

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 111

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 111 Might Be Infertile

“Cassie’s in the operation room right now! How do you expect me to be calm?” Elizabeth exclaimed, overcome with emotions.

Just then, a nurse walked over to them and reminded Elizabeth to behave. “Madam, this is the operating room. Please keep your voice down.”

Charlie got hold of his wife. “My apologies. Our daughter is undergoing an operation right now and my wife’s awfully worried about her. She’s losing control of her emotions.”

The nurse nodded. She sympathized with their situation but it was still her duty to warn them. “Still, this is a hospital. So you have to be quiet.”

With that, the nurse walked away.

Elizabeth lay in Charlie’s embrace. When she got much more composed, she turned to face Oscar again and said to him, “Oscar, you should know that I practically watched you grow up. Back then, I can see that you were really in love with Cassie. Yes, she did flee from the wedding, but she was young and naïve then. All these years, she’s always loved you, otherwise, she wouldn’t have given up the opportunity to join a famous orchestra overseas and run back here. She even turned down all invitations to performances in order to keep her unborn child. Do you see how much she’s willing to sacrifice, all because she loves you so much? Now, she’s in the operating room, maybe even at death’s door, and the baby might not survive. Why can’t you make any promises for her?”

Oscar kept silent and merely looked sullen.

Elizabeth was about to go on a rampage again when Charlie patted her on the shoulder, soothing her once more. It was his turn to speak to the young man. “Oscar, I understand how you feel. After all, Ms. Winters has been with you for five years. Even if you didn’t like her in the beginning, humans are emotional beings and love can develop over time. Cassie has wronged you first, and frankly, it stands to reason that we can’t ask you to take responsibility for her. But since you’ve made up with her, and she knowingly fills the role of the loathsome mistress, added on by the fact that she’s in the operating room as we speak, shouldn’t you give her a rightful title?”

Oscar and Charlie exchanged glances. The younger man understood that this was a contest between two men, where one side could stand to lose out if he was not careful.

Just when Oscar was about to say something, Olivia's voice sounded from behind him, to his great relief.

"I came as soon as I heard that Cassie's been admitted to the hospital. What exactly is going on? How did she end up here?"

Oscar, clearly relieved to see his mother, crossed the room to meet her. "Mom, why are you here?"

Olivia gave him the side-eye. She whispered to him, "Oscar, look at the mess you've made. I'll deal with you later."

Oscar heeded in silence.

After another brief glance, Olivia summoned the right amount of worry to appear on her face again. She strode toward Charlie and Elizabeth.

"Charlie, I heard that Cassie's been brought to the hospital. What happened? Why is she here?" Olivia asked, feigning concern.

Elizabeth glanced at Olivia with complicated emotions in her eyes. "Now that Cassie's admitted to the hospital, I bet you're the happiest person around, aren't you?"

Olivia's expression remained unchanged as she responded, "Your family and ours have been the closest friends for many years. If you really think of me so badly, then there's nothing I can do to change that. But I'll have you know that I don't wish for Cassie to end up in the operating room."

Elizabeth glared at the other woman, still simmering with anger.

Charlie patted his wife on the shoulder before he turned to face Olivia. "Forgive my wife. She's gotten overly anxious about Cassie that she's become very careless with her words. Please don't take it to heart."

Olivia shook her head, once again presenting the right amount of worry on her face. "How long has Cassie been in the operating room? What did the doctors say?"

Charlie shook his head, worry evident on his face. "We've only just arrived. We aren't quite sure about the whole situation either. Oscar was the one who called us. I'm guessing he should know what really happened."

Olivia turned to face Oscar. "Oscar, what the hell is going on? Cassie's been doing fine so far, so how did she end up in the hospital?"

Oscar shook his head. "I'm not exactly sure either. I came here after receiving a call from someone else. But Cassie hasn't come out of the operating room yet, so I don't really know what happened to her."

By then, Elizabeth was already burning with rage.

"Oscar, do you still call yourself a man? Cassie loves you so much. She's willing to have your child. She's willing to give up a promising career for you. Now, she's in the operating room, her life practically hanging by a thread, and you're here throwing tactless remarks! Has your heart turned to stone?" Elizabeth, in a fit of rage, took her frustrations out on Oscar.

Despite being reprimanded, Oscar's expression remained indifferent.

Olivia, on the other hand, did not like how her son was being treated. Her face darkened, and she told the couple, "Charlie, I know you and your wife are deeply worried about Cassie, but Oscar doesn't even know the whole story. Yet you kept accusing him since the moment you arrived. Don't you know how unbearable it is for me, his mother, to hear you blaming him?"

Elizabeth was about to fire back when Charlie squeezed her shoulder. Then, in an apologetic tone, he said, "Olivia, please don't get mad. She's just very worried about Cassie, that's all."

Disapproval still hung on Olivia's face.

Just when the atmosphere thickened with tension, the lights outside the operating room finally went out. A team of medical workers made their exit.

Charlie and Elizabeth quickly went to meet them. The latter grabbed the lead surgeon's hand and asked anxiously, "Doctor, how's my daughter?"

The lead surgeon looked exhausted. Nevertheless, he remained patient and answered her query, "Madam, calm down. The worst is over for your daughter, but we didn't manage to save her child. Due to excessive blood loss, her uterus is now badly damaged, and it will be difficult for her to get pregnant again in the future. I urge you to be mentally prepared."

Elizabeth's legs gave out when she heard that. The woman staggered for several steps and nearly passed out on the floor.

Charlie's expression grew grim as well. He put his arms around his wife and turned to the doctor. "You must be kidding, right? My daughter is in

perfect health. Even if the baby can't be saved, surely she can still get pregnant in the future, right?"

The lead surgeon explained, "Sir, we're very sorry that it has come to this. But she's lost a lot of blood and it took too long for her to get here. We couldn't save the child, and her uterus is so damaged to the point where I fear it will be extremely difficult for her to become pregnant later in life. That being said, not all hope is lost. As long she's nursed back to health, she may still be able to conceive in the future."

Elizabeth broke free of Charlie's hold and grabbed the surgeon by his coat before erupting in anger. "What do you mean she may still be able to conceive? What do you mean she has to be nursed back to health? My daughter is a kind and beautiful young lady. She's practically perfect! She can have as many children as she wants! How dare you curse my daughter like that, you quack!"

The lead surgeon found himself in a bit of a pickle. His staff came up from behind him to console the erratic woman. "Madam, please, you have to calm down. When the patient arrived, she's already bleeding heavily. We've tried our best to save her, and we're deeply sorry for the loss of her unborn child. Please make allowance for our efforts."

Elizabeth looked like she might go insane.

"My daughter's such a nice girl... You did this! All you quacks ruined her! If you don't give me a good explanation today, I will sue your hospital! I'll put an end to your medical careers!"

"Madam, you may be a friend of our dean, but that doesn't mean you can be unreasonable. We are sorry about your daughter, but we have done our best to save her."

Elizabeth got even more infuriated at that.

"Everyone says that Principal General Hospital is the best hospital in the city, that every patient under your care can be cured. Now I see you for who you are! You're just a bunch of quacks! If my daughter can never become pregnant again, I'll make sure every single one of you loses your medical license!"

At this point, Charlie pulled Elizabeth into his arms. He spoke to her in a gentle, reassuring tone, "Dear, you need to chill. They did say Cassie could still conceive in the future. Let's not rush into things."

Elizabeth stared daggers at Charlie. "Are you happy now that Cassie's become like this? If she can't have children, then you have an excuse to continue liking this woman, don't you?" Elizabeth pointed at Olivia. "Don't

think I don't know that you've been obsessed with her since forever. Even after marrying me, even after our daughter has grown up, deep down, you still have a soft spot for this woman."

Surprise flashed across Olivia's face, whereas Charlie cast Elizabeth a pained look. He suppressed his agony as he said to his wife, "Dear, can we stop this? You're the only one I love all these years. Why can't you understand that there's nothing going on between Olivia and me?"

Elizabeth pushed him away. "You! You'd better pray that nothing happens to Cassie, or our marriage ends here!"

Another flash of pain crossed Charlie's face. He had not expected things to go south like that. His heart was undoubtedly wrenching in agony.

One nurse pushed Cassie out of the operating room. "Madam, it's best for you to pull yourself together. The patient is still in a coma and needs absolute peace. You making a row will only disturb her."

Elizabeth lunged forward to look at Cassie and burst into tears at the sight of her pale and lifeless daughter.

Cassie was the only daughter she had. Cassie was the apple in her eye, the thorn in her flesh. Elizabeth would never allow anything to happen to her.

The crazy things that a mother would do for her daughter could be quite terrifying.

"Cassie, don't be scared. Mom's here. No one can harm you. We have all the money and influence to ensure your recovery," Elizabeth said.

"Madam, you have to calm down. The patient needs to be under observation at the intensive care unit for one day. If nothing unusual happens within twenty-four hours, she will be transferred to the general ward.

Another nurse informed them gently.

Elizabeth exclaimed in a rage, "Then what are you waiting for? Hop to it! If anything happens to my daughter, I will never forgive you." Elizabeth seemed to have lost all rational thoughts when it came to matters concerning Cassie.

