

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 241

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Chapter 241 The Walker Family

Oscar took Stephanie along and headed back to the Clinton residence. Getting the car parked, he turned to look at her, who had already fallen asleep at the back seat. "We've reached. Wake up now."

Stephanie pulled herself up, tidied her creased dress, and exhaustedly said, "We've reached?"

Oscar glanced at her and replied, "Don't expose yourself after getting down the car."

Stephanie nodded.

She did not look too well, and even thick makeup could not cover her pale complexion. Besides, her voice sounded somewhat weak since her whole body was aching so badly.

Getting out of the car, Oscar could not help but reprimand Stephanie after seeing her still looking extremely lethargic. "Get yourself together!"

Stephanie did not dare to go against him again.

Olivia was carrying onto Tony and chatting with Owen when the siblings stepped foot into the living room. Upon seeing them, Olivia hurriedly said, "You're back? Perfect timing. The Walker family will be here soon." She then waved to Stephanie and continued, "Stephanie, come over here. I want to talk to you."

Pretending like she was perfectly normal, Stephanie straightened her back, walked over, and chose a spot quite near to Olivia to sit down. "Mom, what is it?"

The observant Olivia cast her a glance and questioned, "What's wrong with you? You don't look too good."

Instinctively, Stephanie looked at Oscar and answered in fear, "I'm fine, Mom. There's nothing wrong with me. I'm just hungry and thinking about what dishes the cook will be preparing today."

Olivia was not convinced and shot a glance at Oscar as she whispered, "Are you two in a conflict?"

Stephanie shook her head. "Mom, I'm fine. Don't overthink. Oh yeah, I heard from Oscar that you're finding me a partner. Who's that? You know I've very high expectations; I won't be interested if he's not handsome or rich. Don't blame me for showing him attitude later."

Olivia smiled. As she was cajoling Tony in her arms, she said, "You don't have to worry about that. You've seen Noah before. You guys used to be playmates but got separated because his family migrated to Anglandur. They've returned two days ago, and Mr. Walker mentioned that Noah has intentions to advance his career here. I thought it'd be great to introduce this fine young man to you, so please behave and put on your best performance later. You got it?"

Even though Stephanie put on a smile and looked like an obedient daughter, her mind had long wandered far away. There was no reason for her to get acquainted with good-looking guys through matchmaking at that point in time. Therefore, she had no intention of knowing who Noah was, and neither was she interested in getting to know him. All she wanted was to lie on her bed since she was aching all over.

Oscar's brutal punishment methods were the cause of her pain. Every step she took felt so arduous, and the pain was so immense that she could feel it in every inch of her body.

"Mom, where's Amelia?" Oscar placed his hands on his hips and finally asked.

Olivia wriggled her lips in the direction of the kitchen and smiled. "I thought you'll be able to hold it in longer. It seems like you've failed within a few seconds."

Speaking of the devil, Amelia walked out of the kitchen with a plate of fresh fruits in her hands. Upon seeing Oscar, she could not help but lift the corners of her lips into a smile. But that immediately faded when she saw Stephanie on the couch.

Heading over and putting the plate of fruits on the table, she then said to Oscar, "You're back."

Oscar nodded in response.

Stephanie stood up from the couch and respectfully said, "Hi, Amelia."

Taken aback by her attitude, Amelia looked at her with caution while wondering what tricks she had up her sleeves this time.

Stephanie pointed to the space on the couch and continued, "Amelia, take a seat here. You must be tired after the whole day. Let me give you a massage."

Amelia warily took a step back. If Owen or Olivia were not present at the scene, she would definitely have asked Stephanie why she was acting so strangely.

"Amelia, have a seat. I'll get you some cut apples." Stephanie's warm gesture certainly freaked Amelia out.

She once got led on because of how unpredictable Stephanie was. If she got fooled again while she had her guard up against her, that would mean she was not just innocent but plain dumb.

Similarly, Olivia found Stephanie's behavior extremely odd. "Stephanie, what are you doing? Behave yourself. You're scaring Amelia."

Hearing that, Stephanie took another glance at Oscar, only to find him looking very grim. That instantly sent a chill down her spine, and she obediently put the apple back onto the plate and giggled. "Mom, I just thought I was in the wrong previously, so I wanted to show my best self in front of Amelia to let her know that I've truly repented and that was not just some words."

That only raised Olivia's suspicions. She then found Oscar walking over to sit beside Amelia, while Stephanie hastily avoided, terrified.

Olivia curiously asked, "Oscar, have you been picking on your sister?"

Oscar said nothing and instead gave Stephanie a threatening look. The latter then immediately muttered, "Oscar treats me very well, Mom. I suddenly feel like feeding you an apple slice. Here, try one and see if it's sweet."

She then stuffed a slice into Olivia's mouth. Seeing that, Owen frowned and reprimanded, "Stephanie, what exactly are you doing?"

Petrified, Stephanie froze in the spot. Sneaking a peek at Oscar only made her more frantic than before.

When Oscar faked a few coughs, Stephanie immediately reacted like a robot receiving the signals. "Mom, are you alright? I didn't do that on purpose. Come, drink some water. I mean no harm; I purely wanted to let you try if the apples are sweet enough."

Olivia snatched the glass of water from her hand and pointed at the sofa on the opposite side. "Stephanie, sit down."

Stephanie immediately sat down upon hearing her mother's instructions.

"What exactly is wrong with you, Stephanie? I've observed you for a while, and you seem to be out of sorts. Tell me honestly. Did anyone bully you when your dad and I weren't around?"

Stephanie shook her head at once.

But her immediate response only proved that something was definitely off.

Olivia quietly glanced at the composed Oscar and said, "Tell me honestly, Stephanie. Are you and Oscar in a conflict? Something feels amiss ever since the two of you came in. Did Oscar do something mean to you?"

As much as Stephanie wanted to be upfront, she did not dare to. She was clear who had the final say in the household. Even though Olivia looked like she held the authority, Oscar was the person in power. As long as Oscar wanted to teach someone a lesson, no one, including his parents, would be able to stop him.

Being a willful lady, Stephanie was, nevertheless, not a fool. Especially after getting punished mercilessly by Oscar twice, if she still refused to shut herself up from spouting nonsense, Oscar's threats of sending her to the drug dealers might really materialize.

She wanted to survive, so she did not dare to take any gamble.

"That'll never happen, Mom. It's just that I've thought it through. I feel bad that I've only been busy having fun and never spare time for you and Dad, so I wanted to make it up to the both of you. But I can't believe you thought I was weird for being nice to you. I'm really disappointed, to be honest."

At this point, Olivia was still skeptical.

Owen then chimed in, "Since Stephanie has finally learned to be sensible, you should stop being doubtful of her anymore."

"We're glad that you're thinking that way. Just don't be so touchy in the future." Olivia finally bought the story and smiled.

"I got it, Mom," Stephanie politely replied.

Then, Olivia turned to Amelia, and just as she was about to say something, a young servant walked in from outside and said, "Mrs. Clinton, the Walker family is here."

Owen and Olivia got up together, and the latter smiled as she said, "They're here, finally. Perfect time for dinner."

Oscar then put his arms around Amelia to support her up.

There came five people from the Walker family. Besides Matthew and Carol, there were also a young man and two ladies. The man, clad in a smart-casual outfit and seemingly in his late twenties, had a faint smile on his face. He also had a pair of glasses on, making him look like a mature gentleman. The fine-looking ladies, on the other hand, seemed to be in their mid-twenties, stylishly dressed. The taller one was gorgeous, while the petite one looked pure and cute. On one look, anyone could tell they were siblings with the resemblance they shared. As for Matthew and Carol, they carried the vibes of being cultured and well-educated. The family of five gave others a pretty good first impression.

Owen and Olivia went up and warmly greeted, "You are finally here, Matthew."

"There's a bit of traffic on the way, so we're slightly late," Matthew replied.

Olivia smiled. "You guys arrived just in time for dinner."

Matthew and Carol merely smiled.

Pulling the two young ladies over, Carol said, "Olivia, these are my daughters. The elder one is Isabella, and the younger one is Rachel."

Taking a look at them, Olivia was nothing but full of praises. "So they're Isabella and Rachel? They're indeed fine-looking and so gorgeous, unlike Stephanie."

Isabella and Rachel were those types of ladies who would win the elders' favor. After they each affably left a peck on Olivia's cheeks, the two said in unison, "Mrs. Clinton, you're prettier and more amiable in person than how Mom describes you to be. We love you so much."

Olivia beamed in delight hearing their compliments.

The two families then continued to introduce their children to each other.

When introducing Amelia, Noah instinctively took a second glance at her, though he politely averted his gaze after that. On the contrary, he was more focused on Stephanie, albeit a pity that the latter was not in good condition then and looked exhausted and dispirited while keeping alert against Oscar.

Olivia prodded Stephanie to signal her to restrain herself. After all, it was not pleasant to be showing attitude to the Walker family, who were their guests.

Enduring the pain, Stephanie had been in annoyance since long ago. Had it not been for Oscar's presence, she definitely would have stopped putting on a fake front and returned to her room.

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Chapter 242 As If His Heart Has Stopped Beating

The Clinton family and the Walker family sat around the dining table. The maids served the food quickly, and in a matter of minutes, the large dining table was laden with a myriad of dishes. There were all kinds of delicacies one could wish for, and everything looked simply mouth-watering.

Olivia smiled as she said, "I was a little short of time, so I didn't prepare anything too fancy. I also wasn't sure if you'd be used to the local cuisine since you've just returned from Anglandur, so I had them prepare a variety of different cuisines. Try it and see whether they are to your liking."

Carol looked at the sumptuous spread with a delighted smile. "Olivia, you're so thoughtful. There's so much food here that it's almost like a royal feast!"

"We're okay with anything, Mrs. Clinton. Mom usually asks our maids to prepare local cuisine since we much prefer it over other cuisines," Isabella added sweetly.

Olivia's smile widened when she heard that. "That's good then. I was afraid that you wouldn't be used to it."

The atmosphere around the dining table was quite pleasant. Isabella and Rachel were both stylish, gorgeous, and confident women. They also knew how to liven up the mood on the table. Although it was clear that Isabella had taken an interest in Oscar, she probably considered Amelia's feelings as his wife and did not ask any inappropriate questions.

"Mrs. Clinton, I heard that Clinton Corporations is now fully under Oscar's management. Is that true?" Isabella asked in a seemingly casual tone as she drank her soup.

As soon as Isabella asked that, Amelia glanced at her subconsciously, but she remained silent.

As for Oscar, he did not take a single look at Isabella. Instead, he doted on Amelia by placing more food on Amelia's plate like a good husband. "Do you want some salmon? Shall I take some for you?" he asked lovingly, acting as if they were the only ones in the room.

