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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 485 - 588

Chapter 485 Unscathed

On the way back, Oscar asked, "Amelia, did Mom talk bad about me?"

Amelia shook her head and chuckled. "Oscar, Mom is not as scary as you think. She's a cultured woman, and she was only mad at me because I did her wrong before. I'm not denying that I was being selfish back then. So, I only wish that she could forgive me one day."

"Don't worry. With Tony around, she's going to forgive you sooner or later. I think you have Tony to thank for her attitude toward you right now. He's a sweet boy. It's only a matter of time before Mom accepts you again," Oscar said confidently.

Amelia merely smiled. The truth was, she was not as optimistic.

It was already midnight when they were home and done washing up. As they were dog-tired from the long day, they only chatted for a while before the two fell deep into slumber with Tony in between them.

However, in the middle of the night, Tony suddenly convulsed and foamed. Roused by the noise, Amelia was taken aback by the alarming sight. She hurriedly hugged her son and asked with a shaky voice, "T-Tony, what's the matter? Don't scare me."

Oscar was also jolted awake. However, he was calmer in comparison with Amelia. Nevertheless, he grew solemn at that sight.

He took Tony from Amelia and said in a tender tone, "Let's go to the hospital right now. Don't worry. Tony will be all right."

Amelia trailed behind Oscar mindlessly. A sense of paralyzing fear washed over her at the mention of the hospital. She had spent most of her days going back and forth to the hospital these few years for a myriad of reasons—the car accident, losing her eyesight, and

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not to forget the corneal transplant. All that had led her to grow apprehensive at the mention of hospitals.

Looking at Tony, Oscar was actually terrified as well. However, as the head of the family, he knew he had to put up a strong face.

Oscar asked Hugo to drive, and he sat in the backseat with Amelia and Tony. Holding Amelia's hand, he said, "Don't worry. Tony will be all right."

Amelia let out a sigh. She seemed calmer than before.

Her heart ached at the sight of the pale-faced Tony.

"I'm okay," Amelia said softly.

When they reached Principal General Hospital, Robert was already waiting with the doctors that he had called over. Tony was placed on a bed and pushed into the operating room right away.

Robert noticed the anxious Amelia and said, "Don't worry, Amelia. Tony will be okay."

Thankful for his help, Amelia said, "Thank you, Mr. Lancaster, and I'm really sorry for bothering you at such hours."

"I've been good friends with Owen and Olivia for many years. I'm really glad that you guys think of me when something happens. Don't worry. Tony will be all right with our doctors around," Robert comforted her.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Lancaster!" Amelia thanked him earnestly.

The red lights outside of the operating room finally went off after two hours. A few doctors and nurses came out of the room.

Oscar and Amelia dashed in their direction.

"Doctor, how is my son doing? Is his condition serious?" Amelia asked nervously.

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"He's suffering from food poisoning. We've performed a gastric lavage on him. He's not in a critical condition. However, given his young age, the procedure will take a toll on his health. He requires ample rest," a doctor said.

"Food poisoning?" Amelia was stumped. She was puzzled as to why her son would suffer from food poisoning.

"Thank you, doctors. We will be sure to treat all of you to a good meal someday," Oscar said as he circled Amelia in his embrace.

"You're most welcome, Mr. Clinton," the doctor replied.

The doctors had only left after a few bouts of exchange in pleasantries.

Two nurses pushed Tony into a high-class ward while Amelia and Oscar trailed behind them. Amelia's heart constricted at the sight of her anemic-looking son.

She felt her legs turn to jelly as she leaned against Oscar and sobbed. "Why would Tony suffer from food poisoning? Wasn't he just fine when we came back? I don't know what's with us and the hospitals. I spent most of my days in Beshya going back and forth to the hospital. After we're back, my son is admitted to the hospital. Why would he suffer from food poisoning after I brought him to the Clinton residence?"

Amelia's thoughts were in a whirl.

"Sorry, Oscar. I'm not doubting Mom and Dad. I just couldn't believe that someone is so vicious that even a child is not spared! That person could have just targeted me. Why did he have to harm Tony?"

Amelia was on the verge of a breakdown as she broke out in a violent sob.

