

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 141

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Chapter 141 A Complicated Love

Tiffany echoed, "Babe, you just need to be mindful of this. Avoid attending any one-on-one meeting with him. You don't have any feelings for him, but you can't guarantee he feels the same way about you."

Amelia nodded with determination whereas Tiffany kept quiet for the rest of the journey.

The ringing phone broke the silence in the car. Amelia took it out from her bag and saw that it was an incoming call from Jennifer.

When she picked it up, Jennifer's panic-stricken voice sounded at her ear. "Amelia, is Carter with you? He escaped from the hospital. Please tell me his whereabouts if he's with you. He hasn't fully recovered and the doctor has advised against any vigorous movements, otherwise his condition will get worse."

Amelia answered calmly, "He's in my neighborhood. You can come over." She hung up after that.

"Who's that?"

"Jennifer."

Tiffany cursed and then muttered, "What a nuisance!"

"Don't get all work up by someone insignificant. It's not worth it." Amelia smiled faintly at her reaction.

Gritting her teeth, Tiffany complained, "I'm not angry, but I find her really annoying. Carter is indeed a jinx. Nothing good ever happens when he's involved."

Holding her tongue, Amelia leaned back on the passenger seat.

Tiffany was driving the car slowly, seemingly out of frustration for Carter. A journey which required only thirty to forty minutes was thwarted as she took an hour to arrive at the destination. Although Amelia could see through what Tiffany was trying to get at, she refrained herself from exposing her cheeky agenda.

When they got off the car, they saw Jennifer, Faye, and Carter engaging in an argument. Upon spotting Amelia, Faye immediately let go of Carter and dashed toward her.

Subconsciously, Tiffany stood in front of Amelia with her arms stretched out widely as a defence. "Old hag, what do you want?"

A mix of emotions flickered across Faye's face.

It was a critical moment so Faye could only pull herself together and begged, "Amelia, please do us a favor. Please help persuade Carter to go back to the hospital. He's still recovering. If he continues to exhaust himself, the condition of his stomach will only get worse."

Meanwhile, Carter broke free from Jennifer's vice-like grip and walked over toward Amelia with one hand on his stomach.

His ghastly pale face gazed at Amelia and smiled. "Hi, Amelia. You're here."

She felt sympathetic toward him. Tiffany's rage disappeared into thin air when she saw his pitiful look. Then again, she still disapproved of his reckless action.

"Carter, why did you come out from the hospital when you're still unwell?" Amelia frowned.

He beamed. "I miss you so I came over to see you."

His words made Amelia feel rather uncomfortable. As a married woman who would be delivering her own baby in two months' time, she did not view his confession as a sweet gesture. Rather, she was troubled by what he said and felt awkward.

Tiffany stepped forward and stood between them.

She glared at him. "Jinx, can you think before you speak? What do you mean by you miss her? Amelia has a husband and soon, they will have their first baby. If the Clintons heard what you just said, what would they think of Amelia?"

Looking confused, Carter was overwhelmed by conflicting emotions. He felt as if his heart was slashed by a knife with blood gushing out profusely, leaving him in agony.

Faye hauled Carter back and stared daggers at Tiffany. "Watch your words, Tiffany. You're in no position to pass any remark on my son."

Tiffany scoffed, "Old hag, I couldn't care less about your son, but he shouldn't bring Amelia into this mess. He has disregarded the fact that she's a married woman and keeps on showing her affection. It's going to ruin Amelia's life." Tiffany tried shooining them away as if they were unwanted pests. "If there's nothing else, please hurry and take him back to the hospital. Don't try to throw a pity party and then blame Amelia when something bad happens."

Faye went ballistic as her breaths quickened when she huffed.

"You..."

Jennifer approached Faye and held her hand. In a gentle voice, she consoled her, "Don't be angry, Mrs. Scott. Let's take Carter back to the hospital first."

Her reminder brought Faye back into reality. She turned and persuaded Carter, "Follow me back to the hospital, Carter. As long as you're healthy and well, I promise not to interfere in your relationship with anyone you like henceforth. Just don't give me a scare anymore please..."

Carter looked at Faye and then shifted his gaze to Amelia. "Can I speak with you in private? I apologize for acting rashly. I should have been more thoughtful before running to you from the hospital. Please don't get mad at me."

Amelia sighed. "Carter, we'll have plenty of opportunity to see each other once you're fully recovered. For now, follow Mrs. Scott back to the hospital, will you?"

"Am I a burden to you, Amelia?" Carter questioned.

Tiffany replied on her behalf, "Congratulations jinx, you've finally come to realization. If you're concerned for Amelia, please make your way back to the hospital swiftly. Don't make Amelia bear the untoward consequences of your childish acts."

He looked downcast.

Amelia tugged at Tiffany's shirt. "Carter, you should go back now. Don't strain your body during the recovery stage."

Carter nodded obediently. "Amelia, please accompany me to go back to the hospital."

Before Amelia could make any decision, Faye grasped her hand and started pleading, "I beg you, Amelia. Please come with us to the hospital. You've known him for years, so could you just extend favor just this once?"

Amelia hesitated before saying yes.

In the end, both Tiffany and Amelia went along to the hospital. Carter wanted to go in Tiffany's car. When Mrs. Scott was about to follow suit, Tiffany refused completely. "Mrs. Scott, my small car can't handle your majestic presence."

Carter proposed, "Mom, why don't you go with Jennifer?"

Aggrieved, Faye alighted the car.

Tiffany started her engine reluctantly and did not stop mumbling throughout the journey. "Jinx, do you think you're still a toddler? How could you do something so silly? Yes, Amelia is your friend and not your mom. Can you stop manipulating her soft spot and land her in such a predicament?"

Carter apologized.

Slapping the steering wheel, Tiffany derided, "That's so you, jinx, to simply say sorry after creating a mess. Please don't just assume that your apology can solve everything. This isn't always the case!"

He looked awful while the hand on his thigh clenched into a fist.

Amelia nudged Tiffany and then turned to Carter at the backseat. "Carter, Tiff is just worried about me. Please don't take it to heart. She has no ill intentions."

"Amelia, do you hate me for acting like this?" He looked at her with a pair of sorrowful eyes.

Amelia's smile faded. "I don't hate you, but I seriously think that it's better for us to keep our distance. Ms. Larson is a good choice. You should consider focusing on building your relationship with her." She was brutally honest.

Carter's face turned grim.

"Amelia, you know me better than anyone else."

Sighing, she replied, "Carter, we'll never be together. Why do you keep pushing it?"

“That’s not what you said when I was still in a coma.”

“I believe I didn’t say anything that could mislead you. Moreover, you were unconscious at that time. Did you really hear what I said?”

“In a way. When I was drifting in and out of consciousness.”

Tiffany raised her brow and cast a surprised look at Amelia. “Babe, what did you say exactly? Did you promise him anything?”

Amelia shook her head firmly.

While driving, Tiffany made it clear, “Jinx, your feelings are your own problem. Don’t stick around Amelia, okay? She has a husband for Pete’s sake! It is impossible for anything to happen between the two of you!”

Carter shut his eyes hopelessly.

Tiffany went quiet after taking a peek at him from the rearview mirror.

Half an hour later, the trio arrived at the hospital, followed by Jennifer’s car.

Tiffany stated, “Get off the car, Carter. Amelia and I won’t go down with you.”

He pleaded with a puppy face. “Amelia, can you come down with me please?”

Amelia heaved a sigh and agreed before Tiffany blurted something even harsher. “Come on. Let’s go!”

The latter glared at her, but Amelia just pretended not to see it.

The five of them stepped into the hospital. When the elevator door opened, Amelia stood rooted on the spot when she saw a couple hugging each other lovingly. Likewise, the man did a double take when he saw her.

“Oz, isn’t this Ms. Winters? Oh, look who’s beside her... Mr. Scott?” Cassie who was buried in Oscar’s arms said hypocritically.

Oscar’s gaze became extremely conflicted when met with Amelia’s.

Infuriated, Tiffany stared hard at the shameless couple. She mocked, “Oh, isn’t this Ms. Yard who just had a miscarriage? I heard that women who went through that would be very weak. Why aren’t you resting on your bed; instead, you are hanging onto someone else’s husband? Aren’t you

afraid of being drowned by backlashes? Oh, I remember now. You're a shameless woman after all. Otherwise, why would you be engaging in an audacious act of hugging a married man in public? No matter how I view this, it just looks disgusting to me!"

Cassie started feeling uneasy.

Tiffany's sharp tongue continued, "Cassie, be a woman of grace and culture. I'm ashamed of you for not having any good virtues."

An ugly scowl appeared on Cassie's otherwise beautiful face.

"Oz..." she called out coquettishly, making all women present jumped with goosebumps.

Amelia pulled Tiffany aside. "Stop messing around, Tiff. We're at a hospital. We'll talk about the rest when we get home."

Upon noticing a glint of pain flashed across Amelia's eyes, Tiffany's fury went away like a deflated balloon.

She held Amelia's hand with the hope that it will grant her some emotional support. She consoled her, "Babe, don't be scared for I've got your back."

Amelia gave her a light nod.

Naturally, Carter stood behind Amelia and then prompted, "Let's go, Amelia."

"The air here is so polluted that it could suffocate us to death. Let's take the other elevator." Tiffany purposely said in a contemptuous manner.

Dwelling on the painful sight of Oscar hugging Cassie, she did not notice how Carter intentionally approached her and placed his hand on her shoulder.

Seeing that she did not reject the affectionate move, Oscar's gaze instantly turned icy cold. He tightened his grip on Cassie, causing the latter to cry out in pain.

"Oz, you're hurting me." Her brows scrunched together as she pouted.

Her flirtatious expression successfully caught everyone's attention. Tiffany's eyes flamed with anger as if she wanted to burn Cassie alive. Amelia, on the other hand, could not hide her distress when she looked at Oscar in the eye.

"Carter, let's go up. You don't look too good," Amelia requested.

Carter's face lit up with hope even though he suspected her for making use of his presence to irritate Oscar. Nonetheless, it was still a pleasant surprise for him.

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Chapter 142 Let Go Of Me

Carter was flattered and he said dotingly, "Okay, let's go up." His response seemed to include a double meaning.

Upon hearing that, Oscar lost his cool. He released Cassie and darted forward to get a hold of Amelia's shoulder. He pulled her over, and she fell into his arms.

Amelia was disgusted as she thought of how he was hugging another woman just moments ago, she wriggled out of his grip and yelled, "Oscar, let go of me."

He did the exact opposite by tucking her in his embrace. As Amelia struggled to escape, he tightened his arms around her.

Tiffany caught up with them and started punching Oscar's arms. "Oscar, let go of her. Amelia is pregnant with your child. If you hurt the baby, I'll fight you to death."

Her words reminded him to relax his grip.

As Amelia calmed down, she said indifferently, "Mr. Clinton, can you let me go? Unlike Ms. Yard, I'm not comfortable in showing affection in public.

"It was a misunderstanding, I'll explain everything when we get home," Oscar claimed.

A strong sense of disappointment surged within her. It wouldn't have hurt so much if Oscar had admitted honestly. Who knows... even Oscar who's always been upright and disdain to lie would show his disgraceful side.

She pushed him away. "I shall not disturb you since you still need to keep Ms. Yard company."

Cassie wrapped her arms around him and chimed in feebly, "Oz, my wound hurts a little. Can you carry me, please?"

Oscar shot her a complicated look while Amelia lifted her chin and jeered at him, "Your little lover is waiting for you, Mr. Clinton. Carry her up so that nothing happens to her. Or else, you're going to put the blame on me again."

Amelia caught the smug on Cassie's face, which went unnoticed by Oscar. In a flash, Cassie pretended to be innocent in front of him. "Let's go, Oz. Ms. Winters has got no time for you because she needs to stay with Mr. Scott. Right, Ms. Winters?"

Amelia just looked at Cassie before she turned to Carter and said, "Let's go, Carter."

Then, they took the other elevator.

Oscar wanted to stop them, but was hauled back firmly by Cassie. She whined, "Oz, did you regret it?"

He lowered his eyes and looked at her. His gaze was clouded with mixed emotions. Finally, he channeled all his thoughts into a deep sigh and then responded patiently, "Don't overthink things. Let me take you upstairs."

"Don't leave me, Oz. We've lost our child and all that I have now is you. If you abandon me, I doubt I could survive on my own..." Squeezing her hands into his, Cassie buried her head in his embrace as they entered the elevator.

Oscar's gaze became extremely conflicted upon hearing this.

"There... there... I'm here, ain't I? You're the only daughter of the Yard family who is highly qualified and has a great career envied by many. Without me, you'll still be able to unleash your talents. It's just a miscarriage which led you into a mild depression. When your health improves, we can have our own baby again."

