

# Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 861 - 870

## Chapter 861 Reality And Rumors

Early the next morning, Amelia and Tiffany got up to prepare breakfast. Afterward, the two and a child ate a lavish breakfast before leaving the apartment with their luggage.

Tiffany looked at the apartment she had bought not long ago and said, "Goodbye. I'm not sure if there will be a chance for me to return and stay here in the future. If I can't stay here, I'll rent you out."

"You don't have any plans of selling it?" Amelia asked.

"No. It'll save us the time of finding a place to stay if we return," Tiffany replied.

Amelia changed the subject. "Let's go."

Tiffany nodded and joined them in the lift to head downstairs.

They took a taxi to the airport, and when they arrived, they met Jolin and Hugo.

"Ms. Amelia," Jolin called out with red-rimmed eyes.

Amelia smiled and said, "Jolin, Hugo, what are you two doing here?"

Jolin wiped her eyes and felt that it was useless for her to cry.

"Mrs. Clinton, are you really heading out of the country?" Jolin asked sadly.

"Our flight is at ten o'clock in the morning. If you go abroad for tasks, you can make time to visit Tony and me," Amelia said as she pretended to be happy. "Don't cry. Everyone has to say goodbye at some point. Besides, you need to help me take care of Oscar. Don't let him heed Isabella's advice anymore."

Jolin looked at Amelia. She looked like she was about to say something but thought better of it.

"Jolin, what's wrong? Do you have something to tell me?" Amelia asked with a smile.

"Mrs. Clinton, I didn't want to hide this from you, but Hugo, Kurt, and I have been dispatched to other cities by the boss, and we might never return to Tayhaven in the future. I want to promise you that, but it's hard for us to go against the boss' orders. Sorry," Jolin said in disappointment as she held her head down.

Being dispatched to other cities also indirectly meant that Oscar was abandoning them.

Amelia was taken aback for a moment before she chuckled bitterly and said, "I should've known that Isabella wouldn't be able to tolerate you. Whatever. You all should leave this wrongful circle to avoid Isabella coming up with schemes to harm you."

"I'm not scared of her. I'm more scared if she does nothing. If she does something, I'll make sure she's a goner," Jolin said harshly.

Amelia patted her shoulder and smiled before she said, "Don't get angry. It's good for you to go to other cities. If Oscar really doesn't give you any tasks, it won't be so bad for you all to become normal citizens. You all are at the age to get married. It'll be great to see your children when I come back."

Jolin asked with hope in her tone, "Mrs. Clinton, you'll come back?"

"I will. I can't give up on Oscar."

Jolin's eyes lit up and she smiled through her tears.

In the end, they were all afraid of saying goodbye. Amelia made the two of them return first. The duo did not object and hailed a taxi back.

When their car left, a car swerved uncontrollably and stopped at the airport entrance.

The car door opened, and a tall figure got out. He ran inside the bustling airport to look for Tiffany and Amelia but could not find either of them. He panicked and yelled, "Tiff, where are you? Come out."

However, no one replied.

An airport staff went up to him and tried to invite him inside. He grabbed the arm of the female staff and panickily said, "I'm looking for someone. She's my wife. I can't lose her. Please broadcast that I'm looking for her. If I miss her, I'll regret it for my entire life."

The staff saw how panicked he was and had no choice but to agree before she invited him into the broadcasting room.

Soon, a woman's voice could be heard through the broadcast system.

"Ms. Tiffany Winters, are you here? A man named Derrick Hisson is waiting for you here in the broadcasting room. If you hear this broadcast, please come to the broadcasting room."

The woman in the broadcast repeated that several times.

Just in time, Amelia, her son, and Tiffany walked out of a snack shop and heard the broadcast. A glimpse of confusion flashed through Tiffany's eyes before she cruelly ignored it.

"Tiff, you should go. There's still another hour before we have to board," Amelia said.

Since Derrick had rushed all the way here, it would only leave regrets for the two of them if she were to leave like that.

Tiffany thought about it for a moment before she shook her head and said, "No need. Our relationship ended a long time ago. What am I supposed to say if I meet him? Crystal will give birth, and he'll have to take up the responsibility of being a father. I will never forget his initial betrayal, so what's the use in me meeting him?"

Amelia was speechless as she felt bad seeing Tiffany holding back. "It's good if you figured it out. Let's go through the security check."

Tiffany nodded.

Before the two could queue up, Amelia's phone rang.

She held it up and looked at the name displayed on the screen. Shock flashed through her eyes as the hand holding the phone trembled.

Tiffany noticed her discomfort and shuffled close to take a look. She was shocked to see that it was Oscar who had called Amelia.

"Answer it. Maybe he recovered his memories," Tiffany said.

The corners of Amelia's lips curved up instinctively.

She answered the call and tried to stay calm as she said, "Oscar."

“Why haven’t you gone through the security check? Don’t come back after you’ve gone abroad this time.” Oscar’s cold voice could be heard from the other end of the call.

Amelia turned and looked around but did not see Oscar’s figure anywhere.

“Stop looking around. You won’t be able to find me. Since you’re going abroad, you should stay there and look for someone else to live your life with. I won’t hold a grudge against you for what you did to Isabella.”

Amelia felt a sharp pain stabbing through her heart, yet her face was calm as she replied, “Oscar, did you purposely rush to the airport to call me and tell me all that?”

The answer she received was him hanging up the phone.

Amelia stared at the black screen and chuckled bitterly. She could not figure out Oscar’s intentions for a moment.

From her understanding of Oscar, he would not rush to the airport if it weren’t someone he cared for. Yet now that he was here and had given her such an ambiguous warning, she wondered if she could take it as something out of her expectations that Oscar had some care toward her even amidst his mistaken memories.

The corners of her lips uncontrollably twitched once more. That confirmation gave her hope for the future. She felt hopeful, knowing there was still a chance for her to win back Oscar’s heart.

Tiffany stared at Amelia’s transition from a bitter chuckle to a smile and quickly asked, “What’s wrong?”

“He’s at the airport.”

“Did he remember something?”

“No.”

“What’s he doing at the airport then? Is he here to monitor whether you’re really going abroad?” Tiffany pursed her lips. “Did his intelligence go downhill along with his changed memories? No matter what, Tony is also his son. Shouldn’t he come and hug him?”

Amelia shook her head. “Tiff, I think he’ll definitely remember me when I come back.”

“You’re that confident?”

"It's my intuition."

"It's great if you're that confident."

Amelia pulled their luggage, and Tiffany held onto Tony as they went through the security check. After their tickets were checked, Derrick arrived, heavily panting.

He wanted to rush inside but was stopped by the guard.

"Tiff, don't leave. Come out. I beg of you," Derrick screamed.

Tiffany turned her head and met with Derrick's disappointed eyes. Her heart clenched, and she put Tony on the ground before walking over.

"Tiff, don't go," Derrick said as he broke free from the guard's hold and ran over.

Tiffany stared intently at him and said, "Derrick, you should go back. It's not possible between us anymore. There won't be an end if you keep clinging on. You're an adult. You should take up the responsibilities that are required of you."

Derrick wanted to climb the barrier and grab Tiffany's arm, but his hand was not long enough to touch her.

"Tiff, please don't go. I beg of you. I don't want the child. I love you. I won't do anything to hurt you anymore," Derrick said, his voice now hoarse.

Tiffany's eyes were red as her tears fell uncontrollably.

"Derrick, I'm sorry. I can't let an innocent child not have a father. Go back and restart your life." With that, Tiffany cruelly turned around and left. Derrick wanted to climb over, but the guard held him down again.

"Tiff..." Derrick called out hoarsely. A deep sense of disappointment could be seen in his eyes.

He loved Tiffany deeply. For her, he could even give up his child.

Tiffany stopped in her steps for a moment, but in the end, she still cruelly followed Amelia inside.

Derrick's heart broke into two as he leaned on the barrier and cried. The passersby who saw such an excellent-looking man cry felt sympathetic and empathetic.

"Sir, are you all right?" the guard asked awkwardly.

Derrick straightened his back and walked out of the airport in a daze.

A car stopped in front of him when he walked out of the airport. The window lowered to reveal Oscar.

"Get in. I think we both need a drink," Oscar said calmly.

Derrick opened the car door and sat at the back. He was in a daze as he stared out the window.

Oscar used the rearview mirror to take a look at Derrick and frowned. He said, "The Mr. Hisson in my memories is a charming playboy who's chic and suave. Looking at you now, I'm sure the people in our circle would treat you as a joke."

Derrick finally responded. He turned to look at Oscar and hoarsely said, "Aren't you sad that Amelia is going abroad? I heard that you and Isabella are a couple now. Did you really forget Amelia? I thought you would be loyal."

Oscar raised his eyebrows in confusion.

"Was I close with her before? Why is she clingy and unreasonable in my memories?" Oscar asked, confused.

His memories were completely different from what he saw in the photos on his phone and what he heard from others. That was why he came to the airport today. He wanted to seek a different answer from Amelia. However, when he saw Amelia's and Tony's figures, he backed away instead. There was a voice in his head telling him that he must trust Isabella. Isabella was the woman he loved most. That was why he ended up not appearing before Amelia.

Derrick chuckled bitterly before he replied, "It looks like you've really forgotten. I don't know what you went through, but I can tell you there isn't any difference between how much you love Amelia and how much I love Tiff. Since you could easily forget her, Isabella seems to be a mastermind at scheming. Be careful of that woman. Don't treat her as a treasure even though she's trying to hurt you. I'll be honest with you. Right now, you're living a life full of lies spun by that woman."

Oscar was silent as he drove. Neither of them knew what he was thinking.

Derrick leaned against the seat as he looked out the window. Tiffany's departure had broken his heart into pieces. Physically, he was there, but there was no difference between him and a zombie.

Oscar drove the two of them to a private club.

Once they entered the private dining room, Derrick ordered a bunch of alcohol from the waiter. Soon, the waiter brought all the alcohol into the room.

Derrick opened a bottle and downed it, not caring about Oscar, who sat at the side.

Oscar held a hand to try and stop him from drinking to his death.

"Mr. Hisson, men should be able to learn to let go. What you have to do now is to become stronger. The only way to do that is to take over the Hissons' family business and monopolize that power. That way, no one will force you to marry Crystal. As for the child, it's just another mouth to feed. If you don't want to see him, just send him far away. I can guarantee you that Tiffany will come back. When the time comes, you can welcome her back with a new look and start over again. Will you be afraid of pursuing her then? A strong woman is afraid of a clingy husband. No matter how determined she is, if she still loves you, she'll definitely be with you again once you act out a few pity scenes," Oscar said from a third-person point of view.

Derrick's eyes lit up. He was clouded with his thoughts. That was why he was entangled with Tiffany and never saw the problem. Now that Oscar had given him some advice, he knew what to do.

"Mr. Clinton, are you sure that she'll come back?"

"This place is her roots, isn't it?"

The corners of Derrick's lips twitched as his heart filled with hope once more.

However, in the next moment, he stared at Oscar suspiciously. "Someone said you lost your memories, but you seem to know everything about Tiffany and me. Now that I see it, you seem to have only forgotten that Amelia is your beloved."

Something flashed through Oscar's gaze as a long finger gently stroked the rim of the glass.

"Mr. Hisson, was I really in love with Amelia?" he asked tentatively.

“That’s something that everyone knows. You can ask anyone around you. You can even ask the people at the company. They’ll all tell you that the only thing left you didn’t do is hold her in your arms and shower her with love.” Derrick was suddenly excited and honestly wanted to help Oscar and Amelia. He took out his phone and opened a video he had previously recorded. “Look. This was when the four of us had fun at a resort. You confessed to Amelia in front of everyone.”

Oscar watched the video and noticed how affectionate he was staring at Amelia as he confessed and how Amelia was smiling sweetly at him.

He wracked his brain trying to remember, but no matter how he tried to think of this image, the only thing he could remember was Amelia’s clinging and her scary and hateful stalking.

My memories are completely different from what I’ve seen and heard from others. Is something wrong with my memories, or are these people ganging up to lie to me?

If they’re lying to me, what about these pictures and videos?

Isabella was the lover in his memories, yet his phone did not have pictures of them together. In reality, there were also no pictures of him and Isabella being lovey-dovey.

He was puzzled.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 862

### Chapter 862 Mimicking Amelia

Perhaps it was due to the alcohol and the fact that the two had a common topic—Amelia and Tiffany—they were able to converse smoothly for once.

As Derrick took another sip of his wine, he said, “Mr. Clinton, how much of what happened between me and Tiff do you remember? What kind of person do you remember Amelia as?”

Of course, Derrick was not all that interested in someone else’s relationship. He was planning to help amend the relationship between Amelia and Oscar so that Oscar would be able to put in a few good words for him. Moreover, Amelia was not one to sit on her hands. Once Derrick dealt with the obstacle that was Amelia, he reckoned it would not be impossible for him to reunite with Tiffany.

After all, Tiffany would heed some of Amelia's words.

Oscar took a big sip of his wine as he lowered his gaze in silence. After a beat, he finally told Derrick his answer.

"Mr. Clinton, you're kidding with me, right? Amelia's family is just an ordinary family, and they're living in the family house. In fact, they rarely interact with the Clintons. If you don't believe me, you can check it out. I really don't know what Ms. Walker has done to change your memory, but I'm impressed. You really have to be careful of her."

Oscar turned to look at Derrick suspiciously.

Derrick shrugged and uttered honestly, "That's what it is, Mr. Clinton. You can always check it out if you don't trust me. No one will tell you that you love Ms. Walker. In fact, just a month ago, you were still a man who was terrified of seeing Amelia upset. Yet, in such a short period of time, I'm hearing news about issues with your marriage with Amelia. Even if no one else is surprised about it, I am. It's true that Ms. Walker has courted you for many years, but everyone could see how much you despised her. That's the answer everyone in the company would give you."

Oscar tilted his head back to drink another mouthful of his drink. "I'll look into this matter. If you're lying to me and have accused Isabella, I'll make sure you'll have a hard time living here."

Derrick shrugged, unfazed. "Do whatever you like. In any case, Tiff's gone, and it's not as if I'm living a fantastic life. Maybe getting taught a lesson by you would be a good change for me. Still, Mr. Clinton, for you to come to me about this means that Isabella isn't too important to you. Otherwise, you wouldn't have looked into this at all. Dare I say that Amelia's still in your heart?"

Something flashed past Oscar's eyes at that, and a voice in his mind said, Is that the case?

Oscar wanted to deny it, but he did not know how to anymore.

Panic crept into his veins, and he hastily rose to his feet. "I'll be going now."

Derrick stared at his retreating figure in silence. Just as Oscar was about to reach the doorway, Derrick uttered, "Mr. Clinton, let me give you a small piece of advice. Don't let go of Amelia again. She has left you once previously, and this is the second time now. A third time would be too much. Do hold on to her tightly."

Oscar halted in his tracks, but he soon opened the door and left.

Derrick curled his lips, but the smile on his face faded away in no time. A look of bitterness then crept into his eyes.

After lifting his head to drink another glass of wine, he mumbled under his breath, "Tiff, will you really come back?"

Derrick continued drinking away gloomily until he collapsed on the couch, drunk.

Meanwhile, after leaving, Oscar sent his men to look into Amelia's family situation. As it turned out, it was just like what Derrick had told him, and it was vastly different from what he remembered. At that, Oscar began speculating that only his memory about Amelia was faulty while his memories of others were not.

He narrowed his eyes as several thoughts danced across his mind.

Then, he stood up and went to his office. Upon arriving in his office, he called and asked his secretary, Linda, to come in.

