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# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 171 - 175

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 171

Elizabeth sneered as she stared coldly at Charlie. "Charlie Yard, I've finally seen your true colors. You love Olivia, and you pander to her son's every whim. But you don't even care that your own daughter is now facing a life and death situation in the operating room. What a great husband and father you are."

Charlie looked defeated and sighed, "You're being irrational, Elizabeth, and I don't want to argue with you."

Upon hearing that, Elizabeth's face contorted even more with rage.

"Is that your guilty conscience, Charlie? You had a sordid affair with Olivia, and now you're even covering up for her son. What? Are you afraid that if Oscar found out about it, he will look down on you for being a good-for-nothing hypocrite?"

Her words dripped with so much sarcasm that Charlie couldn't stand it any longer. "That's enough from you!" he bellowed.

Despite that, Elizabeth cackled even louder, to a point where she looked almost maniacal.

"Feeling guilty, aren't you?"

Charlie was silent. At this point, he knew it'd be impossible to talk sense into someone who was being unreasonable.

Elizabeth continued, "You are a heartless hypocrite, and that makes Olivia a shameless b\*tch!"

As soon the words left her mouth, Elizabeth felt a tight slap to her face. She instinctively brought her hand up to where she had just been slapped and looked helplessly at Oscar.

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Even Charlie was taken aback. He never expected Oscar to be that heavy-handed.

“Oscar, you... ” Charlie wanted to speak but eventually held his tongue.

Oscar’s expression was dark as he glowered at Elizabeth. “Mrs. Yard, I never expected Cassie to be suicidal. I will make it up to her, but please do not drag my mother into this. She is a respectable woman, and I will not let you tarnish her reputation.”

Elizabeth could still feel the burn on her cheek right then. She was humiliated, but that slap did also knock some sense back into her.

With that, she straightened herself up and raked through her hair. It didn’t take long before she regained her poise and composure. If it hadn’t been the handprint on her face, one wouldn’t have known that she had thrown a fit only a while ago.

“Oscar, I will never forget that slap from you. I won’t hold you fully responsible for Cassie’s suicide, but it is still a fact that Cassie tried to kill herself over you. You better pray that she pulls through this, or I won’t let you off. Nobody bullies my daughter!”

Nonetheless, Oscar remained sullen throughout.

Elizabeth distanced herself further from Charlie as she looked silently in the direction of the operating room.

Because of Cassie, the relationship between her and her husband had become even more strained. Gone were the days when they still loved and supported each other.

The three of them paced outside for almost three hours before the light above the operating room door finally flickered off. A team of doctors made their way out, all of them exhausted after such a long procedure.

Elizabeth couldn’t hide her anxiety as she rushed up to them. “Dr. Kane, how is my daughter?”

Dr. Kane’s face took on a ghastly expression. On top of work fatigue, he was also exasperated at Cassie. It hadn’t even been ten days since she got hospitalized, yet she had already caused so much trouble for the staff. More importantly, he was upset at the lack of care she had for herself.

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“Mrs. Yard, your daughter is out of danger. But if she continues to have so little regard for her own life, I’m afraid there’s nothing much we can do for her.”

Elizabeth’s face fell.

Meanwhile, Charlie quickly stepped in to change the subject. “Dr. Kane, thank you so much for all your help today. I’ll play host another time and buy everyone here a meal.”

That put a faint smile back on Dr. Kane’s face as he politely took his leave.

Cassie was soon rolled out of the operating room by three nurses. Elizabeth was anxious to see her, but one of the nurses pulled her away. “Please calm down, Mrs. Yard. The patient’s condition is very fragile. We need to let her rest for now.”

For the sake of her daughter, Elizabeth held herself back.

After that, Cassie was admitted to the intensive care unit as her condition needed close monitoring. She’d be transferred to a normal ward only if there were no other complications.

Charlie looked at his daughter through the glass with mixed emotions. It pained him to see Cassie in this state, but all he could do was to hope for the best. After a while, he turned to his wife. “Elizabeth, why don’t you head home and rest? I’ll stay here with Cassie.”

When Elizabeth didn’t answer, Charlie sighed. “Fine, you can stay here and watch Cassie. I need to speak to Oscar.”

Elizabeth still didn’t answer.

“Come on, Oscar. I want to talk to you.” Charlie gestured for Oscar to follow him.

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

The two men found a quieter spot where they could sit and speak freely. But for the first two minutes, no one said a word.

Charlie was the first to break the awkward silence. “Oscar, I’m sure you can guess what I wanted to talk to you about, so I won’t beat around the bush. What are your plans with Cassie? Be honest.”

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Oscar tugged at his hair in exasperation. "Honestly, I have no idea," he said solemnly.

Charlie shot him a dirty look. "Cassie had a miscarriage because of you. She slit her wrists because of you. And now all you can say is that you have no idea? I watched you grow up, Oscar, but I never thought you'd be this callous and irresponsible."

