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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 247

Chapter 247 More Serious Than They Thought

Tiffany arrived soon after. When she saw Oscar, she said sarcastically, "Mr. Clinton, I heard your sister has been hospitalized. Well, is she still alive?"

Oscar did not react to Tiffany's words. Instead, Amelia, worried that Tiffany had gone overboard and might incur Oscar's wrath, quickly said, "Tiff, stop spouting nonsense."

The other woman shrugged and replied, "Babe, I'm just too happy. She is always so mean to you. I'm already kind enough to not wish for her death. I think I'm actually quite benevolent. Don't you agree?"

Amelia was feeling helpless. She never liked being involved in such verbal arguments.

Just then, Oscar, who had been ignoring Tiffany, suddenly spoke, "She needed to be taught a lesson."

Feeling surprised, Tiffany shot a strange look at the man and said, "Mr. Clinton, are you agreeing with me now?"

When Oscar did not reply, Tiffany merely pursed her lips, unbothered by the man's indifference.

"Babe, can we leave now?" Tiffany asked Amelia with expectant eyes.

The latter looked towards Oscar.

The man wrapped his arms around his wife's waist possessively and as if speaking to both Amelia and Tiffany, he said, "I've already spoken to James. He'll do a checkup for you tomorrow. If he determines that you are recovering well, I won't force you to do any more checkups."

Amelia sighed silently in her heart. She knew what Oscar meant by checkup was checking her eyes.

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“Oscar, I’m really feeling fine. Besides, James is a busy man. Even though it’s still within Chanaea, he has to travel to a few cities within a few days for medical discussions with other doctors. We shouldn’t be troubling him,” Amelia rejected Oscar’s suggestion after giving it a thought.

Oscar frowned when he heard that.

Sensing the tension between the couple, Tiffany hurriedly began acting as a mediator and said, “Mr. Clinton, as a man, you should give in to her. From what I see, Amelia seems to be recovering well. If you’re still worried, I’ll accompany her for a checkup another day. I only need to borrow your wife for a while, and I’ll send her back at night. Is that OK?”

Oscar glanced at Tiffany flatly, his gaze instantly giving the woman goosebumps.

He looks so scary when he’s serious.

Tiffany let out a dry laugh before speaking again, “Mr. Clinton, as Amelia’s husband, can’t you tell that she’s feeling awkward? If she really needs to do a checkup, she’ll do it even without you asking her to. Since she’s not willing, don’t you think you’re being rather ungentlemanly if you continue forcing her to?”

Oscar looked towards Amelia after Tiffany said that.

Avoiding his gaze, his wife said, “Oscar, I’ll go with Tiff to attend to some matters. I’ll see you later at home.”

Oscar merely pursed his lips without replying, and the atmosphere grew tense once more.

Tiffany could feel her goosebumps rising again. Wringing her palms together, she said, “Stop it, you two! It’s a small matter, so why do you have to make such a big deal out of it? Oscar, can you cut her some slack? It’s just a checkup, and it wouldn’t make a difference if she does it today or one or two days later. You’re giving her pressure by forcing her, and that’s bad for her health. Do you want something to happen to her? Anyway, I really need her today. When we are done, I’ll accompany her for her checkup, so you don’t have to worry anymore. Is that fine?”

Oscar fixed his gaze on Amelia, who kept her head lowered. The atmosphere at that moment was as awkward as it could get, and Tiffany could hardly stand it any longer.

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As an outsider, it was obvious to her that the couple were going through a rough patch.

After some time, Oscar finally spoke, "Amelia, I'll give you two days' time. Two days later, I hope you can tell me properly what's going on. I am your husband, and I want you to know that you can always depend on me."

Amelia stiffened up before the man continued, "If you have something to do with Tiffany, you girls may leave first. Remember, I'll be waiting for you. But don't let me wait too long as I'm afraid I might not have enough patience. In fact, I've already used up all my patience on you."

Oscar turned around and left after saying that.

Amelia only looked up once she was sure that her husband was gone. Staring at his diminishing figure as he disappeared into the distance, the woman's lips twitched a little, but she did not speak.

Noticing the sorrowful expression on her friend's face, Tiffany turned serious and stated grimly, "Let's get in the car first."

Amelia followed the woman into the car listlessly.

After the both of them put on their seat belts, Tiffany tapped on the steering wheel and asked her best friend seriously, "Babe, are you really not intending to tell Oscar about your eyes? He knows about the blood clot in your brain better than you do. I'm sure he's more worried about you than yourself. It's obvious that the two of you care so much about each other. Why let such trivial matters affect your relationship? It's just not worth it."

Amelia remained silent in response to Tiffany's questions, which frustrated Tiffany to no end.

It was rather uncharacteristic of Amelia to be so unresponsive, and Tiffany felt as if the woman had become a distant stranger to her. She could understand Amelia's feelings, but she did not think keeping everything inside would solve the problem.

