

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 352

"Oh, you're here again." Boris' appearance saved Collin from any further embarrassment.

"Hello, Mr. Jackman," Oscar greeted him politely as he retracted the glare he was directing toward Collin.

"Amelia has left. I also just received the message your men delivered yesterday. If Amelia ever returns here for medical treatment, I will notify him myself. I can tell that the two of you have a deep bond that cannot be so easily severed. Fate will reunite the both of you again," Boris said.

Immediately, Oscar's stoic gaze softened. The corners of his mouth upturned as he replied, "Thank you very much, Mr. Jackman. I believe that Amelia and I will be together until our deaths, too."

Boris beamed brightly. "Is there any other reason you came here today?"

"I'll be flying back today. There is a lot of work waiting for me back home. I won't be lingering around here anymore. Please take good care of Amelia. I will return to Beshya soon."

A dark look seemed to flit across Boris' gaze. Sizing Oscar up, Boris responded, "I see. Have a safe trip, then."

"Mr. Jackman, I hope you'll consider my funding for your clinic's project study on the canthus. If there's nothing else, let me take my leave first."

"All right, I will think about it. Once I come to a decision, I will send you a personal response."

"Here's my name card." Oscar handed Boris his card. "If you wish to contact me, please call the number on this card."

Boris nodded and took the card from Oscar's outstretched hand.

They had another short exchange before Oscar finally left.

After Oscar's departure, Boris turned toward Collin. "Collin, do you still remember my advice? I told you that you are not Amelia's Mr. Right. She has always been destined for a lavish life. The two of you are not compatible together."

Even after hearing his words, Collin was still upset.

"Mr. Jackman, I don't think that I'm worse off than Oscar. Although I'm a few years younger than Amelia, I believe that I'm much more mature. Aside from the topic of wealth, Oscar and I are still on equal footing!" Collin retorted heatedly.

Hearing that, Boris shook his head helplessly. "Collin, you can't force a relationship to happen. I don't want you to fall too deep. In the end, you will be the only one who gets hurt."

A look of indignant crossed Collin's face. Clearly, he was not willing to give up just yet.

"Collin, you are still young and immature. You youngsters are too reckless these days. You'll never realize the fault of your actions until you receive its consequences. If you devote yourself to a relationship, it won't be so easy for you to detach yourself from it. Think carefully about this matter, all right?" With that, Boris left without another word.

He made his way into a secluded office and took a white-colored remote from the shelf. With the click of a button, the office's walls opened in half to reveal a secret stairway.

Descending the stairs, Boris arrived at a modern-looking ward. In the middle of the ward stood a bed made from metal. The woman lying on it was none other than Amelia herself.

Upon noticing Boris' arrival, Tiffany and Kurt leaped to their feet. "Mr. Jackman, you're here."

Boris smiled at them affectionately before he dropped the bomb on them. "Earlier, Oscar dropped by."

Promptly, Tiffany asked nervously, "Mr. Jackman, did he give you a hard time?"

Boris burst into laughter. "He's not some kind of savage beast," he said when he saw the anxious look on Tiffany's face.

Hearing this, Tiffany heaved out a heavy sigh of relief.

"You must not be aware of Oscar's fearsome wrath, Mr. Jackman. I was afraid that he'd take his anger out on you if he couldn't find Amelia. I'm sure Amelia wouldn't want to see years of your efforts destroyed because of her," Tiffany said in earnest.

Boris merely smiled good-naturedly as he seemed utterly unconcerned.

"Don't forget that I'm your senior. Throughout all these years, I've saved countless patients. Despite my odd temper, my wealthy patients were grateful for my help. Although I opened this clinic on my own, most of the equipment is priceless. Did you think I was the one who bought them? No, on the contrary, they were gifts from my various patients. If Oscar intends to destroy my work, it won't be an easy task. Though I must admit that he's a capable man, I'm not someone who will go down without a fight," Boris declared proudly.

Although Boris was not a man who would go out seeking trouble, he was not one to shy away if it came knocking at his door.

Faced with Boris' infectious grin, Tiffany let out a smile as well. Giving Boris a thumbs-up, she praised, "Mr. Jackman, you are one formidable man."

All of a sudden, Boris changed the topic. "However, Oscar was much more impressive than I initially thought. From the first glance, I could tell that he and Amelia were a match made in heaven."

Tiffany did not offer a reply.

Boris walked toward the bed and gave Amelia a thorough examination. "Her recovery is looking good."

Nevertheless, Tiffany was not convinced. "Mr. Jackman, Amelia insisted on recording the video yesterday. After forcing herself to speak for a few minutes, she fainted as soon as the recording ended. Are you sure she's all right?"

