

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

## Chapter 310

Amelia got up early the following morning as she barely slept at all. Having spent most of last night thinking, she got a headache from not getting enough rest.

"Babe, you don't look so good. Are you not feeling well?" asked Tiffany concernedly when she noticed how pale Amelia was.

Ever since Amelia lost her sight, Tiffany had been paying close attention to her friend, fearing something would go wrong.

"I'm fine. Probably just caught a cold or something," replied Amelia as she shook her head.

After placing her somewhat cold hand on Amelia's forehead and then on her own, Tiffany let out a sigh of relief. "Luckily, you don't have a fever."

"I'm just blind, Tiff; I'm not terminally ill, so you don't have to worry about me all the time. Just relax, okay? You're starting to make me feel useless."

"I didn't mean to make you feel that, Babe. You're overthinking it," explained Tiffany nervously. Afraid that she would unintentionally say or do something insensitive, Tiffany had been very careful around Amelia ever since her friend became blind. However, her cautiousness only made the interactions between the two awkward.

Amelia then moved her hand around to find Tiffany's. "You don't have to be this way, Tiff. I want you to treat me like how you used to, okay? To tell you the truth, I don't like how you've been treating me like a baby for the past month. I just want you to see me as a normal person, but all you do is remind me how incapable I am. It really sucks. I'd much rather you be who you are—my loud friend," informed Amelia as she patted the back of Tiffany's hand.

After pausing for a while, Amelia continued, "I'm not complaining about you or anything like that, Tiff. I just want things to be normal between us, you know? You don't have to be careful around me all the time. I may be blind, but I'm not as weak as you think I am. For Tony's and your sake, I promise I'll do whatever I can to get better. Even if the odds are stacked against me, I won't give up. I'll keep fighting."

Although Amelia was helpless at times, Tiffany could tell that her friend's spirit remained strong. "Babe, you have no idea how relieved I am to hear you say that. I was so worried about you getting hurt that I didn't realize I was making you uncomfortable, but you showed me that you're more than okay. You're so much stronger than I thought, and I'm glad for it." Tiffany then smiled cheerfully at her friend, who responded in kind.

"Good! Then I'll brush my teeth on my own today if you don't mind. I've already familiarized myself with the room in the past month. Heck, I'm probably even more familiar with the place than you are! So stop worrying about me, okay? I know I lost my sight, but I can't rely on you for everything. I don't want to end up useless."

Seeing how determined Amelia was, Tiffany decided to let her friend be. She knew that no matter how tough Amelia was trying to be, the woman was still somewhat self-conscious on the inside. Tiffany was just glad that Amelia could find a reason to stay strong.

Taking a step back to let her friend through, Tiffany replied, "Sure, go ahead. I'll be right outside if you need me."

"You don't have to stand by for me; I can do this on my own. You have your job, so I can't expect you to be there for me all the time. It's better for us if I get used to being on my own as soon as possible. I'll be fine, Tiff. Trust me, okay? Take a seat and relax. I'm not completely useless, you know?"

"Fine. I'll stay here then."

Tiffany wanted to help Amelia, but the latter insisted on going alone, so she had no choice but to stand aside and watch nervously as her friend walked slowly toward the bathroom.

When Amelia finally made it inside, Tiffany breathed a sigh of relief. Sweat trickling down her forehead made Tiffany realize just how nervous she had been for the past few minutes.

After making her way to the bathroom sink, Amelia had no problem brushing her teeth independently. However, when she tried to reach for the soap dispenser, she accidentally knocked the container off the counter. Both Tiffany and Amelia jumped when it hit the floor. Fearing the worst, Tiffany immediately dashed into the bathroom to check on her friend.

"Babe, are you okay? Are you hurt?" questioned Tiffany anxiously as she checked Amelia from head to toe.

Shaking her head, Amelia assured her friend, "I'm fine, Tiff. What did I drop?"

"It's just the dispenser. Don't worry about it. Just tell me what you need, and I'll get them for you. We have to hurry down for breakfast. I made an appointment with your doctor for this afternoon. It's a follow-up for your eyes."

Amelia stood still and let Tiffany help her with the rest of her morning routine before she was led out of the bathroom.

"Sit here, Babe. I'm going to clean up the bathroom now, and after that, we'll have breakfast together."

