

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 118

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Chapter 118 Blame

“Why haven’t you left?” Elizabeth glanced at Tiffany and Amelia impatiently.

“Ms. Yard fainted because of me. Hence, I would like to apologize when she awakes before I leave.” Tiffany replied.

Elizabeth turned to Oscar and said angrily, “Oscar, please take them away right now. I’ll take good care of Cassie here. I wouldn’t want her to be upset when she wakes up to their sight. I only have one daughter and she means the world to me.”

Oscar glanced at Cassie before responding, “Alright, I’ll send them home then, Mrs. Yard. Please call me when she’s awake.”

Elizabeth nodded.

Then, Oscar walked out of the room. Tiffany and Amelia looked at each other and decided to follow him.

Oscar leaned on the wall outside of the ward as he eyed Amelia who had just left the ward. Amelia’s heart skipped a beat as she quickly apologized, “I’m sorry, Mr. Clinton. I messed thing up.”

Tiffany stood in front of her and said, “Mr. Clinton, it was me who urged her to visit the hospital. Besides, it was my fault that Cassie passed out. So, I’m willing to take full responsibility for whatever that’s happened today. It had nothing to do with Amelia.”

Oscar glanced at her meaningfully before saying, “Let’s go downstairs.”

Both Tiffany and Amelia were taken back by his calm response as they followed him.

“Mr. Clinton, so you’ve forgiven us?” Tiffany asked out of curiosity.

Oscar continued walking as he said coldly.

"Listen, Tiffany. I've given you many chances for Amelia's sake. However, I'm running out of patience. Hence, don't you ever test me again, or else you'll have to bear a price that you can't pay."

Tiffany shuddered at his words as Amelia grabbed her hand, indicating that she should stop talking.

Hence, Tiffany swallowed her words.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm really sorry for what happened today. I promise it won't happen again."

Oscar stopped in his tracks and turned to face Amelia. "We can talk about this when we get home."

Once they reached the bottom floor, Oscar immediately got into the car. Amelia and Tiffany smiled bitterly at each other before getting into the car.

Oscar leaned over to open the door of the passenger's seat and said, "You should sit here."

Amelia nodded and did as she was told.

Oscar was silent during the entire car ride home. Hence, Tiffany and Amelia also dared not say anything under such a tense atmosphere.

Oscar's car arrived at the entrance of Tiffany's neighborhood. "Mr. Clinton, I'm very sorry for what happened today. I was responsible for Ms. Yard's fainting. I couldn't bear to see Ms. Yard making such accusations against Amelia. Hence, my emotions got the best of me and I said some words out of anger. I'm also willing to take the blame. Please leave Amelia out of this as she had nothing to do with this. She's still pregnant so I hope you'd be gentle with your words." Tiffany explained before she got out of the car.

"Ms. Winters, as the proverbs go, "not even good officials can settle family matters". Thus, you should mind your own business. Besides, you're someone who doesn't walk the talk. Although I do admire your heart to fight for injustice, it does become annoying if you cross the line. Hence, it's better if you stay out of things." Oscar replied coldly.

Tiffany's expression hardened at his words. Amelia looked at her apologetically and said, "My apologies, Mr. Clinton. She's merely looking out for me. She's acting like so because she cares for me. If you have any problem with this, please talk to me about it."

Oscar glanced at her tensely, "Amelia, we'll talk about this later."

Tiffany could not help herself but continued, "Mr. Clinton, I know how important your lover was to you. However, don't forget that Amelia's your wife. You should be considerate of her feelings too. You should know that there's no second chance once you've broken a woman's heart."

Oscar eyed her coldly and said, "Get off my car."

Tiffany had no choice but to compromise when Amelia looked at her with pleading eyes. "Amelia, do call me if anything acts up. Don't take it all in by yourself, okay?" She said before she got off the car.

Amelia nodded as Tiffany got off the car.

Oscar reversed the car and sped away. Amelia eyed him on their way home before saying, "Mr. Clinton, I'm very sorry for what happened today."

Oscar tapped the steering wheel and asked, "Amelia, did you have anything to do with Cassie's miscarriage?"

Amelia looked at him in astonishment as a sense of hurt flashed in her eyes. She suppressed her emotions and asked, "So you believed I was responsible for her miscarriage too, Mr. Clinton?"