"Mr. Clinton," Linda greeted when she reached the center of the room.

"Linda, you have been working for me for a while now. Be frank with me, am I good to Mrs. Clinton?" he asked. The employees in the company did not know about his divorce from Amelia yet.

Linda lifted her head to glance at him. She then started hesitantly, "Mr. Clinton, didn't you get a divorce from Mrs. Clinton?"

Oscar's expression darkened, and his voice took on a menacing tone. "Who has been spreading rumors in the office?"

Linda gulped. "Well, that's what Ms. Walker said, Mr. Clinton. She also said that she'll be Mrs. Clinton soon and told us to get lost as soon as possible since we've offended her in the past."

Linda was wracked with anxiety. She had crossed Isabella a while ago. If Isabella were to become Oscar's wife, she would be the first to go, and she truly did not wish to lose her great job.

"When did she say that?" Oscar asked, starting to feel a little irked.

“Just this morning. Ms. Walker came to the office to look for you, but you weren’t around, so she said that to us.” Linda then took a deep breath and asked in a worried tone, “Mr. Clinton, did you get a divorce from Amelia? Weren’t you both fine a while back?”

Oscar looked up at her and asked, “Am I nice to Amelia?”

Without dwelling on the strangeness of Oscar’s question, Linda answered, “Of course! Everyone in the office knows how nice you are to Mrs. Clinton. Your two-year search for Mrs. Clinton after your first divorce had been a relentless one, and everyone knows about it. In fact, it’s almost like a legend in the office. Everyone secretly thinks of you as the most faithful man.”

Catching a keyword, Oscar asked, “The first divorce?”

Linda gave Oscar a confused look and queried, “Did you forget about it, Mr. Clinton?”

Oscar waved his hands dismissively and said, “No. Go on.”

Linda inclined her head. “If I had a say in this, I’d say I’ve never seen anyone being as nice to Mrs. Clinton as you. Every time Mrs. Clinton comes with packed lunch, you’d put aside your work to eat with her. Then, you’d walk her downstairs before coming back up to work. Sometimes, you’d even sweetly ask for a kiss before sending her into the elevator. The others in the secretary’s room always talk about how they have to find someone as loving as you. Of course, we’d never thought about actually pursuing you, Mr. Clinton. We’d be murdered several times over with how icy your looks can be. Everyone says that your gentleness is reserved for Mrs. Clinton and Mrs. Clinton only.”

Oscar lowered his gaze, falling deep into his thoughts.

“You may leave now.”

Linda halted in her speech and gave a careful glance at Oscar. “Mr. Clinton, you haven’t gotten a divorce from Mrs. Clinton, right?”

As he fixed his gaze on his document, Oscar said indifferently, “No one’s allowed to say anything about this unless they’ve heard it from me. Go out and tell them that I’ll terminate anyone who continues to talk about me getting a divorce from Amelia.”

At that, Linda let out a sigh of relief and said, “I got it, Mr. Clinton.”

She then left the office merrily and conveyed Oscar's message to the others. The others were as delighted as Linda about the news, and they returned to their work with renewed vigor.

"I knew it. Isabella's simply dreaming. Mrs. Clinton is such a nice woman, and she never abuses her power around us to lord us around. If Isabella ends up being Mrs. Clinton, I'd be first to quit the company."

"Count me in!" the others chimed in.

It was evident that Isabella was not popular in the company as everyone hated her arrogance.

Back in the office, Oscar took out his phone to look at the intimate photo of him and Amelia. As he brushed his finger across Amelia's face, he muttered, "Who are you, Amelia Winters? Why do I hate you so much in my memories? But if that's the case, why do I have photos like these with you?"

Oscar's head pounded as his memories and reality dissolved into a chaotic mess. He could not figure out whether the people around him were deceiving him or if his memory was the one lying to him.

Right then, his phone rang, and the sound of the ringtone dragged him back to his senses.

When he picked it up, he saw that it was a call from Isabella.

He placed his phone back down, for he did not wish to talk to Isabella at the moment.

However, Isabella was relentless as she continued calling him. Annoyed by the incessant ringing, Oscar reached out to switch off his phone. Yet, a thought flashed past his head, and he changed his mind. In the end, he picked up the call.

"Oscar, what are you doing? Why took you so long to pick up the call?" Isabella queried.

Despite the grim look on Oscar's face, his tone was gentle as he said, "I just came back to the office, and I'm about to go to a meeting. What's the matter? Are you bored? Why don't you invite a few of your friends to go shopping? I'll come to you once I'm done with work."

"Oscar, you make it sound like I only know how to have fun!" Isabella teased. In the next second, she dropped the sweet voice and said, "Oscar, I'm thinking of coming back to

Clinton Corporations to work. I used to work there, anyway. I don't wish for anything; I just want to be with you all the time. You have no idea how much I miss you despite not only seeing you for half a day, so please say yes!"

A dark look crossed Oscar's eyes. Judging by how much he doted on Isabella, it would only be natural to say yes to her. Yet, somehow, he did not quite like the idea of Isabella working in the company.

"Can't I work in the company, Oscar? Do you not want me by your side at all times?" Isabella asked miserably.

Oscar lifted his hand to rub his temple. "Isabella, you weren't like this before. I told you before that I don't like women who jump to conclusions easily."

The Isabella he remembered had been considerate and easygoing. She would have never intervened in his work. Could this be because of my faulty memory too?

Perhaps Isabella sensed Oscar's growing displeasure, for she quickly put a pause on the topic. "Oscar, I'm on my way to the office to look for you. So I'll be hanging up now. Bye-bye."

After swiftly ending the call, Isabella glared at her phone. She then took in a deep breath and called Bernard.

The moment the call went through, Isabella growled, "Professor Zabinski, why is he still acting hot and cold toward me after you have hypnotized him so many times? I didn't invest so much money in you just to have you try to fool me. I want a man who loves me entirely and thinks of me as his entire world."

In a frigid tone, Bernard uttered, "Isabella, I've told you before that his willpower is too strong. The more hypnosis he undergoes, the more resistance his mind would provide. He doesn't believe you now, so appear in his line of sight more often. Learn how that Winters woman treats him. Let him see a match between the current you and the you in his head instead of complaining to me. You're useless if you can't even win over a man's heart."

Rage seized Isabella, and she ended the call.

Amelia, Amelia, Amelia. I've already forced a divorce between Oscar and Amelia, but why is she still in the way of my relationship with Oscar? This woman's destined to be my nemesis! No, this won't do. It took me so much to win over Oscar's heart. I'm not going

to give up halfway. Regardless of everything, I'm going to let Oscar see how good I am for him.

A determined look surfaced in Isabella's eyes.

She then drove to a supermarket and bought a cart full of groceries. She was going to cook for Oscar.

All I have to do is mimic Amelia, right? I can do that. I'll do anything for Oscar.

Once she was done cooking, she brought the packed food to the office. The moment she stepped out of the elevator, everyone in the office turned to look at her in contempt.

Linda walked over and said, "Ms. Walker, Mr. Clinton is in the middle of his meeting. It'd be for the best if you go back first. You know, a person shouldn't be too shameless. Mr. Clinton has told us that the security guard will kick out anyone who tries to spread rumors in the company."

Linda shot her a glare. Then, as everyone watched on with wide eyes, she slapped Linda.

"Who the hell do you think you are to stop me?" Isabella snapped. "Just you wait. I'm going to tell Oscar to fire you!"

With that, she shoved Linda aside and entered the office.

Linda, who was covering her aching cheek, ran after Isabella. "Ms. Walker, please leave! I'll have to call for security otherwise!"

Isabella huffed, "Get out. If you dare stop me again, I'm going to fire you. I'm the future Mrs. Clinton, and you are nothing but a trivial secretary."

At that, Linda's expression darkened, and she dialed the internal line to get the guards to come upstairs.

When the two security guards arrived, they said, "Ms. Walker, please come downstairs with us. This isn't a place for you to kick up a fuss at."

Isabella dodged the guards' hands and fumed, "I'll call the cops on anyone who dares to touch me. I'll say that you were harassing me!"

Hearing her words, the two guards shared a look with each other before turning to look at Linda in hesitance. Linda was at a loss too. After all, Isabella was the daughter of the

prestigious Walker family and the goddaughter of Olivia. If they crossed her, they reckoned they would get in trouble.

Right as Linda was stumped by the situation, a low voice rang out, "What are you all doing?"

Linda's heart lurched. She spun around and gave a slight bow before greeting, "Mr. Clinton."

Isabella instantly dropped her haughty demeanor. Her eyes were red-rimmed, and the look she had on her face said she had been wronged.

"Oscar, you're back! It's nothing. Linda and the guards were just messing with me. They didn't want me to go into your office. I didn't know that you were the one who gave the orders for that. I'll go out now. I don't think you'd want to eat the food I've brought for you, right?" Isabella said, pretending to back down from the situation.

The look on Isabella's face made Oscar's heart skip a beat, and that was a feeling all too familiar to him.

For a moment, the image of Isabella overlaid with a figure in his memories.

Despite himself, he reached out to hold her hand and said to his employees, "Get out."

The three of them had no choice but to obey.

Oscar then pulled Isabella to the couch before opening the container she had brought. When he saw the home-cooked food, he smiled and asked, "You made these?"

Isabella lowered her head a little as delight danced past her eyes. When she raised her head again, she had a tender look in her eyes. It was almost as if the person who had lost her temper at the guards earlier was not her at all.

"Oscar, I made these for you. But ever since you married Amelia, I rarely cooked. My skill in cooking must have deteriorated, so I don't know if it'll taste good or not." Isabella then took some food for him and said, "Here you go. Open your mouth. You can't say it's bad, or else I won't cook for you anymore."

It was rare to see her say something childish like that, and Oscar's mood lightened up. It was then he felt that reality was not too far off from what he remembered.

Isabella used to bring him food, and the two of them would feed each other.

He thought that they had finally gone back to their usual way of interacting.

That was the result of Isabella mimicking Amelia.

She was glad that she had seen much of their interaction when she went to the Clinton residence with Stephanie in the past. Otherwise, she would not have known how to act like Amelia.

My hard work is paying off. Amelia, you're destined to lose to me.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 863

### Chapter 863 Unrequited Love

After they were done with the meal, Oscar asked, "Why did you quarrel with Linda and the guard just now?"

Isabella's face sank a little. However, she put up a sensible front and said, "Oh, it was nothing. Your secretary just thought I didn't look like I worked here and wanted to ask the guard to chase me out of your office. She was quite close to Amelia. So, it's understandable that she's a bit hostile toward me."

Oscar's gaze darkened as he contemplated her words.

Isabella stole a glance at him and smiled. "Oscar, it's all right. You divorced Amelia, after all. So, she's only looking out for her. I didn't mind it at all, and I hope you won't, either."

Oscar tapped her nose as the look in his eyes softened.

"Didn't you say you wanted to work here? Why don't you be my special assistant? That way, we can go to work and get off work together," Oscar said with a smile.

Isabella was overjoyed to hear him. However, she maintained her composure and said, "Oscar, I'm afraid that people might gossip behind your back if I agree to that. I don't mind it since I've already gotten used to it all these years. But it's different for you. You're so outstanding. I don't want to put you through all that."

Oscar was already feeling guilty. Adding on top of the fact that he almost doubted her because of Linda and the guard, another pang of guilt hit Oscar. I shouldn't have doubted her in the first place. We've been together for so many years, after all.

"Nobody will dare to say a thing about that," Oscar said assertively.

Isabella circled her hands around his neck and brushed her nose against his. Just when she was about to kiss him, Oscar turned his head to one side and dodged the kiss.

She gave him a puzzled look.

Oscar hugged her and said, "I've got a meeting coming up. If you're bored, feel free to call your friends to go shopping. I'll arrange for you to work here as discussed. Since you studied design arts, I think you'd be a good fit in the design department."

Isabella was stumped by the sudden change in his demeanor.

Didn't he just say that I could be his special assistant? Why is he suddenly saying that I should go to the design department now?

"Oscar, didn't you say I could be your special assistant? Why are you sending me to the design department instead?" she asked.

"I just feel like your talents should be put to good use. Come on, you're going to be great there," Oscar coaxed.

Isabella took in a deep breath and begrudgingly pursed her lips. "Oscar, you wouldn't go back on your words like that in the past. Did I do something wrong? You could just tell me. Your hot and cold attitude is really throwing me off these two days. I told you that I can be a really great help to you as your wife, but it's obvious that you don't think the same."

Oscar circled her into his embrace and planted a soft kiss on her brows. "My silly girl, you're overthinking again."

His genteel manner pleased Isabella as she said coquettishly, "Okay. I'll listen to you as long as you really do care about me."

"Call a few of your friends to go shopping. I'm going to take you out for dinner tonight. We've tried the place before. I think it's time I take you there to revisit our sweet times together," Oscar said casually. However, he was carefully gauging her reaction.

Isabella smiled and said, "Sure."

"I still remember your words that touched me deeply back then. Do you still remember them?" Oscar planted another kiss on her forehead, almost making Isabelle lose all rationality.

However, his question snapped all senses back into her.

Her brain went into overdrive trying to figure out the right things to say, especially since she was not the one who had those moments with Oscar.

"Have you forgotten it all? You said that you would buy the yacht that we were standing on once you started earning money. Well, I could buy it on my own, but it was so sweet of you to make that promise. Isn't that so?" Oscar asked. He raised her chin and smiled.

Isabella was bewitched by Oscar's handsome face, which was just inches away from her own then.

Still, in a daze, she nodded along. "Sure. I will buy you a yacht. I will even give you my life if that's what you desire."

Oscar blinked. His eyes darkened with an unfathomable glint.

The Isabella, whom he knew, had never said anything about yachts back then. However, the woman who was standing before him had no inkling that he was trying to sound her out. Oscar couldn't help but wonder if the woman before her was truly the woman with whom he shared those sweet memories.

Truth be told, Oscar did not have an answer either. Hence, he did not wish to ruin the serenity of the moment.

I should be in love with Isabella. She's Isabella.

"Oscar, what's the matter?" Isabella asked as she reached out to caress his face when she noticed his odd demeanor.

He grabbed her hand and put it down. With a smile, he said, "I'm going to the meeting now. Enjoy the time with your friends. You may come into work next week."

Isabella suppressed the arising feeling of suspicion and replied meekly, "I'll get going then. See you tonight."

Oscar nodded in response.

He fell into deep thought after Isabella left.

When he was about to head out, his phone rang.

A man's voice could be heard coming from the other end of the line as soon as Oscar answered the call. "Boss, Kurt is missing. We can't find him. Do we send more people to search for him?"

Oscar's gaze darkened as he said, "When did he go missing?"

"He was still around last night. But we couldn't reach him this morning when we tried calling him. Do we send people to look for him?"

"I've stationed him and Hugo at another city. Call and ask Hugo. If Kurt's with him, then all is good. But if he's betrayed us, just let him be," Oscar said after a moment of contemplation.

"Noted, boss."

Oscar rubbed his temples after hanging up the call. He decided he was not going to concern himself with Kurt's whereabouts. There were far too many people in his organization, and it was impossible to keep track of everyone.

Oscar left his office to head for the meeting room. Linda trailed behind him and tactfully said, "Mr. Clinton, I was not deliberately trying to stop Ms. Walker from entering your office. It's just that I remember you explicitly ordered me never to let anyone enter your office without your prior approval. Ms. Walker was trying to barge into your office, and I was left with no other choice but to call security to stop her."

