him. This is seriously upsetting."

Carter watched helplessly as she put on a show.

He didn't let her continue for long as she was, after all, his mother. Struggling to sit up, he consoled her. "Mom, stop crying. Do you want me to come and wipe off your tears while holding back the pain in my stomach?"

And Carter did just that. Yet, before he could leave the bed, he accidentally jostled his wound again.

Faye rushed to his side and helped him down anxiously. "Carter, are you all right? Does it hurt? I'll ask the doctor to come examine you. You're so stubborn! Is it so hard to give in to me?"

Carter let out a bitter laugh.

He was a decisive and intimidating businessman who could deal with sly foxes in the corporate world easily. Yet, the two women rendered him helpless.

No wonder Amelia married another man while Tiffany called me a jinx. I finally understand what they mean. If I can't deal with my mom and Jennifer, I don't have the right to say I love Amelia.

Carter took his mother's hand and uttered weakly, "Mom, don't call the doctor. Just leave me alone, all right?"

That was the first time Faye had seen Carter this weak. Her heart softened immediately.

She hurriedly tucked him in and replied, "I'm sorry for being too emotional. Don't worry. I won't disturb your rest."

Carter insisted. "Mom, I want to be left alone. Please?"

Left with no choice, Faye agreed reluctantly. "Okay, I'll leave for now. Rest well. If you need me, I'll be right outside."

Carter nodded.

After Faye left, Carter took his phone and called Amelia without hesitation. However, she didn't answer his call.

He typed out a text: Amelia, I'm sorry. I didn't know Jennifer would push you earlier. I'm really sorry about that. Can you please answer my call?

Ten minutes later after he sent that text, there was still no reply from Amelia.

A sense of helplessness welled up inside Carter as he let out a long sigh.

Meanwhile, Amelia heaved a sigh when she saw Carter's text, too.

Tiffany gave her some warm milk and asked, "Is it from Carter?"

Amelia nodded.

“What did he say?”

Without hesitation, Amelia handed her phone to Tiffany.

After reading the text from Carter, Tiffany snickered. “Jinx! Will an apology suffice for what he did to harm you?”

Amelia was tickled by her reaction.

“Tiff, don’t be prejudiced toward Carter. It’s unfair for you to blame everything on him,” said Amelia.

Tiffany snorted. “It’s his fault for having such a weird family. Now, that possessive Jennifer Larson has dug her claws into him. He’s unlucky for being surrounded by weirdos. You can’t blame me for scolding him, can you?”

Amelia retrieved her phone and deleted the text.

She sipped on her warm milk and revealed her thoughts. “Sometimes, I pity him for having such a mother. He needs to go along with her wishes lest others label him as an unfilial son. It’s difficult for him to go against her.”

Tiffany spoke nonchalantly, “A matured adult would be able to deal with his relationships easily. Only a mama’s boy would obey to his mother’s every command.”

Amelia chuckled without saying anything.

Tiffany steered the conversation back to the topic. “I think Carter is getting possessive of you, Amelia. If you don’t like him, you should keep a distance from him.”

Amelia could sense that as well. She felt pressured by Carter’s change.

Tiffany continued, “Babe, don’t tell me you didn’t notice Carter’s change? I’ve only dated a few times, but as a freelance writer, I’m really good at observing men.”

Amelia seemed to be deep in thought.

Furrowing her brows, Tiffany continued, “Babe, I think you should stop contacting Carter. Jennifer was raised in a loving family, so she won’t allow the man she loves to care for another woman. I’m not asking you to cut off ties with him. At least wait until you give birth to your baby.”

After pondering briefly, Amelia nodded.

“You should stay with me for a few days. Anyway, Oscar is busy with his lover now. He won’t remember his wife for the time being,” said Tiffany with a straight face.

At her words, Amelia’s eyes dimmed a little.

Just then, Amelia’s phone rang with a call from Oscar.

Tiffany glanced at her and inquired, “Who is it?”

“Oscar,” replied Amelia softly as she answered the call.

“Huh. Speak of the devil,” muttered Tiffany.

“Mr. Clinton,” Amelia greeted him politely.

“Where are you?” Oscar sounded worn out.

Amelia felt sorry for him, so her voice softened. “What’s wrong? You sound exhausted. Is it tiring to take care of Ms. Yard?”

“A little. I miss you.”

Amelia was shocked into silence. After all, this was the first time Oscar had ever talked to her in that manner.

Her cheeks flushed pink while her hand shivered in delight.

“If you miss me, come home. Will you be back tonight? I’ll prepare dinner for you. We haven’t eaten together for some time. I miss that a lot,” she replied.

Then, she held her breath in anticipation.

“All right. I’ll be home tonight.”

Upon hearing Oscar’s answer, happiness glowed inside Amelia’s heart.

“I’ll wait for you, then. Don’t be late or stand me up, okay? I’ll prepare a delicious spread for you.”

“Okay.”

Tiffany cringed at their conversation.

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Chapter 162 The Atmosphere Is Just Right

Even after they hung up, Amelia's smile did not fade. She looked like a young girl in love, giggling to herself from time to time.

Tiffany shivered, looking as if she could not stand the scene in front of her. "Wipe your mouth. Your saliva is dripping everywhere."

Amelia then actually lifted her hand to the corner of her mouth. Tiffany was dumbfounded. Women in love were scary. One moment, she would be sensible and calm. The next, it was as if she was out of her mind.

