

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 121

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Chapter 121 | I Cannot Promise Now

Cassie grabbed Elizabeth's hand and pleaded, "Mom, I really love Oscar. I planned this just because I wanted him to spend more time by my side. Isn't it great now? He is putting aside his work to accompany me."

At that moment, Elizabeth was heartbroken. "Do you know how much damage abortion can do to a woman? This might cause you unable to have children again."

Cassie was stunned. "Mom, what are you saying?"

Looking at Cassie's ignorance, Elizabeth became even more furious. "What am I saying? I am saying you might not be able to get pregnant anymore. It's all your own doing, so shame on you."

Although Elizabeth's words sounded offensive, it was still because she could not accept this cruel reality about her daughter.

Learning that fact, Cassie was bewildered. Her hands could not stop trembling as she held on to her mother. "Mom, is that true? Are you lying to me?"

Seeing her like this, Elizabeth's heart softened. "I am your mother. Why would I lie to you? You've made a terrible mistake. If you'd discussed it with me, you wouldn't have caused this mess. But don't worry too much. The doctor only said that it will be difficult to get pregnant, but that doesn't mean there will be no chance at all. I will find the best doctor for you.

"

Cassie's face seemed to turn even paler. "Mom, I want to have a child with Oscar."

Elizabeth uttered with annoyance, "Well, what goes around comes around. You should have expected it the moment you made this plan. Do you know that you might even lose your own life? You should be smart enough to know this! How I wish I don't have a daughter like you."

Cassie grabbed Elizabeth's hand and whimpered, "Mom, I was wrong. I only wanted Oscar to marry me because I believe he still loves me. He told me that it was just a marriage of convenience between him and Amelia. He promised to marry me once I'm back."

Right then, Elizabeth recalled what Cassie said just now. "Earlier, you said that you never slept with Oscar. What did you mean by that?"

Cassie's expression turned a little awkward.

"Mom, there's no need to ask about this anymore. You just need to remember that the child wasn't his."

Unable to hear the truth from Cassie, Elizabeth added angrily. "Honestly speaking, I don't want to meddle in your business anymore either."

"Mom, please don't. I'm your daughter. If you don't care about me, who else is willing to do so? Would you like your daughter to lose everything after suffering for so much?"

"Well, you deserve it."

"B-But... I am still your daughter."

Elizabeth was left speechless at that.

Just then, a knock on the door interrupted the quarrel between the two. Elizabeth went to open the door. It was their housemaid who had brought the food.

"Mrs. Yard, this is the meal I have prepared. Mr. Yard is still discussing work with the shareholders at the office. He asked me to inform you that he will only come later."

Elizabeth nodded and said, "I see. You can leave now. Thanks."

"Alright, Mrs. Yard."

The next second after the housemaid left, Cassie reminded Elizabeth. "Mom, can you call Oscar? It's late already, so he must be hungry."

Elizabeth rolled her eyes at Cassie. "Could you at least take care of yourself first? Since the child wasn't Oscar's, stop being so obsessed with him. He is, after all, the president of Clinton Corporations and has a lot of work. You should be grateful since he already took a day off to be with you. If you get too clingy, he will definitely be irritated."

Cassie was a little unconvinced. "Mom, I thought you're on my side."

"Even if I am on your side, I can't blame others indiscriminately. I'd have a reason to put the blame all on Oscar if the child was his. But now that I know that this was all but a lie, why should I?"

Upon that, Cassie turned to her mother meekly and pouted. "But Mom, I am your only daughter. Are you really that willing to see me suffer?"

"Of course not, but what can I do? Your child is gone, and Oscar is not willing to divorce his wife. You should give up on him as soon as possible, then find a man who loves you and get married," Elizabeth answered.

"Never." Despite all those words from Elizabeth, Cassie's stubbornness did not seem to fade at all. "Mom, there are many men who want me, but I only love Oscar. No matter what, he is the only man I will be marrying. If you don't allow it, then that's fine; I'll just be an old lonely hag."

Hearing that, Elizabeth became furious. "You-"

Just as she was trying to reprimand her daughter, there was another knock on the door.

Unable to suppress her emotions, she shouted, "Who is it?"

"It's me." It was Oscar's voice.

As soon as Cassie heard that, she became nervous and snapped back at her mother, "Mom, why are you so rude?"

Elizabeth was so furious that she almost choked with anger. After all, she did not mean to overreact towards Oscar.

She gave Cassie a reluctant stare and petulantly spoke, "Come in then. The door's not locked."

Whereas Cassie immediately leaned on the pillow, pretending to be weak. "Oz, you're back. Let's have dinner. You must be hungry."

Oscar came in and sat over at the side of the hospital bed.

Then, Cassie opened the lunchbox and chirped enthusiastically, "Oz, I specially asked Mom to get the maid to prepare your favorite meals. The food is still warm. I hope it suits your appetite."

Seeing that Cassie was once again clinging onto Oscar, Elizabeth's anger was mixed with embarrassment. The daughter that she loved so dearly was but a speck of dirt in front of that man.

Elizabeth cleared her throat and interrupted the two. "Oscar, what would you like to eat? Let me get it for you."

At that second, Oscar was keenly aware of the change in Elizabeth's attitude towards him. Although he was not sure what was going on, he was glad to see it.

"Mrs. Yard, I'm not hungry. Please go on and eat with Cassie."

"It's already nighttime. How could you not be hungry? Oz, eat some with me, okay?" Cassie grabbed his arm and said coquettishly.

Oscar gazed at her in confusion. "Doesn't the wound hurt? Why are you able to sit up?"

Upon that, Cassie promptly pretended to be in pain. "Oz, of course, it hurts. But whenever I look at you, I just forget about the pain."

Even Elizabeth felt that her daughter was being too much.

She cleared her throat again and served them. Cassie's meal consisted of a hearty soup, whereas hers and Oscar's were various types of food.

Elizabeth put the food in front of them gently. "Oscar, please eat with Cassie, or else she will refuse to eat again."

Oscar was left without a choice.

Even at that moment, Cassie kept putting food into Oscar's bowl, ignoring Elizabeth's feelings while at it. It was then when Elizabeth decided she could not take it anymore.

"Cassie, stop moving around and be careful with your wound or you'll end up in pain again," Elizabeth advised.

Nonetheless, Cassie did not intend to withdraw her way of affection towards Oscar. "Mom, as long as Oz is with me, I'll be alright."

Oscar served the soup for Cassie and instructed gently, "Cassie, drink your soup. Don't worry about me. I'll help myself."

Cassie showed a sweet smile and opened her mouth flirtily. "Oz, I bet the soup will taste better if you feed me."

With that, Oscar submissively directed a spoonful of soup towards her mouth. "Ahh..."

Cassie leaned forward to drink it, her lips unwilling to let go of the spoon for quite some time.

Surprisingly, Oscar did not seem to urge her either. "Does it taste good?"

Cassie nodded while beaming with satisfaction.

On the contrary, Elizabeth's expression seemed extremely detested looking at her ridiculous daughter.

In order to be with Oscar, she aborted her child that belonged to another man. And now, she was pretending to be weak to gain Oscar's compassion.

Truthfully, Elizabeth had seemed to lose grasp of her daughter's true personality.

Thus, she could not stand anymore but to reproach, "Cassie, please have your meal properly. You still have a wound on your body, waiting to heal. Don't come to me crying later if it hurts again."

Due to Elizabeth's persistent nagging, Cassie reluctantly adjusted her posture and let Oscar feed her at a faster pace.

After they finished with their dinner, Elizabeth wanted to talk to Oscar outside the ward. However, Cassie instinctively turned nervous. "Mom, why do you have to go out? You can talk with him here."

Elizabeth glared daggers at her annoying daughter. "What's your problem? Come on. Are you worried that I would eat him up?"

Cassie bit her lips when she heard her mother's remark.

Before she could further refute, Oscar covered her with the quilt and comforted her. "Don't worry. We won't be long. Just stay still and remember not to move too much as it'll further agitate the wound."

Just as he was about to leave, Cassie grabbed the corner of his shirt and murmured, "Okay, but come back quickly. I don't like being alone. It scares me."

Even at that moment, Oscar continued to put on a mask of affection, concealing any traces of irritation in his mind.

"Rest well. I will be back soon."

Then, Oscar and Elizabeth left the ward. They reached an empty staircase so they could have a talk in private.

Soon after that, Elizabeth went directly to the point. "Oscar, I know that you are a very assertive and attractive man. And I'm sure you have noticed that Cassie has become extremely dependent on you now. Without a doubt, she loves you very much. However, she had a miscarriage, and the doctor also said that she might not be able to get pregnant in the future. So I need to ask you now – What is your current stand in this relationship?"

Oscar did not reveal his true emotion but asked rhetorically, "And what do you hope to hear?"

"I am her mother, so of course, I hope that you both will get married."

With both hands in his pocket, Oscar said, "Honestly, Mrs. Yard, I planned to marry Cassie. But after getting to know her more, I am starting to feel that she is not the one I want."

Elizabeth frowned, but her reaction had toned down considerably now since she realized Cassie's miscarriage was her own plan. "Oscar, please give me a reason."

"Mrs. Yard, you might think I am giving an excuse. I feel like Cassie has changed. She doesn't seem to be the naive Cassie that I love anymore."

Elizabeth did not respond at once but went deep in thought.

She would have denounced Oscar if it was before, but now that she found out what Cassie had done, she couldn't do so...

Taking a deep breath, Elizabeth sounded extremely despondent. "Oscar, Cassie stayed in Erihal for almost five years. People there are more open-minded, so she would be, more or less, influenced under that kind of environment."

Despite that, Oscar just shook his head.

"Mrs. Yard, you are her mother. I believe you know what I am talking about. The old Cassie, though was stubborn at times, still cared for people around her. But even though she seems to be much gentler now, I don't think her heart is in the right place... I say this by no means of disrespect. It's just that everything feels so different with her now."

Although Elizabeth knew all that to be true, she was displeased with Oscar's comment. "From what I heard, you're trying to push away the responsibilities, no?"

Oscar hesitated upon hearing this accusation.

“Mrs. Yard, my wife is pregnant now. It will be mean for me to divorce her now, won’t it? As for Cassie, I will arrange the best doctor to ensure her recovery. But at this point, I can promise nothing in terms of marriage.”

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Chapter 122 Selfish

Elizabeth’s face contorted in anger. No matter what, Cassie was her daughter. There was no way she’d stand and watch Cassie getting hurt.

She took a deep breath and tamped down her anger. “Oscar, what do you mean by that?”

Oscar replied honestly, “I can’t marry Cassie for the time being.”

Elizabeth scoffed, “Oscar, you’re very honest. But you know that’s not what I want to hear.”

Oscar stepped back and gave her a deep bow. He straightened his back before explaining, “Mrs. Yard, I’m really sorry, but Amelia’s pregnant. I can’t let the child end up without a mother. Hence, it’s impossible for me to marry Cassie now.”

“You mean you want her to be your mistress forever?” Elizabeth demanded.

Oscar fell silent and glanced at her thoughtfully.

“Mrs. Yard, we won’t reach a consensus. As I said earlier, I hired a designer from Irushea to design Cassie’s wedding dress. If she didn’t suffer from a miscarriage, I would’ve proposed when her bump showed. But her miscarriage messed things up. Perhaps we aren’t fated to be.”

Elizabeth wasn’t as hot-headed as before. She inquired calmly, “Oscar, be frank with me. Are you not going to marry Cassie, ever?”