Oscar glanced at her and said, "You were just following my orders. No need to feel sorry about that. Just lead her to the guest lounge and wait for me next time. I have a lot of classified documents in my office. Do you understand?"

Linda heaved a sigh of relief and hurriedly replied, "Yes, Mr. Clinton."

The two of them went into the meeting room one after the other, and they soon put the incident behind them.

Isabella thought that she had won Oscar over. However, she was still oblivious that he still treated her like an outsider.

It was almost six in the afternoon when he was done with the meeting. Oscar was planning to continue working when Isabella called him.

He passed the phone to Linda and asked her to tell Isabella that he was out to look at finished goods with clients and accidentally left his phone behind. Oscar also asked Linda to pass the word to Isabella, not to wait for him and get back home first after meeting up with her friends.

Though perplexed by Oscar's intention, Linda did as she was told.

After Linda hung up the call, she couldn't help but wonder how was Oscar getting along with Isabella. How did they even get involved in the first place? Didn't Oscar use to hate Isabella? Has the world gone upside down in just a few days?

Nonetheless, Linda knew it was her boss' private matter, and she'd better keep her own opinions to herself.

Oscar went back to his office and lay on the bed once he was in his own private lounge, staring blankly at the ceiling above him.

After about ten minutes, he fell asleep.

It was already three at midnight when he woke up. Thinking that Amelia must have landed overseas by then, Oscar made a call.

"Mr. Clinton," the man answered.

"Did you spot her?" Oscar asked.

"Yes, Mr. Clinton. But I was too late. She was picked up by somebody else right after stepping out of the airport. I'm sorry," the man said.

Oscar's face sank as he asked, "Are you saying that you lost her trail as well?"

"I'm very sorry for disappointing you, Mr. Clinton."

"It's fine. No big deal. I'm going to hang up now." Oscar hung up the call and covered his face in exasperation. He was baffled by his feelings as well. For reasons unbeknownst to himself, he called an acquaintance overseas in the middle of the night the day before and asked him to help pick up Amelia at the airport and send her to her place. Oscar was worried that Amelia might not make it on her own overseas, and he'd wanted to know her

whereabouts so that he could send someone to keep tabs on her from time to time. However, now that his acquaintance had lost trail of her, there was nothing he could do.

Meanwhile, Amelia was staring at the man standing before her, confounded by his presence. She never thought he would follow her all the way here.

"Kurt, why are you here?" Amelia asked.

"I'm worried about you. I asked Tiffany about your itinerary before you guys even departed so that I could pick you guys up at the airport," Kurt explained. "Amelia, I promised to protect you and Tony. He's going to be terrified to be alone here. I'm here to protect him. You can't chase me away."

Amelia parted her lips to say something, but she said nothing as she was overwhelmed by mixed feelings. She didn't know how to deal with Kurt then.

Knowing full well that she could never reciprocate Kurt's feelings for her, Amelia just didn't wish to receive any more help from him, even if he was willing to do so. It was burdensome, to say the least.

Amelia knew she could never repay him.

"Kurt, you're really the man. But since Amelia and Tony are both safe and sound here, I think you should head back home. There's no fun in following behind a woman and a child all the time, am I right?" Tiffany joked.

Tiffany knew that Amelia would never return Kurt's feelings. Hence, she thought it was best to tell Kurt to move on.

However, Kurt shook his head and said adamantly, "I'm not going back. I will protect you guys from somewhere you can't see me if that's what you are concerned about."

Amelia and Tiffany didn't know what else to say.

"Kurt, you don't have to do this," Amelia said helplessly.

The more Kurt did for her, the more burden she felt. She didn't want to hold him up, for she knew she would forever be plagued by the guilt.

"Amelia, don't overthink this. I'm just worried that you and Tony can't get used to living abroad. I promise to keep my distance and not bother you guys when he's back in the

country,” Kurt said. It was never his intention to force his feelings onto Amelia. Kurt was already grateful that he got the chance to spend some time with them this time.

Though his unrequited love for Amelia was hurt, Kurt was pleased to know that Amelia was getting by okay on her own.

Kurt knew he was being foolish, but he was content to just stay by Amelia’s side and protect her. It was the deepest love one could feel for another.

Amelia sighed and turned around to tend to her luggage.

The place that they were going to stay was arranged by Kurt. They didn’t go to the one arranged by Teddy. It was not that Amelia wished to reject Teddy, but it was Kurt who rejected the place on behalf of her. The personnel sent by Teddy called Teddy to inform him, and he chose to respect their decision.

Tiffany patted Kurt’s shoulder and said, “Kurt, you’re a fiercely loyal guy, but Amelia’s the wrong girl. She’s still trying to get over Oscar. Your feelings for her are only going to trouble her. Do you really want to do that?”

Kurt looked at her and said stubbornly, “I never want her to feel burdened by my feelings. I’m just worried that she and Tony might get bullied overseas. I’ll stay away from her as soon as she gets back to the country. I won’t put her in a difficult situation.”

Tiffany was rendered speechless.

She admired his tenacity, but it was all for the wrong person.

Tiffany went to the bedroom and noticed that Amelia was unpacking her luggage by herself. She approached Amelia and said, “Babe, don’t overthink. Maybe Kurt showing up is a good thing.”

Amelia folded her clothes and said softly, “I’m not overthinking this. I just feel like I owe him too much. I don’t think I can live with the guilt.”

“Or you could just think that he’s here for me,” Tiffany said with a shrug.

Amelia cast a glance at Tiffany and pursed her lips in a disapproving manner.

It made Tiffany chuckle. “Babe, what do you mean? You’re making me feel like I’m an uncharismatic woman. Kurt and I are good friends. He might really be here because of me.”

Amelia paid no further heed to her and continued to fold her clothes.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 864

Chapter 864 Tony Is Thoughtful

After resting for a day, Amelia met up with Teddy, who gave her a warm hug. Smiling, he said, "Welcome, Ms. Winters. I believe your talent in design will shine."

Amelia returned the hug and said, "You can just call me Amelia, Mr. Rice. Ms. Winters sounds too formal." "Then, please address me as Teddy. Our ages aren't too far apart, anyway."

Amelia nodded, grinning. "Sure." With that, Teddy took her around the school she was enrolling, explained its history, and introduced her to the principal and professors. Perhaps it was Teddy introducing her personally that made the big shots scrutinize her.

Using the local language, Teddy praised, "She's an extremely talented woman. With me as her mentor, she'll one day make a name for herself in the design industry."

When the principal and the professors heard that, they nodded at Amelia, making her wonder if Teddy told them something about her.

Once Amelia had met everyone, Teddy said, "Let's go have a meal. You've come all the way from Chanaea. As the host, I must treat you to our local dishes."

"Thank you, Teddy," Amelia said with a smile.

"Don't be so formal. We're going to be colleagues in the future. I believe we'll become great partners."

"I look forward to it."

With that, Amelia had a meal with them before Teddy sent her home to the apartment Kurt bought.

"Well, this is my place. Would you like to come up for a cup of coffee?" Amelia asked out of politeness.

“Oh, I’ll be honored to, but I still have matters to deal with at the company. Next time, perhaps? I look forward to drinking Chanaea’s Black Ivory Coffee.”

“All right, go ahead with your work. I brought many types of coffee from Chanaea. Feel free to get some from me if you like them.”

“I can’t replicate the taste even if I did. I prefer to have one made by you. Anyway, I should get going. I look forward to a piece of great work from you.”

Amelia bobbed her head.

Soon, Teddy drove away. Just as she was about to turn around to enter the building, she saw Kurt standing at the entrance. The sight of him stunned her momentarily, but she quickly snapped out of it and walked over hesitatingly.

“Why are you here, Kurt?” asked Amelia as she arrived before him.

Gazing at her, Kurt explained with a smile, “I was worried about you, so I came down to wait. I can accompany you when you go to school next time. After all, you’re not familiar with this place yet. It makes me worry a lot.”

Amelia merely flashed him a smile and changed the topic. “Let’s go up. I miss Tony.”

Kurt’s gaze darkened, but he still entered the elevator after her.

While waiting for the elevator to come to a stop, Amelia fixed her gaze on her reflection, not knowing what to say to Kurt. Suddenly, the atmosphere turned awkward.

Kurt glanced at her and smiled. “Amelia, I made your favorite soup. Make sure to have more of it later. You look like you’ve lost some weight these days.”

Amelia lowered her gaze as if she thought of something. Then, she lifted her head and said politely, “Thank you, Kurt.”

The hopeful look in Kurt’s eyes gradually disappeared, and an ache appeared in his heart.

He opened his mouth to say something but decided to swallow the words instead.

Not long after, the elevator door opened. Amelia was about to step out when Kurt finally blurted, “Amelia, can we go back to how things were in Beshya?”

Amelia halted. In the end, she sighed and turned around, saying, "Kurt, I don't want to waste your time. You've always been like family to me. I really hope you can get married and have children. I don't want you to be lonely for the rest of your life."

Kurt smiled a smile that made his stern expression melt away.

"Amelia, being able to love you openly is the best thing that can happen to me. Really. I'm more than happy as long as I can be by your side when you're in trouble. At least I can ensure your safety. Everything I did for you, I did out of willingness. It's not to make you feel guilty. Living the rest of my life alone is not a big deal, anyway," Kurt assured in an earnest tone.

Amelia's lips parted, but she did not know what she should say.

Finally, she sighed gently and said, "Fine. You win."

Kurt treated her too well and he was willing to give unconditionally. Amelia would have fallen in love with him if she did not already have Oscar.

Men like him treated the women they loved so well that they took good care of the latter with all their hearts. No woman on earth would not fall for someone like him. Regardless, Amelia knew she could not reciprocate Kurt's feelings for her. Hence, she viewed him as a family member instead.

Kurt smiled wider when he heard her words.

As they stepped into the house, Tiffany, who was playing with Tony, walked over, grinning. "You're back! How did your meeting with Teddy go?"

Amelia thought about it before saying seriously, "Quite well. In fact, he has already helped me with the admission procedures. So, I can start attending classes next week. He even offered to be my mentor. I'm really grateful for all the help he's given when we've only met a few times."

"Find a time to treat him to a meal, then. This is his territory, anyway. We can't be too indifferent," Tiffany suggested casually.

Amelia nodded in agreement.

Meanwhile, Kurt glanced at the two women before quietly disappearing into the kitchen. While watching him leave, Tiffany went deep in thought before saying, "I might actually consider dating Kurt if he liked me."

Amelia side-eyed her friend, asking suspiciously, "Really?"

With a smile, Tiffany shrugged. "Why not? He's actually not bad. Most importantly, he's a responsible person. If he was interested in me, I would've accepted him in a heartbeat. Getting to know someone from scratch in a relationship is such a hassle. I'd rather date him. At least, I know him from the inside out."

A look of surprise flashed past Amelia's eyes. The more she thought about it, the more she found the idea plausible. Her only fear was Tiffany not being serious about it.

"Be honest with me, Tiff. Do you really wish to develop a relationship with Kurt? Have you forgotten about Derrick already?" Amelia probed.

The smile on Tiffany's face stiffened slightly, and the heartbreaking scene of Derrick calling out to her at the airport resurfaced in her mind. She could never forget that scene for the rest of her life.

"I'm kidding. I only see Kurt as a friend. Besides, he's devoted to you, while I'm going to need a few years to forget Derrick."

Amelia rolled her eyes. "Tsk. You and your nonsense. You got my hopes up for nothing."

Tiffany shrugged in response.

By the time Kurt brought the dishes out of the kitchen, their conversation had ended.

"Let's eat," said Kurt after arranging all the dishes on the table.

Originally, Amelia wanted to tell them she had eaten, but she did not have the heart to say so when she realized everyone had been waiting for her to start the meal. Hence, she sat down and fed Tony before having some.

After finishing her last mouthful, Tiffany wiped her lips with a napkin and asked, "Kurt, you're such a kind and loving person. No one out there would've guessed that you can even cook. Have you ever thought of dating me?"

Kurt almost spat out the food in his mouth. Thankfully, he swallowed it just in time but still choked on it.

After rolling her eyes at Tiffany, Amelia handed him a glass of water. She only sighed with relief when he stopped coughing.

Kurt swallowed with difficulty and cast Tiffany a look. In a serious tone, he said, "Tiffany, I don't like jokes like this. Please stop making such jokes in the future."

Feigning ignorance, Tiffany asked innocently, "Who says I was joking? I was being quite serious here."

Kurt immediately pursed his lips into a tight line, looking extremely frosty.

Tiffany burst out laughing, finding it fun to tease Kurt once in a while. He had a handsome face, but he always put on a stern expression. He would only show his gentle side to Amelia.

If not for Oscar, Tiffany would think Kurt was a better match for Amelia. Sadly, Amelia did not have feelings for Kurt.

Right then, Amelia said, "Watch your words, Tiff. You'll choke."

The moment she finished speaking, Tiffany actually choked on her saliva.

Amelia was baffled.

Seriously? Did I just jinx her? Tsk... Whatever.

Thanks to Tiffany's antics, the atmosphere lightened, and Amelia stopped worrying about Kurt's reasons for staying by her side. After all, there was no getting rid of him, and she would only end up hurting each other if she were too direct.

Slowly, Amelia accepted Kurt's presence in the house. She began attending classes at school. Sometimes, she would attend seminars specially organized by members with Teddy. She learned a great deal through interacting with others. Once she had adjusted to life there, Teddy brought her to Atlas Corporation and introduced her to the employees and partners there. It was her first time experiencing foreigners' work culture. Surprisingly, the employees were enthusiastic and curious about having an Astorian in their company. That helped her to feel less nervous without realizing it.

Teddy eyed her and grinned. "So? What do you think about the culture and people in the company? Are you adapting well?"

Returning the smile, Amelia responded, "It's amazing! They're the most harmonious group of people I've ever met in my life. I'm sure I'll have a great time if I work here in the future."

Teddy beamed. "I'm glad to hear that. If you really like it here, you can work here once the renovations end. We can just look for another spokesperson for Astoria."

A subtle smile formed on Amelia's lips, and she declined politely, "I'm sorry, Teddy. There's someone terribly important to me in my country who I need to return to. I really can't stay."

However, Teddy did not seem bothered by her answer. "I sort of guessed it. That's why I told the others long ago to pick you as our spokesperson because you have a healthy image. Besides, you have a face loved by both locals and foreigners. That's why I believe you can help our company to build a market in Chanaea."

Amelia could not help but chuckle. She felt relaxed when she was with Teddy, and she believed he could become a great mentor and friend to her.

"Thank you, Teddy. I'm beginning to realize you're an interesting person. To be honest, I found you annoying back in Chanaea. I thought you were too bold for allowing someone to follow you out of the country. But from what I see now, you're someone who's really easy-going," said Amelia with a smile.

"I'm only friendly to talented people. Moreover, you have your own ideas about your designs. That's the reason I chose you. So, work hard, and I'll guide you through it. Soon, you'll make a name for yourself in this industry."

"Well, thank you in advance."

They continued chatting while heading to another location to look around.

When the tour ended, Teddy said, "Amela, there's a party tonight, and many experts from the design industry will be there. Would you be interested in coming as my partner?"

Amelia thought about it. It was tempting, but she felt guilty when she recalled how little time she had spent with Tony for the past few days because she had been so busy. In the end, she had no choice but to decline politely.

"I'm sorry, Teddy. Tony's waiting for me at home. I haven't been spending quality time with him. I'm afraid he's going to get mad at me if I go home late tonight again," said Amelia apologetically.

