

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 213

Chapter 213 Vile Intentions

Olivia's expression turned grim. "Come upstairs with me, or you're no longer my daughter."

As Stephanie seemed really terrified, Elizabeth patted her hand. "Stephanie, don't worry. I'll be on your side."

At that sight, Olivia trembled in rage.

As the guests milling in the hall were important guests to the Clintons, they might think Olivia and Stephanie were involved in a fight.

Worried for Olivia, Tiffany declared furiously, "Ms. Clinton, I know I'm not supposed to butt in, as I'm an outsider, but Mrs. Clinton is your mother. She won't harm you! Look at you, hiding behind an outsider. Don't you know you're hurting her with your actions?"

Stephanie glared at her and retorted, "Scram! You're nothing but a small fry. How dare you cozy up to us? I'm a real Clinton, but you're just an imposter. Even if my mom wants to take you as her goddaughter, you won't get a cent from the Clinton family's wealth. Dream on!"

Tiffany couldn't help but snicker at how ridiculous Stephanie's thought was. Doesn't she have anything better to do than letting her imagination run wild? Do I look like a gold digger?

Olivia gave Stephanie a warning look. "Come with me, now."

Biting her lip, Stephanie suddenly dashed out from behind Elizabeth and went on her knees in front of Olivia. "Mom, I'm sorry," she wailed.

The guests were already casting curious looks in their direction, so her sudden action immediately caught their attention.

Olivia nearly lost herself. "Stephanie, stand up right now."

Alas, Stephanie shook her head stubbornly and refused to budge.

Owen, Oscar, and Amelia hastily strode over to them.

With a frown, Owen chided, "Stephanie, what are you doing? Hurry, get up. It's your nephew's welcome baby party today. Why are you making a scene? Are you trying to make us a laughingstock?"

After glowering at Amelia, Stephanie cried out, "Dad, I just want to come home. You've reprimanded me and kicked me out so I can be independent. After half a month, I know I'm nothing without the Clinton family. Please let me come home. I don't want to eat junk food out there and wear cheap clothes. Look, I've lost so much weight. My skin is terrible now. Dad, don't you feel bad for me?"

Owen felt his temples throbbing, for Stephanie's action would make the Clinton family a laughingstock for sure.

"Stephanie, be a good girl and get up. Don't scare your nephew. We shall talk after the party. There are a lot of guests here, and you're making it seem like we're bullying you," he tamped down his irritation and tried to convince her.

Alas, the foolish Stephanie refused to move an inch.

The other guests slowly gathered around them. One lady, who was a close friend of the Clintons, spoke up. "What's wrong, Stephanie? It's your nephew's welcome baby party today. Why are you causing a scene? Stand up. If you made your mom angry, apologize to her. Don't make things awkward. Look how mad your mom is. Listen to me, get up."

As Olivia seemed really upset, Stephanie rose to her feet obediently.

Amelia shot Oscar a strange look and went to her. "Stephanie, you should go back to your room and take a shower. Your makeup is smudged."

Alas, her kind intention wasn't received well by Stephanie.

Right now, Stephanie despised Amelia greatly. If it weren't for Amelia, I wouldn't have suffered. I'm a Clinton, but ended up working for someone else. I even got yelled at! No one has ever done that to me. That was really humiliating.

Half a month of independence didn't teach her anything at all. Instead of reflecting on her mistake, her hatred for Amelia had increased to a new high.

"Amelia, save your crocodile tears. I wouldn't have ended up in this mess if it weren't for you!" Stephanie howled.

Her sudden proclamation rendered Amelia a little confused.

Afraid that Stephanie would blurt everything out in a fit of anger and ruin her efforts of keeping everything a secret, Olivia burst out in a shrill voice, "Stephanie, shut up!"

Everyone cast shocked glances at Olivia's faux pas.

She had always been a gentle and elegant woman, so it was the first time she had lost it in public.