“Mrs. Yard, I can’t give you my word,” said Oscar. “Let’s just go along with the flow. If Cassie and I end up being husband and wife, that will be for the best. If we don’t end up together, I’ll think of her as my own sister. As long as Yard Group needs me, I’ll be of help.”

Oscar's promise was important to the Yards.

He was a famous entrepreneur while Cassie was a talented musician. Even if she joined the board of directors, they'd treat her as an outsider. With Oscar's help, things would be much smoother.

Still, Elizabeth wanted more for her daughter. Oscar was the perfect candidate to be her son-in-law.

"Oscar, Cassie relies on you a lot. You promised you'll love her for the rest of your life," Elizabeth remarked. "Look, you've changed in just a few months. Isn't that too fast?"

Oscar couldn't help but ask himself, Was I the one who changed too fast?

Emotions rippled through his heart, but he kept a cool front and explained, "Mrs. Yard, it was Cassie who dumped me back then. I can't give her my word for now. But when something happens to her, I'll be by her side."

He's right, thought Elizabeth.

Oscar isn't Cassie's only lover. She got pregnant with another man's child. She might've lost that child, but that doesn't change the fact that she had other lovers in the past.

Elizabeth might be protective of her daughter, but she was a reasonable woman. She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth and received strict upbringing. Previously, she lost her cool because of her daughter, but that didn't mean she was an irrational woman.

She knew Cassie had indulged in some capers, so even though she was tempted to defend her daughter till the end, she couldn't bring herself to put Oscar in a difficult position.

Sighing, Elizabeth caved in. "I've thought about it. I'm not that unreasonable. Since you say everything's up to fate, then I won't force you." She added, "But Cassie relies on you heavily. She's weak after losing her baby. If you're a man, you won't choose to hurt her now."

Oscar shot a puzzled look at Elizabeth.

"Mrs. Yard, you changed your mind quickly."

Elizabeth knew what he was trying to say.

"Oscar, please don't be mad at my rude actions earlier. I feel bad for Cassie. Everyone adored her since she was young, so she had never

suffered in her life. The doctor said she might not be able to get pregnant in the future. I was so mad and wanted to beat you up," she clarified. "Now that she's awake and revealed that it was her own fault, I can't insist on pinning the blame on you."

Oscar listened to her explanation silently.

Elizabeth implored, "Oscar, please do me a favor. No matter what happens, I hope you won't hurt Cassie. She loves you dearly."

Oscar nodded. "Don't worry, Mrs. Yard. I won't hurt her. She was my first love. There will always be a spot for her in my heart. She'll always be special to me."

Elizabeth let out a sigh of relief.

"Oscar, you're an adult. I believe you're sincere. Remember, don't hurt her," she repeated.

Oscar nodded without a word.

Patting his shoulder, Elizabeth told him, "Let's go back. Otherwise, Cassie might overthink things."

They returned to the ward shortly after. Cassie, who was fidgeting nervously, relaxed visibly at the sight of Oscar.

"Mom, Oz, what took you so long? I was so worried. I nearly went out in search of you," Cassie whined and pouted unhappily.

Elizabeth shot her an exasperated look. "Why? Are you afraid I'll tear him to pieces?"

Flushing beet red, Cassie replied softly, "Mom, stop talking nonsense. That was not what I meant."

Elizabeth poked her forehead and chided, "I know you well, my dear."

At 11 p.m., Cassie told her mother, "Mom, it's late. You should go home. Oz will take care of me here. You don't want to keep Dad waiting at home, do you?"

Elizabeth nearly choked on her words. Cassie isn't even married to Oscar, but she's already siding with him. When they get married, will she forget to come home to us?

"Cassie, where are your manners? You aren't even married to him yet. Look at how desperate you are. Don't you feel ashamed?" Elizabeth remarked in frustration.

As her cheeks turned a crimson red, Cassie whined, "Mom, Oz and I will marry sooner or later. There's nothing wrong about him taking care of me!"

Swiftly, Elizabeth packed her things up and told Oscar, "Look, I'm third-wheeling here. Take care of her, Oscar. I'll come to take your place tomorrow."

Oscar planned to head back home. After hearing their words, he had no choice but to agree to stay for the night.

Elizabeth reminded her daughter. "Cassie, have a good rest. Don't bother Oscar. He needs to take care of you and work. I believe he must be exhausted."

Cassie nodded obediently.

After Elizabeth left, Cassie patted her bed and extended an invitation. "Oz, come join me in bed."

Oscar pulled the covers up and kissed her forehead. "No worries. I will spend the night on the sofa."

Pouting unhappily, Cassie demanded, "Oz, the bed is big enough for the two of us. Why won't you join me?"

Oscar explained patiently, "You're still weak from the miscarriage. If I join you in bed, I might not hold back seeing how gorgeous you are. I don't want to hurt you."

Cassie turned scarlet and harrumphed shyly. "What were you thinking? I want you to sleep well, that's all. You're so mean!"

Too caught up in her feelings, Cassie didn't see the indifference in Oscar's gaze.

Gently, Oscar helped her down and tucked her in. "It's late. You should go to bed."

Taking his hand, Cassie uttered shyly, "Oz, I feel like the luckiest person in the world to be with you. I wish I can be by your side forever. What do you think?"

Oscar patted her head and avoided her question deftly. "I don't want to be with someone who is sick. If you want to be with me, get well soon."

Cassie flashed a grin. "I will, as long as you don't leave my side."

She patted her head again and implored, "Oz, come join me in bed. I know you're a gentleman. Otherwise, you would've fallen for my seduction previously."

Pulling a chair to the bed, Oscar sat down before answering, "Go to bed. If I join you in bed, I don't think you will be able to sleep well."

The light in Cassie's eyes dimmed as she uttered in disappointment. "Oz, I lost the child. Do you still blame me for that?"

Oscar ruffled her hair to comfort her. "Nonsense. Did I ever blame you for that? It wasn't your fault. Besides, we're still young. We can have children later on."

Cassie pressed on. "You don't seem upset at all, Oz. You don't care that I've lost my child, right?"

Oscar's expression darkened. "Cassie, I'm upset at the loss of the child, too. I'm too proud to show my misery to you. I can't believe you misunderstood me that easily."

Cassie panicked immediately.

"Oz, I was afraid you'll blame me for the incident. I spent all day in the hospital, but you didn't even reprimand me. To be honest, I felt distressed and guilty," she revealed while clutching his hands desperately. "I was scared that you might blame me for the miscarriage. Also, it seemed like you didn't look forward to the arrival of our child as you weren't upset at all."

Oscar tucked her in again and reassured her. "Stop overthinking things. I'm heartbroken over the loss of our child, too. We have a long journey ahead of us. In the future, we will have our own kids."

"What if we can't have any?"

"Stop overthinking things."

"Oz, I'm serious. Mom told me that this miscarriage has affected my uterus. It will be hard for me to get pregnant in the future. If I'm infertile, will you still marry me?"

Instead of answering her question, Oscar said, "I'll marry my soulmate, not a birthing machine. There's no need for you to bear my child as I can get one elsewhere."

Cassie gazed at him adoringly. "But I want a child of our own, Oz. I don't want outsiders to join our family. The children are adorable, but they aren't ours. I can't accept nor like them."

Something dark suddenly flickered in Oscar's eyes.

Cassie grabbed his palm and placed it on her cheek. She made an unreasonable demand. "Oz, if I can't bear any children, can you not bring other children that you bore with other women into our household?"

Immediately, Oscar retracted his hand.

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Chapter 123 Deliberate Intimacy

Stunned, Cassie looked up at Oscar. "Oscar?"

"Cassie, I'm going to have a child in a few months' time. If you want to be mine, you have to accept my child," stated Oscar firmly.

Cassie lowered her gaze as reluctance and hatred flashed across her eyes.

After a brief silence, she raised her head weakly. "Oz, can't you let Amelia take care of the child? I lost mine because of her. There's no way I can treat her child as my own. I'll make sure she receives her alimony every month."

Tamping down his irritation, Oscar flashed a grin in her direction. "You're still weak. Hurry, close your eyes and sleep."

Cassie took his head and weaved her fingers with his. "Oz, I went to Erihal years ago capriciously. I lost myself in the fun Erihal had to offer, but after one month, I missed you so much. I nearly rushed back, but Mom told me you had married someone else." She bared her heart to him. "I was so unhappy and mad back then. You said you love me, but you married another woman swiftly after my departure. In a fit of anger, I remained in Erihal. I told myself that I'll be fine alone. If I knew we'd miss each other

for years, I would've returned immediately. I still love and miss you after all these years."

Not a word came from Oscar's lips.

He had investigated Cassie's past in Erihal. Besides frequenting bars and nightclubs, she was involved intimately with a few men. She also often held parties in her rented apartment, spending the night partying and getting wasted with a bunch of people, like there was no tomorrow.

When the investigator handed him the report, he was caught by surprise. However, the report plus the photos given by Olivia confirmed one thing—he was tricked by Cassie's innocent and kind appearance. She was, in fact, an avid partygoer who loved frequenting bars and nightclubs.

Oscar was known for his crafty side in the business world. Hence, he had not expected to be wrong about her.

After finding out Cassie's real character, he gradually drifted away from her. He couldn't accept the fact that she was merely putting up an act in front of him.

True to his word, he hired an Irushean designer to design a wedding dress for her. Nevertheless, Amelia was the one who popped up in his mind whenever he thought of the wedding proposal and the design for the dress.

He couldn't stop himself from wondering how gorgeous Amelia would look in that dress.

Noticing Oscar wandering off, a flash of panic appeared in Cassie's gaze. She struggled to sit up but accidentally jostled her wound. Immediately, she gasped in pain.

Snapping back to reality, Oscar took her arm. "What's wrong? Did you jostle your wound?"

Grabbing his shoulders, Cassie gazed at him and uttered pitifully, "Oz, don't leave me alone. It's not that I don't like kids. I just want one of our own. I can't get over the fact that you and Amelia are married, so I refuse to let her child come between us. It's like a thorn stuck in my throat which will hurt every time I breathe."

Oscar helped her to lie down and told her, "Stop overthinking things. You just had surgery and lost your baby, so your body is still weak. You must be tired after talking for so long. Sleep now."

Cassie blinked and asked, "Oz, can you hand me my phone?"

Oscar found her request strange, but he went to the left side of her bed and retrieved her phone for her.

"Let's take a selfie of you kissing me, Oz!" exclaimed Cassie as she clicked on the camera app.

Frowning, Oscar returned, "Why are you suddenly asking to take a selfie?"

"Well, our last selfie was taken years ago. I don't think we've taken any new photos together. I know you love me, but you rarely get intimate with me. I just want a photo of you kissing me. Won't you say yes?"

Cassie's eyes reddened in distress.

Oscar couldn't bring himself to say no, so he leaned over and kissed her cheek.

Pointing at her forehead, Cassie requested, "Oz, I want you to kiss my forehead. A kiss on the forehead is more intimate than a kiss on the lips."

Oscar brushed his lips across her forehead as her camera clicked repeatedly.

"Oz, can you kiss my shoulder?" Cassie's request grew R-rated.

Oscar merely stared at her silently.

Pouting prettily, Cassie whined, "I want us to be more intimate. Can't you say yes to my small request?"

Oscar relented reluctantly.

Cassie proceeded to take countless photos of Oscar kissing her forehead, cheek, and lips. She then forced Oscar to go through each and every photo with her.

"Oz, this photo of you kissing my forehead looks pretty good. What do you think?"

"Yeah, it is."

Oscar reached out to take the phone from her, but she refused to relinquish it to him. "Oz, let me scroll through the photos for a bit."