Amelia shot him a glance and replied softly, "Oscar, we have company." It was a hint to him that now was not the time to display affection. After all, the Walker family was Olivia's guest, so it would be rather inappropriate to show their affection publicly.

Oscar merely placed some salmon on Amelia's plate and continued eating calmly, oblivious that everyone was staring at him.

Olivia was also staring at them and seemed to have forgotten to answer Isabella's question.

When she returned to her senses, she said apologetically, "That's how the both of them usually are. Amelia was in a car accident a while ago, and she and my grandson went through a lot before their conditions stabilized. Even so, she still hasn't fully recovered yet. That incident gave Oscar a dreadful fright, which is why he's so attentive. Owen and I have had to put up with their lovey-dovey behavior, but at the same time, it makes us feel at ease to see them getting along so well."

Carol merely smiled.

Meanwhile, a strange look flickered in Isabella's eyes, but it quickly disappeared. "Mrs. Clinton is truly blessed. Oscar is clearly a grounded and mature man, while Amelia is a beauty. They look like the perfect couple, and they're so loving. It makes me want to date someone seriously too," she said with a sweet smile.

Olivia replied in an adoring tone, "Doesn't someone as gorgeous as you have a boyfriend?"

The meal was supposed to be an opportunity for Stephanie and Noah to get to know each other better. However, Isabella had now taken center stage with Stephanie relegated to the wings.

Nonetheless, Stephanie merely looked at Isabella indifferently. Usually, she would have despised the person who robbed her of the limelight. But since she was in pain all over, she did not have much of a reaction. What mattered to her most at the moment was her health.

Carol piped up, "She's a picky one. She doesn't care about finding a good match in terms of social status or background, but she insists on finding a soulmate. She thinks that that way, they'll be on the same wavelength and see eye to eye on a lot of things. What do you have to say about that? Do you think it makes sense?"

Olivia smiled. "I agree with her, but it isn't easy to find a soulmate, and blindly pursuing that ideal would be quite unrealistic."

Isabella merely smiled.

After taking another mouthful of soup, she directed the conversation back to Oscar and Amelia. "From their close relationship, I can tell that they must be head over heels in love with each other. Moreover, they're also a good match in terms of looks. Just looking at them together makes one envious."

Oscar finally raised his head to look at her, sizing her up.

He was a good judge of character, and he did not like the overly friendly lady he saw. He admired those who were independent, mesmerizing, sexy, and knew how to use their feminine charm without going overboard. Meanwhile, he did not care for those who were too bold and came on too strongly.

Sensing that Oscar disliked her, Isabella cleverly steered the conversation in a different direction. "Noah, you kept mentioning Stephanie's name on the way here, but why aren't you saying anything to her now that she's right here?"

Noah smiled politely and replied, "The last time I saw Stephanie was twenty years ago. She has grown up to be such a pretty young lady. I could barely recognize her, so I dare not speak presumptuously."

Pleased with his eloquence and politeness, Olivia's admiration of him increased, and she became even more willing to set him up with Stephanie.

"Stephanie, don't just keep eating. Why don't you chat with Noah? You used to play together when you were little. Back then, you even chased after him and shouted that you wanted to be his wife," Olivia said, deliberately bringing up the past.

However, it only frustrated Stephanie since she did not have any feelings for Noah. She preferred men who exuded an aura of masculinity and aggression like Oscar, and one look at Noah told her that he was too much of a gentleman. There was no way that he could be a match for her.

Nonetheless, with their parents around, she could only say politely, "Mom, I've almost forgotten everything that happened when I was little. Noah and I haven't met in twenty years, so I can barely remember that I once played with someone as outstanding as him."

"It doesn't matter if you've forgotten as long as you remember it now. Noah just returned to the country, so everything probably seems quite unfamiliar. Why don't you show him around tomorrow? Since you're close in age, you should have plenty to talk about," Olivia suggested.

Anger flashed in Stephanie's eyes, but when she saw Oscar looking in her direction, she instinctively put a smile on her face. The blunt refusal died on her lips, only to be replaced with, "Sure, I'd love to. I'm just not sure whether Noah would allow me that honor."

Noah replied softly, "I'd be more than willing to accept that offer."

Carol smiled. "That's settled then. You young people should go out and have fun. Noah, don't bully Stephanie just because she's younger than you. Remember that you should be chivalrous, and don't frighten her away."

Noah nodded.

All in all, it was a rather enjoyable meal.

Stephanie got up from the table as soon as they finished eating. "I caught a cold last night. My head is aching slightly, so I think I'll go upstairs and rest," she said, coming up with an excuse.

Noticing her pale face, Olivia recalled that she had not eaten much earlier and started to worry. "Are you feeling okay? Do you want me to get Mr. Lancaster to come and check on you?"

If Mr. Lancaster comes, everyone will find out, and Oscar will probably think of a way to punish me.

To her, Oscar was just like a savage tiger who devoured people, and she was like a rabbit that could not escape its clutches. She could only obey obediently, and there was no way for her to fight back.

Stephanie refused immediately. "That's all right. It's only a headache. I'll get the maid to get some painkillers for me."

"Okay. Go and rest then," said Olivia.

Stephanie nodded, then went upstairs without a backward glance.

Olivia turned to the others and explained, "It really does seem like she's not feeling well since she's usually much more active. Noah, don't blame her for not showing much enthusiasm. She just isn't herself today."

Noah shook his head. "That's quite all right. I did notice that she didn't look too well. Why don't I boil a herbal drink for her tomorrow? It works wonders for headaches."

Olivia was very happy to hear that. "That would be great. I'm sorry to have to trouble you."

Carol quickly said, "Don't be deceived by his looks. He's the best cook in our family. If we hadn't asked him to manage the company, he would've become a top chef. Although being a chef doesn't befit someone of his status, I can't deny that his cooking is really delicious, and I'm not bragging about it out of motherly love."

Olivia's eyes lit up. "Really, there are not many men who know how to cook nowadays. It'd be a challenge to find one out of ten people. Someone like him who's handsome, wealthy, graduated from a prestigious school, and is good at cooking are few and far between. I can count on one hand the number of times Oscar has cooked in his life. His chauvinism runs deep."

Both sets of parents continued to praise their children for a long time, and it was eleven o'clock at night when the Walker family left.

After Oscar and Amelia returned to their room, Oscar noticed the odd look on her face and asked anxiously, "What's the matter? Are you feeling ill?"

Amelia shook her head. "I'm fine. I'm probably just a little tired."

Oscar massaged her shoulders and said, "Why don't you go and take a hot shower? If you still don't feel well, I'll get Dr. Kane to drop by."

Amelia shook her head. "It's late, so we shouldn't trouble Dr. Kane to travel all the way here. Besides, I'm perfectly fine. I'm going to take a hot shower now."

She broke free from Oscar's grasp and went to get a change of clothes. Then, she went straight into the bathroom. Oscar looked down at his hands, momentarily dazed. He could sense that Amelia was drifting away from him.

Why is that? Didn't we clear up all our misunderstandings this afternoon?

Before he could think of a reason, he heard a loud thud from the bathroom. Panic rose in his throat as he dashed toward the bathroom.

When he saw Amelia lying on the floor, he felt his heart stop beating for a split second.

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Chapter 243 A Fatal Blow

Oscar rushed into the bathroom and knelt on the floor to help Amelia up. "How did you fall? Are you hurt?" he asked gently.

It took Amelia a few ragged breaths before she recovered from the severe pain. It was only a fall, but she felt as if her bones were about to shatter. It was that painful.

However, when she saw the concerned look on Oscar's face, she forced a smile and replied reassuringly, "I'm fine. It was an accident."

Oscar's expression was grave as he picked her up in his arms wordlessly, then headed out of the bathroom and toward the bed.

Although he was furious, he still placed her carefully onto the bed on her front. Then, he lifted her shirt and immediately saw a large bruise on the back of her waist. His face darkened, making him look even more terrifying.

Amelia wanted to turn over, but Oscar stopped her and took off her clothes immediately. Only after making sure that she did not have any other injuries apart from that bruise did he relax the tense expression on his face.

Amelia was somewhat stunned. Anyone would feel embarrassed at being stripped of their clothes like that.

"Oscar, I'm fine. Don't do that. I just fell by accident. Really, I'm fine. It doesn't hurt at all," Amelia said, forcing herself to speak lightly.

Oscar was feeling angry and distressed. However, he restrained his emotions as he asked, "How did you fall?"

Amelia bit her lip. She did not dare to tell him that she fell because her vision had suddenly turned pitch black, and the whole room had felt as if it were spinning around her.

If she did, he would drag her to the hospital immediately.

Amelia was anxious and uneasy. Her condition was worsening, and it seemed .like she would lose her vision very soon.

Acting as if it was no big deal, she replied dismissively, "I was preoccupied with my thoughts and did not notice the puddle of water on the floor. That's why I slipped and fell. I'm fine, so stop worrying."

Oscar got up, went to get some ointment, and gently applied it on Amelia's bruise. He still had a grave expression on his face. When he was done, he asked, "Did you hurt yourself anywhere else?"

Amelia shook her head, then turned over and sat up. Cradling Oscar's face in her hands, she said, "I'm fine. Come on and give me a smile. Don't look so grave, or you'll scare me."

In the end, he gave in for her tenderness almost melted his heart.

He smiled and murmured coaxingly, "Be good and tell me what's the matter with you today. Why did you fall? Are your eyes troubling you?"

Amelia's heart skipped a beat, but she blinked innocently and said, "What's the matter with my eyes?"

He looked at her for a while, then shook his head. "Nothing. I was just afraid that you were keeping something from me."

She leaned in and kissed him lightly, saying with a smile, "Don't overthink it. I'm fine. I told you, I didn't notice the water on the floor and slipped on it. I'll be careful next time. Don't act like you're facing an enemy. You're making me anxious."

Oscar placed his hand behind her head and deepened the kiss.

They kissed passionately, seemingly unwilling to let go of each other. Just as things were about to escalate, Oscar released her and buried his face against her neck, breathing heavily. Then, he said rather fiercely, "I wish I could throw caution to the wind and take you right here, right now. But, you haven't recovered fully."

Amelia's eyes reddened at his words. It had been a day full of drastic mood shifts. The possibility of losing her sight ate at her. And now, she was touched by how much Oscar cherished and doted on her. All those thoughts swirled in a tangled mess in her mind, and her pent-up emotions threatened to burst forth.

Oscar did not expect that Amelia would burst into tears. He looked at her, a little panicked, and dabbed at her tears. He frowned, his intuition told him that something was amiss. "What's the matter? Did someone bully you?"

She threw herself into his embrace and wrapped her arms around his neck tightly, sobbing silently.

Oscar tried to loosen her grip, but Amelia stopped him. "Just let me hold you like this for a while," she mumbled.