Owen immediately pulled her into a hug and said in a soft voice, "Olivia, calm down. The guests are staring."

After taking a deep breath, Olivia returned to her usual elegant self and flashed a pleasant smile to everyone. "I'm really sorry about Stephanie's willfulness."

"It's all right. If she made a mistake, talk to her. Don't get mad and scare her," Olivia's friend offered kindly.

Olivia gave a weak nod.

She turned to Stephanie and spoke calmly. "Stephanie, come upstairs with me now. Your makeup is all smudged."

By then, Stephanie dared not defy her mother and trotted to Olivia without a word.

"Amelia, take care of the guests with Oscar and your dad," said Olivia.

Amelia nodded obligingly. "Mom, don't worry."

After Stephanie and Olivia went upstairs, Tiffany came to Amelia. "Is Tony all right?" asked Amelia in a low voice.

Tiffany whispered, "He's fine."

Amelia took one look at her son and said, "Tiff, bring Tony upstairs. There are too many people here."

After pondering briefly, Tiffany nodded in agreement.

Owen told the guests to return to the hall. Soon, only Oscar, Amelia, Tiffany, and the Yard family were left standing.

Cassie's gaze was fixated on Oscar. She ignored Amelia and went to him. "Oz, I heard it's your son's welcome baby party today, so I asked my parents to accompany me here."

At her words, Oscar frowned as a flash of impatience appeared in his eyes.

"Cassie, welcome to Tony's party today," Oscar said politely.

Pretending not to see Oscar's indifference, Cassie flashed an amiable smile. "Oz, can I hold your son?"

Oscar's hand around Amelia's waist tightened slightly to remind her not to overthink.

In response, Amelia looked up and met his gaze. Her eyes sparkled as she curved her lips up into a grin to indicate that she was fine.

Seeing their intimate exchange, Cassie's fists balled up. She couldn't stop a scowl from appearing on her otherwise beautiful face.

Meanwhile, holding Tony in her arms, Tiffany stood between the couple and Cassie, blocking the latter's line of sight.

"Ms. Yard, the party is over there. Please head there with Mr. and Mrs. Yard. Amelia and Oscar have to tend to other guests, so they have no time for you," Tiffany sneered.

Cassie's gaze landed on Tiffany and the baby boy in her arms. Upon seeing how adorable the boy was, she turned green with jealousy.

"So this is Oz's son? He's good-looking, but he doesn't look like Oz at all. Did you get the wrong baby from the hospital?" she scoffed.

After taking one look at Tony, Tiffany looked up and retorted icily, "Ms. Yard, after trying to take your own life, you must have ruined your brain and your eyesight. Everyone else complimented Tony for being the replica of Amelia and Oscar. He had inherited their best qualities. If you say he doesn't look like Oscar, I wonder what sinister intentions you have."

Cassie bit her lip and stretched her hand out. "Can I hold him? I've been dreaming of a baby ever since I had a miscarriage. I'd like to shower my love on other babies!"

The baby Cassie once had was just a weapon to remind Oscar of their relationship. It was also a thorn in Amelia's heart. Amelia said it didn't matter, but inwardly, it still bothered her. After all, no woman could accept the fact that the man she loved once had sex with another woman and even got the other woman pregnant.

Every time Cassie mentioned that baby, Amelia would have a niggling feeling in her heart. Still, she had to put on a smile and conceal her emotions.

Tiffany held Tony tighter and said, "Sorry, Ms. Yard. I won't hand Tony to a beast. What if that beast releases its grip on the baby? Oh, sorry. I'm not talking about you, Ms. Yard. Don't pigeonhole yourself."

The scowl on Cassie's face deepened.

Stepping forward, Elizabeth glowered at Tiffany and demanded, "Tiffany, don't go overboard. Otherwise, I shall make you pay!"

Tiffany parted her lips to retort, only to have Amelia hauling her away swiftly.

"Tiff, bring Tony upstairs. Oscar and I will handle the situation. I don't want to bring Tony into this."

