

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 281

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

## Chapter 281 Begging For Privacy

As soon as Amelia calmed down, she realized she had lost her composure and quickly tidied her hair. She then lowered her head and uttered, "I'm sorry. I lost my cool just now."

Oscar looked at her warmly before pulling her into his arms. He rested his chin on her head as he said, "No matter what, you still have me."

Amelia's eyes reddened as she took in his manly scent. She knew that she was too attached to him, which was a bad sign.

When she had recollected herself, she broke away from his embrace and said while avoiding eye contact, "I'm fine now."

Feeling the emptiness in his arms, Oscar's gaze turned cold.

"I'll go and check on Tony." With that said, she hurriedly left the bedroom.

Oscar's eyes darkened as he watched Amelia leave, his hands slowly clenched into fists.

He then left the bedroom. When he found Olivia, he pulled her outside and solemnly bowed to her before saying, "Our divorce is already a certainty, Mom. However, I promise her that she'll be my wife again not long after. I hope you'll

respect my decision and not interfere with our marital affairs. Tony is still young, so it's only right for him to follow his mother. I hope that you won't put Amelia in a tight spot on purpose. The divorce is the result of our discussion."

Olivia felt her chest clenching in anger.

"Do you know how ridiculous you sound now?" she asked with a nasty scowl.

With a straight posture and a hardened expression, he replied, "I've made up my mind, Mom."

Olivia's hands were trembling with anger. Her lips twitched several times before she finally found her voice. "I disagree, Oscar. I disapprove of the divorce. Tony is still young, and I won't let him grow up in a single-parent environment. Our family has no tradition of divorce either."

After a short pause, she continued, "When you brought Amelia to me back then, I said that you were both not compatible. But you still insisted on marrying her. At that time, I was afraid that Cassie's departure would be too devastating for you, so I turned a blind eye. I told you before that once you're married, you are not allowed to get a divorce. No matter how you fool around outside, you must return to your family. I've nothing against you having other women, but there's no doubt that Amelia is the future lady of this household. Hence, I firmly disagree with the divorce."

Oscar looked at his mother and suddenly turned meek. "I have my reasons for doing this, Mom. I've also mentioned before that Amelia will be back soon and you have my word for that. I've never been impulsive, so please let me be this time."

His words made her even angrier.

“This is outrageous! How can you treat a divorce as if it’s child’s play.” Olivia waved a dismissive hand and added, “Say no more. I disagree with the divorce, and Tony must remain in the Clinton family. I cannot allow the first grandson of our family to grow up in the streets. Do you really think she can take him away? Over my dead body!”

After saying that, she entered the hall without sparing him another glance.

Oscar’s face darkened. He did not expect the gentle and soft-spoken Olivia to be so against the divorce. Seems like I’ve underestimated her views on marriage.

Owen, who was reading a book in bed, glanced at Olivia as she stormed into the bedroom. Placing the book down, he got out of bed and walked to her side. “What’s the matter. Why are you so angry?”

Olivia heaved a deep sigh before replying, “I bore a son and a daughter, and yet all they do is make me worry and angry. Will they not give up until I’m dead?”

Owen was confused by her words as he had no idea about the divorce.

After shooting him a look, she said anxiously, “It’s your son. He’s going to divorce Amelia.”

A hint of shock flashed over Owen’s eyes. “How can this be? Wasn’t everything fine during dinner just now?”

“They’ve already discussed this. Your son also said that Amelia will take custody of Tony after the divorce. They’re both treating marriage as though it’s merely child’s play. It’s driving me crazy!”

"Calm down first. It may have just been an impulsive decision. They'll reconcile after a day or two," Owen said as he held her in his arms.

Despite his words, Olivia's anger had yet to subside. "Don't you know your son well? If he hadn't thought about it carefully, he would never have said it. Since he said they're getting a divorce, it must be true. In any case, go talk to him. I won't give Tony to Amelia."

Upon hearing that, Owen lowered his eyes.

"I'll talk to him as soon as possible."

That night, Owen went to have a long chat with his son. Oscar's insistence on getting the divorce as well as giving Tony's custody to Amelia did not sit well with him.

Having the same views as his wife, he slammed the table hard and exclaimed, "This is outrageous! I did wish for the two of you to divorce in the past. But you have Tony now, and your relationship is getting better and better each day. Why are you both still acting like children and insisting on divorce? Is your mindset degrading as you age?"

Oscar pursed his lips silently.

After some thought, he replied, "Amelia and I have already discussed it, Dad. It's definitely not a joke."

"Stop messing around!"

Owen was fuming with anger. "Everything had been fine between the two of you. I've witnessed your sweet affections. Is there anything that cannot be resolved that you have to get a divorce? What else could this be besides that?"

"This is merely an expedient strategy, Dad. I'll get her back. She will always be the daughter-in-law of the Clinton family."

It was obvious that Owen disagreed with his son's words.

"Oscar, I always thought that you're mature. However, this matter has revealed how childish you are. Marriage is not child's play. Despite that, you both still spoke about divorce so rashly. Honestly, I'm very disappointed," he said reproachfully.

Oscar lowered his head and humbly accepted his father's reproach.

"Don't bring this up ever again. If it happened because your relationship is breaking down, your mom and I would not have uttered a word of objection. However, this is obviously an irrational decision made by both of you. Hence, your mom and I cannot sit here and not do anything," said Owen sternly.

Hearing that, Oscar lifted his head to face his father and said in a serious tone, "Dad, I have really thought it through. I hope you'll respect my decision."

"You b\*stard! You still insist on it even after my advice. All right then, have it your way. But Tony must remain in the Clinton residence," Owen ordered, coming to the same decision as Olivia.

Oscar's eyes glinted. "Tony is very young, Dad. He should follow his mother."

What he said further infuriated Owen.

"You idiot! He's my first grandchild. How can he be raised outside of the family?"

"This is merely a temporary split, Dad. After a short break, I'll definitely bring them back. Amelia will still be your daughter-in-law, and Tony remains the first grandchild. Nothing will change," promised Oscar.

Owen gave him a dismissive wave. "Stop trying to reason with me. I can't understand the mindset of you young people. However, there's no way I'll give up Tony's custody. You don't care about the embarrassment, but your mother and I do."

Upon hearing that, Oscar also took a tough stance. "Amelia and I are Tony's guardians, Dad. Only both of us have the right to decide who should get his custody."

Owen stared intently at his son.

"I'll be frank once again, Oscar. I don't object to the divorce if you insisted, but Tony must remain in this family," Owen said firmly.

Oscar pursed his lips and said nothing as he stared at his father indignantly.

"You may leave first. We'll discuss this again tomorrow." Owen waved his hand as a clear sign for him to leave.

Oscar did as he was told and left.

It was destined to be a restless night for everyone in the household.

The next day, Owen dismissed the maids after breakfast and the family sat down, split into two factions. On one side were Owen, Olivia, and Stephanie, while the other was naturally Oscar and Amelia.

While glancing at Amelia, Owen spoke directly, "Amelia, I heard from Olivia that you're planning to divorce Oscar. Is this true?"

Amelia clasped her hands together as she tensed up.

"Initially, I intended to speak to you and Olivia about this in a few days, Dad, but since you know about it now, I have no reason to hide it anymore."

"You and Oscar have always got along well. Why did you suddenly decide to divorce?" asked Owen in an aggressive tone.

"Dad, I-"

Oscar reached out to pat Amelia's hand as he replied on her behalf, "Dad, the divorce is the result of our discussion. I've let her down, so please don't give her a hard time. I was the one who brought up the divorce."

Owen's expression instantly darkened.

"Speak up, Amelia. Are you really planning to divorce Oscar?" Owen asked again while still staring at her.

Amelia fell silent for a while before finally nodding her head.

"All right. Marriage is between the two of you. It is not good for me to intervene too much. But Tony must remain in this family." Owen put on a negotiating stance.

Amelia's hands were tightly interlocked as she grew paler.

"You are, after all, still our daughter-in-law. So we won't treat you badly after the divorce. I'll allow Oscar to arrange your subsequent living expenses, but you cannot visit Tony. He's the future heir of this family and cannot become soft-hearted all because of familial bond," said Owen coldly.

Amelia's eyes widened as she looked at Owen, flabbergasted.

"I don't need anything else after the divorce, Dad, but I must have Tony," Amelia exclaimed as her heartbeat raced due to her nervousness.

Owen smirked as he replied, "You've been in our family for so long, Amelia, so you should see things more clearly than others. There has never been a case of a member of this family living outside. You can have the divorce, but not Tony."

Amelia's hands were clammy with sweat as she cast a helpless glance toward Oscar.

Oscar patted her hand again as a sign for her to remain calm before saying, "I'll take care of the matter regarding Tony's custody, Dad. Can you and Mom give us some privacy?"

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Chapter 282 Temporary Separation

Owen glared at his son before turning to address Amelia. "Although Olivia and I truly disagree with the divorce, we won't interfere too much if you insist on it, Amelia. However, bear in mind that we will never let you take Tony away. You won't lose out on the compensation, but you can never visit Tony in the future."

Amelia widened her eyes in disbelief. Never would she have expected Owen to utter such heartless words. His views were so similar to Olivia's that she could not help but doubt that their previous love toward her had all been an act.

"Dad," said Oscar as he frowned.

Glaring at his son with an air of authority, Owen said, "I understand that the decision to divorce is up to both of you, Oscar. But as I've mentioned, although I won't interfere with that matter, we must have Tony's custody."

Upon hearing that, Amelia stood up from the sofa abruptly. While enduring the uneasiness within her, she said with a serious tone, "I gave birth to Tony after much difficulty, Dad. He's everything to me. I can ignore what Stephanie did to me, but I can't allow Tony to remain in this family. She hired someone to hit me with a car when I was still pregnant. No one can tell if she'll hold a grudge against Tony and harm him. I don't trust her because of that. Even if I get divorced, I must take Tony away. I can leave this family without a single cent, but I must have him. This is my bottom line."

Stephanie, who was initially gloating within, stood up as well upon hearing that the conversation had shifted toward her. She pointed at Amelia as she exclaimed, "Stop accusing me, Amelia. I was in a bad state of mind back then and committed this unforgivable mistake. But I've already apologized and was reprimanded by Oscar. I've also realized my mistake. Despite that, you still bring it up and insinuate that I'm a bad person. What are your intentions exactly?"

Amelia merely cast an icy gaze at her in response.

“Dad, Mom, Tony is still young. He should go with his mother. Even if I divorced Oscar, you can come and see him at any time. I won’t cut off your connection with him. I have nothing left after the divorce. Should I give Tony up, there’ll be nothing left in my life to look forward to. If you still think of me as your daughter-in-law, please give me custody over him. I don’t want anything else,” said Amelia sincerely as she gave Olivia and Owen a solemn bow.

Olivia pursed her lips. Although her heart ached for Amelia, she did not wish to compromise on Tony’s custody.

On the other hand, Stephanie scoffed. “Stop pretending to look pitiful, Amelia. Didn’t you marry Oscar because of the money and status of the Clinton family? Now you’re putting on such a show of righteousness. Everyone knows that Tony is the first grandchild of this family and our future heir. Aren’t you holding onto Tony now so that you’ll become the righteous lady of the house once he has inherited this household? Do you think that we’re all blind toward your schemes?”

Stephanie’s accusations made Amelia feel rather stressed.

Oscar tossed a glare toward his sister, warning her to watch her words as he brought Amelia back to sit on the sofa.

“Are you tired?” he gently inquired.

Amelia shook her head.

Ignoring her brother's stare, Stephanie continued imprudently, "Aren't you getting a divorce? And you're still lying in his arms pretending to look pitiful. Can you mean what you say for once, Amelia?"

Amelia stiffened up as she was overwhelmed with mixed emotions.

She removed herself from his embrace and put some distance between them.

Oscar scrunched up his face in displeasure as he shot a warning look at Stephanie.

Seeing the look in his eyes, Stephanie did not dare to go against him again.

After seeing their interaction, Olivia interjected, "My stance remains the same, Amelia. You two already have Tony. He is still young and needs both his parents. Don't get a divorce unless it's really necessary. Think it through and don't pay a price on an impulsive decision that you'll regret someday."

