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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 431 - 435

Chapter 431 Recognized At The Interview

After helping Isabella to the sofa, Olivia remarked, "Isabella, as you are the Clinton family's future daughter-in-law, you have to take good care of yourself." After that, she glared at Oscar and declared, "I know how badly Oscar treated you yesterday. Hence, I'm getting him to apologize to you. Given that you're engaged, it's better to make up as early as possible."

Isabella played along. "Mrs. Clinton, I don't blame Oscar, as I was the one who got on his nerves, causing him to throw me onto the ground. Now that I've admitted my role in the matter, I hope you won't blame Oscar for it."

Olivia patted the back of Isabella's hand and praised, "You're such a sensible child!" She then turned to Oscar and asserted, "Oscar, apologize to Isabella now. As a man, you should be brave enough to admit your mistakes instead of being wishy-washy like a lady."

When Oscar shot Isabella an icy glare, she felt a chill down her spine. Tugging at Olivia, she protested, "Mrs. Clinton, please don't say that."

Olivia gave her a reassuring look before adding, "Oscar, if you are a man, apologize to Isabella."

Suddenly, Amelia stepped in front of Oscar with a faint smile on her face. "Mrs. Clinton, if you're talking about what happened yesterday, I was there too. I recall Oscar being trained in martial arts before. As a martial artist, he is sensitive to being attacked from behind. Unfortunately, Ms. Walker wasn't aware of that when she hugged him, causing Oscar to shoulder throw her by reflex. Given that Oscar had acted on impulse, I would like to apologize to Ms. Walker on his behalf."

Isabella's face drastically changed.

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After giving her the side-eye, Olivia replied frostily, “Amelia, since when have you become so brazen to make decisions for my son?”

Amelia simply smiled.

However, Olivia found her smile to be especially jarring. She felt nauseated by the fact that Amelia seemed to be wearing a mask.

She sprang up from the sofa and snapped, “Amelia, this is a family affair, can you leave us first?”

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Oscar pulled Amelia behind him to shield her. “Dad, Mom, I still have a meeting at ten thirty, and I’m hungry now. Hence, can I have my breakfast first?”

Having heard his request, Olivia had no choice but to suppress her rage.

After Oscar led Amelia to another sofa, he gleefully opened the lunch box she brought as if they were alone in the room. Inside the box, there was an array of delicious snacks.

In front of the other three, Oscar praised the food on purpose, “All of them look delicious! I’m so tempted to finish everything in one bite.”

Amelia handed him a fork and affirmed, “In that case, you should have more.”

With the fork in hand, Oscar began to wolf down the food.

Meanwhile, Isabella, who was filled with jealousy, bit her lip so hard that she didn’t realize it had become bruised.

Olivia tugged at Owen and suggested, “Owen, let’s go now. Our son is big enough and doesn’t listen to us. Staying here any longer will just cause us to burst a vessel.”

After the three of them left, Amelia closed the door behind them. The smile on her face gradually faded as her mood turned grim.

She knew that Olivia’s resentment for her had deepened.

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Putting down his fork, Oscar clasped his fingers with Amelia's. "What are you thinking about?"

Regaining her senses, she forced a smile at Oscar and shook her head. "Nothing really, I was just thinking about the past."

Cognizant of what was going through her mind, Oscar comforted her, "Don't overthink it. Just give my parents some more time. I'm sure they will forgive you."

Picking up the fork, Amelia fed Oscar some food. "I feel as if there's a knot in my heart. Prior to this, Mom loved me to bits. But after two years, everything has changed. Now, she simply sees me as a despicable person."

"You foolish gal!" Oscar tousled her hair affectionately before changing the topic. "Didn't you say you were going for an interview? Have you decided to go back to work?"

"I have an appointment with an advertising firm at eleven." As Amelia continued to feed Oscar, she added, "After being bored of doing nothing for the last few years, I hope to get myself out there again. You won't object, will you?"

Looking longingly at her, Oscar swallowed the food he was chewing. "How am I to object when you have already gone ahead with it? To be honest, if you really want to work, you can do so here at Clinton Corporations. As my special assistant, we will be working together all the time."

Cupping her chin, Amelia tried to hold back her smile. "If I work here, your mom will be upset. Moreover, I'll prevent other ladies from flirting with you while others will gossip about us. So do you think it's even feasible?"

After scratching her nose, Oscar didn't insist.

"If you're unhappy at work, you can always come back. Since you enjoy designing, I can get the company to set up a design studio for you that focuses on advertising designs. What do you think?" Oscar proposed.

Amelia shook her head to decline.

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“Oscar, there’s no need for that. After leaving the workforce for such a long time, I want to find out how much I can do now.” Amelia continued, “Even though it’s nice to live a comfortable life, I would like to make something of myself with my own hands still. After all, who knows when I might lose my eyesight again.”

Oscar gaze darkened in response.

After giving him a peck, Amelia reassured him, “Oscar, don’t overthink it. I was just making a casual comment.”

