

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 21

It took Oscar over two hours before he returned from the meeting. The moment he opened the door, he saw Amelia huddled up on the couch, sleeping like a child. The photo frame on her seemed like it was going to fall. His heart melted when he saw this adorable sight of her. He strode over to put the photo frame away, but his actions woke her instead.

When Amelia opened her eyes to see that it was Oscar, her hands naturally circled around his neck. Then rubbing her face against his, she mumbled, “When did you come back?”

It seemed that Oscar enjoyed her intimate actions. He chuckled. “I just came back. You were sleeping like a kitten, so I didn’t want to wake you. I wanted to carry you inside to sleep, but since you’re awake now, I won’t.”

Still smiling, Amelia buried her head in the crook of his neck. “When did you learn how to be nice to others, Mr. Clinton?”

Oscar did not ask her to move away to her surprise; instead, he let her continue for a while before voicing, “Have a meal with me later, okay?”

Snapping her head up, she cast a curious glance at him. “Mr. Clinton, you never bring me to any gathering.”

“Why can’t the meal be only the two of us?”

Lightly tapping her head, Amelia laughed. “Look at me. I’ve forgotten about that. However, I have to ask—why are you in such a good mood today? Are you seriously inviting me just for a meal?”

“Well, aren’t we husband and wife?”

Amelia's heart skipped a beat, shocked at those words.

"Mr. Clinton, do you really see me as my wife?" Amelia stared at him solemnly, trying to find the truth in his eyes.

"Well, aren't you my wife?"

Amelia was moved by his words, up until he sent her to hell with the next words he uttered. "But we're divorcing soon."

Swallowing the bitterness away, Amelia smiled. "Mr. Clinton, you've asked me to come for a meal and to sign the divorce papers at the law firm, am I right?"

"We're just having a meal with a few friends," Oscar said. "As for the divorce papers, a lawyer will call you next week."

Amelia sighed. She knew that signing the divorce papers was a matter of time, but she was not mentally prepared to sign them today.

Lifting her chin to look at her with a sharp gaze, Oscar asked, "Are you that eager to divorce me?"

Is this what it means by the guilty is the first to complain?

Amused, Amelia continued holding onto Oscar's neck as she muttered, "Mr. Clinton, aren't you accusing me of it even though you're the guilty party?"

Oscar lowered his head to look at her and replied, "I'm the only one who can ask for a divorce. As for you, don't even think about it."

Barking out a laugh in her fury, Amelia uttered, "Mr. Clinton, are you telling me to do as you say but not as you do?"

Oscar held onto her waist, picked her up, and placed her to the side. "Come on. Let's go."

Amelia was still smiling, not at all feeling angry about Oscar's rough action. Instead, she trailed behind him into the elevator. Only when she was buckling her seatbelt in the car then did she utter, "Mr. Clinton, who's going to be there?"

"Some of my friends. They're quite outgoing, so you don't need to feel reserved."

Shock flashed past her eyes as she queried, "Mr. Clinton, aren't you trying to get me to stay away from your friends?"

"They want to meet you." In other words, Oscar was telling her that it had not been his choice; his friends were the ones who wanted to meet her.

Regardless, Amelia still felt happy about it.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 22

Oscar parked his car outside a farmstay on the outskirts. It wasn't until Amelia got down from the car did she notice the name of the place—Happy Farmstay.

The corner of Amelia's mouth twitched. What a simple name.

“This place belongs to one of my friends. Let's head inside,” Oscar informed, walking toward her.

As soon as they entered, a fancily dressed server walked over and bowed with a smile. “Mr. Clinton? They are already waiting inside.”

Oscar hummed in reply.

“Mr. Clinton, this way, please.” The server then motioned them toward the inside.

On the way to their destination, Amelia had sighed in awe of how luxurious the farmstay looked. She had thought that it was an ordinary farmstay, but the farmstay had some vintage elements added to it, so it now looked elegant and lavish. Moreover, the farmstay seemed spacious—Amelia was sure that the owner must have invested a hefty sum in it.

Oscar's friends were either rich or powerful. Even the ones who were not born into wealthy families had earned their wealth themselves.

Upon entering the room, Amelia realized there were around six to seven people inside.

They exchanged glances, with most of them being curious at who this lady was.

As they were all men, the gathering was not as unwelcoming as she thought it would be.

Amelia could recognize two men from her wedding four years ago, but not the other five.

“Oscar, you’re finally here. It was tough trying to get you to introduce your wife to us and now I finally know why. You’re the kind to keep your precious wife at home, aren’t you? If I were to have a wife as pretty as she is, I’d have kept her away from your eyes too.” The one speaking looked as though he was in his mid-twenties. He had a gentle-looking face and had a pair of gold-rimmed glasses on.

Oscar then explained to Amelia, “He’s my childhood friend. There are government officials in his family. You can call him Chubs.”

A laugh nearly escaped her.

The man named Chubs gave Oscar a smack. Then turning to Amelia, he enthusiastically introduced himself, “Hello, I’m Jacques Ford. It’s a pleasure to meet you. You’re much prettier than I imagined. It’s a shame that you’ve married Oscar.”

It seems like Jacques and Oscar are really good friends.

“Hello, I’m Amelia Winters. Just call me Amelia. It’s a pleasure to meet you too,” Amelia greeted as she shook his hands.

“Oh, my heart’s melting. Amelia’s so polite!” Jacques exclaimed.

Amelia eventually burst into laughter. Because little did she expect Oscar to have friends as jovial as him. Jacques was nothing like his appearance. No wonder they say you can’t judge a book by its cover.

The other men, too, came forward to introduce themselves. They were all born in either rich families or powerful families. In other words, none were people anyone could easily cross.

“Amelia, don’t mind him. Jacques’ mostly out of his mind.” Kenrick smiled.

Kenrick Lewis’ family was in the real estate and entertainment business. Their family business was major, and he had a company of his own. To sum it up, he was a rich kid who was talented as well.

Amelia responded, “I won’t. You’re much more interesting than I’ve imagined. Well, I guess I won’t need to feel so stressed about messing up while I’m in your presence.”

With Amelia’s easy-going attitude leaving a good impression on them, the gathering continued in a merry atmosphere.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 23

Not only were Oscar's friends rich and powerful, but they were also handsome men. In fact, their looks were on par with Oscar.

Jacques laughed. "Amelia, come here and have a seat. You guys have been married for four years, and if not for our request, he would have continued to keep you away from us. He's a terrible friend. Come, sit with us and leave him alone for today."

Amelia promptly walked over, surprising Jacques and Kenrick, who then let out a hearty laugh. With how they were brought up, they were open with how they did things. They were used to seeing all kinds of beautiful women, and deep down, they still did not like the pretentious ones. Although the delicate ones made them feel pity for them, at the end of the day, they would still be sick of them.

"I can see that you're a carefree person, Amelia. Well, as Oscar's friends, here's a toast to you. And with this drink, I shall call you my friend from now on," Jacques declared as he poured half a glass of wine for her.

A glint flitted across Amelia's eyes as she took the glass from Jacques. Downing it instantly, she chuckled. "Oscar's friends really are agreeable people. I like talking to agreeable and smart people."

Jacques was intrigued by Amelia the more he spoke to her.