Cassie replied in a weak voice, "Oz, you gave me a scare. The way you looked at Amelia, it was as if you've fallen in love with her. I fret at the sight of it. I just want to lie in your arms to make sure that you're mine. Otherwise, I really don't know what to do."

He felt so troubled and was not in the mood to comfort the sobbing woman.

She continued to nestle in his arms. "Oz, don't leave me. I love you so much. I really really love you. Although Amelia has been with you for five years, I didn't forget about you when I was in Erihal. You have promised to marry me, so you can't go back on your words."

He hugged her. "Don't think too much. I'm here with you, right?"

Cassie knew how to play her cards well. She did not go on blindly pleading for Oscar to fulfill his promise.

In fact, she said generously, "Oz, if you think that Ms. Winters has misunderstood you, I can explain to her. As much as I want to possess you, she's your rightful wife. Moreover, she's pregnant with your child. I can't be so selfish to snatch away your family joy"

The tumult of emotions in his eyes faded. "Stop thinking about it. Your health is the utmost priority. As long as you're well, everything else will fall into place."

Cassie smirked as her mood liven up. "Oz, make sure you tell me everything. I can learn to live harmoniously with Ms. Winters for your sake."

Oscar merely hugged her out of the elevator and accompanied her back to her ward.

Upon seeing them, the anxious Elizabeth said, "Cassie, where did you go? You've just undergone surgery. The doctor has advised against any major movements. Why don't you heed the advice? You always make me worry." As soon as she finished, she turned to Oscar and reprimanded him too, "Oscar, Cassie is being stubborn, but how could you be as ignorant as her?"

He looked sullen.

Cassie quickly justified, "Mom, it's me who brought him out. You can scold me, but not Oz."

Elizabeth felt defeated. People say that a married daughter will always take her husband's side. Mine is outrightly protecting her man even before marrying him. Will my presence still matter once she does that?

Taking in a deep breath, Elizabeth asked, "Oscar, could you excuse us for a second? I've got something to tell Cassie."

Oscar nodded. Right when he was about to take his leave, Cassie grabbed his arm.

"Oz, where are you going?" she asked with a pair of rounded puppy eyes as if she was a pitiful little girl who was abandoned.

"I'm heading out for a while. Be good."

"Stop acting like this, Cassie! Oscar has something to attend to. I just want to have a chat with you." Elizabeth tried to hold back her anger.

After pondering for a while, Cassie agreed, "Oz, don't go too far."

He nodded once more.

As soon as he left the ward, the pitiful look on Cassie's face disappeared.

"Mom, why did you speak so poorly to Oz? What am I going to do if you scare him off?" Cassie complained.

Elizabeth was so fed up with her daughter. "Cassie, can you be more dignified?"

Cassie sat on the bed carefully. "Mom, Oz and I have lost nearly five years of precious time. I have to do something before my man is snatched away by that woman."

"As much as you want to keep your man, you shouldn't be so clingy. Do you know what you look like right now? A nymphomaniac!" rebuked Elizabeth.

"I'm madly in love with him. Otherwise, I wouldn't have thought about using my pregnancy loss to trick him to stay. As a result, I don't even know if it will affect my chance to conceive in the future." As Cassie got all worked up, she placed her hand on her stomach and made a painful moan.

Elizabeth tucked her in lovingly.

Cassie's gaze went blank. She mumbled, "Mom, don't be crossed at me for pulling tricks on him. I have no choice. Oz is getting more and more concerned about his contracted wife. Although he spends time with me every day, he's often distracted and lost in his own thoughts. Sometimes, he smiles to himself. I know that I'm not the reason why he beams with joy. I'm really scared. What if he's already fallen for the woman without realizing it?"

If you knew this would happen, why didn't you treasure the relationship from the start? Elizabeth was heartbroken and upset at the same time.

"If you truly love Oscar, you shouldn't have run away from marrying him four to five years ago. If you hadn't done so back then, perhaps you

already have a cute toddler and I'm a grandmother now. You only returned after five long years, do you really think that a man would wait so long in the name of love?"

Cassie looked at her mother helplessly. "Mom, what should I do? I don't want to ruin my life for Oscar. I want to treat him sincerely, but I've made so many unforgivable mistakes in my younger days. I'm afraid that he'll hate me and leave me if he sees my true colors."

Elizabeth covered her with a blanket. "Don't think about it anymore."

Cassie held her hand tightly. "Mom, I'm really scared. Oscar is showing more care toward that woman. Only you can help me now. I'll have no one to turn to if you ignore me too."

Sitting on the chair, Elizabeth asked, "How do you want me to help you?"

"I don't want Amelia to keep the baby."

"No!" Elizabeth vetoed it. "The doctor has mentioned that it'll be a challenge for you to bear a child again. Thus, you must keep Amelia's baby. Once the child is born, you can request for Oscar to divorce her and raise the child like your own. If her baby is gone and you can't get pregnant again, the Clintons will seek for a surrogate mother to produce an heir."

A ruthless look flashed across Cassie's eyes while she dug her fingers into the white sheets. "Mom, Oz and I will have our own baby."

"Don't be crazy, Cassie! The doctor has confirmed that your chance of childbearing is extremely slim. If Amelia loses her baby too, it will be even harder for you to step foot into the Clinton family." Elizabeth could tell that Mrs. Clinton was not very fond of Cassie.

"But I can't stand raising a child from another woman. It feels like betrayal."

"Speaking of betrayal, you're the one who dishonored him when you fled away from your own wedding and created all these messes." Elizabeth was furious. "You left, so he found a new wife. Do you expect him to remain celibate? How naive of you to think that he could do that when you can't!"

Cassie was deeply hurt. "Mom, am I really your daughter?"

"It's because you're my daughter, I want to make this clear to you. Don't act like a kid and request the man to do this or that. Oscar is not an ordinary man, he's way too excellent. The number of women who would fall head over heels for him will only be on the rise. You shouldn't waste

your time getting jealous; Instead, you should channel all your effort to upgrade yourself and be a perfect match for him. You're the heir of the Yard Group. You're artistic, young, and talented. What is there to fear?" Elizabeth tried to make her see the reality.

Cassie replied, "Mom, I know I'm great, but Oz is no longer paying attention to me. I'm really fretful."

Elizabeth poured a glass of warm water for her. "Drink some and warm your body up. Don't think too much. You have the backing of the entire Yard family. The Clintons and us have been friends for years. Unless they're ready to burn bridges, they won't make things difficult for you."

Grabbing Elizabeth's hands, Cassie expressed her frustration, "Mom, I don't want to see Amelia giving birth to that baby. Its arrival will definitely strengthen her bond with Oz. He may appear to be indifferent, deep down he's someone who cherishes the people around him. He might choose not to divorce Amelia for the child's sake. When that happens, I'll be abandoned."

A menacing look flashed before Elizabeth's eyes. "Don't talk nonsense."

"Mom, you know very well that I'm not blabbing gibberish."

Elizabeth sank into deep thoughts.

"Mom, I really don't want Amelia to give birth to this child. Can you help me, please?" Cassie presented a heartless request.

Elizabeth remained silent.

"Mom, I'm your only daughter. Are you willing to see me suffer?"

Heaving a sigh, Elizabeth was in a quandary. "Cassie, it's not that I'm not willing to help you. I'm thinking ahead of what's best for you. With Amelia's child, you'll have a higher chance to be married into the Clinton family. Without it, Olivia will not accept you."

Lowering her eyes and clutching the sheets tightly in her hands, the veins popped in her rage.

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Chapter 143 Overheard

Elizabeth explained, "If I could, Cassie, I would go all out to get rid of Amelia's baby. However, you'll be Olivia's first suspect if Amelia loses her baby at this juncture. Don't forget that Olivia treats Amelia like her own daughter."

Upon hearing this, Cassie became exceedingly desolate.

After moments of silence, she wailed uncontrollably and tossed the pillows around like a mad woman.

"Why? Why? Why?"

Elizabeth tried to console her with a hug. "Calm down, Cassie. Your wounds might split open. You've just had a miscarriage, so don't get too agitated. Stay calm all right? Breathe... Your Dad and I will talk to Oscar, okay? Don't worry."

Cassie buried her head in her arms and bawled her eyes out. Her emotions were very unstable and pulled her wound.

Elizabeth tried to hold her down and stop her from moving around. "Be still, Cassie. I'm here. If you really want to get rid of Amelia's child, I'll see to it and make sure that nobody knows about it."

It was only then did Cassie finally regained her composure.

"Mom, will you really do it for me?"

As a transient shadow of sorrow passed over Elizabeth's face, she cast a conflicting look at Cassie. "I'm your Mom. Don't you feel bad for tricking me into doing such a thing for you?"

"I'm sorry, Mom. I'm just scared. Amelia's child is a big threat to me. The baby will only bring her closer to Oz. I'll only have peace once it's gone."

Suddenly, Elizabeth felt that her own daughter had become so distant and strange that she no longer knew her anymore.

The Yards are a prominent family that values customary rites, good etiquettes, and virtues. Although it can be quite complicated when socializing with people from all sorts of backgrounds, the need to scheme and plot is definitely out of the question.

She did not expect her own daughter to come up with such underhanded plans. Cassie had turned into a person that she was no longer familiar with. She had never wanted to see Cassie grow up naively in her own ivory

tower. Yet, she had never wanted Cassie to turn into someone so cunning and manipulative.

“Cassie, you’ve changed too much. I feel so distant from you now,” Elizabeth was very honest.

She quickly held Elizabeth’s hands. “Mom, I’m still your sweet little girl.”

Elizabeth withdrew her hand and said, “Let me get over this. Cassie, I don’t know you anymore. You have instilled fear in me.”

Upon hearing that, Cassie struggled to get off the bed. Elizabeth yelled at her, “Don’t move!”

Her high-pitched voice stunned Cassie. Her body stiffened while her eyes welled up. She asked softly, “Are you okay, Mom?”

Elizabeth scratched her head in frustration. Her disheveled look did not reflect her identity as a noble lady.

“Stop talking, Cassie. I’m very troubled by what you’ve become because of one man. My beloved daughter has now turned into a conniving person. I don’t know how to respond to this change in you. If the condition of your health allowed it, I’d have given you a tight slap to remind you not to stoop so low for a man. Wake up, you’re the pride and joy of the Yard Group! You make my heart aches.”

Tears streamed down Cassie’s face.

“No, Mom, I’m not like that. I just...”

“That’s enough. I don’t know you anymore. Since the day you are born, you’ve been provided with the best of everything—food, clothes, to schools and teachers. You also excel in everything that you do. However, somehow and somewhere, you grew up to be a devious person who manipulates your own family members in the pursuit of love. I’m very disappointed with you. What went wrong that contributed to the undesirable changes in you?”

“Mom, don’t be like this...”

Elizabeth was too overwhelmed with the tumultuous of emotions that her voice became shrill.

“Cassie, my only daughter, I love you. I don’t want you to lose yourself because of one man. I want you to be a strong and independent woman,

who is pure and innocent. I'd never expected you to deceive your own parent."

Cassie wrapped her arms around Elizabeth's. "No, Mom, I won't do that again. I promise. I just love Oz too much that I'm fearful of losing him."

Feeling upset, Elizabeth's breaths quickened.

With the two rising to a clamor, they did not notice the door to the ward had been unlocked.

Oscar entered the ward and heard something unbelievable. "Cassie, I carried you for ten full months. Nobody loves you more than I do. I've been putting in lots of effort to educate you, but what have become of you? You wanted me to get rid of Amelia's baby. I'm disheartened to the core. The girl whom I've raised has become so wicked... It's better you heard these from me than anyone else."

"Mom, Oz is mine solely, and Amelia is just my substitute. Now that I'm back, she should know her place and get out of the picture. I also believe that Oz doesn't want that child either. I'm just making a decision for him. What's wrong with that?" Cassie was weeping but her tone was as harsh as ever.

Dismayed, Elizabeth took her time to advise Cassie, "Why can't you understand? I don't want you to be a bad person, Cassie. You're my precious girl. I have never thought that you'll turn into someone evil."

"Mom, I'm sick of playing innocent in front of a man. Can't I just be myself in private? What's so wrong with that?" exclaimed Cassie.

Elizabeth sighed. "Cassie, please see where I'm coming from. It's not without sweat and tears for me to be Mrs. Yard. I learned it the hard way and paid the price for it. In the end, I've attained glory and wealth, but I'm no longer the most significant person in your dad's heart. I don't want to see you change yourself completely just for a guy."

Bowing her head, Cassie insisted, "I don't care, Mom. As long as the man I love is by my side. Does it matter if his heart is not with me?"

Elizabeth swung her gaze over in disbelief.

"How could you think like that, Cassie?"

"Mom, I don't think that I've said something wrong. If I love him, shouldn't I be going all out to get him? It's not important how he feels for me. I just

want him to stay with me forever. We'll age together and I'll always be seen as the winner in life!" Cassie was resolute and unswerving.