Teddy shrugged after listening to her. "That's okay. There'll be lots of parties like this in the future, anyway. You can always go to the next one. Like what you Chanaeans always say, haste makes waste. Sometimes, it's good to take things slow."

Amelia grinned. "Who would've known you'd know so much about our language?"

"I studied Chanaean before. I love the culture in your country, but I didn't get to pick it up. Anyway, I plan to live there when I'm older. I love the lively atmospheres there."

"Oh, you're more than welcome in our country. I'll treat you to meals often. All on me."

"Mmm... I've got to prepare my stomach for good meals, then. Chanaean food is so yummy. I'm sure I'm going to gain a lot of weight there," Teddy said, pretending to look excited and troubled at the same time.

His dramatic response made Amelia laugh.

Teddy, too, laughed along with her. When he finally recollected himself, he continued, "It was great talking to you, Amelia. You're not like the others. I'm sure we'll become best friends in the future. By the way, please send my regards to Oscar when you get back. I hope he doesn't fly over to slaughter me for inviting you over."

The smile on Amelia's face faded lightly, but she still maintained a polite smile.

Now that she had visited the places Teddy intended to show her, Amelia felt rather tired. "All right. I'll go back now."

Teddy nodded and walked her out. Initially, he wanted to send her home. To his surprise, he saw Kurt outside, leaning against a car. As Teddy was not sure, he asked, "That's the bodyguard Oscar assigned to you, right?"

Amelia thought about it before nodding. "He's also an old friend."

Teddy nodded in understanding, smiling. "Okay. I shan't bother you anymore, then."

After bidding Teddy farewell, Amelia approached Kurt, saying, "Hey, Kurt. Have you been waiting for long?"

"Tony and I just arrived. Go on inside. He misses you already," Kurt said as he opened the car door.

Amelia's eyes lit up instantly, and her heart melted at the sight of a sleeping Tony in the car.

"He's asleep."

With a soft expression, Kurt whispered, "He was begging to see you earlier. Well, who would've known that he'd fall asleep so soon?"

While Amelia entered the car, a meaningful gaze flashed past Tony's eyes as he watched her pulling Tony into her embrace.

Any outsider would think they were a happy family of three if they saw the scene. It was a thought that came to Kurt's mind as well. Despite how much he wished it were true, he knew it was only a dream.

He sighed internally, feeling slightly disheartened. However, he quickly shook his head to dismiss the thoughts and got into the driver's seat to start the engine.

Hearing that, Tony slowly woke up. He gazed at Amelia and smiled. "Mommy, you're back."

When she saw the trust in Tony's eyes, she felt an inexplicable pang of guilt in her heart. She felt bad for insisting on bringing him out of the country when he was still so young and even cut off his ties with the Clintons temporarily. It was just like how she left with him when he was still an infant.

I wonder if Tony will blame me for my decisions when he gets older.

"You're sleepy, aren't you? Why didn't you stay at home with Kurt to get some sleep?" asked Amelia gently.

"I wanted to see you sooner." Tony's honest words melted her heart.

She hugged him even tighter, and asked softly, "Tony, will you hate me for bringing you to a foreign place that speaks a language you don't understand?"

"No. All I need is you, Mommy. I can always learn a foreign language, anyway."

Though Amelia felt guilty, she also felt proud of him for being so considerate at his age.

"I'm planning to sign you up for school. Are you okay with it?" Amelia finally asked about the matter she had been pondering about.

After all, Tony was of school age. It would give him the opportunity to learn the language there if he attended a local school.

"All right," Tony agreed instantly. He then leaned nearer to Amelia and whispered into her ears, "Mommy, I have a secret to tell you. I can actually speak Erihalese. Big Meanie hired someone to teach me before. He told me not to tell you about it, because he was afraid you might think I'd have a tough time. Grandma even hired someone to teach me other languages. So, don't worry. I'm fluent in multiple languages."

A look of surprise flickered in Amelia's eyes, but she quickly composed herself.

Pinching his nose gently, she smiled and teased, "You cheeky little thing. Just exactly how many things are you hiding from me?"

"Just this one. Big Meanie and Grandma said I'm the Clinton family's heir, so I've got to learn the basics from young. That was why I had classes in the Clinton residence when you were away at work. I've learned so many things! I can definitely protect you in the future," said Tony proudly.

Amelia felt her eyes moisten. Tony always managed to spring her surprises. It made her heart so full that she did not know how to express her excitement. In the end, she hugged Tony and planted kisses on the latter's cheeks, grinning. "Tony, you always surprise me. I really love you. You're so thoughtful that it makes me feel bad."

Hearing that, Tony returned her kisses and comforted her sweetly, "Don't cry, Mommy. You have me here. I won't let Big Meanie come back to your side."

Amelia hugged him tightly.

Meanwhile, Kurt, who was driving, glanced at the duo's interaction through the rearview mirror. It made his eyes glimmer with emotion.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 865

### Chapter 865 Guidance

Amelia and Kurt brought Tony out to play the whole night before returning home at ten o'clock. After helping Tony to shower and coaxing him to sleep, she sat on the bedside and stared at him in a daze.

Tiffany, hair disheveled, opened the door and entered the room. She walked to the side of the bed and whispered, "Is he asleep?"

Amelia nodded.

Tiffany sat on the bedside as well before saying, "Did you take Tony out today with Kurt? I suppose Tony was delighted?"

"He was thrilled and didn't even mention Oscar or his grandparents. Still, I feel bad for him because he has to leave home and stay abroad with me at such a young age. Not only did he agree without hesitation when I suggested that he attends school, but he also started learning Erihalese secretly. My heart aches whenever I see how sensible this child is. Sometimes, I hope he can be himself or even be a little naughty around me," Amelia uttered guiltily.

She felt she had wronged Tony with her complicated relationship with Oscar. The child she had miscarried due to her negligence was a pain she had to live with for the rest of her life. At the same time, Amelia was clueless about the best way to take care of Tony.

"Babe, don't think too much. Tony knows what's going on. Perhaps he's not even missing the Clintons." Tiffany attempted to comfort Amelia.

"That's not possible." Amelia sighed. "Yesterday, when he was talking to his grandma on the phone, he mentioned he wanted to go back, but he had to stay here to protect me, his weak and helpless mommy. He even told his grandma to stay well in the country and wait for his return because he'll be able to take care of both of us when he's older."

Even Tiffany was a little touched after hearing that. She had borne witness to Tony's brilliance and obedience at a young age. Due to the difficulty for her in having a child, she had long since thought of him as her own son.

"Baby, don't dwell on this matter anymore. Things will get better," Tiffany said.

Amelia bobbed her head.

Tiffany chatted with Amelia for a short while longer before she got up to return to her room. When Tiffany reached the doorway, Amelia suddenly recalled something and asked, "Tiff, have you selected your school?"

"I'm still surveying. After I finalize the decision, you can inform Mr. Rice to utilize his connection and put me in the institute. I'd like to further my studies, too," Tiffany replied.

Amelia nodded.

After Tiffany left, Amelia ambled to the side of the window. As she took in the scenic night view of the bustling city, complex emotions churned within her.

She took out her phone and opened her gallery to look at a photo of Oscar and her. She couldn't help curling her lips into a smile at that sight.

"How are you, Oscar? Do you know how badly I miss you? I know you went to the airport but didn't show yourself on the day I departed. Can I assume you did that because you still care about me, but you're just reluctant to admit it?" she muttered.

However, there was no reply to her questions besides the whistling sound of the night breeze.

"Wait for me, Oscar. I'll return to the country as soon as I can. By then, I'll do my best to win you back," Amelia added.

A determined look flashed across her eyes.

Perhaps driven by her intense yearning to go back to the country and meet with Oscar, Amelia studied very hard and tried her best to learn everything she could acquire from Teddy. As a result, she improved drastically in her design skills. Even Teddy was taken aback by her speedy advancements.

Teddy gave her a thumbs-up after reviewing her latest design draft and chirped, "Amelia, you did an excellent job. I think this blueprint is just a little shy of achieving a perfect score. If you continue to work hard, I believe you'll become an expert in less than a year. Having said that, I suggest you study a little longer, at least for another one and a half years. This way, I daresay you'll surpass me in a few more years."

Amelia's eyes shone, and she couldn't stop herself from grinning.

"Teddy, thank you for your compliment. I owe my improvements to your guidance," she said with a smile.

"That's enough chitchatting. I hope you'll continue to work hard and not become too full of yourself."

Amelia bobbed her head.

Subsequently, Amelia exerted herself tirelessly. Not only did she hand in her assignments at school in advance, but she also went to help out at Atlas Corporation as Teddy's assistant. Her design even caught the eye of Atlas Corporation's person in

charge. Both parties proceeded to sign a contract for the company to purchase the copyright of the blueprint.

After that, her works began garnering attention from other companies, causing her reputation to become widespread among the designers' circle at Erihal. Everyone knew she was a Chanaean disciple Teddy had personally recruited. On top of that, he had high hopes for her and almost guided her in person on every occasion. For that reason, everyone was curious about Amelia's identity for being able to get Teddy's recognition. After all, he was known for having high standards. Hence, many designers approached Amelia, intending to interact with her.

Amelia was initially surprised when she had to deal with those random and strange people frequently, but she grew accustomed to it after some time. She could now maintain her composure and engage in conversations courteously with those people.

Teddy introduced the person in front of her, "Amelia, this is Ryan Spock."

Then, he said to the bearded, macho man, "Ryan, this is Amelia Winters. She's the Chanaean girl I always talked to you about."

"Hello, Ms. Winters. It's a pleasure to meet you. I've always heard Teddy mentioning your name, which made me wonder who could've possibly caught the attention of someone as picky as Teddy. Now that I've finally met you, I can see that you're indeed extraordinarily gorgeous. I like you," Ryan said happily while giving Amelia a passionate hug.

"Hello, Mr. Ryan. It's a pleasure to meet you too. You speak very fluent Chanaean. Your command of the language is almost as good as a Chanaean like me," she complimented after he let go of her.

"Really? I thought my Chanaean has deteriorated." Ryan guffawed.

Instantly, Amelia had a good impression of the bearded middle-aged man before her.

"Ryan, Amelia is my favorite disciple. You're not allowed to bully her. Otherwise, I won't let you off," Teddy said half-jokingly.

Ryan laughed. "You're already so protective of her before I even do anything?"

Teddy punched Ryan's chest. Then, he led the latter to take a look at Amelia's designs.

After examining her works, Ryan nodded in satisfaction. "Not bad. Her designs are vibrant. Now that she has become your pupil, I'm afraid your student will surpass you in the future. Teddy, if you don't feel like teaching her anymore, you can refer her to me."

"Stop it. How dare you try to steal my disciple." Teddy punched Ryan's chest again.

The corner of Amelia's lips twitched as she stared awkwardly at the two middle-aged men bickering.

They're arguing in Chanaean, giving me a false impression as if I'm back in my home country now.

"Amelia, your designs are dynamic and unconventional. If you ever grow sick of your mentor, you can consider joining me. Here, take down my phone number. I welcome you to join my ranks at any time," Ryan said to her straightforwardly.

Is it really appropriate for him to recruit me so openly?

Amelia felt her worldview had been entirely changed at that moment.

Still, despite the thoughts in her mind, she jotted down Ryan's contact details.

Teddy said, "You can get lost now, Ryan."

After that, Ryan did get lost. To put it more nicely, he left.

"Teddy, you seem very close to Mr. Ryan," Amelia chirped.

"We've been acquainted for twenty years, so we share a bond. He's a straightforward person and is friendly with others. He's also one of the greats in the design world. You can call him if you have any problems that you can't solve in the future. He will assist you. Naturally, as your mentor, I'll provide you with all the help within my means, too," Teddy uttered.

Amelia felt warm in her heart.

"Thank you so much, Teddy. My friend and I will be cooking tonight. Why don't you come over and join us for dinner? You're my mentor as well as my friend, so I should treat you to a meal," Amelia suggested.

"Sure. I've been craving Chanaean dishes for a long time. Regrettably, there are very few people adept at making Chanaean dishes here. Even if I go to a Chanaean restaurant,

their food is either too sweet or lacking the authentic Chanaean taste. It seems like I'm in luck tonight." Teddy flashed a chowhound-like expression and successfully cracked Amelia up.

In order to play host to Teddy, Amelia and Tiffany went to the supermarket to purchase a lot of cooking ingredients.

The two prepared a feast for Teddy. The latter's eyes shone when he saw the table full of scrumptious, aromatic food.

"Woah! They smell so good. It's been so long since I last got a whiff of such good dishes." Teddy gave Amelia and Tiffany a thumbs-up. "Cool! Any Chanaean girl who can cook such a delicious meal must be kind and loving. Coincidentally, I intend to marry a Chanaean lady. May I know what's your name, Miss? Are you married? What do you think of me? Are you satisfied with my appearance and personality?"

His speech was directed at Tiffany.

Tiffany felt awkward at once.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rice, but I already have a significant other," she replied courteously. I'm telling the truth. It's just that I am divorced from my significant other halfway through our marriage.

"This is such a waste. I can't believe another man has won the affection of a girl as perfect as you before I do." A disappointed look spread across his face, but he quickly pulled himself together. "Miss, you haven't told me your name. Do you have any sisters? I'm not that picky about a girl's appearance, and I'm contented as long as she's as great a cook as you."

I don't think you're looking for a lover. It sounds like you're in search of a nanny instead.

Tiffany commented inwardly.

Still, she continued smiling at him. "Mr. Rice, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Tiffany Winters. I don't have any sisters, but I do know a lot of Chanaean ladies who are skilled in cooking. All of them are editors, and they're beautiful and caring. If you're interested, I'll introduce them to you when you visit Chanaea next time."

Teddy nodded. "Great. It's a deal."

Tiffany shot a meaningful glance at Amelia. It was as if she was telling the latter her mentor was unexpectedly sociable.

To Tiffany's recollection, anyone who could attain such remarkable achievements in the design field should be some old man with a stern temperament. She certainly didn't expect Teddy to be so young, chatty, and easy to get along with in private. Foreigners are indeed different.

Because of Teddy's presence and effort in livening the mood, everyone around the dining table had a great time during the dinner. Teddy was positively glowing as he ate the food. He couldn't stop praising how delicious the food was and kept repeating how blessed a man must be to be able to marry Tiffany.

The corner of Tiffany's mouth twitched in response as she thought. Now I know he's actually a glutton.

Tiffany felt extremely exhausted after Teddy left.

"Baby, your mentor is so extroverted and so talkative. I don't think I can stand entertaining him anymore," Tiffany said.

Amelia was slightly surprised because she could sense Teddy's interest in Tiffany.

"Tiff, I can tell Teddy is quite fond of you. What do you think? Are you at all interested in getting to know him better? I can help set the two of you up." Amelia said with a smile.

"Don't. Please don't. I can't handle a foreign man. Besides, I can't get used to their appearance, and I don't want to give birth to a mixed baby," Tiffany refused at once. Nonetheless, she knew the real reason was that she couldn't forget about Derrick.

Amelia didn't press the matter either.

After cleaning the utensils on the table, Amelia helped Tony shower and coaxed him to sleep by telling him bedtime stories.

After Tony dozed off, Amelia received a phone call from Olivia.

"Amelia, is Tony asleep?" Olivia asked.

Amelia subconsciously clenched her fists while replying in an undertone, "He just drifted off. Should I wake him up?"

"That's not needed. I'm calling because I want to talk to you." Olivia hesitated briefly before continuing, "Amelia, Isabella is already planning to move into your place. I tried to persuade Oscar, but he wouldn't listen to me. They're about to move in together. When are you coming back? Do you think you made a wise decision by leaving the country?"