On the other hand, Kenrick was looking at Amelia with a complicated expression.

"Amelia," Jacques said with a smile. "Here's another toast. You can come to me whenever Oscar does you wrong. I'll teach him a lesson for you."

Amelia clinked her glass against his, grinning. "I'll keep that in mind. And you'll have to tell me too if he tries to mess around with some other woman."

This was the kind of personality Jacques liked.

“Great, I like that. Don’t worry, Amelia. I’ll be your spy. If he dares look for someone else, I’ll be sure to beat him into shape.”

Amelia turned to give Oscar an ambiguous smile. “Darling, did you hear that? Your friend’s already changing sides. You’ve got to be careful from now on.”

“Just don’t get drunk,” Oscar simply replied.

“Got it, Darling,” Amelia answered obediently, knowing that she shouldn’t tarnish the man’s reputation in public.

Kenrick glanced at both Oscar and Amelia.

After a while, Oscar stood up, stating that he was heading to the restroom. Right as Oscar left the room, Kenrick told the others he was going to use the restroom as well.

“When did Kenrick and Oscar get so close?” Jacques huffed as soon as they walked out.

Someone laughed. “You’re already chatty after a few glasses. Be careful, or Oscar and Kenrick might overhear your words and beat you up.”

Jacques laughed boisterously before winking at Amelia cheekily. “Amelia, you won’t tell them, will you?”

Amelia laughed in response.

While the merry atmosphere in the room continued, Kenrick was speaking to Oscar in the restroom. “Oscar, Amelia looks like a good person. Are you really going to divorce her for a woman who once betrayed you?”

“It’s so unlike you to ask me about my private matters, Kenrick,” Oscar said.

Kenrick dried his hands and responded, “I just don’t want you to do anything you’ll regret. Amelia does seem like Cassie, but she’s much more easy-going than her. Are you really not going to reconsider your decision?”

Oscar’s expression instantly turned dark, and his tone turned glacial. “Kenrick, you’re an old friend of mine, so you should know that I’ll never do anything that I’ll regret. Also, I don’t like to hear anyone talking bad about Cassie.”

Hearing that, Kenrick shook his head. “Well, since you’re going to divorce Amelia, I’ll be able to court her then once the two of you have gone through the procedures. If you’re not gonna cherish her, I’ll do it; I’ll be the one to care for her.”

Those were the words that made several emotions flash past Oscar’s face.

“You can’t court a friend’s wife.”

“Well, aren’t you going to divorce her?”

Oscar fell silent.

“Once the two of you are divorced, she’ll be single. If you can abandon her for your old love, why can’t I court her? She’s pretty on the outside and the inside, and I quite like her.”

“What kind of spell does she have you under? You’re putting in a good word for her even if it means that you’ll make me mad.”

Kenrick was amused. “Oscar, we’ve known each other for so many years. Do I look like I’m that kind of person? I just think Amelia’s a good person. She’s single after her divorce from you, and there’s nothing wrong with an unmarried man and woman in a relationship. I’m telling you my plans because I don’t want to lose our friendship over a woman.”

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 24

Staring at him with a complicated gaze, Oscar warned, “Kenrick, she’s my wife, and whether or not we’ll divorce in the future, she’s still my wife at this moment. Are you planning to destroy our decades-old friendship by telling me you’re going to court her?”

Kenrick smirked. “Aren’t you being a little too possessive, Oscar? You’ve been saying that you want a divorce, yet you refuse to let any other men court her. Can I assume that you actually still love her?”

As if Kenrick had spoken his thoughts out loud, Oscar’s expression turned darker. “Are you really going to go against me?”

Kenrick walked up to Oscar and patted his shoulder as he said, “That’s not what I’m trying to do, Oscar; I’m trying to make you aware of your own thoughts. The fact that you guys have been married four years means you don’t hate her. In fact, I’d say she has a place in your heart. Don’t lie to yourself just for a Cassie. I don’t want you to regret this in the future.”

Hearing that, Oscar’s heart skipped a beat.

“Mind your own business, Kenrick. I know what to do for mine. Regret isn’t a word that exists in my dictionary.”

“Well then, I’ll cease the topic. Amelia’s a good woman, and if you don’t know how to cherish her, someone else will.”

Oscar was still frowning even after they had bid goodbye and left the farmstay.

Amelia looked at him oddly and asked, “Are you all right, Mr. Clinton? You don’t look too well after you came out of the restroom.”

“Are you friends with Kenrick?” Oscar snapped, turning to look at her.

Still confused, Amelia replied, “No. Why do you ask?”

Only after driving a distance away from the farmstay then did Oscar answer, “Stay away from Kenrick in the future. Although our marriage was an agreement, don’t you forget that you’re still my wife. So don’t go interacting intimately with other men behind my back.”

In her anger, Amelia laughed. “Mr. Clinton, which eye of yours saw me interacting intimately with other men? You were the one who brought me to meet your friends, but now you’re accusing me of being intimate with them? Mr. Clinton, are you jealous?”

Oscar scoffed, “Amelia Winters, keep more to yourself.”

“Mr. Clinton, don’t forget that you married me because I was not reserved,” she reminded as she smiled sweetly at him.

The only response Oscar gave her was a cold glance.

Still perplexed, Amelia leaned over to touch his cheek and wondered, “Mr. Clinton, what are you so mad about?”

Oscar’s eyes remained fixed on the road.

“Mr. Clinton, are you actually angry?” By now, Amelia’s body was almost entirely onto Oscar’s.

“Return to your seat.”

However, she wrapped her arms around his neck instead.

“Mr. Clinton, don’t be angry. I feel scared when you have a grave look on your face,” Amelia whined.

Oscar shot her look, then stopped the car at the side of the road.

He gripped her chin and questioned, “Amelia, are you that desperate?”

Despite her chin hurting, Amelia stared at Oscar with half-lidded eyes and smiled. “Mr. Clinton, what exactly are you mad about? You’ve got to tell me why even if you wish to sentence me to death. It’s upsetting that you’re losing your temper at me without reasons.”

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 25

At that sight, Oscar began to give in. He slowly let go of her and muttered, “You can’t get too close to other men without my permission.”

Amelia leaned onto him and whispered, “Mr. Clinton, are you genuinely jealous?”

Oscar gave her a quick glance. “Return to your seat. I’m going to drive now.”

However, instead of heeding his words, she pushed her luck by landing a kiss on his cheek. “Mr. Clinton, what do you think about doing one round in the car?”

Oscar’s eyes darkened. The way he looked at Amelia was like a snake who found its prey. However, it did not take him long to be calm again as he frigidly voiced, “Stop seducing me and return to your seat.”

“You’ve become less romantic, Mr. Clinton,” Amelia mumbled under her breath and obediently sat back into her seat, buckling her seatbelt.

After driving back, Oscar received a call, informing him to pick up the person in charge of the collaboration in Erihal, who had arrived in Tayhaven.

To the person on the other end of the call, Oscar replied, “Okay. Book a flight to Tayhaven for eight in the morning tomorrow. You’re coming with me.”

Hanging up the phone, he turned to tell Amelia, “I’ll be going on a business trip. We’ll talk about the divorce when I’m back.”