"Babe, there's no cure for you anymore. All it takes is one call from Oscar and you're acting as if you've lost your mind. I'm sure you're better than this."

Amelia placed her phone down, then smiled faintly. "I haven't seen him in a few days. I miss him. My baby misses Daddy too."

Tiffany looked at her in disbelief. She did not think Amelia could come up with such a lame excuse.

"Do you want me to send you home, or do you want to go over to my place first?"

"Send me home. I need to go to the farmer's market. He's coming back, so I want to buy some ingredients and cook a nice meal for him."

Tiffany glanced at Amelia's belly in disapproval.

"Isn't Molly home? Just give her a call and get her to do it. What's the use of having a housekeeper if the owner needs to do everything by herself? You treat your housekeeper too well, giving her a higher salary than others, but also letting her do less work than she should. You're letting her take advantage of you."

Amelia looked at her, stunned. "Tiff, stop blaming Molly. I'm the one who wants to spend time alone with Oscar. Besides, her salary is paid by the Clintons. Even if she doesn't come over to work here, she's working back at Clinton Residence. She's definitely not working less than others."

As Tiffany drove, she said, "Fine. I know you have a good relationship with Molly. I only said one thing but you're already defending her so much. If I say anything else I'm afraid you'll actually start attacking me."

Amelia was stupefied. She did not know why Tiffany was picking a fight with the housekeeper.

However, Tiffany was simply acting angry on purpose. She smiled and continued, "Okay, I won't tease you anymore. I'll come along and give you a hand."

Amelia leaned back on the passenger seat and smiled to herself.

As Tiffany was familiar with the roads, they had a smooth drive to the farmer's market. She parked the car, got off, and moved to stand beside Amelia. She remained protective of her as they walked, fearful of someone accidentally bumping into Amelia.

Seeing how cautious Tiffany was being, Amelia felt warmth in her heart although she was also a little bewildered. "Tiff, relax. There's no need to be so careful of others. I'm just pregnant, not dealing with cancer."

Tiffany glanced at her and tutted. "Babe, can you say something more positive? Don't joke about such things."

Amelia waved in apology. "Okay, sorry. I was wrong. Don't be angry, okay?"

Tiffany really did not know how else to handle her.

The vendors in the farmer's market were all familiar with Amelia and were greeting her enthusiastically as the pair walked by.

"Hi Amelia, not buying groceries with Molly today?" asked a woman who seemed to be in her early forties.

"I'm here with a friend today. How's business, Mrs. Fuller?" asked Amelia as she picked out some broccoli.

"The usual, neither good nor bad. As long as it gets sold out by tonight, I can close my stall." Mrs. Fuller then continued, "What's your friend's name? She's a beauty just like you. I keep hearing others say something about birds of a feather flocking together. I believe it now. Since you're a beauty, I am sure all your friends are definitely beautiful and handsome."

Both Amelia and Tiffany were amused by her words.

Tiffany replied sweetly, "Miss, you're a beauty too. Since we're all beauties, can you sell this to us at a cheaper price?"

Mrs. Fuller was delighted. The older women grew, the more they liked to hear others calling them "Miss" since it made them feel quite a few years younger.

"You and your sweet tongue. How much are you buying? For each type you buy, I'll give you a discount of one."

Amelia then handed the vegetables she had selected over to the lady. "Mrs. Fuller, Tiff is just joking with you. You're running a small business. It's not easy to make money."

"So what? It's no big deal. I make a little less money but we now have two beauties here at our farmer's market. It's rare for us to see such pretty visitors. Everyone here is happy to see you two."

Amelia had picked out many vegetables from the stall, and as promised, Mrs. Fuller gave her a discount for every item.

After paying for the vegetables, the pair next went to a stall selling chicken and duck. Amelia purchased a whole chicken, then got Tiffany to carry it.

"Tiff, do you want to eat fish? Why don't we buy some back and bake it?"

Tiffany replied, "I'll head home and cook myself some pasta later. Just buy enough to cook for Oscar and yourself."

Amelia laughed. "You're helping me so much right now. Do I look that heartless as to make you help me prepare everything then just let you go home on an empty stomach?"

"I don't want to be a third wheel."

Amelia smacked her on the arm and said, "Stop your nonsense."

Tiffany simply grinned at Amelia.

The two then headed toward the fish stall. Tiffany jokingly said, "Babe, if I stay for dinner, I'm afraid Oscar will get into a bad mood once he gets home. When that happens, remember to stand behind me. With his character, I can't guarantee that he won't be violent toward women."

Amelia was astounded.

Tiffany was getting bolder with her words.

“The two of you must be a cat and a dog in your previous life. Whenever you meet you’ll definitely fight over something. Based on your novel-writing tropes, you two would become a couple in the end. Sure enough, novel and reality are definitely opposites.”

Tiffany pulled away from Amelia and acted as if she were fighting something off. “Oscar and I are clearly from two different worlds. Don’t put us together. If the two of us ever get together, it would bring chaos and destruction to the world.”

Amelia could not help but slap her on the arm playfully. “You’re talking nonsense again. He’s really not as bad as you said.”

Tiffany replied, “Babe, that’s because you’re looking at him from a lover’s point of view. As for me, there’s nothing else that’s good about him other than the fact that he’s handsome, rich, and has a good career. He is not even a considerate person. Only a fool like you would fall for such a man.”

This made Amelia even more dumbfounded.

At the fish stall, the vendors welcomed the two of them enthusiastically. A few women in their forties and fifties could not help but compliment them. “You two look really beautiful. I can basically tell that you’re born into good families and are educated women with good upbringing.”