Tiffany had no choice but to comply.

Turning to Elizabeth, Amelia assumed the stance of the lady of the house.

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Chapter 214 I Will Not Lie To You

"Mr. and Mrs. Yard, thank you for attending Anthony's welcome baby party today. The guests are all gathered there. If you think it's too noisy there, you can head outside. We have seats out there, too," Amelia explained politely.

Elizabeth pursed her lips and sneered, "Stop putting up an act. We're here to see if your son will die young. Cassie lost her kid, but you get to form a happy family? I won't let that happen!"

Amelia's face turned grim at her evil comment.

"Mrs. Yard, if you're not here to give your blessings to my son, please leave," she declared coolly.

Without looking at the Yards, Oscar told Amelia softly, "Come on, let's go. I'll introduce you to someone who has helped me previously."

Amelia inclined her head.

Oscar turned to leave with Amelia. However, Cassie grabbed his arm and stopped him. Stopping in his tracks, Oscar turned and shot daggers at Cassie's hand that was holding his arm.

"Let go!" Oscar ordered.

Cassie felt heartbroken at his icy response. She looked up at him pitifully and said, "Oz, are you going to be this heartless to me?"

Oscar pulled away from her. "Ms. Yard, please mind your actions. I'm a married man."

That felt like the joke of the year. Cassie wanted to laugh out loud, but she could only manage a bitter smile.

"Oz, what did you just call me?" She couldn't believe what she had just heard. There's no way Oscar will fall out of love with me that quickly!

If Cassie was smart, she wouldn't have forced a man to make a decision at a party. No man would humiliate his own wife in public. Even if he didn't love his wife, he'd still respect her. Thus, when Cassie acted as though they were still involved, Oscar immediately distanced himself from her.

"Ms. Yard, you must be still ill. I think you should head back to rest." Oscar then squeezed Amelia's waist gently to reassure her.

Cassie's mouth set in a hard line. "Oz, when we were in love, I was your baby, and when we had sex, you called me honey. Why are you distancing yourself from me? You promised to treat me like a princess. Have you forgotten everything?"

Oscar scrunched up his face in displeasure. He had never called Cassie "baby" or "honey." He wasn't that romantic, so he'd express his love through his actions.

Clearly, Cassie was trying to drive a wedge between them.

Oscar planted a kiss on Amelia's forehead gently. "Let's go."

Amelia nodded and told Cassie, "Ms. Yard, you should leave."

As Cassie clenched her fists tightly, her lovely face twisted with malice.

She was about to lose it when Charlie stopped her. Staring at Oscar and Amelia's departing figures, he said, "Cassie, you pleaded with your mom and me to bring you to the welcome baby party, and we obliged. Can we leave now?"

Chewing on her bottom lip, Cassie stuck her chin up to force back her tears.

"Dad, am I that bad?" Her gaze followed Oscar as she felt her heart shattering into a million pieces.

She thought Oscar's heart would only belong to her. Alas, she had overestimated her importance to him.

Sighing, Charlie advised, "Cassie, you're exceptional. After all, you're part of the Yard family. Your relationship with Oscar had ended five years ago after you left the country stubbornly. Upon your return five years later, although you got back together with Oscar, he is already married. Forget about him. I'll introduce other eligible bachelors to you. There are better men out there, and you shouldn't get hung up on him."

Tears streamed down Cassie's cheeks as she wailed in desperation. "But Dad, I still love him!"

Charlie felt a piercing pain in his heart. Cassie was his only daughter. If he hadn't been lenient on her, she wouldn't have made so many mistakes.

"Let's talk when we get home," he uttered.

With her eyes on Oscar, Cassie shook her head. "Dad, I won't leave. I should be Oz's wife. I want everyone to know I'm the woman he loves. Oz won't treat me unkindly because I was once pregnant with his child."