Stupefied, Elizabeth was left speechless.

"Mom, don't blame me for being merciless. I just want Oscar to be by my side. As long as he doesn't go back to Amelia, I can let her keep her baby."

Elizabeth felt a chill running down her spine upon realizing Cassie was crueler than her when she was young. Should I be pleased or worried?

Cassie gripped her mother's hand again. "Mom, I'm your only child. Stand by me, regardless."

Taking a deep breath, Elizabeth replied, "Cassie, I've always loved you and tried my best to provide you with the best. I've only shown you the good and never the bad and the ugly. Who would have known..."

Cassie continued, "I'm not wrong, Mom. I truly love him, so I should get him by all means. I can't bring myself to see him living a blissful life with a woman if the person isn't me. I can't do this, even in the name of love. Why should I pretend to let him go if I want him so badly?"

Elizabeth remained silent.

"Mom, didn't you tell me that you've also pulled some tricks in order to get Dad? Then, you should understand how I feel, right?"

Elizabeth let out another sigh.

"Cassie, you're still young and can't fully comprehend what I said. When you get older, you'll realize that there's no use in obtaining love by force. You'll reap a bitter ending."

Perplexed, Cassie frowned. "Mom, what are you talking about?"

Elizabeth heaved another sigh. "You'll understand all these once you hit thirty. I just hope that you don't focus so much on Oscar. As for Amelia's baby, I disagree to get rid of it. Let her bear the child and use it as your bargaining chip to marry into the Clinton family. I'm your mother, so I mean no harm to you. Just do as I say if you still think of me as your mom. Otherwise, I'm going to leave you alone."

"Mom, don't let her keep the baby. It will be a threat to my relationship with Oscar. I'll never have his heart..." Cassie was very determined.

"You..." Elizabeth was enraged. "It's up to you. I'm going to head out."

As soon as she turned, she saw that Oscar was just standing nearby. She nearly jumped out of her skin and stuttered, "Os... Oscar, you... Why are you here? No, no, since when did you come in?"

Cassie's face turned ghastly pale. Her body started trembling when she widened her eyes and saw Oscar.

Seeing the identical shocking expressions on the duo's faces, a disdainful smirk appeared on Oscar's face.

"Mrs. Yard, Cassie, are you done?" He sounded so relaxed, yet, anyone could tell that it was the calm before the storm.

Horror-stricken, Cassie's knees fell weak.

Removing the sheets to get out of the bed, she was too feeble to walk properly toward Oscar. She used up all her might to limp toward him, and pleaded, "Oz, please let me explain. I was just joking with my mom. Don't take it seriously."

He stared coldly at her and said indifferently, "Cassie, did you say anything?"

His words frightened the living daylights out of her. I know Oscar too well. If he hasn't heard anything, he won't react like this. The calmer he is, the more he scares me. I'm afraid he heard every single word I have said. If that's the case, all of my efforts will be in vain.

She ran her arms around his and put on a fragile look. "Oz, don't be like this. I'd rather you give me a piece of your mind. Don't be so cold to me. I'm sorry, please don't ignore me. You know that I love you to the moon and back. I just can't stand you ignoring me. Could you please smile at me? I'm terrified when you're like this."

Oscar scoffed and said calmly, "Cassie, why are you so terrified? Did you do something wrong? Why should I reprimand you?"

Her hands trembled in fear.

"Oz, please don't do this to me. I'm sorry. It's all my fault. Don't ignore me. Please... I'm really scared." Her face contorted as she wept depressively. If it was in the past, Oscar might hug and console her affectionately. However, he just cast an icy gaze at her. There was not a hint of warmth in his gaze.

Cassie was absolutely shaken. I've done so much to keep him by my side. Had things been going against my wish, I'd rather I never did all these.

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Chapter 144 Panicked

“Listen to me, Oz. That was just a harmless joke. I love you and I love your child more. Regardless of who the mother is, I’ll treat the baby like my own.”

Oscar lowered his head to look at her—the girl with a bright smile whom he grew up with. Though she was behaving waywardly, it’s nothing compared to how horrible she has become now. A person who’s full of underhand tactics. She’s still lying with her eyes wide open.

The way Cassie behaved had let him down and also put him off. I was once so fond of her that I didn’t really get mad at her when she left for Erihal without any prior notice. Out of anger, I married Amelia. Yet, I was fully prepared to separate with her and take Cassie as my beautiful bride once she comes back.

Who would have thought that she’s left me for nearly five years? So many things have changed over the years. It transformed a gullible girl into a sly old fox. I don’t know her at all. That was how Oscar felt about Cassie at the moment.

When I first discovered her true colors, I deceived myself and blamed it on the years we’ve been separated. I thought that we needed time to get to know each other again and accept the changes observed. Alas, it’s just my illusion. She has changed to the point that I can’t recognize her anymore.

Withdrawing his arm from her grasp, Oscar uttered, “Cassie, get some rest since you haven’t fully recovered. I still have some work to do and won’t have the time to accompany you here.”

Panicked, she cast a look at Elizabeth, signaling her for help.

Elizabeth had regained her composure. She coughed lightly. “Oscar, can I say something?”

He respected her request. “Mrs. Yard, please go ahead.”

Elizabeth said, “Oscar, please don’t be mad at Cassie. Whatever she said was out of frustration, she didn’t really mean it. Blame it on me, it’s all my fault. I started it and she’s just heeding my lead.”

He scorned, "Mrs. Yard, I'm not a three-year-old kid."

Elizabeth was taken back by his response. That's true, Oscar is one legend who's been praised by a group of cunning seniors. How silly could he be? He used to pamper Cassie because she was his favorite. He would even turn a blind eye and didn't doubt her even when there were signs revealing her malicious intent. Now, she's caught red handed. The rest of her misdeeds will eventually surface. There's nothing that he won't be able to trace and find out.

The panic-stricken Cassie said incoherently, "Oz, I turn green with envy that Amelia gets to stand beside you and have your baby. I'm the real deal. So why is she enjoying all the benefits? I have been blinded by hatred and took extreme actions against her. Please believe me, I didn't intend to hurt her."

Oscar sighed and then said in a stern voice, "Cassie, you have let me down. It was you who left me then. Otherwise, we wouldn't end up where we are today."

Tears continued to stream down her face. She knelt before him, pleading, "Oz, I'm sorry, I really am..." She fainted before she could finish her plea.

"What happened? Cassie! Doctor, doctor!" Elizabeth's heart-piercing voice rang throughout the ward.

Shortly after, Cassie was pushed into the operating room.

Clenching her fists, an anxious and exhausted Elizabeth paced to and fro in front of the operating room. Finally, her gaze landed on Oscar.

She said wearily, "Oscar, this is the third time Cassie has entered the operating room. She has been the delicate little princess that everyone pampers since young. Inevitably, she can be a little arrogant and is quite loose with her tongue. Nonetheless, you should be able to tell that she's not malevolent. Just now, she was just joking. Can't you forgive her this once, instead of pushing her to a point of no return?"

With a grim expression, Oscar was seemingly deep in thought.

Elizabeth looked imploringly into his eyes. "Oscar, please take our close relationship over the years into consideration, and don't be so cruel to Cassie. She loves you. She's got a gorgeous face, a beautiful figure, and a good educational background. She's close to perfection. Yet, her life was far from perfect because of you. She couldn't reconcile with the fact that Amelia is bearing your child while she lost hers. All of these were harsh realities for her to take. Hence, she thought of crazy ideas in wanting to keep you."

Oscar's sullen face made Elizabeth nervous. She could not read his mind. Most of the time, she was in fear and trepidation when faced with Oscar, who was very much her junior.

"Oscar, do you want me to kowtow to you? If that's what it takes for you to forgive Cassie." Elizabeth started getting aggressive in her speech.

He turned and looked straight into her eyes. "Mrs. Yard, it's not a matter of forgiving Cassie. I need to carefully consider if she's the one I want to spend the rest of my life with. I'm sure you're very familiar with this and know exactly what a man wants in a woman; simple minded but not stupid. No man can accept a malicious woman with open arms, no matter how intelligent she is."

His words silenced her.

Oscar took a glance at the operating room and said, "Mrs. Yard, I'll take my leave now. Please give me a call when Cassie is awake. I shall not join in the fun here."

Elizabeth gaped at him in surprise, only to have him nodding at her lightly.

Seeing that he was leaving, Elizabeth forwent her elegant image, chased after him, and hurriedly grabbed him by the hand. "Oscar, don't leave yet. What will happen to Cassie if she doesn't see you after regaining consciousness?"

He replied impatiently, "Mrs. Yard, do you think that I'll still act as if nothing happened and stay here when you both are scheming how to make my wife lose her baby?"

She was stunned.

Subsequently, he swung her hand away and left. Elizabeth rushed up to him like a madwoman and begged him sincerely, "Oscar, considering our relationship, please don't treat Cassie like this. She has not fully recovered. Your departure will be an absolute fatal blow to her. Don't do this, please..."

Oscar stopped in his tracks. He responded with hostility, "Mrs. Yard, I need to clear my head. This will only end badly if you continue to pester me."

Elizabeth became very emotional. "I don't care. I only want my daughter to be well. Undoubtedly, she loves you very much. Though she's very strong willed, can't you consider her sincere love for you and forgive her once more? Moreover, she was just saying it. Her words didn't translate to any harmful actions."

At her twisted words, Oscar's fury morphed into incredulous laughter.

He asked sarcastically, "Did you mean that I should wait for Amelia to lose the baby before I look into this matter?"

She was choked by his words.

Oscar tried to get rid of her but she tightened her grip. With one party kneeling down and clinging on to the other while being mercilessly rejected for countless times, they created a commotion. It alerted the doctors and nurses. Soon, somebody reported the ruckus to the director.

As a result, over ten staff rushed over to the scene.

Robert hurried over with a group of medical staff. He was stunned to see a disheveled Elizabeth kneeling on the floor, hanging on to Oscar's thighs. However, he recovered his composure quickly.

"What's the matter?" Robert tried to diffuse the situation, "Oscar, Mrs. Yard is your elder. How could you allow her to kneel on the floor?"

Oscar's expression was extremely unpleasant.

Robert could sense the tension between the two. He approached Oscar and patted his shoulders. "Help her up, Oscar. This is a hospital. There's a crowd here. Let's not make a scene."

Heeding his advice, Oscar leaned over to help Elizabeth up, but she refused. "Oscar, if you don't agree to forgive Cassie, I'll continue to kneel here. After all, I'm already a senior citizen. Losing face has no major impact on me anymore."

Upon hearing that, Oscar let go of her thoroughly and stood upright, ignoring Elizabeth's presence completely.

"Mrs. Yard, please get up first. You can continue the conversation after that. If you remain in this position, the passersby may misunderstand Oscar for bullying you. Both the Yards and the Clintons go way back. It'll be bad for both families if this issue blows up. Don't you agree?" Robert crafted his persuasion.

However, Elizabeth still clasped Oscar's thighs.

Robert squatted down to help her up, only to be rudely pushed away by Elizabeth.

Robert took it all in albeit feeling agitated. "Mrs. Yard, you're an elegant woman. It's not good to be seen clutching onto a young man's leg in a hospital. Get up first and we can talk it out later. Rest assured that I'll help you rebuke Oscar if the fault is his."

Eventually, Elizabeth obliged. She propped herself up somewhat gracefully and brushed her messy hair.

"Mr. Lancaster, sorry about this." Her response was proper and polite, unlike the person who had lost it just moments ago.

Robert smiled. "Mrs. Yard, shall we switch to a more private place so that both of you can speak comfortably?"

Robert noticed that Elizabeth glanced at the operating room anxiously. "Don't worry, Mrs. Yard. Your daughter will be just fine. She's currently being treated by a top-notch doctor in the hospital."

Elizabeth thought for a while and nodded finally.

They came to the director's office. Pointing at the sofa, Robert extended his invitation, "Please have a seat, Mrs. Yard."

Both Elizabeth and Oscar sat on a sofa each.

Robert said, "I'll stay outside. Please have a heart-to-heart talk to clear the air." He then looked at Oscar. "Oscar, be mindful of your attitude when speaking to Mrs. Yard. She's your senior after all. Don't upset her, okay? I'll go out first. Call me if you need anything."

In reply, Oscar rose to his feet. "Mr. Lancaster, I'll leave Mrs. Yard with you. I need to go now. There's something I need to attend to at the office."

Elizabeth stood up angrily. "Oscar, you can't leave Cassie in the operating room alone. Who knows what untoward incident will happen if you're not here when she wakes up. So, you can't go."

Oscar grew impatient at her persistency.

Robert tried to mediate the situation with a smile. "Relax, Mrs. Yard. Let's sit down and have a good chat. Don't get all work up."

Elizabeth could not control her emotions.