Oscar knitted his brows together and replied, "It's late. Time to sleep."

"No!" she whimpered. "It's rare for us to take these intimate photos. I want to enjoy them for a bit longer. I can't sleep now."

Oscar thought about it and caved in shortly after.

"Okay. Stay here. I need to make a call outside," he told her.

Cassie looked up anxiously. "Why are you doing it out there? You can make that call here."

Oscar's frown deepened.

Cassie added hastily, "Don't get me wrong. I wasn't trying to restrict your freedom. I'm just afraid that you'll leave when I wasn't paying attention. I don't want to stay in the hospital alone."

Oscar assured her, "I need to instruct my assistant about something regarding work. I'll be back in around thirty minutes. If you're sleepy, just go to bed. Don't worry. I'll stay here for the night."

Cassie inclined her head grudgingly.

After Oscar stepped out of her ward, the anxiety on Cassie's face disappeared without a trace. Gazing at Oscar's figure in the photos, she declared, "Oz, don't blame me for my schemes to get you. I love you too much to give you up to Amelia. I am your soulmate. Amelia is just a b*tch you hired who doesn't deserve to be with you."

She picked five intimate selfies from the countless selfies they took earlier and sent them to Amelia along with a text: Amelia, Oz loves me. He told me he didn't divorce you because you're pregnant with his child. You're a scheming woman, huh? Never mind, I can wait for him. He'll be mine sooner or later. The child in your belly will be nothing but an outsider.

After sending out that text, she proceeded to delete it and lay down as though nothing had happened earlier. When Oscar came in later, she had already dozed off.

Oscar came to her bed and glanced at her. Right then, his phone rang. He whipped out his phone and saw Amelia's name flashing on the screen.

He quickly answered it. "Hello?"

Amelia's cool voice sounded from the other end of the line. "Mr. Clinton, I know you're a loving couple with Ms. Yard and that I'm just a stand-in for her. But please, could you ask Ms. Yard to stop sending me those disgusting photos?"

"What photos?" Oscar was puzzled.

"Mr. Clinton, you know what the photos are. You must've had a good time kissing her forehead and lips, huh? You have my blessings. Please inform her on my behalf that I won't come between you."

With that, she ended the phone call without hesitation.

Oscar gazed at his phone, whose screen had gone dark, and scowled.

Returning to Cassie's side, complicated emotions flashed across his eyes. He seemed troubled.

On the other hand, Amelia felt her heart clenching in pain at the sight of the selfies of Oscar and Cassie. After the initial pain came a fresh swell of rage. How dare Cassie send me those photos? So what if she used to be Oscar's girlfriend? I am Oscar's legally wedded wife. The Clintons admitted my status. Even though our marriage was nothing but an agreement, it is still protected by the law. Cassie is just a lowly homewrecker.

As a mistress, she's so arrogant.

Staring at the intimate selfies angrily, Amelia scoffed, "What a loving couple. Cassie has just suffered from a miscarriage, but you're already acting all lovey-dovey with her. Aren't you afraid of losing control? Cassie might end up going into the operating room again."

Amelia knew she was being harsh, but there was no way she could bring herself to sympathize with Cassie's plight. After all, Cassie kept pushing her limits. She wasn't a saint.

After deleting the photos, she declared to herself, "You want me to leave? I'm sorry, but I've just changed my mind. You are certain Oscar loves you, right? Let's see how much he loves you."

Cassie, whom she despised, had ignited a spark of competitiveness in her. Besides her background, she was confident enough of defeating Cassie.

The competitive Amelia fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, she washed up excitedly and put on a pink dress. She was seven months along, but besides her slight bump, her limbs were still

slender. Hence, the youthful dress complemented her fair skin instead of looking awkward on her.

When Amelia came down the stairs, even Molly was slightly stunned at the sight of her gorgeous figure. With a wide grin, Molly greeted her, "Good morning, Mrs. Clinton. You look pretty today. Are you going somewhere?"

Amelia returned a smile. "Do you mean I'm not pretty usually?"

Wiping her hands dry, Molly beamed. "Mrs. Clinton, you look pretty every day. But today, you look exceptionally attractive. Perhaps it has something to do with your jovial mood."

Amelia touched her face consciously. Is it that obvious?

"Molly, let's go to the farmer's market later. I want to cook something delicious for Oscar." Amelia flashed a warm smile.

Molly served her breakfast and uttered, "Sure, Mrs. Clinton. But Mr. Clinton doesn't come home for lunch. Are you bringing lunch to his office?"

Amelia merely nodded and said nothing else.

After breakfast, Amelia followed Molly to the farmer's market. The sellers there were delighted to see them and lavished praises on Amelia.

Those who frequented the farmer's market were usually elderly ladies. Sometimes, a few young people would show up. However, none of them were as charming and pretty as Amelia.

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Chapter 124 Jennifer

"Hello, gorgeous. Are you here with Molly?" asked a lady selling vegetables.

Amelia replied politely, "I have nothing to do at home, so I tagged along with Molly. It's been a while since I've come to the farmer's market. It must be hard to wake up early in the morning every day."

The vegetable seller's smile widened. She had never seen anyone as pretty as Amelia.

As far as she was concerned, the more pretty a woman was, the more arrogant and indifferent she would be. This was the first time she had ever seen someone as friendly and gorgeous as Amelia.

"You're such a sweet-talker. Thank you for your concern," uttered the vegetable seller happily. "It has been a while since you bought anything from my stall. Here, you can have this for free."

"Thank you!" After making her purchase, Amelia insisted on paying her. "You're running a small business. I insist on paying for my purchases!"

In the end, the vegetable seller accepted her payment.

As Molly and Amelia made their way through the farmer's market, the sellers welcomed them warmly. Amelia was also sweet enough, so the sellers gave her lots of free gifts generously. They even got two extra eggs for free from the egg seller.

Soon, Molly and Amelia left the farmer's market loaded with their shopping. Molly tried to take the shopping bags from Amelia, but the latter stepped out of her reach.

"Molly, this isn't heavy at all. I can manage," Amelia stated with a grin.

Molly told her, "Mrs. Clinton, give me the eggs. You can carry the vegetables."

Amused, Amelia answered, "Molly, you're being too cautious. It's just a dozen eggs. I can manage that easily."

Molly didn't insist. "Mrs. Clinton, if you find it heavy, hand the bag to me. You're pregnant, so you need to be extra careful."

Amelia chuckled. "Molly, don't worry. I can handle that, no problem."

Slowly, Amelia and Molly strolled back to their neighborhood. At the gate of their neighborhood, they ran into someone who Amelia thought she would never see again—Jennifer Larson. She remembered how Jennifer used to regard her as a rival.

Upon spotting Amelia, Jennifer removed her sunglasses and came to her.

Amelia gave Jennifer the once-over and realized the latter had lost a lot of weight. Jennifer was still clad in a fashionable outfit as usual and was

exuding a confident aura, but her gaze wasn't as dynamic as before. Overall, she seemed exhausted.

"Amelia, are you free? I need to talk to you." Jennifer stated her intentions outright.

Sensing Jennifer's hostility, Molly pulled Amelia to stand behind her. "Who are you?" she inquired. "Why do you need to talk to Mrs. Clinton?"

Jennifer ignored her and stared straight at Amelia. "I need to talk to you about something important, Amelia. Half an hour will do."

Stepping out from behind Molly, Amelia asked, "Ms. Larson, what is it about?"

"Can we talk in a cafe elsewhere?" Jennifer tamped down her irritation and urged.

After a brief hesitation, Amelia told Molly, "Molly, head home with our shopping. I need to talk to her."

Molly took the shopping bag from her worriedly. "Mrs. Clinton, shall I come with you?"

Amelia was amused. "Molly, she is my ex-colleague and superior. I know who she is."

Molly gave the unfriendly Jennifer, who was clad in a fashionable outfit, a disapproving look. Evidently, this woman was here to stir up trouble.

"Mrs. Clinton, I'll leave the bags at home and join you. You're seven months along." Molly was still concerned. "You're going to give birth soon. I can't let anything happen to you."

She nearly blurted out that Jennifer seemed like trouble, but her manners stopped her from saying so.

Jennifer's face darkened in displeasure. She put on her sunglasses and uttered in exasperation, "Amelia, why is your maid so talkative? She's annoying and rude."

Jennifer had left a terrible impression on Molly.

"Ms. Larson? To be honest, you left a bad impression on me. You might be pretty, but I've seen many gorgeous ladies in my life. Compared to Mrs. Clinton, your manners are far worse," Molly scoffed.

Jennifer glanced at Amelia in frustration. "Amelia, will you come or not? Do you seriously think I'll do something to hurt you? I'm not that despicable. I'm a law-abiding citizen."

After reassuring Molly, Amelia turned to her. "Ms. Larson, I'm sorry. My maid is worried for me. She doesn't mean anything else. Let's go."

Molly stood there with the shopping bags in her hands. "Mrs. Clinton."

"Molly," said Amelia in a comforting tone. "Go home without me. I'll be back soon."

With that, she left with Jennifer.

They arrived at a nearby cafe and ordered a cup of coffee each.

Amelia stirred her coffee and said, "Ms. Larson, it has been a while since we last met. Do you need anything from me?"

Jennifer stared at her bump, obviously in a daze. "Seven months?"

After a momentary silence, Amelia responded politely, "Yes, I'm seven months along."

"That's fast," came Jennifer's strange reply.

As Jennifer wasn't being hostile to her, Amelia found it weird.

She sipped on her coffee awkwardly. "Ms. Larson—"

"Jennifer will do," Jennifer cut in.

Taken aback, Amelia glanced at her curiously. Jennifer blurted out, "What's wrong? Are you surprised at my sudden change in attitude?"

Amelia nodded in response.

Jennifer removed her sunglasses and crossed her legs. "Amelia, I took you as a rival because I realized Carter is in love with you. I was too jealous of you. I'm sorry for that."

Amelia merely gave her an odd look.

Jennifer continued, "My sudden appearance might've taken you by surprise, but I'm here to offer my apology. Also, I would like to ask you to stop contacting Carter. You're too important to him. As long as you're by

his side, he won't be able to fall in love with another woman or get married. You don't want to hold him up, do you?"

Amelia was lost in thought as her lips curved up in amusement.

Why do women like to tell me that my existence is nothing but an obstacle to the men who love me? The women claim I won't be of help to the men's careers and families. It's like I'm a jinx who will bring bad luck to every man by my side.

Amelia was neither a hypocrite nor someone who'd suffer in order to make others happy.

"Ms. Larson, I believe you've gotten it wrong," she stated firmly. "Carter and I are just friends. It's not wrong for friends to stay in touch, right? Besides, we've been friends for ages. I won't agree with your request. What right do you have to ask me to stop contacting him?" Amelia's reply was harsh.

She was insinuating that Jennifer and Carter were also friends, so the former had no right to ask her to stop contacting Carter.

Jennifer's expression clouded over as her grip on the cup tightened.

"Amelia, you're still as sharp-tongued as ever, huh?" Jennifer mocked.

Amelia took a sip of her coffee and grinned. "Ms. Larson, you've changed a lot, too. I remembered you used to be overly aggressive. I can't believe you're apologizing to me now."

Caressing her cup, Jennifer replied, "I'm not apologizing to you. This is a discussion. Carter is the only connection between us. I believe you know what I'm going to say."

Amelia shook her head politely. "Ms. Larson, sorry, but I don't know why you insist on talking to me."