Amelia's expression stiffened upon hearing that. She knew that Olivia was reminding her about the fact that not only would she lose custody over Tony after leaving the Clinton residence, but she also would never have the opportunity to visit him ever again.

Amelia subconsciously glanced at her mother-in-law. At that very moment, the woman who had always been gentle and kind toward her seemed loathsome. I always thought that she understood and truly cared about me. Nevertheless, she's so merciless on matters of principle to the point that I can't sense any of the love she had previously shown to me.

Through Olivia's usual way of scolding Stephanie but protecting her after she had made a big mistake, Amelia clearly understood that no matter how much Olivia expressed her concern and repeatedly said that she treated her like her daughter,

she would not compromise on matters of principle and would even shut her out coldly.

It would be a lie to say that Amelia did not feel heartbroken. The elders of this family who seemed to adore her were nothing but a show in reality. Once the interests involved the Clintons, Olivia would surely side the family, and she was destined to be sacrificed.

At that very moment, Amelia had the impression that she was holding onto a piece of wood while drifting away from the rough waves in the ocean. She felt as though she would be swallowed by the treacherous sea any time.

In the face of the Clintons, she was a lone soldier. The only person whom she could rely upon could not support her at the moment.

Amelia licked her lips before saying solemnly, "I'm sorry, Mom. I've let you down."

Olivia looked straight at her daughter-in-law. "You're a good girl, Amelia, and I've always liked you. I've tried my best to give you the best of everything all these years. As your mother-in-law, I don't think I've treated you badly. Marriage is an important matter in life, so I hope that you'll think twice about your decision. It's not that terrible for a man to make mistakes occasionally as long as he has his family in his heart. However, it's wrong of you to be to think too much of it. As the daughter-in-law of a prominent family who is granted wealth and status, it's normal to feel wronged every once in a while. Weren't you mentally prepared for this before marrying into this family?"

Her words left Amelia speechless.

I was indeed aware that I'll naturally be at a disadvantage when I married into this family for money due to the difference in status between Oscar and me. Hence, the grievances I've suffered were naturally kept away from outsiders. I married into this family with an ulterior motive, so it's only right for me to suffer in silence. I can't tell anyone as they'll merely think that I'm being melodramatic. After all, I'm enjoying the glory and wealth that everyone desires. Sometimes,

one cannot have wealth and love at the same time. We can't always have everything we want.

Oscar hugged Amelia by the shoulder as he said, "I was the one who brought up the divorce first, Mom. It has nothing to do with Amelia. I have let her down, so blame it on me if you want. If we sign the divorce paper, I think that it would be best for Tony to follow his mother."

Olivia glanced at her son as a hint of anger flashed across her eyes.

Meanwhile, Amelia stared at Oscar with mixed feelings. She was grateful to him for protecting her and not letting her stand alone in the eye of the storm to endure the criticisms and beratement of the Clintons. At that moment, she truly felt that she had loved the right man all these years.

His care and concern sent a touch of warmth to her gradually frozen heart. She felt that she was no longer drifting in the stormy sea alone.

Stephanie shot Amelia a jealous glare as she exclaimed, "Everyone knows about your feelings for this woman, Oscar. Only a fool would believe that you were the one who brought up the divorce!"

Oscar glanced at his sister before wrapping an arm around Amelia's shoulder. "Dad, Mom, I'm bringing Amelia upstairs to check on Tony. We can discuss this matter again later."

"Stop right there!" shouted Olivia.

Oscar stopped in his tracks. "Is there anything else, Mom?"

Staring at Amelia's back, Olivia remarked, "I really like you as my daughter-in-law, Amelia. You have to think carefully about the divorce. My stance remains the same. As long as a man has his family in his mind, he can be forgiven for whatever he does outside. You have to weigh your options carefully. One wrong choice will lead to another, so don't be foolish."

Amelia merely nodded her head without saying a word.

"Let's go," Oscar whispered into her ear.

As soon as they entered the bedroom, Amelia brushed his hand off and walked to the window. She stared at the view outside, looking a little upset.

Oscar walked over and draped his arms over her shoulder. "Are you upset?" he asked in a low voice.

Amelia shook her head.

She felt a little confused, unsure of how she should define her relationship with Oscar at the moment. Although she insisted on the divorce, she still relied on him subconsciously.

"Don't worry. I'll handle the matter on Tony's custody. I won't let my parents put you in a tight spot," he assured.

Amelia turned and stared at him with a troubled expression. "Why are you so nice to me?" Even though I set you up to sleep with another woman and then used your guilt to ask for a divorce, you still stand by me as always.

Oscar chuckled. "Aren't you my wife?"

Amelia's heart skipped a beat at his response. She quickly turned around, afraid that he would notice her reddened eyes and read her thoughts.

"We're about to get a divorce. Have you forgotten?" There was a hint of bitterness in her tone when she said that.

"As long as we haven't signed the papers, you're still my wife," Oscar said firmly.

And you're destined to be mine forever.

He did not say the last sentence aloud.

Although he readily agreed to the divorce, he never thought of giving her up. This temporary separation was all for the sake of a purer and better start for both of them.

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### Chapter 283 Intense Objection

"Thank you!" Despite having so much to say, Amelia could only thank Oscar politely and sincerely.

Oscar stroked her hair dotingly and said, "I don't want you to thank me. I just want you to be happy every day. If you want a divorce, I'll do it. But I'll never let go of you. I believe that you'll return to the Clintons and be my wife again soon. When that happens, I'll be sure to pamper you."

Amelia was moved when she heard that, and her emotions were all over the place.

Oscar was not speaking honeyed words, but they were enough to melt Amelia's heart.

He was an expert in capturing women's hearts. Being an outstanding man, almost all women would fall for him, including Amelia.

Back then, she had been infatuated with Carter. However, after spending some time with Oscar, she could not help but fall for him.

Right at that moment, she wanted to throw herself into Oscar's arms and tell him about all her worries. It was not that she wanted to gain his sympathy, but she was just tired. She was scared, knowing that she would be completely blind one day. Besides that, she was afraid that she would truly be a useless person after that happened.

However, when Amelia saw the unconditional love in Oscar's eyes, she swallowed all the words. She did not dare to take the risk.

Amelia took a couple of steps back to keep a distance from Oscar before she said, "I'll go see Tony."

Noticing her cowardly behavior, a grim look flashed past Oscar's eyes. However, he knew that he had to take things step-by-step. He had never once thought of giving up on Amelia, so the divorce would only mean temporarily being apart from her. When the right time came, they would naturally get back together again.

"I'll go with you."

"No. I want to be alone with Tony."

Upon hearing that, Oscar did not force the issue.

Due to their upcoming divorce, the atmosphere in the Clinton residence had become tense in the past three days. Olivia, who was usually sweet and gentle, had not even smiled once. After the family had breakfast that morning, Oscar wiped his mouth before he announced the terrible news.

"Dad, Mom, Amelia and I will sign the divorce agreement today. Amelia will take custody of Tony. I've already had a lawyer prepare the division of our assets."

Olivia, who was originally having her breakfast leisurely, slammed the silverware on the table as she glared at Oscar. "No!" she yelled.

Oscar then said, "Mom, I hope you'll respect my decision on the divorce. Tony is still young, so he has to go with his mother."

"You b\*stard!" Olivia was enraged. "Tony is the eldest grandson of the Clintons, so I won't let him live outside! I've talked to you about this, but you're still so stubborn! If you insist on getting a divorce, I can't do anything about it since I'm old now. However, Tony has to stay here. No one is allowed to take him away unless it's over my dead body!"

A hint of pain flashed across Amelia's eyes.

"Mom..."

"Don't call me Mom! You're not my daughter-in-law. I've told you to think about it and not get a divorce. You pretended to listen to me, but you're still getting a divorce now. Since you hate being one of the Clintons so much, we won't force you to stay any longer!"

Olivia was truly infuriated.

As she said before, she liked Amelia sincerely. However, their persistence in getting the divorce had truly hurt Olivia deeply. She did not think that Oscar cheating on Amelia was unforgivable. In fact, many couples among rich and prominent families were not genuinely in love with each other. Many even had lovers and mistresses on the side. What was most important was that they continued maintaining their marriage before the eyes of others.

Hence, when Olivia found out that Cassie had returned to the country and Oscar was seeing her again, she did not do anything to stop them. While she was unhappy about it, she still chose to ignore it as long as Cassie did not step into the Clinton residence. Olivia thought that it was normal for men to be a little less than faithful to their wives. Moreover, since Amelia was the daughter-in-law of such a prominent family and was enjoying all the wealth and splendor that came with it, she had to learn to be magnanimous and tolerant with Oscar.

Olivia had always thought of Amelia as a woman who knew her boundaries. She did not expect the latter to be so stubborn and even insist on getting the divorce. Feeling disappointed, Olivia started treating Amelia coldly.

In a guilty tone, Amelia said, "Mom, I'm sorry I've let you down."

"If you're sorry, then forget about the divorce! There's no absolute reason for you to do that. Moreover, Oscar and Cassie aren't seeing each other anymore. Oscar is now pampering and giving you more attention as well. Why can't you just forget about the past and stay with him? You knew about Cassie from the beginning, but why are you making a fuss about it now? The Clintons have never mistreated you before, so is it really necessary for you to do this?" Olivia asked as she stared at Amelia.

Amelia could not hide the pain in her eyes.

All the Clintons were conveniently placing the blame on her for the divorce.

They unanimously agreed that Oscar cheating was not a big deal. Yet, to them, Amelia's decision to get a divorce was unreasonable. In their opinion, Amelia was lucky that one of the Clintons would marry a woman with no prominent background like her. Not only was she being ungrateful now, but she was even asking for a divorce, demanding the division of assets and Tony's custody. These were all monstrous sins that could not be forgiven.

"Mom, I'm sorry." That was all Amelia could say. Due to the divorce, Olivia had turned hostile toward her.

Amelia had thought that Olivia would be on her side because she was also a woman. Clearly, she had overestimated Olivia's love for her and also underestimated the Clintons' ruthlessness.

"There's no need to apologize to me! I'll ask you one last time. Are you going to sign the divorce agreement with Oscar?" Olivia questioned sternly.

Amelia fell silent, which implied her acquiescence.

The divorce also weighed heavily on her. If she had a choice, she did not want to do this. Yet, she was running out of time. Her eyesight had been steadily getting

worse. It had taken all of her effort to pretend that nothing was wrong in front of the Clintons for the past few days.

“Amelia, let me remind you of something. Once you step out of the door of this house, it will be the end of our relationship. It won’t be so easy for you to step through this door again anymore. Back then, I used to like Cassie, but she made me hate her. I still hate her up until now. I’ve always thought that you were an obedient girl, but you’ve let me down. After you exit this door, we’ll be strangers in the future. If you see me again someday, you won’t have the right to call me Mom.”

As Olivia finished saying all those harsh words, Amelia’s eyes widened before instantly becoming red.

“Mom...”

Olivia turned her face away, and her voice sounded a little choked when she continued, “Amelia, I’m giving you one last chance. If you don’t get a divorce, I promise that I’ll treat you better in the future.”

Amelia’s lips twitched, but she could not get the words out of her mouth.

“Mom, I was the one who brought up the divorce. I’m in love with someone else, so I don’t want Amelia to waste her time.” Oscar put the blame on himself as he added, “Back then, we got married because of the contract. I don’t want to play this game anymore.”

All eyes finally fell on Oscar.

He set down the things that he had prepared on the table and said calmly, “Everything is written clearly on the contract. If the woman asks for divorce first, she has to pay a hundred million. If the man asks for a divorce, he has to give the

woman a substantial amount of assets. Also, the custody of the children will belong to the woman. All these are written in black and white.”

Olivia grabbed the papers. After reading it, she felt a faint pain in her chest.

“Oscar, you’re a fool!” she reprimanded as she tossed the papers onto the table angrily.

Yet, Amelia was staring at Oscar in a daze. At the time, all the clauses of the contract were oppressive to her. It was like a servitude contract. Moreover, she was certain that the clause which stated that the custody of children belonged to her did not exist back then. Why is there such a clause now?

Just as she was about to ask Oscar, a piercing scream filled the room.