The two nurses were not pleased to be told off like that, but they knew that Elizabeth was not someone to be trifled with, so they bore with her. "Madam, we'll be going now. If you want to visit her, you'll have to wait until tomorrow."

Elizabeth might be reluctant to leave Cassie, but she could not possibly take her daughter's condition lightly.

With that, Cassie was taken to the intensive care unit. Only after that did Elizabeth wiped away her tears and finally regained her composure. At least, some semblance of it.

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Chapter 112 She Deserves a Rightful Status

"Olivia, Oscar, you both heard it. Cassie's miscarriage this time has damaged her womb. There is a high possibility that she can never get pregnant again. What are your plans for her?" Elizabeth questioned them aggressively with her arms crossed.

Olivia coughed and spoke modestly, "We are very sad that Cassie is in this condition. We will definitely get her the best doctor possible. Besides, the doctor said that it would be difficult for her to conceive, not totally impossible. With the advanced medical technology available nowadays, so long as there is still a chance, Cassie can no doubt still be treated."

Elizabeth snorted frigidly and looked at Olivia with contempt. "Olivia, you are a smart woman," she said, "you have used your intelligence to win over the affection of two men gracefully. This is something that I could never compare to you. Now my daughter has fallen in love with your son. Even if she was wrong to flee her own wedding back then, she is back now. And she willingly bore Oscar's child. Now she can't have children in the future because of this child. Shouldn't Oscar make it up to our Cassie?"

A flash of anger appeared in Olivia's eyes. "I am very sad that Cassie is in this state," she said, "but if you are asking Oscar to divorce Amelia and marry Cassie, I will not agree. Amelia is my favorite daughter-in-law. The fact that Cassie ran away meant that they were not destined for each other. Now, what's done is done. We will hire the best doctors for Cassie, but as for giving her a rightful status by marrying her... I am against it."

Elizabeth sneered at Olivia's words. "Charlie, you heard her. This is the woman that you once liked. You didn't know that she was such a heartless and cruel person, did you?"

Charlie stared helplessly at his wife and attempted to calm her down. "Olivia and I are just old friends, it's really not what you think. Come on,

that's enough. Both of our families have been friends for many years, you are just making the whole situation tense and awkward for everyone here."

Elizabeth shot him an ambivalent look and questioned, "You're saying that I'm being unreasonable right now? It's Olivia who is insulting our Cassie! You are Cassie's father! You're not speaking up for your daughter but siding with her instead. Just who is your family?"

The anger on Olivia's face became even more apparent. Oscar, who had been silent all the while, stood in front of his mother to shield her. "Mr. Yard and Mrs. Yard," he said, directing their attention to him, "I will not shirk from my responsibility toward Cassie but now is not the time yet. We should let Cassie recover and wait for Amelia to give birth first. No matter how degenerate I am, I can't just abandon my pregnant wife and marry another woman. I don't think the both of you would approve of that as well."

Glaring at Oscar, Elizabeth did not back down at all. "Oscar, I watched you as you grew up. In the past, you wouldn't just brush me off with such flimsy words. Be honest with me, are you planning to kick Cassie to the curb since you've had your way with her already?"

Oscar shook his head to deny her assumption and spoke steadily. "From the start, the only woman I wanted to marry was Cassie. But in life, once some things are over, you miss them forever. Even if she returns another five years later, I am still willing to marry her. A lot of things are out of my hands at the moment, so I can't marry Cassie as of now."

The rage in Elizabeth's heart was reaching a boiling point. "Well done, Oscar," she jeered, sarcasm oozing from each word she uttered, "my daughter has become infertile because of you. And you are simply saying that you can't marry her so callously. Do you really think that the Yard family can't do anything against the Clintons?"

Unaffected and unruffled, Oscar replied, "Mrs. Yard, there's no point for us to keep going in circles regarding this issue. For the woman who I wish to marry, I will hold for her the grandest wedding possible. But I have no intention of getting married now. Even if you were to put a gun to my head, I would not bow down to your wishes."

Hearing his reply, Elizabeth became even more aggressive. "Oscar, so what you're saying is, you don't plan to be responsible towards Cassie?"

"To be frank with you Mrs. Yard," said Oscar, "I have already hired a renowned Irushean designer to work on Cassie's wedding gown. But I am sick of you and Cassie constantly forcing me to marry her. I do intend to

get married, but I must not be forced to do so. If this is how it's going to be, I would rather not marry her."

Elizabeth's expression changed instantly. She knew Oscar meant what he said and he was fully capable of getting out of the marriage. He was young in age, but among his peers, he was the most outstanding. Even those sly old foxes in the corporate world could not blatantly play their tricks when facing him. If the Yard family had to go up against a man like this, they did not have much chance at all.

With this consideration in mind, Elizabeth took a deep breath and mellowed her tone. "Oscar, I was too worked up just now. You have to understand how stressful it is for a parent to see their children in the hospital. And to learn that they might never be able to get pregnant again! Anyone would be agitated. So please forgive my rashness this time."

Oscar looked at her and said, "Mrs. Yard, I'm not blaming you for anything. It's just that I have to carefully consider my relationship with Cassie."

Elizabeth's face fell. "Oscar, what do you mean by this?"

"The literal meaning," he replied coolly. The calmer he was, the scarier he seemed to them. "After five years, Cassie is no longer the same girl that I once knew. I do not know whether she is suitable to become a daughter-in-law for the Clinton family."

"You intend to abandon Cassie after all," sneered Elizabeth. "There is no free lunch in this world – everything comes with a price. Because of you, Cassie may never bear children again. Like it or not, you will have to marry her. Otherwise, I will make sure it will not end well for you!" she threatened.

Olivia interrupted, "Both of our families have had close connections for many years, why do you have to speak so harshly? Relationships should be consensual. I feel sad for the loss of Cassie's child too, but you can't make Oscar responsible for everything. He has his own wife and child. By asking him to leave them, aren't you forcing him to be a deadbeat husband?"

"My goodness, Olivia. Do you hear yourself? If your daughter was toyed with and then cast aside, would you be able to say such haughty words? Charlie always says that you are the most intellectual and considerate lady, but it seems you have the most wicked heart of all," retorted Elizabeth.

Charlie was alarmed and quickly cut in, "Dear, please stop. Do you really want to end our friendship with the Clintons?"

Elizabeth glowered at him and shrieked, "She is implying that your daughter is the other woman that is holding onto her son! And you're still speaking up for her! Until now you are still not over her?"

Charlie was exasperated.

At the same time, Olivia started to see red. Because of her friendship with Charlie, she was also acquainted with Elizabeth for many years. All this while, she thought that Elizabeth was cultured and sensible. Yet, it seemed that she had this side to her that was wildly irrational. Looks can be deceiving. It took Olivia a long time to really learn what kind of a person she truly was.

Undeniably, Elizabeth had done a good job concealing this unflattering trait of hers.

Oscar spoke up, "Mrs. Yard, you are too emotional now. I think it is not a good time for us to further discuss this. We will wait for you to calm down before we talk again."

With a wave of her arms, Elizabeth immediately countered, "Don't you play games with me, Oscar. If you don't give me a satisfactory answer as to how you will make it up to Cassie, I will storm to Clinton Corporations and make it known to all those people who look up to you what kind of a scumbag their beloved Mr. Clinton is."

Charlie quickly wrapped his arms around his wife and said, "Dear, you need to calm down."

Elizabeth struggled vehemently and shouted at him, "Look at Cassie's condition! How do you expect me to stay calm? If you are reluctant to speak up because of old times' sake, then I will play the role of the bad person here."

Olivia took a deep breath and reminded, "This is a hospital. It would not do us any good to have a row here." She then offered, "The both of you haven't eaten, right? Let's look for a place to take a bite. It would be more convenient to have our conversation in a private room."

Elizabeth considered the option. Finally, she relented and nodded in agreement.

The four of them went to the hotel nearest to the hospital and requested for a private room. After ordering a few dishes, the atmosphere immediately tensed up.

Elizabeth crossed her arms and said, "Olivia, don't blame me for speaking rudely in the hospital. I was just worried for Cassie. If it were your daughter, I am sure you would be even more anxious."

Olivia suppressed herself before the snide remarks could tumble out of her mouth. No matter how spoiled and unruly my daughter is, she would never stoop so low and become a mistress. She also wouldn't keep showing off in front of others after getting pregnant. If Stephanie was this shameless, I would personally send my in-laws a big broom for them to sweep her out of their house.

Mustering all of her self-control and with a fake smile plastered on her face, Olivia said, "I fully sympathize with what Cassie has gone through. But Stephanie is not that type of person. I don't think she would ever get pregnant out of wedlock. So you don't have to worry about that."

Elizabeth's expression changed and she questioned, "Olivia, what do you mean?"

Unhurriedly, Olivia responded, "It's nothing. Since you kept hypothesizing Stephanie in this kind of situation, let me tell you how it would be if it were her. Steph has been brought up well. She may be spoilt, but she would never be a home-wrecker. If she shamelessly becomes a mistress, I might just break her legs and keep her at home. We are rich anyway, we have enough money to support her."

