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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 591 - 600

Chapter 591 Blame

The next day Amelia went to work, and as soon as she arrived at the office, the phone in her bag rang.

She noticed it was a call from her father.

"Hello." She picked up the phone.

"Can you come to the hospital, Amelia? Spencer said that his body suddenly hurt and that he had bloody diarrhea. The nurse has taken him for examination. Your dad and I are the only ones here. We're terrified. What would Evelyn and their children do if anything were to happen to him?" Melanie sobbed over the phone. At that moment, she was utterly flustered and worried about her son.

"Calm down, Mom. I'll go there right away. I'll phone Mr. Lancaster and request him to get Spencer the best doctor," Amelia comforted. "Oscar and I will not allow anything to happen to Spencer."

"Amelia, I believe you. Please hurry over." At that moment, Melanie finally treated Amelia like one of her own, her twenty-year grudge fading in the face of Spencer's sickness.

Amelia hung up the phone and walked outside. Instantly, Jolin followed her from behind and asked, "Mrs. Clinton, where are you going?"

"Spencer is sick. I'm going to see him."

"Mrs. Clinton, I'll come with you."

At the thought of what happened the previous night, Amelia didn't reject Jolin's suggestion.

The two of them rushed to the hospital and saw an unexpected figure comforting the Winters family.

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A frown appeared on Amelia's face when she saw the person, yet she continued walking toward them.

"Mom, Dad," she greeted.

Dominic and Melanie breathed a sigh of relief when they saw her.

"Amelia, thanks to your friend here chatting with us, your dad and I feel better now," Melanie replied.

"Mr. Wick, why are you here?" Amelia asked, her voice sounding cold.

The person standing there with a smile was none other than June.

Disregarding the bruising on his face, he looked just like an Ustranasion gentleman.

"I heard that Spencer is in the hospital, and only Mrs. and Mr. Winters are here. So I came to see if they need my help," June said gently.

Anger flashed through Amelia's eyes when she heard that.

She had no idea what June was thinking. If he wanted to interfere with her and Oscar's marriage, she would not allow it. Even if he managed to cause some ripples in their relationship, it wouldn't have much of an impact, and she would only view June as a clown.

She wouldn't be that stupid to get angry with a nonsensical character like him.

"Mr. Wick, we only met by chance. I can take care of my parents and brother. I don't need you to interfere. Please leave." Amelia didn't plan to be courteous with him since he was acting rather shamelessly.

Feeling perplexed, Melanie tugged her hand slightly and said, "How can you talk like that? Mr. Wick is your friend."

"Mom, I only met him a few times. I'll take care of Spencer's matter," Amelia said determinedly.

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"Mrs. Winters, I had an argument with Amelia yesterday so she might be mad at me. I'll go and buy some food for you and Mr. Winters," June suggested thoughtfully, as he wasn't angry at all.

"Mr. Wick, sorry to trouble you."

June smiled. "Mrs. Winters, don't say that. It's what I should do."

Afterward, June left. Jolin glanced at his retreating figure and said to Amelia. "Mrs. Clinton, I'll be back in a while."

Amelia nodded.

After Jolin left, only the Winters family were left in the corridor.

As a family, they were supposed to be the closest to one another. However, once the outsiders left, the entire atmosphere turned silent.

After years of not seeing them, Amelia didn't know what to talk about with them.

"Mom, did Spencer eat something wrong?" she asked, trying to start a conversation.

The next moment, it was as if someone had turned on Melanie's switch as she started blurting out all sorts of things.

"He only ate the oatmeal porridge your dad brought. After that, he said he was tired and went to sleep. This morning he said that his stomach hurt and he had diarrhea; blood came out as well. The nurse sent him for a checkup, but they're not done yet, so I don't know how he's doing. I'm so scared. If anything happens to him, what would happen to us?"

Amelia listened attentively, and a glint of mixed emotions flashed across her eyes.

In the next second, a bitter smile appeared on her face before she quickly hid it away.

"Wait here, Mom. I'll go ask the doctor."

"All right, go ahead. Ask how is Spencer doing, okay?" Melanie urged.

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Amelia nodded and went to find the doctor.

Meanwhile, when Jolin reached downstairs, she walked in front of June and dragged him into the alley.

She pushed him against the wall and choked him as she gritted her teeth and spat, "Don't come near Mrs. Clinton anymore, or else I'll kill you."

June gazed at her and said nonchalantly, "Are you in love with me?"

Instantly, Jolin got even more enraged.

She took a pocket knife with her left hand and gently tapped it on his face. "Don't play tricks on the Winters family. Otherwise, I'll make you suffer."

Finally, June's expression contorted a little, but he immediately replaced it with a smile. "I think a lady should be gentle. You're too fierce, and any guy who sees you will be terrified of you."

Without a word, she slid the knife against his neck, and a gush of blood trickled down. She sneered, "How does it feel? I don't mind doing it again."

June finally took her seriously this time.

"Pretty girl, you're more ruthless than I thought you were. Indeed, there are no weaklings working for Oscar." It sounded like June was sincerely complimenting her.

"Get lost!" She retracted her knife and continued coldly, "Don't come near Mrs. Clinton anymore, or else it wouldn't be just one slash. You're already ugly enough. Stop thinking that you're handsome."

However, June did something out of the blue. He grabbed her waist and pulled her close. Jolin was stunned for a second before her cheeks turned red with anger.

June didn't sense the murderous aura coming from her. Instead, he thought she was blushing. "You're a very charming girl. I remember your name is Jolin, right? Can you give me your number?"

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Jolin narrowed her eyes and said through gritted teeth, "You want my number?"

"I think you're a unique girl, so can I have your number?" June thought he was rather charming.

"Sure." With a swift movement, Jolin lifted her legs and kicked him in the balls.

Instantly, June fell to the ground in pain with both hands covering his private part.

Jolin looked down at him coldly and said, "How dare you act so recklessly in Chanaea. Do you really think we're easy to mess with? You're just a useless piece of trash."

June clutched his belly and knelt on the floor. Her kick almost took his life away.

With that, Jolin walked away without even turning her head around.

June glared at her retreating figure as she left.

Then, Jolin returned to Amelia's side as if nothing had happened.

"Mrs. Clinton."

"You're back."

Amelia didn't ask where Jolin went because she trusted the latter fully.

"Spencer's fine. He ate something wrong yesterday, so he had diarrhea. He'll be fine after taking some medicine," Amelia said softly.

Only then did both the elders heaved a sigh of relief.

"Mom, I need to go back to work. I only have half the day off. Furthermore, I've been taking leaves quite a bit lately, so others might not be happy about it."

"Isn't Oscar rich? Why do you need to go to work? Is he not treating you well?" Melanie asked without restraint.

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“That’s not the case. I’ll leave now. If anything happens to Spencer, call me.”

After Amelia and Jolin left, Dominic growled, “Why did you say those stuff to her earlier? We never cared for her for so many years, so why do you think we have the right to judge her life?”

Melanie frowned when she heard that. “I’m only caring for her. I heard that the Clintons are the richest family in the city. Why does Amelia need to go to work? I’m concerned about her. We treated her so poorly before, but she’s still so nice to us. I’m not that cruel to not care the slightest for her.”

Dominic went quiet when he heard that.

Suddenly, Melanie sighed. “Never mind. It’s not like we could do anything about it. After all, we’re only outsiders.”

Dominic lowered his head, and his face didn’t look good as thoughts ran through his mind.

As for June, who was hiding in a dark corner, he glared at Amelia as he took out his phone and made a phone call.

“Tony, I need your help. If you help me settle this, I’ll give you a huge sum of money.”

“Okay.”

“I’ll send you a text later. As long as you do what I tell you, I’ll send you the money.”

After he said that, he hung up the phone.

He then stared at the husband and wife, who were not far away, and sneered, “You can only blame your amazing son-in-law. I’ll ruin his wife’s life because he looks down on me.”

Shortly after, June left the hospital.

After half a month of peacefulness, Spencer was resting on the bed when he abruptly clutched his chest and shouted in pain, “It hurts!”

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Dominic and Melanie immediately called the doctor over.

Oscar and Amelia rushed over as well. Melanie grabbed Amelia's hands tightly when she saw her.

"Mom, wasn't Spencer doing well before this?" Amelia asked calmly.

"I have no idea. He was fine yesterday, but he suddenly screamed in pain just now."

Amelia comforted her with her brows slightly furrowed. "Calm down, Mom. Spencer will be fine."

As the rest of the family members waited outside the emergency room for three hours, Spencer was finally wheeled out of the room. The doctor shook his head, and his face was grim. He couldn't figure out why Spencer's health had deteriorated, which was out of his expectations.