The terrifying thought of losing her vision had gripped her the whole day, fearing the unknown that lay ahead. After having just escaped death's door, she was now spiraling into another whirlpool of despair.

It broke Oscar's heart to hear her heart-wrenching sobs.

When her cries finally subsided, he looked directly into her eyes and said solemnly, "Tell me. What's wrong? Don't lie, or I'll send someone to look into it."

Amelia shook her head and looked down at her hands. "It's nothing. I was just overwhelmed with joy at the thought of how good you are to me."

Even a three-year-old child would not have believed her lie, let alone someone as smart as Oscar.

"Amelia, you said before that we're husband and wife. And as a couple, we should be honest with each other. Do you want the rest of our days together to be filled with doubts and guesses?" he asked seriously.

Amelia shook her head again. Smiling at him, she replied, "Honestly, I'm fine. It's just that somehow I've become more sentimental after the car accident. You must hate it, don't you?"

Oscar nipped at her lip. He knew that she was lying, but seeing how hard she was trying to hold back her emotions, he did not have the heart to force the truth out of her.

"Didn't you want to shower?" he asked, changing the subject.

Amelia nodded.

She cried out in surprise when Oscar carried her in his arms in one swift movement. "You've been clumsy the whole day, so I'm going to help you shower lest you slip and fall again," he said.

Amelia blushed.

Oscar did not miss the opportunity to take advantage of the situation while helping her shower. He could not resist the carnal desire that stirred within him and they almost went all the way, but he managed to restrain himself in the end. Only a saint could hold himself back in that situation.

After helping her shower, he wrapped her up in a thick bathrobe and carried her to the bed.

As she lay on the bed, Amelia saw the beads of sweat on Oscar's forehead. She felt a little sorry for him, but the thought of him restraining himself for her sake warmed the cockles of her heart. With her being in poor health, Oscar would soon get trained into a saint.

"Oscar, you look just like a big gorilla who's holding itself back and nowhere to vent its frustrations," she teased.

He rolled his eyes. "When you've recovered, you'll find out that you shouldn't mess with this gorilla."

Amelia laughed.

Oscar's lips curved into a smile as he tucked her in. Then, he said, "I'm going to take a shower."

Once he was in the bathroom, Amelia lay on the bed and blinked slowly. The smile on her face faded gradually, and her mood became somber.

She was feeling a swirl of mixed emotions. Her fall in the bathroom caused her spirits to hit rock bottom. That brief moment of darkness had struck her with terror. She had flailed about in a panic and accidentally kicked a shelf, causing her to lose her balance and fall straight to the floor.

As she gazed at the door to the bathroom, Amelia sighed, becoming even more despondent.

We've been married for five years, but it has been less than two months since we confessed our feelings for each other. I can sense that we're growing closer, but just as I thought that we'd be happy together forever, the gods decide to play a trick on me again. I don't know if I'll be able to face Oscar so calmly after my sight is gone, and I don't know how he'll take it. Will he feel that I'm a burden?

Losing vision in both eyes meant that one would be surrounded by pitch-black darkness forever. Simple things like eating, using the restroom, taking a shower, or changing clothes would not be possible without another person's help. It was as if one had become a completely useless person. Amelia had a strong sense of pride, and she had no idea if she would be able to accept such a flawed version of herself.

She was deathly afraid of losing her vision. It would only widen the gap between Oscar and herself. He would still be attractive and perfect, but she would be a good-for-nothing with merely passable looks. And the Clintons would surely object to having a blind daughter-in-law.

As these thoughts ran through her mind, Oscar walked out of the bathroom. Too caught up in her thoughts, Amelia did not notice him approaching her. When she finally did, it was too late to compose herself. He had already seen her troubled expression.

Oscar frowned imperceptibly.

The expression on her face changed, and she asked with a smile, "Done with your shower?"

Oscar nodded. He climbed into the other side of the bed, then pulled Amelia into his arms. "You should sleep. It's been a tiring day for you."

Amelia leaned against his chest obediently. The day had been an emotional rollercoaster, and she was both physically and mentally exhausted.

Perhaps because of Oscar's warm embrace, Amelia did now allow herself to dwell on her hopeless thoughts. She soon dozed off in his arms, and her breathing became steady.

Once Amelia had fallen into a deep sleep, Oscar slipped out of bed quietly and went to the nursery. "What happened to Amelia today?" he asked Kurt.

Kurt pondered for a moment, then answered, "She cried for a long time while holding Mr. Anthony today. She even mumbled something about losing her vision and not being able to see Mr. Anthony and you anymore."

Oscar frowned. He could guess all that had happened.

He guessed that Amelia probably knew about the blood clot in her brain. It was no wonder that she had seemed out of sorts the entire day.

In truth, not a moment passed which he did not think about Amelia's condition. He had searched high and low for the best doctors from all over the world. He was also doing everything to find a pair of corneas that would be a match for Amelia, just in case that fateful day really came.

She has a strong sense of pride, so she won't be able to accept the fact that she's blind. It'll be like a fatal blow to her. How do I make her understand that even if she becomes blind, I'll still love and cherish her? I'm willing to face all the ups and downs life throws by her side.

Oscar sighed, then went to peep at Tony, who was fast asleep. "Take good care of Tony."

"Yes, Boss," Kurt replied.

Oscar walked out of the nursery, a jumbled mess of emotions. He was in low spirits because the team of doctors he had found had told him clearly that Amelia's condition was not looking good. He was also worried that Amelia would not be able to take the blow.

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Chapter 244 It Must Be You

Oscar returned to the bedroom and got into the bed carefully. He enveloped Amelia in his embrace, kissed her hair, and said, "Silly girl. You have me. You can tell me whenever you feel wronged or scared. There is no need for you to suffer everything alone. Don't you know how much it pains me to see you cry? Whenever you cry, it feels as if someone stabs me in my heart. I'm willing to

punish Stephanie without mercy and even send her far away for your sake. Can you please don't push me away?"

There was no reply from her except for the sound of her even breathing.

Oscar's heart pained for the woman in his arms. He never felt something like this with Cassie. Now, he couldn't remember why he kept holding on to Cassie for five years after she left him and neglected Amelia. He committed a grave mistake and wasted all the time he could be with Amelia. Instead, he kept pinning after the woman who betrayed him. Once Cassie was back, he finally realized how foolish his feelings were for her. He was sick of her after just a few months and finally realized that his infatuation with her was delusional.

If Amelia were not dying from an accident, he would continue to think that he loved Cassie. Therefore, there was a silver lining to the accident. At least it forced him to face his feelings for Amelia and discover how much he loved her.

Amelia was afraid to lose him, and he was afraid to lose her. She occupied his life fully, so he could not bear separation from her for even a day.

Oscar caressed Amelia's hair gently. He was constantly worried about the blood clot in her brain. Therefore, he could never relax as long as it was there.

He hugged her even tighter to him until Amelia began to protest in her sleep. Then, he relaxed his hold slightly but did not let her go.

Oscar thought for a long while and finally fell asleep at around 2 a.m.

Meanwhile, Stephanie was feeling terrible as she felt pain all over her body. Her hatred for Amelia grew with the pain, and she blamed her for all the indignity she suffered. If not for Amelia, Stephanie believed that she would never be this miserable and had such shameful words branded on her body. She could never forget that moment. Hatred boiled and burned in her heart as she plotted ways to kick Amelia out of the Clinton family.

It was so painful that even the simple act of turning her body felt like needles piercing her. She gritted her teeth and looked at her phone. It was 2 a.m.

She dialed a number indignantly. Soon, a sleepy female voice answered, "Hello?"

Stephanie couldn't resist a smirk and said sourly, "Cassie, how can you sleep at this moment? You sleep so soundly even though Oscar's heart now belongs to another woman. I'm impressed."

Cassie awoken instantly and asked nervously, "Stephanie, what do you mean?"

"Isn't it obvious? It's just as what you hear," Stephanie said.

Cassie took a deep breath to calm down before she said, "Stephanie, you're calling me so late at night just to anger me?"

"I'm not that free. I'm calling to tell you that the plan you gave me failed. Oscar saw the photos of Amelia hugging another man. He did not get angry with her but scolded me instead. I think he has completely fallen for her now, so our plans have to be changed," Stephanie said, and a cruel gleam appeared in her eyes.

Cassie was enraged, and her voice turned shrill. "You're lying! Oscar loves me, and his heart belongs to me. There's no way he would fall in love with Amelia. He's just angry with me. It'll be fine again after a while."

Cassie is so pitiful. She is still deceiving herself despite the truth before her eyes. Why did I regard her as the best person to marry Oscar and team up with her? I must have been out of my mind to befriend such a stupid and arrogant woman.

Stephanie sneered and said, "Cassie, you're funny. Shouldn't you know better than anyone else whether Oscar loves you?"

Cassie said confidently, "Oscar loves me, and I'm certain. He's just angry that I threatened to kill myself. Once his anger dissipated, he'll return to me."

"Since you're that confident, why did you work with me to do so many things to harm Amelia? If Oscar loves you, you don't even have to worry about Amelia, do you?"

Stephanie's words hit the nail on the head.

Cassie was rendered speechless.

"Why? Do you have nothing to say?" Stephanie said mockingly.

"Stephanie, don't forget that we are on the same side," Cassie reminded her on the phone.

"Cassie, if we're not on the same side, do you think I would call you at this hour to tell you all these?" Stephanie chuckled disdainfully. "I'm calling to tell you that Oscar's feelings for Amelia are much deeper than we thought. I think it's your turn to act. If you can get a photo of you and Oscar having an affair, it would be a huge blow to Amelia."

Cassie hesitated for a moment.

"Why? Are you scared? Cassie, didn't you say that Oscar loves you the most?" Stephanie said.

"Of course, Oscar loves me the most, but he's now angry with me, so I definitely won't be able to have an affair with him. Even approaching him now is a difficult task."

"Cassie, you're even more hopeless than I thought." Stephanie said mockingly, "Whatever, I'll arrange everything accordingly. Just make sure that you don't act too clumsily. Oscar is sharp, so it's not easy to deceive him. Just don't mess things up and anger him. We all want good results," said Stephanie.

"I understand," Cassie said.

After hanging up, Stephanie hissed as she felt another wave of pain.

She lifted her shirt and looked at the wound dressing on her chest. When she thought of the word "sl*t" underneath it, she felt that it would be an irremovable shame. She could only resort to surgery at a later date if she wanted to remove it.

There were many injuries on her body, so no matter how hard Stephanie tried to resist, she still developed a high fever by morning. When the maid discovered that she was unconscious, Olivia and Owen rushed her to the hospital, while Amelia brought Oscar with her to the hospital too.

Amelia was not concerned about Stephanie. However, she had a duty as the daughter-in-law. As Stephanie was the eldest daughter of the Clinton family, Owen and Olivia would be displeased if Amelia did not visit her.