"Babe, can you say something? You're making me really anxious by keeping quiet. Regarding your eyes, I think it's perfectly alright to let Oscar know. What are you worried about?" Tiffany said, feeling slightly exasperated.

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"It's not that I don't want to tell him. I just don't know how to say it!" Amelia suddenly yelled, which gave Tiffany a huge fright.

Amelia continued shouting uncontrollably, "Why do all of you have to keep reminding me that I will become blind? Even though you guys mean well, I feel so depressed whenever the matter is brought up. It's a huge blow to my pride and dignity that I will lose my eyesight, and I'm still trying hard to come to terms with that. You can call me a coward, but can't you guys let me have some peace for a moment? Stop rubbing salt onto my wound..."

The woman covered her face with both hands and started bawling after she vented.

Tiffany was at a loss at the sight of Amelia crying. She lifted her hands off the steering wheel momentarily and waved them around in the air in a fluster.

"Babe, relax! I didn't mean it that way," Tiffany said, feeling slightly guilty.

After venting her frustrations, Amelia managed to calm down a little and wiped the tears off the corners of her eyes. She looked up at her friend and said apologetically, "Tiff, I'm so sorry I lost my composure just now. I didn't mean to yell at you. Please don't take it to heart."

Tiffany apologized as well, saying, "I should be the one saying sorry instead. I'm sorry because I didn't consider your feelings. I didn't think you would mind. I had assumed that since you have been involved in an accident before, it would be easier for you to come to terms with your eyes. I really didn't expect you to..."

Amelia simply shook her head and let out a wry smile.

Even though she had indeed had a near-death experience, it wouldn't be easy for any normal human being to accept having to live in total darkness for the rest of their lives.

"Babe, since you and Oscar are husband and wife, I really think you should tell him the truth about your eyes. You shouldn't shoulder the burden yourself. Besides, I don't think he'll be grateful to you for keeping everything to yourself. You should learn to depend on him. I'm sure he'll prefer it that way." Tiffany shared her honest opinion with Amelia after taking a moment to think about it.

Amelia leaned back on the passenger seat and kept quiet for a while before changing the topic. "Let's just go to the hospital first," she said.

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Tiffany understood that her friend did not wish to continue talking anymore and started driving.

They arrived at the Provincial Hospital after a while. The doctor whom Amelia had previously consulted had taken a day off and was not around. As such, another doctor attended to her.

“Hi, Ms. Winters, please take a seat. I am Dr. Leonard, and I’ll be attending to you today.” The doctor introduced himself before pointing to a chair and said, “I’ve already been briefed about your condition by the other doctors. Did you bring along your medical records from the other hospitals?”

Amelia retrieved her medical records from her bag. Most of those documents were related to the neurological examinations which she had previously undertaken.

Dr. Leonard took a while to examine the records before saying, “Ms. Winters, I have grasped the gist of your condition, and to be honest, it is not looking good. The blood clot in your brain is spreading fast and is almost covering your optical nerves. In addition to that, it’s also touching other important nerves. As such, if we go ahead with surgery, it would be very challenging. Alternatively, a safer approach would be to wait for the blood clot to gradually dissolve. If that doesn’t happen, there’s a chance that you might become totally blind. Also, if we don’t remove the blood clot, your life might be in danger as well.”

Amelia could feel her limbs turning cold when the doctor finished explaining things to her as best as he could.

“Dr. Leonard, please share with us your honest opinion. Given Amelia’s current condition, do you think a surgery is necessary?” Tiffany asked anxiously.

To her question, Dr. Leonard shook his head and replied, “It’s already not a matter of whether she should go ahead with the surgery, but rather, the location of the blood clot is too unusual, and we haven’t come across many similar cases. The medical team will need to hold a meeting to discuss the situation before making a decision. After all, we should only proceed if there is a high chance of success.”

Tiffany swallowed and asked with much difficulty, “Dr. Leonard, what are the chances of success if we choose to do the surgery?”

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“About 50 percent.” Dr. Leonard gave a conservative estimate.

That means there’s an equal chance of success and failure.

Tiffany’s heart felt heavy at that thought.

Amelia’s heart went cold as well. In fact, she was feeling so hopeless that she was already feeling numb.

“Thank you, Dr. Leonard. Sorry for the trouble,” Tiffany said meekly.

Dr. Leonard tried to comfort the two women and said, “Don’t give up hope. What I’ve just described was just the worst-case scenario. As long as Ms. Winters stays positive, there’s a possibility that the blood clot will dissolve on its own.”

Tiffany and Amelia knew it was indeed possible, but they were also aware that the chances of such a thing happening were close to zero.

The two women left the Provincial Hospital in a daze and remained in that state even after they got into the car.

After quite a while, Tiffany finally spoke softly, “Amelia, Dr. Leonard has said that as long as you stay positive, your blood clot might just dissolve on its own.”

Even though that was what the woman said, she was hardly convinced that it would happen, let alone Amelia.

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