

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 301

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

Chapter 301 Left

It was two-thirty in the morning when the plane touched down in Beshya. A private car was waiting for them at the airport, and Derrick had his men put all the luggage into the car.

The four adults and the sleeping Tony got into the car, and the chauffeur drove everyone to Derrick's villa, which was in the suburbs. That was a luxurious place and had a number of different villas in its surroundings. It was obviously located within a luxurious area.

The chauffeur drove the car over and parked it. After that, Derrick spoke to the chauffeur. "You can go home and rest up now."

"Understood, Mr. Hisson."

After getting out of the car, Derrick said, "This is the villa I got for myself here in Beshya. Everyone in the neighborhood is a powerful figure here, and if you girls are bored, you can go talk to the neighbors. The ladies here are mostly wives of rich men and often have a lot of free time. There's no need to be too polite, though, because everyone knows each other here."

Amelia examined the spacious villa. She could not help but gasp once more at how Derrick was much wealthier than she imagined.

"Derrick, you are richer than I thought. Oh, but you better treasure Tiff because she has an intensive network," commented Amelia in a meaningful tone.

She was basically hinting that Derrick should not assume that he could mess with Tiffany just because he was rich. Amelia and Tiffany were not as powerful as he was, but if Derrick were to hurt Tiffany, they would empty the limited resources they had just to fight him.

Derrick was a genius, so naturally, he understood what Amelia was hinting at. He could not help but grow more impressed by Amelia. At that moment, he finally understood why Tiffany was willing to go through hell and fight endlessly for Amelia. The old wives' tale claims that friendships between women are weak, but I guess things only seem that way because some women never truly worked hard for their friendship. Sometimes, women make friends that are there for them forever.

Derrick smiled and replied, "I am not stupid enough to hurt the woman I spent three years courting. If anything, I will treasure her and love her for the rest of my life because it'd be a waste of my time otherwise."

Amelia's lips instinctively curved into a smile. Good. At least one of us can lead a happy life.

"You better remember what you promise today, Derrick. If I ever catch you hurting her, I will take her far, far away," threatened Amelia.

Draping his arm over Tiffany, Derrick confidently announced, "Don't worry, Amelia. You won't have to."

Tiffany felt her cheeks burning red. She would not be surprised if someone were to tell her she looked as bright as an apple at that moment.

She pushed Derrick away and pretended to be annoyed before complaining, "That's enough from the both of you. I'm standing right here, you know? Geez, I feel like a piece of jewelry being tossed back and forth. Come on, let's hurry up. It's almost three, and we can all forget about getting any sleep if we keep wasting our time talking over here."

After saying all that, Tiffany forged ahead. She was so shy that she could not help but cover her face with her hand.

Amelia could not resist giggling at that funny scene. "Let's go," said Amelia.

Tiffany was rather in tune with her tomboy side, so she would never have felt shy if she didn't love Derrick. It was likely she loved Derrick more than she realized. At that moment, Amelia simply prayed that Derrick's love for Tiffany was true. Otherwise, Tiffany would be in more pain than anyone could imagine. It was just like how things were with Amelia. She looked fine on the surface, but the truth was that she had already given up on love. Other than Oscar, she could not see herself falling in love with other men.

"When you love someone that deeply, everyone else that comes after will be nothing but his replacement."

That was one of the most iconic quotes from the television drama that Amelia used to watch.

When Amelia entered the villa, she saw two rows of maids standing at the side. Tiffany was stupefied as she stared at the maids, who had been waiting for them for quite some time.

When everyone entered, the maids simultaneously stated, "Welcome."

Amelia was smiling a little stiffly at the time. Tiffany, on the other hand, backed away to Amelia's side to hug her arm. The former shot a strange look over at Derrick before whispering, "D-Derrick, was this your idea?"

It was the middle of the night, so at first, Tiffany thought she had stumbled into a haunted mansion. She entered the villa on her own earlier, and the sight of everyone scared her so much that she almost wet her pants. Is this a surprise or an ambush?

Derrick found that amusing. Releasing a grin, he asked, "Do you not enjoy welcoming gestures like these?"

Tiffany tugged at his arm a little and replied, "D-Derrick... Ah, that sounds so weird. I think I'll just call you Mr. Hisson. Anyway, don't get everyone up in the middle of the night just for things like this lest they will assume that we're divas. Let everyone go to bed already."

With a smile, Derrick waved his hands and instructed, "You can go back to your respective rooms now, everyone."

"Understood," replied the trained maids. With that, they returned to their rooms in an orderly manner.

An elderly guy in his sixties approached them and politely informed, "Mr. Hisson, you're finally here. I've prepared the rooms for your guests, and they can move in right away."

"Thank you, Jeremy," replied Derrick respectfully to the elderly man.

After that, Derrick turned to Tiffany and Amelia to introduce everyone to each other. "This is Jeremy," he started. "He is the butler who helps me maintain this villa."

"Hello, Jeremy," greeted Amelia and Tiffany graciously.

Endearing warmth exuded from Jeremy's eyes when he gazed at the women. Smiling, he replied, "Mr. Hisson told me about the two of you. I gather you're both Ms. Winters?"

"You can call me Amelia, Jeremy."

"And you can call me Tiffany."

"Good, I'm glad to hear that," replied Jeremy. He was obviously delighted to see how respectful both Amelia and Tiffany were.

Derrick wrapped his arm around Tiffany and happily announced, "Jeremy, this is my girlfriend, and she will be the lady of the house someday. Please take care of her while I'm gone and know that her orders carry the same weight as mine."

A hint of surprise flashed past Jeremy's eyes. He thought about it for a while before asking, "But, Mr. Hisson, what about Ms. Halliwell?"

Hearing the mention of that name, Derrick turned grouchy and immediately scolded, "Tiffany is the only woman for me, Jeremy. Everyone else has nothing to do with me!"

Jeremy was quick to hide his shock away. After that, he apologized, "I apologize. Please ignore what I said."

Pausing for a moment, Jeremy added, "It's late, Mr. Hisson. Both Amelia and Tiffany look tired from the travel, so how about I take everyone to their respective rooms?"

"Okay."

Amelia and Tiffany were curious about the woman Jeremy mentioned, but it was indeed too late, so they put that aside and went to the rooms that Jeremy had prepared.

In the meantime, Jeremy stared at Kurt, who was silently carrying Tony in his arms. "Mr. Hisson, who is this?" the butler queried.

More importantly, who is this boy?

Shooting a look at Derrick, Jeremy wondered, H-He could not be Mr. Hisson's son, could he?

Oblivious to what was going on in the elder's mind, Derrick simply replied, "That is the bodyguard Amelia hired. The kid in his arms is Amelia's son, and they are both important guests. Tell the others to tend to both of their needs."

"Understood, Mr. Hisson."

Since it was getting late, Derrick retired to his bedroom after saying a few more words.

The night ended soon after.

At around eight o'clock, Amelia and Tiffany walked down the stairs. At the same time, Jeremy was exiting the kitchen. Spotting the women, he smiled and voiced, "Ah, Amelia, Tiffany, you're up. Come and have your breakfast. I'll be waking Mr. Hisson as well."

"Good morning, Jeremy," greeted Amelia and Tiffany politely after they walked down the stairs.

"Morning."

Amelia and Tiffany sat down, and about five minutes later, Derrick and Kurt came to join them.

Derrick circled around to Tiffany's side and kissed her cheek as if no one was there. After that, he asked, "Did you sleep well last night?"

Tiffany could not help but blush. She pretended to be famished and had her head down so low that she was practically stuck to the plate.

Seeing that, Derrick found it especially cute, whereas Amelia, who was sitting next to Tiffany, simply grinned as she watched the couple's adorable interaction.

Taking the other seat next to Tiffany, Derrick turned to Amelia. "What about you, Amelia? Did you sleep well?"

"Yeah," replied Amelia as she munched on her breakfast.

Nodding, Derrick queried, "I noticed that Kurt has potential, so I've assigned Denise to babysit Tony. Will it be okay if I have Kurt work for me, Amelia? It's weird for a man to stay home all day to babysit. His talent would go to waste, and his skills will slowly deteriorate, so don't you think it's better if he works for me?"

Derrick had always been on the lookout for talent. He also thought that a man like Kurt should venture far and wide to build a career, as opposed to staying at home just to babysit.

Letting out a smile, Amelia responded, "You'll have to ask Kurt about this. I will definitely agree to it if that is what he wishes."

Hearing that, Derrick turned to Kurt. "What do you say, Kurt? Don't misread the situation, though. I'm not asking you to abandon your task to protect Amelia. All I'm requesting is for you to help me train a few men to be better security guards. You can train them right here in the villa. The Hissons run a huge corporation, after all, and our family needs a lot of security guards to keep us safe. Can you train them?"

Kurt looked at Amelia, who nodded at him.

"Okay," Kurt agreed.

"Great, then it's settled. As for your pay, I will have to see if you are as great as Tiffany said. If you are, I promise I will reward you handsomely." Derrick grinned excitedly as he had recruited another talented man into his corporation.

Kurt didn't respond to that.

He didn't really care about the money because he had been working for Oscar for years. The latter could be cruel when doing business, but he was not stingy with his subordinates. He would pay Kurt more than anyone else would. Oscar would even transfer funds into Kurt's private account when the latter did some personal errands for him, and it was more than enough for Kurt to spend the rest of his life in luxury.

After breakfast, Derrick's phone rang. He frowned and picked it up. No one knew what was said at the time, but Derrick's expression turned increasingly grimmer as he listened. In the end, he uttered, "Okay, got it. I'll be on my way now."

With that, he hung up the phone and apologized, "Sorry, but I have to go home for a while. My mom's illness acted up again, and she has been taken to the hospital. I have to go check up on her."

"Hurry, then," urged Tiffany worriedly. "Send my regards to your mom."

Pulling her into an embrace, Derrick muttered, "Don't worry, my mom will be fine. When she recovers, I'll make time and bring you to her. Then we can talk about our marriage when our relationship stabilizes."

Blushing from embarrassment, Tiffany urged shyly, "Ah, go back already. We'll talk about the wedding later." She thought that it was still too early to talk about marriage since they had just started dating. Surprisingly, she didn't feel pressured or annoyed when she heard Derrick say all that. If anything, she felt it would be a dream to marry an excellent guy like Derrick. She soon thought about how she would have to be a part of a wealthy family like the Hissons, and that got her to back away from the idea of marriage again.

"Okay, then I'll head out now. Take care of yourself, okay? Don't make me worry," said Derrick.

"Got it. Stop nagging me."

Letting out a loud laugh, Derrick then took his leave.

When he was out of sight, Amelia turned to Tiffany and commented, "Looks like you've really fallen for the guy, Tiff."

Tiffany, who was staring in the direction Derrick had left in, snapped to her senses as she shyly complained, "What nonsense are you talking about, Babe?"

"Tiff, I am happy to see you are in love with someone else. Love is great. Derrick may be an heir to a wealthy family, and being together with him may be tough, but you can fight through anything so long as you are brave enough. Don't give this relationship up, especially if he loves you as much as you love him. Don't be a coward like me and don't run away from love," shared Amelia meaningfully.

Amelia had to abandon the city she called home, and she would be lying if she claimed that she was not sad about it at all. She still longed for Oscar and kept recalling the wonderful memories they had made together. Eventually, she wondered if Oscar would panic, even a little, when he learned that she was gone.

What she didn't know was that when Oscar realized that she had gone missing, he tapped into all of his resources to track her and Tony down. Olivia had it tough as well. She missed Tony too much, and that led to her illness acting up. She had to be hospitalized for six months, and that caused her to develop a hatred for Amelia. That, in turn, would make things more difficult for Oscar and Amelia when they tried to get back together.

