

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 109

Amelia did not want to accept the call, but Cassie could be quite persistent. The woman kept calling non-stop that it eventually got on Molly's nerves. "Mrs. Clinton, if you don't want to take the call, you could just switch off the phone. Whoever the caller is, they're so uncultured. They should stop calling when it's clear that no one wants to answer the phone."

Amelia smiled at her. "It's fine, Molly, I'll take the call outside. I'll be back in a minute."

"Mrs. Clinton, I'd advise you to answer it upstairs. You're pregnant now. There's no harm in being more careful."

Amelia nodded and went upstairs.

She picked up the call once she entered the bedroom. "What now, Ms. Yard? What else do you have to say to me?"

On the other end of the line, Cassie spoke. "Amelia, are you free now? Let's meet outside."

Amelia refused. "Ms. Yard, I don't have the time. Whatever it is, you can say it over the phone."

Cassie was adamant. "Amelia, I'll see you at Starbucks in an hour. If you don't come, I'll drop by at your place. I reckon Oz will love to see me make an entrance."

Amelia ground her teeth. "Cassie, how do you still have the face to show yourself?"

"Oz has promised to marry me as soon as possible, you see. He also said that he's not willing to have our child born out of wedlock. Since the house you're currently staying in will be mine eventually, it's not wrong for me, the soon-to-be lady of the house, to exercise my right in advance, is it?"

Cassie made some bold statements.

Amelia barked out a laugh. She changed her mind and said, "Fine. I'll see you at Starbucks in an hour."

With that, she abruptly ended the phone call.

Amelia went to the closet to pick out what she should wear. She took the task seriously because, even though she was with child, and that her belly would continue to grow, causing her body to swell out of shape—in fact, there was no shape to speak of now—she did not want to lose to Cassie.

To a certain extent, her appearance was bound to give people the wrong impression. They would always regard her as a promiscuous woman. On the other hand, Cassie, with her angelic looks, had a certain advantage over her. Therefore, when it came to seeking sympathy, Amelia would most likely lose out. Even so, she did not want to lose to Cassie before the competition even started.

The war between these two women actually depended on whomever the man would side with.

Amelia arrived at Starbucks five minutes before the appointed time. She ordered a cup of Jamaican Blue Mountain and got a table. Time ticked by and, unexpectedly, Cassie had yet to show up. Soon, she finished her drink. When she checked her phone, she realized that half an hour had passed.

Amelia dialed Cassie's number. When the call was connected, she growled at the recipient, "Ms. Yard, are you here yet? Your time may be cheap, but mine is precious, so I suggest you show yourself within the next ten minutes or I'm leaving!"

The moment she finished her rant, however, Cassie's weak voice sounded from the other end of the line, "Amelia, my stomach hurts a great deal. Am I going to lose my baby? Can you come here, please?"

Hearing that, Amelia panicked. She asked hurriedly, "Where are you? Give me your address. I'm coming."

Cassie provided her the address over the phone.

Amelia was quite surprised to learn that Cassie lived so close to Oscar's neighborhood, but right then she was facing a matter of life and death. She had no time to get jealous about it.

She quickly paid, rushed out of the shop, and got into her car. Before setting off, she thought she should give Oscar a call.

She dialed Oscar's number, but it did not go through the first time. Luckily, it was answered on the second try.

"Mr. Clinton, Ms. Yard just called. She told me her stomach hurts. I don't know what's going on but I'm going there now to take a look. If you're not busy, please come. After all... it's your child. If anything happens, you'll grieve as well."

"I'm on my way," Oscar said and promptly hung up the call.

Amelia looked at the beeping phone and, for a while, she let herself indulge in sadness. But she quickly got over it and drove away.

Luckily, it was not rush hour, so Amelia was able to drive at top speed to her destination. Before long, she reached Cassie's neighborhood and took the elevator upstairs.

Outside Cassie's apartment, Amelia knocked vigorously on the door, but no one came to answer it. She took the elevator downstairs again and informed the guards in the security room. The two guards took the keys and followed her upstairs.