Jennifer sipped on her coffee before answering, "You're really good at putting up an innocent act and seducing other men, huh? You stole Carter's heart and left without looking back. Do you know what happened to Carter after you left?"

Amelia was stunned into silence. After her resignation, she had never contacted Carter on purpose. It was for the best—to her, at least. Hence, she had no idea how Carter was doing now.

Jennifer immediately saw through her and sneered, "What a waste of Carter's feelings."

Amelia glanced at her curiously. "I didn't contact him. Isn't that what you want?"

Jennifer folded her arms arrogantly. "Yes, I hate it when you contact him, but that was your decision. You don't even know he entered the hospital after suffering from gastric perforation. I pity him."

Amelia's heart clenched uncomfortably. "Gastric perforation? How could that be? Was it serious? How is he doing now?" she demanded anxiously.

The mocking smile on Jennifer's lips widened.

"Don't you think you're being a hypocrite?" she sneered in disdain.

Amelia schooled her expression carefully and replied in an indifferent manner. "Ms. Larson, my relationship with Carter has nothing to do with you. Even if you're his girlfriend, you can't stop him from making friends. Plus, you're not even his girlfriend."

The scowl on Jennifer's face deepened.

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Chapter 125 Visit Him In The Hospital

"I'm still not his girlfriend for now, but I will be soon." Jennifer regained her confidence swiftly. "You don't even like Carter. Stop giving him hope before leaving without looking back."

Amelia found her words funny. She had never given Carter any hope. Previously, she might've overstepped the boundaries by asking Carter to recommend her a job, but he was the only person she knew who wasn't afraid of Oscar's influence. She only ended up contacting him after thorough deliberation. Indeed, she had the thought of manipulating Carter, but that was about it.

They had been separated for five years. No matter how deep their love was back then, it would've faded away with time. After all, time and tide wait for no man. Their feelings couldn't stand the test of time.

When Amelia reached out to Carter, she thought Carter no longer loved her. Besides, the man had never confessed his feelings to her. She had no idea he still loved her dearly after all these years.

If she knew, she wouldn't have contacted him in the first place.

Sometimes, it would be better to keep one's feelings to oneself. Making things clear would only cause awkwardness on both sides.

It was practically impossible to revive her feelings in the past.

"Ms. Larson, you must've gotten it wrong. I wasn't the one who dumped him," explained Amelia. "Yes, I loved him back then, but he was the one who took off. I don't know whether he loved me back then. Perhaps he realized his feelings for me after his departure. I'm not trying to defend myself. I just think that you shouldn't hold a grudge over this if you are to be his future girlfriend or wife."

Jennifer stared at her without a word.

Taking the spoon, Amelia started stirring her coffee again. Aside from the initial sip she took, her coffee remained untouched.

"Ms. Larson, if that was what you wanted to say, I don't think it was necessary. Carter and I are friends, nothing else. If he doesn't want to be friends anymore, I can stop contacting him. But if he thinks of me as a friend, I will still keep in touch with him." Standing up, Amelia took her bag. "The coffee's on me, Ms. Larson. I need to prepare lunch for my husband. Please excuse me."

Suddenly, Jennifer grabbed Amelia's hand, causing the latter to freeze in astonishment.

She immediately retorted angrily, "Ms. Larson, what are you doing?"

Jennifer swallowed nervously and choked out, "Amelia, please come with me and visit Carter in hospital."

Amelia was taken aback by her sudden request.

After removing her shades, bitterness flitted across Jennifer's gaze. "Amelia, sit down. Others might think I'm trying to bully you," she uttered.

Amelia sat down obediently and studied the woman sitting across from her carefully.

At once, Jennifer wore her shades again to hide the emotions in her eyes. "Amelia, I'm not trying to be your friend. I'm doing this for Carter's sake. I despise you, so there's no way I'll let you appear in his sight if possible. I have no other choice as I love him." She sighed. "Back then, I used to enjoy being adored by other men. If I'm in a good mood, I'll flash a smile. Otherwise, I'll just ignore them. After meeting Carter, who is the bane of my life, I kept caving in. Others might think I'm intimidating, but my pride is crushed into dust whenever I'm with him. This time, I came to ask for your help because of him, too."

Amelia remained unfazed.

Those who fell in love first were destined to be on the losing side. They would sacrifice willingly, without asking for anything in return. They would allow their pride to be crushed into dust, no matter how proud they used to be.

Unrequited love was the worst of all. Those who had a secret crush could only sacrifice for their loved ones silently and end up being disappointed.

"We're not that close, Ms. Larson," said Amelia as she stirred her coffee. "I don't care whether you love Carter. I'm also not interested in your love story."

Jennifer folded her arms arrogantly. Even though she was asking for Amelia's help, she still acted like she was above everyone else.

"Amelia, you've got it wrong. I'm not boasting about my love story. I just want you to know how generous I am," she uttered haughtily.

Suddenly, Amelia let out a chuckle.

Jennifer puts on a pompous front because she doesn't want anyone to see the fragile side of her. That is why she acts like she's above everyone else.

Well, I don't hate her that much now.

Still, Amelia knew she and Jennifer were from different worlds. Jennifer's arrogance proved they would never be friends. Not even acquaintances.

Fuming, Jennifer demanded, "Why are you laughing?"

Putting her spoon down, Amelia answered, "Ms. Larson, you strike me as adorable."

Jennifer became increasingly upset. "Who are you calling adorable?"

"You're the only Larson I know in this cafe," Amelia joked.

Jennifer whipped her shades off and glared at Amelia. "Stop calling me adorable. That's disgusting. Only childish young girls would pretend to be adorable to attract men's attention. I'm a mature young lady. There's no way I'm adorable."

Amelia shook her finger in disapproval. "You're wrong, Ms. Larson. Look at your features. You're indeed adorable. If you show your weak side to men, they will throw themselves at you."

Jennifer scrunched her face up in fury.

"Are you teasing me, Amelia?"

Yeah. Finally, you get that. Amelia thought in her heart.

However, she feigned innocence. "Did I?"

With her hands folded across her chest, Amelia declared, "Stop wasting my time. Just tell me if you're willing to visit Carter with me or not."

Amelia shook her head. "I won't. Send him my wishes. I hope he will rest well and stop working too long hours."

Jennifer studied her and pressed on, "Why won't you visit him?"

"Do you seriously want me to visit him?"

Jennifer shook her head honestly. "If possible, I wish you can disappear from his life."

"Then why are you pretending to be generous? The Scotts don't welcome me. My husband doesn't want me to keep in touch with him, too. We're just friends, but it's best to keep our distance," replied Amelia.

Silence ensued.

After a long while, Jennifer inquired, "You said you will stay in touch with him, right?"

Amelia inclined her head in response.

"Why won't you visit him, then?"

"Ms. Larson, you don't seem like a long-winded person to me."

"I love Carter. I just want a clear answer from you."

"You're putting the cart before the horse. My answer isn't important. What's important is how Carter treats you. If he doesn't love you, you won't end up with him even without me around."

Immediately, Jennifer's face contorted with anger as she insisted, "He will fall in love with me."

It was as though she was telling that to herself.

Amelia's lips curved into a grin. "Congratulations in advance, then. I'll make sure to prepare a wedding gift for you."

Fury vibrated through Jennifer's being as she uttered icily, "Amelia, whether or not Carter and I get married is none of your business."

Shrugging, Amelia stood up and said, "Well, I have to go."

Immediately, Jennifer softened. "Amelia, you should really visit Carter."

At her words, Amelia's brows knitted together. "Ms. Larson," she said sternly. "Be honest with me. Did something happen to Carter?"

Jennifer was someone who regarded herself as superior to others. There was no way she would lower herself from her pedestal to beg for Amelia's help if Carter's condition wasn't serious. At first, she demanded Amelia to cut off ties with Carter before asking her to visit Carter at the hospital. Her words were too contradicting. Hence, Amelia wondered if Carter's condition was much worse.

Without warning, Jennifer's eyes turned red.

A flash of anxiety appeared in Amelia's gaze as she urged, "Ms. Larson, what exactly happened to Carter?"

"Carter was sent to the hospital because he had gastric perforation. No one was sure why he suddenly had a fever. He had been unconscious for a few days., but according to the doctor, he was fine. He kept muttering your name and asked you not to leave even though he was in a deep slumber," Jennifer revealed sadly. "I wouldn't have come to you if he hadn't done that. I can't just sit and watch him become a vegetable!"

Amelia was stunned into silence. Never in her wildest dream did she expect Carter would be unconscious.

"Which hospital is he in?" A few minutes later, Amelia found her voice again.

Jennifer wiped her tears away and hurriedly put on her shades in embarrassment. "Principal General Hospital."

Huh? Amelia fell silent. I have no idea Principal General Hospital is this popular. Both Cassie and Carter have been admitted to this same hospital. Oscar is there with his beloved, while my ex-boyfriend is in the same hospital. If Oscar runs into me there, I'll have to explain things to him.

My relationship with Oscar is already rocky. I originally wanted to cook for him to ease things up, but there's always something coming between us. We're getting further apart each day.

Amelia didn't know whether she should cry or laugh by now.

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Chapter 126 Comatose

"Amelia, are you or are you not going to see Carter? I'll be frank with you. The doctor has already given his final prognosis. If he doesn't wake up in three days, the chances of him ever waking up is only one in ten thousand. If you still see him as a friend, follow me to the hospital," Jennifer insisted.

Slightly frenzied, Amelia shot to her feet. "It's that serious?"

"You can believe whatever you want, Amelia. That's all I have to say."

Amelia could detect the anger simmering in the other lady who was obviously here to beg her, but seemed more like she was threatening her instead.

Although Amelia had already decided to visit Carter, she still wanted to kick Jennifer's arrogance down a few notches.

I knew it. Jennifer's relatively pleasant behavior just now was too good to be true.

"Ms. Larson, if you beg me, perhaps I'll consider it." Amelia gave her some attitude as well.

Jennifer was momentarily dumbfounded, exclaiming in disbelief, "What did you say?"

Amelia pointed to the ground and elaborated, "Ms. Larson. If you kneel and beg me, I'll follow you to the hospital immediately. Otherwise, I'm sorry, but I'd rather go home and cook for my husband."

Jennifer took off her shades and glared vehemently at Amelia, her eyes seemingly calling the latter crazy.

Amelia shrugged her shoulders and smiled nonchalantly. "What? You don't want to, Ms. Larson?"

Without waiting for a response, she pushed back her chair. "In that case, I'm sorry. I have a lot of work to do, so I'll get going first."

She spun on her heels and walked away, but she soon unexpectedly heard a soft thud behind her.

Amelia turned around and was utterly shocked to see that Jennifer had actually dropped to her knees. Even the waiters in the café were stunned.

Amelia hurried over, wanting to reach out to help Jennifer up, but the latter stared at her with a resolute gaze and gritted out, "Now can you go to the hospital with me, Amelia?"

Amelia flicked her eyes toward the waiters, who were rushing over, and said in exasperation, "Get up first. This is a public area. Everyone's watching."

"Follow me to the hospital, then I'll get up."

Amelia compromised, "Yes, yes. I'll follow you! I was only joking. I didn't expect that you'd take it so seriously."

With that, Jennifer got to her feet and returned to being her pompous self. Then, she explained to the waiters who had just reached them, "No big deal. I just twisted my ankle. All of you go back to work."

Only then did the waiters retreat.

Jennifer went ahead of Amelia to pay the bill. "Let's go."

Amelia got into Jennifer's car and called Molly after fastening her seatbelt. "Molly, just cook something simple and leave it on the table. I'll go back and heat it up myself later."