Tiffany replied, “Miss, you must have been very beautiful when you were young too. Although you’ve grown a little older now, you must have been very popular amongst men when you were younger by looking at your facial features.”

The vendors all brightened up and laughed at her words.

Looking at the women, Amelia could not bring herself to say such false praises. They were not actually pretty, and in fact, could be considered somewhat ugly. She did not understand how Tiffany could praise them that way.

As the vendor’s moods improved, she gave them a discount on the fish.

“Since both of you are so pretty, I’ll sell you this fish for ten. Usually, I charge thirteen.”

Tiffany said, “Miss, it should be that we’re all beauties. Beauties understand each other the best.”

The vendor's mood further improved.

In the end, the pair returned with their hands full of fresh produce and other items.

Tiffany carried the entire bunch, rejecting Amelia when she offered to help.

"Babe, don't you think I am amazing? My sweet tongue has helped you save quite a bit of money. How are you going to repay me?" asked Tiffany, trying to take some credit for herself.

"I'll cook you something delicious?"

"Don't give me that. You only care about your husband now. Where is the room for me?"

"What reward do you want then?"

"Every night before bed, you have to tell your baby just how great and lovable his godmother is. Then, when he's born, he'll love me more than he loves his daddy."

Amelia shook her head, unable to hold back her laughter. "Tiff, can you be any more childish?"

Tiffany kept a straight face. "I'm serious. I need to start forming a bond with the baby. Otherwise, based on Oscar's personality, he won't let the baby interact too much with me after you have given birth. I can already predict what he's going to do."

Amelia had long given up on trying to resolve the issues between Tiffany and Oscar. No matter what she did, as soon as they met they would start fighting anyway. It's either they treat each other coldly or start to attack and ridicule each other. Most of their fights were started by Tiffany. Oscar was usually the one who remained cold and calm.

Back in the car, Tiffany continued what she was saying. "Babe, remember to talk to your baby about me every night. I want him to place me in a higher position than your husband in his heart."

"Tiff, can you be more graceful and classy?" asked Amelia.

"No, you don't understand. I have to compete with your husband to see who wins."

"Do you think you're writing an action novel?"

"I do actually have the intention to write one this year. It's just that I've never written this genre before so I don't know if my audience can accept it. I also don't know if my editor will kill me for this."

Amelia was not surprised by her carefree comments. After all, she was already used to Tiffany's quirks.

"Your romance and fantasy novels have already helped you build a fanbase. If you suddenly change genres now, you may lose some of them. But who knows, maybe you'll gain some new ones too. I quite approve of this new attempt. Maybe you can talk to Shannon first. What if she actually supports you? After all, when you've written one genre for too long, your creativity and writing style may become dull."

Tiffany snapped her fingers and said, "Babe, you sure know me best. For your sake, I won't pick on Oscar anymore."

Amelia laughed.

Whenever she spoke about a serious topic, Tiffany always had her own ways to lighten the situation, astonishing those around her.

"I think the one who knows you best is the person who discovers your talents."

Tiffany did not understand what Amelia was suggesting. She asked, "Who?"

"Your boss, Mr. Hisson," replied Amelia jokingly.

Tiffany was stunned for a moment. When she composed herself again, she rolled her eyes at Amelia. "Why are you mentioning him all of a sudden?"

"Who knows? He could be your Mr. Right."

Tiffany started to blush.

"Babe, you've been learning bad things."

"I could say the same for you."

Oh, man! Did I just dig a hole for myself?

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Chapter 163 Show Off Your Affection

When they got back to the apartment, Oscar, who said that he would only be back at night, was already waiting inside. Amelia and Tiffany fell silent in shock when they saw him.

After a while, Amelia broke into a smile. "Mr. Clinton, you're back."

Tiffany spared Oscar a glance. Yet, Oscar did not even bother to look at her and walked over to Amelia. His eyes burning hot and intense into hers, making Amelia feel a little warm.

Amelia started to blush and her heartbeat quickened. She broke their eye contact, pretending to tidy her clothes.

Tiffany scowled, then spoke to state her presence. Otherwise, the couple would totally forget about her existence.

"Mr. Clinton, stop looking at her so blatantly. You'll burn a hole through her soon," said Tiffany deliberately.

Amelia's cheeks grew even redder.

Oscar simply shot her a look and said, "You can go now."

Tiffany laughed boisterously. She lifted the bags in her hands and said, "See these? I went to buy them with Amelia and she invited me to stay for dinner. So, it's too bad that I'll definitely be a third wheel today. I don't think a president like yourself would be so petty to not even let me have a meal, right?"

Oscar looked at the groceries, then at Amelia. Amelia turned to Tiffany and said, "Tiff, put the groceries in the kitchen first. They're heavy."

Tiffany shrugged her shoulders and looked smugly at Oscar, forcing him to acknowledge that she still had a place in Amelia's heart. Even if Oscar wanted to spend time alone with Amelia, she would not just chase her away.

In the end, all Tiffany wanted to do was to challenge Oscar and not let him get what he wanted so easily. She needed to let him know that no matter what, Amelia still had many friends that had her back, and was not someone he could just order around as he pleased.

Tiffany raised the bags in her arms and said, "Mr. Clinton, it's time to make yourself useful. Take these groceries to the kitchen. A big strong man like you should act more gentlemanly."

Without another word, Oscar took the bags in her hands and strode into the kitchen.