"Since she exerted herself after the operation, the fainting was a normal reaction. All Amelia needs is a good rest," Boris replied.

Finally, Tiffany relaxed.

When Amelia regained consciousness, her vision was still entirely dark. "Tiff?" she called out hoarsely.

Tiffany, who was talking to Boris, rushed over when she heard Amelia's voice. She carefully clutched Amelia's hand and asked, "Babe, you are finally awake. How do you feel? Does your head still hurt?"

"Don't worry, I feel fine. My head doesn't hurt too badly. What time is it now?" Amelia questioned.

"It's almost four. Are you hungry? I can buy you some soup," Tiffany replied in an affectionate tone.

Amelia shook her head. "I'm not hungry." After a few moments of silence, she continued hesitantly, "Tiff, did Oscar give Mr. Jackman a hard time?"

"Not at all. Mr. Jackman said that he's already on a plane back home. Don't worry about it."

A stab of disappointment pierced Amelia's heart when she heard this.

"Oh, he left already..." Amelia mumbled dispiritedly.

Silently, Tiffany held Amelia's hand to offer some comfort.

Making his way over, Boris queried, "Amelia, do you feel better? Does your head still hurt? Don't try to hide the pain if it still hurts."

Boris' voice jolted Amelia back to her senses.

"Mr. Jackman, you're here too!" Amelia turned toward what she thought was his direction and smiled apologetically. "I'm so sorry for getting you involved in my matters, Mr. Jackman. Please accept my sincerest apologies."

"You silly child, I've grown to see you like my grandchild. If you wish to respect my wishes, you shouldn't talk this way to your senior! Besides, meeting him gave me the opportunity to see what your ex-husband is like. Or should I say, future husband? With only one glance at his face, I could already tell that the two of you are still destined to meet. Don't worry, you will spend eternity by his side."

Amelia merely offered him a faint smile, as she didn't have any high hopes. Everyone had claimed that her eyesight could be restored as soon as the blood clots in her brain were removed. Yet, my vision is still pitch black. Unfortunately, I'm still as blind as a bat.

She also overheard Boris' grave conversation with Tiffany, where Boris claimed that her eyesight was in a much worse state than expected. Initially, he thought everything would become smooth sailing once the blood clots were removed. However, a closer inspection showed that this was not the case.

Despite the fact that her blood clot surgery was successful, the hope Amelia received from Boris' promise had vanished into thin air.

In an attempt to reassure her, Boris patted her head. "Amelia, don't overthink it. Since the blood clots in your brain have been removed, your condition will gradually improve. Furthermore, Oscar looks like a man who keeps his word. Since he said that he'll be back, you shouldn't worry about anything."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Jackman," Amelia replied with a soft smile.

"Okay, take a good rest then. Once your body has recovered, I'll do a final check-up. If your condition allows it, I'll do an operation on your eyes too. Even if that's not possible, I can utilize my contacts to find a suitable cornea donor. I was not boasting when I said that I would restore your eyesight within five years."

"Mr. Jackman, you don't have to rush yourself. I've gotten used to this darkness. I have never blamed you for it, too."

"Nonsense!" Boris exclaimed. "All right, let me take my leave first. Tonight, I will drop by to visit you again."

"Tiff, please see Mr. Jackman out," Amelia instructed.

"Okay."

Once Tiffany escorted Boris out of the clinic, she returned to Amelia's side again.

"Amelia, now that Oscar has left, don't focus your attention on him. Make sure you prioritize your health. It won't take long for your eyes to heal," Tiffany remarked as she knelt by the bed.

Smiling reassuringly, Amelia clutched Tiffany's hand. "Tiff, I've gotten used to the dark. Don't worry too much about my vision. You should call Derrick when you have the chance. I'm

afraid that Oscar might target his company if he gets frustrated. Why don't you call him to catch up?"

"I got it. As long as you are well, we are relieved too. Don't let us worry about your wellbeing."

Amelia closed her eyes before she spoke again. "Is Kurt here?"

Immediately, Kurt stepped forward. "Amelia, I'm right here. Is something the matter?"

When Amelia waved her hand in the air, Kurt quickly caught her wrist in his grip. "I'm here, don't panic. Just let me know if you have anything you want to say."

"While I'm here, please take good care of Tony. Since I'm not familiar with Rory, I don't feel reassured about Tony's safety while he's with her."

"Amelia, rest assured. I'll assign someone to keep guard in the dark. I'm sure Rory won't do anything to Tony. Just focus on your own recovery. Under my protection, I'll make sure that no harm befalls Tony."

It seemed as though a weight had been lifted off Amelia's shoulders. Even her pale face regained color.