Amelia's heart tightened after hearing that. She anticipated that to happen sooner or later. Still, she didn't expect her chest to hurt so much upon learning about their plan to move in together.

"Mom, please give me a little more time. I'll be able to return to the country soon." Amelia gulped to moisten her dry throat. "Oscar has fallen for Isabella now, so it is not surprising for them to move in together. I can only hope he won't be merciless when I go back."

Olivia fell silent.

She spoke after some time. "Amelia, do you really think you made the right choice, going overseas back then?"

"Mom, I have my reasons."

Olivia sighed before expressing her heartfelt thoughts, "Amelia, I did harbor a grudge against you when you left with Tony in the past. At that time, I had the intention of letting Isabella become my daughter-in-law, but I couldn't accept her scheming against my son. Therefore, I'd rather you come back now. At the very least, you'll never do anything to harm Oscar."

Discomfort churned within her as she flashed a wry smile. "Mom, I wronged you in the past when I left without considering your feelings. Nonetheless, I take you as my birth mother. I promise you that I'll never let that woman control Oscar forever. I will invoke his memories."

"Okay. I'll help you keep an eye on Oscar. Your dad and I will never allow Isabella to marry into our family. Isabella won't dare to act brazenly with Oscar's dad around."

Warmth filled Amelia's chest. "Thank you, Mom."

"We're a family, so you don't have to be so formal with me."

Amelia beamed in response.

After hanging up the phone, she contacted Jolin, who was located far away at Chanaea.

"Mrs. Clinton," Jolin greeted Amelia cheerily.

Amelia curled her lips into a smile. "Jolin, can you return to Tayhaven? I'm very worried about Oscar. You're the person I trust the most. I don't know who else I can turn to for help aside from you."

Jolin didn't utter a response for a long while.

After an extended period of silence, she finally said, "Okay. I'll sneak back to Tayhaven. I'm willing to do your bidding even if I have to risk being discovered by Boss."

Amelia was touched. "You have my gratitude, Jolin."

Jolin chirped, "You're welcome, Mrs. Clinton. After all, I was assigned by Boss to protect you. Even though I'm at Chanaea, I can at least help you safeguard him."

Amelia thanked Jolin again, channeling all her emotions and thoughts in that few simple words. She was genuinely grateful to the latter.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 866

### Chapter 866 Protect Her At All Costs

Within a blink of an eye, Amelia had been abroad for seven months, and she would be able to return after another two or three months. During her time abroad, not only did many changes occur in her home country, but a lot had been going on around her too.

Amelia never thought Teddy was serious about his words upon witnessing how he tried to court Tiffany.

"Tiff, I learned that 1111 is a rather symbolic number for love, so I transferred 1111 dollars to you. Kindly check and acknowledge receipt." Teddy waved his phone at her. He used the trick he learned from his fellow Chanaean colleague on Tiffany.

Annoyed by Teddy's antics, Tiffany noticed her lips twitching.

"Mr. Rice, while I appreciate your effort, I do not appreciate your fancy moves. Besides, I already have a lover back in my home country. I believe you're a virtuous man. It's a bit of an exaggeration, but in my country, people generally believe that relationships are sacred

and to be preserved at all costs, so please stop with your antics. I do not wish to damage your relationship with Amelia as her mentor.”

Teddy looked at her in all earnest as he said, “Tiff, I’ve done a thorough investigation. While you were married, you filed for divorce some time ago. You’re now a single woman, so I can’t possibly be interfering with your marriage. I think I’m a rather good choice as a man, so why won’t you give me a chance? I swear I will treat you well.”

Although Tiffany wished she could beat the crap out of him, he was a mentor whom Amelia respected, so she could only check her flaring temper.

“I’m leaving. Take your time hanging around, but I won’t be keeping you company.” With that, Tiffany left in frustration. She had had enough of Teddy’s pestering that she even considered going back to Chanaea.

After all, she only came abroad to forget about Derrick, not find herself a foreign lover.

Teddy threw Amelia a pleading glance, but she shrugged at him, indicating that she was out of wits.

“Teddy, I think you should give up. Tiff still has a hard time forgetting her ex-husband. They only separated due to a minor misunderstanding and might get back together after they have things figured out. You know we Chanaeans typically like the idea of repairing relationships, so you shouldn’t waste any more time on Tiff,” Amelia advised.

On one end of the scale was her best friend, while on the other was her mentor, whose assistance led to her making major improvements in her design skills, so she would do everything in her power to smooth things over between them.

“You’ll help me, right, Amelia?” Teddy sounded rather certain. After scanning his surroundings, he somehow decided that Amelia could be of help to him.

Yet, Amelia declined him, crossing her arms in front of her chest.

She was direct with him. “While I’ll gladly help you on various matters, this is way out of my league. You can still go ahead to court her, but you’re going to have to figure this out on your own. You can do it. I have faith in you but don’t make a blunder. Otherwise, even I won’t be able to help you.”

Teddy pouted childishly as he felt like a deflated balloon, and Amelia felt a little guilty when she noticed that.

Upon gesturing to him that she would be leaving, she set off quickly—she was literally fleeing from the scene.

She saw Tiffany biting on an apple in chagrin when she arrived at her dwelling. Walking up to Tiffany, she took away the apple the latter was munching on before inquiring, “Do you have no feelings for Teddy?”

“He is, admittedly, an attractive man. Not only is he handsome, but he also has an air of nobility about him. Any woman would go insane for him,” Tiffany stated with her legs crossed.

“It’s just that you’re not among those women, right?” Despite it being a question, Amelia sounded quite convinced as she carried on with Tiffany’s statement.

Tiffany blinked innocently. There was not a denial but silent acquiescence.

Amelia sat down beside her. After some thought, she said, “Tiff, you followed me abroad not only because you were worried about both Tony and me, but you were also actively trying to forget Derrick. We both know the best way to forget about a failed marriage is to start a new relationship. I acknowledge that I’m being a little unfair here by telling you this now, but all bridges between Derrick and you were burned. Why not try accepting Teddy? He’s handsome, knowledgeable, humorous, and most importantly, he’s decent. I’ve known him for seven months, and I trust his character. His friends and colleagues also hold him in high regard. I think you can give him a go and have a relationship with him. Besides, you can always split up if it doesn’t work out. It’s not like you must marry him. Let’s just go with the flow. You’ll eventually enter a marriage if you both feel equally attracted to each other.”

Tiffany drew her legs close to her before burying her face in them as if she could ignore every unwelcome advice by doing that.

Seeing that, Amelia sighed and caressed Tiffany’s head.

Just when she stood up to cut up some fruits in the kitchen, Tiffany muttered with her face still buried in her thighs, “Babe, do you think I’m useless for not being able to forget that guy even now?”

“Why would I? Although I gave you advice as a third party, I’m actually in a similar situation. You can’t forget about Derrick, and I can’t forget about Oscar. It’s because I have experienced such pain that I do not wish for you to go through the same,” Amelia explained after heaving a sigh in dejection.

It was because Amelia had experienced the pain of having to separate from someone who she loved deeply that she really wished that Tiffany could accept Teddy and leave her failed marriage in the past after witnessing her dear friend feigning joy in the presence of others while still stuck in the pain even after she was divorced.

Tiffany raised her head and glanced at Amelia.

“Babe, would you think I’m a fool if I told you I find it really hard to not think of that relationship?” she asked. It wasn’t that she refused to start a new relationship, but she refused to let strangers come into her life deep down, thinking of them as intruders. She might be able to lie to others about having forgotten about Derrick, but she couldn’t lie to herself. She still loved him and had a hard time moving on even though he had cheated on her and impregnated another woman.

Amelia approached her to caress her head with a smile. “It’s all up to you. If you’re a fool, so am I. We can do as we please as long as we don’t damage someone else’s marriage.”

Tiffany chuckled.

Amelia left to prepare some fruits in the kitchen before serving them on the table. Then, they ate them together.

After finishing them, Tiffany scuttled into her room to retrieve her laptop.

“Babe, I wrote a new novel set in a company located in a cosmopolitan. Read it and see if there is anything to be added or changed. I’ll send it to the publishing company after that.” Tiffany opened the document on her laptop and showed Amelia her novel.

Perhaps she was able to focus on writing novels because of her destitute love life. She had only been abroad for seven months, but she was bursting with so much inspiration that she was able to complete two novels with over one million words each. The first novel was sold-out as soon as it was published three months ago, and it was reprinted three more times. General feedback from readers indicated that it was gut-wrenching and tear-jerking. It was even speculated that Tiffany was able to chisel out the details with finesse due to her own suffering.

Among the overwhelmingly positive feedback, comments left by her hardcore fans were amusing.

Don’t cry! Together we shall dump that awful guy! We’ll face him head-on!

Don’t cry. You still have our company. Here you go, a blow kiss!

Your novel is so gut-wrenching but also fascinating. I've read it at least ten times and used up all the tissues in my house. My mother even asked if I was constipated. You have to console me after being misunderstood by my mother.

Amelia had had the good fortune to read those comments. She thought that fans from Chanaea were adorable for writing those funny comments.

She missed her home country while staying abroad, so those comments written in her mother tongue seemed extra amiable to her. Even those that mentioned how gut-wrenching the story was seemed cute.

Then, Amelia started reading Tiffany's new novel and was sucked into it. Three hours went by without her noticing. It wasn't until she rubbed her tired eyes halfway through the story that she realized she had cried.

When Tiffany noticed her red eyes while bringing them two mugs of tea from the kitchen, she asked in concern, "What happened?"

Shaking her head, Amelia took the tea from her. "It's nothing. I just found myself resonating with the story you wrote and felt like crying halfway through it. I bet all your readers are going to bawl their eyes out after this one is published, and that people are going to throw rotten eggs at you if you hold an autograph session back in Chanaea. This story is so gut-wrenching that even I felt like crying. It's also drastically different from your previous works. No wonder they thought you were hurt in a bad relationship."

Tiffany sat down beside her. While holding her mug with both hands, she could feel the heat seep into her through her skin. "I'm not sure why, but I just have this urge to write some sad stories. Perhaps the reason they cried was that it triggered some of their past experiences. I'm sure most girls have gone through what I've been through, and my story just made them relive those experiences, and that was why they want to murder me, so to speak."

Amelia was amused by her description.

"I don't think there're any problems with your novel. In fact, your writing skills have improved compared to your last work. Given the gut-wrenching plot, I suppose it would be nice to adapt it into a film. Are you sure you won't join a crew as the writer? I recall that the director you had worked with, Mr. Zabriskie, has contacted you."

Tiffany shook her head. "I'm not interested in doing that now. I'll think about it later. All I want to do now is focus on my writing."

Amelia shrugged and stopped trying to convince her. In fact, she figured it would be better for Tiffany to focus on writing her novel, for she wouldn't have time to dwell on her heartbreaking experience when she was busy.

Thus, she was relieved when Tiffany was busy doing something constructive.

Tiffany's novel made great sales right after it was published in Chanaea. It sold a million copies within a short period of two months. A lot of production companies contacted her to invite her to join their production crew as a writer to adapt her own novel into a film. After careful consideration, she agreed to the offer.

Meanwhile, Amelia was ready to return to Chanaea after having spent nine months abroad. She asked Teddy, "You told me I've made rapid improvements in terms of my designing skills. I suppose I'm ready to graduate now. What do you think?"

"Are you serious? What should I do? I'm already missing you, Tiff, and her superb cooking," Teddy didn't even stutter.

Amelia studied him in amusement. "Teddy, I have a question. You've been courting Tiff for a few months. Do you like her, or her cooking?"

"Amelia, don't you think I can absolutely afford to hire a Chanaean cook to make Chanaean dishes for me, given my wealth?"

Startled, Amelia realized she had asked a silly question.

"I'm sorry for asking such a silly question, Teddy. However, there's only a one percent chance that you will get together with Tiff. It seems like you still have a long way to go."

"If there's a will, there's a way. I believe I am the most suitable man for her."

Hmm... It is always good to have self-confidence.

Amelia didn't try to dissuade him.

After completing all necessary credits, Amelia graduated and was assigned by the higher-ups as the Atlas Corporation's brand ambassador and director of design in its Chanaean branch. Amelia accepted the offer. During the banquet, she toasted Teddy and the higher-ups to express her gratitude for their appreciation.

After toasting everybody, Amelia was a little tipsy even though she could hold her liquor quite well. She shook her head and forced herself to maintain a clear head while dealing

with some people as she followed Teddy around. She used to hate socializing, but she forced herself to do that and had learned to deal with all sorts of people.

The banquet didn't end until eleven o'clock that night. Both Amelia and Teddy left the venue after bidding the others goodbye.

Everybody scattered off down the stairs in search of their car after getting outside. Amelia noticed Kurt waiting beside the car and waved at him happily. Kurt smiled at her too, but his expression changed drastically by the next instant before he began sprinting in her direction.

"Watch out, Amelia!" he yelled in panic.

Amelia wasn't sure why he was panicking. It wasn't until he pushed her down to the ground and she heard gunshots that she came to know what happened.

Kurt rolled on the ground with her in his arms until they got behind a potted plant. He checked on her frantically while holding her. "Are you OK, Amelia?"

Amelia raised her head, still very much in fear, and the bloodstain on Kurt's chest area caught her off guard.

"Kurt, a-are you hurt?" She tried to touch his chest with trembling hands, only to retract her arm in a hurry as if worried about causing him pain. "I'll take you to the hospital. Your chest is injured. Come, let's go now."

Kurt held her down while shaking his head.

"Someone fired a shot. Hide here while I go check things out." Kurt hid her before poking his head out despite his injury, but Amelia pulled him back by the next instant.

"Don't go out, Kurt. You're already injured. I can't have you risk your life," she demanded. "I just wonder how Teddy is." She had no enemies abroad. With Kurt injured, she was certain that the gunfight was aimed at her companion, Teddy.

"Don't worry. I saw him get up and ran in the other direction when I pushed you down and rolled over. Besides, his bodyguards will ensure his safety," Kurt explained.

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief.

The gunfight ceased after half an hour.

Amelia helped Kurt, who had obviously lost quite a lot of blood, get to his feet while watching him with concern.

Teddy came to them under the protection of his bodyguards. When he noticed that Kurt was injured, he ordered, "Help Mr. Alfsen to the hospital."

The two bodyguards tried helping Kurt to the car, but he was rooted to the spot and gazing at Amelia uneasily.

Teddy was slightly touched, for he could tell at first glance that Kurt was worried about Amelia. He also surmised that Kurt and Amelia's relationship wasn't strictly that of a client and employee. After all, Kurt's gaze was filled with much affection.

"You can rest assured that I will protect her," Teddy promised.

Kurt curled his lips into a smile before closing his eyes and fainted.

The two bodyguards rushed him to a nearby hospital as quickly as possible, while Teddy ended up driving Amelia there.

"Amelia, he loves you very much," Teddy said while looking at Amelia from the rearview mirror.

Amelia wiped her face, then gave him a rueful smile.

The fact that Kurt protected her with his life on the line gave her mixed feelings, which was the reason she chose to not go to the hospital with him. She needed some time to calm down.

Kurt was so nice to her that she could no longer take it. She feared she would never be able to repay his intense love.

"Be at ease, Amelia. He might've lost a lot of blood, but his vital organs are fine. He shouldn't be in any critical danger." Teddy changed the topic.

Amelia glanced at Teddy, her eyes bearing a fleeting look of weakness.

