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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 380

Chapter 380 Consumed By Jealousy

After glancing at Amelia, Tony returned his gaze to Oscar. "Since Mommy has taught me to be polite, I won't call you Big Meanie anymore. Instead, I'll just call you a monster."

Just as he spoke, everyone burst into laughter. Even Amelia and Oscar, who were perplexed over the situation, didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

After running back to Amelia's side, Tony looked at Oscar warily.

Having watched the entire episode, Derrick couldn't help but laugh. He then teased, "Mr. Clinton, it's really rare to see you being embarrassed."

When Oscar shot him a glare, Derrick shrugged before commenting, "Mr. Clinton, I'm sure you didn't come here just to be scorned by Tony."

Derrick was just reminding Oscar of the true purpose of his visit.

Returning to his seat, Oscar pulled Amelia into his arms and explained, "Amelia, I have found a donor with a compatible cornea for you. So, you should start packing, as we will be traveling to Anglandur tomorrow where James has already prepared everything. Once the operation is completed, you'll be able to see again."

Fingers twitching, Amelia was visibly struck by emotion.

Even though Tiffany was told of the news a few days ago, she still ran up to Oscar and reconfirmed excitedly, "Oscar, is it really true that you found a donor for Amelia?"

Glancing at her, Oscar replied in a serious tone, "There's no way I would fool around with something like that."

Giving Oscar a thumbs-up, she praised, "Mr. Clinton, despite not seeing you for the last two years, your methods are as sharp and decisive as ever."

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Only then did Oscar glance at Tiffany and remark thoughtfully, "I could say the same for how feisty you are. If I were to attack you, I'm sure you would be able to fend me off easily."

Laughing wryly, Tiffany conceded, "Mr. Clinton, it was nothing but a misunderstanding."

Feeling sidelined by their ongoing banter, Amelia Hutton stepped forward and interrupted, "Oscar, can I call you that?"

From Oscar's perspective, Amelia Hutton's attempted familiarity felt presumptuous to him.

Nevertheless, he couldn't bring himself to be angry at someone who looked like Amelia Winters. Hence, he lowered his gaze and asked, "Amelia, who is this?"

In response, Amelia discreetly tightened her grip on the sofa. Deep down, she could feel a sense of anxiety eating away at her. After all, Oscar fell for her precisely because she resembled Cassie in both looks and disposition. Now that everyone mentioned Amelia Hutton looked like her, she was worried that Oscar might channel his feelings toward Amelia Hutton instead.

Holding that thought, Amelia Winters laughed wryly to herself. Given that she and Oscar were divorced, she had no right to stop Oscar from loving someone else.

As Oscar held her hand and threaded his fingers with hers, Amelia struggled momentarily but didn't retract it for her own selfish reasons.

"Is she your biological sister? Given how we rushed through our marriage, I never had the opportunity to meet the rest of your family. To be honest, I should have done better over the years as your husband," Oscar commented.

"She's not my biological sister, just my godsister."

"I'm her sister."

Amelia Winters and Amelia Hutton replied at the same time.

When Oscar scrutinized Amelia Hutton, her heart couldn't resist fluttering at the attention. Just when she subconsciously wanted to put on a demure front, she realized that overdoing it would only make her look weird.

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“Oscar, what I meant was we acknowledged each other as sisters due to our resemblance. All this while, I thought Kurt was my ‘brother-in-law,’ but I didn’t expect it to be you. Therefore, I would like to welcome you as my ‘brother-in-law,” Amelia Hutton clarified.

After giving her another look, Oscar replied, “Both of you look like each other indeed. Nevertheless, Amelia is prettier than you and looks more dignified too.”

Despite being briefly stung by his words, Amelia Hutton quickly regained her composure.

“That’s what my mom said. But Oscar, you have hurt my feelings for ridiculing me. So don’t blame me for bad-mouthing you to Amy,” she retorted mischievously.

“Is that so? Looks like a lot has happened during the two years I wasn’t by Amelia’s side,” Oscar remarked indifferently.

After a brief pause, Oscar added, “Since Amelia has acknowledged you as her godsister, you are by default my godsister too. Usually, I’m not too friendly with the ladies, so you will have to forgive me for that. Nevertheless, if there’s anything you need, feel free to let me know, and I’ll help you deal with it.”

Covering her mouth, Amelia Hutton giggled.

“Oscar, I never expected you to have a sense of humor,” she answered cordially.

As the atmosphere in the room improved, there was a knock on the door. After Tiffany got the door and came back with the guest, Oscar’s eyes glistened at the figure behind her.

“Lia, who might this be?” Eleanor asked curiously when she saw Amelia in Oscar’s arms.