After Amelia nodded in agreement, Tiffany went back into the bathroom.

Sitting there alone, Amelia could not help but feel disheartened because of what had just happened. As much as she wanted to live normally again, she realized that she could not even get a simple task done, and that made her feel worthless.

At that moment, Amelia was filled with nothing but despair and hopelessness.

She feared that she would one day become a burden to those around her and wondered if there was any point to continue living if that were to happen.

Thinking that her good looks were probably her only redeeming quality then, Amelia let out a long sigh.

When Tiffany returned to Amelia, all she saw was the look of despair on her friend's face.

"What's the matter, Babe?" inquired Tiffany gently after squatting down beside Amelia, who instinctively tried to withdraw her hand but was stopped by Tiffany.

"You filled yourself with negative thoughts again, didn't you, Babe?"

"I'm utterly useless, aren't I, Tiff? I can't even take care of myself. Do you think Tony will hate me for being such a useless mother?" asked Amelia with a wry smile.

As a show of support, Tiffany held Amelia's hand tightly. "Never. Tony's a smart kid. He knows what you've been through. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, and you're one of the kindest people I know. Tony will understand."

"I hope you're right," responded Amelia, smiling softly.

"Promise me that you'll get rid of those negative thoughts, Babe. The doctor said you have to stay positive, or it's just going to make things worse for you."

Keeping silent, Amelia knew her friend was right.

"Let's go have breakfast, Babe. Your favorite oatmeal is waiting for you." With that, Tiffany got up and helped Amelia do the same.

When the two got downstairs, the handsome Derrick just so happened to enter the house. Like a star-struck fangirl, Tiffany immediately turned bright red.

"Mr. Hisson's here, Babe," Tiffany informed Amelia shyly. Even though Tiffany had been seeing the man for a month, she was still not used to calling him by his first name. To her, calling the man "Mr. Hisson" sounded more intimate, for some reason.

"Derrick's here?" Amelia turned toward the front door, assuming that the man was standing there.

After smiling at Tiffany, Derrick turned to her friend. "I heard about your situation from Tiff, and I'm sorry that I couldn't visit earlier, Amelia. I've been busy with my mother lately."

Shaking her head, Amelia replied, "How's Old Mrs. Hisson? Is she getting any better?"

"She's been discharged. The doctor said that she just needs to rest for half a month, and she'll recover."

"That's good to hear. You and Tiff haven't seen each other for a month now; I can tell you she misses you a lot. You two take your time now, okay? And I'm going to make myself scarce." After that, Amelia turned to her friend. "You should spend the day with Derrick, Tiff. After all, the man came all the way to see you. Don't worry about the appointment. There's always tomorrow."

"But Amelia... "

Before Tiffany could go on, Amelia quickly squeezed her friend's hand to signal the woman to shut up.

"Let's sit down, shall we? I think the chairs are beckoning us over," joked Derrick to help with the awkwardness.

From the second the three sat down at the dining table, Derrick could not take his eyes off Tiffany. The man realized that Tiffany had grown even more beautiful since they last met.

Even though the two had only been apart for a month, it felt like an entire year to Derrick.

Tiffany could not help but blush when the man kept staring at her like that, so she gave him a look, gesturing for him to knock it off. Derrick chuckled for a brief while but quickly stopped when he remembered Amelia's situation.

"So where's Kurt?" inquired Derrick.

"He has some business to attend to, so he's going to be away for two days," explained Amelia.

Curious, Derrick raised a brow. "Oh, I thought he's only working for you. He's quite a busy man, huh?"

Amelia only smiled politely in response to that.

"Kurt is a good man. He said that he wanted to earn more money so that he could afford a suitable replacement for Amelia's corneas. If you ask me, I think that man wants to be more than just a bodyguard to her. I'm more than happy to play matchmaker for them if Amelia's interested," Tiffany chimed in.

"There you go again. Kurt and I are just friends, Tiff. You can't just go around telling people things like that. You're going to ruin the man's reputation," warned Amelia with her brows knitted.

However, that did not bother Tiffany in the slightest. She gave Derrick a look when she knew Amelia was just trying to change the subject once again. As expected, Kurt's love for Amelia is probably going to end up unrequited.

Knowing that love could not be forced, Derrick simply smiled at the two women's bantering.