Tiffany said, "At least he got the cue."

Amelia was feeling a little helpless. "Tiff, don't quarrel with him since he's finally made it home. Both of you are very important to me. I don't want to see you fighting all the time. It's making my life difficult."

"Don't worry. As long as he doesn't hurt you, I won't make things difficult for him. I'll always consider your feelings first."

Amelia patted her on the shoulder. "I know you mean the best for me."

Tiffany shrugged and said, "I think ever since you were exposed to men, you'd totally forgotten about your best friend. You're always siding with Oscar now and never speak up for me anymore. I'm getting upset."

Amelia did not know what to say to that. Is it my fault to have fallen for someone?

Tiffany grabbed her hand and smiled. "Babe, I was just joking. When I'm done helping you in the kitchen I'll make myself scarce. Oscar's kind of machismo so I don't think he's reliable enough to help you cook, but it would be too tiring to cook everything by yourself."

Amelia was touched. She laughed and said, "Stay for dinner. We have enough ingredients anyway."

Tiffany glanced at the kitchen before she replied, "I don't want to be the third wheel. Your husband is trying to kill me with his gaze alone. He clearly doesn't want me here. One day, when he comes to beg me about something concerning you, see how I'll deal with him then. Just thinking about it makes my day."

Amelia stood still as she didn't know how to react to her comment.

Those two had been fighting like cats and dogs for the past four or five years. Even Amelia's attempts to mediate had never worked. There was no way for both of them to coexist as normal human beings.

They were just two magnetic fields that collided.

"I don't think you'll get your wish. He'd never beg you for anything involving me. However, there could be a possibility if it is about Cassie," said Amelia in a neutral tone.

Tiffany shrugged her shoulders. "Who knows? You've been together for four or five years. I don't believe that he doesn't feel anything for you at all. Unless you're telling me that he's just a block of wood."

Amelia had a blank look on her face.

She could guarantee that Oscar was no block of wood. Otherwise, he could not be that passionate in bed. However, aside from intimacy, she only had a handful of good memories with Oscar over the years. He was rarely involved in her life other than providing her with food, clothing, shelter, and transportation. Amelia also did not understand how she fell for a man who was so insensitive and unromantic. However, when she realized she had fallen for him, she was already truly, deeply, madly in love with him. It was too late to stop her feelings then.

Consequently, she started to care more and more about Oscar's attitude toward her. Amelia was both excited and uneasy when she first found out about her pregnancy. She was excited that she finally had a child with Oscar, but felt uneasy as she was worried if he would ask her to abort the child.

Amelia's feelings for Oscar were very complicated. Perhaps she had always felt that she had no sense of security in her marriage since their marriage was a love contract bound by terms and conditions. She would always become fearful even when any little thing happened.

Oscar came back out to join them after he put down the groceries and washed his hands. When Tiffany saw him, she said, "Mr. Clinton, how does it feel to live in the hospital? You were happy with someone else. I almost thought you'd totally forgotten that you still have a wife."

Oscar only spared her a glance before subsequently ignoring her.

He walked over, sat down in front of Amelia, then caressed her belly and whispered, "Has our baby been good?"

Amelia smiled slightly and replied, "Sweetheart has been good these few days, and didn't act up. Maybe he knows that Daddy's not here, so he needs to protect Mommy."

Oscar's expression softened. He replied in a tender voice, "I missed you a lot."

Amelia's cheeks started to burn. It was fine if Oscar had not said those sweet nothings. However, once he said it, it made her heart flutter.

Tiffany, who had been watching this from aside, started to have goosebumps.

She rubbed her hands together and said, "Mr. Clinton, I know you're a master of flirting, but could you please consider the feelings of others around you before you act all lovey-dovey with your wife?"

"The door's over there. If you can't stand it, you're free to leave."

Tiffany was already used to him kicking her out.

"The more you want me to leave, the more I won't do it. It's too bad for you, but I'm definitely staying," replied Tiffany provokingly.

Oscar did not bother to respond.

Amelia was getting a little restless, fearing that the two would really start a fight. She did not expect Oscar to suddenly speak. "I won't quarrel with unreasonable women. It would lower my status"

Amelia was taken aback. She subconsciously glanced at Tiffany.

Tiffany just laughed, her voice was laced with anger. "Same here! Everyone else says that Mr. Clinton is so refined and classy. Looks like that's not true. From what I see, you're not worthy of Amelia at all."

Oscar simply kept a straight face and turned to Amelia. "Didn't you want to cook? I'll help you. We haven't cooked together before. I'll cook a few dishes and you can tell me if I'm good at it."

Amelia was rather surprised.

"You know how to cook?" They had been married for so long, but she had basically never seen him cook before.

Oscar gently tapped the tip of her nose and said in a tender, loving voice, "Of course, I know how to cook."

"But the last time..."

"I didn't want to cook then."

Amelia fell silent.

“What’s wrong? You don’t want to cook with me?”

Amelia shook her head.

Tiffany was getting completely ignored. Her presence was not felt at all.

Oscar took Amelia’s chin in his hands and studied her face. He said softly, “What’s the matter? Are you that surprised to know that I can cook?”

Amelia shook her head, clearing the disappointment away from her thoughts. She smiled and said, “I was just thinking, would you make me whatever I have craving for”

Oscar nodded.

“I want to eat roasted rosemary chicken. Do you know how to make it?”

Oscar nodded again.