“Mom, what’s wrong?” Stephanie shouted.

Amelia looked at them and saw Olivia gasping for breath with her hand pressed against her chest. Owen picked her up while commanding, “Get the doctor here!”

Amid the chaos, Olivia grabbed Owen’s sleeve and begged, “Don’t let her take Tony away.”

His face grim, Owen replied gently, “Don’t worry. Tony is the eldest grandson of the Clintons. No one can take him away.”

He then carried Olivia upstairs. After a while, a group of doctors arrived and gave her a checkup. They told Owen that Olivia needed some rest for being too angry. The doctors left after they prescribed some medicine. Later, Owen went to Oscar and slapped him in the face, leaving a red palm print on his cheek.

**"You b\*stard! If anything happens to your mother, I won't let you become the heir of our family!" Owen roared.**

**Amelia was looking at Oscar in distress. She had not expected the divorce to cause such an uproar in the family. If anything happened to Olivia, she would never forgive herself.**

**Stephanie was also glaring at Amelia. "Amelia Winters, are you happy now? You're a jinx! Look what you've done to the Clintons. You should just go to hell! Even now, you're still shamelessly asking for Tony's custody? What a sl\*t!"**

**Amelia lowered her head as she clenched her skirt tightly, feeling guilty.**

**"You jinx—"**

**"Stephanie, that's enough!" Oscar snapped.**

**"Oscar, how could you still be so biased? Look at what she did to Mom!"**

**"I said, that's enough!"**

**"Oscar..."**

**"All of you shut up!" Owen rebuked.**

**Everyone fell silent.**

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 284

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Chapter 284 Give Up The Custody

Olivia lay on the bed for nearly an hour before she recovered. Everyone immediately rushed to her. Anxiously, Stephanie asked, "Mom, are you all right?"

Olivia looked at Oscar and Amelia.

Amelia then stepped forward and said softly, "Mom, I'm sorry."

Olivia snorted and said adamantly, "Amelia, if you still respect me as an elder, don't take Tony away. He's the eldest grandson of our family. I've waited so long to have a grandson. You're driving me into a corner if you take him away."

Amelia looked at Olivia as her lips moved soundlessly, but she still could not muster a coherent response.

Seeing as this was not working, Olivia figured that she had to change a method to convince Amelia. "Amelia, you know that I've treated you well over the years. If you insist on getting a divorce, don't take Tony with you. I'll have Oscar give you more money. I promise that you'll be able to live a prosperous life for the rest of your years."

Unable to help it, Amelia's eyes turned red. When she heard Olivia calling herself an elder, she could hardly breathe.

Oscar put his arm around her shoulder and took her away from Olivia's oppressive stare. "Mom, rest well."

Olivia glared at him, saying, "Oscar, are you trying to kill me?"

Lowering his head, Oscar said in a deep voice, "Mom, I would never do that."

Olivia struggled to push herself up from the bed. Seeing that, Owen quickly walked over and helped her. He said in distress, "Olivia, calm down."

Olivia's hand was clutching her chest as she cried, "How can I? I worked hard to raise my son, but he only cares about his wife now. His mother collapsed from anger, and he doesn't even care. He's still on his wife's side! What hope do I have in my life?"

Olivia was throwing a fit. She blamed Oscar and Amelia for being unfilial to her.

Tears started rolling down Amelia's cheeks before she said, "Mom, please calm down! Let's talk about Tony when you're feeling better, okay?"

Looking at her, Olivia replied, "Amelia, I'll be fine as long as you don't divorce Oscar."

Amelia responded with silence.

At that, Olivia grasped her chest, pretending to be in pain again.

“Amelia, you just want to see me suffer, don’t you?”

“That’s not it!” Amelia hurriedly explained, “Mom, I suffered so much just to give birth to Tony. I can give up the assets from the Clintons, but I can’t live without Tony. Mom, please forgive me for being selfish! You have two children as well, so you should understand that I can’t live without my son! Please don’t take Tony away from me. Please!”

Every single word out of Amelia was fraught with sorrow.

While clutching her chest, Olivia said, “Amelia, you really are trying to kill me! I finally have a grandson, but you’re taking him away.”

Amelia stared at Olivia in silence.

At that moment, Oscar put his arm around Amelia’s shoulders and said, “Mom, even if Tony’s custody goes to Amelia, you can still see him. Amelia will never stop him from seeing you. Why are you doing this to her? You said that you liked her, but why won’t you respect our decision?”

After a pause, he added, “Mom, even if Amelia and I have divorced, we will still respect and love you like we used to.”

A weary expression crossed Olivia’s face upon hearing that.

At the side, Stephanie said, "Oscar, don't you understand? It's not that Mom is unwilling to see Amelia leave. She just doesn't want Tony to leave her. Mom has waited so many years to have a grandson, but you gave Amelia his custody just like that. Have you thought about Mom's feelings? Don't you know that she loves children? You were married for almost five years without a child, and Mom kept nagging that she wanted a grandson. Now that she finally has one, you're both getting a divorce. How could Mom accept it?"

Oscar shot her an icy look in warning.

Yet, Stephanie pouted and added, "Oscar, don't glare at me. I'm just telling you Mom's feelings. How dare Amelia hurt Mom's feelings like this? Do you think Mom would like a daughter-in-law who goes against her like this?"

While listening, Amelia's body trembled subconsciously. A hint of sadness flickered in her eyes.

Despite that, Oscar's arm was still wrapped around her shoulder firmly, giving her comfort and strength silently.

"Mom, take a good rest. I'm guessing that you don't want to see Amelia and me right now. We'll head out first."

Olivia shut her eyes, not deigning to give him a response.

Oscar then brought Amelia out of the room. After walking out of the house, he led her to the lake. As the wind blew past them, Amelia instinctively pulled herself away from Oscar's arms. While she looked at the ripples on the surface of the lake, she could feel a heavy weight pressing on her chest.

"I'm sorry."

Turning to look at her, Oscar questioned, "Why are you apologizing?"

"You probably hate me for hurting Mom, right?"

"No. It's my fault for not handling it well. If I had thought about Dad and Mom's feelings in the first place, they wouldn't be making things difficult for you. I'm the one who should apologize to you." Oscar stretched out his hand to stroke Amelia's hair, but the latter avoided his touch.

Oscar could only put down his hand.

Staring out at the lake, Amelia said abruptly, "Oscar, thinking about it now, we shouldn't have gotten married in the first place. Marriage with an ulterior motive shouldn't even exist. If our lives had not intersected, all these wouldn't happen now. You would have married a woman with similar social status according to your parents' wishes. They would be happy after you have a baby. You would be happy as well."

Oscar's eyes instantly darkened.

"Don't overthink things. Mom is just mad at us. She'll be fine after some time. As for Tony, don't worry about it either. I promised you that his custody would belong to you, and I'll keep my word."

Amelia glanced at Oscar and noticed that he looked calm. Seeing that he was not upset because of Olivia's condition and their divorce, a complex range of emotions swelled in her.

She was moved by the fact that Oscar was on her side, but she could not help but feel suspicious. With Oscar's power, if he did not want a divorce or if he wanted Tony's custody, Amelia could never go against him. She was surprised that Oscar would support everything she wanted. In fact, Amelia was even beginning to suspect that Oscar was going with the flow because he had long wished that she

would leave the family. After that, he could marry his lover and officially bring her home.

Then, all the Clintons would blame her for the divorce, and they would sympathize with Oscar.

She did not want to think of Oscar as such a bad person, but his magnanimous actions made her doubt him. If a man truly loves you, would he look so indifferent after knowing he's getting a divorce?

Suddenly, Amelia felt that her relationship with Oscar had become weirder. Is Oscar eager to divorce me so that I'll leave the family?

She could not help but smile bitterly. All the ruckus in the family had made her paranoid.

What's the use of me worrying about this now? I brought up the divorce and framed Oscar and Cassie myself. I'm a thief who's crying foul now. What a hypocrite!

If Oscar could read Amelia's mind, he would definitely plead innocent. He was so devoted to Amelia that he had taken all the blame from Owen and Olivia for her. Now, he was even called an unfilial son because of her.

Amelia sat down and gazed at the lake quietly while Oscar stood beside her in silence.

Amelia had many questions for him. Oscar, have you ever loved me? Why did you agree to get a divorce so quickly? Why don't you even want to fight for Tony's custody? However, she could not get the words out of her mouth. Since they were getting a divorce soon, those questions would be redundant.

Both of them sat quietly at the lakeside for nearly an hour.

Due to Olivia's adamant objections, they kept delaying the divorce procedures. Three days later, Oscar had to attend an important meeting in the company, so he went to the office after breakfast.

Once Oscar left the house, Olivia summoned Amelia to the study.

Pointing at the sofa, she ordered, "Have a seat."

Amelia sat down obediently and placed her hands on her thighs like a true lady.

Olivia then sat on another sofa across from Amelia. With stern expressions on their faces, both of them looked like enemies sitting at the negotiating table.

Taking out a bank check, Olivia put it in front of Amelia. "Amelia, this is a blank check. You can write down any amount on it, but don't be too outrageous. You're determined to get a divorce, so I won't stop you anymore. However, since you're so young, you're going to marry someone else in the future. You should take the money and marry a rich and handsome man. You'll certainly lower your worth if you bring Tony with you."

Amelia stared at the check before she lifted her head to look at Olivia.

Olivia sat up straight, appearing like a noblewoman, and added, "Amelia, I told you that I liked you very much as my daughter-in-law. If I have a choice, I won't give you the money and let you leave. Yet, you insist on divorcing Oscar. I'm not an unreasonable woman. If you take the money and give up Tony's custody, I'll still help you whenever you need it in the future."

Amelia grinned with a hint of sadness and exasperation.

"Mom, I'm sorry. I won't take the money; I just want Tony." Amelia stopped smiling as she looked at Olivia firmly. "Mom, you're a mother as well. You know how important a child is to a mother. I know that I've hurt your feelings, but I can't abandon Tony."

Olivia's expression changed drastically as her eyes filled with coldness.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 285

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

### Chapter 285 You Bet That He Loves You

Olivia said, "Amelia, even if you and Oscar plan to divorce, I don't blame you. However, you shouldn't take advantage of Oscar's love and make him give you Tony's custody. I don't know why you're insistent on the divorce, but I'm certain that he didn't ask for this. Everyone knows how much he loves you, but you're treating everyone else like they're fools."

Amelia leaned back in her seat, looking grim.

"Amelia, I know you're an intelligent woman. Otherwise, you wouldn't have waited five years before you were certain about Oscar's feelings for you. You then wanted to use Tony as a bargaining chip to go against our family. I think this is a wrong move on your part. You should just take the money and leave. This way, at least we can retain our relationship after this," Olivia said.

Amelia lifted her head to forcefully suppress her tears.

Focusing her attention on Olivia, she smirked. "Mom, I've never wanted to take advantage of anyone. I've always been sincere in treating you as an elder too. We've been getting along well these past few years, so I don't want to go against

you. It makes me upset that you're not feeling well. You can think of me as an ungrateful person, and I can give up everything after the divorce. However, there's no way I'm giving up Tony."

Olivia lifted her hand to fix her hair, appearing to be calm. The elegant aura she exuded made her feel very intimidating.

"Amelia, I've treated you so well, but are you really going to go against me and hurt me?"

Amelia shook her head.

She never thought that she would one day be on such hostile ground with Olivia. Knowing that she would be blind soon and that she would lose everything once she left the Clintons, she did not want to lose Tony too.

Even without Tony, the Clintons would have other grandchildren in the future, but she only had Tony.

Olivia stood up and said sternly, "Amelia, you have two choices. One, don't divorce Oscar and you can stay in the family as our daughter-in-law. Two, get a divorce and obtain a large sum of money. You'll be able to live a prosperous life even if you don't have a job. Either way, you can't take Tony with you."

Amelia kept her head low, not saying a word. She was in deep thought.

Once again, Olivia spoke up. "Amelia, I like you a lot. Just be obedient and stay with us. I promise that even if Oscar has a lover out there and the woman has his baby, we will never accept the child. Only Tony can inherit our family's wealth. What do you think?"

Amelia lifted her head and looked at Olivia with mixed feelings.