Oscar pulled Amelia into his embrace as his gaze darkened.

"I will get to the bottom of this," Oscar said grimly.

He took out his phone to make a call. However, someone stopped him. Oscar lifted his head and realized that it was Robert.

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“Oscar, it’s already late. Owen and Olivia should be resting now. They’re going to have a good scare if they find out what has happened to Tony right now. I think it’s better if you inform them tomorrow. As for Tony’s matter, I think the whole family needs to sit down and have a good talk about it, lest there’s any misunderstanding between the family members,” Robert advised.

Amelia finally regained her composure and wiped her tears. She looked at Robert and managed an awkward smile.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Lancaster. I should have refrained from breaking down in front of you,” Amelia said sheepishly.

“Amelia, I know you’re worried about Tony. I’m not sure why he’s suffering from food poisoning either. But, judging from your remarks, it must have happened at the Clintons. Owen and Olivia would surely feel guilty about this. However, do break the news to them both nicely. Even though Olivia still looks younger than her age, her heart is not in its best health,” Robert said.

Amelia let out a wry chuckle.

“Mr. Lancaster, I’m not blaming Mom for this. I just can’t imagine who is vicious enough to harm my son so. My emotions were running high, and I know I’ve said some inappropriate things,” Amelia said with a sigh.

She paused for a moment before continuing, “Mr. Lancaster, it’s late now. Please do not let us disturb your rest further. We’re sorry for dragging you into this.”

“It’s already three in the morning. I’m only going to be back home for two to three hours before I have to come to work. So, I don’t plan on going back home now and will just take a rest in the office later.” Robert patted Oscar’s shoulders and said, “Take good care of Amelia and Tony. I’ll get going then.”

Amelia and Oscar sent him off at the entrance of the ward.

After that, Amelia made her way over to Tony’s bedside and crouched down. She took Tony’s little hand and rubbed it lightly against her cheeks.

“I’m sorry, Tony. It was my fault,” Amelia apologized guiltily.

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She missed the times when Tony would burrow himself in her embrace and shower kisses on her cheeks. The little boy would have cheekily said, “Mommy, I’m okay. I’m Superman, and I will protect you from danger.”

At the sight of the pale-faced Tony lying motionlessly on the hospital bed, Amelia felt her heart aching further as she said softly, “Tony, we’re truly mother and son. Both of us got into an accident and cheated death. You also followed me a few times when I had to go back and forth to the hospital at Beshya. It seems like we really do have an unspoken connection to the hospital.”

Oscar steadied her to rise from the ground and guided her to a chair. “Amelia, don’t say that. The doctor mentioned that Tony is not in a critical condition. Why don’t you take a rest now? You must be tired from going around for hours.”

Amelia leaned against Oscar’s chest and said, “Luckily, Tony’s all right. I would have gone mad if anything happened to him. He’s so young, and he shouldn’t have to suffer all this. Look at how pale he is. I just can’t help but feel this heavy weight bearing down on my chest.”

“Take a nap first, okay? I’m sure Tony would not wish to be greeted by a tired and ashen-faced you in the morning,” Oscar said gently.

Amelia thought for a moment before relenting to sleep in Oscar’s embrace.

Oscar caressed her cheeks delicately. However, the tenderness in his eyes slowly dissipated into thin air as his fist tightened.

Oscar called Hugo into the ward and said, “I’ve specifically ordered you and Kurt to protect Tony. How did he end up getting food poisoning?”

Hugo lowered his head and said, “I’m sorry for the oversight, boss.”

Oscar looked coldly at him and snapped, “Hugo, that apology still doesn’t answer my question of how Tony got food poisoning. Since when have the people I personally trained become so incompetent?”

“Boss, we’ve been protecting Mr. Oscar in the dark. He was fine at noon. Ms. Walker and Mr. Walker came over in the afternoon, and they talked to Mr. Oscar for a moment, but

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everything seemed all right. Everyone was eating the same food, so I didn't know how Mr. Oscar got the food poisoning. However, it was an oversight on my part. Please punish me as you see fit, boss."

Oscar lifted his hands to rub at his temples and mumbled, "Isabella and Noah?"