"Doctor, how's my son's condition?"

"I apologize, Mrs. Winters. I'm not sure what happened, but his condition has worsened. We must thoroughly monitor him to determine the reason," said the doctor.

Melanie staggered backward, and her hands trembled.

"Didn't you say that he would recover previously? Why did it get worse instead?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Winters. We'll do our best in finding out the reason."

"You're a doctor, and you have no idea what happened to my son? You're worthless. I'll fight you if anything happens to my son!" Melanie yelled.

"Calm down, Mom." Amelia gestured for the doctor to leave.

Once the medical personnel left, she continued, "I believe Spencer will be all right."

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Melanie pushed her away and gave her a mean glare. “Did you do this? Was this your doing? I understand you hate us and that you’re not our daughter, but why do you have to do this to Spencer? We have taken care of you, after all.”

Melanie was putting all the blame on Amelia.

They were grateful and nice to Amelia when Spencer recovered. However, when his condition took a turn for the worse, they blamed everything on her.

Amelia looked at Melanie, who was out of control. She then clenched her fists involuntarily, and a wry smile appeared on the corners of her mouth.

I thought that they had changed, but it seems like they were just good at disguising and putting on a front.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 592

Chapter 592 Trying To Hurt My Son

“What are you talking about?” Dominic yelled. “Don’t forget that Amelia’s been worried the entire time when something happened to Spencer. You’re heartless to say this!”

Melanie, too, was starting to lose control over her emotions.

“What am I supposed to say but this? If she had listened and stayed away from the Hutton family, Mr. Hutton would have treated Spencer by now. He wouldn’t be suffering like this. The doctor at Saspiuburg said that our son’s condition is severe, but somehow, it’s fine here. Now you see it for yourself. Our son’s in a coma. Is this fine? I’d say it’s because she hates the Winters family, and that’s why she asked the doctor to hide his condition,” Melanie said before she began crying. “If anything happens to Spencer, I won’t be able to live anymore!”

As Oscar hugged Amelia, he said, “Mom—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Melanie cut him off in a high-pitched voice, “Don’t call me Mom! I can’t be that.”

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Oscar's expression turned solemn, and he uttered, "Mrs. Winter, I hope that you can calm down. If you keep kicking a fuss like this, not only will you disrupt the people in the hospital, but you also wouldn't be helping out with your son's condition. If you trust me, you can come with me to ask the doctor for more details. If you don't, then Amelia and I will stop getting involved in this. I won't allow my woman to do something that others won't appreciate. She's first and foremost my woman; then she's the daughter that your family doesn't want to admit. I'm certain you know how to set your priorities."

Oscar's words were an obvious threat.

Dominic then whispered a few words to Melanie, talking about how he was afraid that she would infuriate Oscar. If that were to happen, then things would become even tougher to deal with.

"Oscar, she's just worried about her son. Don't take her words to heart," Dominic said to him.

It was only then Oscar's expression turned less grim.

"Dad, take care of Mom. Oscar and I will be going to find out more details about Spencer," Amelia finally said.

"All right. Go ahead," Dominic responded with a nod. "Amelia, your mother is just worried about your brother, so don't take her words to heart."

"It's fine, Dad. I know."

Once Amelia and Oscar were gone, Dominic said, "Melanie, why do you have to act like this? You know that Amelia was being nice, but you had to say something so hurtful? Aren't you afraid of upsetting her?"

Melanie then leaned against him with tearful eyes. Then, she gritted out, "She did this on purpose. When we went to Saspiuburg for the checkup, the doctor told us that Spencer was in a bad state, but the doctor here said he was fine. Do you really think that this is just a coincidence?"

Dominic frowned and fell silent. In the end, he quietly let out a sigh.

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“Melanie, this is what we owe Amelia.”

“When have we owed her anything? It’s not as if we never provided her with clothes and food her entire life. We were the ones to pay for her university tuition. We’ve already done everything for her. Her biological parents didn’t want her, so we took her in. We were already kind to have raised her and given her a home, but now, she’s here to hurt my son. She’s a monster!” Melanie sobbed.

“All right, let’s not talk about this anymore. Maybe this is just a misunderstanding.”

Melanie then lowered her head to wipe her tears, still feeling upset.

Meanwhile, Amelia and Oscar went into the doctor’s office.

“Dr. Sutton, please be honest with me. How is my brother? Didn’t you say that he’s recovering well with the medication he’s taking? Why did this happen to him in just half a month’s time?” Amelia asked.

“Ms. Winters, please calm down. We’ve already begun looking into your brother’s case. However, I suspect that someone has added a kind of medication that would speed up the aging of his kidney and liver into his IV. His liver and kidney already had signs of hardening. Thus, he ended up suffering from a shock this morning,” Troy Sutton explained grimly.

“Someone drugged him?” Amelia muttered under her breath. “Are you sure about that?”

“We’ve sent him for a checkup, and we’ve also sent his infusion bottle for a test. We’ll have the answers once we get the test results.” Troy then stood up and bowed to Amelia. “Mr. Clinton, Ms. Winters, I’m really sorry to have let you down.”

“Dr. Sutton, we’ll leave this to you. I hope that you’ll be able to give us a proper explanation, or else we’ll have to bring this to court. The Clintons will be hiring the best lawyer for this case, so you better pray that my brother will turn out fine,” Amelia subtly threatened.

Troy paled and quickly said, “Ms. Winters, don’t worry. The hospital will surely cure your brother.”

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The Clintons were rich and powerful, and they were not people that a mere doctor like him was capable of offending.

Meanwhile, Robert came to the hospital for Spencer's matter.

Amelia was on her way to bring food for her parents when Robert came over and bowed at the Winters couple. "Mr. Winters, Mrs. Winters, I'm very sorry. A doctor's neglect in my hospital has led to your son's incident. I'm the hospital chief, and I'll be discounting your son's medical fees on behalf of Principal General Hospital. At the same time, we'll be doing our best to treat him, so please be at ease."

Melanie then looked at Robert and said, "Mr. Lancaster, I just want to know how my son is. He hasn't woken up until now! He's the focus of our family. If anything happens to him, I don't want to live anymore!"

"Mrs. Winters, I understand how you feel. The hospital will be doing its best to treat him. Please be at ease," Robert patiently consoled.

Dominic then said, "Mr. Lancaster, we'll leave this to you. We know that you're only treating us this well because of Oscar and Amelia. I've always known how good you are."

Finally, the smile on Robert's face turned more genuine.

"Mr. Winters, you're too courteous. We'll do our best to cure your son."

"Thank you, Mr. Lancaster."

The two of them exchanged pleasantries for a short while.

Robert then asked Amelia and Oscar to head to his office.

"Oscar, Amelia, please take a seat. I have something I want to talk to you about."

Amelia then sat down. Instinctively, she sensed that he was going to talk to them about Spencer.

"Mr. Lancaster, is there something wrong with my brother's body?" she asked.

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“Don’t panic, Amelia. Listen to me first,” Robert started. “We’ve given him a checkup, and we’ve found traces of a medication that sped up his liver and kidney cancer. Right now, this medication is only available overseas, and few use it. Even a healthy person would get mutated cells in their liver and kidney after taking the medication, but the medication is meant to treat heart conditions. Therefore, it’s a double-edged sword. Nevertheless, as it’s not a common drug, very few know about this. Even now, we still have no idea why someone would give this to your brother.”

Robert had a solemn look on his face as he explained to them.

“Mr. Lancaster, now that the medication is in my brother, what will happen to him?” Amelia asked.

“Amelia, calm down. We’ll do our best to treat your brother.”

At that moment, Amelia felt utterly defeated. It was as if his words had taken out all the life in her.

“Mr. Lancaster, let’s call the cops,” Oscar abruptly said.

Instantly, Robert turned to look at Oscar in surprise.

“Oscar, I thought you would keep this private.”

Oscar’s lips curled, and he sneered, “I suddenly lost interest in dirtying my own hands.”

Robert furrowed his brows even more as confusion flooded his senses. This isn’t like Oscar at all.

“Mr. Lancaster, I’ll be counting on you. Please call the cops.”

By then, Robert had no choice but to agree to it.

After exiting the office, Oscar hugged Amelia and said, “Let me take you out for a walk. It’s stuffy in here, and I don’t want you to overthink things.”

Amelia nodded.

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Once the two left the hospital, they strolled to a nearby lake with beautiful scenery.

Yet, despite the picturesque view, Amelia could not bring herself to feel any happier.

