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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 363 - 364

Chapter 363 Throwing A Tantrum

Amelia put on a stern look and tried her best to look at Tony. "Tony, if you keep talking nonsense, I'm going to get angry."

Hearing that, Tony pouted. "Daddies and mommies should stay together," he whispered. "That's how it's supposed to be. But you and daddy aren't staying together, and you guys never even hold hands. You're not like the other couples."

Amelia could feel a migraine working its way up her head. She had no idea how a two-year-old toddler could possibly know anything about relationships. He's already great with numbers, and he can think really fast. I should really get him tested and see if he's a genius or something.

If anyone were to ask her how she felt about dealing with a two-year-old toddler, she would tell them that being smart was fine for children, but not if they were too smart. It would make her life that much more difficult.

Amelia waved at Tony, motioning him to come over to her. Once the boy did as he was told, she hunkered down to look at him eye to eye.

"Anthony, I need to make something clear," Amelia uttered, still as stern as ever. "Your godfather and I are just friends. Good friends, yes, but that doesn't mean we're a couple. But he is one of the most important people in my life, so stop trying to match us up. It'll make things awkward for the both of us, all right?"

Anthony might be smart, but he was still just a child. He was unable to comprehend the machinations of the adult world. The boy looked at his mother naively. "But the TV shows always say that only a couple would live together. Since you and Daddy are living under the same roof, why doesn't that make you a couple?"

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Hearing that, Amelia could feel her migraine worsen. God. All these TV shows and their stupid tropes. I should really watch what they air from now on. Amelia gave it some thought before answering, "Tony, I'm going to cut your TV time. Not everything they tell you in the shows is true."

Anthony's eyes were glinting brightly, but there was confusion and slight sadness within them. He turned around to Kurt—who was silent—and asked, "Daddy, are you really not gonna marry Mommy?"

Kurt tensed up a little as he stole a glance at Amelia. Noticing the look of struggle on her face, he felt sad about it. Even so, he replied, "I will marry your mother, Tony. That is a promise."

Anthony's eyes sparkled smugly. Since Amelia was looking elsewhere, he gave Kurt a thumbs up. Good one, Daddy! Keep this up, and Mommy will be yours in no time.

Amelia noticed what Anthony was doing, and she had to admit that her boy had turned out to be quite the mischievous character.

Tony leaned back against Amelia. "Daddy said he's going to woo you, Mommy. You can't say no, all right? I like him, and I want us to be together. I don't want any other guy to take you away. I just want Daddy to be your husband."

Even though Amelia looked annoyed, she could not tell the ugly truth right in front of Kurt. The latter had helped her a lot, so she could not just brush it off and say he was just a good friend. She had accepted all his help, but she could never take it for granted.

Now that Anthony was matching them up, Amelia realized she had just gotten herself into a sticky situation.

She was occupied by her own thoughts and didn't eat much, much to Kurt's worry. "Oh, you don't like these, Amelia? Why don't I make you a plate of pasta then?"

Shaking her head, Amelia responded, "It's fine. I just don't feel like eating, that's all. You guys go ahead."

Anthony looked up and asked sweetly, "Did I make you angry, Mommy?"

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"Not at all, sweetie." Amelia smiled. "Dig in. I'll stay here with you."

Anthony nodded.

After lunch, Amelia got Anthony to go to bed. Then she asked Tiffany to take her out and ask Kurt to have a seat. It was time to have their first honest talk.

"Don't take what I said to heart, Kurt. You've helped a ton over this year and a half, and you're like family to me. But now that I'm blind, all I want to do is raise Tony up. I'm not interested in getting into any relationship at the moment. After all, I can't even take care of myself, so it's best I don't drag anyone down with me into this mess," she said.

Gazing at her, Kurt replied, "I don't care. Taking care of you is my job. As long as you're willing to date me, I'll become your eyes and tell you about all the breathtaking scenery this country has to offer."

Kurt was never great at flirting, but even a man like him could change when he was facing someone he loved. In this case, it was Amelia.

Amelia started getting worried. "You don't have to do this, Kurt. I'm not worth your time. I have someone I love, so I can't possibly accept someone else. You don't have to waste your time on a blind woman like me."

"You're a great woman. The most beautiful one I've ever seen," Kurt uttered adamantly.

Amelia was starting to feel a bit frustrated by Kurt's insistence. "Kurt, you know what I'm trying to say."

"Yes, I do," Kurt said with a nod. "But just because I know what you're trying to say doesn't mean I have to do it. As long as you're still not married, I still stand a chance. Tony was just saying my thoughts out loud."

At that, a complicated look flashed across Amelia's face. I can't believe it. Kurt actually became smarter after hanging out with Anthony. Sometimes I wonder who's the bad influence here.

Kurt gave Tiffany a look that told her to make some space for them. The latter was happy to match a couple up, so she went off to keep an eye on Anthony.

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A smile curled Kurt's lips, and he strode up to Amelia. Then he held her shoulders and stated seriously, "Amelia, I don't need you to forget about the boss, nor would I even try to become a part of your life. All I want is for you to stop rejecting me and give me a chance. Let me prove that I can take care of you."

