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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 311 - 312

Chapter 311 There Is Hope

"I just made an appointment with the best ophthalmologist in Beshya, and we're going to go visit him later," uttered Derrick after breakfast.

"How about we do that tomorrow, Derrick? You came all the way here to see Tiff; I'm sure you have a lot to talk about with her. Don't worry about my eyes. It's not like they're going anywhere. They can wait. Now go take her out on a date!" commanded Amelia.

"But Amelia..." Nevertheless, Tiffany was still worried about her friend.

"I have business in Beshya, actually, so I'm going to be here for at least half a month. I have time to spend with Tiff, and you can bet I'll do so. But if you don't do something about your condition, she's not going to just stop worrying about you, even if I take her out on a date. We're both worried about you, and we just want the best for you," explained Derrick patiently.

"Fine, then."

After instructing Jeremy to take care of Tony, Derrick drove Amelia and Tiffany to the hospital.

The physician they visited, Boris Jackman, was a highly experienced ophthalmologist who had already retired for a year. He only agreed to see Amelia because he and Derrick's grandfather were close.

From what Derrick had heard, Boris came from a long line of physicians. The physician's ancestors had been in the medical field since the Civil War and were respected in their time. Because of that, no one doubted the medical skill of a Jackman.

However, besides his exceptional skills, Boris was also known for his odd temperament. For people he liked, he did not mind treating them free of charge. As for those he disliked, even if they were superstars or political figures, Boris would refuse to treat them no matter how

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much they were willing to pay. Naturally, that created a huge problem for the director of the hospital. Still, there was nothing the director could do about Boris because of his outstanding reputation.

“Hello, Dr. Jackman. I’m Derrick Hisson. I’m sure my grandfather has already mentioned me. Thank you for sparing us your precious time. It means the world to my friend here.” Derrick had always been a proud man, but when facing the retired physician, he was as polite as one could be.

After sizing the young man up, Boris guffawed. “My goodness! You look exactly like your grandfather when he was your age. He, too, looked so handsome that it was almost unbelievable. You’re lucky to have inherited his good looks. Hey, no ‘Dr. Jackman,’ okay? Just call me Boris.”

“Very well, Boris.”

The physician’s smile grew even wider when Derrick called him by the first name. “How’s your grandfather? Good?”

“He’s doing okay. He spoke a lot about the good old times, and you were in most of them. Even though you two were decades apart in age, he told me there was no generation gap between you two and that there was always something to talk about whenever you two met. He also told me that you were very picky with your patients, even though you’re highly skilled. I imagine that your principles must’ve made you a lot of enemies at the hospital, but my grandfather was different, wasn’t he? He misses you, you know? He talks about you whenever he gets the chance,” stated Derrick respectfully.

Laughing out loud once again, Boris responded, “Your grandfather has always been a sentimental person. Now that I think of it, it has been a while since I last visited him. I’m going to have to spend time fishing or something with that old man. I miss him dearly as well.”

“I’m sure he would love that,” agreed Derrick with a smile before gesturing toward Tiffany. “Boris, I would like you to meet my girlfriend, Tiffany. Standing beside her is her best friend, Amelia, who became blind because of a car accident. We hope you can do something to help her regain her sight.”

“It’s an honor to meet you, Boris,” greeted the two women.

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After taking a look at them, Boris nodded in acknowledgment. “The honor is mine, ladies. Come here, Amelia. Let me take a look at you.”

The physician then took a moment to check Amelia’s eyes while also asking Tiffany about her friend’s condition. “We’ll have to check her brain later. Once we get the results, I’ll prescribe her some medications for her condition. For now, I wouldn’t suggest performing surgery on her brain because it’s far too risky to remove the blood clots. If you’re willing to trust me, I promise you that she’ll be right as rain.”

Upon hearing that, Tiffany widened her eyes in excitement. “You mean Amelia will be able to see again?”

“Her blindness is due to the blood clots around her optic nerve, so if we can remove them, she should be able to regain her vision. However, treating her condition takes time, and it won’t be easy. I’ll need at least two years. Five at most,” promised Boris confidently.

As much as Tiffany wanted to believe the physician, she found his promise almost too good to be true. “But the other doctors all said that it was near impossible to remove those blood clots and that we would put Amelia’s life in danger if we were to risk it. I mean no disrespect, Boris. Trust me. I want to believe you. It’s just that we don’t want to get our hopes up, only to be disappointed in the end. I hope you don’t take this the wrong way.”