“Oscar, say, is there anyone who would bear a grudge against a normal guy? Will that person spend so much effort to get a newly-developed drug from overseas just to hurt him?” Amelia asked softly. By then, she could somewhat guess that everything had happened because of her.

The Winters family had not done anything wrong. It had been many years. Although she still could not figure out why the Winters family had been so heartless toward her, she no longer hated them as much as before. When she realized that her brother might have been caught up in her matters, she could not help but feel guilty.

“What are you trying to say? Are you telling me that you’re the reason that this happened?” Oscar stated. “Silly woman, don’t overthink.”

Amelia let out a soft sigh.

“Oscar, I shouldn’t have gotten them involved in this. It’s been ten years since we’ve met. I should’ve sent them off back then. The life they deserve is a quiet, peaceful life,” she then said with a frown.

“I’ll send someone to watch over them. As for the one who drugged him... There are surveillance cameras everywhere in the hospital. We’ll be able to find out who the culprit is once we do a thorough investigation,” Oscar reassured her. “I had Mr. Lancaster call the cops because I didn’t want to involve you in this.”

Just then, Amelia halted in her tracks and turned around to cup his cheeks. “Are you angry?”

Oscar stared at her.

“Yes, I’m angry.”

A bitter smile appeared on Amelia’s face. “They’re just worried about their son. Why do you have to be mad at them?”

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“Don’t forget that you’re their daughter too.” Oscar then wrapped his arm around her waist tightly. “If they weren’t your family, I would’ve come up with many ways to deal with selfish, sexist elderly people like them.”

Amelia then tiptoed to kiss him on his lips before muttering, “Don’t be mad anymore. I just need to do what I should do. I won’t ask for anything more. Perhaps it’s fate that I can’t be family with the Winterses. Saving my brother will be how I repay them for providing for me when I was younger. Perhaps I would have become a homeless orphan if not for them.

Only with that reassurance then did Oscar’s scowl fade away a little.

“Do you really not blame them for it anymore?”

“No, it’s pointless for me to do that. As long as my brother’s cured, I doubt we’ll have any opportunities to see each other anymore.”

Oscar just held her tightly as his heart ached for the courageous woman.

“Let’s go back,” he then said to her with a pat on her head.

She nodded in response.

Oscar led her to the car, and when they reached, Amelia lifted her head, confused.

“I don’t think Mom has recomposed herself, so I doubt she’ll want to see you. You should head home to calm down a little. Leave this place to me,” Oscar gently told her.

“Can you deal with this alone?”

“Impossible is a word that doesn’t exist in my dictionary. Go home. I’ll take care of them well. Don’t worry. They’re your family, so I won’t do anything to them,” Oscar swore.

Finally, Amelia relented.

“Call me if anything.”

“Sure.”

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Jolin then drove Amelia away.

After patting away the wrinkles on his clothes, Oscar went back to the hospital.

"Oscar, where's Amelia?" Dominic asked worriedly when he noticed that Amelia was not behind him.

"I've asked her to head home first."

Dominic nodded before asking awkwardly, "Is she fine?"

"What do you think?" Oscar questioned.

His words rendered Dominic speechless.

"Oscar, tell Amelia not to take her mother's words to heart. Her mother's just fraught. She didn't mean to talk to her like that."

"I know that you've never thought of her as part of the Winters family, and that's not something to be sad or happy about," Oscar nonchalantly pointed out.

Hearing that, a flicker of awkwardness flashed past Dominic's face.

The two then fell silent as the atmosphere turned tense.

"Oscar, could you please ask the doctors to do their best? My son has his wife and children to raise. If anything happens to them, they won't be a complete family anymore. I know Amelia hates the Winters family, but as long as she saves her brother, I'll do anything she wants," Dominic muttered to Oscar, his head hanging low.

Oscar's expression immediately darkened.

"Dad, you still think that Amelia was the one who did this, don't you?"

Dominic's lack of response was a silent agreement.

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Oscar then sneered, "Dad... No. Mr. Winters, you look like an honest man, but you're the most ruthless of all. Amelia is humiliating herself by calling you her father."

Dominic's head hung even lower.

"Don't worry. If Amelia wanted to deal with you all, she wouldn't have waited until ten years later. You have terrible thoughts in your head, but don't assume that she's the same as you," Oscar told him. "I'll have the doctor treat your son, but please don't appear before Amelia anymore. I'm scared that you'd pollute the air she breathes just by being around her."

With that said, Oscar turned around and left.

Dominic's fists tightened. By the time he lifted his head again, the tears in his eyes were visible to all.

"I'm sorry," he hoarsely whispered.

He felt guilty toward Amelia, but at the end of the day, Amelia was no match for his son. That was why he chose to hurt her, for Spencer was the focus of the Winters family.

Amelia, don't blame me for this. I had no choice. Your brother has children and a wife to provide for. Nothing must happen to him. I'm the one who wronged you. Dominic mused as he stared in the direction where Oscar had disappeared.

Unfortunately, his apology was something Amelia could not hear. Nevertheless, even if she heard it, she would only give him a mocking smile and say nothing.

Sometimes, words simply could not make up for the wounds left in one's heart.

"Mr. Winters," came a man's voice that stopped Dominic from wallowing in guilt.

When Dominic raised his head, he saw June, who he had seen half a month ago.

"Mr. Wick, why are you here?"

"Mr. Winters, you can just call me John," June said with a polite smile. It was as if nothing unpleasant had ever happened between the two.

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Dominic only smiled in response to that.

“I heard from Amelia that Spencer’s condition had worsened. I was worried, so I came to visit him. How is he now?” June asked in concern.

Dominic glanced at him but stayed silent.

Right then, Melanie appeared from the other side. When she saw June, she squeezed out a smile and said, “Mr. Wick, you’re here.”

Dominic then stood up and uttered, “Melanie, have a talk with Mr. Wick. I’ll be going out for a smoke.”

After Dominic left, Melanie sat down next to June in a daze.

“Mrs. Winters, I heard that Spencer’s condition has deteriorated. What happened? I’ve heard from the doctor that he was doing well back then. Can you tell me what’s going on?” June began prying for more information from Melanie.

Upon hearing his question, sorrow overwhelmed Melanie, and she started complaining to June.

In the blink of an eye, she had told him many things.

When her throat went dry, June handed her a bottle of water. “Mrs. Winters, drink this and take a break.”

She received the bottle and took a mouthful of water.

“Mrs. Winters, if that’s the case, doesn’t it sound like someone’s trying to hurt Spencer? You’re just normal people. You haven’t crossed anyone. Moreover, the Clintons are protecting you all. No one would be foolish enough to lay a finger on you. However, not only has something happened to Spencer, but the doctor even made light of his condition. Have you never thought that anything might be amiss?” June deliberately said, planting a seed of suspicion in Melanie’s heart.

Instantly, the look in Melanie’s eyes turned ferocious.

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"Yes, this must be Amelia's doing. She hates the Winters family, so she wants to wreck the whole family," Melanie uttered in agitation.

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Chapter 593 This Is My Name Card

"Calm down, Mrs. Winters. Based on my understanding of Amelia, I can assure you she's not that kind of person. Besides, we're talking about her brother. No matter how ruthless she is, she wouldn't go so far as to hurt him. I can't say the same for her husband, though..." June said, deliberately letting his voice trail off at the end.

Melanie immediately understood what June was trying to imply. "Are you saying Oscar wants to harm my son? But why would he do that when we've never offended him?"

"There's a lot you don't know about him, Mrs. Winters," June replied with feigned concern. "The Clintons are very powerful in Tayhaven, and even the mayor has to show them respect. I heard that you and Mr. Winters snubbed him before, and knowing what he's like, I must say he's being very kind not to hold it against either of you."

Melanie said nothing as she lowered her head.

"Mrs. Winters, I think you should be wary of Oscar. I'm telling you this for Spencer's sake. Otherwise, it'd be too late for regrets when you lose him."

Melanie suddenly looked up, gritting her teeth with a mother's determination. "If anyone dares to hurt my child, I'll fight them till the end!"

"I don't mean to upset you, Mrs. Winters, but it's difficult for an ordinary person like you to get close to Oscar. That said, you might be able to make use of the fact that you're Amelia's mother to do so. Here's my name card. Come to me if you want to help. And if there's anything you can't figure out, feel free to give me a call," June said as he took a name card out of his wallet and handed it to Melanie. When she accepted it, June perked up and smiled. "You can always look for me if you need any help, Mrs. Winters. Remember, Spencer's health is at stake. You don't want to lose him, do you?"

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Melanie gripped the name card as she threw a skeptical glance at June. She seemed to have realized something, but at the same time, she didn't want to believe it to be true.