He then stood up and offered Amelia a hand, like a gentleman. She put her hand in his large palm before noticing that Tiffany was watching their entire interaction, waiting for a good show. It was only then that Amelia realized she had been so distracted by Oscar’s charms that she had forgotten Tiffany was in the room.

Amelia indeed forgot about her friends once she found love.

Amelia hurriedly withdrew her hands and faked a cough before she said, “Tiff, what do you want to eat? It’s rare that Mr. Clinton’s interested in cooking today. Looks like we’re going to have a good meal.”

Tiffany crossed her arms and said with a faint smile, “Mr. Clinton, do I have the honor of tasting your cooking?”

Oscar immediately rejected her. “No.”

Amelia patted him awkwardly on the arm and said to Tiffany with a hint of embarrassment, “Tiff, he’s just joking. Don’t take it to heart.”

Tiffany was already used to Oscar’s rejections, so she was not the least bit unhappy. She simply shrugged. “Looks like I’m just an unwanted guest. I’ll just go back now and stop being a third wheel.”

Amelia mistakenly thought that Tiffany was really angry. She hurriedly replied, “Tiff, don’t be angry.”

Tiffany laughed. "Babe, do you really think I'm so easily provoked?" As she spoke, she moved closer to Amelia, then leaned in and whispered, "I'm trying to let you guys spend some time together. I don't want to be the third wheel and have to tolerate your husband's attitude toward me. You just enjoy your romantic candlelit dinner today."

Amelia was deeply moved.

"You're not staying for dinner?"

Tiffany shook her head. "I'll just go home and cook something. You can flirt all you want with Mr. Clinton. I won't bother you anymore. If you need me, I'm just a call away. Just call me and don't try to handle it by yourself if Mr. Clinton bullies you. I'll deal with him for you."

Amelia felt so touched. At the same time, she was dumbfounded.

Tiffany waved. "I'm out." She then turned to Oscar and continued, "Mr. Clinton, I'll be leaving now. I won't be an eyesore anymore. You can stop acting so petty. You look awful that way."

As soon as she was done, Tiffany hurried off as fast as she could.

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Chapter 164 Happiness And Bliss

Amelia stared at the door, which Tiffany had slammed shut. Then, she turned to look at Oscar. "Excuse me, Mr. Clinton, but are you that petty?"

Gazing at her affectionately, Oscar lifted his hand and tapped her on the nose. "Don't you know that better than anyone else?" he drawled.

Unbidden, the corners of Amelia's mouth lifted. She appeared to be in an exceedingly good mood now.

Meanwhile, Oscar was now in love with the feminine side of her – her shyness, allure, and even child-like naivety at times. In short, the many sides of her simply had him irrevocably infatuated.

I've truly squandered the time we've spent together in the past! I'd always thought that she was a gold digger, who was trying to seduce me, so I'd never planned to truly understand her. In doing so, I've really wasted too

much time! But now, I'm glad I've finally moved to open my heart and appreciate the different sides of her. Otherwise, I wouldn't have realized that she's actually so adorable and enchanting!

Wrapping her arms around his waist, Amelia nestled into his embrace docilely. "I missed you, Darling," she murmured.

This statement was very effective against Oscar, for the corners of his mouth lifted. He then pulled her nearer to him, plastering their bodies even closer.

"I missed you, too."

An unprecedented sense of security flooded Amelia as she burrowed against him. I wish I can stay in his embrace forever, never to be separated from him!

Subsequently, Oscar raised his hand and stroked her hair. His deep voice was exceeding hypnotizing as he asked, "Did you eat properly while I was gone?"

At this, Amelia chuckled. "While you were gone, I used food to alleviate my sorrow and ate even more than when you were here. I feel as though I'm turning into a little pig now."

As Oscar lifted a hand and placed it over her stomach, he jested, "Let me see whether you've truly become a little pig."

Upon hearing this, Amelia's laughter grew even more exuberant.

The two of them bantered for a while before Amelia changed the subject. "Darling, Tiff wasn't deliberately trying to gainsay you, so don't take offense at her."

At the mention of this, the look in Oscar's eyes changed. He then tilted her chin up. "I notice that you sometimes care about her more than you do me," he noted tersely.

Amelia met his eyes, and they both stared at each other. In the end, she couldn't help exclaiming with a giggle, "Don't tell me you're jealous, Darling?"

In response, Oscar grabbed her hand and nipped it. "You've grown bolder again now that you even dare poke fun at me," he commented.

At this moment, Amelia's smile was exceedingly sweet, the bliss written on her face plainly visible to all.

The affection in Oscar's gaze deepened when he saw that. Tapping her on the nose, he then declared, "In the future, you're not allowed to speak of Tiffany too much in front of me."

Amelia lifted her head and stared at him as she said with utmost seriousness, "Darling, Tiff is my best friend, and she was the only one who was willing to stay by my side when I was at my lowest. I'll never forget her friendship. Can't you be a bit more amicable to her for my sake?"

However, Oscar remained silent, saying nary a word.

A glimmer of disappointment flashed across Amelia's eyes.

He's indeed rather good to me, but he's unwilling to be good to my friends. People say that when a man truly loves a woman, not only will he take care of her meticulously, but he'll also take good care of her parents, family members, friends, and relatives.

Admittedly, he has always provided for me financially, but he has never tried to be part of my life. Plus, his attitude toward my friends is also lukewarm.

Unbidden, she wondered, Is he still regarding me as a dispensable pet even as he draws close to me now and pampers me?