Both Elizabeth and Charlie's faces soured at her statement.

Charlie looked at Olivia with disbelief. "Olivia, you... "

Olivia merely smiled, and did not say anything.

However, the enraged Elizabeth would not go down without a fight. "Olivia, you're too much! Even if my daughter has become a mistress, half of the responsibility is on your son! If he could keep it in his own pants, my Cassie wouldn't be able to do anything even if she were Venus reincarnated. Besides, in an affair like this, Cassie may not even be the one who started it. Aren't you implicating your own son as well if you say that my daughter is a mistress?"

"Oscar only made the mistake that all men in this world would make. As long as he changes his ways and goes back to his family, then all is forgiven. I think Oscar did a good job on this," said Olivia.

Elizabeth's face was completely distorted with anger.

Full of disbelief and shock, Charlie said, "Olivia, I didn't expect you would say something like this."

For a brief moment, guilt flashed across Olivia's eyes. But to protect Oscar and Amelia's little family, she could not back down.

"I think of Cassie as a goddaughter, but she is not suited to be a daughter-in-law for the Clinton family. Regardless of whether she had the child or not, I will not allow her to marry into our family. I hope both of you can understand this. One humiliation is enough, I do not wish for our family to be the laughing stock of the upper-class society for a second time due to the same woman," said Olivia.

"We know we owe you one for what Cassie did, Olivia. However, you can't just deny everything good about Cassie just because of that. She has really improved a lot after she came back. She even willingly bore Oscar's child. Who doesn't make some mistakes when they were young. Why won't you give her a chance to prove herself?"

Olivia did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"Oscar is already married. Very soon they will have their own child. I will do my best to make it up to Cassie, but if you insist on Oscar marrying her, I will not agree to it."

Elizabeth stood up angrily and screeched, "Olivia Clinton, you think Cassie is a beggar? Do you want to just dismiss her with money? The Yard family is not that much worse off than the Clinton family. If we went all out, taking down the Clinton family may not be an impossibility for us."

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Chapter 113 Oscar Cannot Marry Cassie

"That was not what I meant, but you insist on misunderstanding me, then I have nothing else left to say. I stand by my statement earlier; I do not agree for Cassie to marry into the Clinton family," said Olivia firmly. She was adamant about this and didn't give the Yards any chance to negotiate.

Charlie held onto Elizabeth who was about to breathe fire and said quite calmly, "Olivia, we have been friends for many years. I thought that you would like Cassie as a daughter-in-law. Did I misunderstand anything?"

“Sorry.” The many things that Olivia wished to say was condensed into this one word.

Elizabeth was about to lose her cool, but Charlie kept her at bay and prevented her from hurling even more accusations.

Oscar fake coughed, and said to them, “Mr. Yard, Mrs. Yard, if you are willing to put your trust in me, I will take care of this. And I will give you a satisfactory answer.”

The Yard husband and wife looked at each other tentatively.

Oscar went on, “I didn’t say that I won’t take up responsibility for Cassie. As I have mentioned, the Irushean designer I hired is working on a wedding gown that is made specially for her. It will be completed in a month. I never expected that she would miscarry. But I love her, so I do not care whether she can bear children or not.”

Elizabeth’s eyes widened in shock.

“If that was the case, why didn’t you say so?”

“You were so emotional that I didn’t have any chance to say anything,” said Oscar impassively.

Elizabeth was speechless.

“Mrs. Yard, five years ago I sincerely wanted to make Cassie my wife. Even after five years, my feelings towards her have not changed. To give her a surprise, I originally planned to propose to her in a month’s time. But now that she has miscarried, and the both of you kept forcing my hand, I have this sudden impulse to back out. I’m just not sure if Cassie is the most suitable person to be my wife. After all, your whole family is so different from what I envisaged. Mrs. Yard, I always thought that you were sensible, but it turns out that you are quite the shrew. To be honest, I am a little scared.”

Elizabeth’s face changed into many different shades in a matter of minutes, her heart went up and down on a rollercoaster ride.

“Oscar, what do you mean?”

Oscar rose from his seat. With a sincere attitude, he proposed, “Mr. Yard and Mrs. Yard, if you believe in me, just let me take care of this. No matter how Cassie and I end up, let the two of us handle our own affair. Is that alright?”

Upon hearing this, Elizabeth unexpectedly shot up in an aggravated manner. "Leave it to you, you say? What if you choose your wife and child? Then Cassie will be left with nothing and cast aside miserably. You, on the other hand, get to have everything after committing the perfect crime!"

Oscar's lips curled into a spurious smile. "If that's who you think I am, then I don't really mind being called a scumbag," said Oscar.

"Humph! I have misjudged you, Oscar," Elizabeth blurted.

Charlie dragged her back to her seat, and silently chastised her, "Cassie is still in the hospital. Do you want her to wake up and blame you for pushing Oscar away?"

Elizabeth shrivelled up at his reminder.

She suddenly started bawling hysterically. She sobbed, "I only have this one daughter, is it wrong for me to feel distressed on behalf of her? My daughter is pretty, born to a good family, learned, and talented. She should be the moon surrounded by myriads of stars. Just what did she do to deserve this suffering?"

Olivia was silent.

A complicated look flitted across Oscar's eyes. He left his chair and bowed deeply to the Yards. "Mr. Yard, Mrs. Yard, you are both good friends with my parents. I do not wish for this matter to derail your friendship. I am a grown man, I can handle my affair with Cassie. No matter if we choose to stay together or break up, you have my word that I will give you a satisfactory answer. If you insist on interfering, it will only complicate matters. Do not interfere this time if you do not want Cassie and I to become distant from each other."

At last, Elizabeth quieted down.

The ring of a phone shattered the stalemate in the private room.

Elizabeth took the call and soon her excited voice could be heard. "Cassie is awake? When did she wake up? Alright, I will come over now."

After hanging up, Elizabeth eagerly said to her husband, "Charlie, someone from the hospital called to inform that Cassie is awake. They say she is recovering well, we can go and see her now."

The Yards, Olivia, and Oscar hurried back to the hospital.

Cassie was already transferred to a first-class private ward. The oxygen mask was removed from her face, and she was wide awake. She looked a little pale but it was not as bad as expected.

"My poor girl, you have suffered," wailed Elizabeth, plopping herself down to the side of the bed.

"Mrs. Yard, you should tone down. The patient just woke up, you shouldn't agitate her," reminded the nurse putting up the IV drip.

Elizabeth nodded at the nurse and held in her emotions.

The nurse exited the ward swiftly after hanging up the IV drip.

Holding Cassie's hand tenderly, Elizabeth carefully asked, "Cassie, how are you feeling?"

Cassie looked toward Oscar instead and tears streamed down her face. "Oscar, our child is gone. It was not on purpose. I only wanted to go down the stairs. I have no idea how I fell down and... and... the child is gone just like that. I am terribly sad about it..." she said in sobs towards the end.

Oscar walked up to her. Elizabeth moved back voluntarily to make space for them. Sitting to the side of the bed, Oscar held Cassie in his arms delicately and comforted her, "Like you, I am sad for the loss of our child. But we are still young, it will not be too late for us to have children after getting married. Right now, what you need to do is to rest well and not think too much. Everything can wait until you have recovered."

Cassie burrowed into his chest and cried helplessly, "With the child gone, would you still love me like you used to, Oz?"

Oscar tightened his hug and said, "Silly girl! I love you as you are. Because it is you, only do I love the child that you carry. Miscarrying only meant that it is not in our fate to have a child yet. After your body has recovered fully, we can definitely have our child when we get married in the future. So stop thinking about it."

Cassie lifted her head, with red and swollen eyes, she looked at Oscar and said, "Oz, do you really mean it?"

Oscar touched her face gently and asked, "Have I ever lied to you?"

Feeling delighted, Cassie laughed. However, she was too excited and pulled her wound. She gasped at the intense pain, and her face went a few shades lighter.

Oscar gingerly put her back to bed and pretending to be concerned, he reassured, "Rest well, don't think about it. We will have children again in the future."

Cassie smiled contentedly and held Oscar's hand tight. "Oz, keep me company here. Without you, I can't fall asleep alone," she pleaded.

"Go to sleep, I will be here," said Oscar. "Stop thinking about it, we will have a child when we get married," he repeated.

Cassie nodded. Perhaps it was due to the blood loss, she was exhausted. In a few seconds, she was sound asleep.

After he was sure that she was asleep, Oscar retracted his hand. Seeing this, Elizabeth interjected hurriedly, "Oscar, Cassie is still weak. She is especially fragile after losing the child. I think you should stay here and keep her company, it would prevent her from overthinking too."

"I will, Mrs. Yard," Oscar nodded.

Staring at Cassie who was lying on the bed, Olivia had an extremely complicated look in her eyes. After being silent for quite some time, she finally spoke. "Oscar, since Cassie has woken up, you can send me home now. My chest is hurting slightly, I don't think I should drive."

Oscar asked, "Mom, your old disease is acting up again? Should I call for Mr. Lancaster to examine you?"

"There is no need, just drive me home. I just need to rest for a bit on the car," said Olivia.