Amelia knew Kurt would not change his mind no matter what she had to say, so she decided not to waste her time. Pushing his hand away gently, she announced, "I'm tired, Kurt. I need to get some sleep."

Hearing that, Kurt was crestfallen, but he cheered himself up a moment later. "I'll take you in."

The woman didn't refuse his help. After sending Amelia to her room, Kurt walked out.

Inside the room, Tiffany was patting Anthony, but her eyes were trained on his mother. "You're done talking?"

Amelia was sitting on the edge of the bed. After due consideration, she finally came to a decision. "Tiffany, we should move somewhere else. I don't want to give Tony any false hope."

Upon hearing that, Tiffany sat up straighter and stared at Amelia. "Babe, are you planning on abandoning Kurt?"

Amelia said nothing, but her silence was an answer in and of itself as well.

Tiffany sneered. "I never expect you to be such an ingrate, Babe. Kurt has helped you out when you needed it the most, but now that you've finally settled down, you decide to kick him out of your life? How could you even do that to him?"

Amelia stared at the ground, looking sad. "Tiff, you know why I'm doing this. I don't want to keep owing him any more favors."

"You're still single and unwed, and so is he. You don't have to feel awkward about him trying to court you. Don't tell me you're still waiting for Oscar to come looking for you? Wake up and smell the coffee, will you? If he really cares about you, he would have been searching high and low a long time ago, but we heard nothing from him."

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Amelia's face fell. Clenching her fists, she loosened them up right after. Then, she took a deep breath to hold her anger down, but the veins on her neck were starting to pop.

"I'm tired, Tiff. I need to get some sleep. We'll talk about this after we calm down a little." With that, Amelia lay down on the bed and pulled her blanket up, then she pretended to sleep.

Amelia's childish tantrum annoyed Tiffany, but she could only laugh about it. I am calm. You're the one who's getting worked up.

"Fine. If you're sleeping, then I'm sleeping too." Tiffany decided to throw a tantrum as well. Two can play the game. With that, she went to Anthony's room, but since they were both angry, it was impossible for them to get a wink of sleep that night.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 364

Chapter 364 Estranged Relationship

When a phone rang, Anthony took the phone and ran over to pounce on his mother. "It's from Amelia, Mommy!" he informed.

Taking the phone from him, Amelia greeted, "Hey, Amelia. Are you in Saspiuburg now?"

"I'm home already, Amelia. I was talking to Mom, so I forgot to call you. Sorry about that. So how's it going? Did you take good care of yourself while I was gone? Did Tony drive you up the wall?" Amelia blabbered happily.

"Tony has been on his best behavior. Tell Mrs. Hutton I said hi," she said gently. "Is she feeling better now?"

"Oh, Mom's fine. She just overthinks a lot of stuff since she has a lot of time on her hands now. Someone has to stay around and act as a distraction."

"And that's going to be your job. Stay with her, all right?"

"I will, Amelia. Oh, and I'll be back in two weeks. Sorry for the delay."

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“Oh, we’re not in a hurry here. Stay with your parents. Spend more time with them. They aren’t getting any younger, so they need their children to be with them.”

“Amelia, won’t you miss me if I stay in Saspiuburg for too long?”

Amelia chuckled. “I do miss you, but it hasn’t been too long since we met, so your family takes priority here.”

“Okay, then.”

“You should be spending time with your mother now. I’ll ask Tiffany to make a feast for you once you come back.”

“Oh, that sounds wonderful, Amelia. You’d better not forget about that.”

“It’s just a little feast. It’ll take more than that for me to go back on my word.”

They made some small talk and hung up a while later.

At that moment, Tiffany came over, holding two glasses of milk in her hand. She gave one to Anthony and the other to Amelia. “Babe, it’s almost nighttime. Are you still mad at me?”

Amelia held the glass, the warmth of the milk warming her hand up. “I was never mad at you, Tiff,” she answered with a smile. “I know you were just saying all that for my own good.”

Tiffany looked at her, then at Kurt, who was still working in the kitchen. Then she changed the topic. “Forget it. I don’t want to talk about this. Since you’re not interested in romance, we’ll put it aside for now. Was that Amelia just now?”

Amelia nodded in response.

“What did she say?”

“She’s at her home in Saspiuburg. We made small talk, and I told her to say hi to her parents for me.”

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Tiffany nodded pensively. "Amelia, don't you think your 'sister' is a bit too friendly to you? She thinks of you as her own sister and acts as though the two of you are real siblings as well. Haven't you realized that she's being too nice to you?"

Amelia paused for a moment to process that piece of information. She then recalled Rory telling her about Amelia plucking her hair once.

Most people would only do that because they want to perform a DNA test. Amelia can't really be my sister, right?

The moment that thought popped up, Amelia laughed it off.

Tiffany voiced her question out, "Amelia, do you think she actually thinks that you're related to her?"

"That is impossible, Tiffany."

"But what if it's true?"

"Even if it is true, what do you want us to do? Tell the truth and be a happy family?"

"Well, that's not a bad idea if you're actually her real sister."