They opened the door to find Cassie slumped at the stairway. A pool of blood had formed at her legs.

Amelia could tell that things had gotten from bad to worse. She ordered the guards to call for an ambulance. Then, she quickly ran over and kneeled down beside Cassie, calling her name over and over again.

Cassie slowly awakened. When she realized it was Amelia calling her, she grasped at the latter's hand weakly. She pleaded, "Amelia, please save my baby. I don't want to lose her."

Amelia grabbed the woman's hand firmly as she assured her, "Don't worry. We'll get you to the hospital now. You and your baby will be fine."

"Save my baby. Save my baby. I still want to marry Oscar," Cassie pleaded.

Amelia's mind was all over the place, but she still managed to remain calm and said, "Don't worry, your baby will be fine. We're taking you to the hospital now."

She turned toward the two guards. "Sirs, have you called the ambulance?"

"Yes," came the reply. The two guards looked at Cassie, lying there in a pool of blood. They said, "This young lady is hurt badly. Should we get something to stop the bleeding first?"

Amelia thought for a while and came up with a better idea. "Sirs, which one of you is stronger? Carry her. We have to take her to the hospital now. We can't wait for the ambulance. There's too much at risk. The longer a pregnant woman dallies, the greater danger she's in."

“That works too.” The guard with a larger build stepped forward and took Cassie in his arms while Amelia was at the front giving commands. “Sir, be careful. She’s delicate.”

With a pregnant woman covered in blood in his arms, the guard was no doubt in a horrified state. It took a lot of effort to get Cassie downstairs. Amelia opened the door to her car, and the two guards carefully got Cassie into the vehicle.

Amelia drove to the Principal General Hospital as quickly and steadily as she could. Along the way, she called Robert in advance. As such, the moment the car arrived at the entrance, the medical staff that was already on standby came over with a stretcher.

The medical team placed Cassie on the stretcher and entered the hospital building. Amelia sighed in relief. She turned to express her gratitude to the two guards, “Kind sirs, thank you so much for today. If it weren’t for the two of you, I don’t know what will happen to her. If you don’t mind, let me buy you a meal next time.”

Both guards were middle-aged men, and they were honest people. They seemed dumbstruck when a beautiful woman like Amelia offered them her sincere gratitude. “Miss, don’t say that. This is our duty. Your friend has safely arrived at the hospital, that’s all that matters. We ought to get back to work now.”

“Oh, of course, kind sirs. She’s still being treated, so I’ll stay with her. After she’s recovered, do let me treat you to a meal.”

The two guards nodded and left the hospital.

After that, Mr. Lancaster walked over to her. “Amelia, you don’t look so good. Shall I conduct a checkup for you? Olivia’s been looking forward to a grandson for some time now. We wouldn’t want anything bad to happen.”

Amelia shook her head and chuckled. “Mr. Lancaster, I’m fine. It’s just that I was racing against time just now and got all tensed up trying to get here. I know I must look haggard. Thanks for worrying about me, though.”

Mr. Lancaster had a very good impression of Amelia. Although she did not come from a good family background, she was kind, considerate, and very polite to her elders. She was also a brilliant, well-spoken conversationalist on top of being charming and elegant in every step she took.

From a man’s point of view, such a woman would make a wonderful wife. As long as the man was not superficial, he would not be deceived by her looks and presume that she would be unfaithful.

"You're pregnant now. So you have to prioritize your wellbeing. If you're high-strung all the time, it's not good for the development of the fetus. You have to be more careful, alright?" Mr. Lancaster said in all earnestness as the two entered the hospital together.

Amelia listened obediently to what he had to say. "I will, Mr. Lancaster."

"Why don't you take a rest in my office?"

Amelia shook her head. "There's no need, Mr. Lancaster. I'm fine. I just need to rest for a while. You're the dean, so you must have a lot of work to do. I really shouldn't keep you. I already feel quite guilty for troubling you just now."