"Cassie said you asked to meet her at Starbucks and said terrible things to her on the phone. Hence, she lost focus and fell off the stairs. Was this all true?" Oscar asked again.

Amelia's heart throbbed in pain and responded, "Do believe this, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar glanced at her and said firmly, "I'll believe whatever you say." In other words, it meant that he did not intend to take others' words into account. He only wanted to hear her side of the story.

Amelia's aching heart was strangely cured.

"Believe it or not, Mr. Clinton, but it was Ms. Yard who called me that day. You can take a look at my call history. As for our conversation, I believe you can easily find out. It was her who asked to meet me at Starbucks. I have no idea why she twisted the truth, but I'll not allow myself to be accused of something that I've not done."

Oscar nodded and replied, "Alright, I believe you."

Amelia felt a hint of warmth in her heart and the bitterness she had felt was strangely gone.

“Then, why’d you go to the hospital?”

Amelia pondered before saying, “I figured you’d be too busy as you had to juggle between work and taking care of her. Hence, I wanted to ease your burden. But, I didn’t expect Ms. Yard to take it the wrong way. She became very emotional when I entered the room and claimed that I was there to taunt her. I really had no such intention, Mr. Clinton. I only wanted to help you out.”

Oscar nodded once again.

Amelia felt uneasy when she noticed he was silent. “Mr. Clinton, are you upset with me?”

“I believed that you wouldn’t do things that’d cross the line.” He went silent again.

Amelia opened her mouth to say something but stopped herself. The entire car ride was silent as the couple did not exchange conversations any further.

The car quickly drove into their neighborhood. Once Oscar had parked the car, he went over to Amelia’s side to open the door for her like a gentleman.

Amelia got off the car and thanked him.

Oscar closed the car door and said, “Let’s go.”

He turned as soon as he said so and Amelia followed behind him.

Amelia frowned as she could not make out whether if Oscar was upset. He doesn’t seem mad because he was still very gentleman-like towards me. However, he showed no expression on his face so I really can’t tell if he’s angry or not.

“Mr. Clinton, are you mad?” Amelia asked after a while.

Oscar stopped his in tracks but said nothing.

Amelia felt rather frustrated when he gave her no response.

The couple took the elevator upstairs and opened the door to their apartment. Once they entered the apartment, Oscar closed the door and trapped her against the wall.

Oscar studied Amelia and asked, "Why did you go to the hospital? I thought I told you I'd take care of Cassie's incident?"

Amelia looked back at him and swallowed, "You still don't believe me, do you, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar caressed her hair and said in a low voice, "Amelia, you're a smart woman. You wouldn't do something like this to upset me at this timing. Hence, why'd you still go to the hospital?"

Amelia continued staring into his eyes and suddenly smiled, "I told you in the car. I was only there to visit Ms. Yard. There's nothing else I can do if you don't believe me, Mr. Clinton."

"I do," Oscar said firmly. "I just don't trust Tiffany."

Amelia was bewildered by his words.

"What does this have to do with her?"

"She persuaded you to go to the hospital, am I right?"

Amelia's heart skipped a beat.

"No. She called to ask me out for dinner and I told her you were taking care of Ms. Yard at the hospital. Although she was mad, she encouraged me to let it go. It was my idea to visit the hospital as I was worried about you, and she happened to tag along."

"You're very protective of her," Oscar responded without breaking eye contact.

Amelia shook her head, "No, it's nothing like that. Besides, she has nothing to do with this. She just cares very much about me."

"If she wasn't a woman, I would have assumed something was going on between you two," Oscar said tentatively.

Amelia didn't understand at first, but her eyes were filled with surprise when she understood what he meant.

She could not believe her ears as she replied, "Mr. Clinton, are you implying that Tiffany and I are...Gosh, where did you come up with such weird ideas?"

"Hmm...then why's she always standing up for you?" He leaned closer as his warm breath tickled her ear.

Amelia panicked as she was taken back by his actions.

“Mr. Clinton, I know you’re pretty dirty-minded, but please don’t make such assumptions of others.” Amelia was a little angry. “Tiffany and I are friends who can support and rely on each other in this foreign city. Never was a moment where we had any romance involved. I don’t know why’d you think of us that way, but I hope you can respect me. I am still your wife.”

“Are you mad?”

