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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 121 - 125

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

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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."

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“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.

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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?"

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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.

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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."

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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.

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“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.”

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 122

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.

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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.

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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."

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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.”

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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."

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She patted her bed 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?"

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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.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 123

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

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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?”

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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.

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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."

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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.

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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?"

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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.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 124

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.

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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.

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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."

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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.

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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 sunnies 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.

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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.”

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The scowl on Jennifer's face deepened.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 125

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

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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."

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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.

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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?”

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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.

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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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