

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 91

Oscar suddenly stood up. Apprehensively, Amelia asked, "Mr. Clinton, are you leaving?"

Oscar walked over. He leaned over Amelia, almost pinning her onto the bed. The tips of their noses brushed against each other.

Enthralled, Amelia had no way of reining in her wildly beating heart. Her eyes darted from side to side, desperately avoiding Oscar's intent gaze.

"What do you feel like eating? I'll go and get it," he said.

That was the last thing Amelia had expected to hear from Oscar at that moment.

"Now that you're having a baby, you should eat a little more than usual. Tell me what you're craving; I'll buy it for you." Oscar's cool tone belied his apparent discomfort.

Amelia couldn't believe her ears. This was Oscar's first time showing concern for her baby.

"Mr. Clinton, are you actually concerned about me?" Amelia asked in disbelief.

"Enough of that. Tell me, quickly, what you want to eat," Oscar insisted.

Amelia found the situation hilarious. Oscar seemed a lot more human now in comparison to the guarded, defensive man he usually was.

"Since you've offered, I can't possibly say no. All right then. On account of Mr. Clinton's generosity, I'd like to order a pasta arrabbiata, stewed beef, and mango sorbet to top it all off... I'm spoilt for choice! How can I decide?" Amelia asked in exaggerated despair.

Seeing that Oscar had let her off the hook for the matter with the photographs, the sudden feeling of liberation dared Amelia to joke with Oscar, something she seldom did.

Oscar only glared at her. "Amelia, don't go overboard."

"Don't be so petty, Mr. Clinton. Can't you even bear to buy these for me?" Amelia wheedled, pouting.

Oscar realized that he rather liked seeing this feminine side of Amelia.

“Wait and see; I’ll buy it all for you. Anything else?” he queried.

“I want you. Can I have that?” Amelia asked playfully.

Oscar’s face once again assumed a sober look. “You’re only allowed to say such things to me in the future. I forbid you from flirting with any other man like that.”

Flirting?

Amelia thought she had merely been casually teasing Oscar. She was rather distressed that it had been seen as flirtatious. It seemed that everyone perceived things rather differently indeed.

“Since you object, Mr. Clinton, I won’t say things like that anymore,” Amelia said, sulking.

Oscar grit his teeth in frustration. “You...”

Amelia held her belly and opened her eyes wide, beseeching Oscar in a cutesy tone, “Mr. Clinton, I’m hungry.”

“All right, hang on. I’ll go and buy it for you now,” Oscar replied as he headed towards the door.

“Mr. Clinton,” Amelia’s cry stopped Oscar in his tracks.

Turning around, he asked, “What is it?”

“Mr. Clinton, I’m bored. I didn’t bring my phone with me to the hospital. Can I borrow yours to play with?” Amelia pleaded.

Oscar hesitated for a moment, then handed his phone to Amelia. “The password’s your birthdate.”

Surprised, Amelia looked at him. She refused to believe that that was his chosen password.

Oscar cleared his throat awkwardly, then said, “There are a couple of games inside. You can take a look if you’re bored. I’ll be off, then.” He turned quickly on his heels and left the room.

Amelia was still looking at his phone in shock. She muttered to herself, “Oscar, if you truly didn’t care for me, then why did you use my birthdate

as your password? Don't you know what kind of hope that raises in me? What if I can't bear to let you go when it's time for the divorce?"

Amelia's emotions were in complete turmoil. On the one hand, she didn't want to get a divorce. On the other, Amelia was afraid that they eventually would, and Oscar would take her baby away regardless of what he had promised her.

Oscar, I think I've really fallen for you. If I could, I would want to depend on you for the rest of my life. I want a real relationship with you, not just a transactional one.

Amelia gingerly looked at Oscar's phone, then opened his photo album. As she scrolled through it, she realized to her surprise that it contained many photos of her, most of them taken when she was sleeping. In a few, a single blanket covered her bare body; in others, she had fallen asleep fully clothed. The photos of Amelia numbered more than a thousand in sheer variety. It was completely unlike the Oscar she knew to have so many photos of Amelia.

Amelia took to examining them. Oscar had taken some from behind her as she walked ahead. Amelia could barely even recall when these moments had taken place, let alone presented any opportunities in which Oscar had taken such flattering photographs of her.