"Don't say that. You're Oscar's wife, after all. There's no trouble here. Even if you call me in the middle of the night, I'll call all the doctors to come to the hospital at once. If anything happens to you, Olivia will skin me alive!" Mr. Lancaster exclaimed in a joking manner.

Amelia grinned.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Lancaster! You really should get going. I can wait outside the operating room on my own. Oscar will be here soon, anyway."

"Alright, then. I'm getting back to work. Call me if you need anything." With that, Mr. Lancaster left.

Amelia waited on the bench outside the operating room for about ten minutes before Oscar arrived.

"Amelia, how's Cassie?" Oscar ran up to her and asked anxiously.

Amelia was once again confronted with mixed feelings when she noticed the panic in his eyes, but she went on to assure him, "Cassie's still in the operating room."

"What happened to her? Why did she call you? How's the baby?" Oscar fired a barrage of questions.

Amelia gave him a complicated look while her heart ached.

"I got her call after breakfast today. She said she wanted to talk to me about something and asked me to meet her at Starbucks. I got there and waited for half an hour but she didn't show, so I called her. She sounded weak on the phone and she wanted me to go get her. Something didn't feel right so I went to her place. I asked two guards to open the door for me and after that, we found her lying in a pool of her own blood. I got one

of the guards to carry her into my car and drove her here. I also called Mr. Lancaster along the way. If you don't believe me, you can check all you want, but don't you think for a second that I caused harm to your lover on purpose. I'm not so noble as to take the blame for someone else."

Seeing her stubbornness, Oscar felt somewhat relaxed.

He lifted a finger and rubbed her nose. "When have I ever doubted you?"

"You were questioning me just now. Weren't you suspecting that I must have done something horrible to your lover?"

Oscar did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"I was just wondering how the two of you got together, so I asked. It's as simple as that. Why, were you really mad?"

Amelia pursed her lips. "Mr. Clinton, I didn't want this to happen to her either. Now's probably not the best time or place to talk about her behind her back, but Ms. Yard had asked to meet me in person several times. I'm your wife, legally speaking, and your lover is getting in my hair. It's frustrating!"

Oscar's eyes darkened as he fell into deep thought.

Amelia glanced at him and added, "It's useless telling you all this. You won't take my side anyway."

She paused, then continued, "Now that the unthinkable has happened, I suggest you be mentally prepared. Her unborn baby might not survive."

Strangely, Oscar did not really feel sad when he heard Amelia's prediction. On the contrary, he seemed to feel a faint sense of relief.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 110**

"It's hard to say. Let's wait for the doctor's diagnosis first."

Amelia glanced at Oscar dubiously. She was surprised that he could be so calm upon hearing about Cassie's accident. Is he pretending to be calm on purpose, or is he just cold-hearted by nature? If it's the latter, then he's one hell of a heartless man.

Based on how much she knew about him, she would rather he was pretending to be strong on purpose.

Although Amelia did not like seeing him sad because of another woman, if a man could be indifferent toward something major happening to the woman he loved, then such a man would be absolutely terrifying.

"Aren't you worried, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia probed him.

Oscar pulled her into his arms. "Don't fret about it. If I act too worried, won't you get jealous?"

Amelia's suppressed emotions only got stronger.

"Mr. Clinton, the fact that you're so calm about this is freaking me out."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not sure how to put it, but I think your reaction isn't quite right."

"Do you think I'm being too cold?"

Amelia nodded frankly.

Oscar could not decide whether he should laugh or cry. "Ah, Women... I swear, I can never understand your train of thought. If I worry too much, you'll say I'm overly worried about other women. If I'm calm, you'll say I'm being cold-hearted."

The strange feeling in Amelia's heart had yet to dissipate.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm just..."

Oscar placed his hand over her mouth. "Alright, that's enough. Don't say anything that would make me mad."

Amelia leaned into his embrace. She no longer bothered to guess how Oscar really felt toward Cassie.