Reaching out his hand, Oscar pulled her into his embrace and buried his head on her neck. “Amelia, no matter what happens in the future, don’t leave me.”

Patting him on his back, she promised, “I won’t.” However, neither of them could have expected how cruel fate could sometimes be.

After a passionate embrace, Amelia took the elevator and left.

When she arrived at the company where the interview was, she noticed that it was a medium-sized advertising firm.

Upon entering the building, she informed the receptionist of the purpose of her visit and was ushered to the interview room.

Inside, she saw two men and a woman sitting behind a table. The moment she saw the lady, Amelia found her familiar. But when she thought about the picture, she figured otherwise. As for the lady, she was stunned to see Amelia and called out in reflex, “Amelia.”

Amelia found her voice to be familiar too. Even if one’s appearance has changed, one’s voice would never do so.

She probed, “Rory?”

The lady nodded.

Amelia was taken by surprise. She couldn’t believe the shabbily dressed girl in the picture had turned into a fashionable and professionally-looking lady. However, Amelia could see

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that she still looked a tad dowdy. Nevertheless, she still hoped that her gut feeling was wrong. After all, Rory still carried the innocence of a village girl not too long ago despite being a little vain.

“Rory, is she your friend?” One of the male interviewers tried to ingratiate himself with her.

Rory nodded and replied, “Amelia helped me out once when I was in a situation.”

“Since she is your benefactor, let’s keep this interview simple. Nonetheless, we’ll still need to go through the motions.” The man who sat in the center had exquisite features and looked around twenty-eight or nine years of age. When he looked at Rory, his eyes glistened with affection.

As the interview began, the three of them asked straightforward yet professional questions which Amelia answered eloquently. Even though she had been out of the industry for two years, her understanding of design concepts was just as sharp. In Carter’s words, she was a very talented designer.

As the two men were extremely satisfied with Amelia, both of them stood up with the man in the center extending his hand. “Ms. Winters, congratulations and welcome to the firm. Even though you have not worked for the last two years, you have impressed us with your professional knowledge. Also, you graduated from a good university, and I believe you will be a valuable asset to the company.”

Shaking his hand, Amelia replied with a smile, “Thank you. I’m delighted to be joining the firm.”

After exchanging pleasantries, the two men left, leaving Amelia and Rory alone.

Rory walked up to Amelia and asked in surprise, “Amelia, are your eyes cured? I did return to visit you but was met by a young couple instead. They said that you had moved and sold the house to them. Why didn’t you tell me when you left? I was really sad then.”

Amelia replied, “My ex-husband found me a donor with compatible corneas. Hence, he took me to Anglandur for the operation. After the transplant, I returned to the city with Tony. Given what a rush it was back then, I didn’t have the chance to inform my friends in Beshya. Anyway, didn’t Tiff arrange for you to work in an advertising firm there? How did you end up here?”

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"I was transferred here by the company about a week ago. Three days ago, I went back to Beshya wanting to thank you, but didn't expect you to have moved," Rory explained as she held Amelia's hand.

Actually, Amelia wasn't comfortable holding hands with people she wasn't close to. Hence, she resented it when Rory intruded into her personal space. Nevertheless, she didn't express what she felt.

"It looks to me that you've changed a lot and settled into your job. Congratulations, you are now a true white-collared worker." Unfortunately, the innocence you previously had is now gone.

"Thank you, Amelia. I didn't expect after all that had happened, we would end up as colleagues. In a way, this might be fate at work, and I'm happy for it." Rory was delighted at the thought. "Amelia, since I have no relatives or family here, you are just like a sister to me. Whenever you're free, we can have a gathering with Tiffany too."

After a brief pause, Rory casually commented, "Tiffany and Derrick are probably getting married soon, right? After all, they have already been together for two years."

Amelia replied, "They're doing well and have indeed discussed the topic of marriage."

When a look of disappointment flashed across Rory's face, Amelia managed to catch a glimpse of it. However, she didn't bring it up.

Now that Amelia's eyes had recovered, her mind had grown sharper and more sensitive to situations like this. Moreover, life's lessons had also taught her to hide the resentment she felt toward others. Since Rory didn't show her greedy side, Amelia figured there was no basis for her to dislike Rory.

Given that they were reunited after so long, Rory took the rest of the day off so that she could have coffee with Amelia. She even declared that they were celebrating their reunion. Nevertheless, Amelia didn't say much other than going along with a smile.

Sitting in the café, Amelia listened patiently to Rory telling her stories about her career.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 432

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Chapter 432 Stay Away From Her

Both of them sat at the cafe for almost two hours. Rory glanced at her phone and said, "Amelia, I need to head back to work. I'll talk to you when you're at work next Monday. Ah, at last. I won't be so lonely anymore with you there."

As Amelia was driving Rory back to the office, the latter glanced discreetly at the interior of the car. A look of envy flashed past her eyes as she blurted, "Amelia, you're such a great woman, and you have an ex-husband who cannot stay away from you. You practically have everything. There's really no need for you to remain in a small company and get scolded by the boss whenever he's unhappy. It's not worth it."

