

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 221

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Chapter 221 Busy

On the other side, Oscar was truly wronged even though he hadn't shown up in three days. After he left the neighborhood that Tiffany was living in, he received a call while driving. As it turned out, someone had leaked vital information from one of the company's projects. That particular project was worth millions, and Clinton Corporations would suffer greatly if their competitors took advantage of it. The company's share price would surely fall drastically.

Upon learning that, Oscar hurried over to the company and asked for an emergency meeting. That conference lasted for five hours. He never got to eat before he had to lead his secretary, his assistant, and the rest of the group to Pillere.

Oscar could've called Amelia before he got on the plane, but he figured that she was still angry. She probably won't pick up. That thought prevented him from calling.

After being stuck on the plane for a few hours, Oscar and his men got out of the airport and into a private car immediately. They made a beeline to the company that was collaborating with Clinton Corporations.

Oscar met with a bunch of executives as soon as he set foot inside the building. That meeting lasted for a few hours, and it was already one in the morning when Oscar finally had the chance to rest.

His secretary bought some food and heated it up before handing it to Oscar. She said, "Mr. Clinton, you haven't eaten all day. Here, have some food."

Oscar accepted the food and asked, "What time is it?"

"It's almost one in the morning, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar looked out the window and enjoyed the view in Pillere. He murmured, "The view in Pillere is beautiful at night. Can you see it, Amelia? If you'd like, we can come here on vacation someday. What do you say?"

Unfortunately, Amelia wasn't beside him, so no one answered his question.

The secretary seemed worried when she stared at Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, is there something on your mind?"

Oscar held the box of food and stared out the window without saying a word. His secretary thought that he would not answer and was about to leave him to his thoughts when he voiced up.

"Linda, what do you think about Amelia?"

Linda was momentarily taken aback. It took her some time to realize that Oscar was talking about his wife. That was the first time Oscar ever mentioned Amelia, so Linda was surprised.

“Mr. Clinton, I don’t really know much about your wife, so I can’t really say anything. But since you’ve asked, I’ll just share my limited thoughts and opinion. From the outside, Mrs. Clinton is definitely a beautiful woman. She is sexy, exudes an exquisite aura, and is downright stunning. Naturally, that is just my first impression of Mrs. Clinton. We interacted a few times after that, and I can tell that Mrs. Clinton’s beauty wasn’t just superficial. She is very nice and smart. She also knows to never go overboard when dealing with matters. In conclusion, the two of you are good together.”

Oscar couldn’t help grinning a little. He then asked, “Who one is better—Amelia or Cassie?”

Linda felt like she was cornered. She had been working with Oscar for years and had witnessed with her own eyes everything that happened between Oscar and Cassie. She knew too much, and that was why she understood that there were some things that she couldn’t say aloud.

Linda hesitated.

It seemed that Oscar had seen through that, so he granted her the permission to be honest.

“Linda, let’s pretend we’re just old friends and are chatting. You have been working for me for years, and in a way, you are my close friend. You are an excellent partner at work and a friend whom I can talk to.”

Linda sighed a breath of relief.

She licked her lip a little before she answered, “Mr. Clinton, I’ll just give a quick and simple evaluation. Please don’t take it to heart if I said anything wrong. Ms. Yard is from a rich family, so her aura is something that most women couldn’t compete against. However, I don’t think that she is the right match for you. This is just how I feel, though. She is too artistic, and her ideas are too wild. Perhaps she is different when she is with you, but I feel like she is too proud when she interacts with anyone who is not of her social status. She definitely behaves poorly and mocks those who are from a lower social class. Her views and ideas are different from yours, so I actually predicted that the two of you would not end up together.”

After saying her piece, Linda became scared, so she added, “I am just bullsh*tting, though, so please don’t take my words to heart, Mr. Clinton.”

Oscar simply waved and instructed, “You may leave. Have them postpone the meeting by an hour.”

“Understood.”

Linda nodded before she walked away in her high heels.

Oscar turned to the window again. It was almost dawn, so the entire city seemed especially quiet. Colorful neon lights illuminated Pillere and gave it a wonderful shade.

Unfortunately, the beautiful neon lights had always had a way of making one feel lonely.

Oscar got his phone out of his pocket and entered the passcode before he tapped into the photo album. He couldn't help smiling as he stared at Amelia's photo.

He chuckled and muttered, "You've won, woman. I am hopelessly and irrevocably in love with a woman named Amelia Winters. There was a time when you worried that I don't love you, but now I have learned who my heart truly loved. When you got into that car accident and had to go for surgery, I swore that I will never let you go in this lifetime. I didn't deal with Stephanie's matter in the right way, and that broke your heart, so I'll give you a few days to calm down. When I get back, I will go to you and take you home. I promise."

Oscar only shoved a few mouthfuls of the food Linda gave him. It was exquisite and warm, so it didn't taste bad, but Oscar didn't have the appetite to eat it.

After his meal, Oscar took a quick nap on the sofa before he went for another meeting.

The graveness of the project information leak was worse than Oscar anticipated. They had endless meetings to discuss how to solve the matter with little time to sleep and eat. Whenever Oscar was free, he would call Olivia.

Oscar didn't beat around the bush after the call got through. "Mom, have you gone to see how Amelia is doing?"

To his surprise, his dad was the one who picked up. Owen informed, "Oscar, your mom's illness acted up again, and she is in the hospital now. She didn't want to worry Amelia, so she didn't tell Amelia about it. It's been days since we visited Amelia as well. How are things on your end?"

Oscar frowned and shared everything honestly, "It's not looking good, but I can handle it. What happened to mom? Isn't she fine all this while?"

"Maybe Stephanie's issue stressed her out too much. Olivia also felt guilty about how Amelia took the baby away, so she fell ill. You know how your mom is. She always seems so graceful and generous, but we all know that she tends to overthink things. The slightest mishap would get her to worry endlessly. Her heart has always been weak, so I have been spoiling her over the past few decades. Who would've thought that Stephanie would end up behaving so badly and stress Olivia out that much?"

"Is it serious?"

"She's fine, but she needs a few days to recuperate."

Oscar was still worried, so he offered, "James is in the country. How about I call him up and ask him to examine mom?"