Naturally, Oscar noticed her sudden change in demeanor. Lifting her chin, he queried, "What's wrong? Are you not happy?"

Amelia shook her head, shaking off the tangle of thoughts in her mind. Then, as though nothing had happened, she blurted, "Didn't you say you're going to cook for me, Mr. Clinton? Let's go. I'm really looking forward to trying your cooking. After all, I've never seen you cooking in the five years we've been married."

As a sense of distance manifested, Amelia changed her address of him out of habit.

The moment her words fell, Oscar hugged her domineeringly. "You're unhappy," he declared. It wasn't a question, but a statement.

Amelia was still wearing a smile on her face, but her smile was tinged with a hint of detachment.

Oscar hated such a smile from her, for it made him feel that there was a gulf between them.

His possessiveness was exceedingly intense in matters of the heart, so he hoped that his woman would make him the priority without having any other motives in the mix.

“Are you unhappy because my attitude toward Tiffany is too cold?” he demanded, hitting the nail right on the head.

However, Amelia shook her head.

All of a sudden, she felt that it was rather childish to be bothered about such a matter when it came to their relationship. What does it matter whether he’s good to my friends and family? He’s my husband now, and he’s going to be my baby’s daddy in the future. That’s enough.

Furthermore, we didn’t get married out of love in the first place, but for some other reason. In turn, our marriage is destined to be stained with impurities. Thus, it’s actually rather unreasonable for me to hope that he’ll be good to my friends.

Out of the blue, Oscar asserted firmly, “I don’t like you keeping secrets from me.”

As Amelia stared at him, she suddenly felt like giggling. I never knew that he has such a serious side to him.

“Mr. Clinton, I really hope that you can get along well with Tiff. It’s not a far stretch to say that the two of you are the most important people to me, so I indeed feel a tad uncomfortable here when I see you both fighting like cats and dogs every time you meet.” As she spoke, she pointed at her heart.

At this, an array of emotions flittered across Oscar’s eyes. In the end, he conceded, “I’ll try my best to be nice to her in the future, okay?”

Amelia was stunned for a moment, for she had never expected that he would one day compromise with her.

I’d always thought that he’d never relent easily just because of a request from me. When did he become so soft-hearted? Or is he only this indulgent because it’s me?

When Oscar noticed that the smile on her face had turned genuine, he breathed a sigh of relief. “Are you happy now?” he asked.

Amelia replied in the affirmative and gave him a warm hug.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Clinton. Thank you for always indulging me. Even if I’m not the person you love, I still thank you for having treated me so well in the past four or five years,” she remarked sincerely.

Again, a range of emotions flashed across Oscar’s eyes, rendering his thoughts indiscernible.

After Amelia had said that, she flashed him an incredibly warm smile.

Then, she placed a hand over her stomach and lamented in feigned distress, “I’m hungry, Mr. Clinton. The baby is also urging me to tell you this – ‘Daddy, I’m starving! Hurry up and cook something for me, or I’m going to be angry with you!’ There you have it.”

At this, Oscar chuckled in exasperation.

I really can’t bring myself to be hard on her. Speaking of that, I’ve truly been blind in the past! How could I have thought that such a pure girl is a gold digger?

Subsequently, Oscar went into the kitchen to cook, while Amelia helped him out.

This was the first time she ever saw him cooking, and only now did she realize that he was actually a man with hidden talents. After all, his movements were extremely nimble as he bustled about. At this sight, she recalled how he’d once said that he couldn’t cook, nor would he ever cook. Actually, it’s not that he can’t cook or isn’t willing to do so. Rather, he hasn’t met the right person, so he didn’t have the inclination to cook. In this case, does his willingness to cook for me now mean that his feelings for me have already undergone a fundamental change?

As Amelia gazed at Oscar, who wore an apron and looked like a househusband, the corners of her mouth lifted. Ah, such bliss is truly inconceivable!

This was the first time a man had ever cooked for her. True to the claim that a man was most handsome while cooking, and she almost lost herself in his extraordinary allure.

In the past, he was very cold and aloof. But now, the man, who was washing vegetables in the kitchen, had lost his hostility of the past and was much more approachable. Hence, she was all the more captivated by his current self.

I can’t believe that such an outstanding man is actually my husband! I must have done a good deed in the past life and garnered God’s favor. That’s the only explanation for me to have met him. Despite our less-than-stellar

start, our relationship is wonderful at this moment, and I'm also feeling blessed beyond words!

As long as he doesn't mention anything about a divorce, I'm willing to keep myself immersed in this beautiful dream he weaved and believe that he truly loves me even if this bubble will ruthlessly burst one day.

Hugging Oscar from behind, Amelia professed, "I'm really happy now, Mr. Clinton. I truly wish this happiness will remain for a while longer." She sounded wholly like a young maiden who was in the love for the first time.

While washing the vegetables, Oscar stilled for a moment. Then, he teased her, saying with a chuckle, "You're happy just because I'm cooking for you. Are you really this easily satisfied?"

Behind him, Amelia nodded. "It feels like home."

Upon hearing this, Oscar's heart abruptly clenched. He then deliberately made light of things, noting, "I thought only diamonds and jewels will be able to win over a devastating beauty like you. Never had I thought that a mere meal is sufficient to conquer your heart."

In response, Amelia lifted a hand and hit his back lightly.

In the next moment, Oscar guffawed aloud, his low laughter reverberating in the relatively huge kitchen.

Likewise, Amelia was in high spirits.