Acting as if she did not see the look of envy in Rory's eyes, Amelia said, "I've been spending most of my time at home. Peaceful days can be quite boring after some time. It'll do me some good to get some training by working at the company."

Rory gave a hollow laugh as a feeling of jealousy over Amelia's calmness filled her heart.

Amelia drove off immediately after Rory got off the car.

As soon as she reached home, Tony leaped toward Amelia like a little rabbit and hugged her legs. "Mommy, you're back! I really missed you!"

Amelia bent forward and picked the little boy up, who landed a kiss each on both sides of her cheeks. He said in a cute voice, "Mommy, where did you go? I missed you so much."

Amelia chuckled and her mood instantly lifted.

She carried Tony to the sofa and sat down. "I went for an interview. It must've been your luck that helped me to get hired without going through the second round. Thank you for your support, Tony. I've decided to make your favorite baked fish today. What do you think?"

"Really?" Tony's eyes lit up immediately, making his delicate little face even more good-looking.

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Tiffany, who was in her apron, walked out of the kitchen. "Thank goodness you're back, Amelia. Do you have any idea how this little devil has been muttering your name into my ears for hours? I swear I've lost some weight from the torture."

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Tony scrunched his tiny nose and said, "Tiffy, don't talk bad about me."

Upon hearing that, Tiffany went forward and gave his forehead a gentle tap. "You little rascal. I've been making so many yummy foods for you since morning and you've never praised me. And now you're complaining to your mommy the minute she's back."

Tony buried himself in Amelia's embrace.

Tiffany turned to Amelia and asked, "How did your interview go?"

"I'm hired, and I can start working next Monday." Amelia thought for a moment and uttered, "Guess who I met during the interview?"

"Who?" Tiffany asked without taking a moment to wonder.

"Rory."

"Who's that?" Both Tiffany and Rory had not been in touch for some time, and the latter was not an important person. Hence, it was understandable for Tiffany to not recall who the person was.

Amelia explained briefly to her.

Tiffany frowned and cursed, "This woman is so annoying. I thought I won't be seeing her for the rest of my life. Who would've known that you'll end up being her colleague?"

"Rory hasn't done anything terrible. Don't be too hard on her," Amelia said.

Tiffany waved her hand dismissively. "I'm going to check on the dishes. We'll continue talking about this during the meal."

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Before long, she was already done preparing the dishes which included beef bourguignon. They looked and smelled amazing.

“Babe, we can dig in once Tony has washed his hands,” Tiffany said while removing her apron.

After making Tony wash his hands, both Amelia and Tiffany sat at the dining table.

Tony held his special tiny spoon and said, “Mommy, Tiffy, let’s dig in.”

Amelia responded with a smile, “Alright.”

Tiffany served everyone with beef bourguignon while saying, “Babe, can you tell me more about Rory’s situation?”

Amelia explained, “It’s actually the company that transferred her here. Besides, she did take care of me for quite some time in the past, which makes me indebted to her. She’s here all alone. I think we should treat her to a meal, regardless of the past.”

Tiffany snorted and said, “I’m just worried you won’t be able to get rid of her after the meal.”

“She’s not as manipulative as you think. She’s just a village girl who’s left home to earn a living in a big city. It’s totally normal if she wants to find someone to rely on. It’s not wrong for her to do so either. We had the same dream when we were younger. Don’t be too hard on her. You’re going to frighten her.”

Tiffany scoffed and continued in a mocking tone, “Oh, Babe, I didn’t know you have such kindness in you. Sure, some people can be given support. However, there are others who will take advantage of it. The kinder you are to them, the more they will demand. They’re just like ungrateful foxes.”

She could not bring herself to like Rory, no matter what.

Amelia shook her head. She was clueless as to why Tiffany did not like Rory. It’s true that Rory looks like she harbors evil intentions on the surface. But deep down, she still has an innocent character of a village girl. As long as she’s not brainwashed by the materialistic society, she’ll still be a good person.

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"Babe, I think you should quit that job. I have a feeling that you won't have a peaceful life once you are acquainted with her," suggested Tiffany as she took a bite from her spoon.

Amelia responded, "This is so unlike you, Tiff. We've met all kinds of people in the past few years. We've even dealt with hypocrites. Why are you able to forgive them but not a little village girl?"

Tiffany lowered her head to take another bite before saying, "My judgment is never wrong. Please trust me and quit that job. You must stay away from her. She'll definitely have ill intentions because she's still young. I'd be surprised if she isn't attracted by Oscar, who's perfect in every way."

Amelia was rather amused.

So this is the problem Tiffany is worried about.

"You think too much, Tiff. If my relationship with Oscar can be taken away by a random young girl, then there's no need for me to do so much for him. Don't you think so? Besides, do you think she can be worse than Isabella and Cassie?" Amelia asked, munching on her food.

Tiffany looked at her, baffled.