Of course, that would happen in the near future. Amelia had no idea that her departure could cause so much trouble.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 302

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Chapter 302 Went Blind

“Are you thinking about him?” Tiffany queried.

Amelia knew who Tiffany was referring to. The former suspected that being in a foreign place had lowered her defenses and made her recall the beautiful past that had been etched into her heart. She didn’t deny anything as she replied, “Yeah, I miss him. I know he will marry someone else soon, and I know they will have their own children, but I still can’t help missing him. In fact, I just realized that I underestimated my love for him and overestimated my self-control. I thought that I can bury everything deep within my heart and only recall that past every once in a while, but I can’t even do that.”

Tiffany was worried that Amelia would overthink things, so she pretended to be calm. “Cheer up, Babe. Time will make everything better. Besides, you have Tony with you, so all we have to do is to go for the treatment. Who knows? You might not lose your vision after all. If Oscar hasn’t married anyone by the time we return, you can get him back. It won’t matter how many women are circling around him. If he loves you, the two of you will surely get back together.”

Hearing that, Amelia smiled without saying anything.

“Come on, let’s go for a walk. The scenery here is breathtaking, and it’s perfect for recuperating,” said Tiffany. What she neglected to point out was that the place was also perfect for hiding mistresses. Who knows how many of them are hiding around this villa? Damn. I’m thinking too much. I must have tired myself with work.

Amelia followed Tiffany out for a walk. Unfortunately, the former’s vision blurred over before long. She lost her vision entirely after that.

Amelia grinned bitterly. Her eyes had been working well the past couple of days, and she thought that the angels had decided to help her out. For a moment, she thought that she would not go blind. However, she lost her vision at an unexpected moment and didn’t know if she could regain her vision again.

Noticing that the other woman had stopped walking, Tiffany questioned, “Babe, what’s wrong?”

“I can’t see anything, Tiff,” Amelia informed with a sad smile. “Can you come help me?”

Panicked, Tiffany waved her hand in front of Amelia, and as suspected, the latter didn’t respond to it at all.

Holding her friend’s hand, Tiffany cooed, “Don’t worry, Babe. I’ll get you back into the house and have Jeremy send a doctor over right away.”

Still with a smile, Amelia responded, "Don't worry, Tiff. This is not my first time dealing with situations like these. The only difference is that I have no idea if I'll be lucky enough to regain my vision this time. Oh, if I had known that I'm going blind today, I would've spent more time admiring the clear sky yesterday."

Though Amelia sounded calm, Tiffany was heartbroken when she heard that, as she tilted her head up to force her tears back in.

"Come on, I'll take you back into the house. Don't worry. We'll get a doctor over soon, and I'm sure you'll be fine."

When they were back in the house, Jeremy was assigning tasks to a maid. "Jeremy," Tiffany called out.

Hearing his name, the butler turned around and nodded at the ladies before shifting his attention back to the maid. "You're dismissed."

When the maid left, Jeremy walked over to Tiffany. Even though no one said anything, Jeremy was observant, so he noticed Amelia's strange behavior straight away. "What's wrong, Amelia?"

"Her eyes are feeling off. Can you ask a few doctors over to examine her?" requested Tiffany.

"Yes, of course, but if Amelia's eyes are really hurting, why not just go to the hospital?" Jeremy suggested. "The head of Provincial Hospital is actually Mr. Hisson's friend."

"That's not necessary for now. Please help me get a few doctors over. If things truly spiral out of control afterward, then we'll go to the hospital," replied Tiffany.

"Okay, then. I'll go make some calls. The doctors should be here in about an hour."

"Thank you, Jeremy."

"It's no trouble at all. You are Mr. Hisson's girlfriend and the first woman he ever brought home, so I'm sure he cares deeply for you. That means you might be the lady of the house in the future," uttered Jeremy with a smile.

Hearing that, Tiffany felt a little embarrassed, but she didn't mind being regarded as the lady of the house. If her relationship with Derrick bore fruit, she would be okay with marrying him.

She helped Amelia to the sofa while Jeremy went to make a call. It didn't take long before the butler returned and announced, "I've called the doctors, and they will be here soon. Amelia's condition seems pretty grave, though. Should we help her to her room so she can rest better?"

Letting out a smile, Amelia responded, "It's fine, Jeremy. I'd like to sit here for a while. If you have something to do, you can go."

"Okay, then please call out to me if either of you needs anything. Before Mr. Hisson left, he told me to take care of the two of you, and he will probably fire these old bones if I fail to do so. Oh, woe shall engulf me in the worst manner should that happen."

Amelia and Tiffany giggled when they heard that joke.

Jeremy was going to leave right away, but a maid suddenly entered the villa and reported, "Ms. Halliwell is here, Jeremy."

Glancing at Tiffany, Jeremy turned to the maid again. "Tell Ms. Halliwell that Mr. Hisson is not home and chase her away."

The maid didn't get to reply before a sexy lady in a red dress and heavy make-up entered the room.

"Jeremy, I heard Derrick is back," said the lady as she walked to Jeremy. At first, anyone would assume that someone with an outfit like that would surely be bold. However, her voice was sweet and soft, and she sounded great. It was as if she was naturally coquettish without ever needing to try.

Jeremy didn't hate the woman standing in front of him. If anything, he quite enjoyed the company of the woman because they had known each other for quite some time. He would also be delighted if she and Derrick started a romantic relationship. Unfortunately, the heart was something that could not be controlled, and her love was not reciprocated.

She and Mr. Hisson are simply not meant to be. Mr. Hisson had just brought the ladies over last night, and this woman is here today. I guess somebody in this villa leaked the information to her.

Derrick didn't have a girlfriend until recently, so Jeremy was okay with letting the spy stay employed within the house. However, circumstances had changed, and Jeremy thought that it was time to kick some spies out of the house.

"How do you know that Mr. Hisson is back?" questioned Jeremy. He never bothered denying the fact that Derrick was back in the city.

"Please don't take this the wrong way, Jeremy. It has been a while since I last saw Derrick, so I asked the people working here to call me when they see him. That is why I rush over this early in the morning. Where is he now? I miss him so much. I was actually planning on moving to the city where his company operates and was so surprised when I heard that he's back."

The woman who answered the question was Crystal Halliwell. She spoke softly and had a melodious voice that matched her beauty.

"Sorry, Ms. Halliwell, but Mr. Hisson left early this morning because his mom suddenly got ill," replied Jeremy calmly.

"Old Mrs. Hisson is sick? Ah, then I should pay a visit and see how she's doing. It has been two months since I last saw her, so I should go see how she's doing, too." With that, the woman turned to leave, but the corner of her eye caught Amelia and Tiffany standing there, which got her to halt her steps.

"Who are they, Jeremy?" Crystal queried curiously. "If I remember correctly, this is Derrick's private villa. I've never seen him having any other women here before."

Jeremy replied, "These are Mr. Hisson's friends, and they are staying here temporarily."

Crystal didn't believe that men and women could simply be friends. More than that, she knew Derrick well and was aware of how he was far from being a charitable man. He certainly was not kind enough to bring any friends to his villa. It was his personal space, after all. In fact, Crystal had known Derrick for years, and he still would not allow her to stay the night here.

That proved that the two ladies in question were more than just Derrick's friends.

Crystal's lips curved into a mocking smile. She walked to both Amelia and Tiffany and judged their appearances. It soon became clear that she was more hostile toward Amelia.

She didn't show it, though. Instead, she reached out to shake Amelia's hand. "Hi, I'm Crystal Halliwell, and I am Derrick's girlfriend. Are you his friend? I don't think I've met you before. Gah, that Derrick is such a piece of work. He really should call ahead and tell me before having his friends over."

Amelia could not see anything at the time, so naturally, she didn't realize that Crystal had her hand up. "Did you just say that you are Derrick's girlfriend?"

Noticing that something was off, Crystal rudely waved her hand in front of Amelia. The former soon concluded and blurted, "Are you blind?"

Amelia stiffened and replied, "My eyes are having some issues at the moment."

Hearing that, Crystal sighed a breath of relief. She was certain that a man like Derrick would never fall for a blind woman. She never even considered Tiffany as a potential threat because she never paid attention to anyone she deemed as less impressive. That was one of the shortcomings arising from Crystal's pride and her being raised by a wealthy family.

"Ah, so you really are blind," commented Crystal directly.

Getting to her feet, Tiffany sneered, "Ms. Halliwell, you look like a rich heir and exude a regal aura, so why must you act like a barbarian? Do you even realize how rude you sound right now?"

"Who are you?" asked Crystal as she glared at Tiffany.

"My name is Tiffany Winters, and I am Derrick's actual girlfriend. We might even get married soon," replied Tiffany with a smile. It was as though she was trying to be as infuriating as possible.

Crystal studied Tiffany before bursting out laughing. "Did you just say that you are Derrick's girlfriend?"

Tiffany had always been the kind of woman who would not shy away from most things. Holding her head up high, she replied, "Yes, I did. What's wrong? Do you think I am not worthy of being his girlfriend?"

Crystal turned her attention to Jeremy. The latter calmly replied, "Mr. Hisson has personally confirmed that she is his girlfriend. He even claimed that the two of them will get married once their relationship stabilizes."

Crystal's beautiful face distorted with anger upon hearing that. "That is utter nonsense! I am the only one who can be his girlfriend, and his mom promised that will remain the case." After saying all that, Crystal turned around and stomped her way in her high heels. When she walked past Tiffany, though, she suddenly calmed down. "I bet Derrick simply got bored with hanging out with beautiful models and wanted to try being with ugly hags. Derrick is so handsome and perfect, yet you are so... ordinary. Aren't you worried that he'd dump you as soon as he has his fill?"

Crystal didn't bother waiting for a response from Tiffany as she walked away. The good impression she had initially left on others had faded away.

After that, Jeremy said, "Please don't mind her, Tiffany. She is the daughter of a prominent family that had long worked with the Hissons, so she has known Mr. Hisson for years. That's also why she can be a little rude sometimes."

"I'm fine, Jeremy," replied Tiffany as she returned to Amelia's side. "Jeremy, please call the doctors again and ask them to hurry over."

It had been quite some time, but Amelia still could not see anything, which worried Tiffany. She wondered if Amelia had actually gone blind.

"Please be a little more patient. They will be here soon."

Tiffany sighed. I guess there is nothing else I can do.

Amelia chimed in, "Jeremy, you don't need to stay on guard here. Tiff and I can wait here on our own."

“Okay, I’ll take my leave, then. Please call out to me if you need anything.”

“Okay.”

After Jeremy left, Tiffany turned to Amelia apologetically. “I’m so sorry for what happened, Babe.”

The other woman smiled faintly. “It’s okay. I will go blind soon, anyway, so I’ll probably be hearing a lot of rude comments from now on. I have to learn to not let those words get to me. Otherwise, I’ll get depressed.”

Her words made Tiffany’s heart ache.

Amelia then added, “Come now, don’t feel bad. Honestly, I’m fine. You should pay closer attention to your issues, though. Turns out, Derrick has more admirers than you think, so you’ll have to keep an eye on him. Break up with him if he turns out to be the person you don’t want to be with. I don’t want you to get hurt.”

“Don’t worry. I know what to do. The most urgent matter now is helping you fix your eyes. My issue pales in comparison. Love is not the only priority in my life, and I will be fine, even if Derrick and I end up breaking up.”

Amelia nodded without saying anything.

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Chapter 303 Fear Of Losing Her Eyes

When the doctors arrived, one of them, Hubert, examined Amelia’s eyes before advising, “Ms. Winters, I suggest you go to a hospital and have a proper examination. I’m sure you’re already aware of this, but there is a possibility that you will go blind. Don’t lose all hope, though. You’ll surely regain your vision once you find a suitable donor.”

Amelia’s eyes widened, not knowing how to respond to that.

Tiffany, on the other hand, held the doctor’s hand and asked, “Is Amelia’s condition really that dire?”