"There's no need for that. Robert treated your mom in person, and he said that her condition was caused by depression. All she needs is some rest and to stop overthinking. She will recover soon. Focus on your job. If it's really that troublesome, I can send someone over to help you out."

"I can handle everything here, dad. Don't worry. All you need to do is look after mom," promised Oscar before he nagged a little. He was about to hang up when Owen said, "I will take your mom over to visit Amelia and Tony once she feels better."

"Thanks, dad."

Oscar wanted to call Amelia after he hung up, but he thought of something, so he didn't do so. Instead, he called Kurt.

"Boss," greeted Kurt.

"Is Amelia okay?"

"Yes, she is fine, and so is the baby. I'm holding the little guy now, actually," reported Kurt in a serious tone. It was as if he was the news anchor, reporting on the weather forecast.

Oscar frowned and asked, "Are you with Amelia now?"

"Yes, I am living in Tiffany's place, and my primary job is to keep ma'am safe. Babysitting is my side job. In a way, I am a male nanny now."

Oscar couldn't help twitching his lips a little. He couldn't even imagine what Kurt looked like as a nanny. A renowned bodyguard who is notorious for his kill count... That guy has turned into a nanny. D*mn, I can't even imagine it.

"Where is Amelia?"

"She is doing some light exercise outdoor with Tiffany."

Oscar hesitated for a moment before he asked, "Did she mention me over the past few days?"

Surprisingly, Kurt hesitated.

Oscar thought that the line might've been cut when he didn't hear anything from Kurt.

"Kurt, are you still there?"

"Yes, boss," answered Kurt. He carefully considered his words before he replied, "Ma'am had been playing with the baby and doing her recovery exercises these few days. Other than that, she had been sleeping and eating, so she didn't really have the time to talk about you."

Hearing that response got Oscar's expression to turn gloomy instantly. He had been busy with work and went to countless meetings daily, so he was tempted to fall asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. Unfortunately, all he could think about was Amelia. That heartless woman remains cruel. All she does is eat, sleep, and play with our son. She didn't even miss me a little. Ugh!

"Is there something else you'd like to ask, boss?"

"No. Take care of Amelia and remember that she is mine. Don't get any funny ideas. You know how it's like to cross me."

"Understood."

Oscar massaged his bloating head a little after he hung up. It had been three days since he last had a good night's sleep. He had less than three hours to sleep every night, and his meetings lasted over ten hours during the day. That drained him physically and mentally, but his heart and mind remained alert. He kept thinking about a certain someone, even when he was lying on the bed.

Someone knocked on the door to the office from the other side, so Oscar adjusted his expression before ordering, "Come in."

Linda entered with a bunch of documents and placed them in front of Oscar before she reported, "Mr. Clinton, these are the files you requested. After struggling for the past few days, our efforts finally bore fruit. The company's share prices are rising slowly but surely. It shouldn't be long before we make up for the loss incurred due to the information leakage."

Oscar scanned the summary of the accounts before he instructed, "Book a flight ticket for me once everything is settled. You and the others are to stay and deal with the matter before returning."

"Understood."

At first, Oscar estimated that he could solve everything in five days, but things were way trickier than he anticipated. Linda reported that the share price was slowly rising back, but on the very next day, they learned that some malicious people had taken advantage of the leakage. Those people spread countless rumors and got the share prices to fall once more. That forced Oscar and the other executives to conduct emergency meetings again. They became busy bees, and in the end, it took Oscar two weeks before he could leave Pillere with his team.

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Chapter 222 Explaining Himself

As soon as Oscar's plane touched down, he hopped into the car and asked the chauffeur to take him to the neighborhood where Tiffany was staying.

He saw Tiffany holding a bag of trash and throwing it away when he got out of the car. Oscar was quick and ran a little to reach Tiffany. She saw him there, but her smile turned upside down immediately after. She didn't even bother looking at him before she turned around and walked in the other direction.

Oscar reached out and grabbed her before getting right to the point. He asked, "Tiffany, where is Amelia?"

Tiffany glared over icily. "Look who's here. It's Mr. Clinton. I was wondering who it was. So, you still care about Amelia, huh?"

Oscar frowned and replied, "Amelia is my wife. Why would I not care about her? Also, why didn't she pick up my calls?"

Tiffany had a skin-deep grin on before she taunted, "Mr. Clinton, are you sure you called her?"

Oscar frowned so much that he could catch a fly between his brows.

He knew that there had to be some misunderstandings.

"I called Amelia countless times, but she never picked up. At first, I wanted to fly back immediately, but I needed to stay overseas and manage the company. I can't let all the employees of Clinton Corporations lose their jobs and go hungry over my personal issues," explained Oscar with a grouchy expression.

Tiffany seemed to have realized that there was a misunderstanding.

She took a deep breath and calmed down before complaining, "What the hell is that supposed to mean, Mr. Clinton? You were overseas? What happened to Clinton Corporations? Why haven't any of the Clintons come to visit Amelia and Tony over the past two weeks? Every single one of you claimed that she is a member of your family and that Tony is your heir. Yet, you guys heartlessly ignored her after she left the Clintons' family home. Seriously, are you guys heartless? Your baby sister almost killed Amelia and her baby, and none of you bothered to do anything about it. How can she not feel abandoned under those circumstances?"

Oscar frowned and answered, "I didn't abandon Amelia. I just got back from Pillere and had my people drive me directly from the airport. Also, I kept calling Amelia, but she never picked up. I ended up calling Kurt, and he said that she was okay. I sent someone else over to check up on her as well, and they claimed that

she was fine as well. That was the only reason why I could focus on my work these past two weeks.”

Tiffany stared at him in suspicion. “Really?”

“Why would I lie to you?” demanded Oscar.

Tiffany glared over angrily before she replied, “Fine, I will trust you this one time. All that matters is whether Amelia will forgive you. You lost touch over the past two weeks, and that knucklehead Kurt never mentioned anything about you calling. From our perspective, you went missing for two weeks, and Amelia couldn’t eat well or sleep right because of that. She lost so much weight and her illness acted up. I accompanied her to the hospital two days ago, and the doctor said that she has depression. If this goes on, her body will not be able to heal well.”