“Would you be mad if you were assumed as gay?” Amelia questioned.

“No. That’s because those who dared say so would have never existed or faced terrible consequences by yours truly,” Oscar said confidently.

Amelia was speechless.

Oscar pulled her close to him and said, “Amelia, I won’t divorce you before our baby was born as long as you be a good girl.”

A hint of bitterness flashed in her eyes.

“Mr. Clinton, do we have to divorce?”

Oscar did not answer her question.

Amelia’s eyes turned red as she clung to his neck. “Mr. Clinton, can we not divorce?” she asked while suppressing the sadness in her heart.

Oscar’s heart throbbed as he replied, “Dummy!”

Amelia started crying as her tears dripped on his suit. Before he could say anything, his phone in his trousers rang. He took it out and noticed it was Cassie’s number.

Amelia’s face stiffened when she saw the phone display.

Oscar eyed her before picking up the call. “Hello?”

“Where are you, Oz?” Cassie asked weakly.

Oscar cleared his throat and replied, “I went home. When did you wake up?”

“Oz, could you come quickly? I missed you. I’m scared when you’re not around.” Cassie said in a coquettish manner.

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Chapter 119 Endless Calls

Oscar frowned but said patiently, “I’ll take a shower and head to the hospital. Be a good girl for me and eat your meals, okay? And don’t cause any trouble for Mrs. Yard.”

“No, Oz. I wanted to eat with you. I won’t eat, if you don’t come,” Cassie said stubbornly.

“Come on, I’ll be there in an hour.”

She hesitated before answering, “Okay, Oz. Be quick, okay? I’ll be waiting.”

Oscar hummed in response before hanging up.

Amelia’s glance dimmed before she calmed down. “You should go, Mr. Clinton. Don’t make Ms. Yard wait. Otherwise, you’d be in big trouble if that beauty cries.”

Oscar looked deeply into her eyes and said with a smile, “Are you jealous?”

Amelia flashed him a smile and answered, “Mr. Clinton, your heart belongs to another woman. Hence, why would you care if I’m jealous or not?”

Oscar lowered his gaze to meet hers and said, “Of course I would.”

Amelia’s eyes glinted and smiled, “You must be joking, Mr. Clinton. If you cared for me, you wouldn’t be rushing to another woman’s side. You should probably go, Mr. Clinton. I don’t wish to take the blame from Ms. Yard again. She may look weak and innocent, but she’s a pro at getting jealous. I really don’t want to go through the same thing over again!”

“She’s not like that.”

Amelia shot him an angry glance, “So are you saying that I’m making things up, Mr. Clinton?”

Oscar loved seeing her jealous. She would become a fiery hot pepper with a hint of stubbornness and proudness whenever she was jealous. It drove him crazy and made him wanted to take care of her.

Oscar lifted his hand to caress her cheek before saying, "I've never blamed you regarding Cassie's incident, Dummy. Besides, I'm pretty sure it was Tiffany who instigated you to visit the hospital. I was going to tell you to stay away from her, but I figured you would disagree. So please stay put at home and don't go to the hospital, okay?"

"Are you worried that I would cause trouble upon your lover, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia deliberately asked.

"I've never said a single word about you ever since we got back from the hospital, woman," Oscar was unsure how to respond.

"Yet, you blamed my friend. Right?" Amelia continued. She was behaving extremely sensitively due to her pregnancy, especially when she was due in a couple of months. Hence, her emotions were all over the place.

Funny how I'm not mad or impatient with her behavior. Instead, I find it very cute. I guessed this was something interesting to me. I loved watching her lose her temper and getting jealous because of me.

I may be a serious person to others, but I was showing the true side of myself whenever I was with her.

"Your friend made a mistake and I merely reprimanded her. You should know that those who crossed me would usually suffer terrible consequences. Don't you think you should thank me instead as I let her off easy for your sake?" Oscar said as he licked her ear on purpose.

Amelia blushed and dodged subconsciously. She pushed Oscar's body away from her and said, "If you don't leave any sooner, your lover's going to blow up your phone, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar looked at her with affection in his eyes unknowingly.

"Come here. I want to hug you before I leave for the hospital in a while." Oscar opened his arms. Amelia hesitated as she looked at him before walking into his embrace.

Oscar rested his chin on her and said, "I hope you'd have your eyes only on me, no matter if we get divorced or not. Please remember this, Amelia."