"Teddy, he has been so nice to me, and yet I can't possibly repay him for all that he has done. What should I do?" she questioned in confusion.

"You shouldn't think too much about it. Since he loves you so much, he must've done it willingly. I would do the same if the woman I love is in danger."

Amelia covered her face with both hands.

“Teddy, why was there a gunfight?”

“The perpetrators are after us. I’m sorry to have gotten Mr. Alfsen and you into this mess. I will make a thorough investigation to ensure justice is served,” Teddy guaranteed with a solemn expression.

Amelia merely responded with a helpless nod, not wishing to delve further into the topic.

By the time they arrived at the hospital, Kurt was already in the operating room. She felt awful while staring at the light that indicated the operating room was still occupied.

She figured she was cursed, for all her relatives and friends were admitted to the hospital due to various kinds of diseases or injuries. Right at that moment, Kurt was in the operating room, clinging to life.

Tiffany hurried to the hospital nervously with Tony still sleeping in her arms.

“Babe, how is Kurt?”

Amelia shook her head.

She had no idea if his situation was critical. The gunfight had gone on for half an hour, and Kurt was bleeding the entire time. All the blood stained his white shirt a striking and horrifying crimson color. It was likely that terrible sight would be etched into her memory for life.

Tiffany put Tony into Amelia’s arms before consoling Amelia by gently pressing the latter’s head against her chest.

“It’s OK. Kurt is a lucky guy and will be fine. Don’t you worry. He’ll be OK.”

Amelia leaned against her, her thoughts muddled up.

“I won’t be able to forgive myself if anything happened to Kurt, Tiff,” she whispered.

“Attagirl. Don’t overthink things. I’m with you, and he’ll definitely pull through. He wishes to protect you and Tony, so he couldn’t possibly be defeated so easily.” Tiffany continued to offer calm words of support. She didn’t ask why Kurt was shot. She figured she would have ample time for that after he woke up.

It was apparent that Amelia was on the verge of having a breakdown.

The three of them waited for a whole eight hours before the signal light outside the operating room was turned off, and a dozen doctors filed out from within the room.

Amelia hurried over to them with Tony in her arms.

“Doctor, is my friend all right? He’s fine, is he?” she inquired.

“Don’t worry. He’s not in critical danger. He just needs some rest after having lost a lot of blood.” The doctors only left with fatigued looks on their faces after informing her of things that she would have to be cautious about.

Amelia almost collapsed to the floor as her legs gave way. Fortunately, Tiffany reacted swiftly and caught her in time.

Turning to Tiffany with a feeble smile, Amelia muttered, “He’s no longer in critical condition. That’s great news.” After that, she fainted as well. Tony, who had been in her arms, would’ve fallen onto the floor too if it weren’t for Teddy taking the boy into his arms in the nick of time.

Tiffany called for the doctor while still holding onto Amelia. The doctor explained that Amelia fainted due to overwhelming shock after giving the latter a checkup in a ward.

It wasn’t until hearing the diagnosis that Tiffany heaved a sigh of relief.

We always get into trouble! I assumed that I would finally have some peace after fleeing abroad, but life is still a mess.

“Get some rest, Tiff. I’ll take over from here,” Teddy offered in concern.

Tiffany shook her head after glancing at him.

“You should go home and get some rest, Mr. Rice. I’ll watch over them. Sorry to have troubled you tonight. Since they’re both fine, I should be able to handle things alone.”

Teddy gave her a thoughtful look.

“Tiff, it’s fine for women to occasionally show their vulnerable side. Although I do like independent women, I heard that women from Chanaea like to be pampered, so I don’t mind if you do that with me.”

Startled, Tiffany let out a chuckle.

All of a sudden, she found Teddy to be less annoying than before. It's just as Amelia said. He's got a good sense of humor.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 867

### Chapter 867 Familial Bond

"Kurt!" Amelia was sweating bullets when she woke up with a jolt.

"Did you have a bad dream, Mommy?" Tony was initially sitting on a chair, but he immediately rushed toward Amelia when he saw her waking up.

Amelia wiped away the cold sweat on her forehead and carried Tony up into her arms. "Tony, how's your godfather?"

Tony shook his head and furrowed his brows. "Daddy is still unconscious. Mommy, I was worried about you, so I came to see you. Tiffy has gone to see Daddy. She'll be back shortly."

With Tony in her arms, Amelia got out of bed and wanted Tony to lead her to Kurt's ward. In her dream, Kurt was drenched in blood, and he was on the verge of death. Is the person who's supposed to take care of me and Tony going to die?

The moment Amelia and Tony arrived at the entrance, the door was already pushed open, and Tiffany was seen walking in from the outside.

"Babe, you're awake! Are you feeling okay?" Tiffany asked caringly.

"I'm fine. Where's Kurt? I need to see him," Amelia answered hurriedly.

"Okay. I'll bring you there. He lost a lot of blood, but he's going to live. Don't worry." Tiffany brought them to the ward, and a complicated look appeared on Amelia's face when she saw Kurt lying on the bed with his eyes shut. Deep down, she felt rather sad.

"Did the doctor say when he's supposed to wake up?" Amelia asked in a hoarse voice.

Tiffany deliberately answered in a relaxed tone, "If nothing goes wrong, he'll regain consciousness before night time. However, Kurt is strong. He might even wake up before that."

Amelia stayed silent and continued to look at Kurt with her complicated gaze.

Tiffany knew how bad Amelia felt, so she pulled Amelia to the couch to sit her down. "Babe, Teddy told me about what happened. It was just an accident, and no one was at fault. Don't let it affect you so much, okay?"

Amelia heaved a silent sigh. "I know what you mean, Tiff. It's just that he risked his life to save me. I would be lying if I say I don't feel a thing for him. However, I've given my heart to Oscar. Although I was moved by Kurt and I promised to be with him, I'm never going to forget about Oscar. I don't think I'm treating him fairly. My heart is filled with guilt because I know I won't reciprocate his love for me."

Hearing that, Tiffany let out a sigh as well. Oh, well... That kind of debt is the hardest to repay.

After that, both of them fell silent.

As expected, Kurt regained consciousness in the afternoon.

When he woke up, the first thing he asked was, "Is Amelia hurt?"

Tiffany shook her head. "She's fine. She went back to make you some soup, and she'll be back shortly. Did you know she worried about you more than anyone else when you got hurt?"

Kurt smiled when he heard that. "Since I got her to worry about me, I would say the injury is worth it."

Tiffany glanced at him and uttered, "Judging by your tone, it appears you've deliberately gotten injured to get her attention."

In response, Kurt merely smiled. He was neither denying nor confirming her speculation.

Seeing that, Tiffany gritted her teeth and gave him some water. She then sat on a chair and fixated her eyes on him. "Kurt, tell me the truth, okay? Did you take the bullet for her on purpose?"

Kurt maintained his smile and met her gaze. "Tiffany, do you think I would risk my life if I don't love that person?"

Tiffany was taken aback by his words. She knew it was impossible, but she hoped Kurt would admit that he had gotten injured so that Amelia would pity him. That way, Amelia wouldn't need to feel as guilty. She knew she was being selfish and went overboard for thinking that way. However, she wasn't happy with the fact that Amelia was going under immense pressure.

Tiffany crossed her legs casually and said, "Kurt, I hoped you would say you had gotten injured on purpose. That way, Amelia wouldn't need to feel as bad. You're my friend, but Amelia is family to me. Hence, I don't wish to see her feeling aggrieved. Do you understand?"

Kurt lowered his gaze to conceal his emotions.

Suddenly, he uttered, "Tiffany, I intend to make full use of my injury this time around. Boss doesn't remember Amelia anymore. Do you really want her to return to the country and get mistreated?"

Tiffany was stunned for a moment. She shot him a meaningful stare and asked cautiously, "What do you mean?"

A smile appeared on Kurt's pale face, and he answered, "It's nothing. I just want Amelia to stay here. I think she'll have a better life without the drama of prestigious families. Even if she were to keep me in her shadow, I would be willing to stay by her side for the rest of my life. However, I don't want her to go back to Tayhaven. We both know Boss will hurt her the moment she returns."

Tiffany fell silent.

Meanwhile, Kurt just kept staring at her silently while waiting for her response.

After a while, Tiffany shook her head and shrugged. "Kurt, you've overestimated me. What makes you think I'll be able to stop Amelia from returning to the country? She chooses her own path. I believe she had already considered the consequences of her decision to return. Since she has already decided, don't you think we should support her instead of tricking her?"

The smile on Kurt's face faded lightly. "Do you really want to see her get hurt?"

Tiffany mulled over it for a while and said, "It's not about what I want. If we were to keep her here when she insists on going back, don't you think she'll be unhappy for the rest of her life because of her entanglement with Oscar? Why don't we just let her go through whatever she needs to go through? We shall wish her nothing but happiness if she could fix her relationship with Oscar. If that didn't work out, I'll definitely wish both of you well."

After a pause, she added, "Now, will you just give her some space?"

Kurt merely shut his eyes in response.

Seeing that, Tiffany twitched her lips.

Then, Amelia and Tony arrived with an enormous basket. She could sense the tension in the air. Hence, she put the basket on the desk and asked, "What's with you guys? Did you guys have a fight?"

With that, she walked toward Kurt and smiled at him. In a gentle tone, she asked, "Kurt, are you still in pain? Do you want me to get the doctor?"

Kurt met her gaze, and he was charmed by her tenderness.

Tiffany then cleared her throat to interrupt the amorous moment. "Babe, I've already gotten the doctor to check on Kurt. The doctor said he's healing fine, so you can stop worrying." She paused for a chuckle and continued, "Didn't I say he's strong? He's not going to die from a gunshot."

Amelia shot her a weird look in response. "Did you guys fight?"

Tiffany froze momentarily before shrugging casually and asking, "Babe, why did you ask?"

Amelia gave it some thought and decided to just shake her head. She then opened the basket and took out the mushroom soup she made. She took a spoonful of the soup and blew on it before delivering it to the side of Kurt's mouth. "It took me a few hours to make this mushroom soup. Have a taste and see if you like it, okay?"

Kurt opened his mouth and drank the soup reflexively. Every time Amelia delivered a spoonful of soup to him, he would just open his mouth in response. Even if she were to feed him poison, he would swallow it down unhesitatingly.

That was the first time Amelia fed him food.

Kurt's heart raced wildly when he saw the woman he loved being so near to him. At the same time, he was staring at her. If I don't look at her now, I might not be able to do so anymore in the future.

As Tiffany was looking dubiously at Amelia feeding the mushroom soup to Kurt, she could sense the romantic tension between the both of them. What's on her mind?

Once Kurt had finished his mushroom soup and fallen asleep, Tiffany told Tony to watch Kurt before dragging Amelia out of the ward.

When they arrived at the stairs, Tiffany said directly, "Amelia, what are you trying to do? Do you not realize you're giving Kurt false hopes?"

Amelia lowered her gaze in response. Nobody could tell what was on her mind at that moment.

"Babe, what exactly is the matter with you? Are you going to accept Kurt? Are you not going back to the country anymore?" Tiffany asked a string of questions at once.

Hearing that, Amelia raised her helpless gaze and replied, "Tiff, I just want to take care of him. After all, he got injured because of me. I can't possibly sit on my hands now that he's lying in a hospital bed, can I?"

Tiffany choked for a moment. She then waved her hands dismissively and uttered in an angry tone, "Babe, what you're doing now is only going to give Kurt the wrong ideas. You're not doing anyone any good."

At that moment, Amelia's mind was a complete mess, and she was losing her composure. "What should I do, then? Everyone can see how well he treats me. I want to reject him, but he hasn't given me a chance to do so. He had even almost lost his life because of me. I can't possibly sit back and do nothing!"

She loved Oscar, but Kurt had done too much for her. She knew she couldn't just ignore his good intentions. If not for Oscar, I might even fall for Kurt. However, that's not the reality. I guess everything has to end here.

Upon hearing those words, Tiffany parted her lips, but she didn't know what to say.

Just like that, an awkward silence ensued.

After a long while, Tiffany took a deep breath and broke the silence by saying, "Babe, I'm sorry. I was too impulsive."

In response, Amelia also took a deep breath to compose herself. "I was at fault too," she uttered wearily.

The gunfight the night before and Kurt's surgery had kept her up the whole night. She felt exhausted from the guilt and pressure she was enduring.

"Tiff, I didn't act ambiguously on purpose to create misunderstanding. I was just trying to do everything I can to make it up to Kurt. Otherwise, my guilt might consume me," Amelia explained.

"I know what you mean. I was just afraid that your actions could give Kurt the wrong ideas. If that happens, he's going to suffer in the future," Tiffany voiced her concerns.

Amelia knew that could happen. Even so, she couldn't possibly ignore Kurt's well-being. He had already saved my life twice. Regardless of my intentions, I must take care of him.

"I understand."

"That's good. Forget about it. I'm not going to meddle in it anymore. If you could forget about Oscar, I think Kurt isn't that bad of a choice. Think about it, will you?"

In response, Amelia merely pursed her lips because she didn't know what to say.

"Let's get out of here. I was just kidding."

Amelia followed her back into the ward.

Due to Kurt's injury, Amelia had no choice but to delay her trip back to the country. She told Teddy about it, and he told her to not worry about anything because he would make the necessary arrangements on her behalf. After all, they still hadn't figured out who was the mastermind behind the shooting. Hence, it wasn't safe for Amelia to return to the country yet. The mastermind could easily send men over to the airport to finish the job they started.

Of course, Teddy wasn't going to tell Amelia that.

"Let Mr. Alfsen rest and recuperate, Amelia. Once I'm done with my work, I'll go over to check on him later tonight," Teddy said on the phone.

"All right. I'll hang up now," Amelia replied.

After hanging up the phone, Amelia went back to the ward, but she didn't see Tiffany and Tony around. Instead, she found Kurt trying to get off the bed.

By then, he had been hospitalized for five days. His body recovered relatively well, and he could sit up.

Seeing that he was trying to get up, Amelia quickly went over to him to help him. "Kurt, what do you need? I can help you."

"I'm good. I just want to go out in the open to get some fresh air. Push me out to get some sunlight, will you? I think I'm turning moldy," Kurt joked.

Amelia laughed and borrowed a wheelchair from the nurse to push him downstairs. They then stopped by a field where he sat in the wheelchair while Amelia sat on a bench.

Kurt lifted his head and slightly narrowed his eyes when he said, "Amelia, the past few days have been the happiest days of my life. Although I know you've only been taking care of me out of guilt, I'm thrilled. This is the first time we've been so close to one another. I know it's a selfish thing to do, but I've even thought of using my body as an excuse to keep you by my side. However, I can't do that because I know you won't be happy."

Amelia merely looked at him.

Kurt then widened his eyes and turned toward her. There, their eyes met. From Amelia's clear gaze, he could barely see his existence. Even though I had risked my life for her and disobeyed Oscar's orders, she never loved me right from the beginning.

With that in mind, he suddenly broke into a relaxed smile and said, "Amelia, if you had the slightest love for me, I would do everything in my power to keep you by my side. Unlike Boss, I know how to appreciate you. I would cherish you and protect you from ever getting hurt. Unfortunately, that's not what you want."

Amelia smiled and replied, "Kurt, you're an incredible man. If not for Oscar, I would've fallen for you. If you don't mind, we can be a family from now on. Relationships change, but familial bonds will never change."

Hearing that, Kurt lifted his hand to pat her head. "All right. We are family now."

Finally, Amelia smiled in relief. "Kurt, thank you for being so understanding."