He paused for a moment and waved his hands to dismiss Hugo. "You may leave. I will get to the bottom of this personally. Nobody can hurt my son and expect to leave unscathed."

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 486

Chapter 486 Chopped Into Pieces

The next morning, Olivia hurried over to the hospital with Owen when they were informed of Tony's hospitalization.

Olivia grasped Oscar's hands when she entered the ward. "Oscar, why was Tony admitted into the hospital all of a sudden?"

Oscar glanced at Olivia and explained with a hoarse voice, "Mom, the doctor said Tony had food poisoning. Aside from having his meal at the Clinton residence, he did not eat any other food along the way home. Tony began foaming at the mouth a short while after we went to sleep. Amelia and I were terrified. We immediately brought him to the hospital. Then, the doctor performed a gastric lavage on him and diagnosed him with food poisoning. At the very least, Tony is safe now. So, I am curious, how could this happen to Tony while you were taking care of him?"

Oscar questioned his mother in agitation as he was worried about Tony for the whole night.

Olivia's face turned pale. Her lips trembled as she replied in disbelief, "Tony had food poisoning? How is that possible? I took great care when preparing his food, and I even fed him myself. There's no way something is wrong with his meals. Did the doctor misdiagnose his condition?"

Just then, Robert entered the ward.

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Olivia hastily strode up to him and asked, "Robert, is it true that Tony had food poisoning?"

"Calm down, Olivia. That is true, but his condition is not severe. He will be as good as new after getting a few days of rest," said Robert to calm her down.

Olivia was reluctant to accept that fact as she could not fathom what had gone wrong with the food Tony had eaten.

"How can this be? How is this possible? I had meticulously prepared Tony's meals. There's no way he would get food poisoning after eating the food I prepared for him," she said in distress.

Owen held her shoulders and said gently, "Calm down, Olivia. We will investigate this matter thoroughly when we get back later. Tony may wake up at any moment, so you have to pull yourself together to avoid scaring him."

Olivia took a deep breath to recollect herself.

She walked up to the side of the bed and gazed at Tony, who was lying on the bed. "Tony, my Darling, please wake up. Don't scare your Grandma."

Nothing came from Tony.

Amelia trudged to Olivia's side. "Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton. Tony will recover because he knows we are all rooting for him."

The latter looked up and glanced at Amelia with complicated emotions. Her lips twitched a little, but she did not speak.

Under great care, Tony slowly regained consciousness as everyone had hoped.

Olivia rushed forward at once and whispered, "Tony? Tony, can you hear me?"

Tony scanned his surroundings and finally fixated his gaze on Amelia. He reached out his left hand that was not attached to a drip and said with a pitiful voice, "Mommy, my stomach is hurting."

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His voice tugged at Amelia's heartstring. Olivia unwillingly shuffled away when Amelia stepped closer to the bed.

The latter crouched by the bedside and held Tony's hand. "It's going to be all right, Tony. Mommy is here."

Tony beamed at his mother and comforted her, "Don't cry, Mommy. Your eyes will get puffy. Mommy looks better without puffy eyes."

Amelia sobbed uncontrollably upon listening to Tony's words. Her son's thoughtfulness touched her despite being merely two years old. Amelia could not understand which inhumane person had poisoned such a sweet child.

She then straightened herself and pecked a kiss on Tony's forehead. "You're a good boy, Tony. These are tears of happiness. Mommy is simply glad that you're awake."

Tony gestured for Amelia to come closer. Then he kissed her on the cheek and said, "Don't cry, Mommy. Otherwise, I'll start crying too. I know that I'm in a hospital, but I am not scared because Mommy is here to accompany me. Am I right?"

Amelia burst into laughter with tears and snots on her face because Tony was too adorable.

Olivia felt mixed emotions churning within her as she took in the affectionate interaction between Amelia and Tony. She began to doubt her decision and was reminded of Oscar's warning. He had mentioned that Olivia would mercilessly split Tony from his mother up, causing the child to miss out on a mother's love because of her stubbornness.

Olivia questioned herself in her mind. Am I holding on to the right thing? Will Tony really be happy if he is separated from Amelia?