The good doctor replied, “Her condition is more serious than others, and you should really go to a hospital to do a proper check-up.”

Tiffany’s face went ashen.

Forcing a smile, Amelia uttered, “Thank you for heading over, doctor. I’ll be sure to free up some time to head over to the hospital.”

Hubert nodded, but when he realized Amelia could not see, he voiced, "If there's nothing else, the other doctors and I will leave now. We have to prep for two surgeries this afternoon."

Amelia stood up and requested, "Tiff, go walk the doctors out."

Still feeling down, Tiffany turned toward the doctors and squeezed out, "Let me walk you guys out."

All the doctors didn't refuse that offer.

When everyone walked down the stairs, Jeremy headed over and inquired, "How is Amelia doing? She is an important guest to Mr. Hisson, so please be sure to treat her well."

Releasing a smile, Hubert respectfully replied, "Jeremy, you called me in person, so naturally, I'm giving it my all. Ms. Winters' situation is a little unique, though. The accident has caused a blood clot in her brain, and that is what caused her blindness."

"Well, can she be cured?" Jeremy inquired further.

The doctor paused for a while, seemingly troubled. "I can't really say for sure. We'll have to further examine her situation and run some more tests before I can say anything definitive. I've read her medical record, and the blood clot in her brain might break down naturally. If that happens, she will be able to see again. Unfortunately, the blood clot is located near a number of nerves, so if it breaks down, it might kill her. There's no need to lose all hope, though. If she adheres to the treatment plan, there is a chance that she'll recover."

Jeremy nodded. "Thank you for coming over today, Hubert. Drop by when you have some free time. I'll have someone whip up a sumptuous meal for everyone."

Hubert grinned and replied, "Okay, it's a deal. I've been swamped with surgeries lately, so I haven't had the chance to come to visit you, Jeremy. I'll surely drop by with a bottle of fine wine and share it with you when I am freer."

Jeremy smiled and nodded.

When the doctors were out of sight, Jeremy's eyes became unfocused. He shot a look at the second floor before asking, "Tiffany, has Amelia been dealing with this condition for long?"

Jeremy didn't expect his employer to come home with such trouble. There were many maids in the villa, but having a blind woman suddenly showing up would still mess things up for them. The maids would likely have to work extra hard.

That made Jeremy a bit uncomfortable, but he didn't show it.

Tiffany thought about the situation. "Amelia's issue is a little complicated, Jeremy. If it's too troublesome for you to have us here, Amelia and I can move out. But, um... it might take us some time to find a suitable place in a big city like this, so please bear with us for a while."

Jeremy discreetly shot a look at Tiffany. He didn't expect her to be so thoughtful that she took all that into consideration.

Naturally, Jeremy was not going to let the women move out. Derrick brought them over, after all, and Tiffany might be the lady of the house in the future. Hence, as the butler, Jeremy had to do as told.

"You misunderstood me, Tiffany. I only ask to better understand Amelia's condition. That way, I can inform the maids and make sure they don't accidentally trigger her," explained Jeremy.

"You don't need to worry about that," said Tiffany with a smile. "Amelia won't make things difficult for others, even if she goes blind, so you have nothing to worry about. Besides, I will be here to take care of her, too."

Jeremy didn't respond to that.

Tiffany considered the situation for a while before excusing herself. "Jeremy, if there's nothing else you'd like to ask, I'll head to the room to see how Amelia is doing now."

Jeremy nodded in response.

After Tiffany went up the stairs, Jeremy dialed Derrick's phone and reported the situation as soon as the line connected.

Derrick took a moment to digest all that information before instructing, "Jeremy, have the maids take good care of Amelia. Do not let anyone talk about her blindness, especially when she's around. Also, please make sure that the floor is clean all the time. I don't want her to slip and fall. Have the maids pay extra attention to the matter. Your priority is to prevent Tiffany from exhausting herself. I will head over as soon as I finish dealing with the matter on hand."

"Understood, Mr. Hisson."

"Jeremy, remember that Tiff is, without a doubt, my future wife," Derrick reminded. "Hence, her words carry the same weight as mine, and you are to protect and help her at all times. It doesn't matter what she asks. You must obey her words."

Surprise flashed past Jeremy's eyes, but he still murmured an affirmative response.

Thinking of the earlier event, Jeremy decided to inform, "Ms. Halliwell dropped by this morning, Mr. Hisson. The two ladies met."

“Did that Crystal Halliwell say something mean? Did she cause a misunderstanding with Tiff?” asked Derrick, his voice raised a little.

“Ms. Halliwell claimed that she is your girlfriend, but I don’t think there are any misunderstandings. In fact, Ms. Winters infuriated Ms. Halliwell so much the latter stomped away after hearing all that.”

Hearing that, Derrick chuckled on the other end of the line, and he seemed to be in a good mood all of a sudden. “I’m glad to hear that. Please take good care of both ladies. I will head over to Beshya as soon as possible.”

“Understood.”

After ending the call, Jeremy had the maids clear out everything that might trip Amelia or get in her way. Derrick obviously cared about Tiffany, so Jeremy felt compelled to work harder. It didn’t matter if Derrick was only temporarily interested in Tiffany or truly thinking about marrying her. One fact remained—Tiffany was not someone Jeremy could afford to offend at that moment.

In the meantime, Tiffany, who was upstairs, was scared mindless when she saw what Amelia was doing inside the room.

Amelia’s hands were waving in the air as she moved around the bedroom. At one point, she accidentally knocked into a chair and fell forward.

“Amelia!” shouted Tiffany. She hurried over and helped Amelia up before examining the latter. “Are you okay? Does it hurt anywhere?”

Amelia rested numbly in Tiffany’s arms. Before anyone knew it, Amelia had already started crying, resulting in an even more panicked Tiffany.

Wiping Amelia’s tears away, she asked, “What’s wrong? Are you hurt? Don’t cry. Tell me what’s wrong.”

Hearing that, Amelia cried even more. She had been stretched thin, and going blind was the last straw that broke the camel’s back. At that moment, Amelia was utterly lost and indescribably helpless.

Earlier, she thought about what she should do if she went blind, but those were just hypotheses and theories. She could still lie and comfort herself. Going blind for real, however, was different, and it made her lose her footing. She could no longer lie to herself and claim that everything would be fine. She could not say that the blindness was just temporary and that she would be able to see again soon.

As of now, Amelia had gone completely blind, and there was no coming back.

She was lost and felt hollowed out. She experienced the hopelessness that came from being a cripple and was heartbroken when she thought about how she would need someone else to help her with even the simplest things.

"Tiff, I am a useless cripple," sobbed Amelia in deep sorrow.

Tiffany could not help but teared up as well. Though she was in a mess, she still cooed, "Oh, that's not true, Babe. You are perfect, and you remain the most stunning woman even if you can't see."

With that, Amelia wept.

"It's okay, Amelia. Don't cry. I'll panic if you keep crying like this." Tiffany tightened her arms around Amelia before adding, "We'll go to the hospital. I'm sure your blindness is temporary. There are so many doctors. I'm sure they can come up with something. We'll have the solution to this once we're there, so come on. Let's go now."

Amelia tugged at Tiffany's shirt as she shook her head. "No, I don't want to go to the hospital. I don't want others to see me like this."

"It's okay, Babe. No one would care what you look like. Only those who love you will worry about you. Let's head over to the hospital. If you won't do this for yourself, then do it for Tony. Are you okay with never seeing him again? Don't you want to watch him grow up?"

Tiffany's words broke Amelia down and crushed the last line of defense in the latter's heart.

Amelia cried even more. As she did so, she shook her head and screamed with so much agony that anyone who heard her would be heartbroken.

"Amelia, it's going to be okay," Tiffany comforted as her heart ached for Amelia.

"I'm sorry, Tiff, but let's not go to the hospital today. I'll head over in a few days. Please give me some time to regain my footing. I just can't accept my flaws right now," mumbled Amelia after she finished crying. Her eyes remained open, but her gaze was blank when she spoke.

Tiffany compromised, "Okay, we won't head over today."

Perhaps it was because crying had drained her, but Amelia was no longer as agitated as earlier. She combed her hair with her fingers, and in a sorrowful tone, she asked, "Tiff, do I look hideous now?"

Wiping her friend's tears away, Tiffany answered sadly, "As I've said before. You're still the most stunning woman, even if you can't see now."

Amelia grinned bitterly and replied, "You're the only one who will find me beautiful. I can't see now, but even I can imagine how terrible I look."

"That is not true," Tiffany refuted while helping Amelia up. "You have no idea how sweet and innocent you look right now. Don't overthink things, okay? It doesn't matter how you are. You will never be alone because I will always be by your side."

"Thank you." Amelia was appreciative, thankful, and touched by Tiffany's gesture, but only two words managed to slip out Amelia's lips.

"Don't be silly. We are too close to be that polite with each other. Don't worry and rest well. If you're not used to being here, we can leave. I'll work hard to make more money, and Kurt will babysit Tony. Things really aren't as bad as you think. In fact, everything will be fine so long as you remain well. Promise me that you won't overthink, okay? Everything will be fine," promised Tiffany in a somber tone as she held Amelia's hand.

Amelia didn't reply, but she eventually nodded.

Tiffany smiled, tightening her grip on Amelia's hand to show some support and make Amelia feel less lonely.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 304

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

Chapter 304 Venting On An Innocent Bystander

Amelia was depressed after going blind all of a sudden. On the other side, Oscar was equally miserable.

That day, Oscar had deliberately put on a casual outfit. When he drove past a florist, he got out of his car to buy three red roses. The owner told him that in floral language, three red roses meant "I love you" and he planned on telling Amelia that he loved her. He was going to court her, and it would not matter if she had previously suspected that he didn't have feelings for her. His actions would back his words up, and he would make her feel safe. He wanted her to marry him willingly. At some point, Oscar thought that they would eventually lead a loving life that could get anyone envious.

He had so many plans, and he was so delighted. Unfortunately, when he reached the apartment, the person who opened the door for him was Martha, the carer that Tiffany had previously hired.

Martha was rather polite and sweet when she saw him there. With a smile, she greeted, "Ah, Mr. Clinton, you're finally here! Amelia asked me to wait for you and to hand this letter to you. She also said that you will understand everything once you read the content."

A bad feeling crept up on Oscar as soon as he saw that letter. He felt as if his connection to Amelia would be cut off completely once he read that letter.

Frowning, he instinctively ignored the letter and asked, "Where's Amelia?"

"She left this morning. I think they mentioned something about taking the plane to Saspiuburg," replied Martha nonchalantly. "Mr. Clinton, please take this letter. I need to start packing now. The baby's not here, so there's nothing for me to do."

Oscar felt as though something had snapped inside his brain. Martha's words kept echoing in his mind.

He had no idea how he ended up taking the letter or how he walked down the stairs. In fact, he didn't come back around until he had already gotten into his car. His hands trembled as he held the letter, and his gaze turned exceptionally grim.

Eventually, he took a deep breath and opened the envelope. The more he read the letter, the more his face darkened.

"I am so sorry, Oscar, but we made too many memories in this city, and I simply can't stay here. I'll admit that I still love you and want to be close, but I am too weak to stay because I don't want to see you marry someone else. That is why I chose to leave. It's selfish of me to cut you and Tony off from each other's life like this, and you can blame me for being cruel. You can also be mad at me for being so heartless because I am at fault for taking Tony away with me. For that, I am truly sorry.

"I will never let go of the pain of seeing you and Cassie in bed together, and I insisted on getting a divorce because I can't stand it anymore. You would come home and say you love me, then go sleep around with some other woman. That is something I can no longer endure. I am leaving with Tony, and I have no intention of returning. Truth is, I don't even know if you actually love me, but please allow me to be narcissistic and assume that you do. I will be selfish and ask that you don't forget me that soon. Even if you marry someone else and have children with her, please leave some room in your heart for Tony and me.