On the other hand, Olivia and Owen did not reprimand Stephanie for not visiting Amelia in the hospital after the accident. However, if Amelia did not pay a visit to Stephanie now, she would still feel uncomfortable even if Olivia and Owen did not scold her. It was the difference in status between a daughter and a daughter-in-law.

After examining Stephanie, the doctor attached her to a drip and said, "Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton, she has many wounds on her body. Luckily, the wounds were treated before. Otherwise, it would lead to serious infection."

Olivia widened her eyes in shock and asked nervously, "Doctor, is my daughter's condition serious?"

"Mrs. Clinton, please don't worry. The fever from the infection of her wound is not a serious problem. After the drip, she has to stay in the hospital for observation for one or two days. If there are no other issues, she can be discharged and recuperate at home," said the doctor.

"Doctor, when did she get those wounds?" Mrs. Clinton asked with a gulp.

"After examining them, I believe they were inflicted yesterday. The wounds are deep, so even after healing, they would leave some scars," the doctor said.

"Doctor, please heal my daughter. Money is not an issue," Olivia said.

The doctor nodded. "Mrs. Clinton, please be at ease. It's our duty to take good care of our patients."

After some further conversation, the doctors and nurses left the VIP ward.

Olivia's face became solemn, and she turned to Oscar. "Oscar, you and Stephanie were together yesterday. Tell me the truth, did you inflict those wounds on her? Stephanie seemed strange when she came home yesterday and was extremely fearful of you. Are you the one who hurt her?"

Oscar expression remained calm as he answered, "Mom, it wasn't me."

However, Olivia refused to believe him. "Other than you, I can't think of anyone else."

Owen held Olivia's shoulders. He was worried that she would say something impulsive and damage the mother and son relationship.

"Olivia, please calm down. Oscar is a man of principle. Even though Stephanie is willful, he wouldn't hurt his sister, so don't blame him unreasonably. Once Stephanie is awakened, we can ask her," Owen said to calm her down.

Olivia took a deep breath and felt that her thoughts were in a mess. Incidents kept coming up in the Clinton family. Even though she tried to remain calm, she could not help but feel stressed about it. Her son, daughter-in-law, and her daughter were in a worsening conflict. As a mother, she was deeply concerned about this. She cared for all three of them tremendously, so she did not want to see any of them hurt. It was difficult to explain her feelings in words.

Olivia still refused to give up and asked, "Oscar, are you the one who inflicted those wounds on Stephanie?"

Oscar looked at Olivia calmly and said, "Mom, it wasn't me. If you won't believe me, there's no point for me to explain."

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 245

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Chapter 245 Lesson Learnt

Mrs. Clinton was still obviously skeptical and furious, so Amelia tried to calm her mother down. "Mom, I don't think Oscar's the one who hurt Tiff. He's always been a fair guy, and Tiff's his sister. Even if he's angry about her actions, I don't think he would stab her in the back. If he really wanted to teach her a lesson, he would have done so a long time ago."

Mrs. Clinton took a deep breath and shot Amelia a complex look, though she knew she was indeed getting a bit too agitated. "Don't take this the wrong way, Amelia. I'm not blaming Oscar, but I'm worried about Tiff. I was just trying to vent my anger on someone," the woman said softly.

Amelia went silent. She was slightly offended by Mrs. Clinton's uncorroborated accusation, not to mention how the woman was taking Stephanie's side without bothering to look into the truth. Anyone would be offended by that.

Olivia seemed like she cared about Oscar and Amelia, but that was only because Stephanie wasn't in the picture. Olivia would scold Stephanie whenever she tried to pull a prank, but she'd take her side when it came to the important things; she obviously loved Stephanie more.

Amelia still respected Olivia after the Stephanie incident, but not as much as she used to. Ever since that incident, a wedge had been lodged between them, and it was one that was hard to get rid of.

Olivia didn't know what to say either, so the conversation came to an abrupt halt. She took a look at Stephanie and soon realized that she must have hurt her son deeply. However, even with that in mind, she couldn't bring herself to apologize. No mother would apologize to her children.

In the end, she kept her silence and allowed the atmosphere to grow more and more awkward. Luckily, Stephanie regained consciousness half an hour later, breaking the ice. However, she was confused to see herself in the hospital.

Olivia darted toward her darling and asked, "Are you feeling better, Tiff? Does it still hurt?"

Stephanie blinked in confusion. "What happened, mom? Why am I in a hospital?"

Olivia pushed the strand of hair on Stephanie's forehead away lovingly. "You were feverish because your wound was infected. If we were even a moment late in getting you treated, you'd have contracted pneumonia."

Stephanie instinctively looked at Oscar after hearing that. She panicked for a moment, her finger gripping the sheets tightly. Everyone saw that, including her parents. They wanted to know what was going on, so they looked at their son too.

The woman blurted nervously, "It's not Oscar's fault. Don't blame him for this." Perhaps she was putting up an act, but that was unbeknownst to us.

That didn't help Oscar's case at all. Olivia's face fell, and she shot her son a quizzical look. Stephanie grew even more nervous after that, so she explained, "T-That's not what I meant. What I'm trying to say is he didn't do this."

Olivia sat down, held her hand, and calmed her down gently, "Don't worry, Tiff. Your father and I are here, so you're safe. Now, tell us who did this to you."

Stephanie looked at Oscar again before saying, "I don't know, Mom. I can't tell. Someone kidnapped me when I went to see Oscar yesterday. They packed me into a big sack and took me somewhere. When I finally got out of the sack, they blindfolded me, so I don't know who the kidnappers are. They gave me a

whooping before sending me back to town, where I called Oscar to pick me up. He was the one who took me to the hospital. I thought you guys might worry, so I told him to send me home. I was already feeling sick during the dinner with the Walkers, but I held it down in fear that you would notice something. I didn't expect it to get worse at night. Sorry for making you worry, Mom."

Stephanie was trying to garner everyone's sympathy, and her understanding attitude worked just like she wanted since Olivia sympathized with her more.

"You should have told me about it from the start. What if something happened to you? I'd be crushed," Olivia chided.

Owen didn't believe his daughter's words at all, but since his wife was too worried about her to care, he didn't say much. "Olivia, take care of Tiff. I'll need to talk to Oscar outside."

Mrs. Clinton had a good guess what her husband was trying to say, but she nodded anyway. After the men were gone, only Amelia, Olivia, and Stephanie were left. Because of Stephanie's lies and deceit, Amelia didn't want to stay around either, so she excused herself. "Olivia, you guys didn't have breakfast, so you must be starving. I'll grab some food for you two."

Olivia finally realized Amelia was still around. "Amelia, you're still recovering, so just hang around. I'll get the servant to send us some food."

"It's fine, Olivia. It won't take long. It'll be lunchtime if we wait for the servant, so I'll take the elevator. Be back in a second," Amelia said.

Since the woman disliked Stephanie, Olivia knew she was just finding an excuse to leave. Not insisting further, Olivia said with concern in her tone, "Alright, be careful. Call me if you can't handle it alone. I can help you out, alright?"

Amelia nodded.

After she left, Olivia turned back to Stephanie. "Tiff, tell me the truth. Is your brother behind this?"

At that, Stephanie pulled her blanket up, refusing to answer the question.

"Say something, Tiff. The doctor said you sustained multiple wounds, and they might get infected easily. If we hadn't found you in time, you would have developed pneumonia. You could have been killed! You don't have to hide anything from us. Your father and I will help you out."

Stephanie looked at her mother. You think I don't want to talk? So what if I spilled the beans? Would you and dad punish Oscar for me? No, so why would I sell him out? That'll only cross him.

"Mom, I told you I was kidnapped by strangers. I must have crossed someone for them to do this to me." Stephanie said that on purpose, wanting to direct her

mother's anger toward Amelia. That woman was the only one she had bad blood with, for Stephanie had once hired someone to crash into her before. In other words, Amelia would be the prime suspect if Stephanie was hurt.

Everyone would list the individuals who had bad blood with the victim as prime suspects, including the police officers. As expected, a frown creased Olivia's forehead as she pondered upon the case.

Stephanie fanned the flames even more by saying, "I'm not pointing fingers at anyone, but Amelia's the only person I've crossed. She might be the one behind—"

Before she could finish, Olivia interrupted, "Nonsense. Amelia's not that kind of person. Yes, she dislikes you, but she wouldn't stoop so low. Please don't think of her that way. You're just going to cross Oscar again. These are trying times for our family, so just focus on your recovery. Don't pull anything funny."

Stephanie instantly grew irked. "Mom, you're still defending her when she might be the one behind this?" she questioned angrily.

Olivia tucked her in and stated firmly, "Calm down, Tiff. I've already scolded your brother because of this. Almost yelled at him too, and I did it for you. Amelia knew I was being unfair, so let's stop while you're ahead. You don't want us to fight among ourselves, do you? Besides, there's a silver lining in this, since you've also learned a lesson. Yes, I know nobody wanted this, but I'm not trying to defend Amelia either. I just know she's not the kind of person who'd stoop so low for something so petty. Just rest up and don't do anything funny."

Stephanie's wounds were already torturing her, and her mother wasn't helping the situation at all. Since Olivia wouldn't help her out, the wounds felt twice as painful. However, she knew shouldn't talk back to her mother, no matter how much she wished to. If she wanted to live a happy life, she had to rely on Olivia, who was an elder, not to mention that she's also Oscar's mother. As long as Olivia was defending her, Oscar wouldn't do anything to her.

Making an ally out of Olivia was a good move from Stephanie. She would do anything to get all of Olivia's love, even if that meant being the woman's pet. Stephanie knew she stood now that she was no longer the young lady who could do whatever she wanted. After she had lost Oscar's support, her life had become significantly harder.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 246

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Chapter 246 A Compromise

Owen called out to Oscar, and the two walked toward the stairwell.

Solemnly, the former cut to the chase by saying, "Oscar, was it you who hurt Stephanie?"

Oscar was exceptionally silent — it meant that his father's assumption was right.

Though Owen appeared composed, his heart was aching. Both Oscar and Stephanie were his children, and he loved them equally. He felt distressed whenever anything untoward befell either one of them.

"Why?" Owen's voice was hoarse.

He had always firmly believed that no matter how brutal Oscar was, he would never lay a finger on his sister who he grew up with. The two shared a special bond. As an elder brother, Oscar had always been doting her.

"Dad, Stephanie crossed the line this time," Oscar said, giving his father a brief explanation.

Patting Oscar on the shoulder, Owen wanted to reprimand him. Yet, he could not bring himself to do it. At last, he said, "Oscar, please don't be too cruel to your sister. Your mom and I have only one daughter. If anything bad happens to her, I'm afraid your mom won't be able to take it."