Oscar was heartbroken as he asked, “Is she upstairs now?”

Tiffany shook her head.

“I asked someone to accompany her to the supermarket. They will probably be back soon,” answered Tiffany. She glared at Oscar in displeasure before complaining, “Oscar Clinton, please don’t go missing if you really care about Amelia. She only left the family home in a fit of anger, and that was only because you people condoned that murderer, Stephanie. All she wanted was a heartfelt apology from you guys. Seriously, you Clintons are too much. It’s been two weeks, but you never bothered calling or stopping by to visit Amelia or Tony. It was as if you guys fell off the face of the Earth, and you acted as if Amelia turned into a nobody once she left the compound. I knew it. Your entire family is just a bunch of rich brats who grew up with a silver spoon. I am so done with your kind.”

Oscar remained quiet.

Still, Tiffany was angry.

She warned, “Oscar Clinton, don’t blame me for being straightforward and harsh, but Amelia is a great woman, and she loves you. Please don’t take advantage of that love and hurt her recklessly. You were gone for two weeks, and she hadn’t been able to sleep or eat well this entire time. I would go at you with a blade if that act wouldn’t break her heart. Seriously, karma will come for you if you keep hurting her like this. The day will come when she falls out of love with you, and you will learn that what you lost is unconditional love. You would better buck up, or you will regret it.”

All Tiffany wanted was for Oscar to pay more attention to Amelia. He shouldn’t make this marriage look like a game to him.

Oscar frowned and was deep in thoughts.

“I will talk to Amelia in person about this, and I will explain everything,” promised Oscar in his deep voice.

Tiffany crossed her arms and gestured with her lips before saying, "The person you want to talk to is right behind you, so you better explain yourself well."

Oscar turned around and saw that Amelia was heading over with a middle-aged woman.

At first, the duo was chatting away cheerfully, but Amelia's smile slowly faltered when she saw Oscar there. She stopped walking when she was about three meters away from him.

Oscar approached Amelia. The middle-aged woman had no idea who he was, so she was quick to shield Amelia behind her. She asked, "Who are you?"

Oscar didn't bother looking at that woman. His anxious gaze was stuck on Amelia, who stood behind that woman.

"Amelia," murmured Oscar in a loving tone.

Amelia stared at him with a complex glow in her eyes. She told the middle-aged woman, "He is my husband. Please go ahead without me."

The middle-aged woman nodded before she picked up the bags and left.

Oscar walked toward Amelia, but she instinctively backed away.

Seeing her reaction got Oscar's gaze to take a sharp turn.

"Mr. Clinton finally shows up. Have you finally decided to get a divorce?" After two whole weeks of emotional turmoil, Amelia had gone from being disappointed, to heartbroken and now, she couldn't care less anymore. She would be heartbroken if Oscar wanted a divorce, but she wouldn't shamelessly hang on to a dead marriage either. She had loved him unconditionally for five years. If that wasn't enough to get him to care, even a little, then there was nothing else she could do.

Oscar's expression soured upon hearing that.

He walked over and pulled Amelia into his arms before complaining, "Who the hell said that I want a divorce? You are my wife! Who do you plan on remarrying if we get a divorce? I forbid you from even thinking about."

Amelia rested in his arms and relaxed in that familiar embrace and unique scent. She couldn't help tearing up a little, but she started struggling at the very next second. To her surprise, Oscar locked her in his arms.

He whispered into her ears, "I love you, Amelia. I kept calling you over the past two weeks, but you never picked up. I called Tiffany, too, but she didn't pick up either, so I dialed Kurt's number. He finally picked up and told me that you are fine. I didn't mean to wait so long, but something happened to Clinton Corporations on the day you ran away from home. Someone leaked crucial

information about a corporate collaboration and caused the share prices to drop drastically. My business partner was in Pillere, so I had to fly over. The only things I did over these past two weeks are hosting emergency meetings and missing you. I miss you so much. I was worried that you won't be able to take care of Tony and was terrified that you aren't healing well. Also, I worried that you'd overthink when I don't show up, and I am especially terrified of the idea that you may not love me anymore. All that anxiety had caused me to suffer from insomnia."

Slowly, Amelia stopped struggling. She tilted her head up and looked at Oscar. That was when she realized that he had lost a lot of weight, and his cheeks looked a little sunken. His beard was growing out as well, and those beautiful eyes had turned bloodshot. At that moment, Oscar was no longer the handsome man. He was a shadow of his former self and looked a little disheveled.

Amelia's eyes shone with heartbreak. She reached out to caress Oscar's face and asked, "Why didn't you tell me that the company was in hot waters?"

Oscar held her hand and interlaced his fingers with hers before he explained, "You haven't recovered yet, so I didn't want to worry you."

"I was worried because you disappeared for two weeks without telling me anything. I thought you didn't want to be with me anymore because you found me to be too childish. I was emotionally tormented, worrying that you would have the divorce papers with you when you finally showed up. We talked about divorce and discussed the division of assets earlier, but that was when you were in love with someone else. I have to accept that arrangement, even if I didn't want to. Things have since changed. You have just told me that you love me, and I don't think I can handle it if you suddenly ask for a divorce like that. It's been days since I last slept well."

Oscar kissed the back of her hand with a broken heart and apologized, "That is all my fault. Why would you think that I'd want a divorce, though? You are the woman I love, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. We have our entire lives ahead of us, so you're not allowed to think like that anymore, okay?"

Amelia nodded. She seemed sad about how much weight Oscar had lost, so she asked, "You seem to have lost a lot of weight. Did you not eat well?"

Oscar shrugged nonchalantly and replied, "It's nothing."

He thought about it for a while before he added, "I explained why I didn't show up over the past two weeks, but you should know that there is a reason why my parents never visited. Mom's illness acted up again, and she was hospitalized. She didn't want you to worry, so she didn't tell you about it. Please don't hold it against them for not visiting."

Amelia looked worried. She quickly asked, "Oh dear! How did that happen? Isn't she fine all this while? Why didn't you tell me about it? I am her daughter-in-law, so how can I not be there when she is sick? Others will assume that there is a conflict between us. No, that won't do. I'll go pack my things now, and we'll head home right away."