Amelia's eyes grew moist. She'd always believed that Oscar liked her solely for her body. If he had absolutely no other feelings for her, however, then what could explain this stash of Amelia's photos?

Amelia was willing to bet anything she had that a man who had no affection whatsoever for her would not possess so many photos of her. It was like a carefully curated gallery of art.

As Amelia went through each photo, she realized with a start that there were barely ten photos of Cassie. Besides a few snapshots of scenery scattered here and there, the rest of Oscar's photo album was practically a shrine to Amelia.

Amelia felt incredibly perturbed. As she weighed Oscar's phone in her hand, she mumbled, "Oscar, all the photos you have are of me. Doesn't that mean that you don't hate me too much? Why can't we spend the rest of our lives together, then?"

Just then, an incoming call jolted Amelia out of her brief reverie.

Cassie's name flashed across the screen. Upon seeing it, Amelia's heart immediately plummeted.

She hesitated for a while, then picked up. Cassie's excited chatter floated across the line. "Oz, I went for a check-up with your secretary today. The doctor said that the baby's very healthy." A note of betrayal crept into her voice. "You promised that you'd come with me, but you're always so occupied with work! I said that I'd be a model wife so I won't blame you this time. Oz, the baby and I both miss you so much! Will you be coming over tonight?"

Amelia's hand clutched the blanket. She bit her lip with such fury that it almost drew blood. With what strength she could muster, Amelia said evenly, "Sorry, Ms. Yard, it's Amelia. Oz, as you call him, has gone out to buy food for me. I'm afraid he just missed your entire speech."

Cassie was silent for a moment. Then she retorted, "Why are you answering my call, Amelia? Where's Oz?"

"He went to buy food for me," Amelia answered sweetly.

"Amelia, you have no shame at all! After your blatant cheating affair at your company, which was even documented in a few photographs, how can you be so shameless as to stay with Oz?" Cassie said disdainfully.

Amelia paled. Shakily, she asked, "How did you know about the photos?"

Cassie sniggered. "How do you think I got to know about it? Of course, Oz was the one who told me. Oz said you are, by far, the most filthy and disgusting woman he's met. It's not for me to judge a gold-digger, but going for two men at the same time? That's remarkably greedy, even by your standards."

Amelia grew even paler. Her grip on the blanket tightened. "Ms. Yard, I don't think it's your place to comment on the kind of woman I am. Even if I'm cheating on Oscar, it's up to him to decide if he wants to divorce me. You're nothing more than an outsider."

Cassie snickered. Keep lying to yourself, Amelia. I'll be Oz's wife soon. No matter what, you're the one who'll eventually be the outsider here."

Despite herself, Amelia stood her ground valiantly. "So what? At least I'm still Oscar's wife now. You're the mistress he's ashamed of. When word gets out, I don't think the Yards will be too proud of you."

Cassie snorted and said, "Don't be too pleased with yourself either, Amelia. Do you know what Oscar told me this morning? He said that you were filthy and made him sick, and he hasn't divorced you only because you're pregnant. He didn't think you'd be bold enough to have an affair in your condition. Cheating was a real low move from you."

Amelia clenched her jaw. "Ms. Yard, if you have nothing else to say to me, I'll be hanging up."

Without waiting for a reply, Amelia immediately ended the call.

When Oscar returned with a few bags full of food, Amelia was facing away from the door with the blanket over her. He didn't know if she was asleep.

Still holding on to his bags, Oscar approached Amelia only to be greeted by her tear-stained face. Taken aback, Oscar hurriedly set down his bags and pulled a chair over. He sat down and reached over to dab the tears from her cheeks. "Why are you crying?" he asked tenderly.

Amelia sat up, brushing aside Oscar's gesture of intimacy. She then asked, "Mr. Clinton, have you bought the food yet? I'm hungry."

Oscar frowned, feeling as if a gulf had once again opened between himself and Amelia. However, he pushed aside the nagging feeling that something was amiss and started laying out the food on the table. "Everything you listed is right here. Eat up."

Amelia picked up a spoon and focused entirely on the spread that lay before her. She refused to even glance at Oscar, much less playfully feed him as she used to do.