Her uncertainty grew, sensing how much Tony cared about Amelia.

Owen rested his hand on Olivia's shoulders. He shook his head when she turned to look at him.

Olivia sighed and remained silent.

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Then, Tony unexpectedly called out to her. Amelia stepped aside for Olivia to talk to Tony.

“What’s the matter, Tony?” Olivia asked softly.

Tony regarded her sincerely and blurted, “Grandma, I love you a lot. You are my favorite person aside from Mommy, Daddy, and Tiffy. I like to be with my family, so can you please don’t chase Mommy away anymore? I’m sad when Mommy is not around. Mommy also told me that Grandpa and Grandma love me, so I am sure Grandma doesn’t want me to be sad, right?”

Tony’s wits caused Olivia to feel sad and happy at the same time because he seized the opportunity to make requests while he was sick to gain pity. She would have felt overjoyed if he had not set her up. Nonetheless, she felt more delight than unhappiness over the turn of events.

“Good boy. I’ll agree to anything you say as long as you stay healthy.” Olivia conceded.

Amelia gazed at her figure from behind with mixed emotions.

Olivia accompanied Tony in the ward until noon. She could finally rest assured after Tony had eaten the porridge they bought. She did not dare to let him eat the porridge prepared by the chef at the Clinton residence after Tony was met with such an unfortunate incident.

“Let’s go home, Olivia. There is an important matter we need to address to return Tony a justice,” Owen uttered.

Olivia nodded in agreement.

Oscar and Amelia sent them off at the entrance of the ward.

Olivia glanced at Amelia, and she contemplated briefly before saying, “I have yet to forgive you, Amelia. I agreed not to interrupt your relationship with Oscar, but that does not mean that I acknowledge you. However, I will not deliberately make things difficult for you out of concern for Tony. Also, I will investigate this incident thoroughly. That person who dared harm my grandchild will face my wrath.”

She left with Owen after she was done, leaving no room for Amelia to speak.

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Oscar held Amelia in his arms and said, "Seems like Mom no longer dislikes you as before, Amelia. I have faith that one day she will accept you again. Let's go inside for now. This issue between you and Mom will resolve someday with Tony's help."

Amelia forced a smile in response.

Oscar kept quiet afterward and brought Amelia back into the ward.

Tony stared at Oscar and said, "Daddy, you are not allowed to bully Mommy anymore. Otherwise, I will beat you up when I'm older."

Oscar could not contain himself and laughed. He sat at the bedside and flicked Tony's nose. "In that case, you should get well soon. I heard that people who easily get sick could experience stunted growth. So, you have to stay healthy from now on if you want to be tall when you're older."

Tony pouted. He looked at Amelia and asked, "Is that true, Mommy?"

Amelia burst into laughter. She could finally be at ease after feeling tensed for the entire night. She walked over and tousled Tony's hair. "Your daddy is lying, but Tony should be a good boy. You have to protect Mommy and Daddy when you grow up, so you cannot hit Daddy. Do you understand me?"

Tony hesitated for a few seconds but ended up nodding his head.

"I will always remember Mommy's words," Tony said solemnly.

Amelia's heart skipped a beat, taking in Tony's reaction.

Someone knocked on the door just then, and the door was pushed open before Amelia could answer it.

Tiffany bolted to the side of the bed. "Are you all right, Tony?"

Tony tilted his head and beamed at Tiffany. "I'm fine, Tiffy. Why are you covered in sweat?"

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Tiffany let out a sigh of relief. "You almost scared me to death, Tony. I came here as fast as I could when I heard that you were hospitalized. I'm so glad that you're okay."

"Tiffy, I'm really fine. Mommy said that I'm a lucky star, so nothing bad will ever happen to me," said Tony as he shook his head.

Tiffany could not help but chortle.

She flicked Tony's forehead and commented, "You sure are cheeky."

Tony covered his forehead and pursed his lips. "You should not hit me, Tiffy. I'm sick, and my stomach is still hurting."

"I'm sorry, so don't be mad at me," Tiffany apologized.

"Haha... I fooled you, Tiffy." Tony guffawed after successfully pulling the prank on Tiffany. Then he accidentally hurt himself on the wound because of his exaggerated movement.