He then unbuckled his seatbelt and left. Amelia, who was still in the car, heaved a sigh of relief. In fact, she was hoping that Oscar was pushing back their divorce because he still had a trace of reluctance to leave her.

Although she knew that this was only her wishful thinking, she did not want to give up on any hope she could find.

When she thought about how Oscar might be a little reluctant to leave her, the flame of hope for her marriage with Oscar burned anew.

“Why are you still in the car? Come out.” Oscar had returned without her knowing, and he was frowning.

Recollecting herself, she looked at Oscar and smiled as her mood lifted. Oscar, as long as you feel a little something for me, I’ll never give you up to Cassie.

Amelia unbuckled her safety belt to get down from the car. She then walked toward Oscar and hooked her arm around his. Smiling brightly at him, she asked, “Mr. Clinton, did you not want to leave me behind?”

He rolled his eyes at her. “I’m going on a business trip tomorrow. As my wife, shouldn’t you at least pack my luggage for me?”

Although he was ordering her around, Amelia still beamed, “I’m such a devoted wife, Mr. Clinton. Why don’t you pack me and bring me along?”

“Be good and stay at home. I’m going there for work and not for fun.”

As Oscar was rarely as nice as this, Amelia simply compromised.

Oscar woke up early the next morning, but Amelia was even earlier than him. Before five, she was already up to make him breakfast.

Once he was done with his breakfast, she handed him his suitcase and reminded him, “Stay safe. Eat more when you’re socializing with your business partners and don’t drink too much. Your gastric has only gotten better these few years, so don’t let your health issues flare up again.”

Oscar gave her a complicated look, then nodded and left.

Amelia closed the door and returned to the dining table. She was about to clean up when a bout of nausea overtook her. She rushed to the restroom and retched. And by the time she no longer felt nauseous, she was already exhausted.

Gently rubbing her stomach, she whispered lovingly, “Sweetheart, do you also know that I’m the only one at home who’s looking forward to you coming to this world? Is that why you’re tormenting me when your daddy’s gone? You know I won’t do anything to you, don’t you?”

When she found out about the baby and went for a checkup in the hospital, she was told that the baby was three months old. She hoped that she could make Oscar change his mind—her baby needed a complete family.

If Oscar felt that their four years of marriage were incomparable to a woman who once betrayed him, Amelia would have nothing to say about that. She would divorce him and take her baby with her. From there on, they would live separate lives. She would never let anyone hurt her baby.

After a brief clean-up, Tiffany called. “Amelia, it’s time for your checkup. Are we heading there now?”

“Dress yourself up. I’ll drive to your place in a while.”

“All right.”

Hanging up the phone, Amelia changed into a new skirt and put on a pair of flats. Without putting on any makeup, she left the house.

By the time she reached Tiffany’s place, Tiffany was already waiting for her downstairs.

Getting into the car and buckling her seatbelt, Tiffany gave Amelia a once-over and commented, “I’m glad you didn’t put on makeup, or else I’m going to be furious.”

Amelia rubbed her stomach and flashed an affectionate smile. “I might only have one baby in this life. For my baby, I know what I should do and what I should not.”

Tiffany scoffed, “Rubbish. As long as you’re rich, you can have as many babies as you want.”

Amelia shook her head. “Tiff, you’ve never been in love, so you don’t know what it feels like. This is my first child with Oscar. No matter how it ends between me and Oscar, this baby is the result of our love. No one can change the blood ties that the baby has with Oscar and me.”

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 26

Arriving at the hospital, Amelia went to the doctor she was acquainted with to have an ultrasound scan. After the checkup, the doctor noted, “Mrs. Clinton, you’re very healthy, and the baby is developing well.”

“Thank you, Dr. Leonard. All I want is for my child to be born safely. No matter if my baby’s a girl or a boy, I’ll give you a gift as thanks.” Amelia chuckled as she tidied up her clothes.

Maria Leonard was a mild-mannered, middle-aged woman. She smiled back at her and said, “Mrs. Clinton, it’s all right. It’s my job as a doctor to do ultrasound scans for you. Moreover, you were the one who helped my husband with the plot of land back then. We haven’t even thanked you for that, so how can we still accept your gift?”

Climbing down from the bed, Amelia responded, “Dr. Leonard, that’s where you’re wrong. I was helping with Mr. Freeman’s land as a friend. If my baby comes to this world safe and sound, you’ll be our savior. You have to accept the gift.”

Unable to reject her, Maria relented, “Mrs. Clinton, you’re generous. It’s my pleasure to have met a wealthy woman like you.”

Sending her out, Maria reminded, “Mrs. Clinton, if you feel unwell, remember to call me.”

Amelia smiled. “Well, I hope you won’t find me disturbing then.”

After bidding farewell to Maria, Tiffany asked in concern, “Amelia, how’s my dear godson?”

Amelia touched her stomach and murmured fondly, “Tiff, how would you know if my baby’s a boy? What if it’s a girl?”

Turning the steering wheel, Tiffany announced, “I’ll still love her if she’s a goddaughter. If your baby’s a girl, I’ll dress her up like a princess when she’s a little older. I’ll take her to the kindergarten and pick her up at night. I’ll cook for her and tell her stories before she sleeps. She’ll tell me in a sweet voice, ‘Good night, Aunt Tiff.’ Just the thought of it melts my heart!”

Amused, Amelia inquired, “Since you like kids so much, why don’t you have one yourself?”

Tiffany shrugged and replied nonchalantly, “The dozens of characters in my book will be my children. I don’t think I’d want any in real life. I’d have to find someone to get married to and get pregnant before I can have a kid. I might as well take your son as my godson. That way, I’ll have a free son.”

Amelia snorted.

Arriving at the largest supermarket in the city, Tiffany drove into its underground parking lot, and only then did she unbuckle her safety belt.

“Tiff, why are we at a supermarket?”

Tiffany gave her a look of disbelief. “My precious godson’s in your stomach for three months. I’ve got to prepare baby clothes, diapers, and toys for him. And I’m going to buy tons of things to decorate his nursery. Are you planning to only do this after he’s born?”

Amelia was nonplussed.

“Tiff, what’s wrong with you? He’s only three months old. There’ll be another six to seven months before he’s born. It won’t be too late if we were to prepare these before I’m about to give birth to him.”

Sizing up her rather flat stomach, Tiffany questioned, “Are you sure you want to wait until he’s seven or eight months when your stomach is too big to shop?”

An image emerged in Amelia's head of her large stomach, and she gave in. I'll definitely be terribly ugly.

“You think your big stomach will be embarrassing too, right? So hurry up, and let's go. We have to buy all kinds of toys. We'll buy double for the baby's clothes and toys. One set for my godson, and one set for my goddaughter. Maybe you might give birth to a pair of twins after we buy them—one son and one daughter. You get a package deal!” Amelia rambled on.

Meanwhile, Amelia's jaw was hanging slack. Is that why she's a novelist? Her mind functions differently from an ordinary person's. She's even more enthusiastic about the preparations for the baby than me, the mother of the baby.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 27

Indeed, Tiffany was the best shopper amongst freelance writers. She towed Amelia and shopped her way from the first floor to the third floor. They even bought several clothes before heading to the baby area on the fifth floor. The two then bought strollers and shoes for baby girls and boys. By the time they were done, they had bought five carts' worth of items.