After pondering, Oscar uttered, "Had she known her place and behaved herself, I wouldn't have given her a hard time."

Indirectly, Oscar had conveyed his bottom line to his father.

The latter stared at his son and nodded in compromise.

"Head back in now. Otherwise, your mom will be worried," Owen urged.

Oscar declined by saying, "You go ahead, Dad. I wish to smoke for a bit."

"Come back in early, then. Don't smoke too much; it's bad for your health," Owen cautioned.

Oscar acknowledged those words with a simple nod of his head.

As soon as Owen left, Oscar followed suit. However, he went the opposite direction and strode toward Robert's office. The two had a chat and kept their conversations private.

Meanwhile, Amelia, who had volunteered to buy snacks, met with an accident. Right when she was about to cross the street, her vision blurred. Concurrently, a rampant electric car driven by a reckless driver knocked her down. The driver tried to steer the car away but could not stop in time. Anyhow, her injury was not particularly serious. Luckily, she only suffered from minor skin abrasion.

The driver rushed over immediately and assisted her while anxiously asking, "Ma'am, are you all right? Should I bring you to the hospital?"

The driver was a girl in her mid-twenties with beautiful features.

Shaking her head, Amelia waited for a bit to regain her vision. Then, she told the driver, "I'm fine, don't worry."

"Are you sure?"

Amelia nodded.

"I shall take my leave then." The young woman went back to her car but returned to Amelia the next moment. Concerned, she took out a pen from her bag and wrote her number on Amelia's palm. "Ma'am, this is my phone number. If there's anything you need help with, please feel free to give me a call. I was speeding because I was running late. I didn't mean to hit you. I'm really sorry."

Amelia answered her like a saint, "I'm really okay. You can go ahead."

Before leaving, the driver examined Amelia once more to confirm that she was not hurt.

As soon as the driver left, the smile on Amelia's face faded gradually. She felt weak in both her hands and feet.

Her vision seemed to have deteriorated, and the dizziness continued for a very long time. Could this be...

Amelia could not imagine the possible consequences. Fretting at how bad things might turn out to be, she was afraid that she could not handle the truth.

Suddenly, her ringing phone pulled her back from her depressing thoughts. With a pair of trembling hands, she opened her bag. It took her quite a while to find her phone.

It was a call from Tiffany.

She tried to keep her calm as she picked it up. "Hey, Tiff."

On the other end of the line, Tiffany spoke, "Amelia, I'm outside the Clinton residence. Come on out. Let's go to the hospital for the results."

Amelia felt rather bad as she replied, "Tiff, I'm already at the hospital."

"What? You're already there? Why didn't you tell me? Is it the same hospital as yesterday?" Her friend bombarded her with a series of questions.

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

Upon hearing so, Tiffany said resentfully, "Darn it! It's about time someone gives Stephanie a harsh lesson. If I were you, I'd light some fireworks and celebrate her

hospitalization. You really shouldn't have trailed behind her, let alone visiting her at the hospital. If it weren't for her, would you have to endure so much?"

Amelia was not in the mood to be calculative and play the finger-pointing game.

"Babe, wait for me over there. I'm on my way. We'll get the results together."
After making some sarcastic comments about Stephanie, Tiffany returned to the main topic.

"Drive carefully," Amelia reminded.

"I know, I know. That's it for now, see you soon!" Tiffany hung up after saying that.

Moments later, another call came in. It was Oscar.

Amelia answered the phone, greeting, "Hello?"

"Where are you?"

"Oh, I'm downstairs. I was attracted by the picturesque scenery here, so I planned to spend some time enjoying it. I wanted to get some snacks for Mom, but I got distracted," Amelia replied casually while looking at the food that had been smashed on the ground.

"Just stay where you are. I'll be right there."

"No, I..." The call ended before Amelia could dissuade him otherwise.

She stared at her phone screen helplessly.

She quickly discarded the food into a bin and took a seat on the long bench.

Oscar was down in a flash. From afar, he saw the woman sitting by herself. A trace of loneliness appeared on her side profile. Her presence and the surrounding environment formed a contrasting picture, one that was solitary.

Unknowingly, the man's heart wrenched as if it had been bitten by millions of ants repeatedly.

He fixed his eyes on Amelia. One was standing while the other was sitting. The two seemed to be in their own world where others could not enter at all.

After what felt like an eternity, Oscar approached Amelia quietly. He startled her when he hugged her from the back.

"It's me," Oscar assured her.

Amelia turned and gazed at him. "Why weren't there any footsteps?"

He tapped her button nose gently and asked in a loving tender voice, "Why are you here alone?"

"I like it here! The fresh air and the lush green grass makes me feel at peace. If it wasn't a hospital, this place would actually make an excellent residential area." Amelia tried to switch the subject.

"I have a villa on the West side that is surrounded by mountains and the sea. The climate is pleasant too. If you'd like, let's find time and spend a few days there," Oscar suggested while holding her in his arms.

She rested her head on his chest before agreeing, "Sure, we can go there when we're free."

Stroking her hair, Oscar mulled over his thoughts for a while then said, "I just met up with Mr. Lancaster. He wants me to bring you for a check-up to ensure that you've fully recovered."

Upon hearing his words, Amelia's body stiffened, and her smile became unnatural.

The man caught the change in her reaction and queried, "Are you feeling cold?"

She quickly put up a straight face and replied, "In this weather? Of course not."

He caressed her head with his big palm. Trying to test the waters, he popped the question, saying, "Come with me and go get it checked, hmm?"

Amelia was rather hesitant to agree.

"Oscar, I don't think that's necessary because I'm recovering well thus far. Moreover, Stephanie is on her way here. She wants me to go with her and meet the publisher. Please help to inform my mom."

Oscar frowned, his brows showcasing his dislike of being kept out of the loop with regards to everything related to Amelia.

He lifted her chin and asked in a serious tone, "Amelia Winters, are you hiding something from me?"

Instantly, the woman's eyes glistened.

Judging from her response, Oscar became dubious. He asserted, "Amelia, we're husband and wife, so we should be honest with each other. You're not alone now. You can depend on me for everything. I'll always help you regardless of how big your problem is."

Amelia faltered, not knowing what to do or say at that moment. In the end, she simply shook her head in silence.

That action of hers made Oscar furrow his brows even deeper.

“Don’t knit your brows together. It isn’t like you at all,” Amelia chided, stroking his forehead gently.

“Then tell me exactly what’s on your mind. I’ve always got your back.” Oscar was able to guess what was bothering Amelia, but he wanted to hear it directly from her. He longed to be the supportive husband she could find comfort in, be it in good times or bad times.

However, Amelia was not ready to open up fully to him, albeit loving him very much. Her silence and refusal to share her burdens with him displeased him.

Oscar was getting rather upset, wondering why she could not be more candid and transparent toward him.

“Tell me. What are you worrying about?” he asked, moving his body near hers.

For each step he took forward, she retreated.

“Don’t be scared, Amelia. I’m with you on this. Tell me. I’ll help you.” His tone was laced with tenderness.

Shaking her head, Amelia pleaded, “Please, Oscar, don’t force me. When the time is right, I’ll tell you everything. I feel fine, okay? I don’t need to go for the check-up.”

Oscar creased his forehead deeply at her response but compromised in the end.

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Chapter 247 More Serious Than They Thought

Tiffany arrived soon after. When she saw Oscar, she said sarcastically, “Mr. Clinton, I heard your sister has been hospitalized. Well, is she still alive?”

Oscar did not react to Tiffany’s words. Instead, Amelia, worried that Tiffany had gone overboard and might incur Oscar’s wrath, quickly said, “Tiff, stop spouting nonsense.”

The other woman shrugged and replied, “Babe, I’m just too happy. She is always so mean to you. I’m already kind enough to not wish for her death. I think I’m actually quite benevolent. Don’t you agree?”

Amelia was feeling helpless. She never liked being involved in such verbal arguments.

Just then, Oscar, who had been ignoring Tiffany, suddenly spoke, "She needed to be taught a lesson."

Feeling surprised, Tiffany shot a strange look at the man and said, "Mr. Clinton, are you agreeing with me now?"

When Oscar did not reply, Tiffany merely pursed her lips, unbothered by the man's indifference.

"Babe, can we leave now?" Tiffany asked Amelia with expectant eyes.

The latter looked towards Oscar.

The man wrapped his arms around his wife's waist possessively and as if speaking to both Amelia and Tiffany, he said, "I've already spoken to James. He'll do a checkup for you tomorrow. If he determines that you are recovering well, I won't force you to do any more checkups."

Amelia sighed silently in her heart. She knew what Oscar meant by checkup was checking her eyes.

"Oscar, I'm really feeling fine. Besides, James is a busy man. Even though it's still within Chanaea, he has to travel to a few cities within a few days for medical discussions with other doctors. We shouldn't be troubling him," Amelia rejected Oscar's suggestion after giving it a thought.

Oscar frowned when he heard that.

Sensing the tension between the couple, Tiffany hurriedly began acting as a mediator and said, "Mr. Clinton, as a man, you should give in to her. From what I see, Amelia seems to be recovering well. If you're still worried, I'll accompany her for a checkup another day. I only need to borrow your wife for a while, and I'll send her back at night. Is that OK?"

Oscar glanced at Tiffany flatly, his gaze instantly giving the woman goosebumps.

He looks so scary when he's serious.

Tiffany let out a dry laugh before speaking again, "Mr. Clinton, as Amelia's husband, can't you tell that she's feeling awkward? If she really needs to do a checkup, she'll do it even without you asking her to. Since she's not willing, don't you think you're being rather ungentlemanly if you continue forcing her to?"

Oscar looked towards Amelia after Tiffany said that.

Avoiding his gaze, his wife said, "Oscar, I'll go with Tiff to attend to some matters. I'll see you later at home."

Oscar merely pursed his lips without replying, and the atmosphere grew tense once more.

Tiffany could feel her goosebumps rising again. Wringing her palms together, she said, "Stop it, you two! It's a small matter, so why do you have to make such a big deal out of it? Oscar, can you cut her some slack? It's just a checkup, and it wouldn't make a difference if she does it today or one or two days later. You're giving her pressure by forcing her, and that's bad for her health. Do you want something to happen to her? Anyway, I really need her today. When we are done, I'll accompany her for her checkup, so you don't have to worry anymore. Is that fine?"

Oscar fixed his gaze on Amelia, who kept her head lowered. The atmosphere at that moment was as awkward as it could get, and Tiffany could hardly stand it any longer.

As an outsider, it was obvious to her that the couple were going through a rough patch.

After some time, Oscar finally spoke, "Amelia, I'll give you two days' time. Two days later, I hope you can tell me properly what's going on. I am your husband, and I want you to know that you can always depend on me."