"I will truly be gone this time, and I will be taking the memories we share with me. Please don't come after me. I will be somewhere far away, and I will miss you with every breath I take. Don't worry, I will never marry another person again. I will raise Tony on my own and will have the memories you and I share to keep me warm at night. Please remember the fleeting moment we share together, even if you are with another woman. Every once in a while, please think about the woman you thought was a gold digger, the woman who made you happy once, and the woman who gave you a son. I am not able to leave you with only happy memories, but please remember my smile. I will love you forever. Love, Amelia."

Oscar gripped the letter and ended up crumpling it. However, at the very next second, he smoothed it out and carefully folded it. He put it in his pocket as though it were the most precious treasure in the world.

"You stupid woman. Do you really think you can get rid of me just like that? I will find you, no matter where you are," Oscar muttered to himself as he stared at the passing cars outside.

Then, he called Hugo and ordered the latter to investigate every flight out of the city. Oscar wanted to figure out which flight Amelia took and where she went. It

didn't take long before he received the report of how Amelia and Tiffany took the midnight flight to Saspiuburg.

Oscar's gaze instantly turned gloomy, and he commanded, "Hugo, call Milton and tell him to investigate the area to see if he can find my wife in Saspiuburg. Also, have Clark look into all the planes, ships, and trains leaving Saspiuburg. I want him to figure out if my wife is taking any transportation out of the city. Tell them to hurry it up and inform them that they must stop her from leaving!"

Hugo thought those orders were strange, but he carried them out, anyway.

Oscar only hired high-skilled individuals, so it only took them half an hour to report back to him. Hugo summarized everything and told Oscar that Amelia's name never showed up on any departure lists. That, in turn, meant that Amelia likely stayed in Saspiuburg after the plane landed.

"Okay, have Milton and the others pay close attention to the matter. They are to call and report as soon as they figure out where my wife is. Also, let them know that the first person to locate her will be rewarded with a two hundred thousand in bonus."

"Understood," replied Hugo. "Uh, should we call the cops? It'd probably be easier if we get the cops to help us find Ms. Amelia."

While massaging his forehead, Oscar answered, "For now, go work on the tasks I assigned earlier. I will talk to the cops."

"Yes."

After ending the call, Oscar slumped into the driver's seat. A deep sense of exhaustion glinted in his eyes.

"Where are you, Amelia?" murmured Oscar. "Just come home. I won't pretend anymore, and I won't get a divorce. I truly, truly love you, and I no longer have eyes for any other woman, not after I saw how the accident for you lying in the operating room. If you are insecure, I will cut off all ties with every other woman. All I want is for you to come back to me. I will do anything for that to happen."

Oscar Clinton, the man who could deal with all the hardship in the commercial industry, finally experienced helplessness and exhaustion. He felt as though everything was out of his control, and he sensed that he was about to lose Amelia. Damn it! If I hadn't listened to that stupid Julian, maybe Amelia will still be here! Maybe I still can hear her sweet voice calling me Darling!

For a moment there, Oscar wanted to vent his frustration out on an innocent bystander. It didn't take long before his rational side came and kicked those thoughts out of his mind. To him, only the weak would vent their frustration out on others and put the blame on someone else. A grown man, on the other hand, would quickly figure out what went wrong and become better so that he would not make the same mistake again.

In the end, Oscar quickly regained his footing. He fished out his phone and called Kurt, but all he got in return was a robotic voice telling him that the number was no longer in service.

A flicker of malice glinted in his eyes. At that moment, he actually considered murdering Kurt. If the latter were to suddenly show up, Oscar definitely would not mind teaching him a valuable lesson. I will show him how no one is allowed to take my wife away from me.

Since Oscar could not get in touch with Kurt, the former called Tiffany. Of course, that number was not in service as well. Even Amelia's number was changed. It was not difficult to imagine just how terrifying Oscar looked after he made all three calls.

At first, Oscar wanted to tap into the police's resources to look for Amelia, but he didn't want the police officers, who could be rather uncouth at times, to frighten Amelia. That was why he decided against it.

Hence, he tapped into all of his own resources to find Amelia. He even went as far as getting involved with the gangsters he used to keep his distance from. Oscar got them to help by promising to pay anyone who found Amelia a hefty reward of two hundred thousand. The way Oscar got everyone involved in the hunt showed just how powerful the Clintons were. They had connections with both the cops and the gangsters, and everyone was respectful toward the Clintons.

It only took one day for Oscar to send out every man he could spare, but he still could not find Amelia anywhere.

That got him frustrated and made him order everyone to continue their search. The situation had him feeling so down that he drove to a somewhat secluded bar.

There, Oscar downed many shots. He sat quietly in the corner and kept drinking his sorrow away. Maybe it was because he had been suppressing his emotions for a while, but every shot felt especially strong. It stung his throat almost as much as his heart stung him.

The blinking lights in the bar made Oscar, who was already handsome, even more desirable. Even an act of him drinking alcohol seemed fatally attractive to other people.

His mere presence got every woman there to turn their attention over.

A sexy lady with heavy make-up in a tight and revealing dress approached Oscar with a drink in hand.

"Hey handsome, do you mind if I sit here?" asked the lady with a seductive voice as she winked.

Tilting his head up, he noticed the woman and got confused for a moment. "Amelia," he blurted.

Thinking he was making moves on her, the woman smiled and replied, "Oh, I can be your Amelia, handsome."

She was going to take a seat when Oscar suddenly pushed her away. His gaze was especially terrifying when he spat his words through gritted teeth, "Get lost!"

His push made the woman stumble, and when she looked at Oscar, she saw how evil his gaze was. That frightened her and prompted her to complain, "You don't even know how to treat a beautiful woman properly. What a waste of a handsome face."

At that moment, Julian, who Oscar had called over earlier, witnessed that. With a grin, the former walked over. "What's up? Why are you yelling at the nice lady who is only here to offer herself up?"

Oscar downed another drink. His eyes were bloodshot as he glared at Julian.

That was when Julian finally realized that something was off. He sat beside Oscar and asked, "What's wrong? Did you get into a fight with your wife?"

Oscar glared at Julian again. A hint of hatred flashed past his eyes, and that got the latter to shiver. Julian forced himself to calm down before asking, "What is it? Did I make a mistake and accidentally piss you off?"

Turning away, Oscar ordered a bottle of whiskey. When it was served, he placed the bottle in front of Julian and demanded, "Drink."

Julian opened that new bottle up and poured some whiskey into his glass. "Cheers," said Julian as he held his glass up.

Shooting him a look, Oscar continued downing the alcohol.

Julian looked as confused as an abandoned puppy. He didn't even know what he did to get under Oscar's skin, but he was sensitive enough to know that Oscar was angry at him.

But why?

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 305

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Chapter 305 Drunk

Oscar kept downing one shot after another as though he were trying to give up his life. That was the second time Julian saw Oscar being that out of control. The first time was when Amelia asked for a divorce, and Julian would bet his last money that the issue at hand involved Amelia as well.

At that moment, Julian finally understood just how powerful women could be. It didn't matter how strong a man was because he would still lose himself when dealing with the woman he loved.

Reaching out, Julian snatched Oscar's bottle away. "Oscar, are you trying to kill yourself?"

Oscar held his hand out to get the bottle back, which made Julian put the bottle further away. "Seriously, Oscar. You'll look cowardly if you keep drinking like this. Just tell me what's going on. I can help you come up with a solution."

Oscar managed to snatch the bottle back and drank all the remaining whiskey in one go.

Frowning, Julian scolded, "Oscar, man up already! You can't just drink your sorrow away every time something troubles you. How do you expect Amelia to depend on and trust you when you are so weak?"

Those words were like the last straw that broke the camel's back. At that moment, a punch landed right on Julian's face. The latter was stunned for a moment, and that gave Oscar the opportunity to throw yet another punch. Soon after, Julian regained his footing, and a fight broke out between the two friends.

The bar's other customers, including the ones that were on the dance floor, heard the commotion. It didn't take long before the bar's manager got the guards over to pry the fighting men apart.

Both Oscar and Julian had injuries on their faces, but Julian looked a little worse, as blood was dripping from the edge of his lips.

Since the owner of the bar knew Oscar, the manager didn't dare to be too harsh. He ended up politely asking everyone to go home and rest up.

When the men left the bar, Julian massaged his injured face and shot a look at Oscar. Then, he broke burst into laughter out of the blue. "Feeling better?"

Feeling his mood lifted a bit, Oscar replied, "Sorry, I acted impulsively."

"You're the only one who can get away with something like this. If anyone else had punched me, I will make it so that he won't survive long enough to see the next sunrise," said Julian while massaging his jaw and hissing in pain. "Oh gosh, you are cruel. I almost lost my teeth. Did you see me as the enemy? Because you definitely didn't hold back."

Not responding, Oscar strolled numbly to his car. Julian followed along quickly and hopped into the passenger's seat, even without an invitation from the other man.

When Julian got into the car, he reverted to his carefree style and asked, "Oscar, since you've punched me, shouldn't you at least tell me what I did to piss you off?"

Oscar fired up the engine and stared out the window.

Just as Julian thought he would not get an answer, Oscar replied, "Amelia left."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Julian questioned, not able to wrap his head around the piece of news.

"She went to Saspiuburg."

Hearing that, Julian finally understood why Oscar was drowning himself in alcohol. However, something still seemed off because Oscar definitely would not have let Amelia leave just like that, especially if he planned on courting her and getting her back.

"Oscar, are you messing with me? Haven't you already decided to court Amelia and get her back? Why did you let her leave?" asked Julian with a smile, not realizing just how grave the situation was.

Oscar's gaze darkened.

"She snuck away last night, and she was long gone by the time I realized what was going on. I sent all my people out, but I still can't find her. All I know is that she took a plane to Saspiuburg. I don't even know if she's still there now. Within a single night, I became the man who was abandoned by his wife," Oscar explained, suppressing his anger. "Back then, Cassie abandoned me, and now Amelia has left with Tony. Both women claimed they love me, yet they leave me right after I fall for them. Seriously, tell me the truth. Am I really that terrible to be with?"

Cassie leaving Oscar all those years ago had, without a doubt, traumatized him. He was abandoned on the day before the wedding, and he almost became a laughingstock. In a way, that was the most embarrassing thing that had happened to him. Fortunately, Oscar knew how to put on an act, and he was a powerful man. Those traits eventually got everyone to forget about how he was abandoned all those years ago.

Amelia also helped him move on from the pain that Cassie had caused him. The problem was, Amelia had heartlessly left just as Oscar discovered his feelings for her and decided to spend the rest of his life with her.

Amelia's departure would create the kind of pain that Oscar could not easily erase.

Julian finally understood how serious the issue at hand was. He hummed a little before uttering, "Don't beat yourself up, Oscar. I'm sure Amelia has her reasons for leaving. I'll tap into my own resources to help you find her."

Letting out a sigh, Oscar responded, "I don't blame her for leaving. I just don't understand why she had to leave so suddenly. She said that she loves me, and that got me thinking. Perhaps she left without saying goodbye because she thought I was heartless for being so okay with the divorce. I've actually already thought of how I'd get her back, but she wouldn't even give me a chance to do that."

Julian knew he was the culprit that caused everything to happen.

"Is this all because I gave you a terrible suggestion?" asked Julian, looking a little troubled. He had good intentions when he made that suggestion, but he never thought that Amelia would leave that suddenly and quietly. She didn't even leave a clue behind.

If a person was deliberately hiding away, it would be extremely difficult for anyone to find them.

"It's not your fault. I should've been more alert. If I had my men monitor her in secret, I would've learned about her plan as soon as she left the apartment," replied Oscar grimly.