Massaging her temple as she stared at the carts, Amelia queried, "Tiff, don't you think you're buying a little too much?"

Tiffany let out an awkward laugh. "It is, but don't worry. We can get them to deliver these to your doorstep. You won't need to carry them yourself."

Huffing in amusement, Amelia took out a card from her bag, about to make payments. However, Tiffany stopped her in the next second. "My dear, these are the gifts I'm buying for my godchild. You can't fight with me on paying for these, or else I'll never forgive you for this."

Amelia then kept the card back into her bag.

In the end, Tiffany was the one who paid for everything. It was worth tens of thousands. Fortunately, although Tiffany was a freelance novelist, her novels sold well. The royalty fees she received were quite the amount, so she had much money saved in her bank account.

Amelia started, "Tiff, your book—The Flower's Secret—should be selling quite well, right?"

Tiffany nodded. "My readers are very supportive, so I've sold hundreds of thousands of copies. I've got quite an amount of commission for it. If you divorce Oscar, you and I can raise the kid without any problems."

Feeling touched, Amelia teased, “You’re gloating.”

Tiffany then hooked her arm around her shoulders. “My dear, your darling’s outstation. Do you want to stay at my place for a few nights?”

After a quick thought, Amelia nodded.

The two then left the mall together. After having dinner in a nearby restaurant, the two headed to the underground parking lot. However, right at the entrance of the parking lot, an Audi was speeding toward them. Their eyes widened at it, but Tiffany was the first to come back to her senses. She shoved Amelia aside and shouted, “Be careful!”

Amelia had to stumble several steps back before she could stop herself from falling. She could do nothing but watch as the speeding Audi crashed into Tiffany, sending her flying. Instead of stopping, the car sped off and soon disappeared into the night.

It took Amelia a long while before she rushed toward Tiffany. Crouching down and looking at the bloody Tiffany, Amelia cried out, “Tiff!” But there was no response from the woman.

As tears streamed down her face, Amelia took out her phone and tried to call an ambulance. Yet, her hands trembled too much for her to press those three numbers. Sobbing, she pleaded, “Can you call the ambulance for her?”

The passersby that crowded around her told her, “Miss, don’t panic. We’ve called the police and the ambulance. The ambulance will come soon.”

“Thank you!”

Two ordinary-looking women squeezed out from the crowd and uttered, “Miss, we’re both doctors. Let us administer first aid to your friend.

In agitation, Amelia pulled them over and choked out, “Doctor, please, save my friend.”

The two doctors then briefly checked Tiffany and gravely said, “Miss, your friend’s injuries are quite severe, so we can’t guarantee that we can save her.”

The colors drained from Amelia’s face.

Fortunately, the ambulance soon arrived. With Tiffany getting carried into the ambulance, the two doctors and Amelia then boarded it as well.

Arriving at the hospital, Tiffany was sent straight to the emergency room as Amelia collapsed against the wall weakly.

She stared at the doors and pleaded in a soft voice, “Tiff, please be safe. What do I do if you’re not fine? How am I going to break the news to your parents?”

Amelia did not know how long she spent waiting outside when two police officers came to her. The female officer politely said, “Hello, we’re the officers in Jadeborough District. We’re here to find out more about the details of the accident. Your friend was the one in the accident, right?”

Hearing that, Amelia took in a deep breath before she wiped away the frown on her face. Reaching out to shake her hand, Amelia mumbled, “Hello.”

The female officer returned the handshake and asked, “Did you see the plate number of the car?”

Amelia nodded. When the car had driven off, she had reminded herself to take a look at it. As she had an excellent memory, she was able to tell the female officer the number immediately.

Nodding her head, the female officer reassured, “All right. That’s all we need for now. Don’t worry. We’ll find the driver as soon as possible to bring justice to your friend.”

Amelia nodded again. “Thank you, officers.”

The female officer then took a while reassuring her before leaving with the male officer.

Once the two left, Amelia fell back against the wall like a puppet whose strings were cut. And once again, her gaze was fixed on the doors to the emergency room.

Time ticked away, and soon, five hours had gone by. Those five hours were the worst and slowest time Amelia had to endure. Every single second was torture to her soul, and she kept praying that Tiffany would be fine. However, the speed of the Audi was too fast, and in the recesses of her mind, she knew Tiffany might not survive.

She dared not think of it. She was afraid that Tiffany would die in her place, and that was something she would never be able to forgive herself for.

Right as Amelia was mulling over the possible futures, her phone rang and made her jump in surprise. Shaking, she dug out her phone from her bag. When she saw the name on the screen, her eyes reddened, and something in her snapped.

Picking up the phone, she choked out, “Hello?”

Oscar’s voice traveled out of the speakers. “What’s wrong? Are you crying?”

Like an anxious lost child, Amelia burst into tears. “Oscar, T-Tiff, she was in an accident. I’m so scared. I’m terrified.”

Through the phone speakers, Oscar’s voice sounded deep, but it was enough to comfort her. “Just breathe and calm down. I’m going to ask you some questions, and you’ll answer them one at a time, all right? Are you hurt?”

Amelia took in a deep breath. It was as if she had found her pillar of support. With Oscar on the phone, she felt the mountain on her chest lifting a little.

“Tiff pushed me away before the car could hit me,” Amelia explained.

“I’m glad that you’re fine. I’ll send Jimmy to pick you up later. I’ll take the earlier plane back, so stay put and don’t overthink it.”

Amelia was touched by Oscar’s attitude. Although they were only husband and wife on papers, Oscar had still managed to console her in a situation like this.

“Thank you, Mr. Clinton,” Amelia sincerely uttered.

Oscar fell silent for a moment before replying in a lower voice, “You’re legally my woman. It’s only appropriate that I express my concern when my woman was nearly in an accident. All right, stop overthinking it. I’m still in a meeting right now. Once the sun rises, I’ll take the plane back. I’ll end the call now.”

With that said, Oscar ended the call.

Although Oscar did not patiently console his panicking wife like other husbands would, for him to send someone to her meant that he was not completely unconcerned about her.

Finally, Amelia found her heartbeat returning to its normal rate after the call with Oscar.

Soon, the Jimmy that Oscar mentioned came. Jimmy was a tall young woman in her late twenties. When she walked toward Amelia, she politely greeted, “Hello, Mrs. Clinton. Mr. Clinton sent me here. I’m Jillian Yarrow. Everyone calls me Jimmy, and you might want to call me that as well.”

Flashing her a smile, Amelia apologized, “I’m sorry to trouble you to come in the middle of the night.”

“Mrs. Clinton, please don’t. I’m Mr. Clinton’s subordinates, and since I’m getting paid, it’s my job to settle all difficult matters for him, not to mention a personal one. Mr. Clinton has told me that if I can lift your spirits, he’ll give me a bonus.”

At that, Jimmy even winked at her. It made her seem less aloof and cheekier, and it made Amelia smile.

Jimmy breathed a sigh of relief at that. “Mrs. Clinton, you’ve smiled. That means I’m halfway to succeeding in my task.”

Pointing at the chair by the side, Amelia muttered, “Please take a seat.”