As Oscar cooked in the kitchen, she silently watched at the side. Such happiness and bliss were priceless, for no amount of money could ever buy it.

In the past, she always prepared a feast and awaited his return hopefully, but he either came home late for various reasons or disdained the food. Thus, she had to watch as the steaming hot food grew cold and lost all warmth – just like her heart. In the beginning, it was filled with hopeful anticipation before it slowly turned into disappointment, and finally, it became numb.

However, things were now different. Oscar was personally cooking for her, so she felt exceedingly happy no matter the taste.

In reality, women's desires were very simple – a warm home, a loving husband, sensible and adorable kids, as well as for the entire family to be safe and peaceful. Apart from that, nothing truly matters all that much.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 165

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Chapter 165 Dancing

“Mr. Clinton, I’m really happy now. Truly, I’m impossibly happy. Even if this is a dream, I implore you to let me dream on for a while longer,” Amelia entreated.

After placing the vegetables he’d washed onto the plate, Oscar chided, “You’re letting your imagination run wild again, huh? If you like my cooking, I’ll take the time to cook for you when I’m not busy. I’m your husband, so it’s only natural that I cook for you. Is it necessary for you to think that you’re dreaming?”

Amelia rested against Oscar’s back like a child. Bliss was written all over her face, but her eyes unwittingly turned red.

He simply can’t understand my sorrow when it comes to my longing for a home. Ah well, he’ll understand one day. Or perhaps he’ll never understand it in this lifetime.

Nonetheless, Oscar’s broad back gave her a strong sense of security.

Again, she repeated, “Mr. Clinton, I really feel extremely happy now. Such happiness can never be measured by money.”

Her proclamation hit Oscar squarely in the chest, for he’d never expected her to be so easily satisfied. He was merely cooking a meal for her, yet it was already more than sufficient to have her saying that she was happy.

She said, such happiness can never be measured by money.

In truth, this statement was an epiphany to him. No woman had ever told him that the happiness they craved was merely to be with him without branded gifts or jewelry, a resplendent villa, or a sports car. All those women drew close to him with a motive. Some did so for the sake of fame and fortune, or even just for the thrill of it, while others wanted to enjoy a better life. Contrarily, this woman, whom he had once labeled a gold digger, was reveling in happiness at this very moment because of a meal he cooked.

All at once, a wealth of warmth engulfed him. This feeling was one he had never experienced before – a sense of contentment that was lacking even during the height of his relationship with Cassie back then.

Oscar simply allowed her to cling to his back like a koala as he continued cooking.

Undeniably, he was incredibly skilled at cooking, his movements unhurried. The entire scene appeared exceedingly beautiful and enthralling.

In short, it created a picture of a man cooking for his beloved woman, while the woman nestled beside him blissfully and looked on happily.

In other words, the man bustled about, while the woman waited to eat.

Indeed, it was all incredibly romantic.

Anyway, all this appeared very romantic in Amelia's eyes. Even if this romanticism included the smell of grease and smoke, she still felt particularly happy.

The entire meal took two hours in the kitchen because of all their lovey-dovey gestures. When they stepped out of the kitchen, it was already half-past seven.

Amelia then got some candles out from somewhere and said, "It just so happens that it's dark now, so what about a candlelight dinner, Mr. Clinton?"

Flashing her an indulgent smile, Oscar countered, "Don't you think it's even more romantic to eat under dim lighting?"

Surprisingly, Amelia acted out of character and pouted. "In the movies, it's very romantic to see the male and female leads having a candlelight dinner, so I want my man to also reenact the scene with me. Mr. Clinton, are you not going to grant me such an insignificant request?"

Upon hearing this, Oscar was torn between laughter and exasperation. However, he still went with her and turned off all the lights. In a flash, the house plunged into utter darkness.

Amelia initially wanted to arrange the candles, but Oscar then quickly strode over and snagged the candles from her hand. "Just sit down. I'll do all the preparation," he asserted.

Amelia obediently sat down. She couldn't quite see anything in the darkness, but strangely enough, she wasn't at all anxious. Perhaps that could be attributed to Oscar's presence beside her.

Out of the blue, she giggled. "Mr. Clinton, I think we're both quite silly. Why didn't we light the candles with the lights on? We just had to light it in pitch darkness. Isn't it particularly silly?"

At her remark, Oscar was startled for a moment. When I'm with her, some of my actions have become rather silly.

At long last, he finally managed to light the candles. Then, he took his seat on the other side.

As the candlelight illuminated Amelia's flushed face, she appeared as beautiful as a flower in full bloom.

Oscar's gaze instantly darkened significantly as he stared at her.

Amelia then lifted her glass and murmured, "Cheers."

Her glass was filled with milk, which Oscar poured especially for her.

Raising his glass, Oscar clinked it against hers. After taking a sip, he placed it down and took some food for her with his silverware. "Try this," he urged.

Thus, Amelia took a bite of it. Meanwhile, Oscar's gaze unconsciously followed her every move as he observed her expression closely. Even he himself didn't realize that he was actually a touch nervous at this moment.

"How is it?"

Amelia merely lifted her head and looked at him without answering the question.

At this, Oscar's brows furrowed. He then asked, "Does it taste bad?"

Still, Amelia chewed slowly and kept him suspended on the edge.

As time ticked past, Oscar became all more unconfident, and even his voice was colored with a hint of nerves.

"Is it awful?"

As Amelia looked at his apprehensive expression, she finally burst out laughing. Only then did Oscar realize that he'd been tricked.