"Trust me. One day, you'll regret not listening to me. I can tell that she's an ambitious person. And this kind of person will never stop until she gets what she wants because she doesn't know what's the definition of shamelessness. I bet she's willing to give herself to a fifty or even sixty-year-old man as long as there's money in it. Since you're determined to get acquainted with her, then don't come running to me with complaints when she clings to you like a leech."

Amelia pondered about it.

"Tiff, I'm actually quite happy with this job," she said determinedly.

Tiffany almost choked in disbelief when she heard those words.

"Looks like everything I said earlier was just useless," she said as she gritted her teeth.

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Amelia merely grinned in response.

In her opinion, Rory still did not pose a threat to her relationship with Oscar. However, there was something she did not know. In the upcoming days, Rory and Isabella would team up and almost tear down their relationship, which they took much effort to mend.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 433

Chapter 433 A Call From The Winters Family

That night, when Amelia finished showering and stepped out of the bathroom, Oscar wrapped his arms around her and placed her carefully on the bed, immediately picking up the hairdryer to dry her hair.

Amelia relaxed and allowed herself to enjoy Oscar's service. Chuckling, she said, "I feel like our current relationship is much sweeter compared to the times before our divorce."

After drying the ends of her hair, Oscar put the hairdryer away carefully and said, "You like romantic gestures, don't you? So I'm going to fill your life with them. It hasn't been easy getting you back. Of course, I wouldn't have the heart to let you suffer."

Amelia turned around and wrapped her arms around his waist, burying her face into his chest as she mumbled, "Oscar, I realized you've been getting better at sweet-talking after our two-year separation. And I realize I'm getting spoiled by your words. What should I do?"

"Then, let me continue to spoil you. My honeyed words are reserved only for you." Oscar lowered his head to kiss Amelia, but she stopped him by pushing against his chest.

Feeling puzzled, he gazed at her with eyes that seemed to be asking, "What's wrong? Can't we do it tonight?"

Embarrassed, Amelia flashed an apologetic smile and said, "Sorry, Oscar. I'm on that time of the month."

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The hunger in Oscar's eyes dissipated immediately. He pinched her chin gently and said, "Woman, you've aroused me, and yet you're not taking the responsibility to satisfy my desire. I'm going to go crazy one day if you keep playing with me."

Amelia loved how he treated her with so much affection. After being separated for two years, she was now experiencing the joy of a newlywed couple who had just reunited.

"Are you angry?"

Oscar tapped the tip of her nose with a hint of affection and helplessness, saying, "You're the only one who dares to tease me like this. If someone else did this, I'll embarrass the person in public."

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"Like Ms. Walker?"

"Are you trying to provoke me?"

Amelia grinned. "Do you only realize it now, Oscar?"

He remained speechless for a moment.

Then, he tucked a laughing Amelia into his embrace, and his mood lifted instantly.

"Okay. It's late. We should get some sleep," he said.

Amelia snuggled into Oscar's embrace obediently while the latter turned off the lights.

In the darkness, Amelia suddenly spoke. "Oscar, I've been hired by a designing company. I'll start work next Monday."

Oscar's gaze darkened. "What's the name of the company?"

"Levitate Marketing. It's not a big company, but I like the environment there." Amelia made some circles on his chest with her right hand as she continued, "Oscar, I hope you won't get involved with my new job. I don't want people to know that I'm your wife. Just let me handle

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this fight alone. I want to find out my capabilities in handling the harshness of the corporate world alone.”

Oscar sighed in exasperation. However, he still complied. “Really? You don’t need me to get involved?”

Amelia shook her head. “Oscar, I’ve been away from the working world for seven years. Back then, when I was working in Carter’s company, I was just passing my days. But now, I don’t want to be a Mrs. Clinton who has nothing to do all day. I know money isn’t an issue here, but life can get quite boring.”

Oscar ruffled her hair. “Since you like it there, you should go ahead. Just come back when things get tough. I’ll always be here.”

A blissful feeling filled Amelia’s heart to the brim. She tightened her arms around his waist, her entire body almost shrinking into his embrace as she said affectionately, “Oscar, has anyone ever told you that the caring version of you is more attractive compared to the serious one? You’ve got me falling head over heels for you. I really regret leaving you for the past two years.”

“Then, don’t leave me in the future.”

The two dark figures hugged each other tightly in the dark.

After some time, Oscar’s voice broke the silence. “James is coming back from Anglandur this weekend. I’ll need you to get Molly to prepare a meal, maybe something fusion. I’ll join all of you for lunch after my meeting in the morning.”

“Didn’t James say he’ll be coming back a month later?”

“He’s found a doctor to take over his position. The hospital could not ignore his constant plea for resignation. Hence, they had no choice but to approve it. And now he just can’t wait to come to Chanaea.”

“It sounds like James really likes Chanaea. It’s funny how a foreigner like him would fall in love with our culture and local customs. It must’ve been hard on him.”

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Her words only made Oscar tighten his arms around her. "Go to sleep. Don't think too much about it."