Tiffany was rendered speechless by Tony's carefree attitude.

The latter finally fell asleep after messing around for some time.

Tiffany recomposed herself and inquired with all seriousness, "What happened, Amelia? How did Tony get food poisoning all of a sudden? Did you find out the person who did this?"

Amelia shook her head. "We did not have the time to investigate this matter because Oscar and I have been accompanying Tony here since he became sick."

Tiffany frowned. "Do you need my help?"

Amelia forced a smile. "That's not needed, Tiff. Oscar and I will handle this. We do not plan to let the culprit off easy. That person is rotten to the core for harming a child."

"That's the spirit. Let me know when you find out that offender's identity. That lunatic should be chopped into pieces. That's the only fair treatment!" Tiffany exclaimed in rage.

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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 487

Chapter 487 Do Not Shoot Yourself In The Foot

After that, many people continuously came to visit Tony. As he was the eldest grandson of the Clintons, the news of his hospitalization spread quickly from unknown sources. In any case, quite a few people came each time, offering hollow pleasantries that made Amelia frown. Normally, she would not mind dealing with those corporate elites and wealthy ladies. However, Tony was still lying on the hospital bed, and the number of people would only disturb his rest, hence her annoyance.

Oscar seemed to be similarly annoyed, as he sent two bodyguards to guard the door of the ward to stop the visitors, saying that the boy needed to rest and that it was not convenient for him to receive guests at that moment. Those visitors had no choice but to leave sulkily.

Shane was also stopped in front of the ward when he came with Rory, carrying a basket of fruits.

"I'm sorry. No visitors are allowed for the time being. Mr. Anthony just woke up, and the doctor advised him to rest and recuperate. Please go back," one of the bodyguards said solemnly.

"I'm Amelia's boss. I heard that her son was hospitalized, so I brought my employee along to see him. Even the two of us aren't allowed inside?" Shane asked.

The two bodyguards exchanged glances before one of them spoke up. "Please wait a moment. I'll inform my boss and Mrs. Clinton."

With that, the bodyguard entered the ward. Not long after, the door opened, and Amelia came out to welcome them.

"Shane, Rory, what brings you both here?" she queried.

While following her into the room, Shane replied warmly, "You called to ask for leave, saying that your son needed to be hospitalized due to some health issues. So I asked around and found out that he was in the Principal General Hospital. Out of consideration for my

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employee and our long-time friendship, I decided to bring Rory along with me. I don't think you'll mind that I'm being nosy, right?"

"Of course not," Amelia answered with a pleasant smile. "You're my friend from university and currently my direct superior. Even if I were to resent someone, I dare not do that to you, boss!"

Shane chuckled in response.

Seeing that Tony was still sleeping as he placed the gifts on the table, he asked concernedly, "How's Tony? Is his condition serious?"

"Just some health problems. But the doctor said that it's nothing major," Amelia replied gently.

Rory leaned over to look at Tony and could not help but frown when she noticed his pale complexion. "Tony looks rather pale, Amelia. Are you sure that there's nothing to worry about? Upon hearing the news, I was so worried during the car ride here, fearing that something bad might happen to him. With your assurance that he's fine, I can finally stop worrying," she said, sounding distressed.

"I appreciate the concern, Rory," Amelia said with a smile.

"You and Mr. Clinton look tired, Amelia. Why don't I help you both take care of Tony, so you can go back and rest for a while." Although it sounded like a kind offer from Rory, her eyes flickered toward Oscar with an ambiguous expression.

Before Amelia could reply, Tiffany said mockingly, "Don't be so thick-skinned, Rory. Living in such a big house, the Clintons naturally have many maids, so you won't even get the opportunity to take care of Tony. Even if Amelia gets tired, I can still take over from her. So you don't even stand a chance. You really think too highly of yourself."

Rory's expression changed drastically as her smile froze on her face.

Tiffany shrugged when she saw Amelia looking at her. "Sorry about that, Rory. I tend to say whatever comes to my mind. So don't take it to heart. I just don't like it when someone shamelessly tries to curry favor with others."

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Rory took a deep breath before forcing out a smile. "It's okay."