Kurt concealed the sadness in his eyes and answered, "We're family now, remember? There's no need to thank me. No matter what you want, I'm willing to give it to you. I won't pressure you anymore. Hence, stop feeling guilty. Whatever I did, I did it willingly."

Amelia felt warmth in her heart.

Kurt then looked at her solemnly and said, "Amelia, since you can't reciprocate my feelings for you, I shall stay by your side as your family. Whenever you need me, I'll be there for you."

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 868

### Chapter 868 Flying Home

Tiffany arrived at the hospital to see Amelia and Kurt in the field. She could feel the change in the atmosphere between the both of them as a look of confusion flashed across her eyes. Tiffany walked over. "Hi, Amelia. Hi, Kurt!"

Amelia turned and looked at her. "You're here." Tiffany sat beside Amelia before placing the things in her hands on the chair. "Kurt, you look better now. I think you can be discharged in a few days."

"Tiffany, can you find out whether I could be discharged within these two days? I want to go home and rest. It's annoying to stay in the hospital and sniff the smell of Lysol all day." Kurt smiled.

"I can't make the decision on this. Ask Amelia. You got hurt because of her, so she is really worried about you. You have to get her permission to be discharged." Tiffany shrugged as she teased Amelia.

Kurt grinned as he turned and looked at Amelia.

Without surprise, Amelia stated firmly, "Kurt, you have not fully recovered yet. Why don't you stay in the hospital for another ten days? If the doctor says you are fine by then, we will get you discharged. Please don't argue with me. I won't let you go home now."

The trio sat there for about an hour before heading up. Tiffany opened the lunchbox she had brought and presented Kurt with a bowl of mushroom soup.

Kurt's brows furrowed as he took the soup and downed it in one sitting like it was some poison.

With the soup out of the way, Kurt spoke. "Tiffany, can you prepare some stir-fried food for me? I'm tired of drinking mushroom soup and don't want to drink it every day."

"Kurt, you're being ungrateful. I come back and forth every day bringing food for you. Yet, you dare to complain? Do you want to eat oatmeal and salad tomorrow?"

Kurt merely lay in bed quietly.

"All right. I'll cook something different tomorrow. You win!" Tiffany admitted defeat.

Kurt's mood brightened up as he smiled.

After Kurt fell asleep, Tiffany pulled Amelia outside.

"Babe, did you talk things through with Kurt? The atmosphere between you two is different now. It's no longer so suffocating," Tiffany whispered.

"We did. I told him I couldn't give him the love that he wanted. But, I will put him in my heart. He will be family to Tony and me!" A flash of complicated emotion appeared in Amelia's eyes. "Maybe he knows I can't love him that way, so he agreed. Kurt is a lovely person. I hope a woman who loves him unconditionally will appear soon to start a family with him."

"Good. It's great that your thoughts are out in the open. Don't keep things in your heart anymore. If you are unhappy, Kurt would be unhappy too," Tiffany comforted.

She pitied Kurt. Even though he knew the ending, he still followed them here without regret. What was more, he even took a bullet for Amelia. If they were in love, they would have been a compatible couple. Sadly, it was a one-sided love on Kurt's part. Maybe they should remain as a family and that would be the best resolution.

Amelia merely smiled in response. She was not oblivious to her feelings for Kurt. Amelia was moved by the many things that he had done for her. However, she had given all of her love to Oscar, so she could only suppress her fondness for Kurt. She wouldn't allow a third party to interfere in her relationship, so she could only let Kurt down. One party would always have to back out of a love triangle.

Tiffany told Amelia to head into Kurt's ward because she had to run to school for her scriptwriting class. She also promised that she would be back by nighttime.

Kurt stayed in the hospital for another ten days. Just as he felt like he was going to rot, Amelia asked the doctor for his opinion on whether Kurt could be discharged. After multiple promises and guarantees from the doctor that Kurt was fine, Amelia finally agreed to proceed with the discharge procedure.

Teddy was present on the day Kurt was discharged. He apologized sincerely, "Mr. Alfson, the suspect has been detained. He was going after me and a few others at the gala. I'm sorry for dragging Amelia into this mess and getting you shot in the process of you protecting her."

Kurt shook his head politely. "It's no big deal."

He was happy that he got to spend so many days being close to Amelia.

Teddy picked up the suitcase and left first with Tiffany, who had Tony in her arms.

After arriving home, Amelia helped Kurt sit down on the couch. She urged, "Kurt, are you sure you are feeling fine? Don't hold it in if you are feeling uncomfortable."

Kurt smiled. Warmth filled his heart as Kurt fixed his gaze on Amelia, who was busy trying to make him feel comfortable.

I know as time passes, I'll get to spend less time with her. However, I still couldn't help but wish for these days to become longer, so I could get more time to be around Amelia.

"Why are you staring at me?" Amelia was amused by Kurt's action.

Kurt retracted his gaze, shaking his head.

Amelia smiled. She didn't put much thought into deciphering the meaning behind Kurt's gaze. Instead, Amelia and Tiffany went to the farmer's market to buy a lot of ingredients so they could cook for him to help Kurt regenerate his health.

That night, the four adults and one kid had their best time during dinner. Amelia even permitted Kurt to consume alcohol. It might be due to the happiness of discharging from the hospital or something else, but Kurt got himself drunk after three glasses of alcohol. Teddy had to help him into the room after that.

After that, Kurt lay on the bed, talking in his dream, mentioning Amelia's name at every turn.

Both Amelia and Tiffany who stood by the bed heard it.

Tiffany spoke. "Babe, even though Kurt looked suave and dashing, he is a loyal man. I'm afraid it's hard for him to fall in love with another woman after meeting you. You must live your life carrying his love in your heart."

Amelia frowned. She couldn't bear to see Kurt in such a pathetic state.

I shouldn't have allowed Kurt to follow us to Beshya back then. It was a big mistake on my part. Kurt's kindness toward me has become a burden eating my heart now.

Tiffany wrapped her arm around Amelia's shoulder and brought her outside. "You must be knackered after these few days. I'll take care of Kurt today."

With that, she let Tony hold Amelia's hand before the duo walked into the bedroom together. Then, she closed Kurt's bedroom door.

Tiffany propped her arms on her hips as she gritted her teeth. "Get up now, Kurt. Don't act drunk to mess with me. I'll ask Amelia to come over if you don't open your eyes when I count until three."

Just as Tiffany counted until two, the drunken Kurt opened his eyes. His eyes were clear, with no signs of intoxication.

Tiffany looked on with an expression that indicated she expected this outcome.

"Kurt, is it fun to act drunk? Are you happy that Amelia feels guilty toward you? You know she is in love with someone else. Yet, you are using the wound on your body as a tool for her to pity you. What do you want by doing that? You used to be a kind man around Amelia. Why are you being such a manipulative prick now? You told her you would treat her as family. Then, you go around and use her guilt to trap her so that she will stay with you. What a great job, Kurt!" Tiffany pointed at Kurt as she lectured him.

Kurt's eyes darkened. "Tiffany, I think I can be the one to make her happy. Don't you feel the same way?"

Tiffany paused, swallowing her unspoken words. The woman rapidly tried to search her mind for something to say. "Kurt, be honest with me. What are you trying to do?"

"I'm giving my love a fair chance. I love Amelia so much, yet I've always repressed my feelings. When we returned from Beshya, I'd already decided to protect her secretly in the dark. But the man didn't appreciate her. She is dumb to still want to head back. However, when there's a first time, there will be a second time. Do you think Amelia can stand it if the man returns to her side only to leave her again?"

Tiffany fell silent. Feeling conflicted, she furrowed her brows.

Kurt supported his head with one hand as he said in an overbearing tone, "Tiffany, you don't want her to return to the country to get herself hurt again. Why don't you advise her to stay instead of letting her suffer again?"

Tiffany peered at him with mixed emotions. He looked calm and unassuming usually. I have never expected him to be such an articulate person.

The storm of emotions in Tiffany's heart turned into a sudden chuckle. "Kurt, do you think I've never talked to her about this before? You know Amelia well. Even though she looks soft on the outside, she is strong-willed. She and Oscar have been through so much, and it's not something we outsiders could judge. If you really love her, you wouldn't use that as a reason to hold her back. She is willing to get herself hurt because she loves him. It's the same as you all ready to give up your life for her."

Kurt sat up in bed, staring at Tiffany. Suddenly, he bowed before her. Tiffany was shocked by his action.

"Kurt, what are you doing?" Tiffany reached out, wanting to pull him up. However, Kurt refused to get up.

"Tiffany, if you agree to help me persuade Amelia to stay, I will do anything for you!"

"I don't need you to do anything for me. I want you to get up now. If not, I'll ask Amelia to come over and look at your pitiful face now."

Kurt didn't move.

Tiffany was angered by Kurt forcing her to do something against her will. "Do whatever you please. I can't control your actions anyway. I was wrong about you. I didn't expect you to be so manipulative in trying to win Amelia's heart. I'm scared that you will even exploit and control Amelia one day." Tiffany looked at Kurt with a complicated expression before leaving with disappointment.

Kurt watched as Tiffany left and slammed the bedroom door. He swallowed his saliva, feeling like that was bitterness in his throat.

I want Amelia to be happier. Why does everyone think that I'm being delusional? I'm sure I can give her a happy life. I'm more loyal compared to Oscar. It's too bad no one noticed the sacrifices I made.

Kurt resorted to doing that because he feared Amelia would get hurt after returning to the country.

He let out a sigh. He knew that he had no way to stop Amelia from leaving now.

On the other side, Amelia had just put Tony to bed when she received Olivia's call.

"Amelia, I miss Tony. You told me that you were returning to the country one month ago. I think you should be back now." Olivia remarked through the phone in a displeased tone.

Amelia rubbed her head. She explained helplessly, "Mom, I'll be back after some time. Kurt is hurt. I can't abandon him and return to the country now."

The other end of the line fell silent.

"Amelia, be honest with me. Are you in love with Kurt? He was with you when you left the country twice. Only a three-year-old child would believe it if you say nothing is going on between you and him. Maybe Oz is not as important as he used to be to you. That's why you didn't care that he was about to get married to Isabella, right?" Olivia's voice rang through the phone after a long moment.

Amelia felt her heart stop as numbness overwhelmed her. With difficulty, she questioned, "Is he... going to marry Isabella?"

Olivia's voice was frosty as she mocked, "Yea. I thought you were having so much fun abroad that you can't find your way home!" However, the next moment, Olivia's tone changed. Her voice softened, "Amelia, I thought you were still in love with Oz. That was why you chose to head overseas so that you could return to him again. I didn't expect you to disappoint me. I can't stop Oz and Isabella from becoming a couple because Oz protected her fairly well. Owen and I would never fall out with him over a woman. That's not what we want. If you are still in love with Oz, come back now. If not, I wouldn't mind if he married Isabella. At least, Isabella really loves him from what we can see."

Amelia's mind was thrown into chaos by Olivia's words. She took a deep breath before saying, "Mom, I'll be back tomorrow."

"I hope you're a woman of your word. I'll wait for your return." Olivia hung up directly after saying that.

Amelia placed her phone back on the study table. With her eyes on Tony's calm sleeping face, she leaned in and kissed his lips.

“Tony, I’m heading back home. I will make sure your daddy remembers our time together!” Amelia whispered.

Tony’s response was a series of soft snores in his deep slumber.

Amelia announced the news to Kurt and Tiffany the next day.

Tiffany didn’t look surprised, while Kurt’s expression was somber and complicated.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 869

### Chapter 869 Getting Oscar Back

Kurt immediately stood up from the couch. Amelia cast him a conflicted look. A glint of guilt flashed across her eyes.

She felt sorry for Kurt about her return to Chanaea. I am in debt to him for the rest of my life.

Although she treated him as her beloved family, she knew he did not want such familial love from her. He wanted to be with her and protect her instead.

Thinking of that, she could only apologize to the man inwardly. “Amelia, which date are you planning to go back? I’ll help to book a flight ticket online,” said Kurt gently.

“Three in the afternoon today. I’ve already booked the flight ticket for all of us.” She avoided his sad eyes as she spoke.

Kurt smirked at her reply. It turns out that Amelia is not here to discuss it with me but to inform me. I’ve underestimated my place in her heart, after all.

“It’s good that you’ve already booked the flight tickets. Else, I may not be able to get us the tickets for this afternoon. I’ll go and pack my things now. We will leave at one thirty in the afternoon.” With that, he headed upstairs briskly.

Amelia stared at the man’s back and heaved a sigh.

Seeing that, Tiffany only gave her a look and did not press the matter.

Amelia had already informed Teddy the night before that she had decided to return to the country. That was when he asked her to make a trip to Atlas Corporation.

After leaving Tony in Tiffany's care, Amelia went to the office alone. There, Teddy appointed her as the company's spokesperson in Chanaea and also the branch office's director of design. Since the management already approved both the positions, everything would take effect once she returned to Chanaea and reported for duty.

Amelia accepted the offer and left the office with Teddy.

"Thank you, Teddy. I'll go back first. Do drop by Chanaea when you have the time. I'll treat you to the most delicious Chanaen food," she said with a smile.

"I already had enough delicious Chanaen food in the past few months. By the way, can you do me a favor since I'm your mentor and also your boss? I need you to talk good about me in front of Tiff. I'll go to Chanaea once I've settled all the things here. I want to pursue her." Teddy beamed.

Amelia shrugged her shoulders in response.

"I'm afraid I can't help you with this favor, and you have to fight for it yourself, Teddy. As I have told you earlier, someone lives in Tiff's heart. You must put in a lot of effort if you want her to accept you. But I'm sure you can do it because you are a very charming and humorous man. Best of luck!" she praised Teddy.

"All right. Travel safely. Please send my regards to Oscar. He's so blessed to have an intelligent and conscientious wife like you. If I'm given a chance, I'm willing to exchange such a wife with everything I have." Teddy gave Amelia a passionate hug as he spoke.

She hugged him back at the same time, feeling grateful to him.

After bidding Teddy goodbye, Amelia returned home. Kurt walked over when he saw her.

"Amelia, I've asked someone to investigate Boss. He will attend a charity gala together with his partner two days later. All the senior management of Atlas Corporation's branch offices have already received the invitation. If you wish to attend the event, I can accompany you." Kurt stared at Amelia.

Although Amelia was smiling, a conflicted look flashed across her gaze.

"Are you no longer mad at me?" she asked.

“As I have said, I’ll support all the decisions you made. I was not mentally prepared when you told me that you would return to Chanaea today. That was why I had a negative reaction. Don’t take it to heart,” Kurt explained.

A slither of guilt rose in Amelia’s heart when she heard that.

She avoided the man’s dark gaze and said apologetically, “I’m sorry, Kurt. Oscar is going to marry Isabella, so I must go back no matter what. I love him deeply and am willing to give up my life for him. I’m so sorry…”

Kurt smiled bitterly, thinking that he had overestimated himself. It seems I don’t have a chance at all. I thought I would deserve a chance by coming abroad with you.

Amelia cleared her throat before continuing, “I don’t want to lie to you, Kurt. I appreciate everything you’ve done for me, but someone has occupied my heart before you. There’s no space left in my heart anymore. I will treat you as a beloved family who is irreplaceable.”

A wry smile spread across Kurt’s face when he heard that.

“Amelia, can I hug you?” he pleaded.

She hesitated for a moment but nodded her head in the end.

Holding her in his arms, he kissed the top of her head as if she was a rare treasure. Soon, his eyes reddened.