Oscar nodded.

Charlie chimed in with concern, "Olivia, you have always been frail. It would be better to let Mr. Lancaster have a look, just to make sure there aren't any problems."

Olivia shook her head.

"Pardon me for being rude," started Elizabeth, "the moment Cassie is awake and your chest hurts? You watched Cassie as she grew. You are really putting your best foot forward to steer Oscar away from Cassie. Haven't you noticed that they still have feelings for each other?"

Olivia scoffed with disdain, unwilling to waste her effort and energy to converse with Elizabeth anymore. She came to realize that talking to her was like talking to a brick wall.

"Oscar, send me home," Olivia demanded her son with authority.

Oscar nodded and turned to Elizabeth, "Mrs. Yard, please look after Cassie for now. I will return in the evening."

Elizabeth was not pleased, but she knew that if she threw a fit now, it would only lead to Oscar growing tired of her. And the one who would suffer ultimately would be Cassie.

"You go ahead, but come back quickly. Cassie is still fragile and she has just lost a child. She will be prone to overthinking. If you are not around, who knows what she would think. It would be unfavorable for the recovery of her wound as well."

"I will come back as soon as possible, Mrs. Yard."

As soon as they stepped out of the ward, Olivia's face became completely sullen.

She gave Oscar a thorny glare and hissed, "Oscar, I am utterly disappointed in you."

After making her dissatisfaction known, she marched towards the elevators without a backward glance. When the elevator doors opened, she entered on her own without waiting for Oscar.

Oscar trailed quietly behind her. There was no interaction at all between the mother and son. The atmosphere was so icy that winter seemed to have frozen over without warning.

Upon exiting the elevator, Olivia strode over to her own car. "Mom, you'd better sit in my car. I will call for someone to drive your car home later."

"Get in the car," said Olivia with a scowl.

Oscar walked over to the driver's seat weakly and unlocked the doors with the keys. He put on his own seatbelt and subsequently reached out to help his mother buckle up. Smack! Olivia mercilessly swatted away his hand.

She fastened her seatbelt and ordered testily, "Drive."

As the car got onto the highway, Olivia took in a deep breath and questioned her son, "Oscar, tell me honestly. Do you really intend to get married to Cassie?" The anger in her voice was barely concealed.

"I had intended to do so all along. The wedding gown is really being designed by that famous Irushean designer right now. It will be done in a

month, but considering the Yards' attitude, I am not sure if I am still willing to marry her. Honestly speaking, I struggle to find that same lovestruck feeling I had for her back then. With a five-year gap, some feelings cannot be easily regained."

"Stop telling me all these unimportant details. Just answer me, do you really intend to divorce Amelia?"

"I once had this plan. Amelia getting pregnant was unexpected. If she wasn't pregnant, we most probably would be divorced by now."

Olivia glared daggers at him. Words could no longer adequately describe the seething rage in her.

"Oscar, all my efforts spent on educating you have been wasted. Where does Amelia fall short when compared to Cassie? What is so great about Cassie that you would still pine for her after she left for Erihal alone, abandoning you in the process? If she was so perfect that you couldn't let go of her; I would understand. But besides her looks and family background, which part of her deserves your devotion? She is spoilt, a big spender, and inconsiderate. She cannot be compared to sweet Amelia at all. I cannot fathom why you are still hung up on her."

Oscar was totally conflicted after her castigation.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 114

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 114 Sad

Olivia took a few deep breaths. After calming herself down a little, she continued, "Oscar, you've disappointed me big time. You thrive in everything you do since young. You are exceptional among people of your age. Someone as outstanding as you should have many women eyeing you. Who would've thought that you would allow yourself to fall into the hands of a woman? Here I thought you'd learn your lesson by now, but you just have to let history repeats itself. Furthermore, the one responsible was the same person as before. Did you have a screw loose?"

Oscar flashed a wry smile as it was the first time Olivia reproached him. Sometimes he wondered if he was out of his mind. Surely he did not expect that his first two-timing would put the three of them into this awkward situation.

If Oscar could be certain that he did not touch Cassie from the start, would he feel wronged?

Not only was he scammed into becoming a father, but before he could carry his to-be-born baby, the doctor told him it was miscarried. For that reason, it gave the Yard family an excuse to make him take full responsibility for it. On top of that, he had to listen to his mother's lecture. The man was put in a difficult situation.

Oscar turned the steering wheel and drove steadily. "Mom, I'll take care of the matter with Amelia and Cassie. Please don't get angry, it'll be bad for your heart. If something were to happen to you, I would be condemned for murdering my mother."

"If you saw me as your mother, you wouldn't do something like this to get on nerves." Olivia burst into anger as she spoke.

"Mom, I didn't expect things to turn out this way. Let's calm down for now, okay?" Oscar assuaged. He was afraid that Olivia's rage would affect her health.

Sitting in the passenger's seat, Olivia kept her cool. Then she spoke in a gentle tone, "Oscar, you are a man now. I can't decide things for you. Speaking from my experience, I honestly feel that Cassie doesn't suit you. I don't care if you just want to date her, but she is definitely not good wife material. I doubt that she's a suitable candidate for one."

As Oscar drove, his gaze became determined.

"Don't you worry, Mom. I can balance their relationship wisely. Even if I were to divorce Amelia, I would take care of her and the child."

"After all this, you still want to divorce her? Oscar, what are you thinking? Don't tell me that you still can't tell what kind of person she is after five years of marriage? Not only is she beautiful, but she also respects elders. Why won't you cherish someone as good as her?"

Oscar remained silent the entire time.

Olivia, on the other hand, was brimmed with anger.

"That's all I have to say. No matter what, I'll never acknowledge your marriage with Cassie. I can welcome her as my goddaughter but not as a daughter-in-law. Sorry, but I can't accept it."

With his hands on the steering wheel, Oscar turned to glance at Olivia when the car came to a halt in front of the traffic light. "Mom, you used to be fond of Cassie. How can this be?"

"Five years is enough to change many things. Time changes people. You can't make up for the lost time with effort alone." Olivia remarked in a cold tone.

Oscar fell into silence, seemingly deep in thought.

"Oscar, Cassie really doesn't suit you. There is more to her than meets the eye. She isn't as innocent as she seems." Olivia added.

"I know."

She stared at him in surprise. "You know?"

"After seeing those photos previously, I hired someone to investigate her and found some pictures of her private life," Oscar replied.

"What? You still want to marry her despite knowing that she is a loose woman?" Olivia couldn't believe what she heard.

"While it's true that she's promiscuous, she gave her first time to me. I can't be irresponsible toward her knowing that she offered me her precious virginity."

"She gave you her chastity?" Olivia doubted his words. "Oscar, don't say I didn't warn you. Back when she was in Erihal, she was very close with a guy named June. They booked a room from the same hotel many times before. What can a man and a woman do there, chit-chatting in bed?"

No words came out of Oscar's mouth.

"Oscar, with the advanced pharmaceutical technology, the hymen can be easily restored. Are you certain that she gave you her virginity?" Olivia reminded. "You are a brilliant and excellent man, but your taste in women is questionable."

Oscar smiled bitterly.

"Mom, you used to say Cassie was cute and innocent. Why did you derogate her, making her seem worthless after five years?"

Olivia leaned against the seat and noted, "I'm just stating the facts. I believe you are wise enough to discern if a woman is faking it or truly innocent."

After that, Oscar drove the car in silence.

Casting him a glance, Olivia said, "Send me to Amelia's place, I want to see if my daughter-in-law and grandchild are still doing fine. It's unfortunate that they have an irresponsible husband and father like you."

Right then, Oscar's position in Olivia's heart dropped to the lowest.

"Mom, can you go tomorrow? I need to talk to Amelia."

Olivia stared at him for a while and nodded in acknowledgment.

After sending his mother back to the Clinton residence, Oscar saw a florist by the roadside. Without hesitation, he pulled his car over and entered the shop. He was holding a bouquet of ninety-nine roses when he got out. Its fiery red color was especially eye-catching.

When Amelia opened the door, she froze for a while at the sight of the bouquet of fiery red roses. She was taken aback the moment she saw the person who was holding the bouquet.

Surprised, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, which admirer of yours gave you that? There are ninety-nine of them. Is she wishing to love you till the day she dies?"

Oscar's face flushed at her words. He then shoved the bouquet into her arms. "This is for you."

Amelia was stunned by the happenings. She looked at Oscar in disbelief. "Mr. Clinton, did you get enlightened?"

Oscar was a little frustrated at her response.

"It is normal for a husband to give his wife a gift. Why do you have to look so surprised?"

Amelia let out a burst of laughter and her expression was filled with happiness.

"Although I don't know what your intention is, I still want to thank you for the bouquet, Mr. Clinton."

"What intention can a husband harbor when he gives his wife a gift?" Oscar stared at her.

Carrying the bouquet of ninety-nine roses in her arms, Amelia questioned, "By giving me this bouquet, are you implying that you'll love me till the day you die?"

Oscar cast her a glance without saying a word.

A hint of disappointment flashed across Amelia's eyes at his reaction.