Amelia lay in his arms and fell into a deep sleep.

It was almost noon when Amelia woke up the next day. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw Tony leaning against the side of the bed, staring at her with his big, bright, and curious eyes.

Amelia jumped in fright. After confirming that it was Tony, she finally felt awake.

"Tony, why are you here? Where's Daddy?" She got off the bed and swooped him up in a swift motion.

"Big Meanie was the one who put me here. He also told me not to wake you."

"Have you had your breakfast, then?"

Tony nodded and answered, looking slightly upset, "Big Meanie made me breakfast."

Amelia planted a kiss on his forehead and carried him off the bed. "You have to address him as Daddy. You shouldn't be so impolite, you know?"

Pursing his lips, Tony shouted, "Mommy, I don't want to call him Daddy. Big Meanie said if I woke you up, he'll send me to a secret place where you'll never find me."

Amelia sighed helplessly at the boys' battle of wits.

After washing up briefly in the bathroom, she carried Tony down the stairs to find breakfast already laid on the dining table.

As soon as she finished her breakfast, Tiffany showed up at the door right on time.

Recently, Kurt had been assigned a mysterious task by Oscar. Since Amelia did not want to be a selfish person to keep Kurt by Tony's side, she had no choice but to let the former go. Meanwhile, Kurt, who had always listened to her, accepted the task obediently. Hence, he

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would not be showing up around the house for a few days. Tony, at the same time, was being rather obedient and had not demanded to see his “Daddy.”

“Hey, Babe.” Tiffany greeted Amelia warmly with a huge hug. She then said excitedly, “Have you heard? My second fantasy novel’s filming rights have been bought over by a major film company in Beshya. This novel has been in discussion for three years. None of the companies in the past thought it would do well. Who would’ve expected this famous company to have such a good eye and even sign the contract? Ah, this is so liberating. I can finally tell my peers that my first few novels are still worth reading, unlike theirs, which are not only sought after by a very small group of fans but also have no value in them.”

Amelia was happy for her, too. She knew what the second novel meant to Tiffany—a work made with blood, sweat, and tears. However, it was labeled worthless among her peers. They said it had had no logic and was full of nonsense, suitable for young girls only, and people in their twenties who had good taste would never even glance at it.

Such spiteful comments were a huge blow to Tiffany. On the contrary, her later works were so successful that they were sold out in huge numbers. On top of that, many praised her by saying her writing had improved. There were even one to two books that were labeled as classics. Nevertheless, the trauma from the spiteful comments on her first two fantasy novels was deeply rooted in her heart.

“Tiff, I’m really happy for you. You have finally proved to yourself that you can do it!” Amelia congratulated her from the bottom of her heart.

Tiffany’s face was full of smiles. She lifted Tony up and planted kisses on his face. “Oh, Tony. You must be my little lucky star. Ever since your mommy gave birth to you, luck has been on my side.”

Tony was not mad at the kisses. Instead, he returned Tiffany the favor and said, “As long as you’re happy, I’ll be happy too.”

His words almost melted Tiffany’s heart. “I’m going to whip up something delicious for you later.”

“Tiffy, I’m craving for your special honey BBQ pork ribs.”

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Amelia could not help but smile as she watched the exchange between the two of them. However, a single phone call interrupted the jolly atmosphere in the house.

As she took out her phone, an indecipherable expression appeared on her face when she saw who the caller was. She stared at the screen for a long time and didn't answer the call.

Tiffany lifted her head, instantly noticing Amelia's grim expression. She quickly calmed Tony down, approached Amelia, and took a glance at her phone. A second later, she raged, "The Winters family? They haven't contacted you in so many years. How do they even have your new number?"

Amelia finally returned to her senses, and she looked at Tiffany helplessly.

Tiffany held her friend's shoulders, trying to suppress the surprise in her, and said gently, "Babe, the fact that the Winters family are giving you a call after so many years might not be a good sign. They might be up to something. I think it's best if you don't answer it."

Amelia's lips curled into a wry smile. "It's true that they don't see me as their family. But they never made things hard for me on purpose. Besides, they even paid for my university. It's not right for a daughter to ignore her family's call."

Tiffany held her hands and asked with a complicated expression, "Are you sure about this?"

Although a hesitant look flashed past Amelia's eyes, she still gave a nod in the end.

"Okay. Answer it then. I'll be here with you no matter what happens," Tiffany promised.

Amelia took a deep breath and answered the call. Shortly after, an aged but powerful voice came from the phone.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 434

Chapter 434 Take Care Of Your Cousin

"Is this Amelia?"

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Although it was just a phone call, Amelia could recognize the elderly person's voice in a heartbeat. A childhood memory suddenly came to her. This owner of the voice had always treated her with silence. Not only was he sparing when it came to giving her food and clothes, but he also rarely showed her any affection.

"Dad, it's me." Having to utter a word she had not used in more than eight years made Amelia's voice feel extremely hoarse. She thought she would not have any hatred for the Winters family's indifference toward her. She thought she had done her best to remain calm. Despite that, the voice on the phone and the overlapping voices in her memory caused a complicated mixture of emotions to stir in her heart.