The two sat quietly on the bench. Time slowly ticked away, and in the blink of an eye, the operation had gone on for three hours.

Amelia stared at the red light outside the operating room and frowned. Then, she struck up a conversation with Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, I think you should tell the Yard family about this. Otherwise, if anything happens to Ms. Yard, I'm afraid you won't be able to explain to them."

Oscar considered it and nodded in agreement. "I'll get my chauffeur to take you home first. You're with child, and it's way past lunchtime. You going hungry won't be doing any good for the baby's development."

Amelia gave it some thought and nodded faintly.

She initially wanted to wait with Oscar but considering his relationship with Cassie, it would turn out awkward if she stayed. She was the legal wife, and Cassie the mistress. Currently, the mistress was in the operating room, possibly having a difficult delivery. If she stayed, the Yard family might get emotional when they arrive.

In a love triangle, someone was bound to get hurt.

Amelia shot Oscar a look fraught with emotions. This man is so exceptional that two equally exceptional women actually got jealous, became rivals, and even loathed each other, all because they're pining for him.

They said women were nothing but trouble, but sometimes it was more likely that the men were the bringers of bad luck.

Before Amelia left, she said to Oscar, "Mr. Clinton, do be careful. If anything happens, give me a call."

"What? Are you afraid that your husband will get beaten up or something?" Oscar quipped, amused.

Amelia gave him a side-eye. "What happened to Cassie was extremely serious. You should know that the Yard family won't let this matter go so easily. After all, their daughter's pregnant with your kid."

Oscar replied as he stroked her face, "You're such a worrywart. Be careful now, or you might become an old hag when you're not even that old yet!"

Amelia glared at him.

"Fine, I know you're worried about me. Please go home. I'll give you updates on Cassie's condition," Oscar deliberately said so to soothe her.

Amelia left the hospital after that.

She got into her car. Still feeling worried, she gave Olivia a call.

After the call got through, Olivia's motherly voice sounded from the other side, "Hi, Amelia."

"Mom, have you taken your lunch?" Amelia asked.

"I had it at eleven. What about you?"

"Not yet. I'll eat something later."

"It's late, Amelia. Why haven't you eaten yet?" Olivia asked, already anxious. "Where are you now? I'll get the maid to prepare some food and send them your way. What's Molly been doing? Hasn't she cooked anything for you?"

"Mom, calm down. I just got out of the hospital, so..."

"What? Hospital, you say? Is there a problem with the baby?" Olivia got even more anxious. "Which hospital are you at right now? I'm coming over."

Olivia's reaction filled Amelia's heart with warmth. The younger woman quickly explained, "Mom, I'm fine. It's Ms. Yard who got admitted to the hospital."

Olivia clearly did not like the sound of that. "Why were you with Cassie in the first place? Aha! She's pestering you again, isn't she? Oh my gosh! Has that woman got no shame?"

Feeling helpless, Amelia said, "Mom, listen to me. Ms. Yard had an accident, and she might have some complications delivering the baby."

On the other end of the line, Olivia was evidently stunned.

"What happened?"

Amelia gave her a brief explanation of everything that had happened.

Silence ensued for a few moments before Olivia spoke again. "Amelia, why don't you head home first? I'll make a trip to the hospital. I may not know for sure whose baby she's having, but since she insists it's Oscar's, I can't ignore that. I'll go and sort things out for myself. You're pregnant now, so I don't want you to take part in any of this. If you ask me, losing this baby is probably for the best, otherwise, the baby will be born as an illegitimate child."

As Amelia listened to Olivia, she could not help but feel equal parts surprised and upset.

"Amelia, I hope you don't think of me as cruel. I just don't want other women to threaten your position. I like you. You'll always be the Clintons' daughter-in-law for as long as we live."

Amelia felt guilty for the brief thought she had hatched just a moment ago.

"Mom, I'm sorry."