Although they were cracking jokes as if nothing happened, Amelia knew that Cassie was in the middle of their relationship. Now that the latter was hospitalized, the time he could spend with her increased. On the other hand, the former's marriage with him became precarious.

Sitting on the sofa, Amelia cleared her throat purposely and asked, "Mr. Clinton, how is Ms. Yard?"

"She's awake."

"What about the child in her belly?"

"It was miscarried."

Amelia paused for a while before saying, "My condolences."

Oscar stared at her and beckoned at her. "Come here."

Amelia lifted her head to gaze at her with a depressed look, then stood up and walked over slowly.

Oscar pulled her hand and made her sit on his lap. With his arms around her waist, he placed his chin on her shoulder and commented, "Do you have to be so cold toward me?"

At his words, Amelia merely shook her head. She felt a little down for no reason.

"Are you upset?"

Amelia turned over. Her face was within a hair's breadth of touching his. He could tell she was a little panicked.

"Why? Are you really upset?" Oscar lowered his voice, sounded husky.

Amelia bit his lips and put her arms around his neck. Her voice was choked as she asked, "Oscar, let's not divorce, okay? We will have our own child very soon. Won't it be great for us to be together?"

Oscar's heart almost skipped a beat at her words.

"Silly woman!" Oscar patted her head and continued, "Who told you that we're divorcing?"

"Considering Ms. Yard's condition, you'll definitely choose to file for a divorce with me and go back to her. After all, I'm but a replacement in your heart."

Her words cut deep in his heart. He felt heartbroken for this overthinking and thoughtful woman.

How did I overlook her good points previously?

"Silly woman! Stop imagining things." Oscar said helplessly.

Amelia held his neck with her arms firmly.

"Mr. Clinton, by giving me a bouquet of ninety-nine roses, are you implying that you'll love me till the day you die?" she asked, with her eyes full of hope.

Oscar patted her head and shifted the subject. "Stop letting your imagination runs wild. No matter what's the outcome, I'll not mistreat you and the child."

A hint of disappointment flashed across Amelia's eyes. "Mr. Clinton, you still want to divorce me, right?"

Oscar did not say a word.

At that, Amelia's eyes reddened. When she tried to get out of his embrace, he hugged her tighter than before.

"Don't move. Let me hug you for a bit." Oscar ordered, then he sniffed her neck.

Amelia obeyed him and stayed put. A myriad of emotions bombarded her.

He ran his fingers through her hair and queried, "Why are you so quiet?"

Amelia shook her head. She asked in a bitter tone, "Mr. Clinton, how long can these peaceful days be?"

"As long as you want them to be."

At his words, Amelia flashed a bitter smile. "Is that so?"

Oscar let out a chuckle and remarked, "Don't overthink things. You are pregnant now. Please be good."

Amelia snuggled in his arms.

Oscar's cellphone ringtone broke the silence in the room. Amelia lifted her head to look at him while he expressed his apology with his eyes. After that, he picked up the call.

Elizabeth's voice came from the other end of the line. "Oscar, hurry up and come now. Cassie is emotionally unstable and began struggling the moment she is awake because you aren't around. Blood is flowing out of the IV needle."

Upon hearing that, Oscar's expression changed. "Mrs. Yard, I'll be there in a while. Please let Cassie answer the call."

Soon, Cassie's voice came from the other end. "Oz, didn't you promise to stay with me in the hospital?"

Oscar replied in a gentle tone. "Cassie, please be good. I went back to get some clean clothes. I'll be there in one hour. Your body is still weak. Don't make a fuss. Wait for me."

Cassie answered, "Oz, hurry and come now. I'm scared when you're not around. I think I'm seeing something that looks like our unborn child covered in blood appearing in front of me."

Oscar comforted her patiently, "Good girl. I'll be there in no time. Listen to your parents. I'll show up within an hour."

"Okay. Oz, please come quickly. I'll wait for you."

After the call, Oscar looked at Amelia, but he did not expect her to avert his gaze. "Mr. Clinton, you are going to get some clean clothes, right? I'll get them for you."

Oscar clasped her and asked, "Are you angry?"

Amelia turned around and played a smile on her face. "Do you look like I'm angry to you?"

"Don't force yourself to smile if you don't feel like it. It's ugly." Oscar pinched her cheek as he spoke.

Amelia suppressed the bitterness in her heart and forced a smile. "Do I look like I'm forcing myself to smile? I'll go up to pack your clothes now."

Staring at her silhouette, Oscar had mixed emotions welled up in his heart.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 115

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 115 Take Care Of Cassie

After a while, Amelia came down with a small black bag in her hand. She walked up to him and said, "Mr. Clinton, these are the usual clothes you usually wear. After changing, keep them in the bag and bring them back to wash. As for the working attire, I think it's better for you to come back to change."

Oscar put the bag on the ground and pulled her into his arms. "Cheer up. I'm just going to the hospital for a while. I'll be back home at night. After all, you will be here alone, carrying a child. I won't feel at ease."

Amelia raised a corner of her lips. She had the urge to ask him if he still treats this place as his home.

"Mr. Clinton, you should make your move now. If Ms. Yard creates havoc again, you'll be the one to calm her down."

Oscar planted a kiss on her forehead and said, "Don't think too much. I'll be home tonight. Take care of yourself and the baby in your belly."

Amelia nodded. "Let's go. I'll see you off at the door."

After seeing Oscar left the house and entered the elevator, Amelia's eyes reddened. She leaned against the wall after closing the door feebly and slipped down to the ground slowly.

"Oscar, you are so cruel. How could you take back the little hope you gave me?" Amelia cupped her chest as she felt like there was a void in her heart.

"Oscar, do you know that I'm stuck in the love story that you orchestrated? Why are you so heartless toward me? While I'm helplessly falling in love with you, yet you are enjoying the fun of two-timing. How merciless are you!"

Amelia wrapped her legs with her arms and wept uncontrollably with her head buried in her arms.

Sometime later, she swore to herself. "Oscar, this will be the last time I shed tears for you. From now on, I don't want to cry even a single drop of tear for you, because you are not worthy."

Having said that, she lifted her head and raised her hand to wipe the tears off her face. With that, her expression became exceedingly determined.

"Oscar, now I finally know your decision. It seems like no matter how much I sacrifice for you, my position in your heart can never be compared with Cassie's. One drop of tear from her and her occasional flirting is enough to win you over. Since that's the case, I shall grant you your wish. Even if you want to divorce me, I'll gladly sign the papers, as a repayment for your help back then."

Following that, Amelia went upstairs, entered the bedroom, and plunged herself into the bed with her head buried under the pillow.

About five minutes later, she lifted the comforter and stroke her belly with soulless eyes. "Sweetheart, mommy lost this time. I'm utterly defeated. After putting myself into this false relationship willingly, your daddy pulled himself out of the game, leaving me to be ripped to shreds. Will you laugh at me for being the biggest fool?"

Amelia lay on the bed and stared at the ceiling blankly. After a while, she fell asleep unwittingly.

Right after Amelia was in the land of nod, she dreamed of Oscar and Cassie hugging each other, whereas she was in a mist trying to catch up to them. Just as she took a step forward, the two would move forward as well. No matter how hard she tried, there would always be a gap between them and her.

All her efforts to close in on him were futile. She could not get in front of him. In the mist, she fell, lost herself, and cried. But Oscar, who was hugging Cassie, never once turned back to look at her.

"Oscar, don't leave me..." Amelia shouted in her dream, then jolted awake. She raised her hand to touch her forehead, which was covered with beads of sweat.

Her face was pale as a paper. After wiping off the sweat on her forehead, she took out her phone, thinking of calling Oscar. But she hesitated to press the call button. In the end, she contacted Tiffany.

On the other end of the line, Tiffany said, "Hey babe, why are you calling me in the afternoon? Was it because someone did not accompany you that you're feeling lonely now?"

Amelia spoke in a weak voice, "Tiff, are you busy?"

Tiffany started to panic. "Babe, what happened to you? Why does your voice sound so weak?"

"No more questions. If you're free, then come over. Bring your laptop along as well. I don't feel safe to be alone here."

At that, Tiffany did not ask anything but said, "Please wait for a while. I'll be there in half an hour's time."

Amelia replied gratefully, "Thanks, Tiff! You're the only one who stays no matter what happens."

Tiffany froze for a while and chided, "Was it Oscar? What did that asshole do to piss you off this time?"

Amelia replied, "Tiff, come over quickly. I'll be waiting for you."

"Okay. I'll be there."

After Amelia ended the call, she lay on the bedside and stroke her belly that became slightly bigger with mixed emotions. Then she murmured, "Sweetheart, I just told myself not to shed a drop of tear for your daddy, but I failed. Mommy is just a coward. I may put up a brave front before others, but I'm just a timid person when I'm alone. Sweetheart, do you think that Mommy is a helpless coward?"

Amelia heaved a deep sigh as she hated her weak and sensitive self. Before she fell in love with Oscar, she would rush forward without a care in the world, but she could not revert to her courageous self anymore.

She would feel insecure about every trivial thing Oscar did, heartbroken when he showed concern for another woman. She hated this part of her.

Her feelings for him was deeper than she thought.