Amelia stiffened up before the man continued, "If you have something to do with Tiffany, you girls may leave first. Remember, I'll be waiting for you. But don't let me wait too long as I'm afraid I might not have enough patience. In fact, I've already used up all my patience on you."

Oscar turned around and left after saying that.

Amelia only looked up once she was sure that her husband was gone. Staring at his diminishing figure as he disappeared into the distance, the woman's lips twitched a little, but she did not speak.

Noticing the sorrowful expression on her friend's face, Tiffany turned serious and stated grimly, "Let's get in the car first."

Amelia followed the woman into the car listlessly.

After the both of them put on their seat belts, Tiffany tapped on the steering wheel and asked her best friend seriously, "Babe, are you really not intending to tell Oscar about your eyes? He knows about the blood clot in your brain better than you do. I'm sure he's more worried about you than yourself. It's obvious that the two of you care so much about each other. Why let such trivial matters affect your relationship? It's just not worth it."

Amelia remained silent in response to Tiffany's questions, which frustrated Tiffany to no end.

It was rather uncharacteristic of Amelia to be so unresponsive, and Tiffany felt as if the woman had become a distant stranger to her. She could understand Amelia's feelings, but she did not think keeping everything inside would solve the problem.

"Babe, can you say something? You're making me really anxious by keeping quiet. Regarding your eyes, I think it's perfectly alright to let Oscar know. What are you worried about?" Tiffany said, feeling slightly exasperated.

"It's not that I don't want to tell him. I just don't know how to say it!" Amelia suddenly yelled, which gave Tiffany a huge fright.

Amelia continued shouting uncontrollably, "Why do all of you have to keep reminding me that I will become blind? Even though you guys mean well, I feel so depressed whenever the matter is brought up. It's a huge blow to my pride and dignity that I will lose my eyesight, and I'm still trying hard to come to terms with that. You can call me a coward, but can't you guys let me have some peace for a moment? Stop rubbing salt onto my wound..."

The woman covered her face with both hands and started bawling after she vented.

Tiffany was at a loss at the sight of Amelia crying. She lifted her hands off the steering wheel momentarily and waved them around in the air in a fluster.

"Babe, relax! I didn't mean it that way," Tiffany said, feeling slightly guilty.

After venting her frustrations, Amelia managed to calm down a little and wiped the tears off the corners of her eyes. She looked up at her friend and said apologetically, "Tiff, I'm so sorry I lost my composure just now. I didn't mean to yell at you. Please don't take it to heart."

Tiffany apologized as well, saying, "I should be the one saying sorry instead. I'm sorry because I didn't consider your feelings. I didn't think you would mind. I had assumed that since you have been involved in an accident before, it would be easier for you to come to terms with your eyes. I really didn't expect you to..."

Amelia simply shook her head and let out a wry smile.

Even though she had indeed had a near-death experience, it wouldn't be easy for any normal human being to accept having to live in total darkness for the rest of their lives.

"Babe, since you and Oscar are husband and wife, I really think you should tell him the truth about your eyes. You shouldn't shoulder the burden yourself. Besides, I don't think he'll be grateful to you for keeping everything to yourself. You should learn to depend on him. I'm sure he'll prefer it that way." Tiffany shared her honest opinion with Amelia after taking a moment to think about it.

Amelia leaned back on the passenger seat and kept quiet for a while before changing the topic. "Let's just go to the hospital first," she said.

Tiffany understood that her friend did not wish to continue talking anymore and started driving.

They arrived at the Provincial Hospital after a while. The doctor whom Amelia had previously consulted had taken a day off and was not around. As such, another doctor attended to her.

“Hi, Ms. Winters, please take a seat. I am Dr. Leonard, and I’ll be attending to you today.” The doctor introduced himself before pointing to a chair and said, “I’ve already been briefed about your condition by the other doctors. Did you bring along your medical records from the other hospitals?”

Amelia retrieved her medical records from her bag. Most of those documents were related to the neurological examinations which she had previously undertaken.

Dr. Leonard took a while to examine the records before saying, “Ms. Winters, I have grasped the gist of your condition, and to be honest, it is not looking good. The blood clot in your brain is spreading fast and is almost covering your optical nerves. In addition to that, it’s also touching other important nerves. As such, if we go ahead with surgery, it would be very challenging. Alternatively, a safer approach would be to wait for the blood clot to gradually dissolve. If that doesn’t happen, there’s a chance that you might become totally blind. Also, if we don’t remove the blood clot, your life might be in danger as well.”

Amelia could feel her limbs turning cold when the doctor finished explaining things to her as best as he could.

“Dr. Leonard, please share with us your honest opinion. Given Amelia’s current condition, do you think a surgery is necessary?” Tiffany asked anxiously.

To her question, Dr. Leonard shook his head and replied, “It’s already not a matter of whether she should go ahead with the surgery, but rather, the location of the blood clot is too unusual, and we haven’t come across many similar cases. The medical team will need to hold a meeting to discuss the situation before making a decision. After all, we should only proceed if there is a high chance of success.”

Tiffany swallowed and asked with much difficulty, “Dr. Leonard, what are the chances of success if we choose to do the surgery?”

“About 50 percent.” Dr. Leonard gave a conservative estimate.

That means there’s an equal chance of success and failure.

Tiffany’s heart felt heavy at that thought.

Amelia’s heart went cold as well. In fact, she was feeling so hopeless that she was already feeling numb.

“Thank you, Dr. Leonard. Sorry for the trouble,” Tiffany said meekly.

Dr. Leonard tried to comfort the two women and said, "Don't give up hope. What I've just described was just the worst-case scenario. As long as Ms. Winters stays positive, there's a possibility that the blood clot will dissolve on its own."

Tiffany and Amelia knew it was indeed possible, but they were also aware that the chances of such a thing happening were close to zero.

The two women left the Provincial Hospital in a daze and remained in that state even after they got into the car.

After quite a while, Tiffany finally spoke softly, "Amelia, Dr. Leonard has said that as long as you stay positive, your blood clot might just dissolve on its own."

Even though that was what the woman said, she was hardly convinced that it would happen, let alone Amelia.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 248

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 248 His Godfather

Amelia let herself sink into the passenger seat. Perhaps she had prepared herself mentally for what was to come, and thus, her placidness.

"Tiff, I'm fine. I won't do anything stupid since I'm looking forward to seeing Tony growing up, you know, seeing him having a girlfriend, building a family, and so on. Despite how people think my life is worth nothing, I'm not gonna give up my life so easily."

Tiffany's heart wrung with every word Amelia uttered. The former wasn't sure whether the latter had come to terms with this wretched fate.

Seeing the knitted brows on her face, Amelia tried to cheer her up. "Hey, relax those tight brows of yours. Whatever is mine is mine, and whatever's not will never be. If losing my eyesight was God's will, I could only say God was so jealous of what I'm blessed with that It is trying to humble me by reserving some of his grace, but it's okay. At least I still have Tony and you."

She didn't want to mention Oscar as she felt that the bond between them was as fragile as a house of cards. It couldn't withstand even the slightest puff of wind.

Or maybe her love for him was so deep that she kept clinging to the fear of losing this beautiful relationship.

Due to that persistent uncertainty, the moment it dawned upon her that she'd be met with blindness, her self-esteem shrunk, foreboding that she'd lose her worth when she was no more perfect.

Although she was holding back from depicting Oscar in a bad light, she couldn't help it. She used to be a scintillating beauty, and the fact that she was about to plunge into eternal darkness was definitely a blow to her confidence. It wasn't a reality anyone would readily take on.

It was a contrasting lifestyle that might take a lifetime to get used to.

Tiffany held Amelia's hands in hers. "Amelia, I think it'd be better if you told Oscar. You ought to let him know how you feel. I know that I'm always mocking him, but I'm sure that he's not that shallow, and he'll understand."

The other woman slumped into the seat, looking as woeful as ever, and shook her head. "Let me think about it, Tiff."

Tiffany wasn't trying to get her friend to do anything. She was just slightly taken aback by the latter's disheartened attitude. Among all the people Amelia knew, Tiffany would always be the one who truly wished for her happiness.

"Babe, listen to me. At the end of the day, you and Oscar are still husband and wife. You should tell him what's happening and how you're feeling. Keeping it away from him will only ruin your relationship further. What I'm trying to say is, tell him." Tiffany gave her friend her two cents.

Amelia responded with silence.

She then closed her eyes and let out a sigh.

Tiffany softly knead Amelia's hands and asked, "What is it that you fear?"

Amelia pulled her hand back and refused to continue the conversation on the topic. "Just drive, Tiff."

Tiffany started the engine, and both had their mouths sealed throughout the journey to the Clinton residence.

When they were a few miles away from their destination, Tiffany stopped the car and reinforced her thoughts on Amelia. "Hey, I highly reckon that you tell Oscar about your situation."

Amelia shot her a quizzical look, trying to wrap her head around Tiffany's persistence.

"I don't want anything standing between you and Oscar. You love him," was Tiffany's answer.

Amelia put on a bitter smile and responded, "Tiff, I'll tell him when I'm ready."

Upon hearing the resolution in her voice, Tiffany could only nod.

After they got to Clinton residence, and as Amelia unbuckled her seatbelt, Tiffany showed her concern again. "Amelia, don't overthink it. Find a time and tell Oscar about it. It's not as bad as you think it's gonna be, really!"

Amelia nodded and uttered, "Drive safe, Tiff."

Tiffany flashed an "OK" hand gesture and left.

Once her friend was out of sight, Amelia went upstairs and into the baby room, only to see Kurt patiently talking to Tony, who was babbling rapaciously. Tony's dramatic gestures and jabbers were reciprocated with well-thought serious replies. It was an amusing scene to watch.

Amelia let out a chuckle, and that was when Kurt noticed her.

She walked towards starry-eyed Tony and patted him on the head gently. "Kurt, it must've been tough taking care of Tony the whole day."

"No, not at all. He's quite a joker. I didn't like children, but they aren't actually that hard to deal with. Tony's a really good boy."

"Haha! From the way you two mingle, it sometimes feels like you're his Daddy," Amelia tittered.

Kurt immediately got onto his feet and took a step back. "I dare not cause this confusion," he spoke solemnly.

"Take it easy. What I meant was you and Tony get along well. Actually, I have an idea. It's up to you, though, whether to accept it or not."

Kurt nodded. "Yes, ma'am. Go ahead and share your thoughts."

Amelia threw a glance at Tony and turned back to Kurt.

"I was wondering if you'd like to be Tony's godfather. No matter what's going to happen between Oscar and I, I hope you'll protect Tony by all means. Can you do that?" Amelia looked straight into Kurt's eyes as she spoke.

"But, why?" Kurt was taken aback for a second, but he managed to compose himself.

Amelia bent forward and took her son's tiny little hand. "Kurt, I hope you don't misread my intentions. All I wanted was for Tony to have kin in the Clintons, whom he could depend on, regardless of how Oscar and I would end up."

