

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 493

## Chapter 493 Unbelievably Shameless

“Noah, I had a good impression of you at the beginning given how exceptional you are. Nevertheless, I cannot help being angry at you over what happened to Tony. You can treat it as me venting my frustration, but I only have one grandson. Therefore, I can’t bear to watch him suffer while the perpetrator walks freely within the Clinton residence,” Olivia remarked candidly.

She was furious over Tony’s accident and also outraged by what Noah and Isabella did. Even though she knew that they were possibly not to blame, she just couldn’t hold back her emotions as a doting grandmother.

With glistening eyes, Noah took a deep breath and faced Olivia. He retorted, “Mrs. Clinton, you’re not being fair to me. I feel bad over what happened to Tony too. However, I love Stephanie and have spent the last two years pursuing her before she accepted me. Considering how much I treasure her and how close the Clinton and Walker family are, are you really going to disavow my feelings for her over what happened to Tony?”

Olivia was unfazed. “Noah, are you questioning my decision?”

Noah replied calmly, “Mrs. Clinton, that’s not my intention. I’m willing to take responsibility for what happened, but I won’t give up on Stephanie. I understand that your concern for Tony is making you say such things, so I won’t take them to heart.”

Olivia sneered in response.

Meanwhile, Carol, who was sitting on the sofa, cleared her throat. “Olivia, the children have developed feelings for each other and have reached the stage of discussing marriage. By saying all that, are you really willing to break them apart and destroy the relationship between the Walker and Clinton family?”

Fiddling with her perfectly manicured fingers, Olivia remained silent.

Carol felt encouraged when she saw Olivia's response. Feigning a smile, she added, "Olivia, I understand that you're angry. I would feel the same way too if I were you. It's just that we have been friends for such a long time that your words have hurt us."

Olivia let out a sigh.

"Until Tony's condition improves, I will continue to feel edgy and speak harshly out of agitation. Hence, please don't take it personally. Why don't you go home first? We'll talk about Noah and Stephanie's wedding after Tony has recovered. If both of them are true to each other, I won't interfere in their decision," Olivia replied in a conciliatory tone.

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Having heard Olivia, Carol and her children had no choice but to leave the Clinton residence.

Inside the car, Carol's expression darkened considerably.

As for Isabella, she looked equally sullen. After letting out a sigh, she asked in an uncertain tone, "Mom, have we been kicked out by Mrs. Clinton?"

Snorting, Carol replied, "Isn't it obvious? Olivia has gone overboard this time. How dare she disrespect us just because she's angry?"

Isabella still didn't get what was going on.

"Mom, since Mrs. Clinton has put Noah and Stephanie's relationship on ice, what about me and Oscar? Will she disavow me as her daughter-in-law?" Isabella clenched her fist as she began to panic. "No, I have to return to the Clinton residence. I cannot allow Mrs. Clinton to have the impression that I'm looking to harm Tony."

Unsettled by the thought, Isabella grabbed the seat in front of her and cried out, "Noah, turn back to the Clinton residence now. I want to clear the air with Mrs. Clinton."

Noah shot an icy glare at her, "Stop making a fuss and sit down. Are you trying to get us killed in a car accident? I'm not prepared to die together with you."

While Isabella continued to hit Noah relentlessly, he made a sharp turn with the steering wheel out of exasperation, causing the car to swerve.

Shocked by the movement, Carol pulled Isabella back to her seat and slapped her in the face. She thundered, "Isabella, do you have a death wish? If you do, you should just open the door and jump out of the car. Or else, Noah and I will be the ones who will end up dead."

After being slapped, Isabella gradually regained her senses.

"Mom, I'm sorry for losing my composure just now," she apologized with her head hung low.

Taking a deep breath, Carol suppressed the rage welling up inside her and advised, "Isabella, you're a grown woman now and should learn how to be less impulsive. Compared to Rachel, you'll always be my favorite. Only by being obedient and sensible will Olivia agree for you to be married into the Clinton family. Since she didn't mention anything about you and Oscar earlier, I reckoned that means your position as daughter-in-law to her hasn't changed. So, you shouldn't scare yourself unnecessarily and lose your cool, do you understand?"