"Hear me out, Mr. Lancaster. I have only one daughter. She's been sent into the operating room several times because she had a miscarriage. I don't even know if she could even conceive in the future. Oscar is

responsible for this and yet, he wants to disregard her now. This is not right at all!”

The tumult of emotions faded from Robert’s eyes. “Mrs. Yard, why don’t you take your leave while I have a word with Oscar?”

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

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Chapter 145 Please Cherish Amelia

After Elizabeth left, Robert pointed at the sofa at the side. “Do have a seat, and let’s talk.”

Thus, Oscar sat down.

Likewise, Robert sat down on the sofa as well. After a moment’s silence, he asked, “Oscar, was the baby Cassie Yard just miscarried really yours?”

Oscar nodded honestly in response.

All at once, Robert’s expression darkened. “Is Amelia aware of this?”

Again, Oscar nodded.

At this moment, Robert’s expression had changed drastically, and his hands slowly clenched into fists.

“Oscar, I’d always thought that you’re a sensible person, who doesn’t have any vices common to those rich heirs. While you do patronize places like nightclubs and bars, I thought you knew your limits. However, never had I thought that you’d also learned to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh.”

Upon hearing this admonish, Oscar hung his head.

With a grim face, Robert solemnly said, “Oscar, I know you grew up with Cassie, and you once swore to take only her as your wife. However, your relationship with her has long since been irrevocably broken five years ago.” Then, he continued, “You have Amelia now, and she’s going to give birth in two months. How could you be so foolish to get entangled with that woman again? How could you betray Amelia like this? Having an affair,

especially when your wife is pregnant, is something only the most despicable man does. Never in my life had I ever thought that you'd do that. Frankly speaking, I'm very disappointed with you."

Throughout it all, Oscar was surprisingly silent, his expression grave.

In the next moment, Robert heaved a sigh. Raking a hand through his hair, he lamented, "Oscar, Oscar... It's not that I want to lecture you, but you're simply too reckless. How could you do such a thing? "I really like Amelia. Yes, she doesn't have a prominent family background, but she has a sincere heart. Cassie is far beneath her in this. I thought you'd cherish her, but you did such a foolish thing instead. Ah, I don't even know what to say anymore."

Oscar then clasped his hands. "I'll settle this matter, Mr. Lancaster," he promised.

At this, Robert sighed. I'm an outsider, after all, so I don't have the right to speak further on this matter. But I really like Amelia and regard her as my own daughter. Having been around the block myself, I can tell that she's the one who suits him most. She's sensible, graceful, charming, beautiful, and has a sense of propriety. Only such a woman is worthy of Oscar. As for Cassie Yard, her beauty is overshadowed by her pettiness. Plus, she's been pampered since young, so it's probably not quite possible for her to be wholly considerate.

"I really don't want to reproach you, Oscar, but you shouldn't have done something so hurtful to Amelia. She is a nice girl. If you don't appreciate her, you'll regret it one day."

Unbeknownst to Oscar, Robert's warning was a prophecy that would actually come to pass. After he had gotten divorced from Amelia, it was torturous for him to live in the apartment that was filled with memories of her, and he could only use work to numb his longing for her.

Of course, this turn of events would only transpire in the future, so it would all be in retrospect later.

Subsequently, Robert stood up. Walking over to him, he lifted a hand and patted him on the shoulder. "Alright, I'll end my tirade here. Please cherish Amelia, and remember that she's your wife. As for Cassie, she's really not for you."

Oscar merely nodded in acknowledgment of his advice.

"I'll go out first and leave the room to you and Elizabeth. She's also a ruthless character, so be careful and make sure that she doesn't hurt Amelia," Robert reminded.

Oscar nodded once more.

After Robert had left, Elizabeth promptly came in.

“You’re not leaving anymore, are you, Oscar?” she demanded.

In reply, Oscar got to his feet and murmured, “I’ve got something to handle at the office, so please excuse me, Mrs. Yard. I’ll leave Cassie in your capable hands here.”

Upon hearing this, Elizabeth’s face became as dark as charcoal. “Stop right there!” she roared.

In the next moment, Oscar shifted his gaze to her, his imposing gaze giving off a sense of oppression.

At his gaze, Elizabeth unconsciously gulped before imploring, “I beg you, Oscar. Cassie’s condition now is largely because of you. Are you really that cruel to abandon her at this time? Even if you want to cut off all ties with her, shouldn’t you be doing so only when she has recovered?”

Nonetheless, Oscar said nothing.

Elizabeth couldn’t quite figure out his thoughts at this moment, so she tactfully appealed, “Oscar, Cassie didn’t do anything wrong, so please stay, won’t you? I beg you. I don’t care whatever happens between the two of you later, but she’s still in the operating room now, so I don’t want anything to happen to her. I promise not to interfere in the relationship between the two of you after she has recovered.”

After mulling it over for a while, Oscar finally nodded.

Having obtained his acquiescence, Elizabeth breathed a sigh of relief and blurted, “Thank you, Oscar!”

“Mrs. Yard, I can wait until Cassie has fully recovered, but I do think that I need to redefine my relationship with her,” Oscar stated.

At this, Elizabeth’s expression stiffened.

But in the end, she heaved a sigh and replied, “I don’t want to interfere too much in your relationship with her, but I hope you’ll have a care with her feelings.”

“I’ll do my best.” Oscar nodded.

The two of them then left the director's office and resumed their posts before the operating room.

They waited outside the operating room for about two and a half hours before the light above the operating room finally went off.

As a group of doctors walked out wearily while removing their masks, Elizabeth immediately rushed over. "How's my daughter, doctor?"

At this question, the doctor in the lead grew incensed. "Mrs. Yard, if you're truly concerned about your daughter, you should ensure that she remains calm. She'd just suffered a miscarriage, so if her emotions were to fluctuate so greatly, there'll be a long-term effect on her health even after she recovers. If you don't do your part, we doctors won't be able to save her even if we were Hippocrates."

Upon hearing this, Elizabeth became exceedingly desolate.

"How's my daughter, doctor?"

"She's out of the woods now, but she is rather emotional. Please be mentally prepared that it'll probably be difficult for her to get pregnant again, even after she fully recovers in the future"

In the blink of an eye, Elizabeth's expression turned all the more agonized.

"The patient will be wheeled back to the ward later. We still have other patients to attend to, so please excuse us," the doctor in the lead uttered.

After the doctors left, Elizabeth's knees went weak, and she almost dropped to the ground.

After she'd calmed down for a bit, she whirled around and started raining blows on Oscar. "Are you happy now, Oscar Clinton? Are you happy now that Cassie is in such a state? She can't have children anymore, and there'll also be a long-term effect on her health! If you're really a man, you should take responsibility toward her!"

Oscar's gaze became extremely conflicted upon hearing this.

When he remained silent, Elizabeth blew her top. Raising her hand, she slapped him right across the face. "Do you even have a heart, Oscar Clinton? Wasn't it you who claimed that you love Cassie? Why are you not bothered now that she's in such a condition?"

However, Oscar kept his gaze fixed beyond Elizabeth. "Cassie is being wheeled out, Mrs. Yard," he remarked in a voice that was so calm that it bordered on indifference.

Elizabeth instantly spun around and trotted over.

"Cassie!"

"Please lower your voice, madam. The patient is still in a coma, so don't wake her up," the nurse, who was wheeling Cassie, hastily chided.

At that, Elizabeth swiftly zipped her mouth.

Cassie was then wheeled into the ward, and Oscar went in as well.

After the nurse put Cassie on an IV drip, she left the ward. Meanwhile, Elizabeth's heart clenched as she gazed at Cassie, who was on the hospital bed with an oxygen mask and looking as white as a sheet. Although she condemned Cassie, she was still her daughter at the end of the day, so she was most affected when something truly happened to her.

With red-rimmed eyes, she questioned sorrowfully, "Oscar, do you truly feel nothing at all now that Cassie is in such a state?"

As Oscar stared at Cassie on the hospital bed with a conflicted gaze, a myriad of emotions assailed him. Despite his apathetic demeanor, she was still someone whom he had once loved deeply, so it wasn't possible for him to truly feel nothing at all unless he were truly heartless.

"I never wished that she'd end up in such a condition, Mrs. Yard. But do you think I can still pretend as though nothing had ever changed and continue to be with her after so many things had happened?" he asked in return.

At this, Elizabeth was left with no retort.

If I were to put myself in his shoes, perhaps I couldn't bring myself to get back together with her either. After all, no one hopes that the person closest to him would one day set him up. Nonetheless, understanding it was one thing, but comprehension was something else altogether.

"Oscar, Cassie has never done anything too grievous. Even if she harbored the intent to have Amelia Winters suffer a miscarriage, she never put it into action. It's no different from someone having the intention to kill yet never having committed the crime. "Can you then deem the person guilty? Someone has to first commit a crime to be deemed guilty. Don't you think

you're being rather unfair to Cassie to pass judgment on her when she has never done it?" Elizabeth argued with warped logic.

At her twisted words, Oscar's fury morphed into incredulous laughter.

"Do you mean that I'm supposed to wait until the child in Amelia's stomach is gone before putting on a show of finding out the culprit to punish her, Mrs. Yard?"

"You have misunderstood me, Oscar. I'm just trying to say that while Cassie had once harbored such an ill-thought, she didn't act on it, did she? She'd just suffered a miscarriage, so she'll definitely feel perturbed and resentful when she sees that another woman will be having your child soon," Elizabeth countered. To justify that, she then asserted, "The doctor has also said that she has postpartum depression after the miscarriage, and it might truly turn into depression if she doesn't receive sufficient care. To that end, I beseech you not to abandon her at a time like this. Otherwise, she might truly suffer a mental breakdown. She isn't wicked beyond forgiveness, so you can't suddenly shove her into hell, no?"

Oscar remained silent, seemingly deep in thought. His expression was grim.

When Elizabeth saw that he wasn't agreeing, she continued persuading him, urging, "Think about it, Oscar. Can you really sever all ties with her when there are so many wonderful memories between the two of you? You're a decent man, else Cassie won't be so obsessed about her love for you. So, will you please not give up on her so easily?"

At long last, Oscar spoke in a slightly hoarse voice. "Mrs. Yard, I think even if Cassie and I aren't lovers in the future, I'll still love her like my own sister."

Upon hearing this, Elizabeth let out a sigh.

"Oscar, Cassie never wanted you to be her brother. You should really talk to her when she has recovered. It'll be difficult for her to get pregnant again in the future, and this is a fatal blow to a woman. If you don't want her, her life will be entirely ruined."

Heirs are a priority among the wealthy, and there's always a biased preference for a male child over a female. Else, who's going to inherit the family business? It's undeniable that Cassie has only herself to blame for her condition today, but...

Oscar's hands gradually clenched into fists, his emotions a turbulent mess. Then, he declared, "I'm going out for a cigarette, Mrs. Yard. I need to calm down for a bit, so just phone me when Cassie wakes up."

After saying that, he spun on his heels and left.

He went to the stairwell and leaned his tall body against the handrail. Taking out a cigarette, he then lit it and placed it into his mouth. As he took a puff of it, a cloud of smoke materialized and lingered in the air.

Amidst the smoke, his gaze turned increasingly profound, rendering his thought wholly unfathomable.

About five minutes later, he took out of his cell phone and made a phone call. When the other end had picked up, he murmured in a low and hoarse voice, "Are you still in the hospital, Amelia?"

On the other end, Amelia noticeably froze for a while the moment she heard his unnatural voice. "What's wrong, Mr. Clinton?" she inquired hesitatingly.

"Come up and keep me company, Amelia." After conveying his location, Oscar hung up the phone. Meanwhile, Amelia was at a loss when she heard the disconnect tone on the other end. Nonetheless, worry dominated since she still loved him despite the conflict they had not long ago.

Beside her, Tiffany promptly demanded, "What happened?"

"Oscar sounds a bit off, so I'm going up to look for him," Amelia answered in concern.

However, Tiffany grasped her hand and retorted, "What problem could he have other than Cassie Yard? Your husband is all twisted up because of another woman, yet you're still going to offer him comfort? If that happened to me, I would already be merciful if I don't give them hell!"

At this, Amelia patted her hand. But in the end, she still insisted, "I really should go up and take a look. He wouldn't have shown me such a weak side of him unless something has happened."

Tiffany truly couldn't help but raise a white flag, truly defeated by the woman in front of her.

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Chapter 146 I Love Him But My Sanity Is Still Intact

"Babe, can you please have some self-respect? Don't immediately rush over just because of a single word from that man. You're a human, not a dog he rears, so you have your dignity. It is either you grow a spine, or I'm going to tie you up."

Upon hearing this, Amelia burst out laughing. "I know you care about me, Tiff. I promise you I'll protect myself. I love Oscar Clinton, but my sanity is still intact. Love isn't everything to me, so I'll stay sensible. Don't worry, okay?" she coaxed.