"I-I'll think about it," Melanie mumbled, feeling somewhat dazed.

"You don't have to come to me either, Mrs. Winters. But if that's the case, who knows what will happen to Spencer? I hope you'll think it over carefully," June added, determined to scare Melanie further. "Well, I shall make a move first, Mrs. Winters. I won't keep you any longer."

As soon as June left, Dominic returned.

When he saw the name card in Melanie's hand, Dominic frowned in puzzlement. "What's that?"

Melanie snapped out of her daze and quickly kept the card. "It's nothing."

"Did Mr. Wick say something to you?"

Melanie's stare instantly took on a glint of panic. "No, not at all. We were just having a casual chat. What else is there to talk about?"

Dominic continued to scrutinize his wife. After being married for more than a decade, he could detect even the most subtle changes in her.

"Melanie, I know you're worried about our son, but we can't resort to despicable means. Stay away from Mr. Wick, will you? He doesn't look like a good person," Dominic advised.

Melanie glared at her husband. "Have you been bribed by Amelia? Don't you care if Spencer lives or dies?"

"Do you hear what you're saying? Of course, I'm worried about our son's condition! I don't want you to be taken advantage of by those with ulterior motives."

"It wouldn't have to come to that if Spencer recovers," Melanie snapped before storming into the ward.

Vexed and tired, Dominic raked his hands through his hair.

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He had to choose between the adopted daughter he felt so much guilt for and his own son. Alas, no matter who he helped, he'd still be seen as a heartless b*stard by the other party.

Dominic sighed, once again feeling the urge to go for a smoke.

When Eva heard about Spencer's condition worsening, her first thought was to find Amelia instead of heading to the hospital.

"Amelia, I heard Spencer's illness has taken a turn for the worse. What happened? I was in Beshya for a business trip and only heard about the news when I came back. How is he? Is it bad?" Eva rambled on anxiously.

"Yes, the doctor said it looks rather serious. Mom doesn't want me at the hospital, though. She insists that I'm all to blame for what happened. Anyway, can you help me check on my parents? Get them whatever they need, and I'll pay you back later."

Eva, however, was perplexed.

"Huh? It's a fact that Spencer fell ill, and of course, his condition would worsen if the treatment failed. Why would Aunt Melanie blame you?" Eva asked. "Back when we were young, I know they used to blame you whenever things didn't go their way. Is that what they're doing now? How can they still be so selfish?"

Amelia quickly patted Eva's hand to calm her down.

"Eva, make a trip to the hospital for me, will you? Because of this, Oscar has also gotten rather angry. I'm afraid he'd lose his temper at my parents."

"Ha! Oscar has my full support to teach Uncle Dominic and Aunt Melanie a lesson. They've gone too far!" Eva scoffed.

"All right, that's enough. Help me buy some yummy food for my parents. I've already spoken to the hospital staff, so the doctors and nurses won't make things difficult for them. Oscar isn't keen on interfering in this matter because of me, but I know he's worried. That's why I have to trouble you to make this hospital trip for me."

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“Oh, come on, Amelia! It’s the Winters who have let you down. If I had a daughter like you, she’d be the apple of my eye! Uncle Dominic and Aunt Melanie have no one but themselves to blame for not treasuring you. You’ve married into a good family, and they should be thanking their lucky stars for such wealthy in-laws. Instead, they continue to push you away. What on Earth are they thinking about?” Eva grumbled. After airing all her grievances, she finally got up and left for the hospital.

A while later, Tiffany came by for a visit.

She stared at Amelia as the latter served her tea. “Are your parents in town?” Tiffany asked straightforwardly.

“Why ask if you already know the answer?”

“I can’t believe they have the guts to show up! They distanced themselves from you for years, and when they finally return, they drag their sick son along. What’s the meaning of that? Do they see you as their cash dispenser? Is that it?” Tiffany fumed.

Tiffany was the only one who had witnessed all the ups and downs in Amelia’s life. As such, she hated the Winters family with a vengeance. She could never fathom how they could treat an innocent girl like Amelia so callously and remorselessly. To her, the Winters family was simply cold-blooded and rotten to the core.

If Tiffany had a cruel family like that, there was no doubt she’d have dumped them a long time ago.

Amelia merely held her cup and let the heat from the tea warm her up.

“Babe, what exactly is on your mind?”

A faint smile crept across Amelia’s face. “What? Do you expect me to chase them away with a broom? Or do you want me to ignore and disown them?”

When Tiffany didn’t reply, Amelia continued, “See, you don’t think I can do that either, do you? I know they’re terrible, but no one can deny they brought me up. Just because they’ve been heartless to me doesn’t mean I should treat them the same. In any case, this will be the last time I help them. I realized that no matter how much I do for them, they’d always think I have ulterior motives.”

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“My goodness, what have they done now?”

With that, Amelia gave a brief explanation of the situation.

After hearing it, Tiffany slammed her fist on the table and stood up. “How can they do that? And why didn’t you put up a fight?”

“Haha, what do you want me to do? Beat them to a pulp?”

“How can you still laugh at this point?”

To Tiffany’s surprise, Amelia’s smile grew wider.

“After everything that I’ve gone through, some things in life have become insignificant by comparison. In the past, I never understood why the Winterses treated me so coldly. But now that I know the truth, I don’t hate them as much anymore. My biological father was cruel enough to give me away, so how can I expect my adoptive parents to treat me any better? They took care of all my basic needs, and in that regard, they’ve been very kind to me,” Amelia said casually. “After all, we can’t expect everyone to have a heart of gold, can we? They have their own families to look after, so it’s only natural that an outsider like me will be ostracized.”

“Babe, I won’t allow you to belittle yourself! If you go on, I’m going to get mad,” Tiffany scolded.

Amelia shook her head and burst into laughter. “All right, enough about them. Let’s talk about you.”

“Me? What’s there to talk about?”

“Well, how are things between you and Derrick?”

Tiffany’s expression instantly became grim as she heaved a sigh.

“Oh, you know, same old, same old. Derrick’s parents still aren’t in favor of me marrying him. And now, Crystal has even moved into the Hisson residence. She claims it’s to look after Old Mr. Hisson, who caught a cold recently, but all it does is make me look like the other woman

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in their relationship! It doesn't help that there has been so much gossip going around and distorting facts. Public opinion can be so scary at times..."

"His parents still won't agree to the marriage?"

"Look at me. With my kind of social status, why would the Hissons approve of me?"

"Are you giving up, then?"

"No way. I've persisted for so long and put up with so much ridicule. Besides, if I wanted to give up, I'd have done so a while ago. Why would I wait until now?" Tiffany replied with zeal. "If a battle of wits and courage is what they want, that's what I'll give them. I'm confident of emerging victorious. In any case, I'm definitely marrying Derrick. No one can take him away from me."

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 594

Chapter 594 Intentionally Ambiguous

Amelia liked her headstrong personality.

She then asked smilingly, "Do you need me to do anything?"

"Don't. Mrs. Hisson knows that you're my best friend, but she still made my life difficult. She likes Crystal a lot and already treats her like her daughter-in-law. It's only natural that Mrs. Hisson doesn't like me. I'm not highly educated or from a wealthy family," Tiffany responded, shrugging her shoulders.

"I trust you. Don't worry, as time will tell. I'm sure Mrs. Hisson will warm up to you after spending time with you."

"I hope so."

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A sad look flashed across Tiffany's face for a split second before she recomposed herself.

"So, what are you going to do about the Winters family? Are you going to keep in touch with them?"

Amelia cast her eyes down, hiding the sadness in her eyes. "I don't think I would have any reason to keep in contact with them after Spencer is cured."

"You're too soft-hearted. If I were you, I would just cut ties with them. With the kind of power Oscar has, no one from the Winters family would dare to disturb you again as long as you don't want it."

Amelia gave her a small smile in response but said nothing.

"I will meet the Winters family tomorrow. I would like to see how many masks they have put on. They're so unbelievably shameless," Tiffany said as she cracked her knuckles.

"Don't be rash, Tiff. No matter how horrible they are, they are my family."

"You're the only one who thinks of them that way. Do they treat you like family?"

Amelia fell silent.

"I'm sorry, Babe. That's not what I meant. I just wanted you to open your eyes and see the truth. They are horrible people."

"I know that."

Tiffany gazed at her in silence for a long moment. "All right, all right. I trust that you know what you're doing. It's just that you would stand to lose out because you're too soft-hearted. Be careful, okay?"

"I will."

Tiffany and Amelia chatted for several hours. She only left when Derrick came to pick her up.