"I understand, Mom," Isabella replied calmly.

"Find an opportunity to visit Tony in the hospital. After what happened, you should show Oscar your caring side. I heard that he has yet to reconcile his marriage with Amelia. Therefore, you still stand a pretty good chance. I believe men everywhere are the same. It's just a matter of how well a woman can seduce them. I'm sure you know what you need to do now," Carol remarked in an indifferent tone while her eyes were looking ahead.

After giving it some thought, Isabella finally nodded.

At six in the evening, Isabella went to the hospital with some food prepared by the maid.

When Amelia opened the door for her, she shot Amelia a glance before circling around her into the ward.

Sitting by the bed feeding Tony, Tiffany was shocked to see Isabella. She had never seen anyone enter in such a rude manner before.

"What brings you here, Ms. Walker?" Tiffany asked sarcastically.

Ignoring Tiffany's mockery, Isabella laid out the things she brought on the table before taking out a limited edition Ultraman that she got her friend to procure. She said, "Tony, I figured that you will be bored staying in the hospital. So, I brought you some toys. Why don't

you play with Ultraman first? As for the rest, I'll leave them in the bag for you to play whenever you fancy."

Staring at the Ultraman in front of him, Tony looked at Tiffany with his lips pursed. "Tiffy, I don't like Ultraman anymore. I'm sick of playing with him. When I'm discharged, please take me to the playground. I haven't been there in a long time and I really miss playing there."

Tiffany smiled broadly. Good boy, Tony. You really know how to hurt the enemy where it counts.

"Sure. Once you're discharged from the hospital, your mom and I will take you to the playground. But for now, you will have to be good and eat your meals, all right?"

"Okay."

Meanwhile, Isabella's hand froze with the Ultraman still grasped in it. A gloomy expression descended on her face next.

"Ms. Walker, it's a surprise to see you visit Tony, but we appreciate the gesture. Please have a seat and here's some water. I'm sorry I don't have anything else to offer you, as I was busy taking care of Tony. I hope you don't mind." Amelia stepped in to defuse Isabella's awkwardness.

Putting the Ultraman back into the bag, Isabella sat down on the sofa. "Where's Oscar?"

"There's a document in the office that needs his signature. Since Tony's condition is stable, I told him to go. I reckoned he will probably be back soon," Amelia replied with a faint smile.

Nevertheless, Isabella found it especially jarring.

"Amelia, Oscar isn't here, so you can drop the act," Isabella snapped.

After placing a cup of water in front of Isabella, Amelia answered cordially, "Ms. Walker, my son is still here. I hope you won't say anything that will scare him."

Isabella grimaced momentarily before regaining her composure quickly.

Standing up, she laid out all the nutritious food she had brought with her on the table.

Tony was consequently shocked by the sight of them.

“Tony, I have gotten the maid to specially prepare all this lightly seasoned food for you. In fact, I’ve even checked with the doctor, and he approves of them. Come, let me feed you some, all right?” Isabella coaxed him with a spoonful of roast meat.

Tony stared intently at it, as he hadn’t had any roast meat in the last three days. It looked so tempting that it was challenging to resist.

Isabella continued, “Tony, do you want it? It tastes really good and is a signature dish of my chef. Once you have a bite, you’ll definitely want seconds.”

Tony gulped in response.

“Mommy...” Tony gave Amelia a helpless look. “I feel like eating meat, but not from this weird lady. She makes me feel like I’m a pitiful beggar, and I don’t like that feeling. Mommy, can you chase her away, please?”

Isabella’s expression darkened, whereas Tiffany burst into uncontrollable laughter.

“Well said, Tony,” Tiffany praised the boy while trying to catch her breath from laughing too hard.