"I'm sorry. My terrible suggestion got you into this mess, and this is undeniably on me. I will try my best to make up for this, and I will help you find Amelia. When we find her, I will apologize to her in person," declared Julian firmly.

Oscar remained quiet.

"By the way, how are you going to break the news to your parents?" Tony was the first child of his generation, and given how the Clintons had always been old-fashioned, it was likely that neither Owen nor Olivia would let this go easily.

Hearing that, Oscar looked extremely frustrated as he stiffened. His grip on the steering wheel also tightened.

"I'm guessing your parents are still unaware of how Amelia had left with the baby?" questioned Julian uncertainly.

"I will deal with my parents and settle the matter accordingly."

Looking out the window, Julian pointed out, "Amelia took Tony away without saying goodbye, and I'm sure that'll hit your parents hard. If this issue is not settled nicely, it is likely your mom will hate Amelia. That would make it so much more difficult for you to get Amelia back."

Upon hearing his friend's words, Oscar turned colder.

He had already considered all that because he could see how things were for Cassie, who left him all those years ago. Olivia was so upset that she didn't force Oscar to marry Cassie, even after learning how Cassie was pregnant with Oscar's baby.

Olivia might seem thoughtful and willing to negotiate, but she could also be extremely cruel if she wanted to. She would love someone with all her heart, but she would also hate someone with her entire being. It would be impossible for her to change her mind about someone once she decided to hate that person.

That was why Oscar was extremely worried about the situation.

If Olivia were to hate Amelia, Oscar would be stuck in between them, and things would be difficult for him. He loved Amelia, but he could not ignore his mother. She was the person he respected the most, and Oscar had to take her wellbeing into consideration.

“Oscar, should I go explain the situation to Mrs. Clinton?” asked Julian cautiously.

“Don’t butt in on the matter. I will deal with it.”

Leaning against the window, Julian muttered, “I am the reason all this is happening, so just tell me if you ever need anything. We’re friends, and you don’t need to hold back.”

Oscar responded by simply nodding.

After that, he drove to the beach. Upon arrival, he parked the car and unfastened his seatbelt. Seeing that, Julian mirrored his actions and queried, “Oscar, why did you come here?”

Oscar didn’t answer. He simply opened the car’s bonnet and fished a case of beer out of it. Julian’s jaw dropped when he saw that. “Oscar, are you going to drink yourself to death?”

“If we are good buddies, shut up and drink with me,” said Oscar after he shot a look over at Julian.

Since Oscar had already put it that way, Julian had no choice but to drink along.

“All right, I will get drunk with you tonight. Still, this isn’t like you, Oscar. I think you’ve really fallen hard for Amelia. You weren’t that messed up when Cassie left you all those years ago. Amelia is the only person who has ever caused you to lose control like this. I will surely apologize to her once we find her.”

Oscar released a bitter smile.

It was not that refreshing to drink at the bar, so the two men drank at the beach without a care in the world.

Perhaps it was because he was tipsy, but Oscar suddenly became talkative. Looking at the vast sea, he shouted, “Amelia, Honey, I love you! Please come back! I promise I won’t even look at another woman if you come back!”

Julian could not help but feel bad when he saw how Oscar, the prodigy in business, had become so troubled.

“Come on, Oscar. Man up. I believe that we will find Amelia soon. You are the heir of the Clinton Corporations, and I am sure you can survive through anything,” assured Julian as he drank from the bottle he had with him.

Oscar could only smile sadly. If he could, he would give all of his wealth up just to have his wife and son back.

With the heavy burden and the broken heart weighing him down, Oscar ended up drinking way too much. He got drunk soon after and kept talking nonsense. At one point, he even got nauseous and vomited as though he were a waterfall. Julian, who was sitting at the side, ended up having to help the drunk Oscar. When the latter was done vomiting, Julian led him into the car. To his dismay, when they were inside the car, Oscar puked all over his body.

Julian was so disheveled that night that no words could describe his terrible state.

Taking his shirt off, he stared at Oscar, who had fallen asleep immediately after puking the second time. Sighing, Julian muttered, “I guess I owe you this much, at least. It’s my fault for coming up with such a terrible idea. Sleep well, my friend. I will find Amelia as quickly as possible.”

Naturally, Oscar could not hear what Julian said. The former chanted Amelia’s name over and over again.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 306

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 306 Exerting Pressure

The next day, Oscar woke up as pain squeezed his head. He slapped his head hard and groaned helplessly.

“I prepared some chamomile tea for you. Have a sip.” A steaming cup appeared before Oscar. He looked up to see Julian towering above him.

Oscar took the cup from him. Blowing on it gently, he chugged it down.

Returning the cup to Julian, he asked, “Why am I at your house?”

They were both in Julian’s apartment in the city. Before Oscar got married, he had spent a few nights here. Hence, he immediately recognized the surroundings.

“Why else? You were drunk last night and vomited all over me. I don’t have your apartment keys, and there was no way I would send you back to the Clinton residence, so I had to bring you back to my place,” Julian explained.

Oscar felt his head throb even more. "I'm sorry," he rasped.

"Stop apologizing to me. Are you all right? Do you want to go back to bed?" Julian asked.

Shaking his head, Oscar got up from bed. He looked really exhausted and haggard.

"What time it is?" he asked while patting his head.

"It's nine in the morning," Julian answered. As Oscar's gaze landed on his hand before reaching into his pockets as though he was looking for something, Julian inquired, "What are you looking for?"

"My ring," came Oscar's answer. His voice seemed a little deflated.

"Ring?" Julian was confused. "Isn't it on your finger?"

Oscar's expression soured. He entered the bathroom to wash himself up swiftly. When he exited the bathroom, Julian urged, "Did you find it?"

Shaking his head, Oscar said, "I'll look around the bar and the beach. I'll take my leave now."

Julian trotted behind him. "Why don't you leave after having breakfast? You got drunk last night on an empty stomach. That isn't good for your health."

"No need." Oscar gave his shoulder a reassuring pat. "It wasn't your fault about what happened to me and Amelia. I'm sorry for lashing out at you last night. Don't take it to heart. We're still friends."

Julian shrugged and grinned. "I didn't take your punches to heart. Don't worry, we're still friends. I'll do my best to find where Amelia is. Should I come with you to find the ring?"

Oscar rejected his offer. "No need. I can do that alone. I need to go back home later and explain the entire situation to my parents. All right, I need to go. See you later."

They chatted briefly before Oscar left with his suit jacket.

The smile on Julian's lips faded away. He combed through his hair irritably. It was because of him that his friend's marriage came to an end.

He would be lying to claim that he didn't feel guilty at all.

Oscar had no idea what was going on in Julian's mind. He was focused on getting the ring back. After all, Amelia and he had only custom-made the rings a while

ago, and it meant a lot to him. As it was the only connection he had with Amelia after she left with Tony, he couldn't afford to lose it.

He soon arrived at the beach. The beer bottles they had emptied last night were still there.

Oscar ran over to the bottles and searched around for the ring, but it was nowhere to be found. He searched the entire area thoroughly, but it was as if it had disappeared into thin air. He tugged at his hair in frustration as dejection flashed across his gaze.

Shortly after, he returned to his car and drove to the bar. Alas, the bar was closed, as it still hadn't opened for business yet. He gave the bar owner a call, and a bar employee who lived nearby soon showed up with the key. "Mr. Clinton," he greeted Oscar politely.

"Open the door."

The employee unlocked the door as instructed, and Oscar promptly went to the sofa he occupied last night. He made sure to look everywhere, but the ring wasn't found.

"Did you see a ring when you were cleaning up last night?" he queried icily.

The employee gave it some thought before answering, "No, Mr. Clinton. Normally, we'll hand any items our customers left behind to our manager. If no one handed in anything last night, that means we didn't find your ring here."

At that instant, Oscar's face clouded over.

"Remember, if anyone spots the ring, give me a call. I'll reward him handsomely," Oscar announced.

"Sure. If someone finds your ring, we'll give you a call at once," the employee answered swiftly.

Without hesitation, Oscar left the bar with a grave expression and entered his car.

Suddenly, his phone rang and broke the silence. He immediately whipped it out earnestly, but the caller ID flashing on the screen made him hunch his shoulders.

He didn't answer his phone and allowed it to ring incessantly. As the caller refused to give up, he finally gave in and answered the call.

"Hello, Mom."

Olivia's stern voice rang out. "Oscar, where are you? Come back this instant."

"Got it, Mom. I'll head back now," Oscar replied readily. He could guess why Olivia summoned him home hastily. It was most likely something concerning Amelia.

Sighing in exasperation, he started the engine and drove back home to the Clinton residence.

Back in the Clinton residence, Oscar parked his car and entered the house. Olivia, Owen, and Stephanie were waiting for him on the sofa.

"Mom, Dad, I'm back," Oscar greeted them.

Olivia pointed at the sofa right next to hers. "Have a seat."

Oscar made his way over and sat down with his back straight.

"Oscar, your father and I went to Tiffany's neighborhood to visit Amelia and Tony. No one answered the door. I called Amelia, but her number was no longer in service. Can you explain what is going on?" Olivia demanded, fury blazing in her gaze.

Meeting her gaze, Oscar responded, "Mom, calm down. What I'm going to say next will anger you greatly, so please brace yourself."

Olivia took a deep breath as her gaze turned sharp.

"Speak."

After a brief silence, Oscar revealed, "Amelia has left."

Olivia immediately started wheezing, her emotions in turmoil. "What do you mean by Amelia has left? Where has she gone? What about my grandson?"

"She left on a flight at midnight to Saspiuburg together with Tony. That was all I got. I'll use our connections in Saspiuburg to find out where they are. I don't have any other information for now. But I'm sure I'll find them soon," Oscar answered honestly.

"What do you mean by they flew to Saspiuburg? Didn't you say your divorce was an act and that you'll remarry again soon? You promised to bring my grandson back! Why did she leave a few days after your divorce? Do you want me to suffer from a heart attack?" Olivia jumped to her feet and hollered furiously.

"Mom, I'm sorry," Oscar apologized.

That only served to heighten Olivia's fury. "Don't apologize to me. I want my grandson back. If Amelia doesn't return with Tony, I'll sue her in court. No, I'll make a police report so they will arrest her. How dare she leave with my grandson? She shall suffer the consequences!" she exclaimed.

"Mom, calm down. Amelia isn't that kind of person. She must've gone on a trip with Tony as she wasn't in a great mood. She'll be back. I'll make sure that happens. She used to be your beloved daughter-in-law, right? How could you make a police report? Besides, she has Tony's custody. It isn't wrong for a mother to leave with her son." Oscar's expression turned grim as he spoke up for Amelia.

Glaring at him, Olivia retorted, "If she went on a vacation, did she have to cancel her phone number? I'm not a child. It's obvious that Amelia had planned this earlier ahead. She had taken you for a fool! I must've been blind to shower my love on her. Instead of being grateful, she even stopped me from seeing my grandson! I'm old, but I have to suffer the pain of being separated from my dear grandson. How would I forgive her? If you can find her in a month and persuade her to give up on Tony's custody, I'll leave you to it. Otherwise, she'll never get to enter the Clinton family! There, I've said it. Do as you see fit. Don't blame me for being cruel, for you've forced me into a corner."

Oscar pressed his lips together as his heart sank. Indeed, I've expected Mom's reaction.

Olivia was heaving, but she couldn't calm down.

Owen pulled her into his arms and comforted her. "Olivia, calm down. We'll get Tony back. I won't let our grandson wander out there alone."

Olivia merely glowered at him. "Like father, like son. You claimed that Tony wouldn't leave, but look what has happened. Tony's disappeared! I don't know where he is. If Amelia is hiding from us on purpose, I might not get to see him before I die! Ah, I've yearned for a grandson for years. Now, I have to bear the pain of being separated from him," she wailed.