“You’re Tiffany, right? Can I call you Tiffany?” inquired Boris.

To that, Tiffany nodded in agreement.

“I like you, Tiffany. If you were a medical student, I would’ve very much liked to take you under my wing. People shouldn’t just believe whatever they hear. Never apologize for doubting anything or anyone, Tiffany. I can’t say that I’m the best ophthalmologist in the world, but I am confident enough to promise you that as soon as we remove those blood clots, Amelia’s eyes will work like normal.”

“And if we fail to remove them? Is it still possible for Amelia to regain her sight?” Although it seemed like Tiffany was trying to give Boris a hard time, she was actually just concerned about her friend.

The physician simply smiled and said nothing in response.

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It was then that Tiffany realized Derrick was right about Boris' odd temperament. He may be weird, but so are most geniuses. Besides, he's probably Amelia's best chance at leading a normal life again.

"Please excuse Tiff's straightforwardness, Boris. She's just worried about me. I know you're only doing this because of your relationship with Derrick's grandfather, but still, I want you to know how much I appreciate you taking the time to see me. I'm not sure how else to thank you, so I sincerely hope that my words are enough to show you my heartfelt gratitude," voiced Amelia, smiling softly.

Boris then proceeded to take another look at Amelia. "Don't worry about it. I can tell that you have a very bright future ahead of you. Not only will you find someone who loves you for who you are, but that person will also be the love of your life. Even though you two will face many obstacles, you'll always find your way back to each other. What's destined cannot be changed."

Amelia was stunned for a while when she heard Boris' prophetic words.

"You can tell someone's fortune?" questioned Amelia somewhat uneasily.

"I spent a few years learning the art of divination when I was younger. I was curious. Some people believe it, and some don't, so I'll let you decide which side you're on. I see that your path is a difficult one, but if you can persevere, you'll bask in bliss for many years to come," replied Boris.

"Is it possible? Will we really meet again?" muttered Amelia to herself. Since she went away, she was convinced that she would never see Oscar again. She dared not to imagine what it would be like if they ever ran into each other. Oscar's probably either going to curse me or treat me like a total stranger. After all, why would he forgive me for disappearing like that? He's either going to hate me or forget about me. Those are the only two possible outcomes for us.

Thinking about how they would be separated forever, Amelia froze like a statue.

"Do you mind if I call you Amelia?" Boris smiled gently at the distracted young woman.

Amelia returned to her senses. Albeit still with a blank look on her face, she responded, "Sure."

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"I wasn't making things up, Amelia. I really did spend years learning the art when I was a younger man. Just by looking at you, I can tell that you'll face many unfortunate events until you're thirty-five, though none of them will be life-or-death situations. After you reach the age of thirty-five, not only will you be happily married, but you'll also have three beautiful children. You'll have everything a woman could ever want. Of course, it's entirely up to you whether you want to believe me or not."

To that, Amelia responded with another polite smile and assumed Boris was only kidding around. She found it hard to believe that anyone could tell the future.

Without saying anything else, Boris performed a CT scan on Amelia's brain before checking the result.

"Amelia's condition is quite serious, so I'd suggest that we take a more conservative approach. If you don't mind trying some traditional medicine, I can prescribe you something for your headache. It'll help you sleep better. As for the surgery, I'll have to discuss it with the other doctors first," explained Boris, holding a report.

"Thank you, Boris." Amelia gave the physician a nod of appreciation.

"I'll have someone send the medications over to Derrick's place." After pausing for a while, Boris continued, "The conventional medicine isn't going to be of any help to your condition, so you'll have to trust the traditional methods. I can perform acupuncture for your brain. Rest assured. I'm well versed in both types of medicine. Terrence called me himself, so you can bet I won't disappoint the man."

"Traditional medicine?" Amelia was somewhat skeptical of the practice. Isn't this a general hospital? Do they treat patients with traditional medicine here?

"I actually have my own clinic where I treat those who have intractable diseases but can't afford to go to the hospital. I like a good challenge, and I'm curious about your condition. Since the other doctors told you that any attempt to remove the blood clots could endanger you, I would like to see if I can prove them wrong. If you're willing to let me try, that is," stated Boris frankly.

What the man meant to say was that he would like to show what he was capable of by treating Amelia as if she was a guinea pig.

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Worried for her friend, Tiffany gave Derrick a look. Can we really trust this guy? Everything he said was the complete opposite of what the other doctors told us.