“Thank you, Tiffy.” As he opened his mouth, Tiffany fed him some soup while holding back her laughter. “Good boy, Tony. After you’re discharged from the hospital in the next few days, I’ll treat you to a feast that’s more delicious than what this weird lady has brought you. More importantly, I will prepare food that isn’t poisoned, unlike those who try to harm you while pretending to be innocent.”

Isabella’s expression drastically changed after being humiliated.

“Ms. Walker, a child speaks innocently, so I hope you won’t take it personally. I appreciate you bringing all this food, but Tony is still recovering. So, I think it’s better if you save them for yourself,” Amelia suggested with a cordial smile.

“Amelia, what are you trying to say? Are you accusing me of spiking the food? I’m not that stupid to do something like that.” Isabella scowled.

Just when Amelia was about to respond, Tiffany pre-empted her.

"Oh, is that so, Ms. Walker? I'm surprised that you still have some sense to you. If it wasn't for you, Tony wouldn't even be here. How can you be so cruel as to harm a child that's just two years old? Tsk tsk, it seems to me that you're the epitome of an evil witch," Tiffany scoffed.

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Chapter 494 Isabella Storms Off

"Tiffany, you'd better stop hurling baseless accusations," Isabella snapped.

"Ms. Walker, Oscar isn't here, so there's no need for you to pretend to be motherly. What's the point of doing so?" After feeding Tony the last spoonful of soup, Tiffany wiped his mouth with a napkin before glancing at Isabella with contempt. "Nevertheless, Ms. Walker, you're terrible at pretending. If you are trying to elicit a man's sympathy, you have to stop being so cruel at least. Unfortunately, given how aggressive you are, you are indeed a far cry compared to Amelia. Other than your looks, there doesn't seem to be anything decent about you."

Just when Isabella was about to explode in rage, she suddenly calmed down and broke out an insidious smile.

Returning to her seat on the sofa, she crossed her legs and remarked calmly, "Tiffany, I know you're jealous of me and feel indignant on Amelia's behalf. However, I'm on the cusp of getting engaged to Oscar. Our wedding is just a matter of time. By then, Tony will become my son, and it's natural for me to treat him well. No matter how you try and sow discord, you will never be able to break the bond between us."

Tiffany was rendered speechless.

When one had no shame at all, no one could stand in one's way.

"Tony, she wants to be your mom. What are your thoughts about it?" Pointing at Isabella, Tiffany threw the question at Anthony.

After giving Isabella a look, Tony shook his head. "She's not as pretty as Mommy. I don't want her to be my mom."

“Good boy!” Tousling Tony’s hair, Tiffany countered with a smile, “Ms. Walker, you might want to be Tony’s mother, but he doesn’t want to be your son. I’m sorry, it’s simply down to you being ugly. After all, Tony is someone that has tastes too.”

Isabella was so enraged by her comment that she smirked in response.

I’m a stunning beauty from an illustrious family! All this while, no one has dared to accuse me of being ugly. How dare she brazenly insult me this way?

“Tiffany, mind your words. Ms. Walker is a guest today,” Amelia interjected and shrewdly changed the topic. “Ms. Walker, we are about to have our meal. If you haven’t had yours, you’re welcome to join us.”

Just when Isabella was about to reply, she saw the door to the ward open from the corner of her eye. However, Amelia and Tiffany didn’t notice it as their backs were facing the door.

As Isabella’s eyes sparkled, she answered with a vibrant smile, “Sure. Amelia, when I first saw you, I felt as if I had been reunited with an old friend. I’ve always wanted to get to know you better. Unexpectedly, you and Oscar divorced all of a sudden. Just when I thought I would never see you again, you somehow showed up, and I’m really glad that you did.”

At that moment, Tiffany gave Isabella a doubtful look, unsure of what had gotten into her.

“Ms. Walker, is there something wrong with you?” Tiffany snarled.

Amelia shared Tiffany’s sentiments too.

“Amelia, I brought some delicious food for you. Why don’t you give them a try?” Isabella handed Amelia a fork courteously.

Just when Amelia received the fork, someone snatched it away from her hand. Turning around to look, she realized that it was Oscar.