On the other line, Olivia snorted. "Silly child. Oscar's the one who should be sorry. Why are you apologizing to me? I know that you've suffered a lot of grief in this family. Oscar may be an excellent businessman, but he has no idea how to manage his marriage. Please bear with him, give him more guidance, and I bet one day he'll realize how good you've been to him."

To that, Amelia said, "Mom, Oscar's a good man. He treats me very well."

"I'm pleased to hear you say that. Hurry home, then. I'll get the maid to prepare a nutritious meal for you."

"Alright."

After hanging up, Amelia glanced back at the hospital with a grim expression before driving away.

Shortly after Amelia left, the Yard family arrived at the hospital.

Elizabeth launched herself onto Oscar, wailing. "Oscar, what's going on here? Cassie's been doing well all this time, hasn't she? How did she end up like this?"

Oscar merely let the older woman have her way with him. He waited until she got tired from crying and using him as an emotional punching bag before speaking to them as calmly as he could, "Mrs. Yard, I'm deeply sorry about Cassie, but I really don't know the details about her accident."

Elizabeth looked at him in surprise. Perhaps she did not expect such a cruel statement to have come from him, she simply stared at him dazedly while her tears flowed freely.

Oscar extended a hand to support her. "Mrs. Yard, you and your husband should sit down and take a rest first. Cassie's still in the operating room, and I'm not sure of her condition. If you go on like this, I fear for your health. "

Charlie put his arms around Elizabeth's shoulders and said, "Dear, please calm down. Cassie knows we're worried about her. She'll be fine."

Elizabeth leaned on Charlie and eventually got a hold of herself.

When she finally composed herself, she turned to Oscar and said calmly, "Oscar, let me ask you. What are your plans for Cassie if she has a miscarriage?"

Oscar skilfully evaded the question. "Mrs. Yard, Cassie's a lucky person. I'm sure she'll be fine."

But Elizabeth was adamant in getting an answer from him. "Oscar, Cassie's the only daughter we have. She insisted on keeping the child despite our objections. You've also promised to divorce your wife and marry her. And since you've made your promise, I'll see to it that it's fulfilled. "

Oscar merely pursed his lips.

He felt repelled by the idea of getting married to Cassie now that he was being cornered by Cassie's parents. It doesn't matter that he actually had the intention of divorcing Amelia and take Cassie as his wife in the beginning.

As a child, he was used to being surrounded by others who worshipped him, and he was accustomed to being the one in charge. He did not like the feeling of being coerced like he was then.

Elizabeth glared at him sharply. "Oscar, be honest with me. You have no intention to marry my daughter at all, am I right?"

Oscar replied solemnly, "Mrs. Yard, Amelia's also pregnant right now. I can't possibly abandon her while she's still pregnant with my child. If I do so, I'm worse than a feral beast. I doubt you'd want a man with no morals as your son-in-law."

Elizabeth was livid. She raised her hand and gave Oscar a huge slap on the face. "Oscar! If you can't bear to leave your wife, why must you mess around with Cassie? Amelia may be pregnant, but don't you forget that the woman in the operating room right now is also having your child! Her life is hanging in the balance, and we don't even know if the baby will survive. How heartless can you be to say something like that!" she berated.

The impact got Oscar's head to whiped to the right. His expression turned dark and gloomy.

Charlie patted his wife on the shoulder as a means to console her. He said, "Dear, please calm down. I believe Oscar will provide an explanation."

With teary eyes, Elizabeth went on yelling, "What's there left to explain? Didn't you hear what he said? If anything happens to Cassie, I don't care if we have to disperse all our wealth, I'll make sure the Clintons are held accountable!"

Charlie continued to pat his wife on the shoulder. Softly, he said to her, "Dear, please, listen to me and calm down. No one expects something like this to happen to Cassie. None of us have any idea what really happened. What we can do now is to wait until Cassie wakes up, then we'll be able to get the whole story. You can't just go blindly accusing Oscar like this. It will only make matters worse and we may end up in a deadlock. So please, get a hold of yourself."