Jimmy replied, “Mrs. Clinton, please sit. I’m fine standing.”

“We’re both about the same age, so it’s fine if you don’t call me Mrs. Clinton. It sounds strange. If you don’t mind, please call me Amelia,” Amelia offered.

Jimmy’s eyes glistened, and she uttered sincerely, “Mrs. Clinton, you’re much more easy-going than I thought you would be.”

Patting at the seat beside her, Amelia repeated, “Sit.”

Instead of rejecting her again, Jimmy sat down. Right then, Amelia made a rare teasing comment, “Why, am I a ferocious beast to you?”

Jimmy shook her head. In the quiet night, the two spoke freely as if they had been friends for years.

“No. You look pretty, but it’s the aggressive kind of pretty. No one will deny that you’re a seductive lady, so I thought you’d speak and act like a rose with thorns. I didn’t think that...” Jimmy trailed off.

“You didn’t think that I’d be that amiable. Are you disappointed that I’m different from what you think I would be?” Amelia was the one to voice Jimmy’s thoughts instead.

Hearing that, Jimmy felt embarrassed.

Amelia squeezed out a faint smile. “I dress only to impress. Mr. Clinton hopes to have a beautiful wife that’ll get rid of the pretty birds that flock around him. Since he’s paying me, I’ll have to play the role well.”

At that, Jimmy turned to look at her in surprise.

Amelia’s eyes remained by the doors of the emergency room as she mumbled noncommittally, “For Mr. Clinton to have sent you here means that you’re someone he trusts. I’m sure you know well many of his things.”

Those were the words Jimmy could not deny.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 28

Tiffany's operation had been going on for about nine hours before the red lights above the door finally extinguished. As the group of doctors walked out of the operating theatre, Amelia rushed up to them and asked anxiously, "Doctor, how is my friend?"

"Things are not looking so good. While we managed to save her, we still need to observe her for forty-eight hours in the intensive care unit. If she can wake up then, she'll be fine. Otherwise, she might just remain in a vegetative state. Miss, I suggest that you make some preparations."

Amelia was completely dumbfounded. Clutching onto the doctor's arm, she continued asking worriedly, "What do you mean, Doctor? What do you mean by 'vegetative state?' She's such a good person; she can't be reduced to that state!"

Tiffany was her best friend and her family. While she could con money out of anybody with her face and her words, Tiffany was that one person that she could never lie to. In this cold and unfamiliar city, they only had each other to rely on.

Now that Tiffany was about to fall into a vegetative state because of her, she found herself driven to the brink of insanity. Her stomach knotted up in pain as beads of perspiration dotted her forehead.

Jimmy came forward to support and console her, "Mrs. Clinton, calm down. I'm sure Ms. Winters will be alright."

The doctors were also sympathizing with her as they said, "Miss, please calm down. We will definitely do all we can to heal your friend."

Amelia leaned weakly against Jimmy as her stomach hurt more by the second. In the end, she lost consciousness.

When she finally opened her eyes, she found herself on a hospital bed with Jimmy staring at her. When she saw that Amelia was awake, she said, “Mrs. Clinton, the doctor says you’re three months pregnant.”

Amelia’s pale face turned cold and she looked at Jimmy defensively. “What are you trying to do?”

Jimmy looked at her curiously and said solemnly, “Mrs. Clinton, this is good news. I’m sure Mr. Clinton will be overjoyed to hear it.”

Amelia calmed down and stared at Jimmy quietly. “Jimmy, let’s be frank with each other. You know my relationship with Mr. Clinton very well. If he finds out that I’m pregnant, he’ll definitely ask me to abort it. You’re a woman too; I don’t think you can bear to see a child being denied the very basic chance to live, right?”

Jimmy nodded and broke out into a smile. “Mrs. Clinton, I understand where you’re coming from. My job here is to take care of you, and it does not include telling Mr. Clinton about your pregnancy. Therefore, you don’t need to worry.”

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief and said sincerely, “Jimmy, I’m so sorry for misunderstanding you. Also, thank you!”

Jimmy shrugged her shoulders and smiled. “Don’t say that; I didn’t do anything anyway. Even though I’ve never had children, I do like them. Anyway, as an outsider, I’m in no position to help you decide whether to tell Mr. Clinton about your pregnancy.”

Color finally returned to Amelia’s face.

“No matter what, I still want to thank you,” Amelia said earnestly.

She then continued, “Oh yes, how long did I sleep for? And how’s Tiff?”

Jimmy said, “You were asleep for about three hours. The doctor said that you were too agitated, hence you fainted. But don’t worry, your baby is fine. About your friend, the doctor says they need to observe her for another forty-eight hours first.”

The atmosphere became chilly instantly.

Jimmy faked a cough and changed the topic. “Mr. Clinton called and said that he was already on the plane. He should be able to come and see you within two hours.”

Amelia merely nodded. “Can I be discharged now?”

Jimmy shook her head. “The doctor says they have to observe you a little more, and you can only be discharged if they’re completely certain that you’re fine. Don’t worry, I told Mr. Clinton that you sustained a minor injury from the car accident as well. He won’t suspect anything.”

Amelia smiled weakly and said, “Thank you, Jimmy!”

“Mr. Clinton pays my salary and it’s my job to take care of you. Don’t keep thanking me, or it’ll just get awkward.”

“Alright.”

Oscar arrived an hour earlier than expected. When he came into the room, he looked at Amelia and said coldly, “Why didn’t you mention that you were injured yesterday?”

Amelia smiled coquettishly and said, “Mr. Clinton, are you worried about me now?”

Jimmy left the room quietly when she saw that they were launching into some flirtatious banter.

Oscar removed his jacket and draped it across the chair before sitting down to ask her, “Where’s your injury?”

Amelia glanced at him and suddenly opened up her arms while feigning weakness. “I was nearly shocked to death by the accident yesterday. I thought I would never see you again. Could you give me a hug, please?”

Oscar’s eyes grew chilly but he still stood up and drew her into his arms. His right arm hovered for a good ten seconds before it lowered to pat her back gently. “With me here, no one will dare to bully you.”

Amelia leaned into his chest quietly. The warmth from his body helped to calm her nerves, which were rattled by Tiffany’s unconscious state.

A vague smile emerged on Oscar’s face at the rare sight of her being so compliant and submissive.

“Were you really shocked? And what’s this whining all about? You’re a full-grown woman, aren’t you?” He was being unusually gentle as well.

Amelia looked up at him through her bleary eyes.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Nothing, it’s just that I feel that you’re extra gentle today. You’re behaving just like a husband who is caring tenderly for his injured wife.”

Oscar flicked her forehead. “You silly girl. I’m your husband, aren’t I?”

Amelia was astounded. Is this really Oscar? Or is this a stranger who just took on Oscar’s appearance?

“Did you hurt your head in that accident?” Oscar smiled.

She shook her head and feigned nonchalance. “Mr. Clinton, if you had been this gentle to me from the beginning, I’d probably have fallen head over heels for you by now.”

Oscar merely shot a glance at her and said, “Rest well. I’ll go find out more from the doctor.”

She clutched his arm and pleaded, “Mr. Clinton, stay with me. The doctor said that I was just shocked, that’s all.”

He then sat down. “Did they arrest the culprit?”

