

Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

Chapter 312

After bidding Boris farewell and leaving the hospital, Tiffany was finally free to speak her mind. "Mr. Hisson, is Boris really... "

Halfway through, the woman suddenly stopped.

"Granddad told me that Boris is a very talented physician and that the man is especially keen on traditional medicine. In fact, acupuncture is one of his specialties. He would never have made Amelia a promise like that if he couldn't do it." Derrick paused for a brief moment before adding, "I know Boris seemed arrogant and strange, but he really is a good man. He has helped many who couldn't afford medical treatments, and he always takes his patients seriously. I trust him. That's why I asked for his help."

"Really?" Tiffany was still doubtful.

"I know how much Amelia means to you. I would never do anything to hurt her," promised Derrick, as he held Tiffany's hands tightly.

Immediately, Tiffany's cheeks turned as red as a tomato.

On the other hand, Amelia still seemed troubled.

"What's wrong, Babe?" inquired Tiffany when she noticed the look on her friend's face.

Coming back to her sense, Amelia quickly plastered on a smile. "Oh, nothing. I'm fine. Just glad to hear that I might be able to see again."

Still, Tiffany could tell that Amelia was upset about something.

"It's going to be okay, Babe. Like Boris said, your eyes will be back to normal soon, and you'll be seeing Oscar again. Things may not be easy now, but in the end, everything will work out for the best. You'll see." Tiffany guessed that Boris' divination was why her friend seemed distracted.

"I'm okay, Tiff," assured Amelia with a smile.

After helping Amelia into the car, Tiffany gently patted the woman's hand. "Babe, after you get your sight back, we'll go on a trip before returning to the city. And if Oscar hasn't remarried by then, you do whatever it takes to get him back. Then the three of you will live happily ever after."

There was a hint of bitterness in Amelia's eyes after listening to her friend.

Amelia never really did hold out much hope for her eyes, to begin with. As for Oscar, she had felt guilt toward the man since she left with Tony without saying goodbye. Oscar had been nothing but nice to her, but she repaid his kindness by manipulating him to gain her son's custody.

Amelia then tried to change the subject. "You don't have to worry about me anymore. Boris promised that I'd be fine, Tiff. Derrick came all the way here to see you, so you should spend more time with him. Go on a date or something. You two deserve it."

"Are you trying to get rid of me, Babe? Have you had enough of me already?" questioned Tiffany while pouting playfully.

"Of course not! I just think that you two should spend some time alone. It has been a while, right?"

Tiffany glanced at Derrick, who remained silent in the driver's seat.

When they reached the villa, Tiffany carefully helped Amelia get out of the vehicle. "We're home, Babe. Careful now."

Saying nothing, Amelia smiled in response.

When the three got into the living room, Jeremy carried Tony over. By then, the child was already old enough to recognize the people around him. He was always happy to be around Amelia and Tiffany, but when he saw Derrick, his puppy-dog eyes widened in curiosity. As if he had discovered something exciting, Tony stretched his hand toward Derrick.

Seeing how the child reacted to Derrick surprised Tiffany.

"He seems to like you, Mr. Hisson. You have no idea how long Tony cried before he's finally comfortable around Jeremy. I guess good-looking people do have special privileges. Too

bad I'm not much of a looker myself, Amelia. That boy is going to grow up to despise me. I just know it," joked Tiffany, cracking everybody up.

Tony nestled comfortably in Derrick's arms when the man held him. Then, he extended his little hand to touch Derrick's cheek before pecking it. As if he had hit the jackpot, the child clapped his hands excitedly and giggled afterward.

"If that doesn't convince you how shallow that boy is, I don't know what will," commented Tiffany before turning her attention to the child. "Tony, in case you didn't figure it out, that man belongs to me. He's mine. Got it?"

Seeing how jealous Tiffany was, Derrick could barely keep his composure any longer.

Amelia wanted to make her way to Derrick's side but was obstructed by the coffee table, so Tiffany hurried over to help her friend.

"I would like to hold Tony now. It has been days since I last held my boy. I've missed him terribly." Excited to feel her child again, Amelia clenched her right fist.

"Careful," reminded Derrick as he cautiously handed Tony over to Amelia.