Half an hour passed in the blink of an eye. The doorbell rang as Tiffany pressed it, but no one opened the door for her, so she called Amelia. After the call was picked up, she announced, "Babe, open the door for me."

"Give me a few seconds. I'll open it for you."

After the door was opened, Tiffany scrutinized Amelia from head to toe, then she frowned. "Babe, why do you look so pale? Are you feeling okay?"

Amelia shook her head. "No. I just had a nightmare earlier."

Her words raised Tiffany's suspicion. "Why are you sleeping during daytime?"

"I'm feeling a little tired, so I took a quick nap." Amelia walked toward the sofa and plonked herself on it. "Tiff, have you eaten? Do you want me to make you something? Molly went back to visit her grandchild, so she did not come to prepare the meal."

Tiffany shook her head. "Let me do it. You're a pregnant woman. All you need to do is to enjoy the meal. Are there ingredients in the fridge?"

"Molly kept two days' worth of ingredients in the fridge. Feel free to prepare whatever you like for us."

Following that, Tiffany headed toward the refrigerator and opened it. There were all kinds of ingredients filling it up like vegetables, meat, eggs, pasta, and even various fruits of the season.

Tiffany turned to Amelia and asked, "Babe, let's have pasta. What do you say?"

"Okay."

After taking out the pasta, meat, and vegetables, Tiffany cut the meat into small pieces, washed the vegetables, and turned on the induction cooker. A while later, a pan of fragrant and flavorful pasta was prepared.

Next, she served a plate of pasta before Amelia and noted, "Babe, enjoy your meal. See if it suits your palate."

Amelia flashed her a smile and lowered her head to dig in her food. In no time, the steaming hot pasta went down her throat and warmed her stomach. As a result, she felt a little better than before.

Tiffany heaved a long sigh as she stared at Amelia, who was eating the pasta quietly. She noticed the changes in the latter, who became unusually silent. The second-mentioned would look sad occasionally, and the only person capable of causing it would be Oscar.

Oscar, you asshole! Scumbag! If you don't love Amelia, then don't mess with her in the first place.

Tiffany hated Oscar a lot. She believed that if he were less handsome or less capable, Amelia would not fall for him.

Tiffany sighed inwardly and thought that fate was cruel.

After the meal, Tiffany cleared the dishes and put them in the sink. In a flash, she washed them clean and took the fruits out of the fridge. She arranged them nicely on a plate after cutting them into pieces. Then she took them to the living room.

"Babe, have some fruits."

At that, Amelia stood up from the dining table, walked toward the sofa, and sat down. She used a fork to take a piece of apple. But before it reached her mouth, Tiffany questioned, "Alright, we've done with the meal. Isn't it about time for you to come clean? Talk. What happened to you and Oscar, the asshole this time?"

Amelia blinked her eyes, trying to act innocent. "What do you mean?"

"C'mon babe. I've known you for years now. I can tell whatever that you're thinking. You'd better be honest with me and tell me the truth." Tiffany remarked.

Amelia could not hold back her laughter and responded, "Cassie had a miscarriage."

Tiffany was dumbfounded for a moment as she thought she heard things. "Babe, come again?"

"Cassie miscarried," Amelia reiterated.

Tiffany was stupefied for a bit and exclaimed, "Isn't this good news? Serve her right! Even God couldn't bear to watch her destroy people's marriage." She noticed Amelia's gloomy expression after she spoke. Knowing what the latter was thinking, she asked, "Babe, don't tell me that you're feeling upset because he went to take care of that woman?"

Amelia shook her head.

A moment later, she lamented, "Cassie had a miscarriage. Because of that, Oscar might divorce me."

"WHAT?" Tiffany was utterly bewildered. Even a novel doesn't have a plot twist like this. Usually, a mistress would purposely cause a miscarriage to frame the wife and create a misunderstanding between the married couple. Wait a minute. Could it be that this whole thing is Cassie's scheme?

Tiffany was burned with anger. "Babe, is Cassie putting on a miscarriage show to push the blame onto you?"

Amelia stared at her with a perplexed look and answered helplessly, "Tiff, you got the wrong idea."

She then explained the unfolding of the event to Tiffany briefly.

Upon hearing that, Tiffany was elated. "It seems like she's unfavored, huh. Even God doesn't side her. Despite being a novel author, I can't write a story like this. I'm skeptical toward the credibility of her miscarriage. Did she do it on purpose?"

A hint of confusion flashed across Amelia's eyes. "I don't think so. After all, the baby in her belly was a life. It'd be unthinkable that she would cause harm to her own body just to put on a show."

Tiffany glanced at Amelia with the corners of her eyes. "Babe, don't be so naive. Not every woman is as kindhearted as you, who loves children and prioritizes family. Do you think someone like her, who would brazenly become a mistress, will have proper morality and values? What are the odds of her not putting on a miscarriage show when she doesn't even have integrity? Just as you said. Now that she lost her child, Oscar went to look after her and stay with her."

Amelia was rendered speechless.

Tiffany leaned against the sofa with a grim expression. "Babe, that sly fox is a schemer. You are a kind soul and you can never hope to defeat her in her game. What kind of terrible things is she not capable of doing when she could even murder her own child?"

Leaning against the couch, Amelia advised, "Tiff, I know that you hated her guts. But without evidence, it isn't nice to badmouth others."

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 116**

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

Chapter 116 Into The Operating Room Again

At that point, Tiffany was really tinged with disappointment. "Babe, can you please toughen up? Marriage has to be managed, and you can't do that if you give yourself up to vice. Are you trying to piss me off? If you love Oscar, then you should get him back. It doesn't make sense that you tolerate him so generously when you're with him, and then when you're alone you can't stop wallowing in self-pity. If you have what it takes, you

can win him over; if you haven't, then get ready to say goodbye. Merry meet, merry part. You have me, and I'll take care of your baby too. You know I won't let him starve."

Amelia covered her face in her hands. What felt like a minute later, she began to release her sadness that had been repressed for so long. The weeping gradually amplified and turned into wailing, as though she wanted to vent all the grievances she had suffered all these years in one go.

Tiffany's heart instantly softened. Carefully, she held the woman in her arms and gently patting her on the back. She whispered to Amelia, "Shh... it's okay, don't cry. You're with child now. If you get too emotional, it's not good for fetal development. Didn't the doctor say that? Your body can't really accommodate an emotional roller-coaster at the moment, so... for the sake of your baby, don't cry, alright? You should know that Oscar isn't your best match from the minute you marry him. The two of you are destined to live in two different worlds. It's perfectly fine for you two to go your separate ways right now. Babe, come on. Don't cry."

Amelia continued to whimper in Tiffany's arms. That went on for some time, then she started to choke in between sobs. "Tiff, do you think I'm a special kind of coward? I admit I am, but even so, it still hurts. I feel this tightness in my chest, like it's been ripped into shreds many times over."

She hiccupped once and then continued sobbing. "I know things won't work out with Oscar, but I'm such a fool. I can't help falling in love with him, and I've fallen in too deep. I often ask myself, where did I go wrong? Why can't he love me for who I am? Everyone says that I'm Cinderella, that I'm nothing more but a gold digger, but I've been working so hard in order to be recognized as the Clintons' daughter-in-law. I studied etiquette. I took up piano, chess, and art lessons. I even went through the hassle of learning how to read sheet music. But everyone ignored my efforts. Even the Clintons said I'm not a good match for Oscar. Why do they say that? Where did I go wrong? Why is everyone excluding me? Tiff, let me tell you something. It's tough being the Clintons' daughter-in-law. No matter how hard I tried, everyone thinks all of the above are kinds of stuff that I ought to do, and that if I'm not smart enough to handle all that, I don't deserve to be their daughter-in-law!"

Tiffany empathized with her sorrow. She felt sorry for everything that the silly woman had been through, and yet still failed to gain recognition.

"Silly girl. You're great just the way you are. You don't have to change that just to cater to others."

Amelia shook her head vigorously and, when she spoke again, her voice sounded even more bitter.

"Tiff, the Clintons mean a lot to me. It's impossible for me to cling onto them just for their wealth. Mrs. Clinton feels so much like my mother to me. Among the Clintons, apart from Oscar, she's the one whom I can't bear to leave the most. I finally have a home, Tiff, but why does happiness never stay long enough for me to enjoy it?"

Tiffany shoved Amelia a little further apart. "Hey, look into my eyes."

Amelia did as she was told.

"Amelia, you're doing great. In fact, you're the best. You're kind. You respect your elders. You're sensible, beautiful, gentle, and considerate... Frankly, you have all the fantastic qualities that men look for in women."

Amelia smiled faintly and responded, "Tiff, I'm grateful to you. Truly, I am. No matter what happens to me, you're always standing firmly on my side. How nice it'd be if you were a man! The two of us would make a wonderful couple, and I won't have to work so hard."

Tiffany snorted, amused by her remark.

"Babe, keep your imagination to yourself."

Amelia leaned into her arms again. She felt good after venting her frustrations.

"Do you feel better?" Tiffany asked.

Amelia nodded.

"Tiff, this is going to sound really dramatic, but I just want to thank you. Thank you for tolerating me all this time. Thank you for being by my side during my downtimes."