The feeling of hate was there, but it was also mixed with an indescribable feeling of longingness.

"Your second uncle's second daughter is going to work in your city. She's already found a job and will be flying over there on Saturday. You should go pick her up since you're her cousin. Both of you are related, after all. Don't mistreat her," he finally said after a long silence. It was clear that the man was not good with his words.

Amelia's eyes reddened. When she got married, not a single member of the Winters family attended her wedding. She thought they would have forgotten about her, a daughter they did not value, after not being in touch for so many years. On top of that, they might not even know who she got married to and where was she living. However, she did not expect them to still remember her.

Amelia was at a loss, not knowing if she should laugh or cry. She realized her wish was really simple—as long as the Winters family could show her some concern, she could actually forgive them without hesitation.

Despite that, she still longed for the caller to apologize to her, to tell her that the family actually missed her over the years she was gone. After a long wait, the caller merely said, "That's all I have to say, Amelia. Take good care of your cousin. Goodbye."

Amelia's expectations instantly vanished.

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It's been more than twenty years. Why would I expect them to acknowledge that I was their daughter? Regardless of whether I'm related to them by blood or I'm adopted, I'm still their daughter.

She bit her lip. Unwilling to accept the situation, she asked, "Hold on, Dad. How did you get my number?"

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There was a long silence on the other end before the call hung up.

Amelia laughed bitterly when she heard the disconnected tone.

After so many years, they still won't ask me how I am doing.

Immediately after that, she received a text. She tapped on it, only to find the flight details of her cousin, whose face she had almost forgotten. The text also specifically instructed her to take good care of her relative, describing her as someone who was slightly nonsensical and wild. Hence, she had to bear with her nonsense and not scare her.

Tiffany took the phone from Amelia's hands and read the contents of the text. She could not help but snort. "It's been so many years but Mr. Winters' character is still the same. He's always treating his nephews and nieces better than his own daughter. I wonder what goes on in the Winters family's mind. Even if you're not related to them by blood, can't they at least treat you a little nicer if they have decided to bring you up?"

Amelia forced a smile trying to calm down.

She buried her head in her hands and muttered, "You know what, Tiff? I thought I've forgotten them after so many years. But as soon as I heard my dad's voice, I finally realized they were only hidden in my memories. It's not something I can forget just because I want to. Besides, I realized my dad's voice seem to have aged a lot. Although he's never been close to me since young, I can't help but long for his love. Tiff, do you think I'm an idiot?"

Tiffany pulled the woman into her embrace while Tony approached his mother too, patting her on the back with his small hands. "Mommy, don't cry. You still have me. I'll help you chase away the bad guys."

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Amelia, who was filled with sadness, could not help but laugh after hearing Tony's words. They had relieved her of almost all of her sorrow.

She pulled away from Tiffany's embrace and held Tony in her arms. "I'm not sad, Tony. I just haven't heard your grandpa's voice in a long time. That's why I got a little emotional."

"Grandpa?" Tony tilted his head, puzzled. Since young, the only family members he had were Amelia, Kurt, and Tiffany. As time passed, unfamiliar words such as Daddy, Grandpa, and Grandma started to pop up.

"It's Mommy's daddy."

"Then, why haven't I seen him before? Are you on bad terms with Grandpa? If not, you wouldn't be like this after the call. Grandpa must be a big meanie, right?" Tony asked.

Not understanding his words, Amelia asked, "Why do you think Grandpa is a big meanie?"

Tony tilted his head and said, "Because he made you sad."

Amelia froze upon hearing his words. She had not expected a child's thoughts to be so simple.

"Oh, my precious Sweetheart. I was feeling a little troubled earlier but all my troubles are now gone with such a caring baby like you."

"Really?"

"Of course. You're my biggest sweetheart. With you around, I'll never feel sad, no matter what happens."

Tony clapped his hands and cheered, "I'm Mommy's biggest sweetheart!"

After all the fuss, Tiffany finally let out a sigh of relief when she realized Amelia had become much calmer. She waved the latter's phone in the air and asked, "What do you plan to do with that cousin of yours?"

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Amelia sighed. "I'll think about it after picking her up from the airport. After all, we're a family. Well, I might've forgotten what she looks like, but I hope she won't be a pain in the ass."

"You're unbelievable. I don't understand why you're still going to pick her up and treat her like a princess. What exactly are you thinking? Why does your IQ naturally drop whenever it comes to anything related to the Winters family?" Tiffany asked as she was not amused.

In truth, Tiffany was not blaming Amelia for wanting to pick her cousin up. Rather, she was mad at how the Winters family had neglected Amelia completely. Regardless of whether the latter was their biological or adopted daughter, they never carried out their responsibilities as her parents.