Amelia shifted her attention to the direction of the voice and smiled. “Mrs. Hutton, you’re here. Please have a seat.”

Getting to his feet from the sofa, Oscar extended his hand to Eleanor and politely introduced himself, “Hello, I’m Amelia’s husband. And you are...”

Even though Oscar and Amelia were married for five years, he had never met her family. Since it was a contract marriage then, he didn’t mind the fact that no one from Amelia’s family attended their wedding. As time went on, his indifference caused him not to bother

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finding out and to accept the status quo. Consequently, it lead to the current situation where he assumed Eleanor was Amelia's mother. After all, both of them were the spitting image of each other, especially when it came to their eyes.

After observing Oscar as if he was her son-in-law, Eleanor increasingly approved of him.

She couldn't deny that he was an exemplary specimen of a man. From his looks to his demeanor, she considered him to be perfect.

"I'm... You can consider me as Lia's godmother. She and my daughter, Amelia, have acknowledged each other as godsisters." When Eleanor introduced herself, she felt bitter that her own daughter looked like her, but they couldn't acknowledge each other.

"Amelia?" Oscar looked in Amelia Hutton's direction when he noticed that she, too, was named Amelia.

Amelia Hutton clarified, "Oscar, I forgot to introduce myself. My name's Amelia too. Amy and I have the same first name. Only our surnames are different. In a way, fate must have brought both of us together."

Pursing his lips, Oscar turned toward Eleanor. "Mrs. Hutton, it's a pleasure to meet you. Thank you for taking care of Amelia while I wasn't around."

Glancing at Amelia Winters, Eleanor replied, "Lia and I have known each other for a while, but I've never seen you before. Were you busy with work?"

Oscar shook his head. "Amelia and I had some disagreements, so she left with Tony. After searching for a long time, I finally found her. Furthermore, I have also found a donor with a compatible cornea. Hence, I'll be taking her to Anglandur tomorrow. Once the operation is completed, she'll be able to see again."

Eleanor rubbed her hands in excitement. "Is that really true? Isn't it too much of a hurry to be leaving tomorrow? Can I go together with you?"

Oscar stared at Eleanor.

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Realizing that she had appeared overly anxious, she clarified, "Lia is like a daughter to me. Therefore, it worries me that she will be traveling to Anglandur. If I can tag along, I'll be able to take care of her."

"Mrs. Hutton, don't worry. Everything at Anglandur has been prepared. They're just waiting for Amelia to arrive. I'll drop everything I'm doing to take care of her. Thus, there's nothing for you to be concerned about."

With an awkward expression, Eleanor looked at Amelia Winters. "Lia, are you really going to Anglandur? Let me come with you. I'm worried that once you leave, I'll hardly get to see you again. I promise I won't be in your way. All I want is to be by your side."

At that moment, Oscar's curiosity was piqued. When he saw how much Eleanor and Amelia Winters resembled each other, something suddenly dawned upon him.

"Mrs. Hutton, let me discuss this with Amelia first, and we'll let you know. As both of us haven't seen each other in a long time, I would appreciate it if you could give us some privacy to talk. Is that all right?"

"In that case, you should go on ahead to the room. Since it's almost lunchtime, I'll prepare some food. What would you like to have? I'll cook it for you," Eleanor offered warmly. Given how much she loved Amelia Winters, Eleanor grew increasingly fond of Oscar, as if he was the ideal son-in-law.

Not only did her daughter have a sensible son, but also an exceptional husband. When Eleanor realized that her daughter had lived a good life over the last few years, the guilt she felt receded a little.

"I'm not fussy about food."

"In that case, I'll prepare my signature beer-battered fried chicken. They taste delicious, and I'm sure you will love them."

"I appreciate it, Mrs. Hutton."

Eleanor responded with a vibrant smile. When Amelia Hutton saw how attentive her mom was to them, she couldn't help but feel bitter about it. After all, Eleanor never behaved that

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way at home. Deep down, she began to feel jealous of Amelia Winters and wondered why everyone was so ready to pamper and accommodate her.

She is nothing but a poor girl, but why does she get to live the life of a princess where everyone is willing to do her bidding? What did a blind girl like her do to deserve so much attention? Just when I finally found someone I like, she ends up taking him. How cruel can fate be?

Sniggering to herself, Amelia Hutton felt the urge to wreck the happy scene before her. To her, the blind Amelia was supposed to be pitied by everyone instead of being put on a pedestal. Despite not being able to see, she could still live with pride and confidence, contrary to Amelia Hutton's expectation that she would drown in her own frustration.

Consequently, when she saw how much Eleanor cared for Amelia Winters, Amelia Hutton was overwhelmed by jealousy.

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