Oscar mulled over it for a while before replying, "Undoubtedly, Cassie's actions have stressed me out a lot. You're a man too, so I'm sure you can understand what it feels like when a woman you love constantly threatens you with her life."

Charlie grew silent.

Then, Oscar continued, "I'm glad that Cassie is fine now, but- "

"But now you don't wish to marry her, is that right?" Charlie finished his sentence.

Oscar furrowed his brows when he heard Charlie's reply.

"I'm really disappointed, Oscar. I had always thought you were a responsible man, so I was happy when you and Cassie started dating. I even had plans to let you manage the Yard Group once you got married." Charlie sighed deeply. "Unfortunately, Cassie was wilful and ran away to start a new life abroad. I was so mad at her for throwing away a good husband like you. Five years later, you married another woman, but we were still on friendly terms. The biggest mistake you made was getting back with Cassie."

Oscar's expression immediately changed.

"I don't wish to blame you either, Oscar. But Cassie did hurt herself because of you. That's how determined she is to marry you. As her father, I can't possibly watch her suffer."

After hearing that, Oscar felt even more overwhelmed with conflicting emotions.

He smacked his forehead in frustration. There were so many thoughts racing through his head that he couldn't make any sense of it.

After some time, he finally spoke up, "We'll talk about this again when Cassie recovers."

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Charlie gave him a firm pat on his back. "It's not that I want to pressure you. But since you're back with Cassie, it's only right that you marry her. Extramarital affairs are taxing, and someone always ends up being hurt the most by it. Cassie has already suffered a lot. I don't think you'd want to see her suffer anymore, do you?"

Oscar's expression remained grave, but his eyes were burning with unwavering determination. "This is between Cassie and me, so we will resolve it ourselves."

"Oscar, I won't force you. But I still look forward to having you as my son-in-law. I hope you will consider that well."

Having said his piece, Charlie gave Oscar another pat on his shoulder before walking away.

Oscar remained in his spot, still fighting the wave of emotions and thoughts that plagued him. He eventually gave in and followed Charlie back to Cassie.

When Elizabeth saw them walking back, she scowled. Then again, how could her mood improve when her daughter was in the ICU? Seeing how tired and angry she was, Charlie decided to take matters into his own hands. "Oscar, we'll leave Cassie to you. Elizabeth and I need to take off to do something.

Oscar merely stared at Cassie and nodded.

Elizabeth, on the other hand, looked ready to throw hands. "Cassie will be fine with me here. I don't want to leave and risk losing my daughter again."

Charlie let out a deep sigh. His wife's stubbornness was getting on his edge. "Will you just listen to me for once? For our daughter's sake?"

Elizabeth thought long and hard about it but eventually still left together with Charlie.

As soon as they stepped out of the hospital, Charlie immediately called up Olivia.

"Hey Olivia, it's Charlie. It has been a long time, so I was thinking of asking you and Owen out for tea. It'd be good for us old friends to do some catching up too."

Olivia must have agreed to it because Charlie soon added, "Great! Let's meet at our usual place in about an hour."

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Elizabeth was glaring at him the entire time. "Why did you call her?" she demanded.

"My dear, we've been married for more than thirty years now. I don't want to argue with you. If you really have Cassie's best interests at heart, then all the more you should stop throwing these tantrums," Charlie replied very patiently. "Since Cassie wants to marry into the Clintons, we should also manage the relations with Owen and Olivia. We wouldn't want Cassie's relationship with her in-laws to start on the wrong foot, would we?"

Elizabeth wasn't entirely pleased with this arrangement, but Charlie was right. They should smooth things over with Owen and Olivia to make sure they accept Cassie into their family.

"When you meet them later, please watch your attitude. After all, we're old friends. Let's not make things any more awkward."

However, Elizabeth still refused to say a word.

"If you're reluctant, I can go on my own," Charlie suggested.

"No, I'll go with you. That way I'll get to see how much of a prude Olivia is."

This time, Charlie stayed silent.

It took almost an hour of driving before the two of them arrived at their destination.

There was a sense of familiarity as they strode into the restaurant and immediately headed for their usual private room.

Owen and Olivia were already seated inside but quickly got up to greet them when they walked in.

"Charlie! Finally!"

"Sorry, we were held up by traffic. Have you been waiting for long?" Charlie asked apologetically.

Olivia smiled in return. "No, no. We've only just got here ourselves. Please, let's sit and talk."

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The four of them took their seats and placed their usual orders of tea and pastries. After exchanging some more pleasantries, Olivia changed the subject. "Charlie, how's Cassie now? I've been rather busy these few days, so I haven't found the time to visit her."

Charlie stiffened visibly, not knowing how to respond.

On the other hand, Elizabeth was understandably still in a very foul mood. Her tone was harsh when she spoke, "All thanks to Oscar, my daughter had a miscarriage and even slit her wrists to try to kill herself. Luckily, the hospital staff got to her on time. If it was any later, we might have lost her for good."

Olivia's eyes flashed with surprise and panic. "What? What on earth happened? Is Cassie all right now?"