With Tony in her arms, Amelia ran her fingers over the boy's soft skin before placing a kiss on the forehead. At that moment, the mother felt like she had everything she could ever want. Everything except the ability to see her child grow up with her own eyes.

"Tony, my dear boy," Amelia called out as she rubbed her cheek against Tony's.

Still too young to understand what was happening around him, Tony waved his tiny arms around and tried to grab his mother's hair.

"Let me hold the child for you, Amelia. I held Mr. Hisson when he was a baby, so you can say I'm pretty experienced." Jeremy was worried that Amelia could not handle the boy since she was blind.

"Thank you, Jeremy, but I'd like to spend more time with Tony. I missed him so much," responded Amelia with a blank stare.

The butler then turned to look at Jeremy, who gave him a slight nod.

"Okay. Do let me know if you need anything," informed Jeremy before backing away respectfully.

"Mr. Hisson, I noticed how every servant in the villa seems to respect you. In fact, they seem to fear you. Is there something I should know about you?" questioned Tiffany half-jokingly.

"They have all served our family for quite a while now, and they're all very loyal. It's just that I'm rarely around here, so they haven't really warmed up to me yet," replied Derrick before reaching out, naturally holding Tiffany's hand as if he had done it a million times.

Even though Tiffany knew that Amelia could not see them, she still glanced instinctively at Amelia out of shyness.

"Not now. Amelia's still here," whispered Tiffany to Derrick.

However, Amelia still heard her friend. "You two should head out. Go explore the city. With the number of maids here, Tony and I are going to be just fine. Stop worrying about me, Tiff."

When Tiffany was about to say something, Derrick interrupted her, "I think we should listen to Amelia. You don't want her to feel bad, do you? Come on. We can take a walk by the lake and catch up. If Amelia needs anything, the maids will let you know."

Since both Derrick and Amelia insisted, Tiffany had no choice but to comply.

After the couple went out, Amelia turned to Jeremy, who was still standing by. "Jeremy, I'll be spending some time with Tony here, so if you have other things to do, feel free to excuse yourself. I'll call you if I need anything."

Still, Jeremy was hesitant about leaving the two.

"It's okay, Jeremy. We'll be playing right here on the couch. Nothing bad is going to happen," assured Amelia, as if she knew what was going on inside the butler's head.

"Very well. I'll be nearby, so don't hesitate to call for my help."

After Amelia nodded in response, the butler finally took his leave.

"Are you happy to see me, Tony? Did you miss me while I was away?" asked Amelia as she shook both of Tony's hands playfully, to which the boy responded by cooing.

"Oh, what I wouldn't give to hear you call me Mommy! Still, hearing your baby talk is enough to put a smile on my face. I know I have been selfish. After all, you're supposed to be with the Clintons. Now you only have me. I hope you won't hate me for it when you get older. If you choose to go back to them, I won't stop you. Just know that you're all I have."

Even though Boris promised that she would regain her vision, Amelia was still doubtful, since almost every other doctor had told her otherwise. They informed her that unless she found suitable corneas for her eyes, she would be blind for the rest of her life. Seeing how well-respected the other doctors were, she had little reason to question their judgment.

To Amelia, it seemed like Boris had over-promised. It was not that she did not trust the physician's capability. She just thought that his pride had blinded him.

Amelia only agreed to give Boris a chance because she did not think her situation could worsen. If Boris ended up being right, then she would consider herself lucky. If not, the worst that could happen was her losing her life. Otherwise, she would remain blind, as if nothing had happened.

At that moment, Amelia got so distracted by her own thoughts that she did not even notice Tony breaking free from her grasp. Only after finding the boy's hands again did Amelia breathe a sigh of relief. "Sorry, Tony. I know I got distracted for a while there."

To that, the child responded with his baby talk once again.

Smiling wryly, Amelia held her son close to her chest. "I'm sorry, Tony. I won't be able to watch you grow up, but I hope you can accept me the way I am."

Oblivious to Amelia's complicated feelings, Tony started playing around with his mother's fingers.

Seeing how happy and innocent Tony was, Amelia felt her worries fall away. Suddenly, she was hopeful again.