A glimmer of anguish emerged in Oscar's eyes.

Stephanie patted her mother's shoulders and defended Oscar. "Mom, it was all Amelia's fault. Oscar had been kept in the dark. She's really good at putting up an act. Remember how she put on a pitiful act and tricked our family? I told you she isn't a good person. Look, I'm right! Back then, you refused to believe me and chided me for being biased. Now, Tony's missing, and Oscar's being reprimanded. I feel bad for him. Mom, we shouldn't forgive someone as heartless as her. If she had considered about your feelings, she wouldn't have brought Tony away without letting us know."

Her words made sense to Olivia.

"Stephanie, you're right. I might be in my sixties, but I've never even understood her. You knew what she was like from the very beginning. I should've listened to you and insisted on getting Tony's custody," Olivia grumbled.

Oscar shot her a warning look, and she immediately hid behind Olivia's back and said carefully, "Oscar, don't look at me that way. I'm doing this for your sake. That woman doesn't deserve you!"

“That’s enough, Stephanie!” Oscar growled.

“Mom...” Stephanie covered behind Olivia’s back.

Her expression dark, Olivia hissed, “Oscar, what is going on? Your sister is just telling the truth! I want my grandson back. Locate Amelia as soon as possible. If Tony comes back, I’ll forgive her and allow her to be my daughter-in-law once more. Otherwise, she won’t be allowed to step into the Clinton residence!”

Oscar’s fists balled up as melancholy clouded his features. He could feel his heart sinking to his stomach.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 307

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 307 Heartless

For the next month, Oscar’s men searched around for Amelia, but she was nowhere to be found. It was as if she had fallen off the face of the world, and there was no sign of her anywhere.

His initial confidence gradually turned to anxiety. Tuning all his uncertainty into his work, he became a workaholic who toiled day and night. As a result, his employees had no choice but to increase their workload. It hence did not come as a surprise that Clinton Corporations’ performance increased by leaps and bounds. The results showed that they had outperformed last month by twenty percent, but no one was pleased by that. If this were to go on, they’d scrape themselves dry during their time of youth.

Jerry knocked on the door with the report in her arms. After Oscar granted her entry, she headed in and greeted, “Mr. Clinton.”

Without looking up, Oscar focused on dealing with the documents on his desk and asked coolly, “What is it?”

“This is the performance of the Sales Department this month. Please take a look at it.” Jerry handed the report to him.

“Leave it on the desk.”

Jerry left the report on the desk as instructed. She gazed at Oscar, who was working hard more than ever. A hint of doubt flashed across her gaze. A month had since passed, and everyone in the company knew that Amelia and Oscar were divorced. Amelia also left the city with the Clintons’ eldest grandson and disappeared into thin air. No one knew where they were. Though the Clinton family was influential and had connections, they couldn’t unearth any clue about Amelia’s whereabouts. Thus, Oscar poured all his time into work and made life hard for his employees.

As their superior was working hard, it was clear that they couldn't do their jobs perfunctorily, right? They didn't work poorly, to begin with, for Clinton Corporations was a huge company that wouldn't hire inefficient employees. However, their workload was much heavier now, and they would definitely collapse out of exhaustion one day.

Sensing her gaze, Oscar finally looked up. He frowned and cast her an icy look. "Anything else?"

A chill ran down Jerry's back, for it felt like Oscar was a soulless working machine that barred anyone from coming close to him.

After making up her mind, Jerry said, "Mr. Clinton, I think you should take care of your health. Work is important, but your health is too. Working nonstop will only bring you down."

Oscar glanced at her before looking away. "You can leave now."

Jerry fell silent for a minute before going all out. "Mr. Clinton, if Mrs. Clinton was still around, she wouldn't want you to disregard your health. Previously, she told me to remind you not to work nonstop and take your meals on time no matter what. Mr. Clinton, you didn't have your meals regularly and even skipped meals occasionally for the past month. It'll take a toll on your health. I believe Mrs. Clinton will worry about you," she uttered.

Finally, Oscar reacted to her words. He raised his head, looking a little lost.

"If I get sick, will she worry about me?" he mumbled. It was unclear if he was talking to Jerry or to himself.

Jerry couldn't help but sigh out loud. Though Oscar was aloof, he was a loyal man. Amelia had left and taken his soul with her. Compared to the pain he suffered when Cassie left back then, it was obvious his condition was more serious now.

Back when Cassie left him, Oscar buried himself in work for around six days and returned to his normal self on day seven. However, he was now the prime example of a lifeless working machine. If he kept working this hard, the stress would eventually take its toll.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm certain Mrs. Clinton will worry about you. She loves you and wishes you well," Jerry stated firmly.

Glancing at her, Oscar asked, "If she does love me, why did she leave? It has been a month, but she's still missing."

Jerry parted her lips, but words failed her.

A gleam of malice shone in his eyes as he warned, "Jerry, you don't even have an explanation for that. How dare you claim she loves me? Just because I promoted

you to be the manager of the Sales Department doesn't mean that you have the right to interfere in my business. Get out."

Jerry jumped in fright, but she didn't leave at once and seemed to hesitate.

"Why? Didn't I make myself clear? Or are you refusing to heed my order? Then you shall cease to be the Sales Department's manager. Hand in your resignation and scram!"

Taking a deep breath, Jerry stared at him doggedly and said, "Mr. Clinton, I don't know if I should say this."

Oscar massaged his temples in exasperation. He knew he had lost control of his emotions earlier. Mixing business with private matters wasn't what a superior should do.

"Say it," he commanded in a deep voice.

"Mr. Clinton, I have no right to butt into your private affairs, but besides affecting your own health, you're also petrifying your subordinates. They worked overtime for over a month and are on the verge of collapsing anytime. Some who are married or in a relationship had to spend less time with their family and other halves because of work. Eventually, problems will arise."

Jerry made herself clear, and her points were well-organized. "As your employee, I need to risk being reprimanded and let you know the truth. Besides, I've worked with you for years and viewed you as a friend. As a friend, I have to give you a piece of my mind. Of course, if you think I'm not worthy to be your friend, I have no comment on that. I promised Mrs. Clinton to remind you not to overwork yourself. In fact, there is something she said that I haven't told you."

Something glinted in Oscar's gaze.

Jerry continued calmly, "Mrs. Clinton said that if she were to leave, you shouldn't pour all your time into work. She'll be praying for you somewhere else so you'll live a long life."

As though he was a wounded wolf, Oscar demanded harshly, "Why did you keep it until now?" If she told me about it previously, I would've realized Amelia had the intention of leaving the city. We wouldn't have missed each other.

Shocked, Jerry retreated a few steps and hung her head low to avoid meeting Oscar's horrifying gaze. "Mr. Clinton, I'm really sorry. I didn't know Mrs. Clinton would..."

Oscar deflated like a balloon and slumped in his chair. He gave a dismissive wave and said weakly, "You can leave now."

Jerry gazed at him and plucked up her courage to say, "Mr. Clinton, as both your subordinate and your friend, I don't think you should continue this unhealthy lifestyle."

Oscar glanced at her before saying, "Jerry, you're overstepping the line. Just do your job and stay out of my private affairs. Otherwise, I shall take action regardless of our past relationship."

Jerry hung her head low and replied, "I'm sorry for that."

"You may leave now."

With a weak nod, Jerry left as instructed.

Oscar promptly returned to his work, but the words before him just didn't register in his head. He looked up in a daze and mumbled, "Amelia, you're thoughtful enough to ask another woman to give me words of advice, but why didn't you do it yourself? How heartless of you! You're even more cruel than me! We've been married for five years, and I did ignore you for the first four years, but I never let go of you. However, you're heartless enough to leave me in the lurch without leaving a trace."

Oscar had suffered greatly for the past month. He had no idea missing someone would hurt this badly. As long as he had free time, he'd feel his heart ache. Left with no choice, he poured all his time into work to numb his feelings. Only when exhaustion took over him, he'd fall asleep in bed slowly. His sleep quality had deteriorated the past month. Sometimes, he was drained and sleepy, but just couldn't fall asleep no matter what. He even got into the habit of hugging Amelia's pillow before he could fall asleep. If nothing else worked, he would resort to taking sleeping pills to get some rest.

A month had passed since Amelia's departure, and Oscar realized he was no longer the same man he used to be. He wished he could work all day, and his mood often fluctuated to dangerous levels. He knew this wasn't a good change. Eventually, this would cost his health and Clinton Corporations' development.

Oscar let out a sigh. It was time for him to adjust his schedule. Otherwise, his health would suffer, and Clinton Corporations would peak and go downhill from there. That wasn't what he wanted.

As the head of a company, it was bad to be emotional, for it would affect his ability to make a sound judgment.

Oscar tugged at his hair irritably. He got up and grabbed his suit jacket before striding out of his office.

"Mr. Clinton, you have a conference call with the chairman of Larson Group at three in the afternoon. You..." Linda stood up and reminded Oscar, for he seemed like he was about to head out.

"Tell the chairman that I'm feeling unwell and adjourn the meeting to tomorrow at the same time," Oscar instructed and left without looking back.

"Yes, Mr. Clinton," came Linda's reply.

Oscar took the elevator and went downstairs. Before he could leave the building, a woman's voice rang out behind him. "Oscar!"

He didn't bother stopping.

Isabella ran after him and tried to walk side by side with him. Breathless, she offered, "Oscar, wait up. I asked my chef to prepare some chicken soup. It has just been delivered, so it's still warm. I heard the other employees say that you haven't eaten today. Have some soup so you won't get sick."

Without sparing her a glance, Oscar replied frostily, "I don't like chicken soup."

Isabella didn't get mad at his reply and kept her pace. "Oscar, I asked my maid to prepare this. Please accept my kind intention. I only wish the best for you."

Oscar finally came to a stop and glanced at her. "Ms. Walker, following a man shamelessly will only degrade your status. You're a socialite, but the others might think you're selling your body. Never mind if you wish to downgrade yourself to be a social butterfly. Don't assume everyone else is as wicked as you. Also, Clinton Corporations don't hire employees who love slacking off. If you don't have the intention to work here, please leave as soon as possible," he declared.

Isabella's smile faltered as she gazed at him in frustration.

"Oscar, I was just showing my concern. Do you have to be that cruel?" she asked in a pitiful manner.

Another man might've taken pity on her, but alas, Oscar was a ruthless wolf who had fallen in love with Amelia. He didn't have the space for any other women in his heart.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 308

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 308 A Cruel Woman

"I don't need your concern. If you think you can't handle the job, submit your resignation letter and go back to being the social butterfly you are," Oscar exclaimed sternly. "This isn't the Walker family where you can do anything with your status. Show me what you're made of, or I'll suspect you of forging your graduation certificate."

Isabella's expression fell as tears welled up in her gaze. Born with a silver spoon in her mouth, she had been admired and praised by everyone since young. Other

men flocked to her and did everything she ask for. No one had ever spoken to her harshly before. However, Oscar was hard on her today.

No matter how upset she was, she still felt that Oscar was unusually charming and sexy. Perhaps she was a masochist, for Oscar's indifference was what attracted her to him the most. If she was merely interested in him at first sight, she was certain that her heart belonged to him now.

Oscar was an exceptional man. No woman would be able to resist his charm. Of course, she was no exception. After falling in love with him, she was willing to sacrifice herself to gain his devotion.

Just to conquer his heart, she entered the kitchen, which she used to view in contempt, just to prepare a meal that would please him.

"Oscar, I'll prove that I'm not useless," Isabella met his gaze and stated firmly. "I'm not slacking off. I got concerned since you were working nonstop and asked the chef to prepare some chicken soup for you. Can you please accept my sincerity?"

Oscar spared the box in her hand a terse glance before marching away.

Left behind, Isabella held the lunchbox in her hands quietly, her feelings a complicated mixture. However, her gaze was determined.