Tiffany pretended to shudder after listening to her cheesy speech. "Babe, you have got to stop that. I think I'm about to forfeit last night's dinner."

Amelia chuckled.

Certain that Amelia was in a better mood now, Tiffany turned to her friend, ready to part a stern advice. "Babe, if you really do love Oscar, you have to win him back. I don't believe that he's a heartless man. You've remained sincere and faithful towards him for five years. How can a few short months with that woman compare with that? Even if they had dated before, you're the one who's stuck by him in the past few years, the one who cared about his wellbeing, and the one who satisfied his biological urges. Don't look at me like that. I'm just telling you the bare facts. Now,

you'll go to the hospital and take care of Cassie on his behalf. Let him see how capricious that woman really is!"

Amelia hesitated. "Is that really okay?"

"What's wrong about that?"

Putting on a stern face, Tiffany added, "You're his wife. A wife wouldn't volunteer to take care of her husband's mistress. You're the only one who would do it. If he has any sense at all, he should be grateful for your thoughtfulness. Listen to me. Go to the hospital to watch over Cassie. I'll help you do that too. She likes to pretend she's vulnerable, doesn't she? Well, let's show Oscar how unreasonable she really is."

Amelia remained hesitant about the plan.

"Babe, you have to be brave, unless you want your baby to be born fatherless. Think about it. When your child grows up and attends preschool, elementary school, junior high, all the way to high school... and throughout all these years it's always you, the mother, who goes to pick him up. It's always you who attends the parent-teacher meetings. When the classmates ask about his father, do you want him to say that he doesn't have one? That he grows up in a single-parent household? Even if you're able to provide him with a lavish life, you can't make up for the absence of a father figure."

Tiffany's statement seemed to strike a chord with the mother-to-be. Eventually, Amelia gave a firm nod.

"That's the spirit, babe! Dare to pursue the one you love! Even if we fail in the end, at least we have tried our best," Tiffany encouraged her.

In the end, Amelia, egged on by Tiffany, decided to get a change of clothes and head out. Tiffany offered to be her driver. Along the way, they passed by the florist and the fruit store, where they purchased some flowers and a heap of fruits respectively. After that, they headed straight to the Principal General Hospital.

When they got there, they asked the front desk for directions to Cassie's ward. Then, they took the elevator up to the designated floor. They knocked on the door politely and could hear Elizabeth's voice coming from inside the room. "Who is it?"

Neither Amelia nor Tiffany answered.

Shortly after, the door opened from the inside.

Elizabeth was apparently taken aback when she saw Amelia at the door. "What do you want?" she muttered.

Amelia put on a decent smile as she greeted the older woman, "Oscar told me that Ms. Yard had an accident, so I'm here to pay her a visit."

Elizabeth was evidently repulsed by her statement. "Cassie's doing fine. Spare me your crocodile tears, and leave!"

Tiffany sneered, and when she spoke there was a hint of mockery, "Mrs. Yard, is this how you treat your guests? If so, I'd surely question the Yard family's definition of manners and courtesy. Hmm, turning away guests at your door... I guess that's just what wealthy families do."

Elizabeth froze when she heard that. Eventually, she relented and invited them into the ward. "Fine. Come in."

"Mom, who is it?" Cassie's voice rang from further inside the room. She sounded lively and energetic.

Mrs. Yard cast a glance at them before strolling into the room without a word.

When Cassie saw Amelia and Tiffany walking behind her mother, she froze for a moment. A shadow slipped across her face. "Why are you here?" she blurted.

Tiffany placed the fruits and flowers on the table before she turned to reply the patient, "We heard that you've been admitted to the hospital due to some kind of accident, so we wanted to pay you a visit. What's wrong, Ms. Yard? Are we not welcomed?"

Cassie merely looked towards Elizabeth. "Mom, why did you let them in here?"

Tiffany chortled again. She gave up playing the part of a courteous guest. "Now that Oscar's not here, has Ms. Yard decided to show her b\*tchy side so quickly?"

Lying on the hospital bed, Cassie retorted. "I've always been like this towards people I don't like. If there's nothing you need then you might as well leave. You're not welcomed here!"

Tiffany led Amelia to a seat. "What's the rush? Amelia hasn't even met her husband. How can she leave now?" Tiffany quipped.

Then she intentionally brought up her friend's pregnancy, if only to spite Cassie. "Amelia misses Oscar, you see. The baby also wants to meet his daddy too. Oh, right, I almost forgot. You're pregnant too, aren't you, Ms. Yard? I wonder, how far along are you?"

Cassie's whole body started shaking at the mention of that. Her face turned much paler, while her mouth trembled violently. Elizabeth urgently brought her into her arms. The mother glared fiercely at Tiffany. "You did this on purpose! You knew Cassie's just had a miscarriage and yet you brought it up anyway! You're deliberately sprinkling salt on her wounds. How heartless can you be? Get out of here this instant, or I'll personally take you out with a broom!"

Tiffany faked a look of surprise. "Oh dear, Tiffany's had a miscarriage? I thought she's hospitalized because she slipped on the glass. How did that become 'miscarriage' all of a sudden? Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry. I really didn't know."

Whenever the word 'miscarriage' was mentioned, it was like sprinkling salt on Cassie's open wound.

Elizabeth was fuming. She pointed at the door and shouted at the women. "You two! Leave at once!"

Cassie briefly let go of her mother's arms. She stared daggers at Amelia as though her eyes had been soaked in poison. "Amelia, you're so smug now, aren't you? It's all your fault I lost my baby. If you hadn't invited me to Starbucks to talk over things, I wouldn't have fallen down from the stairs! You're such a jinx! Now, not only have you lost me my child, but you're allowing your friend to humiliate me too! Why are you so evil? Aren't you afraid that karma will come for your baby?"

Amelia, though riled up, only smiled in return. She had seen her share of blatant liars, but she had never seen someone lie through their teeth so outrageously. Did Cassie just say that I'm the one who asked her to come to Starbucks? But she's the one who invited me!

Tiffany scoffed at the woman on the bed. "Ms. Yard, you've got it all wrong. Did you forget? You were the one who asked Amelia to meet you at Starbucks. The heavens decided that they've had enough of you, the arrogant home wrecker, and thus arranged for you to fall down the stairs. You lost your baby because of your carelessness. What does that have to do with Amelia over here? Geez, you ought to find a better excuse before you pin the blame on someone else."

That did it. Cassie's face grew even paler as she got purple with rage. The wound from her previous surgery began to throb and ache, and she eventually fainted from the pain.

Elizabeth's agonizing shriek echoed in the chamber.

Cassie was quickly taken into the operating room again. While that was happening, Elizabeth cast a murderous glare towards Amelia and Tiffany. She swore, "If anything happens to my daughter, I will never let you off!"

Tiffany did not expect Cassie would faint either. She seemed to have gotten under her skin a bit too much, causing Cassie to faint. Amelia hoped that her friend had not just brought upon ill fate in spite of her good intentions.

Tiffany glanced apologetically at Amelia. She whispered, "Babe, I'm so sorry. I think I might have overdone it."

Amelia grew uneasy too.

Right then, Oscar appeared. He was walking at a brisk pace towards their location from the other end of the corridor. When he saw Amelia there, he froze in his steps, if briefly, before he approached.

"Amelia, why are you here?" Oscar asked, out of concern.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 117

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

### Chapter 117 Fight

When Elizabeth noticed that Oscar's attention was all on Amelia, she flared up in anger and vented out her frustrations as though she had just found an opening.

"Oscar, your woman infuriated Cassie so much that she's taken into the operating room again! Cassie lost her baby because of her, and yet she's so persistent in bringing misfortune that she deliberately shows up here again to spite Cassie. Your woman is vile and vicious! She's just jealous of other people's good life. If anything untoward befalls Cassie, I will never forgive you!"

Oscar peered at Amelia and then judged the situation calmly. "Mrs. Yard, there must be some sort of misunderstanding here. Amelia's not like that."

It would have been better if he had not said anything, because once he spoke, Elizabeth exploded in rage. "Oscar, do you still have a conscience?"

Cassie had been pregnant with your child, but now she had lost it because of your wife! And yet Amelia hasn't had enough. She came here to spite Cassie even more. Now Cassie's in the operating room once again! I hope you all are satisfied!"

Oscar's frown deepened.

"Mrs. Yard, you have to chill. Shouting and screaming aren't going to help. Just be quiet and wait for the doctor."

Elizabeth looked at Oscar with mixed emotions in her eyes. Out of the blue, she turned around and lunged at Amelia, like a hungry tigress targeting its prey.

"Amelia, you caused Cassie's miscarriage. I want you to experience that too!"

Elizabeth sprang into action too quickly. Amelia could not react in time. Tiffany only managed to call out her name. "Amelia!"

Oscar instantly recovered from his daze. He leaped to the front and shielded Amelia in his arms, like a leopard protecting its cub, successfully blocking Elizabeth's attack.