"Tiff, I know you're worried about me, but the Winters family is still my family. My relationship with them might be as cold as ice and they might not acknowledge me as their daughter, but I can never be that heartless and cut ties with them. If I remember correctly, my second uncle's daughter is a millennial. She should be around twenty-two years old. It's normal for youngsters to leave their parents at this age. I can still handle this. Don't worry," Amelia reassured, patting Tiffany's hand.

Tiffany side-eyed her friend, wanting to tell her she was focusing on the wrong point. She did not mean that Amelia could not handle her cousin; she was commenting on the Winters family deliberately ignoring her.

However, she still swallowed the words.

"I'll go with you to pick her up on Saturday. Since Mr. Winters says she's a wild one, I'm afraid you might not be able to handle this millennial alone." Tiffany waved her hands, deciding to give in.

Amelia could not help but laugh. "Okay. You'll be coming with me then."

Tiffany sighed and rolled her eyes at Amelia. "Babe, I'm really amazed by you. This is obviously something I should not be bothered about. But then I just can't get mad at you. I'm worried once you take in your uncle's daughter, another cousin might appear in the future. Who knows what kind of relatives might come looking for you next? When that happens, I'm afraid you'll be the only person who's suffering."

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Much to Tiffany's surprise, Amelia replied determinedly, "They would've done that long ago if they wanted to. Don't you agree? I think my cousin is really here to work. I just wasn't expecting my dad to lower his pride and make this call."

Tiffany shrugged. The Winters family had always been unpredictable people. In fact, they never showed up even when their daughter got married. Neither did they show up to gain any benefit even after knowing that she had married into the Clinton family.

Tiffany had to admit that she could never see through the Winters family.

"Babe, let's not talk about the Winters family anymore. I rather use my time to think of what to eat later than try to understand what's going on. We'll just go with the flow, no matter what motives your uncle has in sending your cousin here," Tiffany said nonchalantly. Deep down, she had formed a prejudice against the Winters family—the only family that treated their daughter so coldly.

Amelia nodded in a calm manner, though she knew Dominic's call had stirred a wave of emotions within her.

His aged and feeble voice still formed a lump in her throat. She had the sudden urge to rush home, wanting to pay a visit to the man who once treated her coldly yet did not cut ties with her. She wanted to ask him if she was really not his daughter.

Of course, this was just an impulse. Now that she was all grown up, there was no point in asking the question. She had long passed the age of needing the love of a family member.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 435

Chapter 435 A Rather Unique Look

Soon, Saturday arrived, Amelia was woken up by her ringtone at six in the morning. She had initially wanted to answer the call, but Oscar beat her to it.

"Hello?" he asked, patting Amelia's back to put her back to sleep.

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“Is this Amelia’s number?” A female voice that sounded unsure came through the speakers. She then muttered to herself, “Didn’t Uncle Dominic say this is Amelia’s number? Why is there a guy’s voice? Could he be her husband?”

Oscar was finally more alert, and he answered, “Yes, I’m her husband.”

Suddenly, a madwoman’s voice could be heard. “Ah! Oscar! Are you really Oscar? Oh my goodness. Your voice sounds so masculine. You must be quite handsome, right? Amelia is so lucky. My uncle says Amelia is married to a man from a rich family in this city. So you must be a tycoon, right? Oh, let me introduce myself. I’m Eva. By the way, where’s Amelia?”

Oscar had almost turned deaf from her ear-piercing shrieks.

He knitted his brows and said with a deep voice, “Be quiet!”

Eva went silent. She then asked hesitantly, “Do you not like me?”

“It’s not that. Amelia is still sleeping. I just wanted you to keep it down and not wake her up.”

“Oh. I’m sorry. I guess it’s still quite early. I forgot Amelia is not like me—a night owl. Okay then. I’ll let you two continue sleeping. My flight is at eight o’clock. Could you tell her to come to get me at ten o’clock?” Eva lowered her voice in a funny way.

Oscar’s frown lifted slightly, and he replied, “We already know about your flight details. Don’t worry. Someone will be there to get you once you’ve arrived.”

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“Thank you, Oscar! Love you!” With that, the call ended.

Oscar was rendered speechless.

As expected of a millennial. Her way of thinking was at a different level from his, who was born in the eighties.

Amelia turned around and hugged Oscar’s waist. “Who was that?”

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"Your cousin."

"Is she here already?"

"No. She said her flight is at eight o'clock."

"What's the time now?"

"It's only six in the morning."

Amelia too was speechless. She asked, "Why would she give a call so early in the morning?"

She could've given me a call a few days ago. But, no. She just has to choose to call so early in the morning. How rude...

Oscar stroked her back and said soothingly, "Go to sleep. It's still early."

Very soon, she fell asleep once more.

Finally, she woke up at eight-thirty in the morning. Seeing how late it was, she leaped off the bed and darted to the bathroom to wash up briefly. By the time she came out, she was already dressed in a professional white suit that gave off an impression of a competent office lady.

As she got down the stairs, Oscar was coincidentally serving breakfast from the kitchen while Tony sat at the dining table, watching everything silently.

"Mommy," he greeted sweetly.