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Tiffany sat in the car with her hand on her chin, deep in her thoughts.

“What’s wrong? You seem troubled,” Derrick asked.

Tiffany remained silent and just gazed out of the car window.

Derrick had never seen her behave this way. He was starting to get worried.

“What is it? Are you feeling unwell? Or did Amelia say something to you?”

Tiffany turned her head to look at him. “Not really. It’s just that her family is here, and they’re at the hospital.”

Derrick could not help but blurt out, “Amelia has a family?” It was no wonder that he thought that way. No matter what Amelia was going through, her family never showed up. “I’m sorry. That’s not what I meant. I just thought that her family members were no longer here.”

“I wish they were no longer here. They wouldn’t be able to hurt her, then. They’re a bunch of heartless monsters,” Tiffany spat through gritted teeth.

“What’s wrong?” He could tell that there was a secret about Amelia’s past.

Tiffany very quickly summarized everything that Amelia had gone through when she was younger.

After that, she shrugged and said angrily, “Why did they even become her parents in the first place? All they do is cause her trouble and harm her. Even if Amelia isn’t their biological daughter, they spent so many years as a family together. Don’t they love her?”

Derrick stretched his arm out and patted her head affectionately. “I know that you’re close to Amelia, but every family has its own problems. I think it’s best if you don’t get involved. If Amelia needs anything, I’m sure she will ask you for help. If she doesn’t, just pretend you don’t know anything.”

“So even you think that I’m being a busybody?”

Derrick chuckled lightly.

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“Silly girl. You know that I’m always on your side.”

Tiffany shrugged and turned to continue gazing out the window.

“Are you angry?”

“Why would I be? I’m not Amelia’s family, but I’m closer to her than they are. No one will understand the relationship we have. If she gets hurt, I will stand up for her. She will do the same for me. We will do anything for each other.”

“I understand.”

No, you don’t understand. Even if you say that Amelia is a good person, you selfishly hope that I wouldn’t be too close to her. Most people wouldn’t accept the way our friendship is.

“What are you thinking about?” Derrick hooked his finger around her chin and turned her face toward himself. He gazed into her eyes for a few seconds before turning back to focus on the road. “Are you thinking that I’m a cold person for always telling you not to get involved with Amelia?”

Tiffany decided not to deflect.

“Yes. I know you’re just speaking from experience, and you’re doing this for my own good. But I can’t just ignore Amelia.”

“Silly girl, did I ever tell you to ignore her?”

Tiffany only smiled in response.

Derrick drove the two of them back to the neighborhood they lived in. They got out of the car and entered the elevator together. When they arrived on their floor and exited the elevator, they saw a very familiar person standing there.

The smile on Tiffany’s face instantly faded.

“You’re back, Derrick.” Crystal smiled warmly as she approached them, a thermal flask in her hand.

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Tiffany unlocked the door to her apartment and said, "I'll be heading in first, Derrick. Please have a lovely chat with this pretty woman."

Derrick grabbed her arm and pulled her into his arms protectively. He then turned and raised his head to look at Crystal.

The latter maintained the smile on her face. "Mrs. Hisson and I made a huge pot of mushroom soup for you, Derrick. I've tasted it, and it's really delicious! Why don't you have some? We made it for you, after all."

"Sorry. I've already eaten," Derrick flatly refused.

"Are you really not going to have some, Derrick?" Crystal asked again, the smile still remaining on her face. She never seemed to lose her temper in front of him.

"It's getting quite late, Crystal. You should go home." He tried to chase her away.

"I'll give Mrs. Hisson a call, then. She will definitely be very heartbroken to hear that her son doesn't appreciate her efforts in cooking for him," Crystal said with a smile on her face.

Tiffany, on the other hand, pursed her lips.

Crystal is more manipulative than I thought she would be. She even used Mrs. Hisson to guilt-trip Derrick. It might be difficult to deal with her in the future.

Left with no choice, Derrick grabbed the thermal flask from her hand. "You may leave now," he said coldly.

However, Crystal continued to behave brazenly. "Aren't you going to invite me in, Derrick? I haven't visited your new home since you moved in. I've been to your previous place a bunch of times. We would always talk about paintings over a cup of tea," she said shamelessly.

"Crystal, please do not take things out of context to intentionally mislead my girlfriend. Mom was with you every time you came over to my house." Derrick exposed her trick mercilessly.

"Yes, she was. But that didn't stop us from having a good time with each other, right?" Crystal glanced at Tiffany, who was still standing next to Derrick. "At least I don't invent

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words of my own. She's so useless! Just look at what happened during the investment meeting. How is someone like her supposed to be your pillar of support?"

When Tiffany heard that, she raised her head to look at Derrick.

The man pointed toward the elevator and said bluntly, "Are you done? If you are, leave. Right now." This was the first time he spoke to a woman in such an ungentlemanly manner.

Crystal was shocked by his harshness, and tears welled up in her eyes.

She was a very prideful woman, and Derrick had hurt her ego over and over again.

She raised her chin and tried to prevent the tears from spilling over. "Derrick, she is clueless about what is happening in your company. Don't you think you should tell her that the investors withdrew from the novel's movie adaptation? She's such a jinx!"

She did not want to make herself seem inferior in front of Tiffany.

Without replying to Crystal, Derrick held Tiffany close to him as he entered the house. He slammed the door shut and locked it.

Crystal glared at the door, anger boiling up inside her. She clenched her fists tightly, her thin and long nails digging deep into her skin.

She took a deep breath and calmed down slightly. Then, she fished out her phone and dialed Kate's number.

"Yes, Mrs. Hisson. Don't worry. I will try my best to sow discord between them. Yes, I'm okay. Derrick is still quite polite toward me. I will persevere for the sake of my love. I'll talk to you when I get home, all right?" With that, she ended the call.

She took one last look at the door to Derrick's apartment before leaving.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 595

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Chapter 595 Did She Do It

In the house, Tiffany struggled out of Derrick's embrace. Folding her arms across her chest, she asked, "Derrick, what does she mean? Did all the investors for the movie adaptation of my novel pull out? Why? I thought everything was going on smoothly."

Tiffany cared more than anyone else about the production of the movie that was adapted from her novel. She would not allow anyone to delay her work as she regarded her work as her children.

Tiffany was very sure that Oscar would agree to help her if she asked Amelia. He would definitely be willing to invest in her movie. In addition, with the Clintons' connections, many investors would also rush to invest in her work, but nevertheless, Tiffany still wanted to know the reason why the investors changed their minds all of a sudden. Is it because my novel isn't good enough or is something pulling a trick behind the scenes?

Tiffany did not want anyone to belittle her work.

Derrick replied, "I will resolve this issue. Don't worry about it."

"I just want to know the reason. Why did they pull out?" Tiffany cast him an intent glance and said.

Derrick pursed his lips, and a conflicted look flitted across his face. When Tiffany saw his expression, a bitter smile hung on her lips. She finally understood what happened.

"Did Old Mrs. Hisson pressure the investors to pull out?" Tiffany asked softly.

"Tiff." Derrick was put in a tough spot.

However, Tiffany looked at him and shrugged. "I'm sorry, I just want to know if Old Mrs. Hisson was behind this."

It was then Derrick finally nodded, confirming her suspicions.

Tiffany regained her composure and smiled. "Old Mrs. Hisson must dislike me a lot. She even wants to destroy my work."

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Derrick raised his hand, wanting to touch her face, but his hand stopped in mid-air.

“I’m sorry. I will try to resolve this as soon as possible.”

Tiffany smiled. “It’s all right. Earlier on, Amelia asked me if I needed her help in making the movie, and I declined her offer. I can always ask her again. I’m sure she’ll be more than willing to help. If Oscar steps in, I’m sure the other investors will also be willing to pump in their money for this production. I just want Old Mrs. Hisson to know that even though my family background and education are not the best, I am still worthy of your love. I am Oscar’s godsister and Amelia’s best friend. I want the Hissons to know that I am good enough for you.”

Derrick’s eyes were filled with sympathy for her.

“Tiff, I’m so sorry. Two years ago, I made a promise to protect you. But in the end, you still got hurt,” he said softly.

“My mentality is extremely strong. How can I be hurt so easily? I still want to marry you and have your family accept me. How can I be defeated by this small setback? If I crumble so easily, I am really not worthy of your love,” Tiffany declared confidently. The more problems she encountered, the stronger she became.

Perhaps if no one provoked her, Tiffany would carry on with life as it was. But now that someone had gotten under her skin, she vowed to get stronger as she would never admit defeat.

As the saying goes, birds of the same feather flock together. It was no wonder she was best friends with Amelia.