Then, Molly said something over the phone that got Amelia saying, "Nothing. Something happened to a friend of mine, so I'm going to visit him at the hospital. I'll be home once I've seen that he's alright. I might not be able to cook for Oscar today. Call him for me, will you? Ask him if he's eating. If he is, cook another portion for him."

After Molly gave her reply over the phone, Amelia spoke again, "I'm hanging up now. If you have something to do, you may leave once you're done cooking. You don't have to come again in the evening. I can cook on my own. Alright, that's all."

After ending the call, she turned to say to Jennifer, "Let's go."

As Jennifer put the car in drive, she said with mild annoyance, "It's not like she's your mom. She's only a maid. Why do you have to report everything to her? Don't tell me you really take her as your mother?"

Amelia couldn't be bothered to respond.

Jennifer, too, felt that she was embarrassing herself. Hence, she merely kept her mouth zipped.

She was speeding the entire journey and almost ran a red light. If Amelia hadn't reminded her, Jennifer might have even floored the accelerator.

They arrived at the hospital in twenty minutes. After Jennifer parked the car, Amelia's face had already gone deathly pale.

Amelia side-eyed the other woman and complained, "Ms. Larson, if you have suicidal tendencies, please don't drag me down with you. I have my own family and will be having a baby soon. I'm not a cat with nine lives, you know?"

Jennifer opened the car door and got out without answering her.

Upon seeing her act so nonchalant about it all, Amelia was bereft of speech. I guess there's really no way to reason with an unreasonable person.

She got out of the car with a shake of her head and took the elevator with Jennifer to the tenth floor. Coincidentally, Cassie's ward was on the same floor.

Amelia's expression froze for a split second upon exiting the elevator. It would have been fine if they were merely staying in the same hospital, but they were even on the same floor. She had the sudden urge to turn tail and run.

She trailed after Jennifer to Carter's ward and looked up to see that his ward number was 1008, which meant that Cassie was only two rooms away. It was too much of a coincidence; she found it hard to believe. This doesn't even happen in TV dramas and movies.

Jennifer opened the door and urged, "Let's go in."

Amelia shook her head inconspicuously to cast away the turmoil in her heart and followed her into the ward.

There were six people in the ward. Apart from Carter's parents, even his grandfather was present. As for the other three people, Amelia had never seen them before.

Everyone was astonished to see Amelia. Faye's eyes widened to the size of soccer balls, and she snapped her head toward Jennifer with a puzzled expression.

"You brought her here, Jennifer?" she demanded in a displeased tone.

Jennifer glanced at the unconscious Carter on the bed and clarified, "Mrs. Scott, don't be mad. I went to her as a last resort. Carter's comatose state these past few days doesn't make sense. Even the doctors can't find the cause of it. Besides, he's been constantly mumbling her name in his sleep, so I brought her here. Perhaps she can, to a certain extent, help him wake up."

Faye fell silent for a while, and her expression soon eased.

"Mr. Scott, it's been a while. How are you doing?" Amelia greeted civilly.

Abel briefly studied her. Even he had to admit that the woman looked more confident and feminine after five years. Compared to Jennifer's pure appearance, Amelia's mature and alluring vibe proved even more lethal to men. This was the exact reason why his grandson was still so obsessed with her after so many years.

"Indeed, it's been a while, Ms. Winters. You're even more beautiful than before," Abel praised.

Amelia was taken aback for a moment before she put on a benevolent smile. "Thank you, Mr. Scott. You don't look a day older than the last time I saw you."

Before Abel could reply, Faye interrupted anxiously, "Amelia, thank you for coming to visit Carter today. Apart from having a gastric perforation, he developed a high fever during the night and was rescued by the doctors,

but he then soon fell into a coma. Even in his state of unconsciousness, he's still calling out your name. Save him. I beg you."

Amelia glanced at Faye with a complicated gaze and answered in a stand-offish tone, "Mrs. Scott, I'm not a doctor, so I may be of no help to Carter's condition."

Faye suddenly grabbed her hand and cried out emotionally, "No. You must have a way. The doctors said Carter can't wake up because subconsciously, he doesn't want to. But even then, he's still calling out your name, which means that his subconscious mind is thinking about you. As long as you can wake him up, I promise to treat you like my own daughter."

Amelia instinctively took a step back, but Faye did not let go of her, pressing further, "Amelia, Carter's life is in your hands. I know I've done some terrible things before, and I'm sorry. As long as you're willing to save him, I'll do anything you want. I'll even grovel at your feet if that's what you want."

Amelia was dumbstruck, to say the least. She never expected Faye to be such an emotional mess.

"Don't be like this, Mrs. Scott." Amelia hastily stopped the woman from kneeling on the ground. Jennifer came forward to support her as well before adding, "Calm down, Mrs. Scott. I believe Carter will be fine. He's an outstanding man and an even more filial son. I know he wouldn't be able to bear watching his mother cry."

Faye leaned against Jennifer and wept silently.

Amelia took that opportunity to approach the bed. When she peered down at Carter, her eyes flickered with conflicting emotions.

Except for his slightly pale complexion, there was nothing unusual about the man; he looked as though he was merely in a deep slumber. If she was being honest with herself, she would rather believe he was only sleeping than accept the hard truth.

For as long as she could remember, Carter was invincible, just like Oscar. That was why when he vanished during the lowest point in her life five years ago, she never once blamed him. She believed that he had his reasons for doing so and that the man she once loved wasn't a coward. It was why she took the initiative to contact him after so many years.

But currently, that brilliant, gentle, and masculine man that held a place in her heart was lying comatose on a hospital bed. The doctors even said he would fall into a vegetative state if he didn't wake up within three days.

She would rather believe that this was some kind of cruel prank — once it was over, he would wake up. Or perhaps it would be like in fairytales where the prince waited for his princess to awaken him with a kiss. Indeed, he was a prince, but it was a shame that she was no princess. At most, she was Cinderella — a girl who married into a wealthy family but never received anyone's recognition.

Her heart broke for the man and also for the love they could have shared.

She leaned down and spoke softly, "Hey Carter, I'm here to see you. Can you please wake up? I have to admit, you do look like a prince in your sleep, but I don't want to be the fearless princess who has to go through all kinds of ordeals to be beside you. It's too exhausting, and I'm sure you won't want me to suffer like that either, right? So wake up. As long as you wake up, we'll still be good friends, or maybe... Well, it's for me to know and for you to find out. I'm only giving you two days. If you're not awake by then, I'll take back my promise."

Strangely, after Amelia spoke, Carter's brows furrowed imperceptibly. Both Faye and Jennifer, who were watching him like a hawk, looked at each other. Then, Faye exclaimed, "Jennifer, did you see that? Carter's brows moved! Quick, call the doctor! Call the doctor now!"

Jennifer still managed to maintain her cool when she advised, "Mrs. Scott, don't get so worked up yet. Let's wait for Amelia to finish speaking to him. Calling the doctor too soon might only bring us back to square one."

Only then did Faye calm down.

She touched her hair embarrassedly and said, "Sorry. My emotions got the best of me."

Amelia continued speaking without restraint, "Carter, to be honest, I didn't plan on visiting you today. I'm married, and I have my own family. Not to mention that I'll be having a baby soon. I've always wanted to keep a safe distance from you. So sometimes, I felt burdened by your love, but there were also times when my heart broke for you. If we never met, perhaps none of this would've happened. I would've found an honest man to marry, and you would've met a lovely and thoughtful girlfriend, who'd then become your wife and the mother of your children."

Carter's fingers visibly moved after she said this, but still, he remained unconscious.

Amelia continued, "Carter, even though we can't be lovers, I sincerely regard you as my friend and confidant. I'm also grateful for all the things you've done for me. Once my baby is born, you will be his godfather, and

as his godfather, you need to protect him. Don't you want to make sure I safely give birth to this child?"

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 127

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)
Chapter 127 Showing Signs Of Waking

Back then, Carter had disappeared when she was most vulnerable. Although she didn't despise him, she felt aggrieved. In the past few years, she never stopped wondering why he didn't hack through all the obstacles to come back to her. But the reality wasn't a novel, after all. Nor was it a TV drama; happy endings didn't come by so easily.

There were no do-overs. It would be close to impossible for things to return to how they used to be in the past.

At the thought of this, a hint of resentment laced Amelia's voice. "Carter, when you left back then, I hated you for a while. I hated you for giving up so easily, and for leaving me helpless and alone. When we reconnected, you told me you'd make it up to me, but look at you now. What if my child and I are bullied in the future? Who's going to seek justice for us?"

Perhaps these words were too provoking, but Carter's hands twitched violently. Even so, he didn't show signs of waking up.

"I'm saying this one more time, Carter. I'm only giving you two days. If you still don't wake up, I'll forget ever having you as my friend. I'll assume all the promises you made to me were nothing but lies. I will take it as if you were never sincere to me."

Carter's fingers moved again, and his vitals began going haywire. Seeing this, Faye ran out frantically and yelled, "Doctor! Doctor..."

Soon, a large group of doctors and nurses rushed in. They invited Faye and everyone else out of the ward before performing various examinations of Carter. Without delay, they wheeled him out of the ward and into the operating room.

Faye walked toward the operating room with Jennifer's support.

The latter reassured, "Don't worry, Mrs. Scott. Since Carter showed a reaction, I'm sure he'll wake up very soon."

Faye's eyes shimmered with hopeful tears. Abel and Jack, too, had expectant looks on their faces.

Amelia stood farther away from them, worry lining her features. As she stared at the operating room, her hands subconsciously balled into fists.

"Amelia, what are you doing here?" came a deep, male voice all of a sudden, giving her a great scare.

She followed the source of the voice and saw Oscar walking toward her in large strides while holding some medicine in his hand.

Her heart missed a beat, and she stuttered, "M-Mr. Clinton."

Oscar stopped in front of her and glanced sideways at the Scotts, who were standing a short distance away. With a stern expression, he dipped his head and said in a low voice, "We'll talk about this later." Then, his features smoothed out as he put an arm around Amelia's waist and approached the Scotts.

"Greetings, Mr. Scott. What are you doing at the hospital?" Oscar spoke with reverence.

Abel smiled in return. "Ah, Oscar. Aren't you a workaholic, boy? Shouldn't you be at the company? I'm surprised to see you here."

Oscar chuckled. "A friend of mine is sick, so I came to visit her."

"It seems like you care about this friend of yours very much. I'll definitely pay her a visit when I have the time." Abel smiled.

Oscar only smiled in return, without commenting about it.

"This is my wife. You couldn't make it to my wedding previously, so I don't think you've met," he thoughtfully introduced Amelia. In fact, he was aware that the Scotts already knew that she was his wife. His purpose was solely to stake his claim over her.

Abel made eye contact with Amelia with the same smile on his face. "I couldn't attend your wedding because I was physically unwell at that time. I've always been curious as to which rich family's daughter managed to capture your heart. It turns out that it was Amelia, but I have to say, the two of you make a perfect match."

Oscar maintained his smile and asked, "Ah, so you know Amelia?"

Abel answered, "Perhaps this is fate. After Amelia graduated, she worked at Scott Group for a period of time. She's a very capable and innovative worker. Because of her excellent work performance, I watched her for some time and even planned to promote her to Director of the Creative Department, but she resigned out of the blue. I found it to be quite a pity. I never expected she had settled down with you."

At that, Oscar let out a chuckle. "Indeed, this is fate. You're the man I respect the most, Mr. Scott. Since you're familiar with Amelia, please look out for her from here on out. She may look smart, but is naive more often than none."

