

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 24

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Staring at him with a complicated gaze, Oscar warned, "Kenrick, she's my wife, and whether or not we'll divorce in the future, she's still my wife at this moment. Are you planning to destroy our decades-old friendship by telling me you're going to court her?"

Kenrick smirked. "Aren't you being a little too possessive, Oscar? You've been saying that you want a divorce, yet you refuse to let any other men court her. Can I assume that you actually still love her?"

As if Kenrick had spoken his thoughts out loud, Oscar's expression turned darker. "Are you really going to go against me?"

Kenrick walked up to Oscar and patted his shoulder as he said, "That's not what I'm trying to do, Oscar; I'm trying to make you aware of your own thoughts. The fact that you guys have been married four years means you don't hate her. In fact, I'd say she has a place in your heart. Don't lie to yourself just for a Cassie. I don't want you to regret this in the future."

Hearing that, Oscar's heart skipped a beat.

"Mind your own business, Kenrick. I know what to do for mine. Regret isn't a word that exists in my dictionary."

"Well then, I'll cease the topic. Amelia's a good woman, and if you don't know how to cherish her, someone else will."

Oscar was still frowning even after they had bid goodbye and left the farmstay.

Amelia looked at him oddly and asked, "Are you all right, Mr. Clinton? You don't look too well after you came out of the restroom."

"Are you friends with Kenrick?" Oscar snapped, turning to look at her.

Still confused, Amelia replied, "No. Why do you ask?"

Only after driving a distance away from the farmstay then did Oscar answer, "Stay away from Kenrick in the future. Although our marriage was an agreement, don't you forget that you're still my wife. So don't go interacting intimately with other men behind my back."

In her anger, Amelia laughed. "Mr. Clinton, which eye of yours saw me interacting intimately with other men? You were the one who brought me to meet your friends, but now you're accusing me of being intimate with them? Mr. Clinton, are you jealous?"

Oscar scoffed, "Amelia Winters, keep more to yourself."

"Mr. Clinton, don't forget that you married me because I was not reserved," she reminded as she smiled sweetly at him.

The only response Oscar gave her was a cold glance.

Still perplexed, Amelia leaned over to touch his cheek and wondered, "Mr. Clinton, what are you so mad about?"

Oscar's eyes remained fixed on the road.

"Mr. Clinton, are you actually angry?" By now, Amelia's body was almost entirely onto Oscar's.

"Return to your seat."

However, she wrapped her arms around his neck instead.

"Mr. Clinton, don't be angry. I feel scared when you have a grave look on your face," Amelia whined.

Oscar shot her look, then stopped the car at the side of the road.

He gripped her chin and questioned, "Amelia, are you that desperate?"

Despite her chin hurting, Amelia stared at Oscar with half-lidded eyes and smiled. "Mr. Clinton, what exactly are you mad about? You've got to tell me why even if you wish to sentence me to death. It's upsetting that you're losing your temper at me without reasons."

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At that sight, Oscar began to give in. He slowly let go of her and muttered, "You can't get too close to other men without my permission."

Amelia leaned onto him and whispered, "Mr. Clinton, are you genuinely jealous?"

Oscar gave her a quick glance. "Return to your seat. I'm going to drive now."

However, instead of heeding his words, she pushed her luck by landing a kiss on his cheek. "Mr. Clinton, what do you think about doing one round in the car?"

Oscar's eyes darkened. The way he looked at Amelia was like a snake who found its prey. However, it did not take him long to be calm again as he frigidly voiced, "Stop seducing me and return to your seat."

"You've become less romantic, Mr. Clinton," Amelia mumbled under her breath and obediently sat back into her seat, buckling her seatbelt.

After driving back, Oscar received a call, informing him to pick up the person in charge of the collaboration in Erihal, who had arrived in Tayhaven.

To the person on the other end of the call, Oscar replied, "Okay. Book a flight to Tayhaven for eight in the morning tomorrow. You're coming with me."

Hanging up the phone, he turned to tell Amelia, "I'll be going on a business trip. We'll talk about the divorce when I'm back."

He then unbuckled his seatbelt and left. Amelia, who was still in the car, heaved a sigh of relief. In fact, she was hoping that Oscar was pushing back their divorce because he still had a trace of reluctance to leave her.

Although she knew that this was only her wishful thinking, she did not want to give up on any hope she could find.

When she thought about how Oscar might be a little reluctant to leave her, the flame of hope for her marriage with Oscar burned anew.

"Why are you still in the car? Come out." Oscar had returned without her knowing, and he was frowning.

Recollecting herself, she looked at Oscar and smiled as her mood lifted. Oscar, as long as you feel a little something for me, I'll never give you up to Cassie.

Amelia unbuckled her safety belt to get down from the car. She then walked toward Oscar and hooked her arm around his. Smiling brightly at him, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, did you not want to leave me behind?"

He rolled his eyes at her. "I'm going on a business trip tomorrow. As my wife, shouldn't you at least pack my luggage for me?"

Although he was ordering her around, Amelia still beamed, "I'm such a devoted wife, Mr. Clinton. Why don't you pack me and bring me along?"

"Be good and stay at home. I'm going there for work and not for fun."

As Oscar was rarely as nice as this, Amelia simply compromised.

Oscar woke up early the next morning, but Amelia was even earlier than him. Before five, she was already up to make him breakfast.