Derrick was tickled by her response. “You...”

“Don’t you find me adorable?”

“You are indeed very lovable.”

Tiffany gave him a prideful smile.

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“Other than the investors dropping my screen adaptation, are the novels of the other authors affected?” she asked.

Derrick placed his hands around her waist and tried to change the subject by saying, “Let’s go upstairs to take a shower. It’s getting late, so we should turn in soon.”

“Derry, we are a couple. I hope you won’t hide anything from me from now on. Otherwise, I’ll be very unhappy.” Tiffany pressed Derrick for a response.

“There are some problems with the company’s operations. Although we’re still growing, it’s still a small setup compared to the Hissons. My mom is serious this time. She is bent on making me give in to her. Don’t worry. I will settle this.” Derrick tried to assure Tiffany.

Tiffany let out a laugh.

“Old Mrs. Hisson is really determined to break us up.” Tiffany cupped Derrick’s face in her hands. “Derry, what if the company is forced to go bankrupt one day? Will you give in to your family and marry someone of their choice?”

Derrick snorted.

“If I’m someone who gives in so easily, I wouldn’t have set up a publishing company myself and built the business up single-handedly. I’ve already told them that I will only go back to inherit the family business on one condition, and that is to marry you. I am certain that Granddad will give in eventually unless they do not wish to see the family business flourish.”

Derrick sounded very optimistic, and Tiffany broke into a smile upon hearing his words. “Looks like you are really confident.”

“Otherwise, how can I marry you?”

Tiffany was finally won over by his sweet talk.

“Can we go take a bath and sleep now? It’s late.”

Tiffany nodded.

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It was a dreamless night.

The next day, Tiffany went to look for Amelia.

"Babe, I need your help," Tiffany asked Amelia directly.

The latter looked at Tiffany as she held her teacup, feeling amused.

Tiffany shrugged her shoulders. "It's always good to be polite."

"Go on, tell me what happened," Amelia badgered her friend.

"The investors for my screen adaptation have pulled out. I would like to ask if Oscar is interested in the movie. I can let him be my major investor," Tiffany explained.

Amelia took a glance at Tiffany as she placed the teacup on the table. "What happened? Didn't you say that there are many people who are keen to invest in your movie? Isn't that why you didn't need Oscar's help? Why did they pull out suddenly?"

Tiffany laughed bitterly. "What else? It's the Hissons. The investors pulled out because they didn't want to offend them."

Amelia looked at her with interest. "That's quick. Looks like they can't wait to take action."

"Babe, don't tell me you're gloating over this!"

"Of course not. I'm just curious what will Derrick do. Will he choose this Cinderella, or give in and marry someone his family chooses?"

Tiffany rolled her eyes. "Babe, are you happy to see me suffer?"

Amelia merely smiled but did not say a word.

"Babe, I really want to have this novel adapted into a movie. You have to help me this time. I want to show the Hissons that Oscar did not take me as a godsister for nothing, and we are really best friends," Tiffany vowed.

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“Don’t worry. I’ve spoken to Oscar earlier. I told him to help you if your film runs into any problems. I know this novel is very important to you, and I won’t sit around, doing nothing about it. Coincidentally, Julian just set up his own entertainment company. He has already read your fantasy novel and likes it very much. He’s also keen on investing. I didn’t tell you about it as you rejected my help earlier. Now that you’re asking me for help, I can arrange for a meeting between the both of you.” Amelia took a sip of her tea.

“That’s wonderful, Babe! Thank you!” Tiffany was elated and kissed Amelia on her cheek.

“Stop using those terms from the internet. My face is now full of your saliva.” Amelia wiped her face, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

Just as they were bantering, Amelia’s phone rang. It was Dominic.

Frowning, Amelia answered the call. Dominic’s voice was trembling on the other end of the phone. “Amelia, come to the hospital quickly. Spencer just threw up, and he’s now unconscious.”

“Dad, don’t worry. I’ll go over now.” Amelia hung up immediately.

“What happened?” Tiffany ran after her.

“I don’t know. My dad said Spencer vomited again. I didn’t go to the hospital yesterday as I was afraid my mom might get agitated if she sees me. Oscar did not want to bother with this matter as he did not want to see me suffer. Now, something has happened, and I don’t know what’s going on.” Amelia tried hard to stay calm as she explained to Tiffany.

“Babe, I don’t think you should go to the hospital. Mrs. Winters is not in a good mood. Why don’t I go and take a look on your behalf?” Tiffany suggested.

“It’s all right. I can handle this.”

Since Amelia insisted on going to the hospital herself, Tiffany could only accompany her there.

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Amelia quickly walked up to Dominic when she arrived at the hospital. "Dad, what happened? Didn't you tell me over the phone yesterday that Spencer is awake? Why did he vomit again?"

Before Dominic could reply, Melanie already rushed up to Amelia. Raising her hand, she struck Amelia on her face.

"You jinx! It must be you! My son wouldn't be in this state if not for you!" Dominic tried to restrain Melanie, as she berated Amelia.

"Enough! Are you satisfied only when you've pushed Amelia far away?" He tried to stop Melanie from scolding Amelia.

However, Melanie continued to glare at Amelia viciously.

Tiffany pulled Amelia behind her and turned to Melanie. "Mrs. Winters, it's been ten years since we last met, but you haven't changed one bit. You are so blatantly accusing Amelia. If I were Amelia, I would have torn you into pieces long ago."

Melanie looked at Tiffany, puzzled. She could not remember who this person was.

Raising her eyebrows, Tiffany taunted, "Mrs. Winters, have you forgotten who I am? I don't blame you. You've even forgotten that Amelia is your daughter when all is well at home. Now that something happened to your son, you start finding fault with her again. It's bad enough that you've always treated your daughter like a cash cow. Now, something's happened to your son, and you're blaming Amelia for it. You're so thick-skinned that I'm rendered speechless."

Melanie's face turned pale when she heard Tiffany insulting her.

"Y-You are so rude!" Melanie stuttered.

"I'm nothing compared to you." Tiffany continued to sneer at her.

Melanie turned to look at Amelia, who was hiding behind Tiffany. "Amelia, are you going to stand by and watch your friend bully me?"

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Amelia tugged at Tiffany as she emerged from behind her. "Mom, can we go take a look at Spencer first? We can talk later."

Upon hearing that, Melanie finally calmed down.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 596

Chapter 596 Avoid Direct Conflict

The condition of the Winters family's eldest son was more critical than they had initially expected. For some reason, his kidney and liver were rapidly hardening, and he seemed to have aged so much compared to his appearance more than half a month ago.

Seeing her son in this state, Melanie felt like her heart was torn to a million pieces. I have a hunch that this is all Amelia's fault for colluding with the doctor. My darling son is obviously on the brink of life and death, yet she insists on having the doctor say that this is normal! Oh, my son, do wake up and get well soon! I don't want to have to send my own son off!

Heartbroken, the woman covered her mouth and began to sob. She wished she could take her son's place and suffer in his stead!

Amelia and Tiffany stared at Spencer, who lay on the hospital bed, connected to an oxygen tank. Their expressions were grim, and their hearts were overflowing with mixed emotions.

As Tiffany reflexively glanced at Amelia, her lips were quivering as though she wanted to say something. However, Amelia shook her head at her.

"Dad, I'll go and ask the doctor," said Amelia.

Melanie raised her head and glared at Amelia with bloodshot eyes. Agitatedly, she hissed, "It was your husband who arranged for my son to be hospitalized here at the beginning, and the doctor promised that your brother would be fine. But look at what happened! It's only been slightly more than half a month, and he's already so sickly! How could you be so cruel so as to conspire with the doctor to take Spencer's life? You just hate to see our family

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prosper, don't you? I should've just committed suicide back then and refused the Huttons, and your brother wouldn't have ended up like this!"

Amelia kept quiet. A pang of pain flashed across her eyes.

I'm destined never to be able to be part of the Winters family.

"Mrs. Winters, how could you say that? Amelia did it out of her kindness! How did it end up as an act of cruelty in your eyes? Life and death are out of our control, and no one wished for this to befall Spencer! You're blaming Amelia for everything! Can't you be more reasonable?" said Tiffany.

Eyeing Amelia grudgingly, Melanie uttered through gritted teeth, "If she can return my son healthily to me, I promise to treat her with the utmost respect."

"You're simply unbelievable!" exclaimed Tiffany before she dragged Amelia out of the ward.

Dominic looked at his wife and asked, "Why do you have to be this way?"