She gently hit his chest and replied, "Don't you think you're a little too greedy?"

"Am I?" Oscar grabbed her hand and bit the back of her hand.

She retracted her hand and responded coldly, "You should leave, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar's expression dropped as he pulled her into his arms and asked, "Do you really want me to leave?"

A wave of emotions immediately surged in her heart, "Mr. Clinton, you've swayed between two women all this while. You can't seem to make up your mind, and yet you're asking for such ridiculous things. If you can't fulfill my wishes, then don't give me false hope. You'll never understand the feeling of despair like I do."

Oscar's eyes darkened.

"Don't overthink things, Amelia."

Amelia slapped his hand away. "Mr. Clinton, we've been married for five years. Yet, you still had no idea what I want. Did you think I would be satisfied with living a luxurious life? A little shopping spree that includes branded clothing and accessories would allow you to control me like an obedient pet?" she said in anger and disappointment.

Oscar frowned as his eyes turned gloomy.

Amelia noticed his expression. Although she was disappointed, she quickly composed herself and smiled, "Apologies, Mr. Clinton, I was too emotional. It's getting late. I assumed you hadn't had dinner, right? Allow me to make some pasta for you before you leave."

Then, she went into the kitchen without taking another glance at him.

Yet, Oscar's eyes were fixated on her as he gazed at her deeply.

Soon enough, Amelia served him some pasta. It may not have tasted as delicious as Tiffany's cooking, but it was made with love. Unfortunately, Cassie called again before Oscar could even take a bite.

Oscar felt a little irritated when he saw the display on his phone. If it were the moment when Cassie returned from Erihal, I'd look forward to seeing her. However, she's beginning to irritate me now. He thought.

He ignored the call as it continued to ring. "Mr. Clinton, your lover's calling. I think you should hurry to the hospital. Or else, you're going to have a hard time dealing with her cries," Amelia said with a hint of sarcasm as she sat on the other side of the sofa.

Oscar rejected the call as he continued eating calmly.

Amelia was surprised yet delighted by his actions.

Gosh, you're such a loser, Amelia! Why're you so easily satisfied by his gestures. It could mean nothing, yet you're so happy that he rejected her call. Amelia said to herself.

"Does it taste good, Mr. Clinton?" she asked.

He nodded and replied, "Your cooking has improved tremendously."

Amelia took his plate away once he was done eating and urged once again, "You should get going, Mr. Clinton. I don't wish to see Ms. Yard appearing at our front door."

Oscar looked at her and asked in a low voice, "Do you really want me to leave?"

"I'm going to do the dishes now. If you're leaving, please close the door on your way out." Amelia did not meet his gaze as she busied herself with the tableware.

Oscar stood there as he continued to look at her.

Amelia entered the kitchen to wash the dishes. Once she was done, she did not see Oscar when she entered the living room. Disappointment flashed across her eyes but she quickly shrugged it off.

Her phone rang as she was drying her hands. She picked it up and noticed it was Tiffany.

"Hi, Tiffany."

"Amelia, are you ok? Did Oscar say anything mean to you?"

"No. I'm his wife, remember? Did you think he'd lay a finger on me for another woman?"

Amelia let out a laugh as she sat on the sofa and said, "I'd always knew you had a wild imagination, but could you please spare me from your nonsense?"

Tiffany continued her goofy act for a while before she asked seriously, "Babe, you didn't get into a quarrel with him right?"

"No, there's nothing to quarrel about."

Tiffany was not convinced and continued, "Babe, we've been friends for so many years. Please don't hide anything from me. I have no intentions of over-interfering your marriage. Although my shoulders aren't as broad as a man's, I want you to know that you can cry on my shoulders when you need one."

Amelia was suddenly reminded of Oscar's words regarding her friendship with Tiffany.

"Tiffany, do you know what Oscar said our relationship was?"

"What?"

"He suspected if we were a lesbian couple."

Tiffany did not respond immediately on the phone, but screamed in anger after a pause, "What a b*stard! How could he say such a thing? Lesbian, what? So women can't be friends now? Damn, not only was he overbearingly unreasonable, but he's also very petty."

Amelia was shocked as she did not expect such reactions from her.

"Calm down, Tiffany."