She shook her head and said despondently, “It was a hit and run. He better pray that Tiff is fine. Otherwise, I’ll hunt him down to the ends of this earth to make him pay for what he has done.”

Oscar was amused to see her ferocious side.

“I’ll definitely get the police to find that culprit immediately,” Oscar said.

Amelia got up and attempted to get off the bed, only to be stopped by Oscar. “What are you trying to do?”

“I want to go and see Tiff.”

“I’ll come with you.”

Oscar accompanied Amelia to the intensive care unit located on the third floor. Through the glass window, Amelia looked at Tiffany, whose body was surrounded by tubes. She could not help but be overcome with sorrow, as Tiffany would not have been so severely injured if not for her.

Oscar drew her into his arms and said, “With a good friend like you looking after her, she’ll be fine.”

Amelia's eyes were red as she murmured, "I've known her for a long time. She's a freelance writer and her days and nights are usually reversed. However, whenever something happens to me, she'll sacrifice her sleep just to be with me. This time, she got so seriously injured because she pushed me away from danger. I'll never forgive myself if anything happens to her!"

Oscar looked indifferently at the woman in the room. "Don't cry. I'll make a call to the best doctor from Anglandur to come and perform surgery on her. In Anglandur, James is the most authoritative specialist in this field. With him here, your friend will be alright."

To be honest, Oscar did not know Tiffany very well. They had shared a couple of meals and to him, she was a pretty yet quiet woman. Other than that, she had not left much of an impression on him.

"Mr. Clinton, I thank you on behalf of my friend," Amelia said sincerely.

"You're my woman."

Amelia's heart was warm. Even though she did not know how sincere he really was, she was still his wife at this very moment. That was all she needed now, and she could only handle the rest one step at a time.

At night, Tiffany started to convulse wildly, setting off all the machines. All of the doctors and nurses were there and they immediately pushed her into the operating theatre. The medical team hired personally by Oscar had also arrived. They went into the operation theatre after a brief exchange with Oscar.

Amelia stood in front of the operating theatre with her pale face and clasped hands as she muttered, "Tiffany, you need to get better. You must survive this."

Oscar's heart ached to see her in this state. He pulled her into his arms and comforted her, "Relax, she'll be fine."

Finally, Amelia broke down and sobbed, “How do I explain to her parents if anything happens to her? When she came to the city with me back then, I promised her parents that I’d take good care of her. But now, she’s in this state because she tried to save me. What should I do?”

Oscar frowned and was flustered because of Amelia’s tears. “Don’t cry. With me here, I guarantee that she’ll be fine.”

Amelia continued crying as her coquettish behavior vanish. Instead, she was just a normal woman who was overcome with fear of her family member leaving her.

Oscar held her tight and kept her company as they waited outside the operation theatre. Because of Amelia, he was also silently worried about Tiffany. He did not know where these emotions came from, but he just did not want to see Amelia cry.

His conclusion was that Amelia was still his woman. As a man, he should not allow his woman to cry.

The operation took five hours. When the doors finally swung open, the doctors and nurses walked out with exhausted faces. Amelia ran up to them and clutched the leading doctor’s hand, “Dr. Leonard, how’s my friend?”

Dr. Leonard smiled. “She’s alright for now. We’ll observe her for another twenty-four hours. If she wakes up, she can be transferred to a regular ward.”

Amelia cried out emotionally, “Thank you, doctors!”

Dr. Leonard continued, “You don’t have to thank us, Mrs. Clinton. Mr. Clinton is a major shareholder of this hospital, and your friend was saved because he pulled some strings to bring a notable doctor like James here.”

Amelia continued smiling.

Tiffany was pushed out of the operating theatre by the nurses. Amelia followed them as Tiffany was brought back to the intensive care unit. As she looked at Tiffany through the glass window once more, she finally felt a lot more relaxed.

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 29

“Oscar.” They heard a man’s voice and both looked in that direction. Their gaze landed on a very tall man, and Amelia could recognize him as one of the specialists from Anglandur.

Tall and handsome, he looked very attractive in his doctor’s coat. One could easily believe that he was a professional model when he removed his doctor’s attire.

“James!” Oscar walked up to him and greeted him heartily.

“I haven’t seen you for a few years, Oscar. You’re looking better than ever. However, you’re not a very good friend, are you? If not for your wife’s accident, you might not have remembered me, your old friend,” said James.

Oscar smiled and introduced Amelia to him, “This is my wife, Amelia. The one you saved was her friend.” He then introduced James to Amelia, “Amelia, this is James, my schoolmate back in Anglandur.”

Amelia reached out her hand and smiled. “Nice to meet you, James.”

James gave her a warm hug and kissed her cheeks. “Wow, you’re really Oscar’s wife? What a pity, I was about to ask you out on a date. I didn’t expect you to be unavailable. Looks like it’s not my lucky day!”

Amelia smiled graciously and said, “There are plenty of pretty women here. With your qualifications, you could get any woman you want.”

James chuckled. “I hardly ever come to Chanaea, but you’re making me very excited, Amelia. Come on Oscar, let’s hit the bar!”

Oscar looked at Amelia, who smiled and uttered, “Go ahead, guys. I’ll stay here to watch over Tiffany.”

Oscar nodded. “All right. I’ll get Jimmy to come and keep you company.”

“There’s no need, I’ll be fine on my own. Go ahead with James. When Tiff recovers, I’ll cook up a storm to thank James properly.”

“Come with us, Amelia. I’ll get two nurses to take care of things here. Don’t worry, I brought them here with me, so they’ll definitely care for your friend well.”

Amelia shook her head and smiled. “Please go ahead. When Tiff recovers, I’ll personally cook up a feast for you to repay your good deed.”

“I eagerly await that then.”

After James and Oscar left, Amelia continued standing at the glass window to watch Tiffany. It was another hour before she left to return to her room.

The next morning, the nurse told her that Tiffany was awake and had been transferred to a regular ward.

Amelia was so excited she immediately sped out of her room to Tiffany’s.

The moment she entered the room, she saw that Tiffany’s eyes were opened. However, her friend still looked pale with the oxygen mask covering her mouth.

Amelia walked closer to her and exclaimed, “Tiff, you’re finally awake. I was so afraid for you!”

Tiffany could not move any part of her body, but she did blink at Amelia, which indicated that she was fine.

Amelia did not know whether to laugh or cry at that. Finally, she said, “Tiff, if not for you, my child and I may not be alive today. You’re my child’s savior. Thank you!”

Tiffany attempted to move her arms but she had no strength at all. She shook her head slightly but this little movement shocked Amelia.

“Don’t move, Tiff! You barely survived this ordeal; what if something happened if you moved?” Amelia immediately stopped her.

Tiffany merely looked at her quietly. After a brief moment, Amelia caved in. “Fine, I said the wrong thing just now. We’re family, and we shouldn’t say this kind of unpleasant things.”

Tiffany kept blinking her eyes blithely.

In response, Amelia smiled. The gloom in her heart dissipated.

The next day, Oscar went to the hospital and instructed Amelia to meet him outside her room. Dispassionately, he said, “I’m going to Coldbridge. When I return, we’ll discuss the divorce. Your friend is fine now, and I’ve asked James to pay special attention to her, so you don’t have to worry about that.”