Elizabeth was about to reply when Charlie grabbed her hand and interrupted, "She's out of danger now. But she has to be kept in the ICU for observation."

"Charlie, what exactly happened? Why would Cassie do such..."

Elizabeth was all riled up as she angrily pulled her hand away from Charlie. "Olivia, you should be asking your precious son what he has done. Cassie is in this state because of him. It's only right that he takes responsibility for it."

Olivia's frown deepened as she turned to look at Charlie. "What do you think about all this?"

Charlie subconsciously averted his gaze, but his voice was solemn when he replied, "Olivia, our families are of the same socioeconomic status. So in that respect, Cassie and Oscar are very well matched. And besides, it's been almost five years. Surely you can go easy on Cassie now? Once she marries Oscar, our Yard Group would fall under his management too. It's win-win for him."

The expression on Olivia's face instantly darkened.

"I don't agree," she replied curtly. "I'm very sorry about what happened to Cassie, and I'm willing to compensate you for that. But I will not agree to Oscar marrying her."

The fury in Elizabeth's eyes intensified. She looked ready to shred Olivia into pieces.

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Charlie felt at a loss. “Olivia, you used to like Cassie and even looked forward to having her as your daughter-in-law. Why the change now?”

“I do like Cassie, and I wouldn’t mind having her as my goddaughter. But Oscar is still married and even has a child along the way. We will never do something as heartless as abandoning our family. So again, I’m sorry we can’t accept Cassie. Truthfully, I’m shocked that you’d even suggest this.”

The moment Olivia said that, Elizabeth had had enough. She wasn’t going to stand by and let them bully her daughter. “Don’t go getting all high and mighty on me, Olivia. Oscar has to marry Cassie whether he likes it or not.” She slammed the table in anger. “Nobody messes with my family. If you don’t take responsibility for Cassie, I will unleash hell on your family.”

Frankly speaking, Olivia had never seen a more unreasonable woman. She was just as upset, but after listening to Elizabeth’s maniacal rant, she couldn’t help but burst out laughing.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 172

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 172

Once Olivia had calmed herself, she turned toward Charlie. “Is that what you want for Cassie too?”

“Olivia, we’ve been friends for so many years, so I’ll just speak my mind. Oscar has a wife, yet he still got back together with Cassie. I’m also against Cassie going to such extreme measures to try to win him back. But she’s my only daughter, and I won’t let anyone take advantage of her.”

It was at that moment when Olivia finally understood the real reason for this meetup. Charlie and Elizabeth were so hellbent on having Oscar marry Cassie that they’d never take no for an answer.

The Clintons and the Yards have been family friends for so long. Who would have thought their relationship would become strained because of their children? If the Clintons didn’t give in to their request, it might signal the end of their friendship.

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Just then, Owen could sense Olivia's inner turmoil as he tried to coax her. "Charlie, I've always been fond of Cassie. I'd be more than happy to have her as my daughter-in-law. But we don't have a say when it comes to affairs of the heart. Shouldn't we leave it to them whether to get married or not?" he reasoned.

Elizabeth scoffed at Owen. "Are you kidding? Cassie is in the ICU because of your son. Is that not enough to show how badly she wants to marry him?"

"But what about Oscar?"

Charlie and Elizabeth were stumped by that.

Owen was the voice of reason as he continued, "Charlie, I think you're rushing things a little too much. Why don't we wait till Cassie's recovered before coming together to think of a solution?"

Charlie was silent, but Elizabeth was quick to respond, "Are you saying your family won't accept Cassie? Even with the kind of relations both our families have, it's still a no from you?"

She thought she could get a rise out of Owen, but the latter remained calm and composed.

"When it comes to any relationship, it takes two hands to clap. So, it wasn't just Oscar's fault that this affair even started, though men usually bear the brunt of the blame. I agree he has to take responsibility. I just think it'd be better to wait till Cassie's discharged before we sit down together to discuss this."

Elizabeth crossed her arms in annoyance. "Unless you agree to Oscar marrying Cassie, there's no room for discussion," she replied coldly.

Both Olivia and Owen were livid, but Owen still managed to keep his tone casual. "Do we have to make things so ugly? Do our years of friendship mean nothing at all?"

"It's because we've been friends for so long that I'm laying all this out. My daughter is beautiful and capable. She may have many suitors, but she only has eyes for Oscar. As her mother, it's only right that I help fight for her happiness. If Oscar gets a divorce and marries her, we can still be friends. If he doesn't, then I never want to see any of you again."

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Elizabeth was pushy, but she had also made her stand very clear.

The room fell into an awkward silence that instant.

Charlie tugged at Elizabeth in a bid to calm her down, only to have her rudely brush his hand away.

In the meantime, Olivia tried to keep her voice gentle yet firm. "I'm laying it all out here too, Charlie. Our family has only one daughter-in-law, and that's Amelia. We will make it up to Cassie as long as it's within our power. But I will never agree to her becoming the Clintons' daughter-in-law."