Charlie grabbed her hand. "Stop it, Cassie. If you make your relationship known to everyone here, Oscar's reputation won't be affected. Instead, it won't be easy for you to marry into a prominent family. You're going to marry someone else one day, right? Don't embarrass our family. You won't act recklessly if you care for your mom and me."

Cassie swirled around to give Charlie a pleading look. "Dad, please help me. I can't live without Oz. Mr. and Mrs. Clinton are your friends, right? If you ask for their help, Oz will marry me for sure. Dad, please! Oz is everything to me!" she pleaded selfishly.

The veins on his temples throbbed as Charlie growled, "That's enough. Let's go home."

Cassie pulled away from him and strode into the living room.

Glaring at Elizabeth, Charlie chided, "Look at your daughter. She's a humiliation to the Yard family!"

Elizabeth panicked upon seeing her daughter's action. What if Cassie reveals her relationship with Oscar? She won't be able to marry into a prominent family!

The upper-class society was a tight social circle. As always, bad news traveled fast. If the news of Cassie being a homewrecker spread out, even though the Yard family was wealthy, it wouldn't be easy to find a suitable match for Cassie.

Cassie was young and impetuous, but her parents knew how important it was for her to marry into a good family. They also couldn't afford to embarrass themselves.

At once, Elizabeth rushed forward to stop Cassie. "Cassie, be a good girl. Don't cause a scene here. We shall let them gloat for now. I'll figure out a way to avenge you," she told her daughter in a low voice.

Cassie was still staring at Amelia, who was held by Oscar. Gritting her teeth, she replied, "Mom, I want to marry Oz. I don't want another woman to be by his side."

"Sure, sure. I'll make sure he marries you. Just don't kick up a fuss now. Otherwise, your reputation will be ruined."

Cassie swiveled her head to look at Elizabeth. "Mom, you're worried I'll embarrass you, right?" Her retort hit the nail on the head.

Elizabeth squirmed a little under her daughter's scrutiny, but she still put on a stern front. "Cassie, I've done a lot for you. If you have a shred of conscience left in your heart, don't humiliate your dad and me in front of our peers."

Finally, Cassie relented and stopped in her tracks.

Pulling her aside, Elizabeth continued convincing her. "Cassie, you've seen the child and caused a scene. Let's go home now. When everything quiets down, I'll figure something out. We need to calm down now to risk falling for someone else's trap. Besides, Stephanie is now on our side, right? We can use her conflict with Amelia to take revenge."

It was only then did Cassie finally regain her composure.

She took one last look at Oscar and left with her parents.

On the other hand, Oscar introduced Amelia to the elderly people he respected, and they approved of her.

"Amelia, this is Mr. Wilbur Ferguson. When I first joined Clinton Corporations, he gave me a lot of help. He's one of the men I respect a lot." He led her to a man in his seventies and introduced them to each other.

Amelia gave a little curtsy and greeted, "Hello, Mr. Ferguson. I'm Amelia Winters. I'm sorry for not paying you a visit even though I've been married to Oscar for almost five years."

Wilbur Ferguson was a kind and respectable old man. He scanned Amelia carefully and grinned. "I've left the country six years ago. To attend Anthony's welcome baby party today, I took a flight back to the country. I've been curious about Oscar's wife, and I'm glad he married you. That brat from the Yard family might be pretty, but she's quite ignorant. You, however, can be with Oscar for better and for worse. I like that about you."

Amelia flashed a modest smile at the old man's kind words and took to him immediately.

"Thank you, Mr. Ferguson. I'll do my best to be a good wife. I hope I won't disappoint you."

Wilbur chuckled. "Don't worry, I'm not a scary wolf. Just think of me as a normal elder. I admire Oscar, so it makes me happy to see you married to him."

"Thank you, Mr. Ferguson."

After exchanging a few pleasantries, Wilbur changed the topic. "I heard you were involved in an accident. Are you feeling better now?"

"Yes, Mr. Ferguson. I'm much better now, but I can't stand too long or exercise. That's all."