However, Tiffany obviously didn't believe her.

"You? Sensible? You'll only stay sensible when pigs fly!"

Amelia was torn between laughter and indignation. This is great... she's comparing me to a pig!

"Alright, let's not squabble anymore, Tiff. I'm going up for a while, but I'll be back very soon."

All at once, Tiffany shot daggers at her. She was so livid that she was on the verge of bursting a blood vessel.

"You're simply hopeless! I've said so much, yet you're still adamant to go up and look for Oscar Clinton! What if he deliberately acts all lovey-dovey with Cassie Yard in front of you? You're now with a child, so even the slightest emotional distress might cause a miscarriage. Are you aware of that?" Tiffany lectured her.

"He's not such a person," Amelia countered as she shook her head.

At this, Tiffany swallowed her riposte. "I'll go with you," she concurred.

Unexpectedly, Amelia shook her head. "I can manage it, Tiff. Just wait for me here, okay? I'll be back in no time," she asserted.

"I'll give you half an hour. If you don't return within half an hour, I'll go and look for you upstairs."

"Okay."

Then, Amelia went up by herself and found Oscar at the stairwell he mentioned.

A flash of surprise flittered across her eyes when she saw the cigarette butts scattered at his feet and smelled the choking stench of cigarette smoke lingering in the air.

While she had seen him smoke before, he never smoked as much as he did today, always stopping just after a few puffs.

Her heart instantly clenched, and she was gripped by the urge to weep. Oscar Clinton, is Cassie Yard really that important to you that you uncharacteristically smoked so many cigarettes in the hospital? she wondered.

Her emotions were in a chaotic mess.

My husband is in such a sorry state because of another woman. Meanwhile, I've been looking forward to his love endlessly. Yet, I always remain standing on the periphery like a stranger.

When Oscar spotted her, he immediately snubbed out the cigarette in his hand. Then, he took her hand and went downstairs, away from the choking cigarette smoke.

As Amelia stood on the stairs, Oscar pulled her into his embrace without even giving her the chance to ask him what had happened.

Rattled, Amelia then struggled for a bit.

"Stay still and let me hug you for a while," Oscar implored softly.

All at once, Amelia went still. Slowly lifting her hands that were encircled around his waist, she then patted his back lightly.

"What happened?" she asked in a whisper.

However, the only response she received was Oscar hugging her all the tighter.

As Amelia patted his back like a loving mother, she murmured, "I'm here."

In the next moment, Oscar buried his head into her neck, licking and biting lightly. His breathing became increasingly heavier as well. Instantly, shock swamped Amelia. She was afraid that he would truly lose control and do something indecent here.

Although we're in the stairwell, and people seldom use the stairs, it doesn't mean that nobody is around. And if someone so happened to

glimpse such a passionate scene on the downstairs, it will be the end of me.

While Oscar's breathing grew all the heavier, Amelia still kept her wits about her.

"We're in the hospital here, so please restraint yourself, Mr. Clinton," she reminded with the final shred of sanity she had left.

In the end, Oscar took a final nip of her before he finally rested his head against her shoulder and panted heavily.

Both of them were rather worked up, and Amelia could even sense moisture gathering between her thighs. In a flash, her face flushed bright red, rendering her as beautiful as a blooming flower.

As Oscar buried his head in her shoulder, he muttered in a hoarse and alluring voice, "Honey, how I wish to devour you right this instance!"

At his remark, the blush on Amelia's face deepened, and she appeared as beautiful as a picture.

Oscar tightened his hold and hugged her tighter.

"Honey, I love the feeling of having you in my arms," Oscar confessed.

Nestling in his embrace, Amelia questioned softly, "What happened, Mr. Clinton? Why did you smoke so many cigarettes?"

"It's just some insignificant troubles. Everything will be settled soon," Oscar deflected without answering the question.

Wriggling out of his embrace, Amelia lifted her eyes and looked at him solemnly, just like a virtuous and loving wife. "I'm here with you. No matter what the problems are, I'll lend you my ears."

Something deep within Oscar softened when he heard that. It's truly difficult for me to not notice her!

He lifted his hand and caressed her cheek. "Cassie was wheeled into the operating room again. The doctor said that she might not be able to get pregnant anymore," he confessed in a low voice.

Shocked, Amelia blurted, "What happened? Didn't you say that she'll be fine as long as she has sufficient care?"

"Something happened just now, so..."

Nevertheless, Amelia didn't get all nosy and inquire further. Instead, she merely murmured thoughtfully, "If you're sad, Mr. Clinton, you can cry. It's not wrong for a man to cry. Plus, I won't make fun of you." While I'll be distressed, I can't bear to see you suffer.

Amused, Oscar burst into laughter.

At the sound of his chortles, Amelia looked at him strangely.

Oscar, on the other hand, responded by lifting a hand and tapping her on the nose. "Aren't you jealous when I'm intimate with another woman right in front of your eyes?" he queried.

At this, a glimmer of anguish flickered in her eyes, but she quickly concealed it in the next moment.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm not the wife you truly want, right? Thus, I don't have a legitimate reason to get jealous even if I want to do so," she asserted begrudgingly.

Upon hearing her reply, Oscar's heart abruptly twisted in agony.

Pinching her cheek, he lamented in a gentle voice, "You always have a way of hitting me right where it hurts. So, how can I possibly bear to see you sad?"

But you've always been making me sad, Amelia thought.

"Amelia, I won't allow anything to happen to you and the baby in your belly," Oscar muttered, seemingly avowing it as he stroked her hair softly.

For a moment, Amelia was at a loss. She wanted to lift her head to look at him, but he pushed her head down.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Clinton?" she questioned.

A burning fire started blazing within Oscar. I'm willing to protect this woman with my life! Although I'm not very certain whether we can be together forever until death do us part. But, at this very moment, I truly want to hold this woman, who's seemingly strong yet fragile at times in my embrace. I won't allow anyone to hurt her.

"I'll protect you, silly girl. You only need to be good," Oscar explained.

At this, Amelia curled her lips. "I've always been very good, Mr. Clinton. Rather, you seem to be the one who's always been bad."

Oscar then chuckled lowly, and all the gloom brought about by Cassie earlier miraculously vanished in a puff of smoke.

Well, this is exactly her talent. When I'm with her, my mood will take a turn for the better miraculously.

"Woman, you're getting increasingly impudent now. You even dare to counter my words?" Oscar demanded with feigned anger.

The corners of Amelia's lips lifted, and she whispered, "Mr. Clinton, do you like this? Or do you actually prefer a beauty who feigns aloofness?"

All at once, Oscar cracked up, his deep laughter of delight echoing in the air.

"You've truly got a way with words..."

Likewise, Amelia's lips turned up, and her mood inexorably improved as well.

As she interacted with him peacefully, she suddenly felt that being with this man was the most calming moment in the world. It felt as though everything in the world was well.

"Are you feeling better now, Mr. Clinton?" Then, she commented smilingly, "I was shocked when I saw the cigarette butts littering the ground earlier, and I thought you wanted to burn this hospital down, Mr. Clinton! Fortunately, that wasn't the case."

Oscar was totally speechless. This woman before me has poked fun of me, but strangely enough, I feel very much at ease. And this is something I've never felt when I'm with Cassie.

Stroking her soft hair, he admitted softly, "With you here, my mood has taken a turn for the better."

At that, Amelia chuckled lowly and sassed, "I didn't know that I'm a barrel of laughs."

The two of them then joked for a while before Amelia steered the conversation back to business.

"How's Ms. Yard now, Mr. Clinton? I noticed that you were in a rather foul mood earlier."

At the mention of this, the smile on Oscar's face faded slightly.

“Why are you so concerned about her? Aren’t you jealous?” Oscar deliberately asked.

In turn, Amelia slapped his hand with a touch of haughtiness. “Don’t think so highly of me, Mr. Clinton. I’m not being concerned about her. Rather, I’m sneaking behind enemy lines. After all, knowing one’s enemy will help win the battle. By doing so, I can advance gutsily and drive all enemy away even if some Ms. Lordon or Ms. Ziegler appears in the future, not to mention Ms. Yard.”

Oscar again dissolved into laughter at her words.

“You’re very glib now,” he drawled.

“Don’t you like this, Mr. Clinton?” Amelia questioned impishly as she blinked her eyes.

At this time, the indulgence in Oscar’s eyes was all visible.

He lifted a hand and tapped her on the nose. “Didn’t you just provoke me a while ago, deliberately getting close to Carter Scott to piss me off?” he bantered.

Amelia rubbed her nose before taking a step back. “Was there a need for me to get close to Carter if you hadn’t been all lovey-dovey with your beloved?” she shot back.

In reality, Oscar wasn’t really looking to pursue the matter. After all, I was caught red-handed hugging Cassie in the elevator, so if one were to pursue the matter, the right to do so seems to belong to Amelia instead.

“Didn’t you say you were going to Tiffany’s house? Why did you suddenly end up being with Carter Scott instead? He has just undergone an operation, but he could already get out of bed and contact you?” he mused.

Sighing, Amelia told him all about how Carter came to look for her. Then, she lamented softly, “He passed out after we’d returned to the hospital, and he’s still in the operating room now. Truthfully speaking, I feel rather guilty. Because of a minor misunderstanding, I cut off all contact with him five years ago. If I hadn’t contacted him five years later, perhaps all that wouldn’t have happened.”

Throughout it all, Oscar’s brows were creased, making it evident that he disliked having his woman being all concerned about another man.

“Do you still have feelings for him?” Oscar muttered in a voice tinged with jealousy.

Amused, Amelia was caught between laughter and exasperation. In a trice, the sorrow that welled within her earlier vanished into thin air.

“If I have feelings for him, I wouldn’t have talked about my relationship with him so openly,” she stated honestly.

It’s all because we’re innocent that I’m not afraid of being misunderstood.

Pulling her into his arms, Oscar admitted to his jealousy for the first time. “Honey, men are jealous creatures. I abhor seeing you being so close with him. Every time I see you with him, a stabbing pain assaults this part of me,” he confessed. As he said that, he pointed at his heart.

At this, a bolt of astonishment lanced through Amelia. This is the first time he has ever told me that he’s jealous! Doesn’t this prove that he actually cares about me?

A wealth of warmth suffused Amelia. Her eyes stung, and tears almost escaped them.

Thus, she dipped her head to conceal how she truly felt.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 147

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 147 Why Are You Crying

Oscar tilted Amelia’s chin up, forcing her to face him. When he saw her reddened eyes, he anxiously asked, “What’s wrong? Why are you crying?”

Amelia shook her head frantically and said, “My tear glands seem to have gotten more active lately, it is perhaps because of this pregnancy. I find myself tearing up at every little thing. Mr. Clinton, you won’t mock your wife for being a crybaby, will you?”

Oscar’s heart melted at Amelia’s undue concern. The more he came to know Amelia, the more enchanting he found her to be. She’d completely shed the frigid, temptress-like appearance of yore. All Oscar held before him now was a vulnerable young woman wanting only to be loved.

He took Amelia into his arms. Oscar found himself floundering in the depths of his affection for her. Struggling to regain control of himself, Oscar gruffly said, "Don't be silly. You're good at coming up with nonsense."

Leaning her head against his chest, Amelia's lips curled up into a smile. With a look of immense contentment on her face, Amelia said softly, "How I wish time would stop right now."

Oscar heard only a vague mumble. He looked down at her fondly, asking, "What did you just say?"

Amelia shook her head, snuggling further against him. She then asked thoughtfully, "How's Ms. Yard doing?"

"She hasn't awoken," Oscar replied.

Amelia bit her lip. Reluctant to ruin the magic of that moment, she decided not to pursue this unsavory matter. Let me bury my head in the sand a while longer, Amelia thought wistfully.

Destiny, however, was not on their side. Just then, Amelia and Oscar's phones rang simultaneously. They glanced at each other. At last, Amelia said ruefully, "Mr. Clinton, it looks like we are not meant to have sweet moments together."

Oscar whipped out his phone. Elizabeth's name flashed on his screen. Beside him, Amelia was receiving a call from Tiffany.

She inhaled deeply, then answered the call. Tiffany instantly launched into an interrogation, and demanded, "Babe, where are you now? Are you all right?"

"Tiff, I'm fine. I was talking to Oscar. I'll head downstairs once I'm done," Amelia replied patiently.

Tiffany let out an audible sigh of relief.

"That old woman isn't making things difficult for you on purpose, is she?" Tiffany fumed.

"It's just Oscar and me now," Amelia informed her.

Tiffany wasn't too pleased with Oscar, but ultimately she wanted Amelia to have a blissful marriage. Oscar was the only one who Amelia loved, and they were about to have a child together. For all these reasons, Tiffany still hoped for Amelia and Oscar's relationship to flourish.

Marriage, after all, was a sacred union.