When she heard that, she was slightly disappointed. She had thought that when Oscar rushed to her, it meant that there was hope for their marriage. Turned out her feelings were not reciprocated.

However, she could not ignore the fact that he had helped her with Tiffany, so she smiled and said, “You should go on with your work, Mr. Clinton. Just give me a call when you reach Coldbridge.”

He nodded. “Take care.”

She nodded and watched him as he left without even turning back.

Amelia smiled bitterly to herself when he had truly vanished from her sight. Caressing her belly, she whispered, “Baby, your Dad is bent on divorcing me. Seems like it’s just gonna be you and me from now on, buddy.”

Suddenly her phone rang, derailing her train of thought. It was Oscar.

She raised her eyebrows in confusion as they had been apart for barely ten minutes. She picked up the phone only to hear his domineering voice say, “I’ve already hired the best lawyer for your accident. When we bring the culprit to court, I’ll make sure that the guy loses everything that he has.”

“No...” need. Before she could finish her sentence, he had already hung up.

Amelia smiled wryly and thought to herself, This is really the way Oscar is. Everything has to be done according to his whims and fancies. It was like that when we got married, and he was also the one that decided on the divorce. It’s as if I have no say in this entire matter at all.

How did I fall in love with such a domineering man?

Anyway, it’s too late for me to think of all these things now.

She then composed her emotions and walked into her room.

Soon, one month had whizzed past them and Tiffany could remove her oxygen mask. She could also finally eat some soft food.

Amelia had her helper Molly prepare some nutritious food to bring to the hospital.

With a pleasant smile on her kindly face, Molly brought her meal into the hospital room and said to Tiffany, “Ms. Winters, I’ve brought you some food. How do you feel today?”

Tiffany raised her skinny arm that looked devoid of muscle and replied, “Molly, I’ve become as strong as an ox thanks to your excellent dishes.”

Clearly, Molly really liked Tiffany’s personality. She laughed and answered, “You’re such a jokester, Ms. Winters. I’ve been cooking all kinds of food for you this month, and you’ve been eating quite a lot. However, I don’t see you putting on

any weight at all. You must be like Mrs. Clinton, the type that never puts on weight.”

Tiffany giggled as she sat cross-legged on the bed and asked, “So what did you prepare for me today, Molly?”

“I made you some beef and vegetable soup, together with a couple of side dishes.”

Tiffany laughed out loud. “I’ve been craving beef and vegetable soup! Thank you, Molly, you’ve read my mind. I’m sure I’ll have put on a few pounds when I leave the hospital. While others lose weight in the hospital, I’ll be the only one gaining.”

“A few pounds wouldn’t hurt you. You’re so skinny now, just like Mrs. Clinton. It’s good to look a little plumper, and you’d look healthier too,” Molly said as she scooped a bowl of soup for her.

“Molly, it’s the trend to be skinny these days. Everyone can’t bear to have an ounce of fat on them. However, I do prefer to be plumper, just that I can’t put on weight no matter what.”

Molly replied disapprovingly, “That’s the thing, all you young people go on crash diets blindly and end up looking all skin and bones. You could be blown away with just a gust of wind.”

Tiffany burst out laughing and gave her a thumbs up. “Molly, you’ve hit the nail on the head.”

Molly liked Tiffany a little more now.

Tiffany munched happily on the beef and said, “Molly, you’ve really changed my palate this month. After I had your cooking, I realized that I’ve been eating crap before this. What will I do without you from now on?”

Molly said, “You can go to Mrs. Clinton, and I’ll cook for you too.”

“I’ll pass. It is Mr. Clinton’s personal space after all. I don’t think he would welcome an outsider like me.”

Molly knew Oscar very well and did not insist further. She merely smiled and said, “If you like my cooking, I’ll just ask Mrs. Clinton to bring it to you when I cook more.”

Tiffany smiled. “You’re the best, Molly!”

Actually, Tiffany was far from being a bad cook. In fact, her cooking was on par with five-star hotels. However, she just enjoyed basking in someone else’s care and concern. Even though she earned enough as a freelance writer, she was incredibly introverted. She kept to herself so much that she did not have many friends apart from her editors.

Tiffany had just finished eating when Amelia came in. “You’re already eating?”

Tiffany smiled. “Amelia, you’re just a tad bit late. Molly’s cooking is getting better and I’m getting addicted. In fact, I’m sad that I won’t be able to eat all this delicious food after I’m discharged from the hospital.”

Amused, Amelia offered, “Why don’t I lend Molly to you? However, her salary is rather high and I don’t think you can afford her on your writer’s paycheck.”

Tiffany glanced at her and said, “Are you looking down on me now? I’m still a bestselling author, and I can sell thousands of novels easily. Therefore, I can still afford a helper. Molly, Mrs. Clinton has already sold you to me, so just name a price. I can’t wait to be an empress and be waited on hand and foot.”

Like a kind parent, Molly watched them as they argued. She then smiled and said, “Mrs. Clinton, I’ll leave you to chat with Ms. Winters. I’ll head back first.”

“Take your time, Molly. You don’t have to bring lunch for Tiff later,” Amelia said.

Molly laughed. “That was just a little banter. Are you really stopping me from bringing food to Ms. Winters?”

Amelia replied, “Don’t misunderstand me, Molly. I’m getting her discharged from the hospital this afternoon, and that’s why you don’t have to send a meal to her.”

“So soon?”

Amelia nodded. “I’ve just asked the doctor, and he said she’s basically recovered. She can go home to rest now.”

Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 30

Molly smiled. “So she’s getting discharged! Since you’re home alone, why don’t you bring Ms. Winters back home for a few days, Mrs. Clinton? She can keep you company, and I can continue cooking for the both of you.”

Tiffany immediately said, “Molly, you’re really the best!”

Amelia thought of how Oscar had not come back for almost a month. It would be good to bring Tiffany home for her to take care of her, so she had no objections either.

After she brought Tiffany back to the downtown apartment she shared with Oscar, Tiffany could not stop singing her praises at the luxurious and cozy apartment. “Amelia, this is like a palace while my house is like a kennel!”

Amelia brought her things upstairs and smiled. “You have three bedrooms in your apartment, which is plenty for one person. However, you’re so intense when you begin writing that you might not even recognize your own mother, let alone clean up your house. That’s why your house resembles a pigsty.”

“Precisely!” Tiffany agreed while giving her a thumbs up.

“Alrighty, stop fooling around. I asked Molly to prepare the guest room for you. Is it to your liking?” Amelia opened up the door to the guest room and welcomed her into the room.

Tiffany walked in to see that the entire room was decked out in pink, just like a room fit for a little princess.

“Amelia, I’m a grown adult. I’m shuddering at the princess vibes in this room.” Tiffany shivered in disgust at the color scheme.

Sighing softly, Amelia explained helplessly, “Of course I didn’t decorate this room. It’s all Oscar’s doing, as his dream woman likes pink. I’m just paid to play the role of his wife, and I have no right to speak up at all.”

Tiffany was not shocked either and said, “Oscar is so weird; you’re probably the only one that can stand him.”

Amelia shrugged her shoulders and said, “Are you trying to say that I’m more abnormal than he is?”