"Good." Wilbur told his assistant to hand the gift he prepared earlier to Amelia.

"This is a piece of jade I picked for you personally. I hope you like it," he said.

Amelia accepted the gift gratefully. "Thank you, Mr. Ferguson. This is an expensive gift."

Wilbur beamed at her response.

After chatting briefly, Oscar said, "Mr. Ferguson, we'll get going for now. I need to introduce Amelia to the others."

"Go ahead."

Oscar introduced Amelia to two other influential figures. Afraid that she might be exhausted, he brought her upstairs after that.

"Oscar, let's go to Mom and Stephanie," Amelia suggested.

"No. You've been socializing with me for a long time. It's time to rest now. Mom will take care of Stephanie's matter," came Oscar's firm reply.

Amelia went along with his wishes and followed him to their bedroom. Still, she couldn't help but glance at him curiously. "Oscar, are you hiding something from me? Stephanie didn't go to Koandria for a trip with her friends, right?"

Without offering any reply, Oscar kept his hand around her waist and led her back to their bedroom.

Back in their bedroom, he picked her up without hesitation.

Instantly, Amelia let out a tiny yelp and wrapped her arms around his neck instinctively.

With Amelia in his arms, Oscar strode to their bed and placed her down carefully.

Lying in bed with her eyes wide open, Amelia pressed on doggedly, "Oscar, are you hiding something from me? You said we should be honest with each other. I don't want to hear any white lies."

Leaning over, Oscar pressed a kiss on her forehead. "Don't think too much. Stephanie and Mom got into a fight. Mom got mad and kicked her out, so she gets to learn how to be independent. She needs to learn how to harness her bad temper and stop taking everything for granted. I think she had suffered a lot for the past few weeks, so she took the opportunity to return home. Don't worry. Mom will take care of her. You need to rest now and stop worrying about other stuff," he reassured her.

"Really?"

"Yes. Why would I lie to you over something like this?"

Amelia nodded in acknowledgment and stopped worrying about the matter.

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Chapter 215 Conflict Between Mother And Daughter

"I'll ask Tiffany to bring Tony over to you. There are still plenty of guests milling around, so I need to socialize with them," Oscar said, before kissing her lips softly.

Amelia blinked innocently.

"Be good." Oscar patted her hair affectionately and stood up.

After Oscar closed the door behind him, the smile on Amelia's face disappeared. She seemed conflicted.

Staring at the ceiling, she mumbled in disappointment, "Oscar, you had proclaimed your love for me, but why can't you be honest with me?"

Right then, Tiffany arrived with Tony, interrupting her train of thought.

Carefully, Amelia got up and looked at Tony, who was in Tiffany's arms.

Tiffany placed the sleeping baby on the bed slowly. As Amelia reached out to touch him, her gaze turned tender.

"When did he fall asleep?" she queried.

"Just a while ago. Babies like to sleep," Tiffany revealed. "I think you should only invite your close friends and relatives to the welcome baby party. It's a party downstairs."

Actually, Amelia didn't like crowded parties at all. The party was held in Tony's name, but it was in fact a place for the business people to talk business. To ordinary people, it was a place where they could get to know the upper-class society. Many people would die to get an invitation to this party.

"Tiff, many people would die to get invited to the Clintons' party. Only the rich and powerful would receive an invitation. As a freelancer, you didn't grab the chance to establish connections but came to complain to me about how noisy the party is instead," Amelia teased, pretending nothing had happened earlier.

Tiffany shrugged. "Babe, you know I don't care about money and fame. I enjoy earning money myself, but that doesn't mean I want to climb up the ranks using someone else's connections. It might seem easier to make money that way, but I don't get the sense of accomplishment from that."

Shaking her head, Amelia chuckled. "You're wasting the chance."

"Babe, you mean you want me to have connections with the Clintons?"