"Tiff, I'm already thirty years old. I've been married, divorced, and have a kid. I don't need any more family on my side, not to mention the Huttons might not be so keen on adding another person to their roster. It's too unpredictable for me to jump in, and I don't want to ruin my quiet life. Please don't bring this up ever again," Amelia voiced her opinion and shook her head.

Shrugging, Tiffany didn't keep pressuring Amelia anymore.

The Huttons lived in the most extravagant villa available in Saspiuburg. It was resplendent and beautifully decorated. There was a fake mountain, a mini waterfall, a little forest, and actual maids in maid attire.

The male servant placed a glass of freshly squeezed fruit juice on the small table and uttered politely, "Enjoy the juice, Madam. Enjoy, Miss Amelia."

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Amelia waved the servant down and handed the glass of warm juice to her mother, who was resting her eyes. "Have some fruit juice, Mom."

Fluttering her eyes open, the woman took the glass of juice to have a little sip.

On closer inspection, the woman looked slightly like Amelia Hutton, but more precisely, she shared a similar face with Amelia Winters, especially the eyes. Their eyelashes looked exactly the same, but the woman had a sickly look on her face, and she was slightly thinner than the younger one. However, she kept herself well, and not a wrinkle was seen on her face. Every movement she made radiated elegance.

Amelia looked at her mother, feeling worried about her. "Mom, you haven't been taking care of yourself, haven't you? You don't look so good."

Eleanor put the glass of juice on the table. "People my age have really shallow sleep. It's fine," she mumbled.

Still staring at her mother, Amelia had something in her mind, but she wondered if she should say it out loud. After some consideration, she questioned, "Are you still missing Amelia, Mom?"

Eleanor's eyes widened in shock, and she shot a sharp look at Amelia, taking the latter by surprise. "What's wrong, Mom? Did I say something wrong?"

"Who told you about that? Why did you bring her name up? Your father and brother hate it when her name is mentioned. Never talk about her whenever they're around, or they're going to yell at you."

Hearing that, Amelia furrowed her brows. Her mother's reaction was making her curious. "Mom, but I have a sister. Why are you so scared about bringing that up? Don't you miss her, too?"

At that, Eleanor's face fell, and she lectured sternly, "You're still young. There are a lot of things you don't understand. Either way, do not mention her when your father and brother are around. I'm tired. I'll have to get some sleep."

Eleanor was about to scurry off to her room, but Amelia quickly gave chase and held her. "All right, all right. I'm sorry, Mom," she apologized humbly. "I'll stop talking about her. Look, the

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juice is nice. Why don't we share it? And you really should get some sun. You look really pale."

Only after Amelia promised she would not bring her sister up did Eleanor go back with her.

Refilling the glass with some juice, Amelia cracked some jokes for her mother. Not even once did she bring up her sister that had been absent in their lives for more than two decades. It was as if the argument earlier had never even happened.

Amelia and Eleanor had a good time chatting and joking away in the afternoon. When the sun set beyond the horizon, a servant came to inform them that Benjamin and Sean had come home. "Dinner is served, madam, miss." And then they went to the dining room.

"Daddy!" Amelia hugged her father when she came to the dining room. "Sean!" Then she hugged her brother as well.

The men smiled brightly at her, and Benjamin scraped her nose. "And I thought you've forgotten all about us. Beshya must have been fun for you, huh?"

"Yes, Daddy, but I would never forget about you. I miss you every day." Amelia swung her father's arm as though she was a child asking for a candy.

Benjamin smiled at her lovingly, while Eleanor pulled her shawl tighter around her. She seemed calm, apparently not in the mood to talk to anyone.

"Since you're back, you guys must be hungry. Let's start digging in." After everyone had taken their seats, Benjamin looked at his wife. "So, how was your day, Eleanor?"

Eleanor answered coolly, "Not bad. You and Sean are too busy with your work to care about me, but at least Amelia's willing to stay with poor old me."

A look of guilt flashed across Benjamin's eyes. "Why don't I take two weeks off? We can go on a trip overseas."

Shaking her head, Eleanor refused his offer, "Your work is very important. You don't have to give it all up just for me. I am fine with how I am now."

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The sarcastic remark brought the conversation to an abrupt end, and the atmosphere turned heavy all of a sudden.

Benjamin obviously looked stumped, but he said stiffly, "Dig in, everyone. Tell me if you want to go on a trip, Eleanor. I'll make time for it, I promise."

Eleanor nodded, but she said nothing to him. The four of them started having their dinner, but it was a somber occasion that evening, with the dark silence hanging in the air.

Eleanor knew she had another daughter besides Amelia. However, ever since Benjamin forbade anyone from looking for that abandoned girl and prohibited his wife from even thinking about her, Eleanor had never even smiled at him once. Their relationship was straining and cracking from the pressure, but it was obvious that Benjamin still loved Eleanor, though it was a pity Eleanor had lost a huge chunk of love for him.

Eleanor had always acted cold and indifferent whenever Benjamin tried to talk to her. No matter how much he tried to cheer her up, she always refused whatever offer he made.

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