Tiffany ignored her.

Amelia patted her shoulders. “Seems like you’ve recovered from the accident just nice. You’re even teasing me now.”

Tiffany tossed her bag on the bed and plopped herself down, stretching out like an octopus. She said, “Now that I’ve escaped the brink of death, I’m a changed woman. I used to focus on writing, and all I did in the past was to discuss the plots with the editors, and I had no social life at all. Yes, I made a lot of money, but I wasted so much of my youth. I’ve decided from now on, half of my time will be on my work while the other half will be on traveling and taking care of you and the baby.”

Amelia lay down next to her and smiled. “You’ve finally come to your senses? Previously, every time I asked you to go to the bar or club with me, you’d say that it was a waste of time. Now that you’ve finally thought it through, you can hang out with me at the clubs!”

Tiffany glanced at her and said, “Babe, have you forgotten that you’re no longer alone now? You’re still thinking about going to the clubs? Do you want my unborn godson or goddaughter to get all the bad habits before he or she is even born?”

Amelia rolled around on the bed and said, “With a godmother like you, I guess it won’t be that easy to lead your godson or goddaughter astray.”

Like her friend, Tiffany rolled around on the bed before commenting, “This pink bed is really not the most comfortable.”

“Hey, at least you get to play princess for a while. Just bear with it,” Amelia said casually. “Look at you, you could have been a princess, but you turned your house into a pigsty. I think you must have been spending too much time with only words.”

Tiffany then looked at her with a vague smile, “Babe, you’re more than four months pregnant, and you’re already showing. Shouldn’t you confirm your relationship with Oscar? Look at him! Each business trip lasts for a whole month. Who knows if he’s really out on business or if he’s just sleeping around? If he’s so bent on getting a divorce, then it’s best that you leave him sooner. I think that he’s an a**hole that won’t acknowledge this child anyway.”

Amelia stared at the ceiling listlessly.

“Amelia, don’t blame me for being straightforward. When a man completely disregards you and decorates a home based on his ex-girlfriend’s taste, this shows that he does not care for you at all. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have been so tactless. I’ve nearly fallen off the cliff of life, and I’ve had some thoughts about life. Honestly, as long as we’re alive, the material things are really not that important,” Tiffany said earnestly.

Amelia merely listened to her quietly.

Tiffany shoved her lightly, “Babe, are you listening to me?”

Amelia’s eyes were still glued to the ceiling, and just when Tiffany thought she was going to remain silent, she said, “Tiff, Oscar called me three days ago to tell me that he’ll be back in two days. I think I’ll be signing the divorce agreement very soon.”

“You can’t bear to leave him?”

Amelia glanced at her and said, “I’ve been married to him for four years and I’m pregnant with his child now. Can’t I just reminisce for a while?”

“You can, but don’t go overboard,” Tiffany said earnestly.

Sitting up on the bed, Amelia reassured her friend, “Don’t worry, this divorce has to happen. He doesn’t want children, and there’s no way I’m aborting the child. For the sake of the child, I will have to go through the divorce no matter what.”

Tiffany picked up a pink pillow and said, “Babe, I think there are just too many obstacles in this marriage of yours. I’ve heard you talk about divorce multiple times, but you’re still married after all these months. At the end of the day, you allowed the other woman to exist while Oscar is basking in the attention of two women. You handle the family while he has a lover out there.”

Amelia looked at her. “I think that Audi knocked your senses out of you.”

Tiffany’s anger grew. “Speaking of Audi, have they caught the culprit? If they have, I’m suing him till he loses everything.”

“They caught him two days ago, but I didn’t tell you because you were still hospitalized. I’ve passed everything to the lawyer. Don’t worry; Oscar specifically hired this lawyer from Beshya. His expertise is in these kinds of hit-and-run cases and divorce cases.”

Tiffany smiled and said mockingly, “Looks like Oscar is about to hit two birds with one stone with this lawyer. After he handles this hit-and-run case, he can follow up with your divorce. How convenient.”

Amelia ignored her.

“What does that driver do?” Tiffany changed the topic.

“He owns a small advertising company and is about twenty-five years old. His parents are in the real estate business and are quite well off, so he’s the typical rich kid,” Amelia answered.

Tiffany clenched her teeth. If that driver were standing before her right now, she would have eaten him alive. “That a**hole! Why would he still hit and run if his family is so rich?”

“He said he was too afraid that he would be sent to jail and that his newly established career would come to an abrupt stop. That was why he ran.”

“Since he knows that he could go to jail, why did he drive so fast at the car park exit? Is he looking for the highway to hell?” Tiffany muttered through gritted teeth.

“The law will handle his crime, so why are you so angry?”

“I’m just angry at all these unethical drivers! Just because they have money, they drink and drive. Either that or they drive so fast just to show off.”

“All right, there’s nothing to be angry about. We’ll just leave everything to the police then. Don’t worry, we won’t let your suffering be in vain.”

Tiffany finally subsided a little and said, “Babe, let’s sleep in the same room tonight so we can have a chat.”

Amelia nodded in agreement.

After dinner, they watched some television. At about 11 p.m., Tiffany switched off the television and said to Amelia, “Now that you’re with child, your bedtime should not be past 11 p.m. Go to bed now!”

Like an obedient child, Amelia climbed into bed at the order.

In the dark, Tiffany’s voice piped up again, “Amelia, you’re not quite showing yet, so you should quickly settle this issue between you and Oscar. In another month,

you won't be able to hide your five-month-old belly anymore. If Oscar really doesn't want the child, he would have plenty of ways for this child to be miscarried. So, think about it carefully. Otherwise, you might lose more than what you bargained for."

Amelia sighed in the dark. After a few seconds, she responded, "Tiff, let me tell you the truth. Oscar is the one that calls the shots in this relationship, while I have no authority at all. When we signed the contract back then, we agreed that I would have to pay him one hundred million if I were to insist on a divorce or if I did not fulfill the requirements as a wife. That's why I haven't left him yet after all this time."

Tiffany switched on the lights and looked at her with disbelief. "Amelia, I must have misheard you, right?"

Amelia's response was calm, "You didn't."

Glaring at her coldly, Tiffany snapped, "Did you lose your brain? How could you do something as stupid as this?"

Amelia chuckled instead. "Do calm down first. Back then, I signed this contract as Oscar was worried that I'd run away halfway through. I thought since I loved money so much, there was no way I would bail on this. Despite it sounding like a serious agreement, it doesn't affect me negatively. As long as I'm not the one who brings up divorce, he can't do anything to me. Now that he wants to divorce me, I can't do anything about that either."

Although Tiffany did calm down, she had since lost all respect for Oscar. "Babe, don't forget how unpredictable and domineering Oscar is. He keeps talking about divorcing you, but it's been a month and he still hasn't done anything about it. I think he'll most probably go back on his word. What are you going to do if he doesn't divorce you and yet doesn't want the child? Are you really going to give it up?"

Amelia's hand traveled to her stomach subconsciously. "Tiff, I've already thought about every single thing that you brought up. I won't let anyone hurt my unborn child. If Oscar really goes back on his word and doesn't divorce me, I'll find an excuse to leave the city."

Tiffany stared at her with utter disbelief.