"Amelia, don't blame me for being so straightforward, but our family is a prominent family. Men will always play around out there. You've always dealt with it so well before, so why can't you continue enduring it now? You have to tolerate it if you want to enjoy all the wealth and glory of this family. Otherwise, how could you become the lady of the house of such a rich family?"

Amelia smiled, but the smile was mixed with exasperation and bitterness.

Initially, Amelia thought that Olivia was a gentle and loving woman. Now, she realized that Olivia was the same as other women from prominent families. Although she disguised herself well, she still felt that she was superior to others. She would be kind to people who obeyed her. However, if someone went against her wishes, she would reveal her uglier and domineering side to them.

At this point, Amelia could not help but suspect that Olivia had pretended to be ill in order to force her to compromise.

"Mom, I'm just an ordinary person. I just want my husband to be loyal and my children to behave themselves. I'm sorry, but I can't accept my husband keeping lovers outside. I'm not that generous. If you can accept that Dad has a lover out there, then I respect you," Amelia refuted.

Olivia's face darkened when she heard that.

"Amelia, are you disobeying me?"

"No, I'm not. I just don't agree with what you just said. If a woman can tolerate her husband cheating on her, then that's not love but cowardice. I'm sorry, but I can't do that. Mom, you have a happy and blissful marriage, so how could you say something like that?"

The look in Olivia's eyes changed as she gave Amelia an assessing glance.

At first, she thought that Amelia would be docile, obedient, and dared not go against her. Clearly, she had underestimated the latter. Amelia was presently defending herself after she realized someone was threatening her.

"Amelia, looks like I've underestimated you," Olivia commented.

Amelia felt uncomfortable. If she had a choice, she would not argue with her mother-in-law like that. Just like she said, she respected Olivia as an elder. When she decided to divorce Oscar, she had considered the fact that Olivia would be upset. Alas, her fears were not unfounded, and they ended up having to stand on opposite sides.

"Mom, I'm still who I was before. Even if I divorce Oscar, I still respect you and love you. That will never change," Amelia confessed as she straightened her back.

The corners of Olivia's lips lifted, turning into a mocking smile.

"Amelia, if you respect me as an elder, then don't divorce Oscar."

"Mom, Oscar and I have made the decision. Our relationship has come to an end. We won't be happy if we stay together."

“Can you honestly say you don’t love Oscar anymore?”

Amelia fell silent. She could not bear to lie.

“If you still love him, then why insist on getting a divorce?”

A buzzing sound rang in Amelia’s head, and the pain was terrible.

Faced with Olivia’s aggressiveness, she almost retreated.

“All right. I won’t force you to stay, but you have to give up Tony’s custody. He’s the eldest grandson of our family, so you can’t take him away.” Olivia refused to compromise on the matter. “Amelia, you can’t blame me for being cruel. You want to divorce, and I respect your decision, but the child must stay. After you take the money, you have to cut off all contact with our family. You’re not allowed to see Tony anymore.”

At those words, Amelia could only stare at Olivia in a daze. Her hands were clenched tightly by her sides.

“Amelia, I’m doing this for your own good. I won’t stop you from getting the divorce. However, you’re still young. You’ll get married again in the future. It’s difficult to find another man if you have a child with you. Let Tony stay here. It’s not only good for you, but it can also even train Tony to be independent. Don’t become indecisive just because of familial affection. It’s taboo as an heir. You can understand my concerns, right?”

A bitter laugh left Amelia’s lips. She did not expect Olivia to be so cruel. Not only did the older woman want to take Tony away from her, but also her chance to actually see him. She started to wonder if this woman before her now was the same one who had loved her all these years.

At that moment, all Amelia could feel was bone-chilling coldness.

“Mom, I’m sorry. I can’t agree to that. I’m taking Tony with me.” Amelia took several steps back, trying to escape from the suffocating atmosphere. “I-I need to go now.”

Olivia demanded, “Stop right there!”

Amelia came to a halt, at a loss for what to do next.

“Amelia, I’ll give you another chance. If you don’t divorce Oscar, you’re still my daughter-in-law. I’ll pretend that nothing has ever happened,” Olivia stated.

Looking at the closed door dumbly, a complex series of emotions rose in Amelia’s heart. She was mentally and physically exhausted from all the chaos that had been happening recently.

Tilting her head up slightly, she tried hard to suppress the tears in her eyes. After pondering for a moment, she said, “Mom, I’m sorry.” With that, she opened the door and walked out.

Staring at the closed door, Olivia’s gaze turned cold while a sinister expression appeared on her face.

After Amelia left the study, she wanted to see Tony at first. However, upon arriving at the nursery, she changed her mind and walked downstairs, heading for the parking lot. She opened the car door and moved to get in, but when she thought about her deteriorating eyesight, she got out again before she closed the door.

Looking at the beautiful scenery around her, Amelia felt lost. She chose to divorce because of her eyes. Yet, due to the divorce, she had turned her back on the Clintons. She had even provoked the two elders of the family deeply.

Just when she wondered what her next step should be, her phone rang.

She returned to her senses and looked at her phone. It was Tiffany calling.

After taking a deep breath, she answered the phone.

“Hello, Tiff.”

“Babe, have you signed the divorce agreement with Oscar?” Tiffany questioned.

Amelia let out a bitter chuckle. “We’ve run into some trouble here, so we haven’t signed it yet.”

“What’s going on? Didn’t you say that Oscar prepared everything last night? He agreed to give you Tony’s custody, right? Are they going back on their words again?” Tiffany asked anxiously.

“His parents disagreed. They said that Tony is the eldest grandson of the family, so he’ll become the future heir. They won’t let him stay outside the family.”

Tiffany fell silent when she heard that.

Amelia did not say a word as well. After a long time, she said exasperatedly, “Tiff, was I wrong to do this? I’ve offended the two elders, and Stephanie keeps

insulting me. Everyone thinks that I'm ungrateful. They said that I shouldn't insist on getting a divorce just because of Oscar's tiny mistake. Am I being melodramatic? Why does everyone keep blaming me for this?"

Tiffany was silent for a while. "Amelia, didn't you expect this when you planned to get a divorce? The Clintons have such a huge business. If they use force, you won't get anything, including Tony's custody. The only reason you dared to bring up divorce is that you're taking advantage of Oscar's love for you. However, if he doesn't love you, then you would have lost completely. Weren't you aware of all this since the very beginning?"

Amelia was rendered speechless.

It was true that she brought up the divorce because she knew that Oscar loved her. If Oscar did not love her that much, she would lose everything.

By then, not only would she be blind, but she would even lose Tony.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 286

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### Chapter 286 What If He Finds Out That You Are Blind

Tiffany's voice softened. "Babe, calm down. If the Clintons refuse to hand over Tony's custody, we have the right to take legal action. They might be influential, but we're not weaklings. I know some people who could be of help. Don't worry."

Amelia glanced around, the confusion in her gaze evident. "Tiff, I don't want to go to court. I owe the Clintons a favor. If Oscar hadn't helped me, I would still be in jail now. Olivia was nice to me, so I don't want to be ungrateful."

"Then, are you going to leave Tony with them?"

Amelia fell silent.

“Babe, I’ll be brutally honest with you. You should’ve expected this when you thought of getting a divorce.” After careful deliberation, she added, “Tony is the Clintons’ first grandson. If you want his custody, the only way is to take legal action. But you’ve been a housewife for the past few years and had little experience at work, so I’m afraid the judge will compare your financial status with Oscar’s and give Tony to him. I think you should be prepared.”

Amelia’s hand holding her phone trembled as the color drained from her face.

“Babe, that was the worst that could happen.” Tiffany’s voice grew soft. “Oscar has agreed to give up on Tony’s custody, so you don’t have to worry. He is a man of his word. Besides, he loves you. With his support, you’ll have a big chance of winning Tony’s custody,” she said.

Amelia laughed bitterly, for she had no idea if Olivia and Owen would stay out of this. If they were against it, she wasn’t sure that Oscar’s love for her would win over his parents.

“Should I keep you company?” Tiffany inquired on the other end of the line.

Regaining her composure, Amelia answered gently, “No need. The Clinton family is in a mess right now. Your presence might make things worse. Stephanie might also attack you verbally for no reason.”

“Has she made things difficult for you?”

Amelia didn't answer.

“That woman is seriously shameless. After everything she did to harm you, instead of feeling guilty, she never repented and even repeated her mistakes!” Tiffany exclaimed angrily.

“Don't be mad. I'll just think of it as being bitten by a mad dog.”

“Didn't Mr. and Mrs. Clinton do anything to stop her?”

Amelia let out a self-deprecating laugh. “I will not be their daughter-in-law soon. Now that I've infuriated them, I should be glad they didn't kick me out. Why would they punish their daughter for my sake? But I have to admit that this is my fault. I understand why they are upset. I have disappointed them by kicking up a fuss and demanding a divorce.”

“Babe, don't say that. Just get a divorce. You and Oscar aren't fated to be together,” Tiffany consoled her.

Amelia chuckled sadly and changed the topic. “All right, Tiff. I need to go and see Tony.”

“Sure. Take good care of yourself. Call me if you need anything.”

“Okay.” After a pause, Amelia said, “Tiff, after the divorce is finalized, I'll leave the city at once no matter who wins Tony's custody. There are too many memories for me to continue staying here.”

Tiffany went silent at her words.

"Tiff, you don't have to leave with me. Your dream and your benefactor are all here in this city. I'll give you a call after I settle down in another city," Amelia told her.

"Amelia Winters, what am I to you?" Tiffany demanded. "We have come to a consensus, right? I told Mr. Hisson about your condition, and he has agreed to let me live in another city as long as I report my whereabouts to him. I'm a freelance author, so I can write anywhere as long as I allow my publisher to publish my books."

"Let's leave it there, Tiff. You don't have to sacrifice for me."

"What a fool you are. I'm a freelance author, so I have more freedom compared to the normal white-collared workers. I just have to finish writing on time and send my manuscript to Shannon so she can proofread it. They will publish it and bank the money to my account. If I need to attend a book signing, I can fly back here for it. It's very simple. I don't have to sacrifice anything," Tiffany explained.

She didn't think it was a sacrifice, for she could write anywhere as a freelance novelist.

"But I might need to fly to Saspiuburg a few days later to sign the rights purchase agreement for my novel. I think I'll be there for around four days. Is it alright for you to stay in the Clinton residence alone?" Tiffany asked in concern.

Amelia chuckled lowly. "I'm fine."

They chatted for a while before hanging up.

Amelia was walking along the path when Stephanie appeared before her.

Seeing how fast Stephanie was dashing ahead, she stepped aside to avoid a confrontation.

However, Stephanie came to a stop before her and blocked her path. Amelia cast an icy glare and declared, "Get out of my way!"

Stephanie's lips curled into a mocking smirk. Suddenly, she reached out and shoved Amelia to the ground forcefully.

Amelia fell to the ground helplessly. A spike of pain flared up her hip, and her elbow was stinging, too. She propped herself up and was about to get to her feet when her vision went black all of a sudden.

Stunned, she panicked and sat on the ground.

Towering above her, Stephanie mocked, "Get up, Amelia. Are you putting on a pity act? Oscar isn't here. I'm not a man who will pity your plight!"

Amelia remained in her spot and ignored Stephanie's mocking.

Her face contorting in anger, Stephanie raised her leg and gave Amelia's ankle a kick. Amelia immediately held her ankle in pain as a hint of panic flashed across her eyes.

Stephanie was scrutinizing Amelia, who didn't seem to be getting to her feet anytime. When she saw the panic in Amelia's eyes, something occurred to her.

She smirked and bent down to wave her hands before Amelia's eyes. As expected, Amelia didn't react to her action.

Snorting out loud, Stephanie scorned, "Amelia Winters, it turns out that you're blind."

Amelia stiffened at once.

Stephanie grew increasingly excited. "Amelia, what does it feel like to be blind?" she queried.

Her face pale, Amelia took two steps back instinctively to avoid hearing Stephanie's insults.

Her actions only served to confirm Stephanie's guess. Bursting into a fit of laughter, Stephanie pointed at her and taunted, "Oh, how the tables have turned. You're blind! How dare you try to win Anthony's custody from Oscar? Look, you're a blind bat. There's no way you'll be a good match for Oscar. Do you even deserve to be Anthony's mother? How dare you, loser!"