Tiffany was a novelist and naturally had her own views of love and marriage. She hadn't been in many relationships, but she knew she should not be a catalyst in encouraging Amelia to break the marriage vows. Most important, Tiffany was reluctant to see Amelia end up in a divorce, and that superseded her personal views and dissatisfaction toward Oscar. Being a single mother was like walking an unbeaten path and not every woman could handle the challenges that came along. It was a terribly lonely journey, which included shouldering the responsibility of raising a child alone while living with the bitterness of a failed marriage.

"Have a good talk with Oscar then. Don't throw tantrums at him," Tiffany gently chided in a motherly tone.

Amelia's heart grew warm at her friend's concern. However, she merely ribbed Tiffany, "Didn't you say that you'd come to fetch me the moment it reached the half-hour mark?"

"If Oscar were stupid enough to ask you to watch how he flirts with Cassie, I'd immediately come and get you with no questions asked. There's no way I'm going to let you feel like a third party when you are with your own husband, Babe."

The tremendous indignation that Tiffany felt for her moved Amelia. I'll never be able to find a friend who cares for me this much! Amelia thought gratefully.

Tiffany continued on the other end of the line, unaware of the wave of gratitude washing over Amelia. "Have a good chat with Oscar then. I won't bother you two."

"All right." Amelia hung up the phone, then turned towards Oscar who had just ended his call as well.

"Was that Mrs. Yard?" Amelia inquired. Without waiting for Oscar's reply, however, Amelia guessed that it must have been Elizabeth or Cassie on the other end of the line.

Oscar's smile had vanished, and his gaze turned icy.

Apprehensively, Amelia asked, "What's wrong?"

"Cassie's awake," Oscar replied shortly.

Amelia laughed, masking the sadness in her eyes. She clenched her fists, then slowly relaxed them. "If Ms. Yard is awake, then you don't have to

worry anymore, Mr. Clinton. Go on back quickly. If Ms. Yard doesn't see you, she'll start to overthink things. She just had a miscarriage, and I've heard from more experienced elderly that women who have been through that are as weak as those who've just given birth. If she isn't well taken care of, she may get ill again."

Oscar gazed intently at Amelia. The look of vulnerability in her eyes was quickly replaced by a determined strength that shone through. Oscar had been married to Amelia for five years, yet the magnitude of her resilience still astounded him. How could his heart not ache for her?

At the moment, Oscar could not promise that he'd be with Amelia till her dying day. However, she no longer occupied a small place in Oscar's heart. Not only did Amelia make his heart flutter, but he'd also yearned many times to draw her into his embrace and keep her sheltered from all obstacles.

Other than that affair with Cassie, Oscar had never gotten involved with any other women. He thus had no proper frame of reference to decide whether the affection that Amelia stirred within him was love or something else. Caring for Amelia came from pure instinct.

It was a more violent urge than anything that Oscar had ever felt for Cassie.

"You're pushing me to another woman? Aren't you jealous?" Oscar teased.

Amelia swallowed her emotions and smiled brightly at Oscar. "Ms. Yard met you earlier than I did, and I was always a substitute anyway. I don't think I have the right to be jealous."

Oscar's eyes darkened with the tumult of his emotions.

He reached reach for Amelia and pinched her cheeks hard. His grip left a faint red mark on her face.

Stunned, Amelia held her face in disbelief. She turned to Oscar with a look of bewilderment.

A faint smile appeared on Oscar's lips. He found Amelia's baffled look simply irresistible.

"Do you know why I pinched you?" Oscar demanded.

Amelia shook her head while looking at him like an idiot. She hadn't quite recovered from the shock of his sudden action.

"I'm your husband. You're allowed to be as jealous as you want," Oscar reproved.

Amelia looked even more confused.

She knew what Oscar was saying, but she couldn't fully wrap her mind around it. In truth, Amelia tried hard to not misinterpret what he meant by saying that.

Oscar caressed Amelia's face, then gave out a low laugh. "You silly woman," he said warmly.

Amelia remained frozen.

"You silly woman," Oscar repeated. "Don't pretend to be so generous in the future. I'll actually prefer it if you show your softer side a little more," Oscar said meaningfully.

Amelia could sense the change in Oscar, but she was afraid that it was merely a whim. She could not permit herself to be entirely committed, fearful of taking the plunge only to discover that there was nothing beneath to catch her. Who knows if Oscar would turn around and declare that Cassie is still the one he loves? It would be impossible for me to come out of it then, Amelia thought.

"It's late. Go back home with Tiffany first and have a good rest," Oscar said tenderly. "I'll make a trip home tomorrow. Stop overthinking."

To Amelia's dismay, her heart began thumping wildly.

She nodded eagerly, then said, "I'll get Molly to prepare something delicious. You must come back for dinner then."

Oscar agreed, asserting, "I'll definitely be back. I haven't eaten with you in a while, and I miss that."

"If you come home, I'll personally cook a few dishes for you." Amelia offered.

Their easy banter carried on all the way to the elevator. After Oscar sent Amelia off with a smile and a wave, he turned and ascended the stairs.

By the time Oscar pushed open the door of the hospital room, the smile on his face had faded entirely. The look in his eyes was cold and distant.

Cassie had been lying on the bed when Oscar entered. Her face showed signs of agitation, but the oxygen mask over her mouth restrained her

from speaking. Cassie attempted to yank it off, but that hand was connected to an IV drip. The furious swinging of the IV drip caused by Cassie's sudden movement alerted Elizabeth, who was sitting beside the bed.

"Cassie, calm down! Oscar is here now. Be good," Elizabeth said soothingly.

She turned a pleading gaze towards Oscar, crying, "Oscar! Do come over. Cassie's been waiting for you."

Oscar hesitated, then slowly crossed the room.

As he looked at Cassie's pitiable state, Oscar's fierce expression gradually softened. "Cassie," he called softly.

Cassie got all excited.

Oscar clasped her hand and continued in a soft tone. "Be good, Cassie. I'm here now. Don't get agitated. If you keep getting all excited, I'm going to leave."

Cassie blinked a few times. However, the expression on her face was discernibly calmer.

Oscar then continued in the same tone as before, "Cassie, I know that you have lots of things to say. Don't worry. There'll still be lots of time for us to talk them when you've recovered."

Cassie raised her other hand and pointed to the oxygen mask on her face. Oscar understood immediately but refused her request. "You can't take off the oxygen mask. The doctor said that you have a slight oxygen deficiency, and you'll need that to keep your strength up. I know what you want to say. But I'm not angry anymore, so don't worry yourself too much about it. I'll admit that I was infuriated when I first heard that you wanted to hurt Amelia's baby, but I've simmered down quite a bit since. So please focus on getting better for now. Let's wait until after you've recovered before we talk about things."

Cassie's eyelashes fluttered vigorously.

Oscar lightly rubbed her hand and intoned, "Don't think too much. I meant it when I said I wasn't angry. Take care of yourself, or I'll really get angry then. You wouldn't want me to be mad at you, would you?"

Cassie blinked again.

It seemed like Oscar could perceive Cassie's inner thoughts merely by observing her expression. He answered after each blink as if he was corresponding directly with her expression.

"Be good. Don't worry too much about things. I'm here now. I'll take good care of you," Oscar reassured her.

Cassie finally relaxed.

Oscar tucked her in. "All right, go on and sleep. I'll be right here."

Cassie had been determined to stay awake, but her body was too frail to withstand the exhaustion that was creeping up on her. In fact, the emotional upheaval she had undergone earlier was a big taboo for women who had just suffered a miscarriage.

Perhaps it was simply the security of having Oscar by her side that gave Cassie the peace of mind that she fell asleep quickly.

Elizabeth gazed at her once-vivacious daughter, now lying pale and sickly on the hospital bed. She felt greatly sad and troubled.

Solemnly, Elizabeth met Oscar's gaze and said, "Oz, come out with me for a while."

Oscar did so.

Once they were outside the room, Elizabeth turned to face him. "Oz, I'm very thankful that you didn't treat Cassie too badly just now. She's very weak at the moment, and women who suffer miscarriages tend to develop pessimistic feelings. If you had been aloof, you could have triggered an adverse reaction in her. I can't express my gratitude enough to you for not kicking her while she was down."

Oscar leaned against the wall, a stony expression on his face.

"Mrs. Yard, I've said before that even if Cassie and I weren't together as a couple, I'd still treat her like a sister. I'd once thought that I was in love with her, so I'll always have a soft spot for Cassie. But we haven't seen each other for five years, after all. That's a lot of time. Everything and everyone has changed since. It's impossible for me to summon the same feelings that I've had for her before, so..."

Elizabeth was weary from everything that had happened. When she heard Oscar's explanation, she felt somewhat placated.

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Chapter 148 A Solemn Promise

“I’ll leave it to the two of you then. I’m old now, and I can’t meddle in the affairs of young people anymore,” Elizabeth said, somewhat grudgingly. “Oz, if you no longer feel the same for Cassie as you did at the beginning, then you shouldn’t have led her on. Cassie could have gone on to much better things at Erihal. Perhaps she could even have become a world-class pianist after two or three years. The Yard family doesn’t lack money, but it’s always good for women to have a profession of their own.”

Oscar stared steadfastly ahead without speaking.

Elizabeth sighed.

“Oz, I’m truthfully quite disappointed with you. I’d always believed that you were a man of your word. However, you’ve gone back and forth between two women, taking pleasure in both of them even as they suffer from your indecisiveness. As a woman, I despise men like you. Of course, I strongly objected to Cassie becoming a third party in your marriage. It’s too bad that she’s my only daughter. As much as I disapprove of her, she’s all I have, and I’ve got to support her. I can’t stand by idly and let you hurt her.”

Elizabeth finished off her surprisingly moving speech by gazing up at Oscar defiantly.

Oscar looked away. After pausing for a moment, he met Elizabeth’s eyes. “Mrs. Yard, I didn’t think things through since the beginning, so I’m truly sorry for that. I’ll definitely deal with Cassie tactfully and deal with her as gently as I can. Even though we may no longer be a couple, I’d still like to affirm that as long as she needs help, she only has to tell me. I’ll immediately drop everything to help her to the best that I can. This is my promise to her. You can be sure that I’ll keep my word.”

Elizabeth’s resentment towards Oscar had greatly lessened by this point, and her face was no longer as tense as it was.

“Oz, this is the promise you have made, so you can’t go back on your word for the rest of your life. All I have is Cassie. Even if you don’t end up together with her, I hope that you’ll help Cassie retain Yard Group and fend off prying hands. Cassie’s excellent at playing the piano, but she

doesn't have much experience in business dealings. I don't know if Cassie will be able to manage things," Elizabeth replied.

Oscar nodded. "Mrs. Yard, I promise that whatever happens between us, I'll never let Yard Group fall into the hands of an outsider. This is my solemn promise to you. As long as Cassie asks for help, I'll come to her aid."

Elizabeth was pleased.

"Oz, it's late. Go in and sleep then," Elizabeth said in a milder tone. "Initially, I thought you should head back, but you've seen for yourself how unwilling Cassie is to let you go. She's still weak and prone to emotional agitation. Please take good care of her."

Oscar hesitated, then nodded slowly.

"You head back first then, Mrs. Yard. Leave Cassie to me," Oscar said. "Mr. Yard's busy with the business these days, and it'll be taxing on him to care for Cassie as well. Go back and assure him that I'll be here."

"We'll have to trouble you, then. If anything happens to Cassie, be sure to call me. We could have hired a dedicated nurse for her, but she insisted on having you here. I'm helpless in many matters regarding Cassie. Please bear with her, and I'll leave her to you," Elizabeth instructed before picking up her bag and making her exit.

Oscar stood outside Cassie's hospital room. The entire corridor seemed deserted. That block consisted of premium wards, and the decor and facilities available were the best.

Oscar fished out his phone from his pocket and dialed Amelia. She answered almost instantly.

"Have you gone home?" Oscar asked.

Amelia's voice over the phone was hushed. "I'm at still the hospital. Carter's still in the operating room. How's Ms. Yard?"

"She has just fallen asleep," Carter replied.

"Are you in her room?" Amelia asked tentatively.

"No, I'm sitting on a chair along the corridor," Carter answered evenly.

"It's late. You should go back early and rest. I'll be heading back with Tiff in a while," Amelia said.

“OK.”

Over the phone, the husband and his wife spoke tenderly. The conversation bloomed with an intimacy that had never happened before in their interactions over the years. An air of bashful romance floated over each of them. Neither Oscar nor Amelia was willing to be the first to hang up. They had just parted, but this exchange was one of their rosier moments as a couple.

It might have gone on forever if Tiffany hadn't snatched the phone over from Amelia. “Mr. Clinton, quickly go back and watch over Cassie. I'm borrowing Amelia for now. I'll return Amelia to you when you've finally found the time for her.”