The frown deepened on Oscar's brow. Looking at Amelia, he announced, "I'm hungry."

Amelia raised her head and looked at him questioningly. "You're hungry too? There's another set of utensils here. Help yourself."

Oscar stared at her. He asked in slight frustration, "Aren't you going to feed me?"

If this had happened before that fateful conversation with Cassie, Amelia would have immediately played along with the greatest zest. However, Amelia wasn't in the mood at present. She only replied dully, "Please help yourself, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar looked at her, probing. "Are you upset?"

Amelia's smile didn't quite reach her eyes. "I'm perfectly happy, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar fumed. "Don't smile if you don't want to. You look hideous."

The smile on Amelia's face vanished. She resumed eating but found that she had lost her appetite completely.

Oscar put down his utensils. "What in the world is wrong with you?"

Wordlessly, Amelia brought another spoonful of rice to her mouth. However, Oscar stopped her by grabbing her wrist. "Don't eat if you don't want to," he said roughly.

Amelia looked at him in bewilderment. Her eyes slowly brimmed with tears. They spilled over, seemingly without her realizing.

Ever since she had gotten pregnant, Amelia felt as if she had become a lot weaker. She cried a lot more, and often.

Oscar's heart was wrung at this sight. He reached forward and wiped her tears, then took her into his arms all at once. In a low voice, he asked, "Why are you crying?"

Amelia wrapped her arms tightly around Oscar's waist. At that moment, Oscar seemed to be her only refuge in the world. Amelia permitted her sorrow to course unrestrained through her, emerging as tears that ran onto Oscar's shirt.

After letting Amelia cry for a minute or so, Oscar turned her to face him. Once again, he wiped away the tears on her face and repeated, "Why are you crying?"

Amelia looked at him with swollen eyes. "Mr. Clinton, do you really think of me as a filthy woman?"

Oscar's eyes grew dark. He tilted her jaw, forcing Amelia to look him in the eye while demanding, "Did anyone say anything of that sort to you?"

Amelia looked away and mumbled, "No."

"Don't you lie to me."

Amelia shook her head, once again directing her interest towards the food. "Mr. Clinton, let's eat. I'm hungry."

Oscar's eyes remained steadfastly fixed on Amelia.

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Amelia tried to change the subject. "Mr. Clinton, if you aren't hungry, I'll just pack all this food up."

"What's wrong with you?" Oscar asked, gripping her hand.

With a sigh, Amelia placed her silverware down. "Do you wish there was something wrong with me?"

"Don't lie to me. No one will dare bully you while I'm here."

"The only one who bullies me around here is you, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar fell silent.

"I'm fine, really." Amelia sighed again. "I got a call from a friend earlier who told me one of his relatives had passed away. I had spoken to that same relative only a few days ago, and now he's gone."

Oscar looked at her sharply. "How did he contact you if your phone's at home?"

Amelia froze, her mouth agape. In her hurry to come up with an excuse, she had completely forgotten about her phone. And Oscar saw through her immediately.

The corners of Oscar's mouth turned up slightly as he playfully pinched her cheek. "That's it. No more lies in the future. Always remember to think before you speak."

Amelia bit her lip and said nothing.

Seeing her so subdued, Oscar felt a little sorry for her. "You're not filthy. My words yesterday were unnecessarily harsh. Mom said you shouldn't get riled up while pregnant. It wouldn't be good for the baby."

A look of disappointment flashed across Amelia's face. After a while, she finally asked, "Mr. Clinton, are you forgiving me only because your mom made you do so?"

It was Oscar's turn to avoid the subject as he gestured at the food in front of them. "Didn't you say you were hungry? Eat up before the food gets cold."

Amelia beamed a brilliant smile at Oscar. "Regardless of your reason, I'm very grateful and glad that you've forgiven me. So thank you, Mr. Clinton. I shall continue to put in my best efforts in our very complicated marriage."

“Let’s eat.”

Amelia started to dig into the food. She stopped mid-way to scoop a spoonful of it and brought it to Oscar’s lips. “How about this, Mr. Clinton? If you eat this, we’ll agree to let bygones be bygones. We won’t bring up the photos again either.”

Oscar glanced at her before accepting the food.