Amelia felt her head buzzing as the word "blind" kept repeating itself in her mind.

She clambered to her feet with the intention of fleeing the scene but ran into a tree in front of her. As she retreated anxiously, she tripped on her feet and fell on her back.

Stephanie watched as she made a fool of herself in satisfaction. She marched over to Amelia and stepped on her hand. "Ow!" Amelia yelled in pain.

Bending down, Stephanie patted Amelia's cheek and said, "Amelia, how the tables have turned. I'm pleased to see that you're blind. You're not worthy of being Oscar's wife. Tell me. If Oscar finds out about your pitiful state, will he still love you?"

In a panic, Amelia flailed her arms around until she caught Stephanie's arm and pleaded, "Stephanie, please. Don't tell Oscar about this."

"Why? Are you afraid? You don't want Oscar to find out that you're blind? Right. even if he loves you, you're nothing but a piece of trash now. Do you think his love for you will last forever? Men usually fall out of love easily. Don't forget that you're a blind person who needs help to do something simple like getting a shower. I can't wait for you to go blind permanently so I can see Oscar's love turn to disgust. That will be interesting."

She was provoking Amelia deliberately. "Amelia, think about it. You can't walk, shower, brush your teeth, or put on clothes without someone else's help. As you need to be taken care of, you'll become Oscar's burden. Do you still think he'll be in love with you? I think he won't say he loathes you out loud, for you've been married for years. No wonder you insisted on a divorce. It's because you want him to remember you in your prime. That's a great plan, Amelia. You're smart enough to leave when you're healthy and get a huge sum of money. After all, you'll become useless when you lose your eyesight permanently."

Amelia went as pale as a sheet.

"Shut up! Shut the f\*ck up!" she hollered and got to her feet hastily. Retreating backward fearfully, she yelled, "Is anyone here? Is anyone here?"

"Yell all you want, Amelia. Let everyone find out that you're now blind. It'll be great if Oscar finds out, too. Anyway, I don't mind if you stay married to him. I can't wait to see how he despises you," Stephanie sneered.

Amelia halted in her tracks.

She turned in Stephanie's direction as her lips trembled profusely.

"Why are you doing this to me, Stephanie?"

Stephanie's face turned distorted as she replied, "I hate you, that's why. You don't deserve Oscar."

Amelia took a deep breath to calm herself down.

"You're romantically attracted to your brother, right?" she asked calmly.

Though Amelia had seen through her, Stephanie showed no signs of remorse and admitted to it. "Yes. So what? Oscar's an excellent man. I've admired him since I was young. It's normal for me to fall in love with him. If he wasn't my brother, I would've pursued him! Alas, we're siblings, and I can't be his wife. Even if I can't stay by his side, you can't occupy that position. You are not good enough for him!"

At that, Amelia's lips curled into a smile.

Besides finding Stephanie's feelings for Oscar strange, she never understood why Stephanie treated her like a rival. Now, everything made sense, for Stephanie had perceived her as one.

"Don't you find yourself disgusting, Stephanie? You're romantically attracted to your brother," Amelia scorned.

"What's wrong with that? I admire him, that's all. Even if he had disciplined me, he's still an outstanding man. I've never thought of behaving inappropriately. You don't deserve him. Once you leave, I'll find a better woman who is a perfect

match for him. Scram, you blind woman!" Stephanie declared as she folded her arms arrogantly.

An array of emotions flashed across Amelia's face.

"Amelia, I can't wait to see how Oscar will react upon finding out that you're now blind. I believe he'll be heartbroken. How long will that last, though? One month? One year? Two years? Or forever? I think less than a year, especially when it's someone as useless as you. I'm excited at the thought of him getting fed up with you." She beamed.

Ashlyn's hands clenched into fists.

"No, don't tell Oscar," she pleaded. If Oscar finds out, my efforts would've been for naught.

"Why would I listen to you?"

"Please, Stephanie," Amelia implored.

"What do you have to offer," Stephanie demanded.

"As long as you agree to keep my condition a secret from Oscar, I'll leave the city after getting a divorce. I'll never enter the Clinton residence ever again," Amelia promised solemnly.

"Why should I trust you?" Stephanie refused to relent.

Flashing a bitter smile, Amelia said, "Do you think I have the guts to appear before your brother when I'm blind?"

Stephanie was rather pleased with her words. "That's quite tempting. But I have another condition."

"What is it?"

"Give up on Tony's custody."

Amelia remained silent in response to her request.

Stephanie gazed at her calmly. "I'll give you one minute to think about it. If you disagree, I'll inform Oscar at once. I believe he'll be pleased to see you in this condition. That will be entertaining."

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 287

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Chapter 287 A Barrier Between Them

Amelia said nothing until one minute was up. She then opened her eyes wide, though she couldn't see anything, and answered, "It's a no from me."

Stephanie snickered and clapped her hands. "What a pity. I think Oscar will love it when he finds out you're blind. He'll pity you, and you won't have to get a divorce. You'll stay in our family and endure the staff's derision and enjoy Oscar's affection out of pity for you. You're nothing but a miserable piece of shit," she declared viciously.

Amelia gritted her teeth and clenched her fists tightly. Helplessly, she shrieked, "Shut up!"

Stephanie's laughs merely grew louder.

"Why? Are you getting mad?" Stephanie went to her and continued mocking her as she was still surrounded by darkness. "Amelia, you used to be really arrogant, right? Look at you now. You look like a phoenix who has landed in a chicken coop. After getting your feathers all plucked out, you're utterly miserable and pathetic."

Amelia's entire being was shivering by now.

"Amelia, you have no idea how much I anticipate the scene of Oscar seeing you in this wretched state. But I won't tell him. Nothing excites me more than you leaving our family in a pathetic state." Stephanie leaned closer and whispered in her ear, "Don't worry. I'll let you leave with Tony. Your son doesn't deserve to be the Clinton family's heir. Back when I hired someone to hit you, I never wanted to spare both of you. Nevertheless, you're lucky enough to survive the accident. You survived the ordeal, but now you're losing your eyesight. That's fair."

Amelia was shaking in anger.

She reached out to give Stephanie a slap, but Stephanie caught her hand midair and shoved her away. As a result, she toppled to the ground helplessly.

Fuming, Amelia declared, "Stephanie, you're crazy! Things will not end well for you!"

"Kind men die young, but bad guys live a long life. I'm waiting eagerly to see you make a fool out of yourself. Don't worry, I'll live a long life," Stephanie declared before leaving smugly.

Amelia sat on the ground blankly. She'd lose her eyesight for around one hour, but the time dragged on interminably. There was no one around. The Clinton residence was usually bustling with people, but it felt strangely massive now. As she couldn't see anything, her hearing became sharp. She hoped someone would show up, but at the same time, she didn't want someone to see her in this miserable state.

Amelia rose to her feet with the plan of leaving this place in the dark. However, no matter how hard she tried, she kept bumping into trees. The branches cut into her skin; yet, she refused to give up and kept running into the surrounding trees.

Without warning, a surprised voice rang out. "Mrs. Clinton, what are you doing?"

Amelia jolted in shock at the voice. She turned in the direction of the voice but couldn't see anything. "It's nothing. Did I scare you? I was playing a game about a blind person touching trees. Sounds fun, right? Don't tell anyone about it. It's quite embarrassing. Thanks in advance."

The voice belonging to a female got even more confused. "Mrs. Clinton, I'm right here. Why are you talking to the air?"

Amelia froze, feeling embarrassed. She couldn't help but panic at the situation.

"I'm sorry. I was just playing around. Don't take it to heart," she offered an explanation hastily.

"Mrs. Clinton, are your eyes-"

Amelia blurted out, "I'm not blind. I'm just fooling around as no one is nearby. Don't spread rumors. Otherwise, I'll fire you."

After saying that, a glimmer of light appeared before her. Joy sparkled inside her as she heaved a sigh of relief.

A young lady in her twenties dressed in the maid uniform was standing around two meters away from her. She flashed a pleasant smile and said, "Ruby, I was just fooling around with you. Look, I can see well. Did I give you a fright?"

She then spun around playfully.

Ruby giggled in response.

"Mrs. Clinton, you're really mischievous. You have no idea how shocked I was earlier. You were running around like a headless chicken and bumped into the trees around you as though you were possessed. It was really terrifying."

Amelia offered her a gentle smile. "It was a joke. Don't tell anyone that I acted that way. Take this as a little secret between us."

Ruby nodded obediently.

"Go back to work, then."

After Ruby left, the smile on Amelia's face faded away. Although she lost her eyesight for an hour, it already felt like an eternity to her. Dejection, despair, and discouragement washed over her heart and surrounded her tightly. It was really suffocating.

She'd be lying if she claimed that Stephanie's teasing remarks, sneers, and threats didn't make her upset, nervous, and terrified her. Every word that Stephanie said cut through her heart like an iron shard. It was pure torture.

Looking up at the dark sky, which was an exact portrayal of her heart, Amelia rubbed her hands slowly. Her unstable emotions had given her an awful headache. As her head was buzzing, she couldn't really think clearly.

Back in the Clinton residence, she was lucky enough not to run into Olivia and the others. She went upstairs and returned to her bedroom before sinking into the bed blankly.

Amelia remained sitting on the bed for a few hours. She didn't even realize Oscar had entered the bedroom. The man came to a stop before her. He was about to call her name when his gaze landed on her arm. His expression tensed up immediately as anger shone in his eyes.

"What happened to your arm?" Oscar demanded, trying hard to hold back his anger.

Amelia was pulled back to reality by his question. She looked up blankly and asked, "Huh?"

Oscar got to his knees and took her arm. Though he wore a grim expression, his action was gentle.

Amelia's gaze landed on her arm and looked at Oscar absentmindedly. Oh my, the number of wounds.

Seeing her response, Oscar softened his voice as he was afraid of startling her. "How did you hurt your arm?"

Amelia wanted to retract her arm, but Oscar refused to release his grip.

"Exactly how did you hurt your arm?" Oscar demanded sternly.

Shaking her head, Amelia answered, "I scraped myself against the trees accidentally. It doesn't hurt."

Oscar stared at her resolutely. "Tell me the truth. Otherwise, I'll send someone to follow you in secret."

Amelia shot him a helpless look and softened her tone. "I'm fine, Oscar. Please stop asking questions, all right?"

The look in Oscar's eyes darkened.

He gazed at Amelia unwaveringly. In the end, he released her and went to the desk to get the ointment before returning to her.

When he grabbed her hand, Amelia tried to struggle out of his reach. He parted his lips to warn, "Don't move."

Amelia gave up struggling and complied.

Oscar kept a straight face and applied the ointment on her wounds carefully.

After that, he refused to give up and asked, "Tell me, how did you get the wound? Don't tell me it was an accident. If you refuse to tell me the truth, I'll assign two bodyguards to protect you."

Amelia shot him a pleading look. "Oscar, can you stop asking questions, please? I'm fine. I really am. I just want to sign the divorce papers as soon as possible. All I want is Tony. Can all of you stop forcing me?"

Oscar's gaze changed.

"Who made things difficult for you? Mom? Or Stephanie?"

Amelia shook her head and backed down. "No one bullied me. Please stop asking me questions."

In response, Oscar held her chin and forced her to look up. When their gazes met, he asked firmly, "Did someone bully you?"

Amelia slapped his hand away as she vented out all the pent-up grievances in her. "Oscar Clinton, can you stop forcing me? Why is everyone doing that to me? What did I do wrong to be tortured by you all? I only want to get a divorce in peace. I had no intention of kicking up a fuss. Why is everyone putting the blame on me? You're the one who made a mistake, but why does it seem like I'm the evil one in our relationship?"

Oscar's hand froze midair. He felt his heart clench in anguish at the sight of a sobbing Amelia.

He instinctively reached out to touch Amelia, but she swerved out of his reach as though he was the plague itself.

After crying her heart out, Amelia realized she had lost her self-control. She dabbed at her tears and said apologetically, "I'm sorry. I didn't do that on purpose."

Oscar's gaze darkened. He took a deep breath to calm himself. "Don't overthink things. I have promised you Tony's custody."