Oscar stopped the anxious Amelia and pulled her into his arms. He rested his forehead on hers and replied in an exasperated tone, "I knew that you would react this way. That's why I didn't tell you. You haven't fully recovered yet, and the doctor said that you can't get too agitated."

Amelia refuted, "You shouldn't keep things from me even if I have not recovered. I was angry at Mom for shielding your sister, but that is not an excuse to be disrespectful to my elderly. Mom is sick. It's only right that, as her daughter-in-law, I go back and take care of her."

Oscar felt warm. I knew I made the right decision. My wife is still as kind and as caring as she has always been. I was blind those five years and neglected her. We ended up wasting so much time.

What can I do to make up for all the years I've neglected you?

Oscar was about to talk to Amelia when a woman's voice interrupted them. The woman cleared her throat and said, "Guys, you're in public space, so maybe you should go somewhere else before you get all lovey-dovey? The ones who use this space are just mere mortal, and we can't withstand the suffocating love bubbles you throw at us."

Amelia got out of Oscar's arms. She seemed a little embarrassed when she turned to Tiffany, who had her arms crossed and was by the entrance. Amelia had just realized that she and Oscar had put on a dramatic show. Their audience included Tiffany and two guards, who were practically eating popcorn while watching the show.

Amelia couldn't help blushing. She rolled her eyes at Tiffany. Holding Oscar's hand, Amelia said, "Let's go."

Oscar let her hold his hand and lead him in. Tiffany, on the other hand, was teasing mercilessly and laughing aloud at the two of them.

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Chapter 223 Visiting

Olivia's illness prompted Amelia to let go of all the grudge and anger she held earlier. The latter asked Tiffany to babysit Tony, then got into Oscar's car to head over to the hospital. She even bought tons of fruits and supplements on the way over.

Even when they were in the car, Amelia asked nervously, "Oscar, do you think mom will be mad at me for being immature and not taking care of her when she is sick?"

Oscar freed up one hand to interlace his fingers with hers. "Don't worry. Mom has always liked you, and the only reason her illness acted up is that she feels like she

wronged you. She will let go of that guilt once you visit her, and I'm sure she will recover immediately after."

Amelia was still nervous anyway. She was worried that Olivia would be mad at her for leaving with Tony. Regardless of the situation, Olivia was her mother-in-law, and Amelia couldn't refute even if Olivia insisted on blaming her.

Oscar took another look at Amelia before commenting, "You and mom really are alike. Like you, she worried that you would blame her for Stephanie's matter. Overthinking is the reason she got ill again. Her heart has always been weak, and Mr. Lancaster had warned her multiple times that she shouldn't get agitated or overthink things. Stephanie's act truly infuriated mom this time, and I'm sure mom will recover faster once you visit her. Your visit will surely lift her mood."

Amelia forced herself to grin a little.

"Are you feeling better?"

Amelia changed the topic and asked, "You haven't slept well in days, Oscar. Are you sure you're okay? Should I drive instead?"

Oscar couldn't help grinning at that. He stared at Amelia and teased, "Oh, you're not calling me Mr. Clinton anymore? You have no idea how heartbroken I was that day when you took Tony away and called me Mr. Clinton. At the time, I wondered if you had truly decided to leave me. Now that I hear you calling my name again, I realized that my name is actually pleasing to the ears!"

Amelia couldn't resist rolling her eyes at him. She realized that after they professed their love to one another, Oscar's distant style was up and gone. He became talkative and loved teasing her. It was as if someone had unlocked the hidden feature of his tongue, and his words just flew out like bullets in a machine gun.

"Mr. Clinton, where is that cool style you used to have?"

Oscar put on a straight face and asked, "Do you not like the change?"

Change... That word hit a bull's eye in Amelia's heart. She instinctively turned to Oscar, and her lips curved into a smile.

She later tilted her head down a little to hide that smile. Her voice was a little annoyed when she reminded, "Oscar, in the future, you must inform me beforehand no matter when you go, even if we are having a fight. At least send me a text to tell me that. I don't want to have to ask others before I get to contact you or learn about your whereabouts."

Oscar took that seriously. He nodded and promised, "Okay. Also, I will have my people investigate why you can't receive my calls when I was overseas."

Amelia nodded slightly.

Oscar squeezed her hand and said, "Something like this will never happen again."

Amelia tilted her head down, but her lips were smiling. She looked happy and contented.

Oscar kept his eyes on the road. Reluctantly, he parted his lips to speak. "Amelia, the thing about Stephanie..."

The smile on Amelia's lips slowly faltered.

"When I first learned that she is the mastermind behind your accident, I thought about having her assassinated. It's just that she is my sister, and we have loved each other for over twenty years. Moreover, she is our parents' heart and soul. I simply couldn't get myself to hurt her. That was why I made things clear with her and cut her off. In a way, I had disowned her as my sister. I'm not sharing all this to excuse myself for my mistake. I just want you to know how much you mean to me."

Amelia couldn't help tearing up a little. Her tears slipped out of her eyes uncontrollably, and she secretly wiped them away with her hand.

She wasn't crying because she was sad. Those were tears of joy because she felt like those were the most romantic words she had ever heard.

"Thank you, Oscar." Thank you for admitting that you love me, and thank you for saying that you care more about me than you do your sister. Also, thank you for telling me that I am no longer an unimportant being in your life.

Oscar softly caressed Amelia's hand.

The two of them remained all lovey-dovey inside the car, and the journey that would normally take thirty minutes ended up taking an hour. In Oscar's defense, he simply wanted to spend a little more time with Amelia, for he had not seen her in two weeks. Hearing her sweet voice made him feel like his heart was about to melt.

He eventually found a parking spot and parked the car before he got the gifts they got for his mother out of the car. With the gifts in one hand and Amelia's hand in his other hand, he asked sweetly, "Amelia, are you still feeling any pain anywhere?"

"I'm fine. Dr. Kane said that my recovery is actually much faster than the average patient. He even claimed that I might be the only one who could get off the bed within two months," replied Amelia in a nonchalant tone. The truth was that she knew all too well that her body wasn't actually healing well. There were many times when her body ached all over as she slept at night, and her vision often turned blurry with no prior warning. She assumed those were just temporary issues caused by the accident, so she didn't pay much attention to it.