Tiffany took a deep breath and apologized, "I'm sorry, Babe. I shouldn't have lost my temper. Did I scare you or the baby?"

"No, you didn't," Amelia replied. "He was just joking. You don't have to take it to heart. He never took the time to understand how my life's like. Hence, he wouldn't understand our friendship was as precious as gold."

"You're right," Tiffany responded.

She paused and asked again, "Wait, did he go to the hospital?"

"Yea, he had some pasta and left."

Tiffany became upset and said, "Who does he think you are? Not to mention the house! Were you a housekeeper and your house was a hotel?"

"I guess he does treat the house we both lived in as a hotel. After all, we both merely shared a business relationship. The idea of a "home" is invalid. A home was supposed to be a haven. Yet, you compared our relationship with a home? Don't you think it's an insult to compare my situation to a home?" Amelia replied casually.

Tiffany felt sad when she heard those words.

I've written so many romance novels in the past. But, to be honest, I don't really understand love. Everything I've written was to cater to the reader's preference. If one were to ask me what was love, I wouldn't be able to answer. Yet, I could tell that Amelia loved Oscar with her life. Or else, she wouldn't be affected by his little gestures. Thus, I can't help but loathed him because Amelia's love for him wasn't reciprocating.

Amelia's a great woman who puts family first. It's a shame she didn't meet a man who could treat her right.

Tiffany opened her mouth to say something, but nothing came out.

She decided to say something goofy in the end. "Babe, we may not be able to meet a world-class gentleman, yet it'd be easier to be a great guy who treats you right. Oscar's had no standards, hence he chose Cassie. But that's alright, I'll get you a man who's so much better than him in the future. Let's show him that you can also live an amazing life with an amazing guy without him."

Amelia burst out laughing.

"You sounded like you were picking cabbages in a wholesale market."

"Well, you're worth so much more than a cabbage."

"Thank you, Tiffany. I feel so much better after talking to you. You should get back to writing." Amelia's spirits were instantly lifted.

"Alright then. Please call me if anything comes up. I'll get back to work now, the editor needs it quickly."

Once Amelia hung up, she got up and decided to head upstairs. Yet, she was shocked when she noticed a figure standing by the stairs. It turned out to be Oscar.

Why's he still here? Amelia gripped her phone tightly and wondered.

"M-Mr. Clinton, I thought you were gone." Amelia stuttered. She was worried he overheard her conversation with Tiffany.

"I went upstairs to take a shower."

"I see. So, how long have you been standing there?"

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Chapter 120 Our Marriage Is A Joke

“I treat it as a joke from the moment you said that this place is our home.”

Amelia’s eyes twinkled. “Mr. Clinton, I am sorry.”

Oscar strolled down promptly to her side, raised her chin, and cast her an intense gaze. “Is this all just a joke to you?”

Amelia was still avoiding to meet his eyes.

“Look at me,” Oscar demanded tyrannically.

At that, Amelia looked at him submissively, but he could still sense the stubbornness within her gaze.

“Why did you call our marriage a joke?” Oscar challenged aggressively.

Amelia persistently threw the question back at him. “Well, isn’t it?”

Right then, Oscar felt a raging flame within his chest, and his expression became tensed. “Why?”

For a moment, Amelia could not comprehend why he kept asking for an explanation.

“Was it that painful for you to be with me?” Oscar asked meekly.

Amelia glanced at him in astonishment. She seemed to trace some fragility in his voice.

Meanwhile, Oscar reached out his hand and held her chin with affection. “Amelia, all this while I’ve treated you sincerely as my wife. Am I not able to be your safe haven?”

Gaping back at him, Amelia suddenly sighed, “Mr. Clinton, even if you are my safe haven, I am not the only one in it. I mean, practically everyone wants a piece of Mr. Clinton! That’s why I said that this is all just a joke.”

Lost for words, Oscar continued to gaze at her intently.

Amelia avoided his gaze. "Mr. Clinton, you should leave. I'm a little tired and feel like going to bed now. So I won't send you down."

Oscar grabbed her hand and held her captive in his warm embrace. "Do you really want me to leave?"

Right at that moment, Amelia had become a little irritated. Since you have other women, why are you still pretending to be affectionate, trapping me in this sticky web? Maybe love is something you can spare easily, but I'm struggling endlessly all by myself in this deep, dark pit of despair.