Having said that, Tiffany vehemently ended the call.

On their end, Tiffany glanced at Amelia kindly after she hung up, saying, “Babe, you look ridiculous. If you smile any wider, your teeth are all going to fall out.”

Amelia clapped both her hands to her cheeks, feeling her ears burn with embarrassment.

Tiffany sighed at her friend's hapless state. This silly girl is digging deeper and deeper into her own grave every day! Tiffany was pleased to see Amelia's joy but remained wary of the worst possible outcome that might befall Amelia—a divorce. Tiffany dared not imagine the depths of depression that Amelia might sink into if Oscar really divorced her.

She looks radiant and strong, but she's just a scared little girl on the inside.

“Babe, do you know what you look like now?” Tiffany asked, nudging Amelia.

Amelia, however, looked at Tiffany with incomprehension. “What do I look like?”

“You look like a little fool who's fallen head over heels in love. You've been married to that husband of yours for five years. The first rush of romance should have been long over! Isn't it a little too late to feel bashful now? You're not young lovers meeting in secret, you're husband and wife. You're going to have a child soon!” Tiffany joked.

Amelia lowered her hands, she was still immersed in the sweet feeling after the conversation she had with Oscar earlier.

"Tiff, don't laugh at me," Amelia said in earnest.

Tiffany rearranged her face to look serious. "Babe, calm down. I don't want to be a wet blanket either, but I simply can't bear to see you get hurt. Unless Oscar has given you a surety of sorts, you should maintain a clear mind and forbid yourself from getting too close, and don't commit yourself so fully to him! If the worst happens, at least you won't have such a hard time picking up the pieces."

Amelia's smile dimmed somewhat.

At that, Tiffany felt a twinge of guilt.

"I'm sorry, Babe. I..."

"Tiff, you're right," Amelia broke in, shaking her head vigorously. "If you hadn't reminded me, I'd still be naively smitten, and leap into his arms without thinking of the possible consequences. I'm very grateful to you for your reminder."

Tiffany grew uneasy.

"Babe, are you OK?" she asked nervously.

Amelia shook her head again. "Why wouldn't I be OK? Everyone can tell that Oscar and I are merely actors that got overly immersed in playing our roles. Perhaps I got a little too greedy along the way and started wanting more than I should have expected. But what isn't destined to be mine will be taken away from me eventually. I'll just go with the flow. What's mine will be mine, and I'll let go if it isn't meant to be. There's no point in forcing things."

Tiffany began to panic.

"Babe, are you really OK?"

Amelia looked sober. "Tiff, I'm not that fragile. I've always understood the nature of our relationship and my place in Oscar's heart. I won't force things to go my way or expect them to. Let's go, or the Scotts may be worried."

Tiffany pursed her lips and replied, "What could they possibly be worried about? I don't think they even want to see us. If it wasn't for Carter, they'd probably have gotten rid of us by now."

Gravely, Amelia remarked, "Don't think too badly of the Scotts. Their attitude has improved considerably over these four or five years. Besides,

I'm not asking for much. All I want is the safe delivery of my baby and an uneventful marriage with Oscar. I haven't been too concerned about what others may think of me."

Tiffany raised her eyebrows. "Babe, you're pretty generous. I wouldn't be able to think of them so kindly if I were in your position."

"Is that considered kindness? I just don't really want to be hurt by people I have no attachment to. If I started to care about them, I'd surely be on the losing end," Amelia said with an air of enlightenment.

Tiffany surrendered. "Fine, Babe. I respect your decision. If you have chosen not to get involved, then I shan't either. Don't expect me to be polite to the Scotts, though. That's the best I can do to keep myself from rushing over and beating them up. I get all fired up whenever I think about how they humiliated us in the past."

"They're nothing to us now," Amelia soothed. "All right. Calm down. Don't be angry. You're going to get wrinkles soon from all that frowning."

Tiffany couldn't help but break into a smile.

Finally, Amelia felt her tensed muscles relax.

Carter's operation lasted until 1 a.m. in the morning. At last, the light over the door of the operating room shut off and doctors streamed out, their faces etched with fatigue.

Faye darted forward and clung onto one of the doctor's arms. "Dr. Freeman, how's my son?"

Dr. Freeman glanced at her, then replied curtly, "The patient is currently out of danger. But as his family members, do monitor his situation and keep an eye on him. If he isn't careful, even our best surgical skills won't be able to save him."

Tearfully, Faye exclaimed, "We can't thank you enough, doctor. When Carter recovers, I'll surely prepare a good present for all of you to express my gratitude for saving my son's life!"

Dr. Freeman's expression softened upon hearing that. "Mrs. Scott, you're too kind. We only performed our professional duty, so please don't feel obligated to repay us."

"I must do that! You saved Carter," Faye insisted.

After exchanging a few more pleasantries, Dr. Freeman finally excused himself and left with the other doctors in tow.

When Carter was brought back to the room by a few nurses, Faye turned to Amelia. "Amelia, we've really troubled you today. It's really late. why don't you head home first to rest? You must be mindful of the baby in your belly. Don't stay up too late."

Upon hearing this, Tiffany sulked. She was evidently displeased.

What was the point of saying all this now when all things had already been done? Tiffany fumed. Her words simply reeked of hypocrisy to her.

However, Tiffany's original loathing for the Scotts might also have played a part in tainting anything that Faye said or did.

Amelia remained gracious. "All right, I'll be off with Tiff first, then. Can I trouble you to give me a call when Carter wakes up? Tiff and I will come over to visit him whenever we're free."

Faye nodded. "It's so sweet of you to care for him. I'll definitely call you the moment Carter wakes up."

Without waiting for Amelia to respond, Tiffany hauled her away.

After they left, Jennifer approached Faye, asking, "Mrs. Scott, did you agree to Carter and Amelia's relationship?"

Faye clutched Jennifer's hand. "Jennifer, don't misunderstand. Carter's very obstinate. Since he's set his heart on Amelia, any objection from me may send him spiraling. Let's see how things take their course. Based on what I've been observing, I don't think things will work out between Carter and Amelia. You're the wife I want for my son, Jennifer."

The look in Jennifer's eyes was unfathomable. She'd waited on Carter with the utmost patience and perseverance. Amelia's insincere concern was nothing compared to what Jennifer had sacrificed. However, even Faye was now clearly on Amelia's side.

Who do they take me for? I'm just a fool doing all this for nothing! Jennifer seethed.

Jennifer hailed from a wealthy, distinguished family. Pampered since young, she received only the best and was treated as such. No one had ever humiliated her in this way before.

"Mrs. Scott, are you planning to treat me as a spare tyre?" Jennifer asked candidly.

Faye was indignant. "Jennifer, I know that you've suffered all this while. But you've witnessed Carter's situation yourself. I have no choice but to treat Amelia well, or Carter will use his illness to kick up a fuss. I can't let his condition deteriorate. He's all I have. I can't afford to let anything happen to him."

Jennifer's expression softened.

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Chapter 149 Making Friends

"Mrs. Scott, I have no intention to put you on the spot. I was just worried that you were actually considering Amelia to be your daughter-in-law. When you first proposed the marriage between Carter and me to my parents, I flew all the way home. I fell in love with Carter at first sight and resolved to be his wife. Mrs. Scott, if you decide not to back me, I don't know what else I can do," Jennifer said pitifully.

Faye smiled. Comforting Jennifer, she said, "You're the daughter-in-law of my choice, Jennifer. Amelia is already one of the Clintons. Nothing can happen between her and Oscar. Don't let your imagination run wild. You'll become a laughingstock."

Jennifer nodded. The smile remained frozen on her face, but her eyes were menacing.

At that moment, Tiffany had dragged Amelia into the lift. Due to the odd hour, the entrance of the hospital appeared entirely desolate.

The crisp morning air was chilly. Tiffany rubbed her hands together, and asked, "Babe, are you cold?"

Amelia shook her head. "I'm fine."

Tiffany tugged at Amelia's sleeve. "Babe, it's been a real rollercoaster of a night and I've gotten a little hungry. Shall we get supper? It won't hurt to fill our stomachs with something warm."

Amelia nodded.

Tiffany drove Amelia to a nearby diner. Before they got off, Tiffany turned to Amelia and queried, "You wouldn't mind eating here, would you?"

Bemused, Amelia replied, "Tiff, do you really see me as an uppity princess now? Don't forget that I went through hard times on my own before I married Oscar! We used to eat at small, homely diners like these together. Don't you remember?"

Tiffany beamed. "I was just worried that after so long, you might have gotten too used to the taste of fine dining."

Amelia detached her seatbelt. "Let's go, then."

Tiffany followed suit, the two of them entering the diner. Even though it was past midnight, the diner was packed. There were all sorts of characters, but somehow the presence of Tiffany and Amelia managed to draw all eyes to them nonetheless.

They couldn't help it. Both Amelia and Tiffany were gorgeous creatures. Even though Amelia was seven months pregnant, her features remained as lovely as ever. Her figure wasn't as alluring as it used to be, but she remained an intriguing sight all the same.

Tiffany didn't lag behind in her look but forged ahead with her sense of style and fashionable clothing. With their combined beauty and sophisticated air, Amelia and Tiffany immediately became the center of attraction.

Tiffany glanced around. Then, she called to the owner, "Are there still any tables available?"

The lady owner was already heartily striding towards Amelia and Tiffany, bustling, "Sure, let me get you a table. Please feel free to order as much as you want. It's our privilege to have you two beauties at our humble diner."

Tiffany laughed. "Madam, you're too kind."

The lady owner then ushered them towards a table. "Please feel free to place your orders whenever you're ready. I see that this beautiful lady here's pregnant. Shall I whip up something off-menu and more nutritious for you?"

Tiffany replied on Amelia's behalf. "Sure, we'll have two of that then."

They then sat down as the owner hurried away to prepare their food.

The gaze of the other patrons, however, still lingered curiously on Amelia and Tiffany.

A burly man sitting at the table beside them turned and said, "Ladies, what brings you here instead of sleeping soundly at home?"

Tiffany shot him a look. "We just came from the hospital. We got hungry and stopped here for supper. You look pretty active yourself, mister, to be running around in the middle of the night."

Amelia tugged at Tiffany's sleeve to stop her. She was terrified that Tiffany would run her mouth and get them into trouble. She believed that people who were still lurking around at this hour tended to be troublemakers. They might interpret Tiffany's reply to them as flirtatious and force themselves on her. By then, it would be almost impossible for Amelia and Tiffany to defend themselves.

Tiffany felt the urgency of Amelia's gesture but pursued the conversation relentlessly. "Mister, you look pretty strong. What do you do?"

"I run a security firm. You can always approach me if you need my services," the man replied with a wink.

Tiffany's eyes lit up. She exclaimed, "How may I address you, then? Where's your security firm located? How big is it? Do you have many people working under you?"

In reply, the man took out a few business cards and handed them over to Tiffany and Amelia. "You ladies don't look like common folks. I guess you live in a rather fine environment. Beautiful ladies like yourselves should consider hiring a bodyguard to protect you."

Tiffany's interest had clearly been piqued. Amelia, however, remained non-committal, and said, "I'm sorry, Mister. I'm just an ordinary woman and I don't think I'll ever require a bodyguard. Thank you for the suggestion, though."

Tiffany shot Amelia a slightly reproachful look, then replied the man, laughing, "I'm pretty curious about your security firm! What are the services you offer?"

"Besides employing security guards and bodyguards, we've branched out into debt collection as well. It's up to you to see which of these services interest you," he replied with a shrug.

"Are you all professionals?" Tiffany inquired further.

"Of course. We're in customer service, and we emphasize honesty regardless of who our customer is. Our bodyguards have all been through professional training and are well-trained in kickboxing, combat, and other areas in martial arts. We'll fulfill any request you have, as long as it's within our means."

Tiffany laughed. "I'm interested in what I've heard so far. Why don't we head over to your firm tomorrow to take a look?"

"Sure," the man said amenably.

"How should I address you, then, mister?" Tiffany asked again.

"My last name's Laird. I'm thirty-one years old this year. Even if you aren't interested in hiring bodyguards, we can still be friends. You ladies are so beautiful that any man would want to get to know you," he said, eyeing Amelia and Tiffany.

Tiffany grinned. She pointed at Amelia, shaking her head. "She's already taken, so don't bother."

"What about you?" he replied, fixing his gaze on Tiffany.

Tiffany wagged her finger. "I'm sorry. I'm attached as well. It looks like all our relationship is destined to remain strictly professional, Mr. Laird."

"That's fine. At least I've acquired two beautiful ladies as customers. It'll be a treat nonetheless for those young unmarried fellows at my firm," the man roared.

Tiffany's face broke out in an unreserved smile at his humor. "Mr. Laird, you seem to have a straightforward character. I'd like us to be friends. I'm Tiffany, and she's Amelia. Would you mind us getting to know you?"