"Olivia, what do you take Cassie for? A beggar?" Elizabeth yelled.

Olivia merely furrowed her brows and looked on in silence.

"If that's the case, we're done here," Elizabeth said as she stood and tried to leave.

Charlie pulled her and forcefully sat her back in her chair. "Please, let's all calm down. I'm sure we can talk about this nicely without ruining our relationship."

"I can accept all your terms, other than Oscar marrying Cassie." It was clear that Olivia was never going to change her stance.

Elizabeth once again slammed the table and stood up. "Fine, then there's nothing else for us to talk about." She threw a glance at Charlie and continued, "Let's leave. I don't want to stay and be snubbed by them."

At that, Charlie was both frustrated and apologetic. He never expected things to turn out like that. "Let's all calm down for now. We can talk about this another day," he said solemnly before following Elizabeth out of the restaurant.

Once they were out of earshot, Owen let out a deep sigh. "Olivia, our families have known each other for generations. Did you have to sound so harsh?"

Olivia sighed in return. She sat in contemplation as she sipped on her tea.

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Almost a minute had passed before she spoke up, "A woman who would threaten someone with her life. Is that the kind of wife you want your son to have?"

That left Owen speechless.

He knew Olivia was right. It was frightening how Cassie could have so little regard for her own life. She attempted suicide because things didn't go her way, and she had no qualms about letting Oscar take the blame for it. She had made it clear that her life or death entirely depended on Oscar's next course of action and that, was even more terrifying.

"Call Oscar and tell him to come home," Olivia instructed.

Owen kept his conversation with Oscar short and succinct once his call went through. He ordered his son to be home in an hour so they could speak with him.

As soon as he hung up, Olivia turned to him. "Dear, I hope you can be on my side. No matter what, I will not let Cassie be my daughter-in-law."

Owen saw the determination in his wife's eyes and nodded.

Both the Clintons then left the restaurant and made their way home.

They had only been home for half an hour when Oscar pulled up, punctual as always.

Owen and Olivia were already seated at the sofa, their expressions grim and solemn. Stephanie was coming down the stairs in a state of drowsiness when she felt the overwhelmingly tense atmosphere. That was all the wake-up call she needed.

She swallowed hard before approaching her parents. "Dad, Mom, what's going on?"

Olivia glanced at her without saying a word.

Meanwhile, Owen beckoned to the sofa opposite them and said, "Take a seat."

Stephanie looked at her parents warily. "Dad, Mom, who made you angry?"

Olivia frowned as she looked Stephanie up and down. "What is this that you're wearing? Is this how people of our status should be dressed? Go put on something decent!"

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Stephanie was left bewildered as she looked down at the casual wear she was in. How is being comfortably and fully clothed not decent?

Feeling wronged, she looked at her father, but Owen only told her to listen to Olivia instead.

Stephanie had no choice but to comply.

When she came back down, Oscar had just entered the house with a very conspicuous wound next to his eye.

Her eyes widened in shock as she ran toward her brother. "Oscar, what happened to your face?"

Her outburst drew the attention of everyone else in the house.

Olivia noticed the wound right away but did not show any signs of concern like she usually would. She merely motioned for Oscar to take a seat.

"Dad. Mom," Oscar greeted politely before sitting down.

Stephanie joined her brother on the sofa, but she was still adamant about finding out the cause of his injury.

Oscar's expression was grave as he replied, "It's nothing. I walked into something accidentally."

Before Stephanie could say anymore, Olivia interrupted, "Steph, stop badgering your brother. Go out with your friends if you're bored. Your father and I need to talk to Oscar."

Stephanie pursed her lips in annoyance.

"Mom, I want to stay. I'm your daughter, not an outsider. There's nothing you need to hide from me if it concerns our family."

Olivia gave in and turned her attention to Oscar. She couldn't hide the fact that seeing her son injured pained her.

"Oscar, is your eye okay? Shall I get the housemaid to tend to it?"

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Oscar shook his head. "Nah. It's just a small scratch."

Being a mother meant that Olivia could never stop worrying about her children. The more she thought about her son's injury, the more concerned she was. In the end, she got the housemaid to bring some medicine over so she could personally tend to Oscar's wound.

Once his wound was all bandaged up, Olivia's no-nonsense demeanor was back.

"Oscar, why don't you and Amelia head to Anglandur? I've already gotten everything ready. And once she gives birth, the baby will be registered as a citizen of Anglandur."

Even though his mother's words were shocking, Oscar remained unfazed.

Stephanie, on the other hand, became very agitated. "Mom, are you crazy? Why does Oscar have to go to Anglandur when he's doing well here? And if he does, who's going to manage Clinton Corporations?"

"Your father isn't that old. He's still perfectly capable of managing Clinton Corporations. You can see this trip as an extended honeymoon for your brother and sister-in-law," Olivia rebuked while glaring at her daughter.

"Are you joking, Mom? A honeymoon is for newlyweds, not for people who have been married for almost five years! Have you lost your mind?"