Abel patted him on the shoulder like a loving elder. "And here I thought you were only committed to your work. I never expected you to be so protective of your wife. Amelia looks to be about six or seven months in. You need to take good care of her."

"Of course."

Oscar looked at the operating room and queried, "I assume it's a relative of the Scotts in there? Seeing as you've come in person."

"Yes. It's my grandson in there. His name is Carter. I don't think the two of you have had many interactions. Do you both know each other?" Abel did not evade his question.

Oscar's eyes darkened slightly before he replied, "Carter Scott? What a coincidence. When Amelia was working in Majesty Group, I remember her saying her boss went by the name Carter Scott. So, he's your grandson?"

Abel broke into a broad smile. "Ah, so you do know him. My grandson is a brilliant man, but he's still inferior to you. He has much to learn from you, Oscar."

Oscar's eyes darkened some more, but he maintained his composure. "We had the opportunity to meet several times because of Amelia, but he likes to keep a low profile, so I didn't recognize him as your grandson. The apple never falls far from the tree. Based on your capabilities, I'm sure your grandson would be able to steer Scott Group to greater heights after he inherits the company."

Abel's eyes gleamed with pride. After all, Carter was his favorite grandson, so he liked listening to other people praise him.

"Wasn't your grandson fine just a few days ago? How did he get hospitalized?" Oscar asked casually.

"That boy is always busy with work, so he doesn't have his meals regularly. He ended up getting a gastric perforation and was hospitalized. You would've thought he'd be more responsible for his own health," Abel scoffed.

"Men should focus on their careers, but not at the expense of their health. If I'm not mistaken, your grandson is approaching thirty. It's high time he finds a woman to take care of him." Oscar's eyes darted to Jennifer just then. "Ms. Larson, you're here as well."

Abel raised his brows. "Do you know Jennifer?"

"We've met once. Ms. Larson thoughtfully sent me photos of my wife and your grandson together, so I called her out to talk. At first, I thought she was blackmailing my wife with those photos. Later on, I discovered that Ms. Larson was also from a wealthy background, so I couldn't figure out the reason she'd send me those photos. But seeing as my wife had a good relationship with your grandson, I'd considered destroying the company he'd established just a few years ago. After all, even if there was nothing going on between them, no man would stand by and watch as his woman was coveted by another. Fortunately, in the end, I realized that it was all just a misunderstanding."

Abel shot an indecipherable glance at Jennifer.

Meanwhile, Faye looked at her disapprovingly and chided, "What photos, Jennifer? What's going on?"

Jennifer bashfully answered, "It was just a joke. I didn't expect Mr. Clinton to remember it until now. I thought someone as busy as him would've long since forgotten about me."

"You're too modest, Ms. Larson. You have the charm of the girl next door; the type that Chanaea men like. I wouldn't be a man if I forgot such a beauty, but of course, the photos you prepared for me left a bigger impression."

Jennifer pursed her lips into a tight smile in response.

Amelia shot a surprised look at Oscar. She never thought he would know that those photos had been sent by Jennifer. She couldn't believe he had even approached the woman because of them. From their current conversation, she surmised that their first meeting hadn't been a pleasant one.

Amelia subconsciously took Oscar's hand and pulled him aside to whisper, "Mr. Clinton, you and Jennifer know each other?"

Oscar looked down at her and answered, "We've met once."

Amelia inferred, "You like her?"

Oscar stared deeply at her. How in the world did she come to that conclusion?

"Who told you that I like her?"

"Didn't you say she has the charm of the girl next door?"

He shrugged slightly. "Well, I'm not the nerd who lives next door." In other words, Jennifer may be idolized by nerds, but to a real man like him, she was merely an above-average-looking woman. She did not appeal to him.

Amelia had to smother her laughter.

Oscar, on the contrary, had a ton of questions for her.

"Didn't you cut off all contact with Carter? Why are you here? If I didn't bump into you today, you would've continued staying in touch with him behind my back, wouldn't you?" His tone was laced with a hint of jealousy that he himself failed to notice.

Naturally, Amelia detected the note of jealousy in his voice and felt secretly delighted about it. However, she knew it was inappropriate to think this way when Carter was still fighting for his life in the operating room. Still, she found herself unable to control it.

She fought the smile forming on her lips and countered, "You're the king of a double standard, you know that, Mr. Clinton? If you can openly take care of your little lover at the hospital, why can't I visit my close friend?"

Oscar shot her a glare and rebuked, "Have you forgotten what you promised me?"

Amelia blinked innocently at him. "What promise?"

"To keep a distance from him."

"I am keeping a distance from him. Ever since I left the company, I basically haven't contacted him at all. You can check my phone if you don't believe me."

"If that's the case, how did you know he was hospitalized?" Like a husband who had just caught his wife cheating on him, Oscar spoke in an accusatory tone that was laced with a trace of jealousy.

Amelia giggled as though she had just made a new discovery. "Why, Mr. Clinton, is this jealousy I sense?"

In the operating room, Carter's condition was still unknown. The Scotts were waiting anxiously for some good news, but here they were, flirting like two high school kids.

Oscar's face instantly turned grave. "I'm being serious, Amelia."

Sensing the truth in his words, Amelia, too, put on a solemn expression. "Well, it depends on who's asking, Mr. Clinton. My husband? My contractual partner? Or my keeper?"

Oscar studied her with an unreadable glint in his eyes and asked in a gruff voice, "You care about him that much?"

Amelia found his question funny.

"Mr. Clinton, Carter and I are just friends, purely good friends. If you insist on misunderstanding our relationship, I really don't know what else to say. Since the very beginning, you already made up your mind that he and I aren't just friends, so there's really nothing I can say to make you think otherwise, is there?"

An array of emotions flashed across Oscar's face.

"Amelia, be a good girl. I don't want to argue with you in the hospital. I'm not restricting who you befriend. It's just this man. I don't like you to have too much contact with him," Oscar confessed.

Amelia no longer found his behavior sweet. She only felt a pang of sorrow for Oscar and herself. They were trapped in an infinite loop of a four-way relationship — one where she loved him while he loved another. It was as though they were walking along a dark tunnel that seemed to have no end.

Amelia raised her head and stared at Oscar with a determined gaze. "Mr. Clinton, you told me to keep a distance from Carter, but what about you and Cassie? You're having the time of your life with another woman. Yet, you expect me to remain faithful to you. Don't you think you're asking for too much?"

At that remark, Oscar's face clouded over.

"I'll explain about Cassie once she's discharged."

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Chapter 128 Awkward Moment

“Explain things? That’s all you ever say. Are you going to divorce me once she’s discharged? Is that it? If that’s the case, why don’t you just give it to me straight instead of keeping me in suspense? It’s absolute torture not knowing when exactly I’m going to be abandoned.” The previous day, she had decided to reconcile with Oscar, but when faced with his accusatory questions, all the grievances from the night before surged to the forefront. Even though she tried to suppress it, it was easier said than done.

Oscar gazed steadily at her.

Under his intense gaze, Amelia’s ears started to burn, and her eyes flickered for a moment.

She licked her parched lips and said with her head bowed, “Mr. Clinton, I don’t wish to create a scene with you here either, but can you at least give me a sign when you’re going to divorce me?”

Oscar’s eyes swirled with mixed emotions. After a long moment of silence, he voiced, “Have you fallen in love with me?”

Amelia’s heart squeezed in her chest, and she looked up at him. “If I say yes, you’d directly shut down this train of thought, wouldn’t you?”

Oscar’s response was to lift his hand and caress her cheek. “Don’t overthink things. Since we’re both here, let’s have lunch together later. We haven’t eaten together for two to three days now. How’s our baby doing? Giving you any trouble?”

Amelia’s eyes reddened, and her voice carried a hint of grievance when she spoke. “So you still remember that I’m carrying your child.”

Oscar was slightly at a loss. His eyes filled with tender affection when he gazed at her. “You and your wild imagination.”

He was about to say something else when his phone rang. Both he and Amelia stiffened at the same time. The latter quickly reined back her emotions and remarked, “That must be Ms. Yard. She really does care about you. You’ve only been away for a while, but she’s already calling you. Ms. Yard doesn’t look like she’s fooling around. On the contrary, she

seems to love you to the moon and back. She puts even me, your legal wife, to shame.”

Oscar’s face visibly darkened, but he still answered the call. “Hello.”

Cassie’s voice drifted over the phone. “Oz, where are you? Aren’t you only collecting the medicine? What’s taking you so long?”

Impatience flashed across the man’s features.

“I’ll be back in a short while, Cassie. Don’t worry.”

“Have you gone back, Oz?”

Oscar toned down his temper and reassured, “No. I just ran into an acquaintance at the hospital, and we talked for a while. Stop overthinking things.”

Upon hearing his explanation, alarm bells started ringing in Cassie’s head. “Is your friend a male or a female? Which floor are you on? I’ll go look for you. I want to get to know your friend too.”

Irritation swelled in Oscar’s heart. If it were a few years back, he might have found Cassie’s temperamental ways adorable and would still accommodate her. But at present, her possessive streak was bordering on crazy that even he, as a man, found it unbearable.

He felt as though he was floating in the middle of the sea. Cassie’s possessiveness resembled the surging waves bashing against him, threatening to pull him under.

“That’s enough, Cassie. I’ll go back after half an hour,” Oscar told her in a stern tone.

“Do you find me annoying, Oz?”

Oscar raised his hand to massage his temples and lowered his voice, “Cassie, stop it, okay? Apart from taking care of you, I still have a company to manage. I’m exhausted too, you know? Can you give me some degree of personal space? I don’t like the way you watch my every single step. You know I’ve always hated being controlled by others.”

Panic rose in Cassie’s heart, and she immediately softened her tone. “Oz, I’m not trying to control you. I was just worried because you didn’t come back for such a long time. I thought something happened to you.”

A trace of weariness entered Oscar's eyes, but he matched her tone. "I just met a friend. That's it."

After offering her a few more words of comfort, he finally hung up the call.

Oscar kept his phone in his trouser pocket and glanced at Amelia, colliding gazes with her. The first thing she said was, "Are you having a hard time taking care of Ms. Yard?"

Oscar rubbed his temples again as he replied, "Women are complicated creatures. Cassie used to be very innocent. Although she can get stubborn at times, deep down, she's still a kind person." In other words, she had become too defiant for her own good, and he was almost at his wits' end.

Amelia suggested, "Mr. Clinton, have you ever considered the fact that five years can change a person entirely?"

Oscar pressed his lips together in contemplation.

Faced with his silence, Amelia added, "I'm not trying to sow discord between you and Ms. Yard. It's just that you both were separated for five years and only recently reconciled. Are you so certain that she's still the person you once thought she was?"

Oscar shot her a fleeting glance, then caressed her cheek and mused, "Worrying about your husband already?"

Disappointment flashed in Amelia's eyes. "You should go now, Mr. Clinton, before Ms. Yard comes looking for you. Besides, it's inappropriate of us to talk here while the Scotts are still waiting outside the operating room."

Oscar's eyes darted to the operating room before he reminded, "Let's have lunch together in a bit."

Amelia didn't give him a straight answer, saying instead, "We can talk about it when you really have the time."

Oscar cupped her face and used his thumb to gently stroke her cheek before whispering, "Don't think too much about it." Having said that, he turned to leave.

Amelia was left rooted to the spot, but she was thrown by the glint in his eyes earlier. She was an emotional wreck because of him. He was distant and aloof one second, then warm and passionate another. The apparent adoration in his eyes just now seemed to say that he only had eyes for her

and that other women meant nothing, let alone had the ability to pose a threat.