Oscar and Amelia got into the elevator, and while inside, Amelia couldn't help giggling and commenting, "Why are we always in Principal General Hospital? For

these past two months at least, I think we've spent more time in this hospital than we do in our apartment."

Oscar was holding Amelia's hand when he acted out of character by joking, "Just pretend we are here on a vacation, then."

Amelia rolled her eyes at him. I don't think anyone would ever regard a hospital as a tourist attraction.

Still, she was smart and didn't reply to him.

Oscar realized just how stupid his joke was.

He licked his lips a little before he tightened his hold on her hand. That surprised Amelia and prompted her to turn to him. She saw how his ears were red from embarrassment, and that got her to laugh aloud.

Oscar turned to her and saw her laughing. He couldn't help but smile at that.

"You..." complained Oscar in exasperation. His smile, however, suggested that he was happy and in love.

The two of them had just gotten out of the elevator when they saw Owen and Olivia walking sweetly together. Without the sparkly jewelry and branded clothing, the two of them seemed like an ordinary couple. Everyone would be jealous of the way Owen cared for Olivia.

Even in that state, no one would deny that Owen was a very successful man. He exuded the regal aura of a businessman, and despite being in his sixties, he was still handsome. It was likely that he could still flirt with women in their twenties and thirties, and it was possible that they would be willing to be his girlfriend. That was predictable because his aesthetic beauty and wealth were something many women craved. Hence, many were envious when they saw him being that sweet and caring toward Olivia. It was as if they were still in their honeymoon period.

Amelia was one of those envious women.

She had always been envious of how her in-laws were happy and in love, even after all those years. They were so in sync that no one could break them apart.

In her hospital gown, Olivia looked less regal than her usual self. The outfit also hid away parts of her incredible aura. Still, she looked kind and generous.

"Mom," greeted Amelia in an embarrassed yet respectful voice.

Olivia was delighted to see Amelia there. The former held Owen's hand and head over to the latter quickly. Olivia held Amelia's hand and asked, "Amelia, what brings you here?"

Amelia replied apologetically, "Oscar told me about your illness as soon as he got back from Pillere. I'm so sorry, Mom, for not visiting you sooner. I hope you're not mad at me for it."

Olivia shook her head and replied, "Silly girl, why would I be mad at you? I didn't want you to worry, and that is the only reason I banned Owen from telling you anything. Besides, we've already hired so many maids to tend to the family home, so it's no hassle to send someone over to take care of me. You, on the other hand, must have had it rough. It must be tiring to take care of Tony all by yourself. How are you?"

Amelia's felt warm and fuzzy over Olivia's remarks. It was unlikely for her to meet another mother-in-law like Olivia anywhere else. She is so understanding and lovely. I can't bring myself to be mad at her even if I want to.

"You're not mad at me anymore?" asked Olivia as she tapped softly on the back of Amelia's hand.

Amelia tilted her head down and confessed, "I was a little angry at the time, but I had time to think things through these past two weeks. I understand that it was difficult for you as well, so I'm no longer mad."

Olivia was delighted to hear that.

At that moment, Owen suggested, "Let's talk inside."

All four of them went into the room. Amelia got two apples out of the bag and offered, "Mom, let me peel an apple for you."

Olivia turned to Oscar and instructed, "Let Oscar do it."

Oscar took over peeling the apple. Olivia, on the other hand, led Amelia to sit down beside her. The former asked eagerly, "How are you feeling now? Are you recovering well? Tony is almost two months old. Is he causing a racket for you?"

"Oscar assigned a bodyguard for me, and Tony had taken a liking to the bodyguard. The baby would stop crying whenever that bodyguard carries him, and Tony seems a little attached to him," replied Amelia honestly.

"A bodyguard? What is his name?"

"It's Kurt, Mom. Do you know him?"

A revelation hit Olivia as she blurted, "He has been with Oscar for years. Back then, Owen was worried that his booming business would cause others to go after Oscar, so Owen got over ten bodyguards to protect Oscar. Every single one of them was a top-notch fighter, but Kurt was the one who impressed me most. He was only about fifteen years old, but his skills were so incredible that my jaw dropped. He could even walk on the wall! I am glad that he has been with Oscar for so many years, and he is the reason I don't worry as much about Oscar. I never

thought that Oscar would assign him to protect you. That proves just how much Oscar truly cares about you.”

Amelia didn't know how strong and important Kurt was until that very moment.

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Chapter 224 The Risk Of Pathological Changes

Olivia continued, “All about Kurt is good, except he is as quiet as a mouse and sometimes barely speaks for the whole day. Even so, he is undoubtedly a faithful person who will never betray you. Since he has been by Oscar's side for more than ten years, it implies that he's trustworthy, and you can count on him.”

In an instant, Amelia started to feel tense. “Mom, since Kurt has been by Oscar's side all these years, I feel it's better to let him remain by his side.”

“I'm worried that you will be at risk again after what happened lately. Thus, it's better to let him stay by your side instead, to secure your safety. Anyway, I don't think it's enough to have one bodyguard by your side. How about I request your dad to assign two more bodyguards for you?” Olivia suggested eagerly.

Amelia shook her head and tried to convince her, “Mom, it's alright. After all, I'm always at home and seldom step out. Thus, it will be really boring for them to be by my side all the time. Oh! they will only end up watching paint dry. What a pity!”

Olivia could not help but feel amused and burst into laughter.

Right that instant, Oscar approached them with a plate of cut apples. He raised his brows and asked inquisitively, “Mom, what did Amelia tell you? You are laughing to tears!”

Olivia cupped her mouth to stifle her laughter before replying casually, “It's just a joke. By the way, Oscar, you assigned Kurt to protect Amelia, didn't you?”

Oscar nodded at her precise guess.

Olivia smiled and complimented, “You've made the right decision. Ah! I should have thought about this earlier. Kurt is mature and reliable. He has been by your side all these years and is able to act swiftly during emergencies. Thus, I'm relieved to have him by Amelia's side.”

Oscar gave Olivia and Amelia a slice of apple each and switched the topic. “Mom, how are you feeling now? If I'm not mistaken, Dad mentioned that you should be discharged after a few days. Why are you still here after two weeks?”