Owen's face turned dark as he turned to Stephanie. "Steph, go upstairs."

Nonetheless, Stephanie was indignant about the way she had been treated. She was about to protest against it when Owen repeated himself, this time even more sternly.

An exasperated Stephanie didn't have a choice but to march her way back up to her room, leaving her parents and Oscar alone in the living room.

After a sip of her tea, Olivia went straight to her point. "Oscar, I'm sure you know why I'm asking you and Amelia to go to Anglandur?"

Oscar nodded solemnly.

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“Since you do, I won’t beat around the bush. I want you and Amelia to leave the day after tomorrow. Your father and I will deal with the Yard family.”

“I’m not going to Anglandur, Mom. I’m not a coward. I am the reason things have gotten to this stage, so I should be responsible for it. Let me handle my affairs with Amelia and Cassie,” Oscar said resolutely.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 173

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 173

Olivia huffed at her son. “Oscar, the Yards have personally come to us demanding answers. Do you really think you can handle this on your own?”

Upon that, Oscar nodded.

“I have no doubts about your ability when it comes to running a business, Oscar. But you’re indecisive when it comes to matters of the heart. You’ve already hurt two women because of that, and that’s something I can’t approve of.”

After a slight pause, Olivia continued, “I have two reasons for wanting you and Amelia to go to Anglandur. First, it’s to stop the Yard family from harassing you. Second, it’s to ensure Amelia’s safety. Knowing what Elizabeth is capable of, Amelia won’t be safe here unless she has round-the-clock security. That’s why we’ve decided it’d be better for the two of you to be in Anglandur.”

Oscar drank his tea in one gulp before slamming his cup on the table in frustration.

On the other hand, Owen looked at his son and said calmly, “Oscar, listen to your mother. Go to Anglandur with Amelia. Once she’s had the baby, we will go visit.”

Oscar clasped his hands together in contemplation, his expression grave. He understood his parents only had his best interests at heart, but he still couldn’t shirk his responsibility.

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“Dad, Mom, I can’t go along with your plan. Cassie did hurt herself because of me, so I can’t leave her behind. I’m sure you wouldn’t want others to think your son is an irresponsible coward, would you?”

Owen and Olivia held each other’s gaze. Finally, Owen spoke up, “You really don’t wish to go to Anglandur?”

Oscar shook his head.

Olivia sighed deeply. “Oscar, I don’t care how you feel about Cassie and Amelia. But please don’t forget that Amelia is your wife, and she’s pregnant with your child. Your father and I have been looking forward to a grandchild for so long that if anything happens to either of them, don’t blame me for disowning you. I won’t force you to go to Anglandur, but you have to make sure Amelia will be safe.”

Oscar frowned as he pondered. “I know, Mom. I will protect her,” he reassured.

Standing up from her seat, Olivia sighed again. “Oscar, I’m very disappointed at the way you’ve conducted yourself these past months. I never thought you’d have an extramarital affair and get yourself entangled between two women. Regardless of the outcome, there will always be a loser in this situation. I’ve always been very proud of you, but your infidelity and irresponsibility have upset me greatly. I hope you’ll reflect on yourself.”

With that said, Olivia made her way upstairs, leaving Oscar with Owen.

Owen felt a little sorry for his son but knew that he was still in the wrong. He walked over to Oscar and patted his shoulders. “Oscar, the men in the Clinton family never let their wives cry. But you have, again and again. Even I have to admit that you’ve gone overboard this time, so don’t blame your mother for being harsh.”

Oscar was silent for a long while as he pursed his lips together. When he finally spoke, his voice was low and apologetic, “Dad, I’m sorry.”

“Oscar, it’s not me that you’ve let down. You have to think through this carefully. No matter who you choose, try to let the other party down easily. The Clinton and Yard families have been friends for so long. I don’t wish for our friendship to end just because you couldn’t control your hormones.”

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Hearing that, Oscar nodded his head lightly.

"I know you must be feeling awful," Owen said as he gave Oscar another pat. "Since your mother is still fuming, why don't you head home first?"

His parents had already told him all they wanted to, so there was no point in staying any longer.

Once he was back in his car, Oscar could finally release his pent-up frustration as he started tugging at his hair. He sat there deep in contemplation for a long time before finally driving off.

He had only made it halfway home when he got a call. After the call ended, his entire demeanor changed as he quickly steered his car and accelerated. In his mad rush, he even ran a few red lights, which led to a chase by the traffic police.

Even so, Oscar didn't care about anything as he continued to drive at a dangerous speed. It was usually an hour's drive to the Principal General Hospital, but Oscar made it in just twenty minutes.

He dashed up to the sixth floor and made a beeline for the operating room. A distraught-looking Tiffany was already there. "How's Amelia? How did she get into an accident? Wasn't she still fine this morning?" Oscar asked anxiously.

Tiffany stared listlessly at Oscar, her hands and feet cold. Her lips were trembling so much she couldn't say anything.