As if he could read the woman's mind, Boris let out a chuckle. "If you would rather I perform the surgery, I can do that. But remember, you'll be taking a big risk. If that's what you want, I respect your decision."

After some thought, Amelia finally made up her mind. "Let's go with the acupuncture, Boris. I've heard incredible things about what traditional medicine can do, and I'd like to see that for myself. I'm willing to take a chance."

"Wonderful! You won't regret this, Amelia. I promise you that you'll be able to see again. I won't disappoint you. You have my word."

To that, Amelia responded with a soft smile, while Tiffany swallowed everything she had to say about the physician.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 312

Chapter 312 Owing The Clintons

After bidding Boris farewell and leaving the hospital, Tiffany was finally free to speak her mind. "Mr. Hisson, is Boris really... "

Halfway through, the woman suddenly stopped.

"Granddad told me that Boris is a very talented physician and that the man is especially keen on traditional medicine. In fact, acupuncture is one of his specialties. He would never have made Amelia a promise like that if he couldn't do it." Derrick paused for a brief moment before adding, "I know Boris seemed arrogant and strange, but he really is a good man. He has helped many who couldn't afford medical treatments, and he always takes his patients seriously. I trust him. That's why I asked for his help."

"Really?" Tiffany was still doubtful.

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"I know how much Amelia means to you. I would never do anything to hurt her," promised Derrick, as he held Tiffany's hands tightly.

Immediately, Tiffany's cheeks turned as red as a tomato.

On the other hand, Amelia still seemed troubled.

"What's wrong, Babe?" inquired Tiffany when she noticed the look on her friend's face.

Coming back to her sense, Amelia quickly plastered on a smile. "Oh, nothing. I'm fine. Just glad to hear that I might be able to see again."

Still, Tiffany could tell that Amelia was upset about something.

"It's going to be okay, Babe. Like Boris said, your eyes will be back to normal soon, and you'll be seeing Oscar again. Things may not be easy now, but in the end, everything will work out for the best. You'll see." Tiffany guessed that Boris' divination was why her friend seemed distracted.

"I'm okay, Tiff," assured Amelia with a smile.

After helping Amelia into the car, Tiffany gently patted the woman's hand. "Babe, after you get your sight back, we'll go on a trip before returning to the city. And if Oscar hasn't remarried by then, you do whatever it takes to get him back. Then the three of you will live happily ever after."

There was a hint of bitterness in Amelia's eyes after listening to her friend.

Amelia never really did hold out much hope for her eyes, to begin with. As for Oscar, she had felt guilt toward the man since she left with Tony without saying goodbye. Oscar had been nothing but nice to her, but she repaid his kindness by manipulating him to gain her son's custody.

Amelia then tried to change the subject. "You don't have to worry about me anymore. Boris promised that I'd be fine, Tiff. Derrick came all the way here to see you, so you should spend more time with him. Go on a date or something. You two deserve it."

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“Are you trying to get rid of me, Babe? Have you had enough of me already?” questioned Tiffany while pouting playfully.

“Of course not! I just think that you two should spend some time alone. It has been a while, right?”

Tiffany glanced at Derrick, who remained silent in the driver’s seat.

When they reached the villa, Tiffany carefully helped Amelia get out of the vehicle. “We’re home, Babe. Careful now.”

Saying nothing, Amelia smiled in response.

When the three got into the living room, Jeremy carried Tony over. By then, the child was already old enough to recognize the people around him. He was always happy to be around Amelia and Tiffany, but when he saw Derrick, his puppy-dog eyes widened in curiosity. As if he had discovered something exciting, Tony stretched his hand toward Derrick.

Seeing how the child reacted to Derrick surprised Tiffany.

“He seems to like you, Mr. Hisson. You have no idea how long Tony cried before he’s finally comfortable around Jeremy. I guess good-looking people do have special privileges. Too bad I’m not much of a looker myself, Amelia. That boy is going to grow up to despise me. I just know it,” joked Tiffany, cracking everybody up.

Tony nestled comfortably in Derrick’s arms when the man held him. Then, he extended his little hand to touch Derrick’s cheek before pecking it. As if he had hit the jackpot, the child clapped his hands excitedly and giggled afterward.

“If that doesn’t convince you how shallow that boy is, I don’t know what will,” commented Tiffany before turning her attention to the child. “Tony, in case you didn’t figure it out, that man belongs to me. He’s mine. Got it?”

Seeing how jealous Tiffany was, Derrick could barely keep his composure any longer.