Although what Tiffany said was true, Rory still felt humiliated. She was jealous of Tiffany and hated her, feeling that the other woman was taking advantage of her identity to humiliate her on purpose. This woman is truly despicable!

"Don't mind Tiff, Rory. She means you no harm," Amelia consoled.

Rory calmed her emotions and smiled. "I'm fine, Amelia. I know that Tiffany has never liked me, and I can't be liked by everyone. Fortunately, you've never minded that I came from the suburbs, and you gave me such an opportunity to quickly establish myself in the city. Hence, I'm truly grateful to you. So when I heard that something had happened to Tony, I was truly worried. I really didn't fake it."

"I know how you feel. Don't think too much about it. Tiff has no other ulterior motive. Come, have a seat. Since you and Mr. Franklin were so considerate to come over, let me prepare some fruits for both of you."

Shane sat down before commenting, "No need for that, Amelia. We are just here to visit and will leave soon. We won't disturb you further."

Amelia merely smiled without saying anything.

Tony woke up after a while and complained that he was hungry. Oscar instructed someone to go downstairs to buy some soup since it was easier to digest. However, Tony pouted and protested, "But I want meat and fish, Mom. I don't want soup. It's too bland."

Amelia caressed his head as she said gently, "Be good, Tony. You've yet to recover. I'll cook you lots of delicious food once you're out of the hospital."

"When can I leave then?" he asked.

"In a few days."

Tony instantly put on a glum expression.

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Then, Tiffany said, "I'll buy some chicken tomorrow and boil it so that it's soft enough for you to eat. Haven't you always loved my chicken soup?"

"Really?"

"Of course. How could I bear to lie to you when you're so cute?"

Only then did Tony finally smiled.

"I wish to eat lots of meat tomorrow, Tiffy. I'm craving meat so much after a day without having it."

Upon hearing that, Tiffany chuckled in amusement.

Rory got up from the sofa and walked to the side of the hospital bed, bending down as she said softly, "Tony, I'm Rory. Do you remember me?"

Tony nodded. "Yes, I do."

However, he was not particularly affectionate toward her, so she had the feeling that she had embarrassed herself by trying to flatter them.

Rory smiled awkwardly, feeling restless all of a sudden as she wordlessly sat beside Shane. Soon, the only sound left in the room was Tiffany's voice teasing Tony.

Shane got up to leave after a while. Amelia did not ask him to stay and only sent him to the door. "Take good care of Tony, Amelia, and don't worry about work. I've asked Rory to take over your tasks temporarily so you won't be too busy when you get back."

"Thanks," Amelia uttered before looking at Rory. "Thanks for your help, Rory. I'll buy you lunch when I return."

"No problem, Amelia. Take good care of Tony. I'll do my best to help you complete the tasks at work."

After chatting for a short while, Shane left along with Rory.

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The two went downstairs and got into the car. As Shane started the car, he inquired, "Were you truly Amelia's caregiver before this, Rory?"

"Yes, Mr. Franklin. Why do you ask?" Rory looked at him in confusion.

"It's nothing. I just think that you're fortunate. Amelia is a good person and has always been a great friend. Since she took such care of you, don't let her down. It'll be hard for you to meet such a sincere friend in the future." Shane rarely said such a long speech.

Rory stared intently at him before letting out a chuckle. "Do you also think that I'm being nice to Amelia just because I want to take advantage of her background to further my career, Mr. Franklin?"

"I can't read your mind, and it's also none of my concern. However, you're still young, capable, and also pretty. As long as you're sensible, I'm sure you'll have a better future. Don't come up with any tricks. You'll understand once you've reached our age that you can't buy back people and matters with money," Shane advised.

Although there was a smile on her face, Rory shrugged it off internally. I come from the countryside and have suffered a lot since childhood. Sometimes my family can't even afford our next meal. These tough days have made me envious of rich people, and I even dreamed of sleeping in a bed of money. Now that I have the opportunity to interact with rich people, why can't I resort to every possible means to get what I want? What's wrong with desiring to become a rich person?

"I brought you here today because Amelia treats you with sincerity. Although you're a smart girl, I still wish to advise you as a person who has gone through this. Don't shoot yourself in the foot," he suddenly added.