Oscar once again grabbed and shook her. "Tell me what happened to Amelia! Have you become mute?"

The woman took a big gulp and tried to calm herself down. "Amelia wanted to buy a few clothes for you and the baby, so she asked me to go shopping with her. We were about to cross the road when a car dashed out of nowhere." Tiffany looked close to tears as she continued, "I was walking in front with Amelia behind me. When the car came, Amelia pushed me away, and then she... she bled so much. She just lay there on the road so lifelessly."

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Once she finished recounting the entire incident, Tiffany broke down into tears. "Oscar, do you think Amelia might... "

Color started to drain from Oscar's face, and the panic in his eyes intensified. Tiffany's recount was so vivid that he couldn't shake the image away. It was excruciatingly painful every time he pictured a lifeless Amelia lying in a pool of blood.

"No, no. Amelia will be fine," Oscar replied firmly.

Tiffany calmed down considerably after hearing that. "Yes, Amelia will be fine. She will definitely be fine!"

Oscar looked up at the light above the operating room, which indicated the operation was still in progress. It was so bright it hurt his eyes.

Then, Oscar took a deep breath and steeled himself for the call he was about to make. He dialed his home number and tried to keep his conversation as brief as possible. He didn't even let them have an opportunity to ask more before he hung up.

In under an hour, Owen and Olivia rushed to the hospital. Olivia had beads of perspiration on her forehead as she jogged toward Oscar and held on to his hands nervously. "Oscar, what happened to Amelia? You said she was in an accident? What exactly happened?"

"I'm not sure either, Mom. Amelia is still in the operating room. I don't know what her situation is like now."

Olivia burst into tears at that as she raised her fists and started punching Oscar. "What do you mean you don't know? I'm going to kill you after everything you've done. If anything happens to Amelia and she loses the baby, I no longer want you as my son!"

Yet Oscar just stood and let his mother take her anger out on him.

At the same time, Owen pulled Olivia into a hug and tried to calm her down."

She buried her head into his chest and sobbed even louder.

"What have I done to deserve this? My son can't tell right from wrong, and now, I don't even know if my daughter-in-law and grandchild are going to survive," Olivia mumbled between

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sobs. "This hurts so much. If I had known he would turn out like this, I wouldn't have given birth to this son. I'd have saved myself from so much pain."

Owen patted her on her back as he continued to coax, "There, there, Olivia. No one wanted this to happen either."

All of a sudden, Olivia pushed Owen away and pointed at him accusingly. "Have you been expecting this accident to happen? You'll have an excuse to kick her out of our family if her child is gone. All of you have been busy, haven't you? I finally have a daughter-in-law I like, but all you want to do is to chase her out. Why can't you just let me live in peace?"

Owen was overwhelmed with a mix of emotions and looked at his wife with hurt in his eyes.

Evidently, Olivia had said all that in a fit of anger, and she immediately regretted it. They had loved and supported each other for decades, but now they were fighting because of Amelia.

"I'm so sorry, Dear," Olivia knew she was wrong and apologized profusely.

Owen sighed before hugging his wife. "Olivia, I know how you're feeling now. But I wish you wouldn't think so lowly of me. We've been married for so long that you'd know better than anyone else my feelings for you. I can even forgo all my principles for you."

Olivia let out a deep sigh and remained silent.

The atmosphere outside the operating room was frigid, as everyone was still shell-shocked and worried about Amelia.

Just then, two police officers showed up and broke the silence. "Excuse me, are you the accident victim's family members?" the policewoman asked.

Oscar replied blankly, "I'm her husband."

"After our investigation, we have reason to believe that this incident was premeditated. We have issued warrants to bring in the driver, and now we're just here to take down your statements."

Oscar merely nodded.

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Just then, Olivia interrupted, "Please, you have to catch the driver responsible for this."

The policewoman nodded and left after asking a few more questions with regards to the accident.

Olivia furrowed her brows as she turned to her husband. "Dear, I think you ought to call the police station and give them some pressure to bring in the culprit as soon as possible. I want to know who could be so bold to want to mess with our family."

Agreeing with Olivia, Owen immediately fished his phone out and made the call. After he hung up, Olivia asked, "What did they say?"

"They've promised to send out every police officer available to bring this driver to justice."

That was the best news Olivia had had the whole day. She once again turned her attention to the operating room.

The operation went on for hours, and before long, night had already fallen. Oscar looked at his parents in concern as he realized they had yet to have dinner. "Dad, Mom, why don't you go grab something to eat? It's already so late. You must be hungry."

However, Olivia was so full of worry and anxiety that her appetite had long disappeared.

"Why don't you go with Ms. Winters? She's been here even longer than us. I'm sure she must be hungry too," Owen suggested to Olivia.

"It's fine. I'm not hungry. I don't have any appetite anyway, knowing that Amelia is still in the operating room. But, the two of you should get some food. We wouldn't want you to fall ill," Tiffany quickly replied.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 174

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 174

Olivia shook her head.