“Oscar, you’re back!” Amelia exclaimed with a vibrant smile.

After planting a kiss on her forehead, Oscar looked at Isabella. “Why are you here?”

Pointing to the food on the table, Isabella replied with a smile, “Oscar, Tony is here because of me. To redeem myself, I have gotten the maid to prepare something delicious for him.

Since there's a lot, I invited Amelia to have some. Now that you're here, you should try them too."

After glancing at the food, Oscar ordered, "Take them back."

Unfazed by Oscar's hostility, Isabella shifted her attention to Amelia. "Amelia, I prepared these with good intentions. Can you at least give it a try on my account?"

Settling Oscar down on the sofa, Amelia stabbed a piece of meat with the fork and brought it to Oscar. "Here, give them a try and see what they taste like."

After Oscar took a bite, Amelia inquired with a smile, "How's the taste?"

"It's decent since it's coming from you," Oscar answered cordially.

Subsequently, Amelia fed him a few more mouthfuls.

Meanwhile, Tony began to protest, "Mommy, I want some too."

"Be a good boy now, Tony. You can't take any oily food just yet. Once you have recovered, I'll cook for you myself, okay?"

Even though Tony pouted pitifully, he didn't make a fuss about it.

"Tiffany, you should come over and have some. Since it's getting late, I'm sure you're hungry too." Amelia invited Tiffany.

As Tiffany walked over, she blocked Isabella's view of Oscar on purpose.

As Amelia, Oscar, and Tiffany enjoyed the meal, Isabella felt as if she was being ostracized. Even though she was the one who brought the food, she felt like an outsider watching them eat, causing a sense of bitterness to overwhelm her.

Refusing to be left out, she proclaimed, "Oscar, the lobsters that you're eating were personally cooked by me. I heard the maid say that these are your favorite. So, I sent one of them to wait by the harbor for the freshest catch of the day."

After giving the lobster on her fork a look, Amelia pondered for a moment before turning it around and popping it into her own mouth instead.



Having swallowed it, she commented candidly, "The lobster is delicious, Ms. Walker. If you were the one that made it, it means that you're a good cook. I like it very much." In an attempt to humiliate Isabella, Amelia added in a nonchalant tone. "By the way, Ms. Walker, I forgot to tell you that I'm the one that likes having lobsters, not Oscar. It wasn't until I forced him to have them that he gradually acquired a taste for them. As such, I would like to thank you for bringing over all my favorite food."

Isabella clenched her fists underneath the table before releasing them.

She then replied with an awkward smile, "Amelia, you really do have a sense of humor."

Blinking her eyes, Amelia turned to Oscar and asked mischievously, "Do you like lobster? I wasn't aware of it."

"I don't," Oscar denied it outright.

Amelia shrugged. "Ms. Walker, you can see for yourself how picky Oscar is. I hope you don't take it personally."

Amidst a faltering smile, Isabella tried her best to suppress her anger.

"I have something on, so I'll be taking my leave." Getting to her feet, she stormed out in her heels before anyone could react, leaving a miserable-looking silhouette from behind.

Subsequently, Tiffany began wolfing down the food unabashedly.

With her mouth still full, she gave Amelia a thumbs up. "Well done, Babe!"

Just as she spoke, she accidentally spewed some food from her mouth.

After Oscar gave her the side-eye, she quickly wiped her mouth and apologized, "I'm sorry. I was just too happy. Mr. Clinton, please carry on."

Lowering his head, Oscar continued eating the food Amelia was feeding him. When he was done, he commented, "The taste is just mediocre."

Tiffany couldn't help but purse her lips. If the taste is ordinary, why are you eating so quickly?

At that moment, she sympathized with Isabella. After putting so much effort into preparing a delicious meal, the man she loved didn't appreciate it at all. However, the moment Tiffany remembered that Isabella was trying to come in between Oscar and Amelia, the pity she felt dissipated at once.

A third party like her doesn't deserve any sympathy.

With that thought in mind, she continued eating without feeling a single ounce of guilt.