However, the older woman was relentless. After failing once, she got ready to try again, but this time when she was about to pounce, Tiffany quickly grabbed onto her from behind and the two broke into a fight. The younger woman might be a wordsmith who spent her days typing at home, but she was unexpectedly strong for her size. She landed one hit after another until Elizabeth could not take it anymore. The older woman crouched on the floor, brawling in pain.

"You witch! You wanted to attack Amelia, didn't you? You wanted to kill her unborn child! Well, I'll teach you a lesson! How do you like this? Just because we don't fight back, do you think we're weak? Today, I'll show you exactly what I'm made of! Argh!"

Medical staff who were alerted by the ruckus rushed over to their location, only to be stunned by Tiffany's act of fury. It took some effort, but the security guards eventually managed to separate the two angry women.

As a result of the fight, Tiffany's hair was ruffled, her clothes disheveled, and she was panting heavily. On the other hand, Elizabeth's was a greater mess. Her hair was tugged loose, she received a few bruises on her face, and had her top ripped at the shoulders.

Gasping for breath, feelings of humiliation, contempt, and disgraced all rushed at her at once, fanning the flames of hatred towards Amelia and Tiffany.

She was a woman of high social standing, pampered since childhood, never having endured even a bit of suffering in her life. She had never been treated this way.

“The police! I’ll call the police! If I don’t get this b\*tch arrested by today, I’ll eat my shoe!” With that said, Elizabeth searched for her phone, but it must have dropped somewhere during the fight. She could not find it. “Where’s my phone? Give me my phone!” she bellowed in frustration.

No one came to her rescue, not even the medical staff. The two guards holding her down said to her, “Madam, you need to calm down. This is a hospital. You can’t go around shouting like this.”

Elizabeth only glared deviously at them. “What, now even a mere guard thinks he can give me attitude?”

To the rest of the medical staff, Oscar said, “You can go back to work.”

All the medical workers here recognized Oscar, so they were quite receptive to his request.

After everyone else had left, Oscar spoke to Elizabeth as calmly as he could. “Mrs. Yard, I think you should go to the bathroom and get yourself cleaned up. I’ll send for some clean clothes.”

Elizabeth said angrily, “Oscar, don’t think you can get rid of me that easily. If you don’t compensate me today, I will never let these two women off.”

Oscar felt a headache coming.

“Mrs. Yard, whatever you want to say, you can do that after you get cleaned up. This is a hospital, with people constantly on the go. I know you don’t want to be regarded as a lunatic.”

Elizabeth shot him a glance, but in the end, she relented and went to the bathroom. When she got out, Oscar already had a new set of clothes in hand. He passed them to Elizabeth. “Here, change into these.”

Elizabeth took them and went into Cassie’s ward. She made her exit a moment later, donned in a clean dress.

Crossing her arms, she glared at Tiffany before she went all aggressive again. "Oscar, as you already know, she hit me. What are you going to do about that?"

Before Oscar could say anything, Tiffany came forward and scoffed at the older woman, "Look here, old hag! Don't forget you attacked Amelia first. If you were friendlier to her, do you think I need to hit you?"

Old hag?

Elizabeth's face darkened completely. Her face was her most valuable asset. She spent a fortune every year just to maintain her looks. She might be in her fifties but she would boldly proclaim that she looked to be in her early forties, with her feminine charms still intact. This wretched girl has the gall to call me 'old hag'! Oh, I'll have my revenge!

Elizabeth turned to Oscar. "See, Oscar! She's smearing my name! Do you intend to call the police, or shall I do it myself?"

Oscar glanced at Tiffany as he attempted to settle things in an orderly manner. "Mrs. Yard, Cassie's still in the operating room. Let's wait for her to wake up before we do anything hasty. Besides, it's true that you had intended to harm Amelia and her unborn child. As generous as I try to be, I can't just stand by while my child is in danger, and not do anything about it."

Elizabeth could clearly tell that Oscar was expressing his own dissatisfaction.

"Oscar, are you accusing me?"

"Mrs. Yard, you are my elder. It stands to reason that I should show you respect, but I don't need you to tell my wife and child what they should or should not do." Oscar said, warning her in between the lines.

Elizabeth did not expect that her attempt to blow off some steam would be foiled by the likes of Oscar. It had not served to slake her hatred.

Gritting her teeth, she yelled, "That's enough, Oscar! My daughter's a victim of your wife's misdeeds. She had a miscarriage, and now she's in the operating room again. Even your wife's friend had the nerve to fight me! So these are the kind of women you know. I wonder where they picked up such impeccable manners. Perhaps their parents are just as useless."

Tiffany instinctively glanced at Amelia before she rudely fired back at Elizabeth, "You listen here, old hag! From the way I see it, your parents probably taught you nothing! They say that the women of high society are the most reasonable bunch, but you're surely something else. You're crude,

disrespectful, vulgar, and contemptuous, much worse than most of the worldly women I've met. Even the greengrocers in the market are much more approachable compared to you. They would even give out an extra scallion or two when they're in a good mood. But you? I'll have to thank the stars if you don't throw your slippers at me."

Elizabeth's face turned ghastly. "You..."

Amelia tugged at Tiffany's shirt. She whispered in her ear, "Tiff, keep your voice down."

Tiffany twitched her lips but held back nevertheless.

Oscar glanced at Amelia and said, "Amelia, why don't you and Tiffany head back first. I'll go home after Cassie comes out of the operating room."

Amelia shook her head in disagreement. "No, I'll stay with you. It's because of me that Ms. Yard's in there. I ought to wait for her here."

Elizabeth snorted. "Amelia, what a pretentious woman you are. I really wonder, will a woman like you give birth to a child who's just as despicable and cunning as you are?"

In the face of provocation, Amelia remained steady, but it was Tiffany who shouted back, "Look here, you old hag! Wipe your mouth before you speak, will you? Every word you say reek of bad eggs!"

Elizabeth snorted. Calmly, she then turned to Tiffany and asked, "You're Tiffany Winters, right?"

Feigning surprise, Tiffany exclaimed, "So the old hag does know my name! What an honor!"

"Any self-respecting lady won't simply give their elders nicknames," Mrs. Yard scoffed. In other words, she was indirectly calling Tiffany an uncultured woman.

"Oh, I'm flattered. You see, what I say and how I say it depends on who or what I'm talking to. Mrs. Yard, your ruggedness tells me you're basically a tigress, so I got ahead of myself and picked out a suitable nickname for you. Why, don't you like it? "

Elizabeth's mood shifted tremendously, like she could erupt in anger the next second, but she quickly held it in.

"Ms. Winters, you have remarkable eloquence, and a very sharp tongue. It's just that most men don't like women who are too aggressive, since

those women tend to give off the impression that they lack manners. I've been there, and I'd remind you to take heed of my advice, otherwise you'll end up a miserable spinster."

"Don't you worry about that. Whether I'm single or in a relationship... is frankly none of your business," Tiffany countered.

"Of course, of course." Elizabeth put up a forced smile. "I heard that you're a best-selling author of romance novels, is that true?"

"Oh, I won't call myself that. As far as writing is concerned, I'm just a third-rate novelist. I just happen to have a few popular books, that's all." Tiffany said, claiming modesty, but her expression definitely reflected the opposite.

Elizabeth pursed her lips. She had never met such a prideful woman.

"Ms. Winters, surely you've heard of the Yard family?"

"Pardon, Mrs. Yard. I'm but a lowly homebody who writes for a living. I don't think I know much of anything besides literature, let alone your family. In fact, I probably don't know much about my neighbors either." Tiffany did not hesitate to spew more shocking statements.

Mrs. Yard smirked and said, "Ms. Winters, you have a sharp tongue indeed. But, mark my words, your argumentative nature will lead you to misfortune someday. I do hope you think twice before taking any sort of action."

"Thanks for the reminder, Mrs. Yard, but I haven't lived to your age yet. With the money I earn, I don't need to support anyone else besides myself. Basically, I just need to keep myself fed. Maybe that's why I have little to fear and not afraid of a challenge, if you don't mind me saying, Mrs. Yard."

Elizabeth pressed her lips even more tightly.

Whoever said that wordsmiths were nerdy had got it all wrong. Elizabeth realized she had made a formidable foe that day.

A few years ago, she would have regarded Tiffany as a naïve, young girl. She did not expect that, years later, she herself would come a cropper because of that same girl.

Before Elizabeth could say anything, the lights of the operating room went out. The door flung open and Cassie's attending doctor walked out, together with several doctors and three nurses.

“Dr. Kane, how’s my daughter?” Elizabeth hurriedly approached the medical team and asked.

He said, “Mrs. Yard, your daughter’s fine, but her body’s weak at the moment and can’t take too many surprises. As her family, you should provide her with a relaxed environment to recuperate. Treatment after miscarriage is just as important as postpartum care. If her mood fluctuates too much, her condition will linger.”

“Yes, yes. That was negligence on my part. I’ll be extra careful in the future.” Elizabeth nodded hurriedly.

The nurses took Cassie back to the ward. They put her on IV drip, and instructed Elizabeth, “Madam, if the needle bleeds, ring the bell. Ms. Yard’s blood vessels are thinner, so the drip would take much longer.”

Elizabeth nodded.

The nurse left after giving the instructions.