Amelia walked over and gave Tony a kiss on the forehead. She turned to Oscar and said, "Why didn't you wake me up? It's already so late. I won't be able to make it to the airport later."

"I've sent Hugo to the airport. If we don't make it in time, he'll bring her home," Oscar answered nonchalantly.

Hearing that, Amelia could only sit down to have her breakfast.

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She fed Tony his food before quickly downing hers.

“Tony, we’re going to pick up your aunt in a while. Please behave, okay?” she said while squatting down.

Tony gave a firm nod. “I’ll be polite to her.”

Amelia was pleased with his response.

The trio took the elevator and headed downstairs. Oscar got into the driver’s seat while both Amelia and Tony sat in the backseat.

Along the way, Tony asked, “Mommy, is she your sister?”

“She’s not. It’s your granduncle’s daughter. She’s my cousin,” Amelia explained.

“Why haven’t I met her in the past? So many strangers have appeared ever since you brought me back here,” Tony said in his cute voice.

“They’re all my friends and family. They’ll love you just like me. Aren’t you glad there’ll be one more person to spoil you?”

“Of course. But I’ll be happier if Daddy is here.”

Amelia was baffled by his reaction. She then glanced at Oscar, who was driving in front.

“Tony, I’ve been doing my best to spend time with you. I’ve even brought you to the amusement park. I’m not too bad compared to your Godpa, right? Don’t you think I’m better than him?” Oscar asked, turning the steering wheel.

Tony crawled out of Amelia’s embrace and yelled, “No way! Daddy is much better than a big meanie like you!”

Oscar was not bothered by it.

Tony put his arms around Amelia’s neck and asked, “Mommy, Daddy is better than Big Meanie, right?”

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Amelia did not want to take part in the father-and-son “battle.” Hence, she remained silent for the rest of the journey.

As soon as Amelia and the others alighted the car, Hugo marched forward and greeted, “Boss.”

“Have you picked her up?”

“The flight was delayed. There was an announcement made about ten seconds before you arrived. It said that the flight would only arrive at ten-thirty in the morning,” Hugo replied.

Oscar waved his hand and said, “You can go ahead and do the tasks I assigned to you.”

“Okay, Boss.” Hugo left as soon as he came, giving off a mysterious feeling.

With Tony in her arms, Amelia and Oscar looked for a cafe near the airport to wait. Then, Amelia ordered an ice cream and a tiny piece of cake for Tony.

After waiting for almost half an hour, Amelia’s phone rang. “Hello?” she answered.

“Is this Amelia? I’ve arrived. Where are you?” An urgent voice came from the phone.

“I’m at a cafe near the airport. Just wait for me at the entrance. We’ll be right over.”

“Okay. Please be quick. Love you.”

Amelia ended the call after hearing the tone.

She was taken aback. She’s truly a millennial. Her way of expressing her enthusiasm is really different. It’s really... overwhelming.

“Oscar, she’s here. Let’s head over,” Amelia said, putting her phone into her bag.

The Winters family had sent her a photo of Eva beforehand. The girl in the picture looked quite pretty and she seemed a little young—like the little girl next door.

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When Amelia saw a young woman with golden hair with two or more piercings on each ear, dressed in a metallic-colored tight outfit, and had crazy makeup; she was shocked.

She could not imagine the woman before her was the same girl from the photo.

“Hey, Amelia. It’s been almost ten years since we met, and you look just as pretty.” Not noticing the shock on Amelia’s face, Eva gave the former a warm hug, making the latter feel awkward with her easy-going behavior.

Amelia was so shocked that she did not know where to place her hands. The over-enthusiastic girl was a little too friendly for her.

“Uhm. Could you please let me go first?” Amelia asked, embarrassed.

Eva immediately released her cousin and extended her hand. “Allow me to introduce myself. I’m Eva, like Eve, but it ends with an A. I’ve found a job here, so I’ll be in your care in the future.”

Amelia recollected herself and smiled. “I’ve already prepared a place for you to stay. It’s right below my apartment. It’ll be easier for me to take care of you by having you near my house.”

Eva made a thumbs up and praised, “Amelia, you’re so reliable!”

Tony tugged at Eva’s super cool pants to make himself noticed. “Are you my aunt?”

Eva lowered her gaze to see Tony, who was about the height of her knees, filling her eyes with surprise. She lifted the latter up and made a shrill voice that echoed throughout the entire airport. “Ah! You must be Amelia’s son! I’m your aunt. You can call me Aunt Eva.”

Once again, Amelia was at a loss for words. She was amazed at how outgoing her cousin was. It was as if she did not care about what others thought of her.

Outgoing was the only word that described her.

Tony watched a noisy Eva with curiosity. There was absolutely no fear in his eyes.

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"Aunt Eva, you're too noisy. Mommy says girls have to be more lady-like," Tony said, gazing at Eva.

Upon hearing his words, Eva's ear-piercing shrieks finally came to an end.

At the same time, Amelia tried to smother her laughter. My son is not bad, after all.

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