After a brief hesitation, Amelia chose to be honest with her. "To be honest, I don't want you to have anything to do with the Clintons. If you get involved, many people will target you. Your life won't be peaceful anymore. When you get more famous, you'll be busy with book signings and fan meetings. There are bound to be people with ulterior motives who'll try to get to know you through these means. If you want fame and fortune, I would've achieved your dreams ages ago."

Tiffany snapped her fingers in satisfaction. "You know me well, friend," she exclaimed. "I'm glad to have you as a friend!"

Amelia gave her a playful push.

They exchanged banter for a while before Tiffany went back to topic. "Amelia, be honest with me. Remember the commotion caused by the Yards and Stephanie? Did that irritate you?"

Amelia could only smile wryly.

"I'd be lying if I say I'm not bothered. Cassie kept challenging my patience. I was tamping down the urge to tear her mouth apart, as I knew I couldn't do that. Oscar professed his love for me, but he never revealed how he felt about Cassie. She's his first love after all. There's no way he would forget about her that easily."

Propping her arms up on the bed, Tiffany's reply was nonchalant. "So what? Amelia, you're worrying for nothing. It doesn't matter whether Oscar loves Cassie. What matters now is that you're the one by his side. You, Tony, and Oscar are a happy family. He works to support your family, and you'll be a housewife. Tony's nanny will take care of him, so you only have to play with him. You've got everything you ever wanted. Why would you be afraid?"

Tiff's right. Still, everything seems unreal to me. Something is off. I hope it's my mind playing tricks on me.

She couldn't shake off the uneasy feeling.

Sensing her anxiety, Tiffany reached out to pat her hand. "Amelia, what are you scared of?"

Amelia came to her senses and poured her worry out. "Tiff, I'm worried Oscar treats me well out of guilt after I nearly died in the accident. We've confessed our love to each other. I love him, so I no longer think of him as my client. If he chooses Cassie in the end, it will be a destructive blow to me. I won't be able to stay married to him by then. Being betrayed is worse than faking one's affections."

Is every woman in love this neurotic? Tiffany wondered, feeling bad for Amelia. Amelia was once cheerful, positive, and lively. After marrying into the Clinton family and falling in love with Oscar, she learned how to conceal her actual emotions. I've never seen her laugh heartily after that. Look at how elegant and proper she is now. Is this a good change, or not?

"Silly girl, you're overthinking again. This isn't the Amelia I know. The Amelia I know will never give up. She's a swan among ducklings; a diamond among stones. She will shine everywhere she goes!"

Amused, Amelia giggled at her friend's antics. Her foul mood finally dissipated.

"Feeling better?" Tiffany asked.

Amelia nodded in response.

Pulling Amelia into her arms, Tiffany comforted her. "Babe, you were in an accident and nearly lost your life. There's nothing else to be afraid of. The worst that can happen to you both is that he becomes tired of you, or you annoy each other and get a divorce. One of you will get custody of Tony. You'll end up being friends," Tiffany declared. "There, that's the worst that can happen. Don't you worry. We managed to save your life. There's nothing else we can't do!"

Amelia nodded. I must be overthinking.

On the other hand, Oscar left their bedroom and went to Olivia's bedroom.

Stephanie was arguing with her mother when Oscar stepped in. She immediately cowered back in fear at the sight of her brother.

"Oscar," she greeted him in a tiny voice.

Oscar merely glanced at her icily.

Stephanie would always tremble in fear when Oscar remained silent. Compared to her father, she was actually more scared of her brother.

"Oscar, y-you..."

As the tension in the air grew, Olivia hurriedly spoke up. "Oscar, I've reprimanded Stephanie. What's with the grim expression? Don't scare her."

Oscar stared straight at Stephanie and demanded, "Why did you come back?"

Stephanie gave him a hurtful look. "Oscar, this is my home. Where else am I supposed to go?"

"Leave right after the party ends," Oscar announced solemnly.

Stephanie's pretty face contorted angrily as she demanded, "Why? I'm one of the Clintons, too. Half of the inheritance is mine. What right do you have to kick me out?"