"Thank you for the reminder. I'll be sure to heed your words," Rory said gently.

Shane did not speak after that.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 488

Chapter 488 A Man Gave It To Me

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On the second day of Tony's hospitalization, Oscar received a call from Olivia asking him to go home.

He changed into his casual wear and planted a kiss on Amelia's cheek before turning to Tony. "Listen to your mom, Tony. I'll be back soon."

"Bye, Big Meanie!" Tony said with a wave.

As Oscar left the room, he instructed Jean and another bodyguard to keep guard outside the ward. Kurt, on the other hand, had been assigned by the former to run some errands out of town and would not be back until at least the day after, so he was not aware of Tony having food poisoning.

As soon as Oscar entered the Clinton residence, he saw a woman with braided hair and wearing the official maid uniform of the Clintons kneeling in front of Olivia. She was trembling all over as she cried, "I didn't know what I was doing, Mrs. Clinton. I really did not mean to add other seasonings to Mr. Anthony's food. I truly did not expect him to suffer from food poisoning, and I only wanted to teach him a lesson."

Upon hearing that, Oscar's gaze darkened as he walked over briskly.

"Dad, Mom," Oscar greeted them, trying to govern his temper.

"Your dad and I have thoroughly investigated Tony's food poisoning incident, Oscar. This is the culprit. I originally planned to call the police to take her away. However, after thinking about it, I felt that I was letting her off too easily, so I called you to come back and call the shots. After all, you're Tony's father," Olivia explained while pointing at the woman on the ground.

Only then did Oscar scrutinize the woman. She appeared to be around twenty-eight years of age. Despite her average looks, she had a good figure and seemed pleasant. No one would ever believe that a gentle and timid-looking woman like her would harm a child.

"I remember that you're Zeke's wife. You both have a son, right?" Gifted with an impeccable memory, Oscar would remember everything that he wanted to. The reason he knew Zeke was because the man was a gardener hired by his family who was good at maintaining the gardens. The lush trees and flowers the gardener took care of were to Olivia's liking, and she even praised him quite a few times. Hence, Oscar remembered the man after some time.

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Once, he spotted Zeke and his wife feeding each other affectionately, so he deliberately gave the woman a few extra glances, which was how he managed to remember her.

The woman began to tremble upon hearing that. Anyone could tell that she was freaking out from her gaze flitting around.

“This was all my fault, Mr. Clinton, and has nothing to do with my husband and child. Please spare them. I’m willing to bear all consequences,” the woman pleaded anxiously.

Oscar sat on the sofa with his legs crossed, and his expression was relaxed. He was the kind of person that acted carefree when facing dire situations. Anyone would find him hard to read as he would never allow himself to show any signs of anger.

A person like him could achieve great things but was also very dangerous at the same time.

“What’s your name?” he asked nonchalantly.

The woman was stunned by his question. She could not guess what he was thinking but did not dare to challenge his patience despite her uncertainty.

“My name is Tina. I came from the suburbs to work in the city, and I met my husband when I was helping out at the Clinton residence. It wasn’t my intention to hurt Mr. Anthony. I just thought that he was very cute, so I gave him a bottle of yogurt when no one was around. I’ve no idea how he got food poisoning. However, I acknowledge my mistake and won’t argue that I didn’t do it on purpose. It’s just that this matter truly had nothing to do with my husband and child,” Tina hurriedly said.

“Did you purchase the yogurt?” Oscar’s expression remained relaxed as though he was talking about something that had nothing to do with him.

Tina froze momentarily.

“Answer me,” said Oscar in a deeper than usual voice.

Startled, Tina dared not disobey him again.

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“No, it wasn’t me. My son was the one who brought it back. I’ve no idea who gave it to him. I merely spotted Mr. Anthony and thought he looked cute, so I couldn’t help but give the yogurt to him. Due to my carelessness, it slipped my mind that the drink had an unknown origin. It’s all my fault. I’m willing to accept any form of punishment.”

A cold glint flickered in Oscar’s eyes upon hearing that.

“Bring her son here,” he instructed his subordinate.