“It's nothing serious. But both your dad and Robert insist that I should stay here longer for monitoring. Moreover, they are worried that I can't take it if anything

triggers my agitation again. Anyway, they are overreacting. Robert just told me that I will be discharged two days later.” Olivia smiled placidly.

Upon hearing her words, Amelia apologized to her guiltily, “Mom, I’m sorry. It’s all because of my willfulness.”

“Don’t blame yourself. After leading a cozy lifestyle and being pampered under a stress-free environment all these years, I’m just too vulnerable. On top of that, I always tend to forget that I’m already an old lady and shouldn’t be overreactive,” Olivia consoled her jokingly.

She paused and continued, “Oscar, get your dad to double confirm with Robert whether I can be discharged. I’m getting bored staying here all this while. My goodness! Do you know how many calls we have received from friends and relatives? All of them can’t wait to drop by and visit me. Fortunately, I asked your dad not to let any of them come. If not, I bet the wall of this room will collapse if all of them were here!

”

This round, Olivia’s sense of humor caused Amelia to burst into giggles.

After a while, Oscar left the ward with Owen. While in the car, he took the opportunity to brief Owen on his findings regarding the issue of the previous contract leakage. “Dad, I have assigned people to investigate the contract leakage issue, and the clues lead to Grand Vision Corporation, one of our greatest competitors throughout these years. I had actually tried to investigate the corporation previously, yet I could hardly obtain any information about them. Somehow, I have a feeling that they have something to do with the contract leakage. Hence, I assigned people to have a thorough investigation on them again these few days. To our surprise, we find out that the Adertons is one of their major shareholders.”

In a split second, Owen wore a serious face as he enunciated, “The Adertons?” He had come across the family name before. It was a prestigious family overseas which was widely involved in various fields, such as cosmetics, paper-making, entertainment, film and television, electronic products as well as others. They had franchises worldwide, yet there was none in Chanaea so far. Are they intending to set up a franchise in Chanaea by striking against Clinton Corporations?

Owen’s face turned grim as his mind drifted into contemplation.

Even if Grand Vision Corporation was developing significantly within these few years, it was almost impossible for them to penetrate the domestic market under the dominance of the fabled Clinton Corporations. Grand Vision Corporation should have thought twice before they leaped if they intended to strengthen their business reputation. They should establish a collaborative relationship with Clinton Corporations instead of landing themselves in deep water by provoking the leading corporation. Once Clinton Corporation had dirt on them, they would surely retaliate with a deadly strike, resulting in a perfect storm for Grand Vision Corporation. In other words, no matter how powerful and deep-pocketed the

Adertons were, they would never be comparable to such a prestigious and majestic pioneer in the domestic market.

Owen knitted his brows and asked doubtfully, "Have you found out why they are provoking Clinton Corporations? After all, Clinton Corporations has never really crossed paths with them before. By right, they should not do so recklessly."

"June turns out to be the heir of The Adertons. What's more, Cassie was ever in a relationship with him when she was still in Erihal. She requested to break up with him just a few days before she was back in Chanaea. Unexpectedly, he followed her back all the way from Erihal," Oscar explained.

Owen glanced subtly at Oscar, and was surprised at his nonchalance. He asked tactfully, "Do you mean he is avenging Cassie by provoking you?"

Oscar nodded and replied, "There's a possibility for this."

Owen's frown deepened into a scowl. "If this guy by the name of June acted impulsively just because of a woman, there's nothing to fear about him. I bet he's just a good-for-nothing and impetuous fellow. Sooner a later, he will become the culprit who causes the fall of such a prominent family."

Nonetheless, Oscar shook his head and said, "Dad, I don't think so. My gut instinct told me that he is trying to verify if Clinton Corporations is as mighty as described by others. Anyway, I'm planning to pay him back in his coin by assigning people to gather all the information about Grand Vision Corporation. By then, they will have a great surprise from me and be regretful of thinking too highly of themselves. They should not have underestimated Clinton Corporations, as it did not emerge as the leading corporation in Chanaea out of the blue."

Owen patted him on the shoulder with relief. "Well said! Oscar, you are competent and can take charge of the whole Clinton Corporations without me now. In fact, I have never doubted your capability. Anyway, it is undeniable that I had made a wrong judgment previously. I used to think that Cassie is the most ideal candidate as your spouse. It is out of my expectation that she is not as innocent as she seems to be. Since we are close friends with the Yards, I was convinced that she was a virtuous young lady. Yet, I was speechless the moment I knew about how she had treated you five years ago. I shouldn't have judged the book by its cover. Your mom is apparently more observant and has a sharper sense than me on this."

Oscar remained silent as a wave of mixed emotions welled up from within him.

Owen patted his shoulder again and added, "I admit that I had a prejudice against Amelia previously. Nevertheless, I see things differently now ever since my adorable grandson was born. I sense that you have fallen for her as well. On top of that, she is a thoughtful and filial daughter-in-law. For certain people, it might be just wishful thinking to come across the love of their life. You are really blessed to have such a loving wife. Thus, I hope you will be firm from now onwards, cherish her and treat her well. I still look forward to the arrival of my second grandchild."

Oscar's lips curved into a smile. Owen's words really brightened up his day.

Later, both of them headed for Robert's office together. The latter welcomed them with open arms as usual. He patted Oscar's arm and asked in great concern, "I heard from your dad that you went to Pillere earlier to settle some issues for the company. You must be really tied up all this while. Is everything settled and on the right track now?"

Oscar nodded and replied courteously, "Mr. Lancaster, thanks for your concern. You are right, I'm really busy lately. Even so, I'm thankful that the issues are resolved."

"I'm glad to hear that. Take a seat." Robert gestured to them and pointed at the sofa next to him.

After all of them were seated on the sofa, Robert said solemnly, "I was actually planning to ask you to come over. There are things that I need to tell you in advance. Olivia's current condition is quite worrying. I hope you will be prepared for the worst."

Owen and Oscar's hearts thumped in an instant. At the peak of anxiety, they both had their hands interlocked simultaneously. Owen pursed his lips and could not utter any words.