She wasn't trying to be funny. She had gone through all the worst-case scenarios in her head. It was a fact that she was going blind, and the Clintons would never allow a visually impaired woman to tarnish their eminence.

On top of that, she'd forbid herself from exposing her frailty in public and becoming the joke of the high society.

If their marriage were to come to an end, she might not be granted Tony's custody due to her disability. That explained why keeping her son safe was her utmost priority.

Instead of agreeing to the offer right away, Kurt asked, "Ma'am, is there something troubling you?"

At that, Amelia forced a smile.

"Something's troubling you, isn't it?" Kurt went on.

Amelia quickly collected her wavering emotions and denied, "I live a bountiful life. What troubles could I possibly have?"

"Alright. I'll be Tony's godfather." Kurt acceded to her wishes after some considerations.

"Since you're Tony's godfather now, we don't just have an employer-employee relationship anymore, right? I guess it only makes sense for you to start addressing me by my name."

Kurt smacked his lips before he sheepishly called out, "Amelia."

As for Amelia, she was nothing but forthright. "Kurt, it's a pleasure to get to know you again. Tony's wellbeing is all in your hands from now on."

A spurt of emotion stirred the man for a bit, and he muttered his sincerest "Yes."

What Amelia didn't realize was that her decision would enable her to be under Oscar's radar after their divorce. Kurt kept his promise, protecting Tony however he could and caring for the boy like his own flesh and blood—an act of love that triggered Oscar's jealousy. How the man wished he could turn back time so that he wouldn't have hired Kurt in the first place.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 249

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 249 Waning Affection

Amelia's mood had lightened after she formed an agreement with Kurt. She spent a few moments playing with Tony in the nursery before the door was pushed open.

Immediately, Amelia and Kurt whirled around. Upon noticing the man who had walked in, Kurt moved away to put some distance between him and Amelia.

A dark look crossed Oscar's gaze when he noticed Amelia and Kurt together. However, it vanished as quickly as it came.

The man strode into the room with broad steps and stopped in front of Amelia. "When did you return?" he asked with a tender gaze.

"I returned not long ago to visit Tony. I haven't seen him for an entire afternoon, so I missed him very much," Amelia replied as she glanced at her husband.

"Tony, Daddy is here," Oscar murmured as he bent down to kiss the boy's forehead.

Tony, who was originally cheerful, curled his lips into a pout. He burst into tears the moment he caught sight of Oscar.

A look of distress painted Oscar's face when his son began to cry. I can't believe my son is embarrassing me like this!

Kurt stepped forward and cradled Tony in his embrace. It must be due to Tony's liking towards Kurt, or the fact that the man had an honest and kind heart because Tony ceased crying immediately. The only trace of his earlier outburst was the tears that stained his cheeks.

Tony's behavior caused varying thoughts to surface in the trio's minds.

Afraid that Oscar would leap to assumptions, Kurt offered a hasty explanation, saying, "Mr. Clinton, Tony must have been confused by your scent. You shouldn't take his behavior to heart."

Oscar's mood darkened when he heard the bodyguard's explanation.

Although Kurt and Tony had not interacted a lot, they looked like father and son. I can't believe my son prefers another man over his own father. Oscar felt an uneasy feeling in his heart. At the same time, he couldn't place a finger on the complicated emotion that he was feeling. Nevertheless, Oscar was troubled.

Abruptly, the man changed the topic. "Make sure you take good care of Tony."

With that, he turned around and left.

"Kurt, can you look after Tony?" Amelia hurriedly asked as she was afraid that Oscar would brood over this matter. "I'll go and check on him."

Kurt nodded his head in acknowledgement.

Following that, Amelia strode out of the nursery.

The sight of Oscar standing by the bedroom window caused Amelia's heart to ache. It seems like our marriage will experience more ups and downs. Despite admitting our feelings, there are still countless obstacles that put a strain on our relationship.

I thought I was stronger than this. Yet, I can't bear to let Oscar see any of my imperfections. The thought of Oscar possibly losing his patience when he found out about her vision caused Amelia to halt in her tracks.

What if Oscar decides that he doesn't want me anymore? Amelia felt like an invisible hand was squeezing her heart. Agony filled her when she imagined her husband displaying his disdain towards her.

Her overwhelming love for him caused her to fear the day when he might abandon her because of her imperfections. After all, I'm only Oscar's wife on paper. Aside from that, we have no other relations. Rather than revealing my flaws, I would prefer it if I could leave him whilst he still sees me as a perfect figure. That way, I can leave a good impression on him forever.

All in all, I'm nothing but a coward. In the face of adversity, I chose to cower away instead. I still can't accept Oscar's love for me. I'm afraid that he might just be taking pity on me; perhaps his love isn't genuine. Thus, I can't bring myself to tell Oscar that I might be going blind. In fact, there's a chance that the blood clot in my brain will cause me to lose my life. I really am nothing but a coward! Oscar might be feeling sympathetic for me instead of this so-called love. Besides, everyone has seen how he neglected me throughout our five years of marriage. I can't believe the fact that Oscar has fallen for me in such a short period. In other words, I can't guarantee that he might still care for me if I lose my vision.

Oscar is the perfect package. He will be able to win the heart of any woman he chooses. I'll be useless to him if I become blind.

Even before she had lost her vision, Amelia was already trapped in a vicious cycle of self-belittlement. The more she thought about it, the more it began to fester and grow in her heart. Despite her struggles to break free from it, she couldn't escape its grasps.

Amid her sorrow, she looked at Oscar's back with a look filled with anguish. "Are you done staring? How long are you going to stand there for?" the man asked all of a sudden.

Amelia snapped out of her daze and hid the sadness in her gaze before she approached Oscar.

Oscar turned around and looked at the woman as she walked over.

"Were you angry that Tony is close with Kurt?" Amelia asked slowly and casually.

Oscar remained silent as he looked at her stoically.

Amelia forced herself to smile reluctantly before asking, "Were you genuinely angry?"

"I was a little jealous," Oscar admitted sincerely with a nod. "After all, no man would be happy to see his son close with another man."

Amelia couldn't stop the giggle that escaped her lips. "You were the one who assigned Kurt to protect me. Now that you are jealous of him, aren't you afraid that the others might see you as a petty person?" she teased.

Oscar wrapped his hands around Amelia's waist to pull her closer and changed the subject.

"Where did you and Tiffany go today?" Oscar asked as he lowered his head to the side of her face.

The feeling of his warm breath against her ear and his close proximity caused Amelia's ears to flush crimson red.

Her adorable reaction caused Oscar to chuckle. Nothing amuses me more than her genuine reactions.

"Your ears have turned all red. How cute." Oscar touched her ears as he laughed softly.

At that, Amelia blushed harder. Yet, there was still a part of her that was wary of Oscar's touch.

Despite her constant wariness to maintain a distance between the two of them, she found all of her inhibitions crumbling to dust whenever Oscar approached her.

"Oscar, stop it." Amelia braced her hands against his chest in an attempt to stop him.

Immediately, Oscar picked up on her strange behavior. A dark look crossed his face. "Are you afraid of me?" he asked in a baritone voice.

Upon hearing that, the woman stiffened and raised her head to meet his eyes. When they locked gazes, Amelia's gaze softened. "Why would I be afraid of you?" she asked with a tender smile.

With a low voice, Oscar repeated his question to her, "Amelia, what did you and Tiffany do today?"

His question caused Amelia to avert her gaze away from his dark eyes that resembled a starless night sky. It feels like he will unearth my lies with a single glance. I'm at a loss for words right now.

All of a sudden, Amelia recalled the advice that Tiffany had offered her. Under Oscar's intense scrutiny, Amelia decided to seize the opportunity presented to her. Who cares if I succeed or not? I'll ask him right now!

Amelia clenched her jaw in determination as she made up her mind. "Oscar, would you still treat me this way if I'm no longer perfect?"

Oscar frowned and did not answer her question right away.

His hesitance felt like a knife stab to her heart.

Amelia's smile became forced as she let out an awkward laugh. "I'm going to the washroom. I just realized I haven't washed my hands for the entire day."

Oscar remained silent as he observed Amelia's panicked movements. In reality, he wanted to see how much of her insecurity she was hiding from him.

This silly woman assumed that my feelings for her are fleeting because I did not answer. Why would I treat her this way if I didn't love her? Why can't she see something so blatantly obvious? Everyone knows I'm head over heels for her; she is the only one oblivious to my feelings. Does she think that I'm unreliable?

Oscar caught her chin in his face and tilted her face up to look at him. "Amelia, look at me. Are you so dense that I have to tell you everything I'm feeling? Even if the sky falls on you, you have nothing to fear as long as I'm by your side. Stop keeping everything bottled up, and don't try to suffer through your problems alone. Although your stubbornness has caused me some trouble, I'll never stop protecting you. Yet, you still chose to go through your battles all alone. Amelia, what should I do with you?" There was a slight waver in his voice. Oscar pulled her into a hug while he spoke.

Amelia was stunned. After all, she hadn't expected Oscar to cry. Additionally, I didn't know he was so adversely affected by my outing with Tiffany.

"I-" Amelia stammered. She could not seem to muster a coherent response.

A profound look flashed across the man's eyes. "Amelia, we are a married couple. You should try relying on me more often." Oscar heaved out a heavy sigh after speaking, seemingly disheartened greatly.

Just as Amelia opened her mouth to reply, she was interrupted by the sound of knocking. The sudden interruption caused all of her earlier courage to vanish into thin air.

"Who is it?" Oscar snapped in a brusque tone.

"Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton has asked for your presence at the hospital. She said she couldn't contact your phone," the maid called out carefully.

"Alright," Oscar replied as his brows furrowed in impatience.

Even after the maid left, Oscar did not let go of Amelia. "Amelia, now that it's the two of us again. Can you tell me now?"

Amelia squirmed out of his arms. "Mom has called you. You should get there as soon as possible," she mumbled, avoiding his question.

Oscar pursed his lips in annoyance as he looked at her.

Amelia reached out her hand to caress his cheek before saying, "There's no need to rush. We have an eternity together. I'll tell you what you want to know later, alright?" she said affectionately.

Oscar wrapped his arm around her waist as he bent down to kiss her passionately. "I'll let you go this time then," he murmured after they broke apart from the kiss.

When Oscar grabbed his suit and prepared to leave, Amelia called out all of a sudden. "Oscar, there was something I forgot to mention. I've asked Kurt to be Tony's Godfather."

Oscar's movements came to a screeching halt, and he asked her nonchalantly, "Why did you ask him?"

"I think Kurt and Tony have a special affinity with each other. Thus, I asked him to be Tony's Godfather. You won't be mad, right?"

Of course, I'll be mad.