All at once, exasperation inundated Oscar. "You're really impish, woman."

Subsequently, Amelia swallowed the food in her mouth and gave him a thumbs-up. "Mr. Clinton, I never expected your cooking to be so delicious," she complimented.

Finally, Oscar's heart that had been in his throat settled back into his chest.

"Truly?"

Nodding, Amelia supportively took another huge bite.

She was now filled with happiness. He has truly given me too many surprises today. Not only has he been tender to me, but he also cooked for me personally. In the past, I never dared to even think about this!

"Mr. Clinton, I've never seen you cook. When did you learn to cook?" she questioned, curious.

As Oscar took some food for her, he answered, "When I was studying abroad back then, I wasn't used to the food outside, so I learned to cook. To improve the taste of my cooking, I even attended classes and learned different cuisines. I'm actually pretty good at cooking Erihalian cuisines as well, but I just don't quite favor it."

Hearing this, Amelia again flashed him a thumbs-up. "Mr. Clinton, you're truly a man of many talents. I feel incredibly proud whenever I think of the fact that such an outstanding man like you belongs to me. It's a feeling of, 'Hey, that's my man!' I even wonder how I'm worthy to be your wife. Thus, I'm really thankful I got to marry you. Even if I did so for the money at first, but now..."

She didn't finish her utterance, but she was certain that he would understand her meaning.

Getting up from the chair, Oscar leaned forward and knocked her head lightly. "Silly girl!"

Just because of those two words, Amelia's eyes turned red despite herself. He's simply too gentle under the candlelight, his loving gaze seemingly drawing me in.

She dipped her head and furtively dashed off her tears, unwilling to ruin such a wonderful atmosphere with her melancholy.

Then, Oscar took more food for her while prompting, "Eat more."

Amelia then buried her head and ate. Oscar, on the other hand, watched her eat indulgently.

Perhaps his gaze was too piercing that even Amelia, who was pretending to be eating intently, couldn't keep up the pretense anymore.

She lifted her head and looked at Oscar, who only had some noodles on his plate. "Are you not eating, Mr. Clinton?" she asked.

To which Oscar replied, "You're a scrumptious dish in itself."

Amelia was stunned at first before her cheeks flamed.

"Mr. Clinton, sweet talk seems to be coming to you with hardly any effort. Well, how many women have you said this to?"

At her remark, mirth bubbled within Oscar. "Are you jealous?"

However, Amelia shook her head in denial.

Placing more food onto her plate, Oscar then urged, "Eat more. I'll be keeping you company at home tonight."

Likewise, Amelia took some food for him and placed it into his. "Are you not going to the hospital?" she inquired.

"Are you hoping that I'll go?"

Shaking her head, Amelia murmured, "I just feel that Ms. Yard is quite possessive about you. Will she really let you go so easily?"

It was clear as day that Oscar would rather not speak of Cassie, for he merely deflected, saying, "I told her that I'll be going home today. Plus, Steph will be going over to take care of her tonight, and they've been friends for many years."

All things considered, Amelia's expression remained rather calm after hearing that.

"Why? Are you unhappy about that?"

Picking up her silverware, Amelia took some food and placed it into his bowl. "It doesn't really matter. Ms. Yard is the woman you love most, so it's normal that you're concerned about her. Since she's the woman you've been longing after for so many years, you should be very happy now that you've finally won her over."

When Oscar's heard this, he could tell that she was brimming with jealousy.

Thus, he deliberately teased her, exclaiming, "And you said you're not jealous? I can even smell the strong stench of jealousy wafting in the air now. Do you not smell it?"

Amelia rolled her eyes at him and chided, "You're incorrigible, Mr. Clinton!"

At that, Oscar laughed heartily, his laughter instantly riveting Amelia.

When his laughter had finally tapered off, she unwittingly blurted, "Oscar, you look really handsome when you laugh."

Oscar was taken aback for a moment before he then snapped back to his senses.

"Were you swept off your feet by my allure?" he quipped.

Under the candlelight, he was no longer the shrewd and aloof man he appeared to others. Instead, he became particularly talkative and approachable.

Amelia felt herself insensibly falling head over heels at his outstanding personality and charm even as her heartbeat started accelerating.

Suddenly, Oscar stood up and extended his hand in a gentlemanly gesture of invitation. Amelia stared at him at a loss for a moment.

Hence, Oscar murmured, "My beautiful lady, I'd like to be your Prince Charming tonight. May I have the honor of having this dance?"

Amelia's right hand instinctively flew to her mouth, and her gaze was stained with a hint of incredulity.

When she didn't react, he repeated, "My beautiful lady, may this Prince Charming of yours have the honor of having this dance tonight?"

Jolting out of her surprise, Amelia languidly placed her hand into his, whereupon he pulled her up.

As he placed his hands at her waist, he asked in a low voice, "You don't mind dancing with me in the living room without any music, do you?"

Amelia shook her head. In the next moment, she insensitively blurted, "When did you become so romantic, Mr. Clinton?"

Chuckling softly, Oscar boasted, "There are plenty more romantic things I can do."

"Ah, you've been hiding your talents all this time, Mr. Clinton," Amelia bantered.

At this time, Oscar placed a finger at his lips and shushed her. In an extremely entrancing voice, he whispered, "Be good and keep quiet for a while. You just need to feel it."

Amelia obediently zipped her mouth.

The two of them then danced in the absence of music. It formed a beautiful picture – one that couldn't be described by words.

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