Oscar, the more aloof you are, the more I want to get you. I fell in love with you. Even if you're in love with someone else, I'll make sure you fall out of love with her and then occupy the empty space in your heart. Mark my words.

She ignored the other employees' curious gazes and strode back into the building.

Oscar got into his car and gazed at the busy traffic outside in exhaustion. Something glinted in his bloodshot eyes.

He started the engine and drove away. Some time later, the car rolled to a stop before the beach where Julian and he drank their hearts out a month ago. He stared at the rolling waves as dejection overwhelmed his heart.

That day, he lost his wedding ring after getting drunk, and it remained missing until today. Perhaps it was a sign that their relationship was meant to be full of obstacles. He had ignored Amelia back then, so it was time for him to be tortured by her disappearance.

Caressing his empty finger, he was at a loss.

Amelia, I lost our wedding ring, and I lost you. Even though I can't find you anywhere, I'll be waiting right here. Can you please turn and retrace your steps back to me? Oscar thought bitterly.

He remained at the beach until the sun went down on the horizon. It wasn't until his phone began ringing that he snapped back to his senses.

Whipping his phone out, he saw his mother's name flashing on the screen.

Oscar immediately frowned and had the urge to reject the call. For the past month, his family became incredibly tensed up as Amelia remained missing. Olivia even kicked up a fuss and threatened to call the police. She wanted to sue Amelia for bringing Tony away from them. If he hadn't done his best to stop her, Amelia would've been a wanted criminal now.

The Clintons were powerful enough to frame an innocent person if they wished. They could make up a convincing lie easily.

Oscar had no intention of answering his phone, but Olivia was persistent. Thus, his phone kept ringing continuously in the car.

Finally, he caved in.

After he answered the call, Olivia's cold voice rang out. "Oscar, where are you?"

"Mom, I'm still working in my office. What is this about?" he rubbed his temples and replied weakly.

"I've just called your secretary, Linda. She told me you left your office at two this afternoon. I don't care where you are now. Get back home this instant. Otherwise, I'll head to the police station and make a report. When the police find her, she'll definitely get arrested and convicted for her crime. Don't blame me for not warning you in advance," she cautioned.

Oscar took a deep breath to hold back his anger. "Mom, I'll go home right now."

With that, he hung up.

Olivia's sudden unreasonable behavior made him both fatigued and helpless. If someone else dared to threaten him, he'd made sure that person regretted doing so. However, Olivia was his mother. He was rendered powerless before her.

Amelia's departure and Olivia's oppression gave him a taste of discontent.

Oscar soon drove back to the Clinton residence. He had just stepped into the hall when he saw Olivia and Owen sitting on the sofa.

At once, he felt his temples throbbing, signaling the arrival of a migraine.

After taking a deep breath, he walked toward them.

"Mom, Dad."

"You're home." Owen seemed calm.

Olivia glowered at him and went straight to the topic. "Any news of Amelia?"

"Not yet. But there will be soon," Oscar answered honestly.

"Oscar, you promised to locate Amelia in ten days, but it has been a month. Where is she? There is absolutely no clue about her whereabouts! How should I trust you?"

She gave him a bitter look before adding, "Oscar, I'm proud to call you my son, and I've always put you first. I hope you won't disappoint me. Otherwise, there's no telling what I will do."

Oscar was surprisingly silent as he wore a grave expression.

Owen wrapped an arm around Olivia's shoulder and said, "Olivia, stop forcing Oscar. Amelia might've brought Tony away, but she's the boy's mother. I'm certain she won't torture him. Just give it some time, and you'll reunite with Tony soon. You need to relax instead of getting worked up over it."

Olivia gave him a look and sneered, "So it's my fault for not being able to see my grandson? I know you both think I'm being unreasonable. Tony's my only grandson! I'm in my sixties, and I don't have long to live. God knows if I'll live to see my second grandchild! You want me to calm down, but I can't! Amelia is capable of kidnapping Tony, so there's a possibility she might sell him off! I shouldn't have treated her well. She's nothing but an ingrate! I just want my grandson back. Did I do anything wrong? Wasn't I nice to her? Why did she keep my grandson away from me?"

Both Owen and Oscar said nary a word.

Olivia burst into noisy tears. She missed Tony so much that her heart ached. As she was already suffering from heart disease, Tony's matter weighed on her mind and worsened her condition.

She held her chest and panted several times. Realizing her odd action, Owen pulled her into his arms and ordered hastily, "Oscar, hurry. Get your mom's medicine upstairs."

Oscar dashed upstairs and retrieved the medicine as told, and the maid immediately got them a glass of warm water.

After taking the medicine, Olivia felt better and could breathe normally. Frowning, Owen said gently, "Relax, Olivia. I'll ask them to work harder to locate Amelia. I promise you'll be reunited with Tony soon. Please don't scare me."

Olivia's face was pale as she lay in his arms sickly. "Dear, all I want is Tony. My wish is to enjoy the rest of my life with my grandson and live an ordinary life."

After spending the first half of my life in luxury, I don't want anything else but Tony."

Owen's expression darkened as he grew increasingly upset at Amelia.

"All right. You have my word. I'll bring Tony back as soon as possible. Don't get too emotional. You have a heart condition, so it's best to stay calm. That was really scary," Owen said.

Olivia bobbed her head in acknowledgment.

Oscar, who was standing before them, gave her a solemn bow. "I'm sorry, Mom."

If anything were to happen to Olivia, he wouldn't forgive himself. After Amelia took Tony away, he felt remorseful.

It was his fault that Olivia had to be separated from her grandson in her old age.

She loved her grandson dearly, but he ripped her right to be with him.

Though it was Amelia who brought Tony away from them without his approval, he wasn't about to blame her. Thus, he placed the blame on himself.

Olivia gave him the once-over and declared, "If you still think of me as your mother, find Amelia and get Tony back. Make a clean break with her. The Clinton family doesn't need an ingrate like her."

Though Olivia showered her love on Amelia, all she got in return was the latter's sudden departure. She was in the opinion that even a pet dog would bark nicely to express its gratitude, but Amelia merely took off with her beloved grandson without a word.

If Amelia's conscience was present, she wouldn't have done that. She had no idea how upset I was to be parted with my grandson and took off without looking back! I have never met anyone as cruel as her!

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 309

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 309 Guilt

After a tensed silence, Oscar looked at Olivia and spoke sincerely. "Mom, it was my fault that Amelia left, but I won't give up on her."

Olivia scoffed. "Look at you. You're indeed your father's son, for you are both stubborn. The woman treated you badly, but you insist on siding with her! Will you stop only when I suffer from a heart attack?"

Sighing, Oscar answered, "Mom, Amelia isn't like that. You used to adore her, right? Why are you being so harsh on her?"

His answer only serve to aggrieve Olivia further.

"I was blind to treat her well! If we weren't on good terms, I wouldn't feel this bad right now. I made sure she ate well, sleep well, and lived well. I also never cut off her allowance or limited her freedom. It was also her who caused Stephanie and me to argue back then. As her mother-in-law, I did my best. How did she repay me? By taking Tony away from me! I didn't even expect that. How could she? That ungrateful woman doesn't deserve my kindness!" she declared angrily.

Oscar pursed his lips silently.

"You got no retort for that, huh? Oscar, I'll be blunt with you. Even after you find where Amelia is, I won't allow her to marry you. I don't want a hypocritical daughter-in-law. You have to pick between me or her," Olivia stated firmly, and there was a finality to her tone that warned him to make the correct decision.

Oscar frowned as annoyance rose in his heart.

"Mom, you weren't like this previously. Why are you acting this way?"

"That was in the past. You know me well, don't you? If I like someone, I'll treat her well. But once I grow to hate someone, she'll never enter my good books, ever. Cassie is one, and Amelia has achieved that, too. You can say I'm inflexible, but I'll never accept someone I dislike," she declared.

Silence ensued.

Olivia stood up from Owen's arms. She parted her lips to say something, but a grating pain gripped her heart, and she passed out without warning.

"Olivia? Olivia!" Owen held her before she fell to the floor and yelled, "Oscar, get the car!"

Oscar ran out and drove the car to the entrance of the Clinton residence in a swift manner. Owen immediately brought Olivia to the car.

Flooring the accelerator, Oscar arrived at Principal General Hospital in the shortest time possible. Robert, who had been informed of the news, was already waiting at the entrance with his team of medical staff. Once the car rolled to a stop, they hoisted Olivia up to the stretcher and pushed her to the operating room.

Outside the operating room, both Oscar and Owen stared at the red light anxiously. An awkward silence ensued.

Some time later, Oscar broke the silence. With his head hung low, he said guiltily, "Dad, I'm sorry."

Owen spared him a brief glance. "We shall talk about it after your mom gets better."

No words came out of Oscar's mouth.

Owen leaned on the wall as time ticked by. Time had never seemed so slow. Every second went straight to his heart like an iron shard, and the anguish was unbearable.

His wife was inside, but there was nothing he could do.

They remained outside for three hours before the light above the operating room finally flickered off. The doors slid open to reveal Robert and his team of doctors.

Owen and Oscar rushed over to greet them.

"Robert, how is Olivia faring?"

"Mr. Lancaster, how is my mom doing?" Owen and Oscar asked at the same time.

Robert glanced at them before saying, "Let's go to my office."

Owen took one look at Olivia, who had just been pushed out, and nodded quietly. He followed behind Robert, and Oscar immediately went after them.

In his office, Robert chided, "Owen, what happened? Didn't I tell you to make sure Olivia lives comfortably? Why did you allow her to overthink? Do you know she'll lose her life if she gets more emotional?"

His expression stern, Owen demanded, "Robert, be honest. Is Olivia in a bad situation?"

"If you didn't send her to the hospital in time, she would've died. Her heart isn't faring well, so she can't be too distraught. If she gets slightly emotional, her condition will worsen. She needs to rest now," Robert explained solemnly.

Owen looked sullen.

Breaking the silence, Oscar said, "Mr. Lancaster, it was all my fault. I shouldn't have anger Mom. I'll make sure never to do it again."

Robert cast him a cursory glance. He knew Amelia's disappearance had given Oscar a huge blow. After she left with Tony, the Clinton family's peace was disrupted.

"Oscar, she's just worried about her grandson. As her son, you should go along with her wishes. She isn't healthy to begin with, and getting older means more

problems will arise. Though she has aged well, don't forget that she's in her sixties. You can't risk her life by upsetting her," Robert reminded.

Oscar nodded in response.

"Leave your father and me alone. I need to talk to him," Robert ordered.

Oscar left as told and stood next to a window. He looked down at the garden blooming with flowers as his expression grew grim.

Pulling out a cigarette, he lit it and took a deep puff. Thick plumes of smoke soon surrounded him.

After Amelia and Tony took off, he had become quite addicted to smoking and could finish a packet of cigarettes in one day. Back then, he would only smoke a few occasionally. Now, he wouldn't be seen without one. He missed Amelia terribly, and Olivia kept pressurizing him to locate Tony. He wasn't afraid of anything else except for Olivia's health.

He finished one cigarette after another. Soon, cigarette stubs were all over the floor. Owen came to him and patted his shoulder. "Don't feel too stressed."

Oscar gazed at his father gravely.

"Don't blame Olivia. She missed Tony too much and overreacted. I'll try my best to persuade her to change her mind. But after you find Amelia, we need to get Tony's custody back. That's not up for discussion," said Owen as he stared out of the window.

Oscar said nothing.

"Oscar, your mom isn't doing well. As her son, you should be considerate. She has never suffered in her life, and I don't wish to see her suffer. We're not being mean to Amelia. She was the one who left with Tony without informing anyone. Her selfish actions caused Tony to be estranged from our family. Thus, she has to bear the consequences of losing Tony. She can't blame anyone for that," Owen added.