Once he was done with his breakfast, she handed him his suitcase and reminded him, "Stay safe. Eat more when you're socializing with your business partners and don't drink too much. Your gastric has only gotten better these few years, so don't let your health issues flare up again."

Oscar gave her a complicated look, then nodded and left.

Amelia closed the door and returned to the dining table. She was about to clean up when a bout of nausea overtook her. She rushed to the restroom and retched. And by the time she no longer felt nauseous, she was already exhausted.

Gently rubbing her stomach, she whispered lovingly, "Sweetheart, do you also know that I'm the only one at home who's looking forward to you coming to this world? Is that why you're tormenting me when your daddy's gone? You know I won't do anything to you, don't you?"

When she found out about the baby and went for a checkup in the hospital, she was told that the baby was three months old. She hoped that she could make Oscar change his mind—her baby needed a complete family.

If Oscar felt that their four years of marriage were incomparable to a woman who once betrayed him, Amelia would have nothing to say about that. She would divorce him and take her baby with her. From there on, they would live separate lives. She would never let anyone hurt her baby.

After a brief clean-up, Tiffany called. "Amelia, it's time for your checkup. Are we heading there now?"

"Dress yourself up. I'll drive to your place in a while."

"All right."

Hanging up the phone, Amelia changed into a new skirt and put on a pair of flats. Without putting on any makeup, she left the house.

By the time she reached Tiffany's place, Tiffany was already waiting for her downstairs.

Getting into the car and buckling her seatbelt, Tiffany gave Amelia a once-over and commented, "I'm glad you didn't put on makeup, or else I'm going to be furious."

Amelia rubbed her stomach and flashed an affectionate smile. "I might only have one baby in this life. For my baby, I know what I should do and what I should not."

Tiffany scoffed, "Rubbish. As long as you're rich, you can have as many babies as you want."

Amelia shook her head. "Tiff, you've never been in love, so you don't know what it feels like. This is my first child with Oscar. No matter how it ends between me and Oscar, this baby is the result of our love. No one can change the blood ties that the baby has with Oscar and me."

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Arriving at the hospital, Amelia went to the doctor she was acquainted with to have an ultrasound scan. After the checkup, the doctor noted, "Mrs. Clinton, you're very healthy, and the baby is developing well."

"Thank you, Dr. Leonard. All I want is for my child to be born safely. No matter if my baby's a girl or a boy, I'll give you a gift as thanks." Amelia chuckled as she tidied up her clothes.

Maria Leonard was a mild-mannered, middle-aged woman. She smiled back at her and said, "Mrs. Clinton, it's all right. It's my job as a doctor to do ultrasound scans for you. Moreover, you were the one who helped my husband with the plot of land back then. We haven't even thanked you for that, so how can we still accept your gift?"

Climbing down from the bed, Amelia responded, "Dr. Leonard, that's where you're wrong. I was helping with Mr. Freeman's land as a friend. If my baby comes to this world safe and sound, you'll be our savior. You have to accept the gift."

Unable to reject her, Maria relented, "Mrs. Clinton, you're generous. It's my pleasure to have met a wealthy woman like you."

Sending her out, Maria reminded, "Mrs. Clinton, if you feel unwell, remember to call me."

Amelia smiled. "Well, I hope you won't find me disturbing then."

After bidding farewell to Maria, Tiffany asked in concern, "Amelia, how's my dear godson?"

Amelia touched her stomach and murmured fondly, "Tiff, how would you know if my baby's a boy? What if it's a girl?"

Turning the steering wheel, Tiffany announced, "I'll still love her if she's a goddaughter. If your baby's a girl, I'll dress her up like a princess when she's a little older. I'll take her to the kindergarten and pick her up at night. I'll cook for her and tell her stories before she sleeps. She'll tell me in a sweet voice, 'Good night, Aunt Tiff.' Just the thought of it melts my heart!"

Amused, Amelia inquired, "Since you like kids so much, why don't you have one yourself?"

Tiffany shrugged and replied nonchalantly, "The dozens of characters in my book will be my children. I don't think I'd want any in real life. I'd have to find someone to get married to and get pregnant before I can have a kid. I might as well take your son as my godson. That way, I'll have a free son."

Amelia snorted.

Arriving at the largest supermarket in the city, Tiffany drove into its underground parking lot, and only then did she unbuckle her safety belt.

"Tiff, why are we at a supermarket?"

Tiffany gave her a look of disbelief. "My precious godson's in your stomach for three months. I've got to prepare baby clothes, diapers, and toys for him. And I'm going to buy tons of things to decorate his nursery. Are you planning to only do this after he's born?"

Amelia was nonplussed.

"Tiff, what's wrong with you? He's only three months old. There'll be another six to seven months before he's born. It won't be too late if we were to prepare these before I'm about to give birth to him."

Sizing up her rather flat stomach, Tiffany questioned, "Are you sure you want to wait until he's seven or eight months when your stomach is too big to shop?"

An image emerged in Amelia's head of her large stomach, and she gave in. I'll definitely be terribly ugly.

"You think your big stomach will be embarrassing too, right? So hurry up, and let's go. We have to buy all kinds of toys. We'll buy double for the baby's clothes and toys. One set for my godson, and one set for my goddaughter. Maybe you might give birth to a pair of twins after we buy them—one son and one daughter. You get a package deal!" Amelia rambled on.

Meanwhile, Amelia's jaw was hanging slack. Is that why she's a novelist? Her mind functions differently from an ordinary person's. She's even more enthusiastic about the preparations for the baby than me, the mother of the baby.