"Our son is already so severely ailed; can you really bring yourself to say that Amelia's not involved in this? We have no enemies other than her. Plus, the doctor mentioned that someone had intentionally added something into Spencer's medication."

The man fell silent.

"You see her as your own daughter, but she might not necessarily view you as her father. Don't forget how you've treated her all these years. She's human, too; it's impossible for her not to have the slightest bit of hatred toward us. That's it. I'm going to find Mr. Wick for assistance. We can ask him to help transfer Spencer to a different hospital. Otherwise, death is the only option if he remains here." Melanie frantically took out the card that June had left for her. She was going to dial the number written on it, but Dominic stopped her unexpectedly.

"Are you done being ridiculous?" her husband remarked in a hoarse voice.

Melanie tried to snatch the card that Dominic had taken from her, but he dodged her advances.

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“That’s enough! Will you only be satisfied when this family comes apart?” reprimanded Dominic.

Like a hungry wolf, Melanie glared at him viciously. As her eyes welled up with tears, she cried, “If my son dies, then there’s no need for me to live on too! Only Mr. Hutton can save my son now!”

“Get a grip on yourself! You know very well that our son’s illness has nothing to do with Amelia. If cirrhosis turns into cancer, it’s not easy to cure it. Let’s just go with the flow, all right? Amelia really doesn’t owe us anything, so stop making things difficult for her,” said Dominic rationally.

Propping her head in her hands, Melanie muttered, “Now that Spencer has become like this, I’ll break down if I don’t target my hatred at something or someone. He’s only in his thirties—he’s still so young! Not to mention that he has a wife and children to take care of... Nothing must happen to him! Cirrhosis is no more severe than leukemia; if I was saved back then, then surely he can be too! If it weren’t for Amelia’s hand in this, my son would not have ended up in his current state!”

Dominic exhaled a deep sigh. He seemed as if he had aged more than a decade in just one day.

Amelia and Tiffany walked into the doctor’s office. Robert was present too.

Noticing the two ladies entering his office, the man pointed to the couch on one side of the room and said, “Amelia, take a seat first. I have something to tell you.”

Amelia did as he instructed.

After sitting down on the couch on the other side, Robert folded his hands together and uttered with a grave expression, “Amelia, we found who intoxicated your brother, and we’ve handed the relevant security footage to the police station. However, the person infiltrated your brother’s ward disguised as a doctor. He was extremely clever in avoiding the security cameras, so we could only get a shot of his back, not his face. We can only wait for the police to crack the case. As for your brother, it seems that he was injected with a new type of drug by that person. As it’s only just been invented, we have no idea about its side effects. We’ll treat him as best as we can and remove parts of his liver and kidney that have hardened. His recovery will then depend on his physical state.”

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Amelia frowned and inquired, “Mr. Lancaster, tell me the truth—what is the success rate of my brother’s surgery?”

“Fifty percent. His illness is worsening faster than I had anticipated. We had a meeting yesterday and decided that we needed to operate on him earlier. But the risks of this surgery are rather high, so I need to discuss this with your parents,” answered Robert in complete honesty.

“But didn’t you doctors say that my brother’s condition wasn’t particularly severe?”

“Amelia, none of us imagined that someone would drug your brother in the hospital. This was our miscalculation; the hospital will compensate your family as deemed appropriate. We’re guilty of dereliction of duty.” Robert stood up and solemnly gave Amelia a ninety-degree bow.

The latter was shocked by Robert’s action. She hurriedly got up from the couch and waved her hand, saying, “Mr. Lancaster, there’s no need for that! You’re my elder—you don’t have to be so formal with me.”

“No, I must. We did not fulfill our duties as we should have.” Robert raised his head and continued, “Amelia, don’t worry. I’ll explain this clearly and personally to your parents, so they won’t misunderstand you.”

Amelia merely put on a bitter smile, unsure of what to say.

“Mr. Lancaster, I’ll leave my brother in your hands. Please take extra care of him.” Her face was pale as she spoke. She then turned to leave the office.

Tiffany followed right behind her, and the duo walked out of the hospital in complete silence.

When they reached the path covered by greenery outside the hospital, Tiffany comforted Amelia, “Babe, don’t be like this. It’s not the worst outcome yet, right? You were at death’s door once too! Even the doctor had given you the notice of critical illness, yet you managed to survive. Your brother will surely be fine too! Medical technology is so advanced now that even leukemia can be cured, so cirrhosis shouldn’t be that big of a deal! Don’t you think so?”

Amelia merely remained silent.

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Tiffany walked up to her and saw that her expression was rather sullen. Otherwise, she looked fine.

“Let’s go there and sit for a while,” suggested Tiffany as she pointed at a bench.

Amelia nodded.

The two women went over and took a seat on the bench. Amelia was in a daze as she stared at the passersby. Quite a lot of them were patients donning hospital gowns and taking a walk in the company of their family or friends.

“Babe, what’s on your mind?” Tiffany’s voice pierced through Amelia’s deep contemplation.

The latter turned her head and eyed Tiffany. Curling her lips, she said gently, “Nothing much. I just didn’t expect that I would end up in this situation again with the Winters family after a decade.”

“Babe, take it easy. This isn’t your fault at all! You’ve already done your best toward the Winterses. If they don’t know how to be grateful, that’s on their conscience. Your brother was sick, to begin with, and it’s natural for illnesses to worsen. Only brainless people would blame you for everything! You’re not a doctor anyway, so how can you decide whether he lives or dies?” Tiffany was enraged at the thought of what Melanie had done to Amelia just now. She instantly scrutinized Amelia’s face and asked, “Babe, is your face all right?”

Amelia was stunned for a moment before realizing that Tiffany was referring to her being hit in the face.

She shook her head. “I’m fine.”

Tiffany was upset.

“With how things are right now, do you still want to return to the hospital? I think Mrs. Winters definitely doesn’t want to see you.”

Amelia shook her head again. There was a glint of confusion in her eyes.

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“Let me give Oscar a call to see if he can get James to come and take a look at Spencer. Maybe I can even get James to invite his mentor to come over.” With a sigh, Amelia went on slowly, “After all, he’s still my brother. I don’t want something terrible to happen to him.”

Tiffany understood how Amelia felt.

The latter was someone who prioritized relationships and could not bring herself to reject her own family. In the end, the one who would get hurt was still herself.

“Babe, you’re obviously not going to receive anything in return for your efforts. What’s the point?”

In spite of herself, Amelia wailed, “Then, what should I do? They’re my family! Even if the truth does sometimes hurt, I can’t just sit by and watch them suffer. For as long as I can remember, I’ve always imagined that one day I’d become so great that they would be proud of me, and they wouldn’t ignore my feelings any longer. But now that I’ve indeed gotten greater, they still don’t care about me. I have to hear from others that I was abandoned by my own birth father. Do you know what that feels like? My heart aches terribly!”

Tiffany reached out and embraced her.

“Babe, calm down. You still have us! Oscar and Tony are your most beloved, while I’m your best friend. We will be a strong pillar of support and shield for you; no one can possibly harm you,” said Tiffany soothingly.

Amelia buried her head in Tiffany’s shoulders and cried tears of repressed sorrow.

It was not that Amelia did not care. The truth was that she was so used to putting on a facade that no one could see the innumerable wounds within her heart.

After crying for a while, Amelia lifted her head and took out a clean handkerchief to wipe her tears away. Her voice was somewhat raspy as she mumbled, “Don’t tell Oscar about what happened in the hospital.”

Tiffany did not know what to do about Amelia’s behavior.

“I don’t even know what you’re trying to gain by constantly protecting the Winters family.”

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Amelia simply cast her best friend a glance.

“Fine. Forget I said anything.”

“I’m not protecting them; I just think this matter started with me. If it weren’t for me, my brother would not have been drugged. I think I have an obligation to make sure he’s healed,” explained Amelia obstinately.

Tiffany let out a sigh and did not say anything.

In the end, Amelia gave Oscar a call and asked him to get James to come and take a look. Due to Melanie reprimanding her in the past, Oscar had already asked the experts he hired from overseas to retreat. Amelia was initially thinking of teaching the Winterses a lesson, so she silently approved of his action. Alas, no one expected something like this to happen within the blink of an eye.

The saying that life was unpredictable rang true. If she had not made things complicated before this, perhaps her brother would not have ended up in his current state.

In the end, she still had to rely on Oscar.

The man’s voice sounded through the phone. “James and I will be there in an hour. Find a place and wait for me; don’t go head to head with your parents. Wait till I come, then we’ll talk things out. All right?”

“Okay.”

After the call ended, Tiffany questioned, “What did Oscar say?”