After quite a while, he asked apprehensively, "Robert, what's the matter with Olivia? You mentioned earlier that her condition is fine, didn't you?"

Robert waved and tried to calm Owen down. "Owen, cool down. I just want you to be prepared emotionally. But in actual fact, the condition is not as bad as how you think."

Owen's anxiety was not eased by his words at all. "Robert, just be frank with us on her condition. We are getting tenser when you are beating around the bush."

Robert cleared his throat and said, "We spotted a small area of black dots on Olivia's heart."

Both Owen and Oscar's faces fell upon hearing his words.

"Robert, what do you mean?" Owen's voice started to quiver.

"Calm down first. At the moment, we are still uncertain if these black dots will spread. If they spread, it might cause heart failure. I'm sure you know what heart failure is, right? Fortunately, we managed to trace it at an early stage. As long as she undergoes the treatment earlier, there is a high percentage of about ninety-five percent that it can be cured. These are so-called the worst scenario that I foresee. Anyway, we can't jump into a conclusion now before her medical report is out."

“Robert, Olivia has been hospitalized for half a month; yet, you are still telling me that we are pending her medical report? You mentioned before that there is nothing wrong with her health, didn’t you?”

Robert waved his hands again and tried to calm Owen down. “Owen, stay calm. Nobody can predict Olivia’s condition now. Even so, I’m convinced that there is a high possibility to get it cured since we discover about it at an early stage. Don’t worry and stay hopeful. Olivia is also my old friend. No matter what, I will leave no stones unturned to cure her.”

Upon hearing his words, Owen managed to cool his head off a bit.

“Robert, no matter what, please keep it from Olivia when the medical report is out. You know her. She’s the typical type of demure and dignified woman. Thus, I’m worried that she can’t take it and will have an emotional breakdown.” Owen furrowed his brows again.

Robert pondered for a while and commented, “No matter what, I think it’s better not to keep mum from her. After all, she’s already over sixty years old and has gone through ups and downs in life. I’m sure she has stronger resilience than how we think and can accept anything. Trust me. She will be able to cope with it.”

Owen did not utter any words. By the time he left Robert’s room with Oscar, there was still not the slightest bit of change in his countenance.

“Dad, try to cheer up. If not, Mom will surely be worried and start to make wild guesses again.” Oscar tried to coax him.

Owen let out a deep sigh; yet, he remained silent. Pin-drop silence ensued in the car on their way back to the hospital.

Upon entering the ward, Owen patted his cheeks and reminded himself to put on a cheerful smile. He tried his best to bottle up the feelings to himself.

Once they entered the ward, Olivia asked curiously, “What took both of you such a long time?”

Owen smiled and replied gently, “Robert bought a new set of chess and insisted on having a game with me.”

Olivia asked jokingly, “Could it be there’s something wrong with me?”

“What are you talking about? You are as fit as a fiddle now,” Owen refuted.

Amelia also chimed in, “Mom, I’m sure that you are going to live a long and prosperous life till Tony grows up. Then, you have to help assess his future wife as well. Ah! I’d better urge Tony to get married earlier, so you get to hold your great-grandchild!”

Olivia burst out laughing heartily at her words.

“Still, Amelia is the one who knows me the best. I’m never short of anything, and I’m blessed for leading a prosperous life all these years. By right, I shouldn’t be feeling wistful. Even so, I tend to have wishful thinking ever since Tony was born. I yearn to live a longer life, so I’m able to see him grow up, get married, and have his own child. By then, I won’t request anything else as my life ends on a happy note.”

Amelia smiled as she buoyed Olivia up with confidence. “Mom, I believe you will!”

In the meantime, both Owen and Oscar were feeling down in the dumps.

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Chapter 225 Dispelling Former Hatred

Olivia’s health screening turned out fine. Although there were black spots on her heart, it was not malignant and would not spread. She had a weak heart since young and would feel pain whenever she was too agitated. Furthermore, Stephanie angered her recently and made her worry. As a result, her health worsened. Therefore, Robert advised her to rest and avoid stress.

Owen nodded in response to the advice.

After that, Robert turned to Amelia and said, “Amelia, your injuries have recovered, but if you noticed anything unusual about your sight, you must come back for a check-up. Don’t ignore it, okay?”

Amelia looked at Robert with a puzzled expression. Recently, her eyesight sometimes turned blurry for a moment and returned to normal soon after. She didn’t think much about it and only remembered now after hearing Robert’s advice.

It turned out that the accident might have affected her eyesight.

“Mr. Lancaster, is something wrong with my eyesight?” Amelia asked.

Robert smiled and said, “There’s no problem, Amelia. Don’t worry about it. I’m just concerned whether you have any after-effects from the accident. That’s why I ask you to take note if there’s anything.”

Amelia was still a little worried.

Oscar wrapped his arm around her and said, “Mr. Lancaster, I will take note of that and bring her back for a check-up.”

Robert smiled and said, “It’s wonderful that Amelia can recover in such a short time. However, she mustn’t do any heavy work. Otherwise, her body could not take it.”

"Don't worry, Mr. Lancaster. We have maids at home. She will never have to lift a finger," Oscar said.

After exchanging a few more words, Oscar brought Amelia, Olivia, and Owen to the car.

Olivia asked the chauffeur to bring them to Tiffany's neighborhood.

On the way, Amelia called Tiffany so that she had time to prepare dinner.

After hanging up, Olivia said, "There's no need to trouble Tiffany. You have troubled her enough by staying at her place. Although you are good friends, it's not good to bother her too much."

Amelia smiled and said, "Mom, it's all right. Tiff and I have been friends for many years. If I didn't marry Oscar, we would have been living together. Furthermore, she loves Tony very much and likes to carry him and he also gets along with her. She and Kurt always hug and play with him. I, on the other hand, rarely get to hug my child."

Olivia said pensively, "I haven't seen Tony for half a month. I wonder if he can recognize me."

"Mom, you love him so much. There's no way that he can't recognize you," Amelia said.

The mood in the car was warm and peaceful.

Half an hour later, the car arrived at Tiffany's neighborhood.

Before getting out of the car, Olivia said, "Norton, you can drive the car back. I heard that your son caught pneumonia. You can have a five-day leave to go home and spend time with him."