In spite of his anger, Oscar's answer was the exact opposite. "I'm fine with anything you arrange. But you shouldn't talk to Kurt too much. Don't forget that you are my woman, alright? You should keep your distance from other men when I'm not around."

Amelia merely smiled; she was at a loss for words. I didn't expect Oscar to get so jealous. Yet, the worst part is that I'm kinda enjoying his possessiveness.

Her smile was like an antidote to Oscar's bad mood. All of his frustrations vanished when he saw her bright smile. "Stay at home. I'll be back soon," he instructed her.

Amelia nodded, and the man left.

After Oscar's departure, the smile on her face faded away. There was an uneasy feeling in her chest. It feels like these peaceful moments will become scarce in the future.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 250

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 250 Fractured Arm

Stephanie was discharged after just two days in the hospital. Other than looking a little worn-out, she was making good progress in her recovery.

Since her return from the hospital, her attitude toward Amelia saw a complete change. She was polite and respectful, and she even took pains to show deference to her sister-in-law in all their interactions. The change was embraced by some people around them just as much as it was detested by others.

Olivia believed that her daughter had truly repented, and she was happy to see Stephanie and Amelia get along. On the other hand, Amelia was annoyed about the false front Stephanie was putting on. However, she kept her true feelings to herself and was always civil to Stephanie in front of Oscar's parents.

The family enjoyed relative peace for the next three days in this state of artificial harmony.

The next morning, Amelia asked for a chair to be moved to the side of the lake. She wanted to kick back and enjoy a leisurely morning with some tea and snacks.

Ever since she found out that she might lose her sight, she had learned to appreciate the things around her more. Every flower, every tree, and every blade of grass was more exquisite than ever. Things she used to take for granted now seemed to hold special meaning by their very existence. Even the ability to enjoy basking in the sun was a luxury.

However, Amelia's moment of tranquility was broken by the sound of her phone ringing. It was a call from Tiffany.

"Hey, Tiff," Amelia said upon picking up her phone.

"Are you up?"

"I've been up since seven," Amelia answered chirpily. "Have you finished your manuscript? You've gotten up quite early today."

"Just finished it yesterday. Finally managed to catch some sleep last night." Tiffany felt better after discerning no unhappiness in Amelia's voice. "Dr. Leonard wants us to go in for a review today. You should go and get ready."

Amelia was not keen on the idea at all. "Tiff, let's postpone it. The fate of my eyes has already been sealed. Going for reviews is not going to change anything."

"No can do! We can't take things too lightly. Let's go for the review and ask when you can undergo the surgery for the blood clot in your brain. We should not delay it any longer," Tiffany stated firmly.

After thinking for a moment, Amelia relented, saying with a sigh, "All right."

"Good, I'll pick you up in a while."

"No need. I'll ask John to give me a ride to town. I'll meet you there."

"Okay, see you in a while then."

After ending the call, Amelia shifted her gaze back to the tranquil lake in front of her. Unbeknownst to her, Stephanie was standing behind her, absorbed in her thoughts about what she had just overheard.

Amelia tarried for a few minutes before she went back inside the house. After getting dressed and saying a quick goodbye to Olivia, she got in the car and went to town with John.

Stephanie followed behind in her car, keeping a safe distance from the car John was driving.

"John, thanks for the ride. Please drive carefully on your way back," Amelia said when they reached town.

The chauffeur nodded. "Please give me a call once you're done, Ms. Amelia. I'll come back and pick you up."

"No need for that. My friend will send me back." With that, Amelia hopped into Tiffany's car, which had already been waiting for her by the roadside. Fastening her seatbelt, she told the other woman, "Let's go."

Tiffany started to drive off, and the car that was trailing behind hers followed suit.

Inside the car, Tiffany asked, "Did you sleep well last night?"

Amelia nodded in response.

"Did you experience any discomfort in your eyes the past few days?" Tiffany asked again.

"I experienced blurred vision a few times the day before yesterday. Other than that, everything's fine. I also don't wake up with a start so often anymore."

"That's good to hear."

After about half an hour's drive, they arrived at the Provincial Hospital. Tiffany parked her car and entered the hospital with Amelia.

Inside the car that had been tailing them, Stephanie was looking at the words "Provincial Hospital" in puzzlement. She could not fathom what had brought Amelia to this place. Logically, if Amelia needs any medical consultation, she should be going to the Principal General Hospital. It's the right thing to do since the Clintons and the Lancesters are longtime friends. If Tiffany is not the one seeking medical consultation, something fishy must be going on.

Excited at the thought of potential drama, Stephanie hopped off her car and followed them in sneakily. She soon found herself at the entrance of the neurology department.

The woman frowned as she stared at the sign at the entrance, her mind churning with possibilities.

She hurriedly picked up her phone and dialed a number. "Lincoln, it's me, Stephanie. You know the Deputy Chief of Provincial Hospital, don't you?"

Lincoln said something in reply that seemed to irritate Stephanie. "Cut the crap. I need you to get the medical history of one particular patient. Take it as a favor I'll owe you. I'll give you money if that's what you want. But I'm warning you, don't have any designs on me. You know what I'm capable of."

After a short wait, she said, "Yes, that's it. I'll send you her name and photo. Remember to get it done quickly. I need this information urgently. Once you've settled this for me, I'll owe you a huge favor."

After she ended the call, Stephanie kept her phone aside and cast another glance on the closed doors in front of her. A sly smile crept across her face as she turned and left.

Behind the closed doors, Amelia and Tiffany sat on the edge of their seats with a somber look on their faces, unaware of what Stephanie was plotting.

Noticing their anxiety, Dr. Leonard could not help but laugh and say, "Don't be so nervous. Try to relax."

Tiffany asked, "Dr. Leonard, I have a question. Based on Amelia's condition, when is the best time for her to undergo surgery?"

"Ms. Winters' condition is rather peculiar. We need to come up with a complete surgical plan to treat it. Her blood clot is located right next to several cranial nerves. Any slight miscalculation could lead to massive bleeding in her brain. The risk is very high. We will talk about surgery later. Let's start with the checkup first."

Amelia nodded meekly upon hearing him.

She was then led through a battery of tests by the nurse. After that, Dr. Leonard looked at the report and asked, "Ms. Winters, have you been experiencing any headaches recently?"

"The headaches come at night and wake me up every couple of hours. The quality of my sleep is poorer than before," Amelia answered truthfully.

Dr. Leonard nodded, more to himself than her, before continuing, "How are your eyes?"

Amelia described her condition factually.

"Alright, that's all for today. You may go back first. I'll discuss this in a meeting with the doctors from other hospitals. Remember to take the medicine that I have prescribed for you. They can help alleviate your blurred vision temporarily," Dr. Leonard said.

"Yes, Dr. Leonard. I will," Amelia replied as she took to leave.

"Babe, are you all right?" Tiffany immediately asked as the two of them started walking out of the hospital.

Casting a glance at Tiffany, Amelia answered casually, "I'm fine. Oh, I suddenly have a craving for fried chicken. Tiff, can you come with me? I'm feeling a little peckish."

"You really want to eat fried chicken?"

Amelia nodded her head.

"Fine, let's eat to our hearts' content today."

As they were walking down the stairs, Amelia's vision suddenly blurred, causing her to miss a step. Tiffany froze in shock as she watched her friend tumble down the stairs.

Running after her friend, Tiffany shouted, "Amelia!"

The woman rushed forward as Amelia landed at the bottom of the stairs. She squatted down beside her friend, wishing she could comfort her but not daring to touch her in case it hurt.

Amelia remained in a daze as she lay on the ground like a rag doll, with pain shooting through every part of her body.

"Amelia, are you all right?" Tiffany asked anxiously.

Some passers-by started walking over and chipped in, "Miss, are you all right?"

The nurses from the hospital soon heard about what happened and arrived on the scene with a stretcher. They placed Amelia on it and moved her into the hospital in a hurry.

After a detailed examination, the woman was found to have a serious fracture on her arm.

Her arm was bandaged up, and there were also many abrasions on her legs. Her face was pale due to all the pain she was experiencing.

“Does it really hurt?” Tiffany asked, her heart aching for her friend.

At that, Amelia shook her head slightly.

“I’m fine, Tiff. Don’t worry about me,” she said reassuringly.

Tiffany was guilt-stricken. “Babe, I’m so sorry. I should have walked beside you to help you down the stairs.”

Amelia shook her head with a smile on her face. Inside, her heart was in turmoil. She had not expected her condition to be so serious. She felt bad that she was already creating trouble for the people around her even before she had lost her sight.

Seeming to notice Amelia’s sorrow, Tiffany clutched her friend’s hand and said, “Amelia, don’t overthink things. It was just an accident.”

With a bitter smile, the injured woman muttered, “I’m fine.”

Tiffany did not know what else to say. Faced with so many setbacks, it was understandable that Amelia would be going through an emotional roller-coaster, no matter how resilient she was.

“Tiff, I’m fine, really. I just don’t know how to explain things to Oscar. Should I say I fell down the stairs because I wasn’t paying attention to where I was walking?” No one would be fooled by such an excuse.

“Why don’t I go back with you? Just say it was my fault that you got hurt. Oscar and I are already at loggerheads anyway. It won’t hurt for me to chalk up one more offense,” Tiffany suggested.

Immediately, Amelia shook her head. “It’s okay. You’ve chalked up enough offenses against Oscar on my account. I’ll explain my injuries to him myself. Don’t get yourself involved.”

After some consideration, Tiffany decided to rest her case.

After collecting the medicine, she helped Amelia walk out of the hospital carefully. She also helped her into the car and fastened the seatbelt for her.

“Tiff, you are being too careful. I only fractured my arm. I’m not handicapped. You really don’t have to help me do so many things.”

Tiffany did not respond.

She got into the driver’s seat and started driving.

Tiffany was silent throughout the journey. Casting a glance at her, Amelia wanted to start a conversation but decided not to after some consideration. Instead, she kept quiet and let the tension continue to simmer in the car.

They drove in silence until they arrived at the Clinton residence. Tiffany got out of the driver's seat to open the door for Amelia and unfastened her seatbelt for her. Then, she carefully helped Amelia out of the car.

Olivia, who was on the phone, hung up immediately upon seeing Amelia enter the house with her arm in a bandage. She hurried toward them.

"Amelia, what happened to you? You've only gone out for a while. How did you end up with all these injuries?" Olivia asked with a concerned look on her face.

The woman sat on the sofa and answered with a smile, "Mom, I'm all right. I accidentally fell down the stairs and fractured my arm. I'll recover soon enough. Don't be too worried about me."

Sounding both deeply concerned and slightly angry, Olivia said, "Your arm is fractured, yet you still insist you're fine. Your body has been weak ever since you got into that accident. Now, you've got yourself injured. When can I ever stop worrying about you, my child?"

Amelia listened in silence as the woman continued to nag her.