Being with him was an emotional roller coaster; that was an understatement. Amelia muttered under her breath, "You keep telling me not to think too much, but how I am supposed to do that when you keep switching between hot and cold?"

She shook her head to clear her mind and returned to the operating room.

The Scotts were no longer repulsed by her like before. Even Faye came forward to take her hand. "Amelia, I'm very sorry for misunderstanding you before. You seem to have a good relationship with Mr. Clinton. I'm grateful to you for saving Carter's life. Just come to me if you need anything in the future. I'll help you in any way I can. I was narrow-minded before, that's why I thought you hadn't gotten over him."

Amelia offered her a decent smile and said, "It's fine, Mrs. Scott. I've never blamed you."

In fact, she knew why Faye was suddenly being nice to her. It was partly because Carter showed signs of waking up after she spoke to him, but mostly because of Oscar. Even though the Scotts were wealthy, the Clintons were still more superior to them. In addition, Oscar had the trust of most people in the business circle, so Faye wanted to get in his good books through Amelia.

"Look at you, being all formal with me. Just call me Faye. I think I'll take you in as my goddaughter. From now on, you can consider Carter your brother. I'll make sure he takes good care of you," Faye blurted out that wild idea.

Amelia shot her an odd look.

Jack came forward to put an arm around Faye and pulled her back slightly. "My dear, tone it down, or you might scare her. Besides, Carter is still in the operating room, so let's focus on the problem at hand."

Only then did Faye regain her composure. She pushed the stray strands of hair from her face and said apologetically, "I'm terribly sorry, Amelia. I just got too excited. Once Carter is all recovered and gets discharged, I'll personally cook a feast and invite you and Mr. Clinton over. Since you're my goddaughter, Mr. Clinton is naturally my godson."

Amelia courteously replied, "Mrs. Scott, let's talk about all this later. The most important thing is Carter waking up. I don't think anything else matters as much."

Faye's expression turned slightly grim, but she quickly schooled her features and smiled. "You're right. Once Carter wakes up, I'll tell him to thank you properly."

"You're too kind, Mrs. Scott. I didn't do anything much. Carter's condition wasn't all that severe, to begin with."

Faye forced a smile onto her face but didn't say anything else.

Everyone waited outside the operating room for nearly two hours before the indicator above the doors finally switched off. When several doctors and nurses exited the room, Faye immediately dashed forward to ask, "Doctors, how's my son?"

The lead doctor assured her with a smile, "Don't worry, Mrs. Scott. Your son is out of danger. He should be able to wake up tomorrow."

Faye almost passed out from happiness and relief. "Really?"

The doctor nodded in affirmation.

When three nurses wheeled Carter out, Faye rushed forward again, but one of the nurses stopped her. "Madam, please calm down. Allow us to take the patient back to his ward first."

Realizing her recklessness, Faye retreated and let them pass.

As they wheeled him back to his ward, Faye trailed closely behind them with the rest of the family excitedly following along. Meanwhile, Jennifer glanced at Amelia, who stood motionless, and queried, "Aren't you coming?"

Amelia caressed her belly and shook her head. "No. I'm happy Carter's waking up soon, but I'm not going to stick around."

Jennifer looked at her with a complicated expression. Even though she was standing tall and proud, her eyes displayed the unspeakable pain in her heart.

She glanced in the direction the Scotts had left before admitting in a soft voice, "I envy you, Amelia."

Amelia's brows raised slightly.

Jennifer shrugged in response and elaborated in a bitter tone, "In my opinion, I'm in no way inferior to you, be it in appearance, body, family background, or education. Yet, you're the one Carter fell in love with. I can

tell he loves you with everything in him. More often than none, a woman's intuition is spot-on. That's why I hate you so much. Even though you woke him up, that's not going to change. I used to be very confident in myself; I was confident that no man could escape my charm. Carter is the first. To him, I'm merely a woman who doesn't deserve a second glance."

Amelia met her gaze and stated steely, "You're an exceptional woman."

Jennifer tossed her curly hair behind her shoulder and returned to being an insufferable snob. "Tell me something I don't know."

Amelia was rendered speechless by the woman's arrogance, but she couldn't help finding her pitiful.

Jennifer said in a self-assured manner, "Even though you're the one Carter loves now, I believe that he'll fall in love with me in the end. I'll never give up, and I hope you'll guard your own family well and keep from bothering him."

Amelia good-naturedly replied, "Congratulations in advance, then. Just like you've said, I have my own family and also a child on the way, so it's basically impossible between Carter and I, which means I pose no threat to you."

Jennifer lifted her chin and proposed, "You should still come to see Carter. Even though I really don't want to see you, what choice do I have, since you're all he ever wants to see? I'm sure you'd be the first thing he'd wanna see upon opening his eyes."

Amelia shook her head to reject that suggestion. "No, thanks. I should leave for lunch now. I don't want my baby to go hungry."

Jennifer nodded in understanding at that.

Amelia swiveled on her heels to leave, but the woman then called out from behind, "Amelia, no matter what, you have my gratitude."

Amelia halted in her steps.

"Amelia, I really hate you, but if Carter insists on seeing you, I hope you'll come and visit him. I really do love him, and the last thing I'd wanna see is him getting hurt."

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Chapter 129 You Fight For Your Relationship

Amelia stopped and turned around. "Ms. Larson, when you fight for your relationship, you have to make it seem like you're generous. Sometimes, men won't believe in things as easily as you think they would."

With that said, she left.

Amelia had wanted to leave the hospital immediately, but right after she reached the first floor, her phone rang.

When she took it out of her bag, she realized it was Oscar calling.

Picking up the call, she muttered, "Hello?"

"Where are you?"

"Downstairs. I'm about to go back."

"Didn't I tell you we were having lunch together? Stay where you are. I'll go to you right away."

Staring at the screen after the call ended, the corner of Amelia's lips lifted. She then kept her phone in her bag and obediently waited for him in the same spot.

Oscar was swift to come down. Right as he exited the elevator, Amelia's burning gaze was on him.

Striding over, the man said, "Let's go."

Amelia walked beside him until they reached the car. Once they were both in the car, Oscar buckled the seatbelt for her and asked, "What would you like to eat?"

After a moment of contemplation, she replied, "I feel like eating something spicy."

Oscar nodded and made a call. After a few minutes, he then ended the call and informed her, "I've reserved a room for us. We'll order when we reach."

Amelia nodded and leaned back on her seat.

"Mr. Clinton, how is Ms. Yard doing?"

Glancing at her, Oscar replied, "The doctor said she's recovering well. She'll be able to go home to rest in a few days."

"Does she want to discharge herself from the hospital so soon?" Amelia abruptly voiced.

Instantly, Oscar scowled.

As if his reaction was within her expectations, Amelia chuckled and said, "She doesn't want to be discharged, does she?"

Oscar fell silent, and it meant that she was right.

Amelia let out a dry laugh. "Congratulations, Mr. Clinton, it seems like she adores you so much that she doesn't even want to spend a second away from you. Once she's out of the hospital, I'm sure she'll convince her whole family to persuade you to divorce me. When that happens, they'll persuade you to marry her instead."

After a pause, she continued, "Mr. Clinton, although I want to congratulate you, I don't think it feels good to be forced, right?"

Oscar's scowl deepened. "You—"

As if she was a cheeky child who found the way to blackmail someone, Amelia grinned. "I'm sorry, Mr. Clinton. My mouth works faster than my brain does. Please don't take anything I say to heart."

At that, Oscar sighed in exasperation.

With a serene look on her face, she muttered, "I think Ms. Yard is clinging to you. You promised to marry her too. I'm afraid I, the contractual wife, will soon have to leave."

"You seem quite happy about it," Oscar ground out.

Cupping her own cheeks, Amelia exclaimed dramatically, "Is my expression that obvious, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar did not know why he felt upset when he heard that reply of hers. "Are you that keen on divorcing me? Didn't you say you couldn't bear to leave me a while ago?"

At that, Amelia tilted her head to the side to conceal the flash of disappointment in her eyes. Only after recollecting herself did she

nonchalantly respond, "Honestly, aren't we comical? We keep coming back to this question of whether we should get a divorce or not."

"I think you're the one who keeps mentioning it."

Amelia nodded. "I've heard from others that the one to fall in love will be the one who loses. I didn't think that was true back then, but now I do. I've fallen hard for you, but you, you're still the same as ever. It seems like I'm really no match for you in the world of love."

Hearing her, Oscar's hand on the steering wheel stilled for a moment. However, he soon recomposed himself.

"Are you admitting that you've fallen for me?"

Amelia nodded truthfully. "There's nothing embarrassing in admitting I've fallen for you. Unfortunately for me, it seems like your attention is more on the other woman."

At that moment, Oscar felt as if his heart had leaped into his throat.

Stopping his car, he spun around to look at the woman seated next to him. His menacing gaze that landed on her frightened her, and she stuttered, "W-What's wrong, Mr. Clinton?"

He remained silent as he unbuckled her safety belt and placed his hand behind her head. Pulling her closer, he breathed warm breaths onto her skin.

It was only then he voiced, "Are you really in love with me?"

Amelia's eyes glistened as her face heated up despite herself.

"Are you really in love with me?" Oscar repeated.

Amelia turned to look out of the window. "Mr. Clinton, are you that happy to hear I've fallen for you?"

"Look at me," Oscar demanded.

A deep breath was what Amelia took before she turned to look at him. When the two locked eyes, they saw the intense emotions in each other's eyes.

Right as Oscar lowered his head to kiss Amelia's lips, the ringtone of someone's phone began echoing in the car.

Oscar's expression promptly darkened.

On the other hand, Amelia patted her cheeks before she took her phone out of her bag. A glance at the screen told her it was from Jennifer.

It was a surprise, but Amelia picked up the call nevertheless. "Hello?"

"Amelia, Carter has woken up. The first thing he said upon opening his eyes was that he wants to see you. Can you come? The doctor said not to agitate him in this state, and I'm afraid he'll be trapped in his yearning thoughts for you and get into an accident."

At that, Amelia froze. She never thought Carter would want to see her the moment he woke.

"Hello? Amelia, did you hear me?" Jennifer asked.

Returning to her senses, Amelia mumbled, "I did."

"Carter has woken up and wants to see you. Can you come? He's quite emotional right now."

Peeking at Oscar with a frown, Amelia replied, "Ms. Larson, I'm sorry. I'm going to lunch with my husband right now, so it'll have to be after lunch."

Jennifer sounded as if she was going to burst into tears at any time. "Amelia, please. I'm begging you. Carter is quite agitated right now, and the doctor said it'll be detrimental to his health. If you really think of him as a friend, then please come."

Jennifer's words stumped Amelia, and in the end, she relented. "I'll go to you now, then."

"Thank you, Amelia."

Amelia did not respond to that.

After ending the call, the woman apologetically muttered, "Mr. Clinton, I'd have to trouble you to send me to the hospital. Carter's awake, and I'm going to take a look at how he is."

To calm himself, Oscar took a deep breath. "You're not allowed to go."

In response, Amelia placed her hands on his shoulders and pleaded in a higher-pitched voice, "Mr. Clinton, please send me to the hospital. Jennifer told me he's quite agitated right now, and the doctor said it's not good for him to be in such a state."

Oscar shot her a pointed look. "Amelia, don't forget you're married."

She simply stared at him.

"I've made reservations, and you're now pregnant. The baby can't starve." With that said, Oscar moved to start the car again.