Norton said gratefully, "Mrs. Clinton, thank you."

"Don't worry about it. You've worked for our family for many years and served us well. In the future, you should let me or the butler know if you have any difficulties. We can understand," Olivia said.

Norton thanked her again.

Amelia held Olivia's arm and got out of the car. Then, the four of them took the lift upstairs. However, before they even pressed the doorbell, Tiffany opened the door. She curtsied and said mischievously, "Welcome, Your Majesty."

Olivia could not help herself but laugh.

Tiffany laughed too and hugged Olivia warmly. "Mrs. Clinton, I came up with this to welcome you. Do you like it?"

Mrs. Clinton was amused and liked Tiffany even more.

Even though Stephanie caused strife between them half a year ago, Tiffany did not take it to heart. She was rather mature and understanding.

"Tiffany, thank you," Olivia said.

Tiffany held Olivia's hand, led her in, and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Clinton, please come in. When Amelia called, I had just come back from grocery shopping. Later, Martha and I will cook dinner. I assure you that dinner will be ready in a couple of hours."

Olivia smiled and said, "Take your time. It's only 5 p.m. I'll go and see Tony."

Kurt came out with Anthony in his arms. Oscar's mouth twitched unwittingly upon Kurt's gentle demeanor. It was completely different from his past image.

"Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton, Boss," Kurt greeted with a serious expression.

Tiffany pointed at Kurt and said, "Mrs. Clinton, this straight-laced man is the bodyguard Oscar assigned to protect Amelia. Do you know about this?"

Olivia laughed at Tiffany's introduction.

Tiffany then received Anthony from Kurt and passed him to Olivia.

Olivia felt her heart melting as she saw Anthony looking at her with his large round eyes.

"Tony, my darling grandson. I'm your grandmother. Do you remember me?" Olivia hugged Anthony and refused to let him go. Owen also stood closer and looked at him lovingly. Oscar was in Pillere for half a month and missed Anthony too. After all, Anthony was his first child. During Amelia's hospitalization, he was unable to spend much time with Anthony. Other than taking care of Amelia, he had to deal with urgent documents. Anthony was always asleep by the time Oscar returned home to see him.

Therefore, Oscar also stood closer to look at Anthony. "Mom, let me hug him for a while."

Olivia gladly passed Anthony to him. Initially, Oscar was a little at a loss about what to do. Still, he hugged him securely. Unfortunately, Anthony was uncooperative and began to cry in his arms.

Oscar looked at Amelia helplessly. Meanwhile, Olivia's heart ached to see Anthony cry, so she quickly took him from Oscar. However, Anthony continued to cry in her arms. Olivia was a little flustered and kept cooing at him to calm him.

Nevertheless, Anthony kept crying. He was a docile newborn half a month ago. But now, Anthony would wail non-stop. He would start crying whenever something did not go his way and when someone unfamiliar hugged him.

Olivia asked in distress, "Is he hungry?"

Tiffany turned to Kurt and said, "Kurt, can you come over. I'll leave Tony to you."

Kurt went to Olivia and said, "Mrs. Clinton, please give him to me."

Olivia had no choice but to hand Anthony over to Kurt.

Then, a miracle happened. The moment Kurt carried Anthony, he stopped crying. Both Olivia and Oscar were a little jealous of Kurt.

Oscar began to think that sending Kurt to protect Amelia was a mistake.

Tiffany patted Kurt's back and said, "Good job, nanny!"

Then, she turned to Olivia and said, "Mrs. Clinton, in this past half month, Tony seems to like Kurt the best. Amelia and I both lost to him. I think he recognizes Kurt as his caregiver since Kurt sleeps with him at night and feeds him milk. Kurt is now his dedicated nanny. He does not seem like a bodyguard at all."

After a pause, Tiffany said daringly, "Compared to Oscar, the actual father, Kurt is much competent in taking care of Tony."

Olivia glanced at Oscar.

A brief flash of anger appeared in Oscar's eyes, and he turned a little sullen.

Amelia glared at Tiffany, indicating her to stop fooling around.

"Mom, Dad, please sit and rest. I'll ask Martha to make some tea. Let's have dinner here before returning." Amelia tried to switch the topic of conversation.

Olivia and Owen sat down. Meanwhile, Oscar went to Amelia and said, "Which one is your room? I'll help you to pack up. Both you and Tony should move back home tonight. I can't sleep without you."

Amelia had no plans to move return with Oscar tonight. Although she had forgiven Olivia and the others, she still disliked the Clinton residence. It may have something to do with what happened between her and Stephanie.

What Stephanie did frightened and disgusted her. The fact that Stephanie was willing to harm her unborn nephew made her inhuman and worse than a beast.

Those who are willing to harm children do not have a conscience. Children are innocent. How can anyone bear to hurt them?

Stephanie must be evil. I don't believe that it was a lapse of judgment on her part. I can never see her as my sister-in-law.

People always found excuses for hating someone. Although Amelia rarely hated anyone, Stephanie disgusted her.

"If you don't want to return to the Clinton residence, we can return to our apartment. It's near Clinton Corporations, so it's convenient for me to go to work," Oscar said.

Amelia glanced at Olivia.

Olivia met her gaze and said calmly, "It's fine if you prefer to return to the apartment. When I'm free, I will stay with you in the apartment for a few days. Young people should have their personal space. So I won't force you."

Since Olivia said that, it would seem unreasonable if Amelia refused to return.

Amelia considered for a moment and said, "Let's go back to the Clinton residence. There are many maids there, so they can help us to look after Tony. Most importantly, Mom and Dad can see him any time.

Oscar couldn't help but smile and brightened up.

Olivia smiled too.

Tiffany glanced at Amelia but did not say anything. After all, she was not a family member, so it was not her place to say anything.

Therefore, she sought to change the topic of conversation. "Amelia, you should sit down with Mrs. Clinton. I'll prepare dinner with Martha. Dinner shall be ready soon."

"Let me help you," Amelia said and stood up.

"No, it's all right. You can stay to chat with Mrs. Clinton. You might get in our way in the kitchen. Only Martha and I should work in the kitchen so that dinner will be ready faster," Tiffany said.