Pushing him away, Amelia remarked in a distant tone. "Mr. Clinton, if you don't like me, then don't give me false hope. I can't bear to live in such a lie."

Oscar's gaze turned deep in puzzlement. "Why are you kicking up a fuss?"

As soon as he said that, Amelia could feel bitterness welling up her heart. With that, she raised her head and vent in frustration. "Kicking up a fuss? No matter what I do, you'll always think that I'm kicking up a fuss!"

Oscar frowned. "Well, aren't you?"

Amelia wanted to shake off his hand, but Oscar's grip tightened even more. "Amelia, you're biting off more than you can chew. Back when we signed the marriage papers, we agreed that I'd provide you with money, and you'd only need to be a good wife. But now, you are expecting a love that doesn't belong to you."

Amelia felt as if a knife stab had through her heart that instant. The pain was so real that she could not bear it anymore.

"I'm sorry if this made you uncomfortable." Amelia calmed down and plastered a polite smile on her face. "Mr. Clinton, let me send you to the door. Wishing you and Ms. Yard a lifetime of love and happiness."

Oscar furrowed his brows deeply at her remark.

Just then, the ringing of the phone broke the silence between them. Oscar looked at the screen and realized that it was a call from Cassie.

Taking a deep breath, he answered the phone reluctantly.

"Oz, it has been more than an hour. Where are you?" Cassie's voice echoed from the other end.

Oscar replied patiently, "I'll head over now. Did you listen to me and eat well?"

"I don't have any appetite since you're not here, Oz. Besides, my wound is still hurting, and I can't sleep without you." Cassie responded weakly on the phone.

Little did she know that Oscar did not find her actions adorable but rather clingy to the point that he was a tad intimidated.

Based on his impression of Cassie, she had always been a naive and playful person. Although she might be a little harsh to outsiders, she was still a relatively considerate girl. Hence, he had never thought that she would be that possessive.

"Listen to me and go have your meal. I'll be there soon."

"No, I'm scared because you're not here, Oz. Besides, I really don't have any appetite, so please come quickly."

Becoming gradually irritated, Oscar left a swift reply and hung up. "I'll come over now."

After that, Oscar shifted his gaze back to Amelia again. "I'll leave for a while. Let's talk again after I come back and don't overthink things. You're definitely more important to me than you think you are."

Without haste, Oscar walked out, leaving Amelia alone to digest those words he spitted out.

Oscar, do you mean to tell me that I am more than just an employee? You truly think of me as your wife, right?

Amelia smiled bitterly in her heart. Oscar, even if you think of me as your wife, I'm still nothing compared to Cassie.

Naturally, Oscar did not know how upset Amelia actually was. He headed downstairs towards his car and drove to the hospital right after that.

As soon as Oscar entered the ward, Cassie's initial pale face instantly shone with delight. "Oz, you are finally here. I miss you so much."

However, Elizabeth was apparently a little dissatisfied with Oscar's late arrival. "Oscar, why did you come so late? Don't you know Cassie needs you the most now? She is weak and even refuses to eat. A woman who had a miscarriage must be taken care of. Aren't you supposed to know that, or are you as ignorant as her too?"

Cassie looked at her mother and whined, "Mom, please don't nag Oz. I'm glad that he is with me here now. What if he gets angry and leaves?"

Elizabeth was speechless as anger started boiling within her. Cassie is not married yet, but she's always speaking for that man. What will happen once she's married to him?

"Cassie, don't interrupt. I'm just teaching Oscar how to be a proper husband," Elizabeth said.

Nonetheless, Cassie curled her lips unconvinced.

Oscar deliberately changed the subject. "Mrs. Yard, have you eaten?"

For some reason, his question truly pissed Elizabeth off. She stared at him with massive discontent. "Even Cassie has not yet had her meal. Do you think I will have the mood to eat?"

"Alright, I'll go prepare some food then. Mrs. Yard, you'll stay here with Cassie."

Upon hearing this, Cassie stretched her hands and grabbed only his clothes like a helpless child. "Where are you going, Oz?"

Elizabeth could not be more dismayed to see her daughter being so clingy. But since Cassie was her only daughter, she tried to turn a blind eye toward it.

"Oscar, you can stay with Cassie here. I've already asked our housemaid to prepare some food. She will be here in a while. And since you will be taking care of Cassie for several hours later, you should also stay and eat with us."