Amelia shot him a complicated look before lowering her head. "Oscar, thank you... and I'm sorry," she uttered softly.

Oscar glanced at her as a myriad of emotions bombarded her. It felt like there was a barrier between them. Though they could hear each other's breathing, no matter how hard he tried, he just couldn't touch her heart.

"Rest well. I promise we'll sign our divorce papers two days later. Tony will be yours, and I'll make arrangements so you'll live comfortably for the rest of your lives." He gave his word.

Amelia nodded. She didn't even dare to meet Oscar's eyes for fear she'd leap into his arms and tell him about how Stephanie bullied her earlier.

She knew she could no longer remain in the Clinton family. Stephanie despised her, and Olivia was very unhappy with her decision. Owen had never liked her in the first place, so he took a neutral stance on their divorce. In fact, he stayed out of it. The others in the family watched the spectacle from the side. Most of them rejoiced at her misfortune, for they assumed she was being an ingrate.

Once she and Oscar were officially divorced, she'd be left with nothing. Her status would also change dramatically.

"Amelia, trust me. I'll protect both of you even after we're divorced," Oscar assured.

Amelia spared him a brief glance before looking down swiftly. She just kept quiet.

Oscar felt powerless at how Amelia stayed away from him on purpose. He didn't know what to do in order to return to their intimate relationship.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 288

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

Chapter 288 Reaching An Agreement

After comforting Amelia, a maid knocked on the door and reported, "Mr. Clinton, Ms. Amelia, Mrs. Clinton wants you to go downstairs for dinner."

Amelia looked at the door and pursed her lips reluctantly.

Oscar glanced at her before raising his voice to answer. "I'm not well. Bring our meal up."

The maid grunted in acknowledgment and left to do as told.

Amelia stared at him silently.

Stretching his hand out, Oscar patted her head in a comforting manner and said, "If you don't wish to head down, we'll just stay here."

Amelia's eyes glistened. He could read me so well.

Oscar's understanding had moved her. She was afraid she'd lose herself in his love and care. Even after they got a divorce, her memories would be full of him.

She avoided Oscar's touch and slept on her side. "Oscar, you should head down for dinner. I'm not hungry. I need to take a nap."

Looking down at his empty palms, Oscar felt extremely disappointed.

"You should eat before that or it won't be good for you."

Amelia's lips twitched before she said, "Oscar, we're about to get a divorce. Do you think it's normal for us to act like a loving couple?"

Glancing at her side profile, Oscar said in a domineering but gentle voice, "As long as you're still my wife, I have the right to do this. Or do you dislike me getting close to you?"

Amelia responded with silence.

Soon, the maid delivered their meal. Under Oscar's insistence, Amelia finished some meat and soup. After her meal, she felt a little drowsy.

"Go to bed if you're sleepy," Oscar said tenderly.

Lying in bed, Amelia felt sleepy, but her mind was rather clear. As she wanted to avoid Oscar's passionate gaze, she pretended to fall asleep.

She remained still for some time, so Oscar thought she was asleep. He bent down and planted a gentle kiss on her forehead. "Don't worry. I'm here, so no one can hurt you. We'll get a divorce, and you'll get Tony's custody. I'll make sure you get everything you want," he vowed solemnly.

Having said that, he straightened his back and left the bedroom.

When the door shut with a click, Amelia's eyes snapped open as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Oscar, please don't be so nice to me. What should I do without you?

Amelia gazed at their photo on the shelf which they had taken not long ago in a daze. She looked so happy as she was beaming and leaning on Oscar's sweetly while he had wrapped his arms around her waist tenderly. His chin was resting on her shoulder. The affection in his gaze was no mistaking. It was obvious that they were a loving couple in this photo. Unfortunately, it was short-lived—it was soon going to wither before it could blossom.

After leaving the room, Oscar went to Olivia and said firmly, "Mom, I need to talk to you and Dad."

Olivia looked up and rejected his request. "If you want to talk about Tony's custody, I have nothing else to say. I won't change my mind. Your divorce has nothing to do with me, but Tony must stay with us."

Oscar repeated, "Mom, I need to talk to you. Let's go to the study."

Since he insisted, Olivia hesitated for a while but nodded her head eventually.

In the study, she folded her arms in a distant but firm manner.

"Oscar, I'll be frank with you. She'll only get Tony's custody only if she walks over my dead body."

Oscar shot her a conflicted look. "Mom, I thought you adore Amelia? You used to remind me to show her more concern instead of burying myself in work. Why are you acting this way?"

Olivia glowered at him. "It's all your fault! My reaction is because of both your actions. If you hadn't messed around with Cassie, and if Amelia turn a blind eye to your affair to keep your marriage, would I need to act as the bad cop? You have caused this trouble, but I had to pick up the mess after you. What a disgrace," she scoffed.

As anger caught up to her, she panted heavily before huffing. "Oscar, you have no idea how much you've disappointed me. Though you didn't love Amelia back then, at least there was no talk about getting a divorce. Thus, I can close an eye on your affairs out there. But, you ended up getting a divorce. Ah, this is really upsetting. Fine, I won't interfere in your business. You can get a divorce, but Tony must stay with us."

Oscar pressed his lips together in a thin line as his expression hardened.

"Mom, this is just a joke. I wouldn't want to divorce Amelia," he explained.

Olivia, who was initially fuming, stared at him incredulously. "What do you mean?"

"Mom, getting a divorce is just part of my plan. I've never considered letting Amelia and Tony leave. They are my family, and Amelia will be my only wife," Oscar stated firmly.

Olivia was utterly confused as she stared at him as though she had never known him at all.

"What do you mean?" she repeated as she couldn't grasp what he meant.

Thus, Oscar revealed his plan briefly.

Upon hearing his words, Olivia flew into a fit of fury.

"B\*stard! Oscar, you're already thirty years old! Why are you so childish? What do you mean by your marriage is a mistake? No matter why you got married in the first place, you're already married. After five years, you claim it's a mistake and decide to pursue Amelia again? Have you gone nuts? How infantile! Do you think marriage is a joke?" she fumed.

Oscar's back was straight as he said, "Mom, Amelia has always been upset about my past relationship with Cassie. Someone had set me up to have sex with her. No matter what happened to make me cheat on her physically, our relationship will no longer be the same. Hence, I shall end our relationship before starting all over again. That way, she will no longer doubt my love for her since there was no conflict of interest standing in our way."

Olivia fell silent as she gradually stopped heaving.

“Mom, it is all my fault, so please stop blaming Amelia. She is suffering. Don’t forget the blood clot in her brain could cause her to lose her eyesight at any moment. Do you want that to happen by increasing her stress level?”

Olivia gazed at him briefly before letting out a long sigh.

“Oscar, I really don’t want to interfere in your relationship, but your plan is too reckless. Has the possibility of Amelia not accepting you occur to you?” she asked. Her question hit the nail on the head.

A hint of distress flashed across Oscar’s gaze at her question.

“I believe Amelia was the one who asked for a divorce, right?” Though it was a question, Olivia was pretty sure about it. “Don’t deny it. You’re my son. Once you fall in love with someone, you won’t fall out of love easily. Your one-night stand with Cassie gave Amelia an excuse to ask for a divorce. I don’t know why she insists on filing for a divorce, but I assume it’s related to her eyesight. That was why I acted as the bad cop and used Tony to make her stay. I have no idea that you have such an unreliable plan in mind.”

Oscar stared in the blank without speaking.

Exhaling sharply, Olivia said, “Oscar, you might be right in your bold attempt, but age is catching up with me. I think you can’t take risks in love. However, I guess you’re right. There have always been uncertain risk factors in your relationship. Perhaps pursuing her after your divorce will be best for both of you. Well, I shall stay out of this. Just promise me I’ll get to see Tony often after the divorce.”

Finally, Oscar could heave a sigh of relief.

"Mom, thank you. I'm not as magnanimous as you," he said sincerely.

"I've been kicking up a fuss for the past few days. You must be full of reproach instead of respect for me." Olivia shrugged it off. "Amelia must feel bad after how I reprimanded her."

"She won't take it to heart. She has always been filial and polite to her elders."

Olivia nodded in agreement.

"Oscar, I hope you've made the right decision," said Olivia. "But let me remind you of one thing. If Amelia rejects you after your divorce, I'll resort to legal action to get Tony's custody. The Clinton family heir can't be living away from us."

Oscar was confident. "Mom, Amelia's mine, and mine alone. I won't let her end up with someone else. I believe she still loves me."

Perhaps Oscar's confidence was the reason he was caught off guard by Amelia's sudden disappearance. He was in anguish for two whole years while looking for her and buried himself in work to numb his feelings.

He pushed himself to his limits in the two years and worked nonstop. Though Olivia used to adore Amelia, she soon grew to hate the latter. Even after Oscar was reunited with Amelia, the old lady didn't bother expressing her delight.

In her opinion, Amelia didn't love Oscar and wasn't considerate at all. When they were about to get back together, she stood in their way in secret and objected to their relationship.

Back to the present day, Olivia finally gave in for now. "All right, then. I have nothing else to say. I hope you won't let me wait too long."

"Mom, don't worry."

Olivia nodded without a word.

"What about Dad?"

"I'll tell him about it. We have the same opinion. Since I said yes, he won't make things difficult for you. Just stop horsing around from now on. You're already thirty. She can forgive you once, but repeated offenses will only annoy her."

"Mom, I won't. I've never acted willfully in my life."

"That's why your dad and I flew into a fit of rage. Your dad even thought about dismissing you as his heir."

However, Oscar remained silent, saying nary a word.

"He did that out of anger. Clinton Corporations expanded rapidly because of you. Don't forget that he's a businessman, so no matter how mad he is, he won't joke around with the company. Besides, you're his only son. Who else will take over? Stephanie? She spends her days partying. Clinton Corporations will certainly be doomed," Olivia revealed.

"Mom, I don't mind," came Oscar's reply. Though Clinton Corporations was huge, he could establish another corporation single-handedly and bring it to greater heights.

He was capable and had confidence in himself.

With that, Olivia didn't say anything else.

As they had reached an agreement, Olivia was no longer mad at Amelia. She may have said that but she was still displeased at Amelia's inconsideration.

She couldn't fathom why Amelia insisted on getting a divorce.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 289

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
**Chapter 289 Overthinking**

The next day, Olivia and Owen sat on the sofa solemnly after having breakfast. Olivia beckoned Amelia to come over. "Amelia, come over here with Oscar."

Amelia's heart jumped to her throat instinctively. However, she went over as instructed, and Oscar trotted behind her. Even the troublemaking Stephanie joined Olivia and sat next to her.

Olivia turned to look at her. "Stephanie, go upstairs. Your dad and I need to talk to Oscar and Amelia in private," she ordered.

Pouting her lips, Stephanie pleaded, "Mom, I'm part of the family. I want to listen to what you have to say to them!"

Olivia put on a stern expression and repeated sharply, "Just go upstairs."

Seeing how grim her mother looked, Stephanie dared not kick up a fuss. Olivia and Owen were the only ones who supported her in the family. If she offended them, Oscar would be cruel enough to ignore her and leave her to her own devices.

Stephanie shot Amelia an angry but smug glare. Yesterday's events made her feel like she had an upper hand. No matter what happen, Amelia was going to go blind soon. Hence, she didn't see Amelia as a threat, for a blind person couldn't even live a normal life without getting help. How much trouble could a blind person make?

Feeling contented, she gave Amelia one last mocking glance before hopping all the way upstairs.

Amelia pretended she didn't see Stephanie's sarcastic and pompous look and stood before Olivia obediently.

Olivia pointed at the neighboring sofa and said, "Take a seat, both of you."

With his arms around Amelia, Oscar led her to take their seats on the sofa.

After coughing lightly twice, Olivia announced, "Amelia, I won't object to your divorce. As Tony is still young, he should remain with his mother. Thus, you can have Tony's custody. But I have a condition though."

Amelia gazed at Olivia in surprise. She had no idea Olivia had changed her mind swiftly. Didn't she threaten us yesterday with her health? Why did she cave in today? What a drastic turn of events!

Before Amelia could reply, Olivia continued, "You can take Tony with you, but you need to send him back to the Clinton residence and let him stay here every Friday to Sunday. Tony needs to spend three days with me every week. If that's all right with you, you can sign the divorce papers anytime."