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Owen held her in his arms and said gently, "Olivia, let me take you to get something to eat. We don't know when Amelia's surgery will end. After the surgery is done, you still need to take care of her, so you will need your strength."

Olivia hesitated for a while but nodded her head eventually.

The two of them then left. Tiffany, who had her back against the wall and her head lowered, asked impassively, "Oscar, if Amelia miscarries the child, are you going to divorce her?"

Oscar tensed up instantly. He balled his hands into fists so hard that his knuckles turned white, and his veins popped.

He answered coldly, "Amelia will be fine."

At that, Tiffany's lips curled into a mocking sneer.

"Oscar, you have no idea how precious this child is to Amelia. If she loses this child, she will break down completely, and your marriage will be on the rocks," said Tiffany. She paused before continuing, "The police have already said that this accident was man-made. Amelia mostly stays at home; she doesn't go out much. She does not have any complicated interpersonal relationships. No one would hate her to the extent of harming her and her child. Therefore, you know clearly who caused all this to come about."

Oscar raised his arms and tugged his hair. His eyes were shifting uncertainly, and his lips tightened into a line. It was unclear what was running through his mind.

Tiffany glared at him as she gritted her teeth and spat, "Do you know what I really want to do now? I really want to kill you! Back then, I should have just accompanied Amelia to go around borrowing money instead of letting her marry you. Throughout the five years she was married to you, she changed from a carefree girl to what we see now. From her appearance, one would think that she was a foxy vixen. But who would have imagined that deep down, she was pure and innocent! Ever since she fell in love with you, she had no interest in any other man. But you! You had unclear relations with so many other women! I really do feel sorry for Amelia. Now you got what you wished for. She got into a car crash. We don't know whether she and her child will survive. Are you happy now? You can run off into the sunset with that lover of yours."

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Holding his forehead in his hands, Oscar didn't say a word.

His silence angered Tiffany even more.

She rushed over and kicked his shins with all her might. She then shouted angrily, "Say something! Why are you pretending to be mute now? Your wife and child are inside! We don't even know if they will survive!"

The man remained silent.

Tiffany was more enraged upon seeing him not speak, and she kicked him even harder.

"Oscar, you coward! If you really felt nothing for Amelia, you shouldn't have done all those things to lead her on. You made her fall in love with you, but you keep getting entangled with another woman. If I were Amelia, I would hate you to death!"

Yet, Oscar was still silent.

Tiffany kept kicking him until she herself felt that it was meaningless due to his lack of response. She landed one last kick on him after coming to that conclusion on her own. Before she could retract her leg, a furious female voice shouted at her, "Hey! What's up with you? How could you hit someone like a lunatic over here?"

As soon as the sentence flew out, Tiffany was heavily pushed aside.

She staggered for a few steps before regaining her balance. Her eyes soon focused, and she saw that it was none other than Stephanie.

Stephanie held Oscar's hand anxiously and asked, "Oscar, are you alright? Why didn't you fight back when this woman was hitting you? Have you gone mad?"

"I'm fine," responded Oscar nonchalantly.

Stephanie grew flustered. "I saw from afar that this woman was hitting and kicking you. How can you be fine? Oscar, you are the most capable and most invincible person in my eyes. How could you just stand and let a woman hit you?" she demanded.

With a frightening look in his eyes, Oscar lifted his head and stated, "Steph, be quiet."

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Seeing her brother like this, Stephanie felt unbelievable.

She growled out in exasperation, "Oscar, when have you become such a coward? You even chose to keep quiet at this woman's bullying. Are you still the brother I respect?"

"Shut your mouth," Oscar lowered his voice and scolded with a disgruntled expression.

Stephanie finally quieted down reluctantly.

Looking at Stephanie making a fool out of herself, Tiffany felt sorry for Amelia.

Amelia was fighting for her life in the operating room, yet her sister-in-law was dressed to the nines. Stephanie did not look like a person who was here to visit somebody. Instead, she looked as if she was attending a party.

It was unfortunate, having a sister-in-law like this who treated her with utter disrespect. Tiffany could imagine Amelia's hardship while living with the Clintons.

Tiffany crossed her arms and mocked, "Dear Ms. Clinton, do you know that your sister-in-law and nephew or niece are still in the operating room, fighting for their lives? You look as if you are about to go attend a party. Do you wish for your sister-in-law and her child to not make it?"

Upon hearing that sharp remark, Stephanie shot Tiffany a vicious glare. The former then scoffed with disdain, "Whether Amelia makes it or not is none of my business. Who knows whether the child is really legitimate? I would say good riddance if it's gone. She's just an unworthy and insignificant woman. If she's dead, it will be convenient for my brother to marry another woman."

Tiffany chuckled humorlessly. She had never encountered a woman who spoke so hatefully. Stephanie's words could really drive a person up a wall.

The woman didn't stop there. She went on to ask, "I heard Amelia was in a car accident. Did she die?"

Tiffany could feel her blood begin to boil.