"I'm Gary, Gary Laird. My close friends call me Gary. You can call me that too," Gary declared. For such an imposing man, he'd turned out to be rather breezy in his manner. Noting that, Tiffany had decided to make friends with him.

"I'll call you Gary, then. You seem like an extremely frank person, and that's exactly that type of personality I appreciate. Let's be friends, then. We'll drink to that," Tiffany proclaimed, boldly calling for the owner to bring over two mugs of beer.

Gary shot a sideways glance at Amelia, then raised his mug and clinked it against Tiffany's. "Cheers!"

Tiffany tilted her head back and drank the contents of the mug within a single gulp. However, she started coughing, evidently having choked on her drink.

Amelia patted her on the back and chided, "Why did you gulp everything so quickly? No one's competing with you."

Tiffany cleared her throat and hastily recovered. "Babe, I'm fine."

"Are you really alright?" Amelia asked.

Tiffany nodded.

"Gary, sorry you have to see me make a fool of myself," Tiffany turned back to Gary and said with a self-deprecating laugh.

Gary shook his head, answered, "You seem like a rather straightforward person yourself! I'm happy to have made a friend like you. If you are in need of any help, just give me a call. My number's on the business card there. My security firm's services are top-notch. If you hire us, I'll give you a sixty percent discount."

"Gary, I thought we were friends! Shouldn't there be a special price for me? If others pay a thousand for a service, I'll pay ninety-nine," Tiffany teased.

Gary froze for a moment, then guffawed.

"I admire your frankness. Fine, if there's anything you need, I'll definitely let you have that special price," Gary agreed.

Tiffany waved her hands frantically. "I was just joking, Gary! You're running a business. How can you afford to entertain special prices like that? I'll pay the same price that everyone else. Let's not mix business with friendship. There shouldn't be any negotiations on that account. We're only able to remain friends if we draw the line."

Gary chortled. "That's what I like! It's good to have straightforward friends like these."

Having said that, he took another glance at Amelia. She was nursing her drink, lost in deep thought. Amelia seemed totally unaware of the multiple looks that Gary had directed towards her, or she simply didn't care.

Tiffany, however, noticed Gary's interest and shielded what she could of Amelia with her body. Casually, she tried to change the subject. "Gary,

you're a successful businessman at the age of thirty-one. You must surely have a beautiful wife waiting for you back at home."

Gary withdrew his gaze and replied, "I've been busy with work all these years and didn't make time for this matter. I'm still a bachelor now."

Tiffany hurriedly replied, "You're successful, physically strong with a rather open, direct personality. You'll be able to get any woman you want!"

Gary sighed. "Women nowadays are very demanding. They want their men to earn lots of money and provide them with a house and a car. Besides working ourselves to the bone, we're expected to spoil them and pacify them when things don't go their way, and they make a fuss. Relationships like that were way too tiring for me, so I eventually broke them off."

Tiffany looked down at her plate and smiled sheepishly. "So you're speaking from experience."

Gary called for another mug of beer and shifted the topic of conversation. "Your friend beside you doesn't seem too talkative. Is it because she doesn't like me?"

Tiffany glanced at Amelia, then replied, "She just came from the hospital and is feeling rather tired. Please take no offense, Gary. Once you get to know her, you'll find her even more chatty than you are. Amelia's just shy in front of people she doesn't know very well. She's very nice and easy to talk to. She'll probably fit in anywhere! If she were still single, I'd definitely introduce her to you. Anyone who marries you will be lucky indeed."

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Chapter 150 Asking For The Manuscript

Amelia gave Tiffany a nudge, signaling her to stop talking nonsense.

Gary noticed her subtle act. "Is it okay if I call you by Amelia?" he asked smilingly.

Out of courtesy, Amelia nodded in agreement.

Having noticed Gary's change of attitude, Tiffany grew wary of him. She pretended to ask casually, "Gary, it seems like you're interested in Amelia?"

To her surprise, Gary openly admitted it. "Well, Amelia is my type. Her beauty and near-perfect figure can drive any man crazy. Too bad she already has a boyfriend, or I would definitely chase her. Oh, poor me! I'm left with a broken heart before I even get a taste of love!"

The way he spoke with disarming frankness made both Tiffany and Amelia let their guard down.

Amelia handed Gary a glass of water as a gesture of goodwill. She then apologized, "Gary, I'm sorry for being harsh just now. Here, have some water."

Exaggeratedly, Gary exclaimed, "What an honor to have a beautiful lady pouring me a glass of water! I will drink it without any hesitation, even if it's poison."

The man's exaggeration made both the ladies titter.

Tiffany pretended to be mad while she said, "Gary, you're unfair! I was the one who livened up the atmosphere with you, but you never took your eyes off Amelia all the while. Am I not beautiful?"

Hearing that, Gary quickly explained, "You're beautiful as well, but the two of you are different. You're the girl-next-door type, while Amelia is like the popular girl in school. She's like an opium poppy—attractive and deadly. She might not have the most beautiful facial features, but every man is naturally attracted to her. That's why she can put all women standing next to her in the shade."

At that point, with a sheepish smile, Gary rubbed the back of his head. "I'm a crude man, and I'm not good at giving flowery and fancy compliments, but you get what I mean."

Tiffany took a bite of her pasta. As if enlightened by Gary's words, she said cheekily, "Ah, no wonder! So, Amelia is the reason a beautiful lady like me can't find a husband. However, she's the best friend ever. I've no choice but to live without a husband then. Oh, Amelia, I've sacrificed so much for you!"

Amelia glanced at Tiffany while shaking her head in amusement. "Tiff."

The latter gave a shrug of her shoulder and said smilingly, "I'm just joking. But I mean it when I say you're the best friend ever."

Gary could tell that the two were as thick as thieves. With a smile, he commented, "The two of you are really close together, unlike those women I've met before. On the surface, they seem to be close to each other. Yet, a little misunderstanding could turn them into enemies."

Hearing that, Tiffany held her head high in pride. "Well, Amelia and I are more than friends! We are more like a family, or rather, closer than a family. Back then, we could only count on ourselves, building our careers from scratch. We've been through a lot together, and we won't let anything come between us. I suppose those women you mentioned earlier never truly regarded each other as friends, which explains why their friendship would turn sour over a little misunderstanding."

Gary couldn't agree more. "I suppose you're right. I've indeed learned something from you today."

Almost an hour had passed when they finished their supper. Within that one hour, the three had become good friends. They had had a wonderful time since all of them were outgoing and talkative. When they bade each other goodbye, Tiffany suggested, "Gary, why don't I introduce you to a friend of mine? She's a beautiful lady though not as pretty and sexy as Amelia. I can arrange a blind date for you. What do you think?"

Gary agreed enthusiastically. "Sure, let's arrange a day when my schedule is less hectic. Well, I'm rather careless and insensitive. Sometimes, I might not have realized it if I accidentally offend a lady or if she's mad at me. You'd better tell your friend about this when you introduce me to her."

Playfully, Tiffany retorted, "Gary, don't you belittle yourself! You're a sincere and straightforward man, and you have a considerate side. Not only are you good-looking, rather, you also own properties and cars. It's normal for my friend to have her eyes on a man like you. I'm just afraid you will not be interested in her."

"You're flattering me! Normally, beautiful ladies like you guys won't be interested in a crude man like me."

"Oh, Gary, stop being humble! I hope you won't make excuses and chicken out after I have the blind date arranged for you," Tiffany teased.

Amused, Gary gave a hearty smile. He then took a glance at his watch and realized it was already two in the morning.

"Ladies, it's getting late now. Let me drive you guys home," he offered.

Tiffany rejected his offer politely. "That's very kind of you, but we drove here. We can go home on our own."

"Well then. Drive safe! Call me if there's anything; I'll be at your beck and call," said Gary with almost overwhelming friendliness.

Both Tiffany and Amelia got into their car after they parted with Gary. The latter reclined in the passenger seat as soon as she fastened her seatbelt.

Seeing that, Tiffany asked worriedly, "Babe, you're tired?"

Amelia nodded. "A little." It had been a long and awful day, for she needed to deal with the misunderstanding with Oscar. After all the emotional rollercoaster, it was impressive how she could stay up until now.

Tiffany said softly, "Get some rest. We'll arrive home in about half an hour."

Amelia shook her head. "It's already past the usual time when I go to bed. I can't really sleep right now."

After a short pause, she asked, "Tiff, why are we suddenly making friends with Gary?"

"You're seven months pregnant now, and your due date is approaching. We should take precautions against any accident. Hence, I was thinking of hiring two bodyguards from his security service firm to protect you."

Hearing that, Amelia let out a chuckle. "Apart from taking a walk outside, I spend most of my time at home. Is there a need to hire bodyguards?"

"Well, there is no harm in taking precaution. You are married into the Clinton family, and you're pregnant with Oscar's baby. I'm sure many of them from the Clinton family wouldn't hope to see the safe delivery of the baby. So, it's better to be careful."

Her words warmed Amelia's heart. At the same time, Amelia was amused by Tiffany's suspicious mind.

She spoke up, "Tiff, I suppose you've read too many drama novels that you're overthinking. Not every prominent family is full of conspiracy as in the novels. Even if they don't wish for me to give birth to Owen's first grandchild, they can't possibly dirty their hands and make me lose my baby, can they?"

Tiffany pursed her lips. "I can't tell for the others, but it won't surprise me if Cassie and her mother are planning to cause you to suffer a miscarriage. You know, these two women are crazy."

One must admit that Tiffany, a best-selling author, was shrewd. In fact, her bold guess was close to the truth.

Amelia fell into silence at her words.

Tiffany continued to persuade her, "Babe, trust me. Although Mrs. Yard looks graceful, that woman will lose her mind when anything happens to her daughter, not to mention that Cassie now suffered a miscarriage. Knowing her daughter's possessiveness for Oscar, she will probably target your baby. Hence, it's better we take precautions. Actually, I have long been thinking of hiring bodyguards for you. After meeting Gary today, I think we might as well visit his security firm. If it's reliable, we can hire two bodyguards to protect you until your delivery."

Amelia seemed to be deep in thought.

Five minutes later, she nodded her agreement.

With a smug smile, Tiffany said, "Babe, I knew you would agree!"

Their car pulled up at the neighborhood half an hour later. Tiffany threw herself onto the sofa as soon as they entered the house.

Just then, her editor called. Having no choice, she let out a grumble and answered the call, "Oh, my dear Shannon, it's almost three in the morning now. Don't you need to sleep?"

Shannon asked over the phone, "Are you done with your script? I've been waiting for the past few days. Do you want me to go to your house and watch you write your script?" There was a threatening undertone in her voice.

Instantly, Tiffany begged for mercy, "Oh, Shannon, our beautiful editor, I would really appreciate it if you can give me some time. It's not even long after I gave you the complete manuscript for the new book. One day, I will probably strangle myself if you keep pressing me like this."

Growing agitated, Shannon bellowed, "You know your new book is going to be published soon, huh? But you dare give me an ambiguous ending for your story? That's the worst ending ever! Many of your previous books ended with a bad ending. The office has received tons of calls from your readers who were unhappy about it. They demand a happy ending this time. But look what you wrote! In the end, both the main characters' whereabouts are unknown? Are you kidding me? I can already tell the readers' reaction when they read the ending. I don't want my office to be bombarded by the readers' complaints and criticisms this time. If this happens again, I will make public your number and let you deal with them."

Tiffany cheekily explained, "Shannon, isn't it nice to have an ambiguous ending? It will leave the readers some room for their imaginations. Besides, with an ambiguous ending, only can I better explain the main characters' whereabouts and their endings in my next novel."

Shannon immediately grasped the point. "You mean you're going to write a sequel?"

Tiffany answered, "Yes, I plan to do so. The male protagonist and female protagonist separated because of a misunderstanding. One of them left for Anglandur while the other went to live in a small village in Chanaea. Don't you worry, Shannon. As the author, I will give them a happy ending."

"You're playing with fire. Your readers will definitely give you an earful when they read the ending."

"Well, the intensity of their anger will materialize into their anticipation for the sequel."

In the end, Shannon's attitude softened. "I'm afraid they will hunt you down before the sequel even gets published."

With a cheeky grin, Tiffany said, "They won't. I have confidence in my readers."

"As long as you know what you're doing. I'm hanging up now."

"Wait!" Tiffany halted her. "Why are you still up in the middle of the night?" she asked.

"I'm going through the scripts, and I didn't realize it's that late already."

"Why are you even working so hard? Your boss won't increase your salary anyway. You will age faster if you stay up late, especially for women after twenty-five."

"Don't curse me! Ugh... It's all your fault! Your story is too intriguing, and that's why I stay up reading it until now. Fortunately, I don't need to work tomorrow, or I would definitely blame you for that."

Hearing that, Tiffany could only shrug in resignation.