“Amelia, I promised you I would be your indestructible family member. What am I to do? I can’t accept such familial love. If possible, I want to force you into submission by confining you to my side.” Kurt rested his chin on her head. His voice was hoarse. “I don’t care if you will hate me. But in the end, I can’t bear to see you be aggrieved. Fine. If you want to get Boss back, I’ll help you. I’ll give you a surprise when you return to Chanaea. Trust me. Boss will not marry Isabella.”

Amelia did not understand what Kurt meant and would only know what the surprise was after she took the flight and returned to the country.

The vehicle Kurt arranged beforehand had already waited for them at the airport when they got off the plane.

He opened the car door for Amelia and passed Tony over after she entered the car.

Then, he sat in the front passenger seat and told the driver their destination. The driver nodded in response and drove steadily.

Kurt had purchased a condominium secretly. When they arrived at his condominium, he helped Amelia and the others to put away their luggage.

“Amelia, I’ve already got the housekeeper to clean up this place. Both Tiffany and you may stay here in the meantime. Don’t worry for it’s safe here. No one can enter this condominium unless that person is a resident here or a visitor brought in by a resident.”

Amelia nodded in response. “Thank you, Kurt.”

Wow! He only takes one day to arrange all of this. I owe him more favors now.

“Well, I did all of this at my own will. I can tell Tony is exhausted. Why don’t you bring him upstairs to sleep? I’ll accompany you to the charity gala tomorrow night. Are you ready for that?” Kurt added.

Amelia nodded before explaining, “I’ve already contacted the people at the branch office. I’ll report for duty tomorrow and attend the charity gala as a representative in the evening.”

Kurt nodded in acknowledgment.

After chatting for a little while, he let Amelia bring Tony to rest upstairs.

Tiffany hurried behind her upon seeing that.

“Amelia, which charity gala are you going to attend tomorrow night? I don’t think I have heard about it from you before,” she asked.

“It was held by Wilbur Ferguson, the founder of Primo Foundation, to gather a bunch of affluents from the upper class for fundraising. Initially, I had no intention of going, but Kurt told me that Oscar would be there. That’s why I want to go there. I miss him,” said Amelia, lowering her gaze. In fact, she could not wait any longer to see Oscar. Even though she might end up witnessing a heartbroken scene, she did not mind it at all.

During the year she spent abroad, her memory of Oscar did not vanish but became clearer. She would think about him in the dead of night, which made her heart ache.

“Do you still want to be there even if he’s taking Isabella to the charity gala tomorrow night?” asked Tiffany.

"Isn't that what we've expected?" Amelia flashed her a smile. She had been through too many things that made her physically and mentally strong. Therefore, she would face everything with an open heart except death.

"I knew you would say that. Well, as long as you're happy. I'm going with you tomorrow night." Tiffany paused before continuing, "I think Mr. Zabriskie mentioned to me about attending the charity gala before. Hmm... I should be able to get an invitation card from him."

Upon hearing that, Amelia nodded at her with a smile.

After having a good night's sleep, Amelia and Tiffany went to a premium hair salon to get their hair done the next day. Then, they went to choose their evening gowns specifically for the charity gala.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 870

### Chapter 870 A Fight

That night, Amelia put on a low-cut red gown and tied her hair into a bun. She went to the charity gala together with Tiffany and Kurt.

When they arrived, almost half of the guests turned their attention to them. Admiration flashed across the men's gazes. Those who recognized Amelia didn't bother hiding their surprise.

A year ago, Oscar announced that he had gotten a divorce from Amelia. The Walker family's eldest daughter, Isabella, then showed up by his side. As part of the upper-class society, they knew some couples acted all lovey-dovey but hid the fact that their marriages weren't harmonious at all. Thus, they weren't surprised to hear that Oscar got married or even got a divorce. Nevertheless, everyone was curious about where Amelia went. After the divorce was announced, she seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth. Now that she had shown up at the charity gala dressed in a sexy red gown, everyone had the urge to gossip. They wanted to know how she would deal with Oscar and Isabella when the couple showed up later.

The crowd grew excited as they looked forward to watching a good show tonight. Some guests who didn't know about Amelia noticed how gorgeous and elegant she was. They started asking who she was.

While those who knew what happened explained that Amelia was the ex-wife of the heir of Clinton Corporations. They got married and divorced twice, so their relationship was rather complicated. Alas, they went their separate ways.

The guest who wasn't in the know got curious. "Ms. Walker is all right, but she isn't as charming as this ex-wife. I wonder what Mr. Clinton was thinking. How could he dump his gorgeous wife and went after an obviously ill-tempered socialite?"

The other guest snorted. "Perhaps he got bored and wanted a change. That's the people in the upper-class society for you. Many couples might look loving but they are faking it. Maybe we can get to see how she gets Mr. Clinton back later. Life has been boring lately. I think it's interesting that we get to gossip about them. Just relax. Don't worry about the gorgeous lady. It isn't your place to worry about her."

The guest who didn't know anything grinned and sipped on his champagne. However, he kept looking at Amelia from the corner of his eye, thinking that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life.

Tiffany inched nearer to Amelia and chuckled. "Amelia, all eyes are on you tonight."

Amelia's lips curled into a smile that didn't reach her eyes. She quickly scanned the crowd in the hall to discover that Oscar had yet to arrive.

She was both delighted and nervous to meet him later. In fact, she was scared of seeing something that might upset her.

When her gaze landed on Oscar and Isabella who came in together, she was no longer afraid and gazed fervently at Oscar, whose expression was sterner after a year of not seeing each other.

As if sensing her gaze, Oscar turned over his shoulder and glanced at her. An unfathomable glint flashed across his eye.

Isabella sensed Oscar's change and looked in the direction he was looking too. Her eyes narrowed in surprise at the sight that greeted her. At once, she raised her hand and held Oscar's arm in a possessive manner.

"Oscar, let's meet Mr. Ferguson now. He sent his men to invite you personally, so you should meet him," Isabella said softly.

Oscar looked away and gave her a nod.

Isabella's eyes crinkled in laughter as she went to Wilbur with Oscar. When the latter wasn't paying attention, she shot Amelia's direction a displeased look as fear rose in her heart. Why did Amelia return to the country after one year of living abroad?

Beside Amelia, Tiffany glared at Isabella.

"I don't think Isabella has changed much. She is only good at using tricks," Tiffany sneered.

Amelia merely pursed her lips.

"Tiff, don't forget how she used those tricks to steal Oscar from me. I think Oscar has lost some weight. I wonder if he got so busy with work and didn't eat on time," Amelia replied worriedly. When she remembered that Kurt was still with her, she hid the look of concern and looked elsewhere.

Tiffany's lips twitched, for she didn't think it was a big deal. Oscar was an adult who was perfectly capable of taking care of himself. It was Amelia who got too worried and treated Oscar like a son. That was why she purposely ignored the intimacy between Oscar and Isabella.

Does she really not care? Or is she merely pretending to be tough before me?

Amelia's gaze was fixed on Oscar.

"Amelia, Mr. Ferguson has shown up. You and Tiffany should go meet him while I hide and protect you secretly. Boss is here, so I can't show my face." Kurt finally spoke up after staying silent the whole while.

A year ago, he left his post without notifying anyone and went overseas. It wasn't a secret in the organization anymore. However, Oscar didn't send anyone after him. He didn't know what Oscar had in mind, but it was obvious he had to be punished severely if he were to return this time. There might be a possibility he would end up crippled. Nevertheless, it was worth it if he could cause Isabella trouble and buy some time for Amelia.

Since I can't spend the rest of my life with her, I shall help her out in secret. Huh, I'm willing to sacrifice myself.

Meanwhile, Amelia was immersed in her thoughts as she was about to talk to Oscar soon. Thus, she didn't notice Kurt's determined expression. She had no idea how much

he had sacrificed for her. Those who left the organization without notifying anyone in advance would be punished severely. Therefore, his future was bleak.

However, Kurt would never let her find out about his fate.

Amelia glanced at Kurt and bobbed her head.

She went over with Tiffany and gave the elderly man in a wheelchair a polite bow.

“Mr. Ferguson, I’m the new director of Atlas Corporation’s local branch, Royce Technologies. I’m honored to represent my company to attend tonight’s gala. I heard that you love drinking coffee so I have prepared some Black Ivory Coffee for you. I hope you’ll like it,” Amelia said as she offered him a pleasant smile.

Wilbur’s assistant took the gift from her.

Wilbur lifted his head to look at Amelia. He might be in a wheelchair, but his years of experience gave him the upper hand in such a situation.

“You should be Oscar’s other half.” Wilbur glanced at Oscar before returning his attention to Amelia. “Did you get a divorce? When did that happen?”

Unfazed, Amelia responded, “I can’t believe you still recognize me, Mr. Ferguson. After all, we’ve only met once years ago. Mr. Clinton and I got a divorce a year ago due to irreconcilable differences. He’s with Ms. Walker now.”

Something appeared in Oscar’s gaze when he heard her words as he was standing not far away. He shot her a look.

Wilbur nodded.

“So you and Oscar got a divorce. You’re a good person. Look at how pretty and polite you are. I quite like you, but Oscar isn’t lucky enough to stay married to you,” he commented.

Isabella’s expression changed as she gritted her teeth silently.

“Mr. Ferguson, I am Oscar’s fiancée now. We’re going to get married soon. Won’t you give us your blessings?” Isabella asked as she did her best to tamp down her irritation.

Wilbur gave Isabella an assessing look before his lips curled into a meaningful smile.

“Oscar, your taste in women has gotten worse. However, you’ve made a decision, so I have no choice but to give you my blessings,” he said.

Oscar wore a poker face, but Isabella grew increasingly upset.

How dare the old b\*stard say that? I only showed him respect because of his old age!

Isabella wanted to fly into a fit of rage, but she didn’t lose control of herself and lashed out at Wilbur. Otherwise, she would be labeled a bad-tempered b\*tch and also humiliates Oscar in public. Besides, Amelia would also get to watch her embarrass herself.

“Oscar, I see some elders whom our company works with. Let’s go greet them,” Isabella suggested politely.

Oscar glanced in the direction she pointed and nodded in agreement.

“Mr. Ferguson, I shall greet the others and come back to you later,” he said.

Wilbur bobbed his head.

Both Oscar and Isabella walked away with their arms wrapped around each other. Amelia merely gave them a brief glance before looking away.

Wilbur threw her a glance like he was sussing her out.

“Amelia, you should greet those people, too. I believe you met them previously when you were Oscar’s wife. It won’t be awkward,” Wilbur told her.

Caught off guard, Amelia gave Wilbur a confused look. She noticed the cheekiness in his gaze and promptly understood that he was helping her create an opportunity.

Amelia had no idea why he chose to help her, but his action left a favorable impression on her. He’s pure-hearted, huh?

“Mr. Ferguson, please excuse me. I shall return later to chat with you.” Amelia flashed a smile.

Wilbur only nodded gently.

With that, Amelia and Tiffany went over as told.

A vicious look flashed across Isabella's eyes when she spotted them. She was on the verge of losing her temper. It would only take a little effort to ignite her anger.

"Ms. Winters, what a coincidence. Even if you are in dire need of a man, you shouldn't throw yourself onto someone else's fiancé," Isabella managed between gritted teeth.

Amelia merely smiled in response.

Isabella's fury heightened instantly. Her fight with Amelia made her look like a child trying to cause trouble. She felt as though she was punching on cotton as Amelia remained calm.

Ignoring Isabella's scowl, Amelia beamed and greeted the elders she was introduced to back when she was still Oscar's wife.

"Amelia, you're back. I heard Olivia say you went overseas to continue your studies. Indeed, you've grown more charming," the wife of Champer Group's chairman, Rhonda, greeted her warmly. Rhonda might be in her sixties but still looked her prime as she took care of herself well. The lady was also a good friend of Olivia and had heard of Isabella. Thus, she didn't have a good impression of Isabella and only did the bare minimum. Nevertheless, she looked rather enthusiastic to see Amelia tonight.

"Hello, Mrs. Champer. I only returned two days ago and immediately reported to work. I was busy moving house and other stuff, so I didn't have time to pay you a visit. Tonight, I'm here at the charity gala representing Royce Technologies. I instantly came over to greet you when I saw you here," Amelia explained politely. Compared to Isabella, who was ignored by everyone, she looked as charming as ever. "It has been a year since we last met, but you look younger now. Both you and Mr. Champer don't look like you're in your sixties. In fact, you look like you're in your forties. People will believe me if I tell them you're my sister."

Rhonda beamed happily.

"Look how sweet Amelia is, Darling. No wonder Olivia misses her so much. If I were in her place, I would adore such a daughter-in-law too." She was flattered.

Isabella's scowl deepened.

I'm the future Mrs. Clinton, but they ignored me and lavished praises on Amelia. Do they think I'm dead? I can't stand it any longer.

"Please don't say that Mrs. Champer," Amelia responded cheerfully.

Isabella tugged at Oscar, but he only looked at her without showing any intention of siding with her.

At that, Isabella clenched her jaw. What the hell!

She took a deep breath and decided to take action.

"Mrs. Champer, I'm Oscar's fiancée. I believe we've sent our wedding invitation to the Champer family. Please come to our wedding with Mr. Champer," she said warmly.

After a pause, she turned to Amelia as her smile grew wider. "You're welcome too, Ms. Winters. It's just that I'm afraid you'll feel awkward attending the wedding ceremony as Oscar's ex-wife."

Amelia's fingers twitched, but she kept a calm front.

"Congratulations," she said calmly.

A smug look gleamed in Isabella's eyes.

Amelia, no matter what you do, I'm the one who ends up with Oscar. So what if the rest don't approve of me? I shall let them see that I'm the one who suits Oscar the most. I will help boost Oscar's career as his wife. You will only be someone he met in his life. You won't be of any importance to him anymore.

Deep down, she was proud and wicked.

Oscar merely looked at Amelia.

At the same time, Amelia gazed at Oscar.

"Oscar, we haven't met for a year. How are you? I see that you've lost weight. Don't forget to eat on time even though you're busy with work," she said with a smile.

Oscar seemed touched.

For the past year, he kept dreaming about Amelia. In his dreams, they seemed like an intimate couple. He loved giving her back hugs and pressing kisses on her nape, calling her his adorable little princess.

Every time, he would laugh in his dreams. Alas, he would always forget almost everything after waking up save for the scene where she pleaded with him to remember her as soon as possible.

Confused, he tried hard to remember his relationship with Amelia. He seemed to have realized that he was living in a dream someone had woven for the past year. Nevertheless, he just couldn't break free no matter how much he struggled.

Despite remembering that Isabella was his loved one, he didn't have any desire to touch her. Isabella did complain, but he told her they would only have sex after their marriage as he wanted the best for her.

He knew it was just an excuse, but he just couldn't bring himself to touch her. Every time she wanted to take a step closer, he would come up with an excuse to say no. He didn't even know why he would react that way.

Once, Isabella burst into tears and asked if he no longer loved her, but he denied it.

Many people told him that Isabella wasn't his lover, and that was completely different from what he remembered. He kept investigating his past but failed to discover anything. Most of the memories he had were related to Isabella.

Oscar couldn't differentiate between what was true and what was false. Thus, when Isabella cried pitifully and asked to marry him, he thought about it and decided that it was unfair for him to think about another woman. Out of guilt, he finally caved in and agreed to marry her.

"Oscar, let's go grab a bite. I'm a little hungry," Isabella urged as she held onto Oscar's arm tightly so he wouldn't look at Amelia. She sensed the glint in Oscar's eyes and couldn't help but grow nervous. At once, she tried to get Oscar to focus on her.