Amelia glanced at her doubtfully. "Mom, you really won't object to our divorce?" she asked carefully.

"Will my objection make you change your mind? It will only make you detest me and I don't want that. Get a divorce if you want. You've made up your minds, so my efforts are futile. It's best to leave you on your own. That's the only way I can have peace," Olivia uttered calmly.

Amelia's gaze dropped as she pondered over it. "Thank you, Mom!" I'm really sorry.

She didn't say that apology out loud, for she couldn't agree to Olivia's condition. Once the divorce was finalized, she would leave the city and stay in a tiny and quiet place so the Clintons wouldn't find her.

Her decision to leave made her feel extremely guilty, especially toward Tony. Tony would be separated from the Clintons due to her selfish actions. At a young age, he would have to grow up without a father. In fact, she was really confused, for she didn't know if she had made the correct decision.

Olivia gave a dismissing wave. "I don't need you to thank me. You won't live a good life compared to now after your divorce. Make sure no one bullies Tony. Otherwise, I'll fight for Tony's custody."

"Don't worry, Mom. I'll take good care of Tony. You won't have to fret about him," Amelia promised.

Olivia nodded.

"Dear, say something." Olivia turned to Owen.

Putting on a strict expression, Owen declared, "Take good care of Tony. If you marry someone else in the future, we'll get Tony back. The eldest grandson of the Clinton family isn't allowed to enter another family or change his surname."

Pursing her lips, Amelia thought about it and vowed, "Dad, don't worry. I'll raise him alone. That won't happen."

Hearing her vow, Owen, Olivia, and Oscar turned to look at her in unison.

Olivia glanced at Oscar briefly before posing a deliberate question. "Amelia, you're still young. With your looks, you can find another outstanding man and get married to him. Are you sure you'll remain single after your divorce?"

Hanging her head low, Amelia answered, "I can't forget the five years I spent with this family. I believe the memories I share with Oscar are enough for me to bring Tony up alone."

Warmth appeared in Olivia's gaze, and the anger in her heart faded into thin air.

"Amelia, I'm experienced enough to know how hard it is for a single mother to raise a child alone. I don't want you to go through that. If you find someone as great as Oscar, you should marry him." Olivia was saying that to lay the foundation for Oscar's future pursuit.

Amelia shook her head without saying anything else.

When I become permanently blind, no one will fall for me. Even with my good looks, no man will be willing to take care of a woman who needs help to carry out her daily activities.

Olivia soon changed the topic. "When will you sign the divorce papers?" she inquired.

Amelia stiffened up as her heart clenched painfully.

Oscar glanced at her momentarily before replying, "Tomorrow, I guess."

Amelia's hands that were resting on her lap trembled.

"All right. Since you've decided to get a divorce, it's best to finalize it as soon as possible instead of delaying it any further." Olivia got to her feet and tugged Owen up. "Just settle this matter and sort things out. We'll head upstairs now."

After they went upstairs, Oscar gazed at Amelia intently. "Are you sure you won't accept someone else's pursuit after our divorce?"

Amelia looked up and met his gaze calmly. "Do you want me to marry someone else?"

"I am a selfish man, so I won't want you to marry anyone else. You're mine." Oscar's gaze darkened. "But after our divorce, you'll no longer be my wife. I don't have the right to intervene in your life, right?"

Upon hearing that, Amelia couldn't help but feel her heart break. She licked her dry lips and forced out a smile.

Yes, after our divorce, we're no longer related to each other. I don't have the right to interfere in Oscar's future relationships.

At the thought of Oscar marrying a gorgeous wife and giving birth to a beautiful son, jealousy consumed her completely. It blazed so furiously that she could barely hold it in. Unfortunately, she had no right to butt in his affairs anymore.

Oscar held her chin and forced her to meet his gaze. "What are you thinking?"

Hastily, Amelia avoided his gaze. "Nothing. I'm going to head up to take a look at Tony."

The sight of Amelia dashing up the stairs hastily made Oscar's lips curl into a satisfied grin. He was very certain that Amelia still loved him deeply. As long as he occupied a special spot in her heart, he was sure that his pursuit would be a success. Although Amelia may look sexy and pretty, she was inwardly a vulnerable but prideful woman. He swore he'd protect her and never let her suffer anymore.

Back in the nursery, Amelia saw Kurt keeping Tony company. The anxiousness on her face disappeared as she offered him a smile. "Kurt."

Turning to look at her, Kurt queried, "What's wrong?"

"Oscar and I will sign the divorce papers tomorrow. Are you willing to return to Oscar's side and protect him? I believe your talents won't go to waste if you do that."

Kurt's lips thinned as he fell silent. "Are you kicking me out?" he finally asked.

Amelia shook her head vehemently. Afraid that he'd take it the wrong way, she explained, "I think it's a waste of your talent to stay with me. Look, you're a nanny now. If you wish to return to Oscar's side, I'll let him know."

Shaking his head, Kurt rejected her offer. "No need. I adore Tony, and I promised to risk my life to protect him as he grows up, so don't think that way. I'll accept other tasks other than protecting Tony. Personal tasks, of course. I get paid a lot for every task. Even if you leave the Clinton family without getting a cent, I can provide for you and Tony."

That was definitely the longest statement Kurt had ever made.

A strange feeling rose in Amelia's heart after hearing that. It sounded like a confession, but she dismissed it after seeing Kurt's honest expression.

Well, I'm not attractive enough to be loved by other men.

"Kurt, there's no need for that. We're only friends. After I leave the Clinton residence, I will no longer be your employer."

"You are." Kurt shot an indecipherable glance at her. "I'll leave the Clinton residence with you. I'll also be there for Tony as he grows up. One day, when you lose your eyesight, I'll take care of Tony on your behalf." He gave his word earnestly.

After saying that, his ears turned red as his heart thumped rapidly. Once an indifferent man like him fell in love, he'd be loyal and infatuated.

Kurt was a prime example.

Amelia found it odd and shook her head to get rid of that thought. I must be overthinking.

“Thanks for that, Kurt,” she thanked Kurt gratefully.

“You’re welcome. I’m Tony’s godfather, so I should take part in his growth.”

Amelia exhaled in relief. Yes, I was overthinking. There’s no way Kurt is in love with me. He’s only doing this for Tony.

As Amelia was busy comforting herself, she didn’t see the affection in Kurt’s eyes that disappeared in a flash. If she had seen it, she wouldn’t be talking to Kurt in such a relaxing manner.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 290

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

### Chapter 290 The Divorce

Standing just outside the Civil Affairs Bureau, Amelia stared blankly at the divorce certificate in her hand. To her, the piece of paper seemed somewhat dreadful, for some reason.

When Oscar reached out to stroke her hair, Amelia lifted her head and gazed at the man with her sad eyes. At that moment, it was clear to her that Oscar had officially become her ex-husband.

“What are you thinking about?” Troubled by Amelia’s sorrowful look, Oscar wanted to cradle her cheek, but she quickly evaded his hand.

“Oscar, now that we’re officially divorced, I wish you all the best in marrying Ms. Yard. However, I don’t think it’s necessary for me to attend your wedding,” stated Amelia before forcing a smile at Oscar.

**"No matter what, you'll always be my wife!" promised Oscar with sheer determination in his eyes.**

**In response to that, Amelia said nothing but smiled wryly. Since their marriage had already ended, she could only assume that Oscar was kidding.**

**"I've already asked Kurt to send my things over to Tiffany's place. I'll be staying with her tonight, and hopefully, I can get myself a new place tomorrow." Amelia quickly changed the subject while avoiding Oscar's deep gaze as if it was a black hole ready to suck her in.**

**Still, the man continued fixing his gaze on her. "I've already transferred the city apartment to your name, so you can move there anytime if you don't feel like staying at the villa. I'm sure you'll feel right at home."**

**"Sure." Amelia was slightly stunned but still refused to look at her ex-husband. The two lived together at the apartment for five years, so naturally, every inch of the place would remind her of Oscar. Although Amelia was unsure if she would ever have the chance to return there, it would always have a special place in her heart.**

**"Promise that you'll call me if you ever need anything, okay?" Seemingly in a good mood, Oscar gave his ex-wife a half-smile.**

When Amelia saw Oscar's nonchalant demeanor, she could not help but wonder if the man was even slightly troubled by their divorce. Has he been looking forward to this day? We just lost our marriage, so why doesn't he look sad at all?

As much as Amelia wanted to question Oscar, she knew well that it was pointless to do so.

"I have to go now. Tiff is probably waiting for me."

"I can give you a ride," offered Oscar casually with his hands in the pockets.

"You don't have to do that. I can get there just fine on my own." Amelia waved her hand and refused the offer, for deep down, she knew that it was best to avoid further contact with Oscar. If she allowed the man to care for her in any way, she feared that she would fall for him once again.

"I insist. Come on, get in the car." Oscar showed no sign of backing down, however.

After taking two steps back, Amelia looked intently at her ex-husband as if her eyes could beg him to let her go. "Oscar, we are divorced!"

In response to that, Oscar only raised a brow. The look on his face seemed like it was saying, "Yeah, I know we're divorced, but so what?"

"Please just forget about me, Oscar! I'm begging you! We're divorced now, so you don't owe me anything. Do you understand that? Stop caring for me like that! You're only making this harder for me. Please! Don't give me hope," pleaded Amelia half-cryingly with the certificate still in her hand.

"But I want you to have hope for us. Think of it as a short getaway. We'll be back together in no time. You'll see," promised Oscar after stepping forward to hold his ex-wife tightly by the hand.

Amelia was nothing but dumbfounded when she heard the man's seemingly ridiculous words. She could not believe how her ex-husband acted as if nothing had happened when they had both signed the papers for divorce.

Convinced that Oscar did not love her as much as she thought, Amelia shook her head in disappointment. Maybe it was all just in my head; Maybe I never really mattered to him. He would never have just let me go like that if he genuinely cared about me. I suppose that can be a good thing. It's a relief to know that he can move on just fine without me. Now I can leave this city without any worries.

Still and all, Amelia insisted on getting her own ride. "I'm leaving."

"Get in now, or I'll be forced to carry you in."

Like an arguing couple, the two then had a staring contest before Amelia finally gave in.

Seeing his ex-wife making her way into the car, Oscar smirked while he got into the driver's seat.

As usual, Oscar fastened Amelia's seatbelt for her before running his fingers over her cheek. "Sit tight."

Touching her caressed cheek, Amelia could not help being stupefied by Oscar's gentle gesture. The fact that her ex-husband treated her like always made her feel like the divorce certificate she just got was nothing but a big fat joke. Actually, they did not even have to go to the Civil Affairs Bureau to sign the papers, for the attorneys could have taken care of everything. Oscar was only there because Amelia asked him to go with her.

“Since you’ve already signed the papers, two suburban villas and several apartments will be transferred to your name. The profits from the stocks will also be credited to your account regularly. Even if you decided that you don’t want to work anymore, you shouldn’t have any financial problem taking care of yourself or Tony,” reminded Oscar with his eyes on the road.

To that, Amelia opened her mouth, but not a word came out of it. She wanted to tell Oscar that he did not have to do all that because she planned on closing all her accounts before leaving the city. In order to cut all ties with the Clintons, Amelia was ready to disappear.

However, she just could not bring herself to tell Oscar that it was over for them and that they were nobody to each other.

“Oscar, if you ever marry someone else in the future, will you forget about Tony and me?” inquired Amelia softly as she leaned back in the passenger’s seat.

After glancing at the woman, Oscar smirked again before replying confidently, “Never!”

Naturally, Amelia smiled at the sound of that. That’s all I needed to hear him say.

After that, the two remained silent for the rest of the journey until they reached Tiffany’s place.

Amelia then unfastened her seatbelt and got out of the car before Tiffany hurried over to greet her. “Are you okay, Amelia?” asked Tiffany curiously after taking a look at the woman, who only smiled in response.

When Oscar, too, got out of the vehicle, Tiffany tried to lighten up the mood. "Hey, Mr. Clinton! You're here! You have no idea what an honor it is to have someone like you visit my humble abode."