Oscar nodded obediently. "Mrs. Yard, Cassie, please excuse me for a moment. I need to head to the washroom."

Just when he was about to step outside the ward, Elizabeth interrupted him. "There's a washroom in here. Where are you going?"

"I'll be using the washroom outside since I need a smoke. You know, cravings..." Oscar explained casually without turning his head.

Seeing that Oscar had left, Elizabeth expressed her vast dissatisfaction. "Cassie, I believe Oscar is a brilliant man, and I truly admire his capability. But he doesn't seem to be the right one for you. You've lost his child and yet, look at how he treats you. Listen to me and leave him. I mean, just

look at you! You're Cassie Yard, for goodness' sake! Men would be dying to date you."

Despite that, Cassie replied stubbornly, "But Mom, no matter how outstanding other men are, they can't compare with Oscar. I gave up on him five years ago, and I regretted it. He is the only one that I want. Mom, if you don't help me, I probably won't ever get married."

Elizabeth jabbed Cassie's forehead hard with her finger. "Why are you so stubborn? Yes, he's a great guy from a prestigious family, but our family's not too shabby either. So why do you have to cling onto him like a parasite? Are you trying to be an embarrassment to us Yards?"

Right then, Cassie lowered her head and murmured in a grim voice, "Mom, the child wasn't actually Oscar's."

In shock, Elizabeth swallowed back the accusation that had come to her mouth. Her mouth was left wide open as she could not believe what she had just heard.

It took a moment before she was finally able to speak again. "What did you just say?"

Cassie raised her head. "Mom, the baby wasn't Oscar's. He's never slept with me."

At that instant, Elizabeth's voice became sharp as she was befuddled. "If the child was not his, whose was it?"

"My ex-boyfriend that I met back in Erihal."

Hearing this, Elizabeth's chest heaved up and down as she tried to suppress her rage. "Didn't you break up with that June guy a long time ago? How did you end up pregnant with his child?"

Cassie buried her head in shame while confessing. "Mom, I did break up with him, but he followed me here and threatened me with an old video clip. Hence, I had no choice but to do as he wished. This continued until when I returned to Erihal again, and that was when I realized I was pregnant."

Upon hearing this, Elizabeth became so enraged that her heart was about to explode. She raised her hand and wanted to slap Cassie. But looking at Cassie's pale face, Elizabeth hesitated.

"Cassie, why'd you have to stoop so low? We've provided you with the best education and care for all these years, yet you don't even have any

self-respect. Not only did you not hold the actual birth father responsible, but instead, you used Oscar. The Clintons are not fools, Cassie! Didn't you expect that they will know the truth once they do a paternity test?"

Right at that moment, Elizabeth's heart dropped with a thud as she realized something. "You... didn't plan this miscarriage, did you?"

Cassie kept silent and did not deny.

Elizabeth's eyes widened in shock at her daughter's response. Her beloved daughter, Cassie, felt like a complete stranger right then. Is she really my daughter? To think she would go such lengths to cover up every single one of her tracks, leaving her schemes flawless. This is terrible!

Initially, she allowed Cassie to be a mistress because she loved her daughter so much and could not bear to see her aborting the baby. However, Elizabeth did not expect that the latter had been planning her abortion all this while. This lovely and naive girl turned out to be such a scheming and heartless person.

Her tolerance for Cassie was due to the connivance of a mother. But this did not mean that she had no moral conscience.

The Yard family had a large business, and Cassie was the only daughter. Hence, she would eventually inherit everything that the Yards owned. Undeniably, without a certain amount of courage, she would probably not be able to achieve it.

However, being courageous and capable did not mean she should put her own health at stake. A woman who could kill even her baby was beyond horrifying; even a vicious tiger would never harm its own cubs, let alone a human.

Thus when Elizabeth found out that this was all Cassie's plan, she was aghast. She never thought that her daughter would be such an inhumane person.

"Cassie, when did you become like this?" Elizabeth said with an aching heart.

Cassie raised her head and replied with reddened eyes. "Mom, I can't afford to lose Oscar."

"If you love him, why did you run away to Erihal back then? Why did you humiliate yourself like this? Not only did you dishonor yourself, but you also embarrass the Yard family. I can't believe I have a daughter like you."