Happy moments like these were rare for them. After the meal, Oscar called his mother to tell her not to come over that night. He reassured her that he would take good care of Amelia.

Olivia was more than happy at the sound of that. But as all mothers do, she re-emphasized the need for Amelia to be well taken care of before she hung up.

“Did the doctor say when you can be discharged?” Oscar asked while peeling an orange for Amelia.

“Tomorrow, I guess.”

The two of them were chatting like good friends. It was a moment where they could set aside talks of love and affairs. This was another rare moment that Amelia deeply cherished.

It had been almost five years since they got married, but this was the first time she felt like she had truly gotten closer to Oscar.

Oscar nodded.

After a brief hesitation, Amelia asked, “Mr. Clinton, earlier Ms. Yard called looking for you. You should probably call her back.”

“Did Cassie say something to you?” Oscar replied. He finally understood why Amelia had been feeling low. She had been mulling over her call with Cassie.

“She didn’t say much. She only wanted me to pass on the message that she had gone for her checkup with your secretary and that the baby is healthy.” Amelia put on a forced smile. “She also mentioned that the two of you will be getting married soon. Congratulations, Mr. Clinton. As for the wedding, I’m afraid I won’t be attending it. After all, it’d be highly inappropriate for the ex-wife to be there, wouldn’t it?”

Oscar looked Amelia in her eyes. "Pay no heed to Cassie's words. Even if we do get the divorce, I will still take good care of you and our child. No women or children of mine will need to worry about anything in life."

As she lay in bed, Amelia couldn't help but reach out for Oscar's hand. "Mr. Clinton, no matter what happens to us, I just want to let you know how grateful I am for you," Amelia said earnestly. "You lent a helping hand when I needed it the most. Even though I married you for money, at the end of the day, you're still my savior."

Oscar held her gaze as he listened on.

Resting in bed with no makeup on, Amelia looked incredibly frail and pitiful. Oscar felt especially moved after having heard her words and realized he was feeling increasingly sympathetic towards her.

He held his hand up and caressed Amelia's face tenderly. "Are you tired?"

"Mr. Clinton, can you stay with me? Our child and I both need you," Amelia pleaded as she nuzzled into his hand.

Oscar moved his hand over her eyes. "Go to bed. I'll stay with you and send you home tomorrow."

Amelia smiled contentedly and patted the bed. "Why don't you join me in bed, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar was about to comply when his phone rang. Talk about bad timing.

His expression changed when he looked at his phone, but he quickly recovered. "Let me answer this call. I'll be right back."

It wasn't difficult for Amelia to guess who had made that call, and the thought of it upset her. A call from Cassie and Oscar would no longer be able to stay overnight with her.

Every time it felt like her relationship with Oscar was making progress, Cassie would undoubtedly butt in to remind her she was nothing more than just a substitute.

Amelia pulled the covers up and did not reply him.

Oscar glanced at her before walking out with his phone to answer it.

"Cassie, how was the checkup?"

"Oz, the doctor said our baby's developing very well! I'm a little upset that you've stood me up twice today. How are you going to make it up to me?" Cassie asked suggestively.

Oscar kept his cool as he replied patiently, "I'm glad the checkup went well. It's late now, so you should go to bed soon. I'll see you first thing in the morning."

"What? You aren't coming over now?" Cassie whined.

"No, I've still got work to do. Be good and sleep early. It'd be good for both you and the baby."

Oscar was met with silence on the other end. After a while, he heard Cassie's muffled sobs. "Oz, why have you been so cold to me these days?"

Oscar tried his best to keep his voice even. "Cassie, be good. My love for you has never changed. Work has been so busy that I haven't had time to spend with you."

"I'm a woman, Oz. Women tend to be more suspicious and sensitive, especially when it concerns the men they love. It was wrong of me to break off our wedding in the past and leave without caring about your feelings. But now I've put everything aside just to come back and be with you. Can you feel how much I love you?"

"Cassie, I've just been really busy with work. I'm sorry I've neglected you. Once I'm less busy, I'll take you overseas for a vacation so you'll stop imagining the worst."

Cassie no longer saw the need to put on a front and continued her tirade. "When will that be, Oz? Give me a date. I may be understanding, but you've stood me up so many times I can't help but worry. Your attitude towards me has changed so fast overnight, and I don't feel good about it."