Amelia wanted to make her way to Derrick’s side but was obstructed by the coffee table, so Tiffany hurried over to help her friend.

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"I would like to hold Tony now. It has been days since I last held my boy. I've missed him terribly." Excited to feel her child again, Amelia clenched her right fist.

"Careful," reminded Derrick as he cautiously handed Tony over to Amelia.

With Tony in her arms, Amelia ran her fingers over the boy's soft skin before placing a kiss on the forehead. At that moment, the mother felt like she had everything she could ever want. Everything except the ability to see her child grow up with her own eyes.

"Tony, my dear boy," Amelia called out as she rubbed her cheek against Tony's.

Still too young to understand what was happening around him, Tony waved his tiny arms around and tried to grab his mother's hair.

"Let me hold the child for you, Amelia. I held Mr. Hisson when he was a baby, so you can say I'm pretty experienced." Jeremy was worried that Amelia could not handle the boy since she was blind.

"Thank you, Jeremy, but I'd like to spend more time with Tony. I missed him so much," responded Amelia with a blank stare.

The butler then turned to look at Jeremy, who gave him a slight nod.

"Okay. Do let me know if you need anything," informed Jeremy before backing away respectfully.

"Mr. Hisson, I noticed how every servant in the villa seems to respect you. In fact, they seem to fear you. Is there something I should know about you?" questioned Tiffany half-jokingly.

"They have all served our family for quite a while now, and they're all very loyal. It's just that I'm rarely around here, so they haven't really warmed up to me yet," replied Derrick before reaching out, naturally holding Tiffany's hand as if he had done it a million times.

Even though Tiffany knew that Amelia could not see them, she still glanced instinctively at Amelia out of shyness.

"Not now. Amelia's still here," whispered Tiffany to Derrick.

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However, Amelia still heard her friend. "You two should head out. Go explore the city. With the number of maids here, Tony and I are going to be just fine. Stop worrying about me, Tiff."

When Tiffany was about to say something, Derrick interrupted her, "I think we should listen to Amelia. You don't want her to feel bad, do you? Come on. We can take a walk by the lake and catch up. If Amelia needs anything, the maids will let you know."

Since both Derrick and Amelia insisted, Tiffany had no choice but to comply.

After the couple went out, Amelia turned to Jeremy, who was still standing by. "Jeremy, I'll be spending some time with Tony here, so if you have other things to do, feel free to excuse yourself. I'll call you if I need anything."

Still, Jeremy was hesitant about leaving the two.

"It's okay, Jeremy. We'll be playing right here on the couch. Nothing bad is going to happen," assured Amelia, as if she knew what was going on inside the butler's head.

"Very well. I'll be nearby, so don't hesitate to call for my help."

After Amelia nodded in response, the butler finally took his leave.

"Are you happy to see me, Tony? Did you miss me while I was away?" asked Amelia as she shook both of Tony's hands playfully, to which the boy responded by cooing.

"Oh, what I wouldn't give to hear you call me Mommy! Still, hearing your baby talk is enough to put a smile on my face. I know I have been selfish. After all, you're supposed to be with the Clintons. Now you only have me. I hope you won't hate me for it when you get older. If you choose to go back to them, I won't stop you. Just know that you're all I have."

Even though Boris promised that she would regain her vision, Amelia was still doubtful, since almost every other doctor had told her otherwise. They informed her that unless she found suitable corneas for her eyes, she would be blind for the rest of her life. Seeing how well-respected the other doctors were, she had little reason to question their judgment.

To Amelia, it seemed like Boris had over-promised. It was not that she did not trust the physician's capability. She just thought that his pride had blinded him.

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Amelia only agreed to give Boris a chance because she did not think her situation could worsen. If Boris ended up being right, then she would consider herself lucky. If not, the worst that could happen was her losing her life. Otherwise, she would remain blind, as if nothing had happened.

At that moment, Amelia got so distracted by her own thoughts that she did not even notice Tony breaking free from her grasp. Only after finding the boy's hands again did Amelia breathe a sigh of relief. "Sorry, Tony. I know I got distracted for a while there."

To that, the child responded with his baby talk once again.

Smiling wryly, Amelia held her son close to her chest. I'm sorry, Tony. I won't be able to watch you grow up, but I hope you can accept me the way I am.

Oblivious to Amelia's complicated feelings, Tony started playing around with his mother's fingers.

Seeing how happy and innocent Tony was, Amelia felt her worries fall away. Suddenly, she was hopeful again.

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