“It’s entirely my fault, Mr. Clinton. Please, I’m begging you, don’t touch my child. I’m willing to take on any punishment. This truly has nothing to do with him.” Tina threw herself in front of Oscar, tearing up as she desperately pleaded.

Oscar raised his foot and kicked her chest, saying coldly, “Get away from me, and quiet down! I have ways to deal with your entire family.”

Tina said no more, not daring to continue making a scene.

Before long, her child was brought in. He was a cute boy around five or six years old. He was not plump but had chubby cheeks, fair skin, and big eyes. His doll-like appearance looked very endearing.

Perhaps due to the fact he had a child of his own, Oscar’s expression softened when he saw the boy.

“Mommy!” The boy, who was already nervous in the first place, quickly ran and grabbed onto her clothes as soon as he saw his mother.

Tina held the child in her arms and said, “Don’t be afraid, Timmy. I’m here.”

Timmy nodded, looking slightly nervous.

“Say hello to Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton, and Mr. Oscar, Tilly,” she instructed.

Timmy glanced at Oscar and the others timidly and greeted them when he saw no malice in the latter’s eyes.

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“Come here, little one,” Oscar called out gently, waving him over to them.

Tina nodded her head when Timmy gave her a nervous glance.

He walked over and asked, “Do you need something, Mr. Oscar?”

As he lifted the boy into his arms, Oscar said, “I’ve something to ask you, little one. Can you be honest with me?”

Timmy widened his eyes and pondered for a bit before answering, “Okay!”

“Can I ask who gave you the yogurt?” Oscar inquired.

After some thought, the boy replied, “It was given to me by a very tall and good-looking man. I couldn’t see his eyes due to the glasses he was wearing, but if I see him again, I can definitely recognize him.”

“Is he as tall as me?”

“But I don’t know how tall you are because you’re sitting down.”

Oscar surprisingly smiled and reached out to caress Timmy’s head before standing up with the boy in his arms. “Here. I’m standing now. Can you tell who is taller?”

“Can you put me down, Mr. Oscar?”

Oscar abided to his request.

Back on his feet, Timmy looked up at Oscar and commented, “You’re slightly taller than him. However, you’re both equally good-looking.”

“Good boy,” the latter praised. “Go back to your mommy.”

While watching Timmy walking back to his mother’s side, Oscar said, “For the sake of your child, I will not send you to the police station, Tina. But we won’t allow your family to remain here any longer. Leave this city tomorrow. Otherwise, I’ll find ways to destroy your family’s

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reputation. I don't think you would want your son's life to be ruined before he even had a chance to enjoy the luxuries of the outside world, do you?"

Tina paled at his words. She lifted Timmy into her arms before replying, "Thank you for sparing us, Mr. Oscar. My husband and I will pack up and leave Tayhaven by nightfall. We won't linger here any longer."

With that, she rushed for the door while still carrying Timmy. She did not expect to hear Oscar's voice coming from behind upon reaching the entrance.

"Since you've made a mistake, if you wish to leave this place completely, you must leave two fingers behind among the three of you. This is the lightest punishment I can give you for the sake of your child."

Tina instantly paled, her hands trembling as they held onto her son.

"Are you all right, Mommy?" Timmy asked worriedly.

Snapping out of her stupor, Tina turned around and bowed to Oscar. "Thank you, Mr. Oscar. I'll leave them behind before we go."

As soon as the mother and son had left, Olivia, who had remained silent the entire time, spoke up. "Are you going to let her off so easily, Oscar?"

"Of course not. How can I allow someone who harmed my son to walk away with merely losing two fingers? Since her son means everything to her, I'll let her experience what it's like to have her child getting food poisoning," Oscar replied nonchalantly, as though he was merely commenting on the weather.

Despite her frown, Olivia remained silent.

Owen did not have much of a reaction and only said, "I'll leave it to you to find out the identity of the man who gave the yogurt, Oscar. Regardless of whether he did it intentionally or not, approaching a child and tempting him with food shows that he has ulterior motives. Someone like him will surely become a hidden threat if he remains in this house."

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“Got it, Dad. I’ll investigate this matter thoroughly,” Oscar said with a dangerous glint in his eyes.

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