"I'm the only heir of the Clinton family. Everything belongs to me," came Oscar's curt reply.

Stephanie went silent upon hearing this.

At the sight, Olivia felt her head throbbing. She had never imagined that her children would turn against each other one day.

"Oscar, stop it. Stephanie had suffered a lot out there. Let her sleep here for tonight. Tomorrow morning, I shall ask the driver to send her back to her accommodation," she tried to persuade Oscar.

"Mom, I won't allow someone who has disrespected my wife to stay here." Oscar refused to give in.

Olivia lowered her head to ponder briefly. "Stephanie, I'll ask the chauffeur to give you a ride back now. You can only return when you stop being biased against Amelia."

Stephanie's eyes widened in bewilderment. "Mom, she's fine now. The Clintons gave her what she wanted. Why do I still have to stay out there and eat horrible food?"

Furrowing her brows, Olivia chided, "Stephanie, mind your words. If you keep being this rude, I'll cut off your allowance."

"Mom, I'm penniless!" Stephanie wailed, on the verge of losing control.

Olivia was stunned. "Didn't I transfer fifty thousand to you before you leave?"

"Mom, fifty thousand won't even last me one day. How do you expect me to hold on for half a month?" Stephanie retorted furiously.

Olivia cast a disappointed look at her daughter. I should've known it's hard for her to realize her mistake in half a month.

Stephanie came to her mother and whined, "Mom, let me come home. I promise I'll be an obedient child!"

"The chauffeur will give you a ride. I told your dad to arrange a secretary job for you. Go to work and stop being so impetuous." Olivia made up her mind. "Also, stay away from the Yards."

Stephanie's face paled as she dug her nails into her palms.

Taking a deep breath, she barked, "Mom, you forsake your own daughter for Amelia, and took her good friend to be your goddaughter. Are you my biological mother? No wonder Mrs. Yard said you never loved me. I didn't believe her but turns out she's right. You don't love me at all!"

At once, Olivia started heaving in fury.

Oscar pulled Stephanie over and gave her a tight slap.

The slap was so strong and sudden that Stephanie's face swiveled sideways.

She covered her stinging cheek and glared at Oscar defiantly.

"Oscar, how dare you slap me? I won't forget this. One day, I shall make you understand Amelia isn't the right one for you," she declared.

Scowling, Oscar barked, "Scram!"

As a blaze of pain spread across her cheek, Stephanie's eyes flared with anger and hatred. Gritting her teeth, she declared, "Oscar, I won't leave. I'm waiting for Amelia to leave our family!"

Oscar's fists balled up in fury.

"Won't you stop? There are plenty of guests out there. Do you want to humiliate our family?" Olivia pressed a hand on her chest and hissed.

Oscar turned to her, while Stephanie wiped her tears off stubbornly.

Olivia felt her heart breaking at the sight of the red imprint on Stephanie's cheek. "Stephanie, after the party ends, I'll ask the chauffeur to send you back. When you become a mature lady, Dad and I will come to pick you up."

"Mom, you're kicking your own daughter out for that woman?"

"Stephanie, I'm doing this for your sake."

"Mom, I love you so much. How could you kick me out for an outsider? I hate you!" Stephanie's wails grew louder. "You want me to leave? Fine! I'll starve to death!"

Pain ripped through Olivia's chest at how adamant her daughter was.

"Mom, if you do love me, please let me stay," Stephanie pleaded as her last resort.

Olivia fell onto her bed and panted heavily.

Concerned, Oscar patted her back soothingly and asked, "Mom, are you all right?"

Olivia waved to show that she was fine. "After the party, give your sister a ride back to her accommodation. At this hour, it's dangerous for her to head back alone."

There was a brief hesitation on Oscar's part, but he eventually nodded and went along.

"Got it, Mom. Don't worry," he replied.

Olivia took deep breaths, and the pain in her heart gradually subsided.