Turning to him, Oscar announced, "Dad, Amelia's not an unforgivable criminal. I don't think she should be at the receiving end of that punishment. I love her, and I won't marry anyone else. If you are both against our relationship, Tony will be your only grandson."

The look in Owen's eyes darkened as he scrutinized his son silently. They stared at each other for a long while. None of them refused to give in.

In the end, Owen declared, "Whatever. If you put your mom in a tight spot, I'll kick you out of our family. It's either Amelia or our family."

Having said that, Owen spun on his heels and marched away.

Oscar stared at his father's retreating figure and felt utterly torn. He gripped the unlit cigarette in his palm tightly until it bent into half.

Turning back to face the window, he discovered the scenery was still as green and beautiful as before. Alas, no one was there to share the view with him.

"Amelia, where the hell are you?" he muttered in exasperation.

The night view was mesmerizing, but Oscar's mood was foul.

"Oscar, Mom..." In a dimly lit bedroom, Amelia jolted awake from a nightmare with cold sweat dotting her brows.

"Amelia, what's wrong?" Her screams woke Tiffany up. "Do your eyes hurt? Or do you feel unwell?"

Amelia opened her eyes though she could no longer see. Gasping for air, she shook her head and answered, "No. I had a nightmare. I dreamt that both Mom and Oscar fell into a deep abyss. I wanted to save them, but I failed to do so. Before Mom fell, she was blaming me for taking off with Tony and causing her to be estranged from her grandson. Then, I woke up."

Tiffany wiped off her sweat and consoled her. "Babe, it's just a nightmare. Don't mule over it. Let's go to bed. When you feel better, we'll go to the hospital for a checkup. Back in Beshya, the doctor said there's a chance for recovery if you relax, remember?"

Amelia didn't share her sentiments. "Tiff, you should sleep. Just ignore me."

"You aren't sleepy? I'll stay up with you," Tiffany offered. "If you can't fall asleep, let's talk so you won't feel bored."

Amelia's silence signified her approval.

"Tiff, I dreamt that Mom blamed me for being cruel enough to take Tony away without informing them beforehand. To think about it, I was really heartless to cut off ties with the Clinton family. Tony wouldn't get to see his father again, and he'll have to grow up in a single-parent family. Now that I'm blind, I can't give him the best of everything. Am I too selfish?" Amelia buried her head between her knees and asked forlornly.

After losing her eyesight, she wondered if she should return Tony to the Clintons. However, Tony was her only pillar of strength. Without Tony, she didn't know how she should face the endless darkness alone.

"You're overthinking again. Stop it. Tony's custody belongs to you, so it isn't wrong for you to leave with him. Stop thinking and sleep. We shall go for a checkup tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. When you recover and feel guilty, we can pay them a visit with Tony and ask for their forgiveness," Tiffany suggested.

Amelia shook her head. "If I recover, I'm afraid I dare not bring Tony back. I don't want Oscar to be disappointed at me and give me the cold treatment," she uttered in a low voice.

Tiffany's heart wrenched painfully at her friend's words. She gave Amelia a comforting hug and said, "All right, time to sleep. It's useless to ponder over this now, for you won't be returning with Tony anytime soon."

Amelia lay down on the bed. "Let's sleep," she mumbled.

Tiffany shut her eyes and muttered, "Amelia, don't think too much. Sleep tight. Let's cross that bridge when we come to it."

Instead of answering, Amelia opened her eyes wide in the dark as melancholy surrounded her.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 310

[Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 310 Useless Me

Amelia got up early the following morning as she barely slept at all. Having spent most of last night thinking, she got a headache from not getting enough rest.

"Babe, you don't look so good. Are you not feeling well?" asked Tiffany concernedly when she noticed how pale Amelia was.

Ever since Amelia lost her sight, Tiffany had been paying close attention to her friend, fearing something would go wrong.

"I'm fine. Probably just caught a cold or something," replied Amelia as she shook her head.

After placing her somewhat cold hand on Amelia's forehead and then on her own, Tiffany let out a sigh of relief. "Luckily, you don't have a fever."

"I'm just blind, Tiff; I'm not terminally ill, so you don't have to worry about me all the time. Just relax, okay? You're starting to make me feel useless."

"I didn't mean to make you feel that, Babe. You're overthinking it," explained Tiffany nervously. Afraid that she would unintentionally say or do something insensitive, Tiffany had been very careful around Amelia ever since her friend became blind. However, her cautiousness only made the interactions between the two awkward.

Amelia then moved her hand around to find Tiffany's. "You don't have to be this way, Tiff. I want you to treat me like how you used to, okay? To tell you the truth, I don't like how you've been treating me like a baby for the past month. I just want you to see me as a normal person, but all you do is remind me how

incapable I am. It really sucks. I'd much rather you be who you are—my loud friend," informed Amelia as she patted the back of Tiffany's hand.

After pausing for a while, Amelia continued, "I'm not complaining about you or anything like that, Tiff. I just want things to be normal between us, you know? You don't have to be careful around me all the time. I may be blind, but I'm not as weak as you think I am. For Tony's and your sake, I promise I'll do whatever I can to get better. Even if the odds are stacked against me, I won't give up. I'll keep fighting."

Although Amelia was helpless at times, Tiffany could tell that her friend's spirit remained strong. "Babe, you have no idea how relieved I am to hear you say that. I was so worried about you getting hurt that I didn't realize I was making you uncomfortable, but you showed me that you're more than okay. You're so much stronger than I thought, and I'm glad for it." Tiffany then smiled cheerfully at her friend, who responded in kind.

"Good! Then I'll brush my teeth on my own today if you don't mind. I've already familiarized myself with the room in the past month. Heck, I'm probably even more familiar with the place than you are! So stop worrying about me, okay? I know I lost my sight, but I can't rely on you for everything. I don't want to end up useless."

Seeing how determined Amelia was, Tiffany decided to let her friend be. She knew that no matter how tough Amelia was trying to be, the woman was still somewhat self-conscious on the inside. Tiffany was just glad that Amelia could find a reason to stay strong.

Taking a step back to let her friend through, Tiffany replied, "Sure, go ahead. I'll be right outside if you need me."

"You don't have to stand by for me; I can do this on my own. You have your job, so I can't expect you to be there for me all the time. It's better for us if I get used to being on my own as soon as possible. I'll be fine, Tiff. Trust me, okay? Take a seat and relax. I'm not completely useless, you know?"

"Fine. I'll stay here then."

Tiffany wanted to help Amelia, but the latter insisted on going alone, so she had no choice but to stand aside and watch nervously as her friend walked slowly toward the bathroom.

When Amelia finally made it inside, Tiffany breathed a sigh of relief. Sweat trickling down her forehead made Tiffany realize just how nervous she had been for the past few minutes.

After making her way to the bathroom sink, Amelia had no problem brushing her teeth independently. However, when she tried to reach for the soap dispenser, she accidentally knocked the container off the counter. Both Tiffany and Amelia jumped when it hit the floor. Fearing the worst, Tiffany immediately dashed into the bathroom to check on her friend.

"Babe, are you okay? Are you hurt?" questioned Tiffany anxiously as she checked Amelia from head to toe.

Shaking her head, Amelia assured her friend, "I'm fine, Tiff. What did I drop?"

"It's just the dispenser. Don't worry about it. Just tell me what you need, and I'll get them for you. We have to hurry down for breakfast. I made an appointment with your doctor for this afternoon. It's a follow-up for your eyes."

Amelia stood still and let Tiffany help her with the rest of her morning routine before she was led out of the bathroom.

"Sit here, Babe. I'm going to clean up the bathroom now, and after that, we'll have breakfast together."

After Amelia nodded in agreement, Tiffany went back into the bathroom.

Sitting there alone, Amelia could not help but feel disheartened because of what had just happened. As much as she wanted to live normally again, she realized that she could not even get a simple task done, and that made her feel worthless.

At that moment, Amelia was filled with nothing but despair and hopelessness.

She feared that she would one day become a burden to those around her and wondered if there was any point to continue living if that were to happen.

Thinking that her good looks were probably her only redeeming quality then, Amelia let out a long sigh.

When Tiffany returned to Amelia, all she saw was the look of despair on her friend's face.

"What's the matter, Babe?" inquired Tiffany gently after squatting down beside Amelia, who instinctively tried to withdraw her hand but was stopped by Tiffany.

"You filled yourself with negative thoughts again, didn't you, Babe?"

"I'm utterly useless, aren't I, Tiff? I can't even take care of myself. Do you think Tony will hate me for being such a useless mother?" asked Amelia with a wry smile.

As a show of support, Tiffany held Amelia's hand tightly. "Never. Tony's a smart kid. He knows what you've been through. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, and you're one of the kindest people I know. Tony will understand."

"I hope you're right," responded Amelia, smiling softly.

"Promise me that you'll get rid of those negative thoughts, Babe. The doctor said you have to stay positive, or it's just going to make things worse for you."

Keeping silent, Amelia knew her friend was right.

“Let’s go have breakfast, Babe. Your favorite oatmeal is waiting for you.” With that, Tiffany got up and helped Amelia do the same.

When the two got downstairs, the handsome Derrick just so happened to enter the house. Like a star-struck fangirl, Tiffany immediately turned bright red.

“Mr. Hisson’s here, Babe,” Tiffany informed Amelia shyly. Even though Tiffany had been seeing the man for a month, she was still not used to calling him by his first name. To her, calling the man “Mr. Hisson” sounded more intimate, for some reason.

“Derrick’s here?” Amelia turned toward the front door, assuming that the man was standing there.

After smiling at Tiffany, Derrick turned to her friend. “I heard about your situation from Tiff, and I’m sorry that I couldn’t visit earlier, Amelia. I’ve been busy with my mother lately.”

Shaking her head, Amelia replied, “How’s Old Mrs. Hisson? Is she getting any better?”

“She’s been discharged. The doctor said that she just needs to rest for half a month, and she’ll recover.”

“That’s good to hear. You and Tiff haven’t seen each other for a month now; I can tell you she misses you a lot. You two take your time now, okay? And I’m going to make myself scarce.” After that, Amelia turned to her friend. “You should spend the day with Derrick, Tiff. After all, the man came all the way to see you. Don’t worry about the appointment. There’s always tomorrow.”

“But Amelia... ”

Before Tiffany could go on, Amelia quickly squeezed her friend’s hand to signal the woman to shut up.

“Let’s sit down, shall we? I think the chairs are beckoning us over,” joked Derrick to help with the awkwardness.

From the second the three sat down at the dining table, Derrick could not take his eyes off Tiffany. The man realized that Tiffany had grown even more beautiful since they last met.

Even though the two had only been apart for a month, it felt like an entire year to Derrick.

Tiffany could not help but blush when the man kept staring at her like that, so she gave him a look, gesturing for him to knock it off. Derrick chuckled for a brief while but quickly stopped when he remembered Amelia’s situation.

"So where's Kurt?" inquired Derrick.

"He has some business to attend to, so he's going to be away for two days," explained Amelia.

Curious, Derrick raised a brow. "Oh, I thought he's only working for you. He's quite a busy man, huh?"

Amelia only smiled politely in response to that.

"Kurt is a good man. He said that he wanted to earn more money so that he could afford a suitable replacement for Amelia's corneas. If you ask me, I think that man wants to be more than just a bodyguard to her. I'm more than happy to play matchmaker for them if Amelia's interested," Tiffany chimed in.

"There you go again. Kurt and I are just friends, Tiff. You can't just go around telling people things like that. You're going to ruin the man's reputation," warned Amelia with her brows knitted.

However, that did not bother Tiffany in the slightest. She gave Derrick a look when she knew Amelia was just trying to change the subject once again. As expected, Kurt's love for Amelia is probably going to end up unrequited.

Knowing that love could not be forced, Derrick simply smiled at the two women's bantering.