For once, Amelia was insistent. "If you're hungry, you can go ahead and have your lunch by yourself. Carter's my friend, and I can't sit on my hands if I can help him."

At that, she unbuckled her seatbelt and turned to open the door. However, Oscar grabbed her head and hissed, "Amelia, am I a dead man to you?"

Turning around to look at him, Amelia huffed, "That isn't what I mean."

"I'm going to give you two choices now. One is to have lunch with me, and the other is to go to the hospital. If you choose to go to the hospital, I won't stop you, but things will turn sour between us."

Gazing at him, Amelia bitterly uttered, "Do you mean you'll divorce me if I go to the hospital, Mr. Clinton?"

He was silent, but she took it as a silent agreement to her words.

Tucking away the hurt she felt, she continued, "You've finally said it out loud. Are you that eager to marry Ms. Yard?"

Frowning, Oscar asserted, "Stop blaming everything on Cassie. I want to marry her, but not now."

It was as if someone took a knife and slashed Amelia's heart. As she forced a smile on her face, she answered, "I'm sorry, Mr. Clinton. It seems like we have differing opinions about this."

With that said, she retracted her hand and left the car.

Staring at his empty hand, Oscar turned grim. He felt as if he had been thrown into the middle of the ocean even though he could not swim. He struggled with all his might, but still, the seawater continued to wash over him, threatening to suffocate and drown him.

At that, Oscar slammed his hand on the steering wheel before roaring like an injured beast.

In the next second, he swung the door open and ran toward Amelia.

When he grabbed her hand, he spun her around to force her to look at him.

“Get on the car. I’ll drive you there,” Oscar uttered frigidly.

Amelia froze for a second. Then, her lisp curled as she said, “Didn’t you say things will turn sour between us?”

Oscar only shot her a glare before repeating, “Get in the car, or else I’ll carry you into it. I don’t care if we’re in a public space.”

Amelia nearly burst into laughter.

Spreading her arms, she replied, “Then carry me up into the car.”

Oscar glared at her again, but there was a trace of amusement and love that flashed past his eyes.

Giving in to her wishes, he hunched over to lift her into his arms and strode toward the car.

After carrying her into the car, he buckled her seatbelt for her before entering the car from the other side.

With a grin, Amelia asked, “Are you not angry anymore?”

The man shot her a look before responding, “Was I ever angry?”

“I wonder who was the one who said things would turn sour between us,” Amelia mimicked the earlier words and tone Oscar had used.

Gazing at her, Oscar gritted out, “Aren’t you getting bolder and bolder with each passing day?”

Somehow, his reaction delighted her.

“Mr. Clinton, don’t forget that I’m your wife. You’re the prodigy of the corporate world, and as your wife, I can’t present myself as someone lousy, can I?” Amelia cheekily said with a wink.

Promptly, Oscar’s expression turned softer.

“You’re not allowed to prioritize any other men from now on. Remember that I’m your man, and you’re only allowed to have me in your heart.”

“How dominating,” Amelia mumbled under her breath.

“So what if I am? Isn’t that why you like me?” That was a rare teasing remark from Oscar.

His words made Amelia turn toward him to look him in the eye.

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Chapter 130 Carter Is Awake

Oscar turned the steering wheel in the hospital’s direction. “I’m letting you visit him, but no flirting. If he makes a move on you, I have my ways of making him stop once and for all.”

Amelia rolled her eyes. “There won’t be a need to. Like I said, we’re just friends. If anything was possible between us, it would’ve happened ages ago.”

“So what if you have known him for a long time? You’re my wife now.”

“Mr. Clinton, do I smell jealousy?”

Oscar did not respond. He had turned his attention back on the road.

Although she found joy in teasing him, Amelia knew not to take it any further. She stopped talking and slept through the rest of the ride.

Very soon, they arrived back at the hospital. Amelia unbuckled her seat belt before suggesting, “Mr. Clinton, it’s pretty late now. Why not you go grab lunch first? I’ll meet you back later.”

There was no response. The next moment, he got out of the car purposefully.

She was slightly taken aback by his behavior, but exited the car as well.

Outside, Oscar had both his hands in his pocket. “Let’s go.”

“Mr. Clinton, perhaps if you’re hungry you could...”

“Hurry up. Mr. Scott is someone I respect. Now that his grandson is awake, it’s only basic courtesy to pay him a visit.”

That makes sense. Amelia trailed behind him at a distance.

Oscar turned and grabbed her by the waist. "Walk with me."

Outside the ward, he knocked on the door. Jennifer was surprised by his appearance, but she kept her expression neutral. "Come on in."

Before they entered, Amelia whispered, "Mr. Clinton, you can let go of me now. Many people, including Mr. Scott, are inside. It's embarrassing to appear in this manner."

Unsurprisingly, her words fell on deaf ears. His grip only tightened further. "Let's go in."

She was helpless against his stubborn personality, so she allowed him to lead her into the ward.

Carter, who had been laying lethargically on the hospital bed, brightened up upon seeing Amelia. Just as quickly, his expression darkened when he saw Oscar's hand on her.

Despite so, he could not contain his excitement. "Amelia, you're here!"

Both Oscar and Amelia approached him. "Hey Carter, Ms. Larson told me you were awake, so Oscar and I thought to drop by and visit you."

Carter gazed at her tenderly. "Amelia, you visited me while I was still unconscious, didn't you? I remember you said that if I wake up, I'll get a chance to pursue you again. Can I hold your word for it?"

Clearly, he had crossed the line. The atmosphere in the ward turned awkward. Abel coughed a few times to remind him. "Carter, you've just regained consciousness. The doctor instructed you to get plenty of rest. Why not take a nap after you finish your meal?"

"Granddad, I feel ok." He faced Amelia while repeating once more, "Amelia, that chance you mention, it's real. Isn't it?"

Amelia was put on a spot. Those words were just her half-hearted attempt to encourage Carter to wake up. Never in her wildest dream did she expect him to hear it. She could only curse herself for her plight.

Meanwhile, Carter's words triggered the possessiveness within Oscar. He tightened his grip on her. "Mr. Carter, I understand your infatuation with my wife. After all, she is a very charming lady with a long line of suitors. Regretfully for everyone else, our relationship's going strong, and will be expecting a child soon. It's high time you give up."

Carter retorted, "Amelia has given me permission to be her child's godfather. I'll treat him or her like my flesh and blood. Don't worry, my bond with Amelia will only grow stronger." His words were undoubtedly a direct confrontation with him.

Abel frowned. Meanwhile, Mrs. Scott went by her son's side to diffuse the tension. "Carter, you've just regained your consciousness, so your mind is probably confused. Let's save the jokes for a later day. You need to rest."

Carter understood not to go any further. "Mom, I'm fine. It's just been a long time since I last saw Amelia, so I can't resist the urge to speak more with her."

The next moment, Oscar started, "Seeing how Mr. Carter is being all lively, he's probably recovering really well. Looks like Amelia can set her heart at ease now." He gazed towards her, voice gentle, "Honey, am I right?"

Amelia nodded her head helplessly.

Oscar and Carter had always been at loggerheads with each other, so she tried to divert their attention. "Carter, take care of yourself. You won't blame us for not bringing any fruit baskets, right? We kinda came here in a hurry."

Carter chuckled lightly. "Of course not! There's plenty of fruits here: bananas, grapes, apples... Which do you want? I'll peel it for you."

Amelia smiled awkwardly, trying her best to avoid his passionate gaze. "I haven't had lunch so I'll pass on the fruits."

"What! Look at how late it is now. You haven't had lunch?" Carter's sudden outburst caused him to pull on his injury. He cried out in pain.

This got Jennifer and Mrs. Scott worried. "Carter, remember what the doctor said? You can't get too agitated."

He took a few deep breaths while waiting for the pain to subside. "Mom, I know."

Subconsciously, he retracted his hands away from Jennifer. Although his behavior hurt the latter, her proud disposition kept her from revealing her emotions. She remained indifferent on the outside.

Carter added, "Amelia, go and have your lunch. You're eating for two now. You won't want the baby to go hungry."

"We shall take up your offer then. I'll take Amelia to eat now. She won't have to miss lunch had she not been so worried about you, as a friend." Oscar's tone was oozing with sarcasm.

"Go ahead Amelia. I'll pay you a visit once I'm discharged from the hospital. If it weren't for your encouraging words, I would never have woken up. Simply put, you're my savior."

Amelia shook her head. "Carter, please don't credit me for this. You were already doing fine. Besides, this is a reputable hospital. Under their care, you would've woken up eventually."

Oscar had enough of Carter's advances. He situated himself in front of Amelia to block the latter's view of her. Then, he turned to Abel. "Mr. Scott, I'm pretty sure all of you have a lot of catching up to do. We shall take our leave now."

Abel chuckled. "All right. Also, don't take Carter's words to heart. He's just woken up, so he made a lot of careless remarks."

"Don't worry about it. I understand why he would act this way. As expected of my beautiful and kind wife. I'm glad he knows to appreciate her as well." With that, Oscar bade the rest of them farewell.

Right before they exited, he turned and gave a final piece of advice. "Mr. Carter, instead of having a one-track mind, it's best to broaden your view. You'll find that there are plenty of options available. For instance, Ms. Larson here seems to be a good match for you. Give others a chance. Who knows, you might end up in a blissful relationship too."

With that, both Oscar and Amelia left the ward.

Evidently, the atmosphere in the ward had turned sour. Abel turned to the rest of the members. "Now that Carter's awake, you all can go back and rest now. I have some private matters to discuss with him."

Mrs. Scott responded on their behalf. "Dad, we'll leave first then. I'll get the housemaid to prepare some food for Carter and come by again later."

Abel nodded.

Mrs. Scott tugged on Jennifer, but the latter had no intention of moving. "Mrs. Scott, Carter just woke up. I wish to spend more time with him. I'll leave on my own later."

"Jennifer, I appreciate your care these past few days. I'm pretty sure you're tired as well. Go back home and have a good rest."

After facing multiply rejections, Jennifer could no longer mask the hurt in her voice. "Carter, do you hate me this much?"

Before he could respond, Mrs. Scott intercepted. She wrapped her hands around Jennifer's to placate her. "Jennifer, I'm sure Carter's just worried you'll overwork yourself. C'mon, let's go home together. I'll make tons of delicious food for you. There's plenty of time in future to spend with him."

Her words worked. Jennifer felt slightly better.

They exited the ward, leaving Abel and Carter alone.

Without sugar-coating his words, Abel chided, "Carter, what you said just now was unacceptable. Even I would think twice before provoking Oscar. Yet, you flirted with Amelia right in front of him. Is she that important to you?"

"Granddad, my feelings for Amelia have long passed the point of return. While I was unconscious, I could still vaguely hear the voices around me. Besides you and the rest of the family, Amelia's words pulled me through this. She said she'll give me a chance to make up for not helping her back then. This time, I'm determined to protect her."

Abel sighed in resignation. "Is this retribution? If I'd known you would be this infatuated with her, I shouldn't have chased her away. Otherwise, you would've been happily married to her. Perhaps, I could even be holding my own grandchild now."

Carter shut his eyes as he attempted to placate the surge of emotions welling up within him.

"Granddad, it's true that for a long time, I have hated you, Mom, and Dad. But, I've learned to forgive. It's just, at times, I can't help but wonder whether what happened between me and Amelia was because of your doings or my cowardice and weakness. Perhaps, it's a combination of both. If I had been stronger and more mature, things would have turned out differently."

"Carter, you've grown into a fine man now. Romance is just a small part of your life. Why let it affect you so much?"