Without a word, the man only glanced at Tiffany before shifting his attention back onto Amelia.

"Mr. Clinton, if I'm not mistaken, you and Amelia are now divorced, right? That means you two are going your separate ways now, so I'm sure someone important like you must be needed elsewhere," reminded Tiffany as she purposely stood between the two newly divorced individuals.

Still, Oscar's eyes remained glued onto Amelia as if he did not hear a single word Tiffany said.

With her teeth clenched, Tiffany tried to remain calm, even though Oscar's lack of response was less than polite. "Mr. Clinton, don't you think you ought to be more courteous with me? Seeing how you'll have to go through me if you want to see Amelia from now on, I would suggest that you be more friendly with me."

Then, Amelia patted Tiffany on the back and motioned for the woman to stop fooling around, for she did not intend for Oscar to find out that she had planned to leave the city.

Pouting, Tiffany decided to turn around and talk to her friend instead. "What do you say we go inside, Babe? Tony is dying to see you!"

After nodding at Tiffany, Amelia turned to her ex-husband. "Thanks for the ride, Oscar. You should go now."

"I'll see you and Tony tomorrow."

“Tiff and I have something we have to do tomorrow, and we’re planning to take Tony out the day after that. And the day after that, Tiff and I will be going to her favorite art gallery. I’m afraid we won’t be available for the next three days. Maybe you can come and see Tony on the fourth day? We just got divorced, so I’m sure you understand that I don’t really want to see you again so soon, right? Please?” begged Amelia earnestly, for she needed time to arrange everything before moving out of the city. She assumed that she would never return, so she had already planned to sever all ties with everyone and everything there and turn them into nothing but memories.

Oscar decided to agree to his ex-wife’s request. “Sure. I’ll stay away for three days and be back on the fourth.”

After that, he turned to Tiffany and reminded her, “Tiffany, take good care of Amelia for me. I’ll be back soon.”

“I’m sure I don’t need you to remind me about that, Mr. Clinton. However, you probably need a reminder that you and Amelia are now divorced. She’s no longer your wife, so I don’t know what you’re trying to achieve with that caring-husband act.”

Oscar ignored Tiffany and turned back to look at Amelia instead. “Take care of yourself, okay? Call me if you need anything. Anything at all.”

To that, Amelia remained silent while she kept her head down.

The man then took one last look at his ex-wife before driving away.

“Are you sure you’re okay, Amelia?” inquired Tiffany after the vehicle zoomed out of sight.

Amelia smiled wryly once again before replying softly, “Let’s go inside, Tiff.”

Only when they were finally alone in the elevator did Amelia burst out crying. It felt like the sadness she had built up inside of her over the past few days broke out in an instant.

Unsure of what else to do, Tiffany patted Amelia on the back, trying to console her friend. "It's okay; I'm here. Let it out. Let it all out. I'll stay here with you until you feel better."

Whenever the elevator reached her apartment's floor, Tiffany would press the button for the ground floor; Whenever they reached the ground floor, she would then press the button for the top floor. For almost the entire day, Tiffany kept repeating the cycle so that Amelia could let out all the sadness buried deep inside. When Amelia was finally done, Tiffany's shirt was already drenched in tears, not to mention her stiff shoulder.

"Sorry, Tiff," Amelia apologized in a hoarse voice while looking embarrassedly at her friend's soaked shirt.

"Don't worry about it. Did you let it all out?"

"I want to get drunk, Tiff. Stupid drunk. Will you join me? I don't know if I'll ever get another chance if I don't do this tonight," stated Amelia with a half-smile.

Tiffany knew what her friend was going through, and she wasn't about to let her friend go at it alone. "You bet! We'll get so drunk that you won't even remember who you are."

"Thank you, Tiff."

"Hey, what are friends for, right?"

After hearing that, Amelia let out a wide smile. She was finally feeling better again.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 291

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

### Chapter 291 Truth From The Drunk

“Tiff, how do I look? Please tell me I don’t look like a crazy person,” pleaded Amelia self-consciously after walking out of the elevator.

“You look great! I don’t think anybody could tell that you just had a breakdown. Not at all,” commented Tiffany with a thumbs-up.

“Very funny, Tiff.” Amelia chuckled and slapped her friend jokingly on the arm, but the latter only shrugged in response.

“Are you ready? I’m going to open the door now.”

After Amelia nodded, Tiffany pushed the door open, but unexpectedly, Kurt was the only person they saw waiting inside. As for Tony, the boy was nowhere to be seen.

“Kurt, where’s Tony?” questioned Amelia.

“He’s with Martha,” answered Kurt as he pointed to a bedroom.

Instead of rushing to Tony, Amelia nodded appreciatively at the man for what he had done for her. "Sorry for troubling you today, Kurt. Did Mom... Mrs. Clinton give you a hard time for it?"

In response, Kurt shook his head. "Not at all. She wanted me to tell you to take care of Tony and yourself and that she'll be visiting you this weekend."

Amelia immediately fell silent when she heard that, for she knew she would have to disappoint Olivia. To avoid further complications, Amelia decided that it was best to leave the city with Tony the next day. The Clintons control this city. There's pretty much nothing I can do if they ever want Tony's custody back. I can't let that happen, so I have to leave this place as soon as possible. I know this isn't fair for them, but I can't let them take Tony away from me. It took everything I had to let go of Oscar. I can't lose Tony too!

"Kurt, I'm going to leave the city tomorrow. You can come with me if you want. But only if you want to. I'm not going to force you."

Stunned, the man did not expect that Amelia would leave in such a hurry, but he believed that she had a good reason for doing so. "I'll go with you."

Even though the two had only known each other for a few months, Kurt acted like he had known Amelia for many years. Not only had he repeatedly helped her, but he also never asked for anything in return, and for that, Amelia was very grateful. To her, Kurt was more than just a bodyguard; He was a true friend.

"Thank you, Kurt," Amelia stated as she genuinely wanted the man to know how much she appreciated him. She considered herself extremely fortunate to have such a loyal friend by her side in her time of need.

Since Kurt was unsure how to respond, the trio was surrounded by an awkward silence before Tiffany clapped her hands and broke the ice.

“Oh, come on! You guys made it sound like someone just died. Lighten up a little! Didn’t you say something about getting drunk tonight, Amelia? Let’s do that! Nobody’s going anywhere until they get stupid drunk. You hear me?”

With that, Tiffany shifted her attention to Kurt. “What say you, Kurt? Are you in, or are you going to chicken out?”

The man then gave her a nod of agreement.

“Now that’s what I’m talking about! I knew you’re no chicken!” exclaimed Tiffany excitedly.

With all that enthusiasm, Kurt could not help but crack a smile at the cheerful woman. Even though Tiffany was loud, she was also a very thoughtful person. To Kurt, Tiffany was a good friend to have around, so he did not mind smiling at her at all.

After instructing Martha to look after Tony, Tiffany went out with Kurt to get some beverages and food. The man was in charge of serving up delicacies to go with the alcoholic drink.

Martha had her dinner in the room while she continued to look after Tony. As for the other three adults, they had their mugs filled with alcohol before starting their meal.

“As I said, nobody’s going anywhere tonight until we get stupid drunk. Time to drink up!”

With their mugs held high, the three clinked before downing the drink inside.

“Fill up my mug, Tiff,” stated Amelia as she placed her large cup in front of her friend.

Without a word, Tiffany immediately filled the woman’s mug to the brink with frothy beer.

As soon as Amelia got her mug back, she lifted it and finished the drink in one big gulp. Still, it was not enough for her, so she went straight for the bottle and continued to down more beer. Shocked by Amelia’s unusual behavior, Tiffany tried to take the beer bottle away from her friend, but the woman would not let her. “Please, Tiff. I need this. Just let me be for tonight. I promise I’ll be back to my normal self tomorrow. But tonight, I need as much alcohol as I can get to drown my sorrow,” begged Amelia in a miserable voice, pointing at her heart.

Seeing how depressed Amelia was, Tiffany decided to let her friend keep the bottle. Even after everything Amelia had done, Tiffany could not believe that her friend would end up so brokenhearted.

Then, she noticed how Kurt seemed to be concerned for Amelia as well. “Let her be. She’s going through a tough time. I just hope that getting drunk will be enough to ease her pain. Even if it’s just a little.”

As expected, Amelia eventually ended up drunk.

The woman, who had already sprawled onto the table, cried as she repeatedly called out Oscar’s name.

Her wailing only served to fill her friends with more concern.

"You're drunk, Amelia. What do you say we go rest now?" Patting Amelia's back, Tiffany tried to convince her friend to stop drinking.

"I'm not done yet. It still hurts, so I have to continue drinking. I don't want to get a divorce, Oscar. You have to believe me! I never wanted to do that, but why didn't you stop me? Why did you agree to the divorce? You have no idea how much I'm hurting right now. But you don't seem bothered by the divorce at all. Do you really not love me at all? Was everything you did for me just for show?"

After her mumbling, Amelia lifted her mug and looked at Tiffany with her eyes barely open. "Drink, Tiff! You promised me that we would get stupid drunk, remember? Don't chicken out on me now!"

Tiffany tried to snatch the beer bottle away from Amelia again but to no avail. Amelia was not ready to stop just yet. "Leave my beer alone, Tiff! I have to get more drunk. Only then will I be able to see Oscar in my dreams. You wouldn't believe how sweet he was in my dreams. He only had eyes for me. Only me, and no Cassie Yard!"

At that point, Tiffany felt so bad for her friend that her eyes began to well up.

"You're already drunk enough, Amelia. Let me help you get into your room. I promise you that everything will be better when you wake up."

"No! We'll drink the night away. Come on, Tiff. Bottoms up!" Amelia lifted her mug once again and gestured for her friend to do the same.

Left with no choice, Tiffany lifted her mug as well to humor Amelia.

The more Amelia drank, the more confused she became. Before long, she started saying things that she would not have said under any other circumstances.

With her eyelids getting heavier and heavier, Amelia grabbed hold of Tiffany's hand and started confessing her love for her ex-husband. "Oscar, you have no idea how much I love you. I never wanted to get a divorce. I was hoping you would say no, then I would have a reason to salvage our marriage. Why did you agree to it instead? Does that mean you don't love me? Why else would you seem not bothered by our divorce at all?"

Then, Amelia started patting herself on the chest. "Do you have any idea how much it hurts here when I saw how unaffected you were? Why weren't you sad at all? Why?"

Seeing how heartbroken Amelia was, Tiffany could not help but sigh and resent Oscar for treating her friend that way.

"It's going to be okay, Amelia. Forget about Oscar. I'll get you someone a hundred times better than that bastard," promised Tiffany gently.

"No! Oscar is the only one I love. I want him and nobody else. Only him!" shouted Amelia, glaring at her friend. "I know what you're planning, Cassie. You're trying to come between Oscar and me, aren't you? You witch! You never should've come back. And you, Stephanie! If it weren't for you, I'd never have been blinded; Oscar and I would never have gotten a divorce. I want nothing more than to give you a good beating! The Clintons should've punished you more severely than to just send you away for two months for what you've done. It's not fair! They think they can just brush me off like that just because my family is less powerful than they are. It's all just a big fat lie! They never treated me like I was one of their own. Those phonies!"

As much as Amelia tried to hide her true feelings toward Cassie and Stephanie, she spilled everything after getting drunk.

Like any other normal human being, there was only so much emotion Amelia could keep bottled up inside. Eventually, she would have to find a way to let it all out.

"Get me Oscar now! I want Oscar!" cried Amelia while Tiffany continued to try to calm her down.

Even when she no longer had any strength to shout, Amelia continued to mutter Oscar's name subconsciously. The scene was as heart-rending as it could get to Tiffany, for she never expected Amelia to love the man that much. Amelia's strong feelings for Oscar only made it more difficult for her to swallow the hard truth.

Looking at her drunk friend, Tiffany let out a long sigh. "If you love him that much, why did you divorce him?"

Meanwhile, Kurt only stared quietly at Amelia before walking over to carry her.

"Careful not to drop her, Kurt," reminded Tiffany.

The man then entered the guest room to put the woman to bed. After covering Amelia with a blanket, Kurt continued to stare softly at her. "Was it worth it?"

At that point, Amelia was already non-responsive.