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Stephanie was dumbstruck for a few minutes. She could only look at Oscar with widened eyes full of disbelief.

Watching from the side, Tiffany felt cathartic. However, she winced from imagining the pain that must be shooting up Stephanie's face. Men were strong. It would be lucky if a direct slap like that did not lead to hearing loss.

Stephanie put down her arms. The handprint that was now on her left cheek was glowing red, and her cheek was beginning to swell.

"Oscar, did you just slap me?" Stephanie asked with incredulity.

Her brother looked at her icily and uttered one single word, "Apologize."

Stephanie could not comprehend anything. She did not even realize what she had done was wrong.

"Amelia is your sister-in-law. The child in her belly is your nephew or niece. If anything happens to them because of what you said, I will not forgive you." Oscar looked at his sister as he uttered every single word frostily.

Seeing the look in his eyes, Stephanie took a step backward with fear.

"Apologize," repeated Oscar.

Stephanie was scared silly, but she could not back down due to her ego.

"What I said was the truth. Once she dies, you can marry Cassie. No matter how I look at it, Cassie is way better than Amelia, who is a total nobody." Stephanie retorted stubbornly with her chin raised.

Oscar raised his hand once more. However, his sister held her head high and continued her speech with a mixture of anger and fear. "Oscar, even if you beat me to death, I will still say this. Amelia is no good for you. She does not deserve you. Cassie is the only one for you."

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Oscar's hand stopped midair, and the look in his eyes shifted unpredictably. At long last, he lowered his hand and growled, "Get out!"

Stephanie was so shocked that she stumbled backward.

"Oscar, you're chasing me out?"

"Anyone who does not welcome my wife and child is not welcome to me," growled Oscar faintly, but anyone could see the truth in his words.

He was dead serious.

Stephanie bit her lips, feeling undecided. Ultimately, she realized the gravity of the situation and lowered that proud head of hers. "Oscar, I'm sorry," she said.

"I'm not the one you should be sorry to." In other words, he meant that she needed to apologize to Amelia.

Stephanie had never experienced such an amount of humiliation in her life.

She hesitated.

Without looking at her, Oscar ordered, "Steph, go home. Do not appear before me for the time being. I cannot guarantee that I won't hit you again."

As Stephanie struggled to extricate herself from the situation, Olivia's voice chimed in at an opportune moment. "What's going on?" she asked.

Upon hearing that familiar voice, Stephanie secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

Olivia and Owen walked over. Stephanie threw herself into her mother's arms and cried, "Mom, Oscar hit me."

Olivia felt the tension build in her forehead, and she let out a deep sigh. "Steph, cut it out. Your sister-in-law is still in the operating room."

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At that comment, Stephanie felt even more aggrieved, so she let go of her mother. She sobbed, "Mom, you only care about Amelia. When are you going to remember that I am your daughter? She is just an unrelated outsider!"

Olivia's head continued to throb slightly. She frowned and said, "Steph, that's enough. Amelia is still fighting for her life. I have no time to put up with your tantrum. If you're bored, go home and wait for the news. Also, what's this you're wearing? Your sister-in-law got into an accident, and you dressed up so gaudily. Are you trying to let everyone know that you are hoping for something bad to happen to your sister-in-law and her child?"

Stephanie shrieked, "Mom, you are too biased! I hope Amelia dies in this accident! You wish to hold her child? You will only get your wish in your next life!"

She placed a hand on her face and left after saying that.

Olivia was so angered by her daughter's comment that her chest hurt. She held onto her chest, finding it hard to breathe.

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Tiffany felt that the day had truly been a mess. Amelia's accident was already worrisome. At such a dire time, Stephanie just had to stir up even more trouble and make the situation worse.

She sighed, "Mr. Clinton, I think you better let Mrs. Clinton sit down to rest."

Owen followed her suggestion and led Olivia to a bench, asking her to sit down.

With a gloomy expression, Oscar crouched down and asked with concern, "Mom, are you alright?"

Olivia soon exhaled a breath and felt a tad bit better.

She looked toward Oscar and said, "Don't mind your sister. She has been spoilt rotten by us. That's why she says what's on her mind bluntly, without a care for the feelings of others."

Oscar pursed his lips silently.

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“Dad,” said Oscar, “You should take Mom home to get some rest. I will keep an eye on things here. We do not know when Amelia’s surgery will end. Everyone staying here and waiting blindly is pointless.”

Immediately, Olivia shook her head and said, “There’s no need. With Amelia in this condition, I would not be able to rest even if I went back. I am better off staying here. As long as Amelia is fine, it doesn’t matter if the child is lost. Both of you are still young. You can still have children later on in life.”

Tiffany was listening intently at the side, and warmth filled her heart at those words. These were the most comforting words she had heard all day. She felt glad for Amelia, learning that her previous efforts were not simply brushed aside.

Oscar did not say anything. He straightened himself and looked at the doors of the operating room silently. His thoughts were indecipherable.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 174

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