Oscar furrowed his brows. He was a male chauvinist at heart and expected women to be at his beck and call. He could put up with the occasional willfulness from the women he loved, but he still expected them to generally be obedient. However, Cassie was right about his change in attitude towards her. He had been feeling less tolerant of her behavior. Even his desire for her had started to wane.

Perhaps he refused to give up on Cassie because he had failed to win her over in the past? Men always craved for the things that were out of their reach. It was only after they had gotten their hands on them that they gradually lose their appeal.

"Cassie, be good. Like I've said, when I'm less busy at work, we'll go on a vacation," Oscar reassured her.

Cassie began sobbing loudly over the phone. "Oz, you're always asking me to be good, and I do just that. But being good doesn't mean I can allow you to neglect me. I'm from a respectable family, and I do well in my studies and work. But I'm willing to put up with being called a mistress, just so I can be with you. I'm even carrying your child now, for crying out loud. I just want your promise. Is that really so difficult?"

Oscar softened his voice as he replied, "Cassie, I know you've become more sensitive since getting pregnant. I promise I will marry you. It's just that Amelia is also pregnant, and my mom would never approve of me leaving her during this period. I'll wait till she has given birth before I get the divorce. Till then, please be good for me."

Cassie didn't mince her words now. "Oz, I don't want my baby to be seen as an illegitimate child. You shouldn't have hit on me if you didn't have strong feelings for me. And now, in just a few short months, you're treating me with such indifference. If your love for me has changed, tell me, and I'll stop pestering you. But that also means I may no longer want this child."

Oscar pulled his hair in frustration. "Stop this, Cassie. Even if I did get my divorce now, I wouldn't be able to marry you immediately. You should have anticipated this blowback when you broke off our wedding previously. My mom used to love you so much, but now she has no desire to want you as her daughter-in-law. As long as you can't get my mom's approval, she wouldn't care even if you had the baby. In her eyes, he'd still be an illegitimate child. If you really want to go ahead with an abortion, be my guest. I don't like dealing with aggressive women."

Cassie remained silent for a moment, only to burst into tears again. Oscar was annoyed by it, but he also started to feel bad.

Even though his feelings for her have become less intense, Cassie was still the woman he had loved for years. Now that she was pregnant with his child and bawling over the phone, he didn't have the heart to continue staying mad at her.

"Cassie, be good. Stop crying."

"Oz, I just wanted to know if you still care about me. But judging by the way you've been treating me, could it be that you don't love me anymore? I didn't mean it when I said I didn't want the baby. I only said it in a fit of anger so I could get your attention," Cassie whimpered.

Oscar listened in silence.

"Oz, come over, please? I'm so scared now. I'm scared that you might no longer want me, I'm scared that our child won't be delivered safely, I'm so scared of everything. Please? Can you come over?" Cassie begged between sobs.

Oscar heaved a deep sigh. "Alright, I'll be right over."

"Okay, I'll be waiting for you. Oz, don't stand me up this time."

Oscar hung up the phone wordlessly.

He stood outside Amelia's ward for a long time before going back in hesitantly. She was already tucked in and sound asleep. She didn't even stir when he nudged her.

Oscar whispered in her ear, "Amelia, wake up."

Amelia opened her eyes to see Oscar right beside her. "Done with the call?"

"Go back to sleep. I'll be here," Oscar said as he patted her head.

"Mr. Clinton, you can leave if there's something you need to tend to. I'll be fine alone here."

After giving it some thought, Oscar agreed to it. "Alright, I'll head out for a bit. I'll be back in two hours."

"Mr. Clinton, you don't have to come back if you're busy. I'll return to the company after getting discharged tomorrow," Amelia said, closing her eyes.

"Are you angry?"

Amelia shook her head. "Get on with your work Mr. Clinton. You don't have to shuffle to and fro," she mumbled, her voice devoid of any emotion.

"You really are angry, aren't you?"

Amelia swatted away Oscar's hand. "Mr. Clinton, do I have the right to be angry? Our marriage may be nothing more than a contract, but that doesn't mean I don't deserve some basic respect."

Oscar looked at her quizzically. "What's wrong now? I thought you were fine earlier."