“He’s afraid that I would butt heads directly with my parents and that mom would purposely put me on the spot, so he instructed me to find a place and wait for him.”

“Looks like he knows your parents’ temper like the back of his hand already.”

Hearing that, Amelia merely smiled.

Tiffany shrugged and fell silent too.

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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 597

Chapter 597 His Life Is In Danger

Oscar arrived with James. James was invited by a hospital in Koandria to participate in a discussion about a new drug. As such, for the past half a month, he had not been around.

“James, I’ll leave my brother to you then,” Amelia said earnestly, as if she had just met her savior.

James nodded and replied, “Amelia, don’t worry. I’ll treat your family just like my own. I’ve only returned to Chanaea yesterday and I’m still suffering from jet lag. I rushed here at once after receiving Oscar’s call. Let me take a look at your brother first before discussing with the doctors here.”

Amelia nodded.

After everything had been discussed and arranged, they were met with an obstacle.

“Who are you?” Even though Melanie was asking James that question, she was eyeing Amelia suspiciously.

“Mom, he is a world-renowned surgeon who has had experience performing different kinds of surgeries including heart transplants and cancer surgeries. He has only agreed to treat Spencer because of his friendship with Oscar,” Amelia explained.

After Melanie heard her daughter’s words, she could not help but recall what June had told her previously, thinking that it was a conspiracy.

She said as her eyes widened, “Get lost! Scram! Don’t even think about hurting my son.” With a dangerous glint appearing in her eyes, she continued while pointing at Amelia, “I’m going to transfer my son to another hospital right now. I won’t let you kill him, you vicious woman!”

Everyone’s expression changed when they heard that.

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Even though Oscar's expression had darkened, he said patiently, "Mom, I know you're in a bad mood, but I would suggest that we let James examine Spencer first and not let his condition worsen."

In response to that, Melanie opened her arms wide, blocking the entrance to the ward.

Oscar massaged his temples and looked toward Dominic. "Dad, do you want to save Spencer?"

Dominic nodded his head.

"Then, please help to move Mom away."

After a moment of contemplation, Dominic proceeded to drag Melanie away.

"Let me go, let me go!" Melanie yelled, struggling with all her might.

Ignoring the woman's protests, Oscar turned his attention toward James and said, "James, we will leave him to you then."

James nodded.

When James came out of the ward after examining Spencer, he said, "I would suggest that you transfer him to my private hospital. I will make a call to my mentor and ask him to make a trip to Chanaea."

"Is it OK to transfer him in his current condition?" Oscar asked.

"His condition still allows him to be transferred. As long as his family members consent to it, we can transfer him right away," James replied.

Oscar nodded and said to Dominic, "Dad, we are thinking of transferring Spencer to another hospital. What do you think about it? Of course, we would let you and Mom make the final decision. I will respect any decision you make. I think Amelia and I have already done enough. If we do too much, it will just upset Mom further. Besides, it is unlikely that she would agree with anything we do."

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The man had expressed his stance clearly.

Dominic agreed without any hesitation.

“Let’s do that. I will give my consent. As long as my son can be saved, I will agree to anything. Oscar, I trust you and Amelia. I know both of you won’t harm Spencer,” Dominic said sincerely, looking at Oscar.

Oscar nodded and made a call to Robert at once, giving him a brief explanation of Spencer’s situation and informing him that the patient would be transferred to another hospital.

A while later, Robert, who had a serious expression on his face, appeared with a group of other doctors.

“Oscar, why did you suddenly decide to transfer my patient to another hospital? You need to give me a good reason for that,” Robert said.

Hearing that, James stepped forward and extended his hand. “Mr. Lancaster, it has been a while,” he greeted with a smile.

After the two men shook hands, Robert nodded and said, “James, it’s been a long time indeed.”

“Mr. Lancaster, I just did an examination for Spencer and found a new drug in his body. It was a drug that Anglandur had recently developed, so I need to transfer him to my hospital to do some further analysis. By right, this drug shouldn’t be available in Chanaea yet. I want to know the reason why it’s here,” James said.

“You already know about it?” Robert asked seriously.

James nodded, and after a moment of contemplation, he suggested, “Mr. Lancaster, I need to have a meeting with you and the doctors in your hospital to discuss this matter. Is that OK with you?”

“Sure.”

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Besides agreeing to having the discussion, Robert had also consented to Spencer's transfer to James' private hospital, which was set up with the help of Oscar.

After Melanie struggled out of Dominic's grip, she launched herself toward James. Pounding on the doctor's chest with all her might, she said resentfully, "I'm going to kill you! I won't allow you to harm my son. Whoever wants to move my son needs to step over my dead body first!"

Since James would never hit an elder, he could only try to dodge Melanie's fists. However, it was still painful for him as Melanie was throwing all her force into her punches.

In the end, James got angry and grabbed Melanie's hands.

Seeing that, Dominic quickly pulled his wife toward him and reprimanded, "Stop it! Do you really want to watch our son die?"

Melanie looked at Dominic, not quite understanding what he meant.

"Melanie, that's enough. All of the doctors here are the best in the world. If we offend them, there will be no one left to save our son," Dominic said weakly.

Melanie was stunned when she heard that.

Taking a pause, Dominic carried on, "Melanie, stop being so obstinate. You know that our son has the same illness as you, and this illness is life-threatening. If not for Amelia, we wouldn't even be able to afford his medical bills, and Spencer would just be waiting for his death. We really should be grateful," Dominic said, his face pale.

That was when realization finally struck Melanie.

In the end, Spencer was transferred to James' private hospital.

Melanie and Dominic were dumbfounded for a second when they entered the high-end hospital, feeling fascinated by the hospital that resembled a luxury hotel. They were rather overwhelmed and started looking around at once.

"Dominic, are the hospital fees here very expensive?" Melanie asked softly.

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"I'm glad that you know. So you should stop making things difficult for Amelia. If we provoke Oscar, our son would really have no choice but to await his doom," Dominic warned in a hushed tone.

Dominic was an experienced man and knew the ways of the world. Sometimes, those who seem kind to others might harm them behind their backs. On the other hand, those who appear distant might be the ones who could be relied on for help during difficult times.

Melanie merely kept quiet.

"I've already thrown away Mr. Wick's name card. You need to stop having any inappropriate thoughts, understand?" Dominic warned once more.

"Yup, I know."

After settling Spencer in, James said, "Amelia, I will examine your brother personally in the afternoon. After we get the results of the examination, when my mentor arrives, I will discuss with him how we should proceed with the surgery. Don't worry, I won't let anything happen to your brother."

"Thank you so much, James." Amelia thanked the doctor sincerely.

"Your problem is now mine," James buttered the woman up in a joking manner.

Amelia smiled.

When Oscar, Amelia and the rest walked out of the ward, they were approached by Dominic and Melanie, who both had awkward expressions on their faces.

"Melanie, didn't you have something to say to this gentleman here just now?" Dominic reminded, referring to James.

Looking at James, Melanie said slowly in a respectful tone, "Sir, I'm so sorry about my behavior just now. I panicked when I heard that my son was going to be transferred to another hospital without my permission. I thought you wanted to harm him, that's why I hit you. I really hope you won't take it to heart."

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James replied politely, "Mrs. Winters, you can just call me James. Oscar and I have known each other for a long time, and Amelia is just like family to me. Since you and Mr. Winters are her parents, I treat you like my family too. As such, there's no need for you to be so formal with me."

Melanie smiled awkwardly and looked rather unnatural.

"Mr. and Mrs. Winters, both of you may go inside and see your son now but please try to keep quiet. The patient's condition is not looking good and too much noise would affect his rest," James said.

Melanie perked up immediately at the mention of her son.

Grabbing James' hand, she said, "Dr. James, please be honest with me. Is my son all right? Please save him! I am willing to do anything you ask me to."

"Mrs. Winters, please don't say that. I will definitely do my best for my patient. However, I will need the patient's family's cooperation as well. We can only save the patient with the trust of their family members," James said meaningfully.

Both Melanie and Dominic understood what the doctor meant and agreed.

After reassuring the two elderly, Oscar and Amelia followed James into his office.

"James, just tell me honestly. What are the chances of recovery for my brother?" Amelia asked directly once they reached the doctor's office.

"I've performed quite a few surgeries for cirrhosis. Ninety percent of my patients managed to recover completely. However, your brother's condition is different. He had been injected with a drug that was newly developed by Anglandur which speeds up cirrhosis at an alarming speed. In fact, the rate at which it develops is so fast that the other organs would fail within a short period of time. As such, your brother's situation is quite tricky. I will give my mentor a call later to discuss. We need to find the person who has managed to obtain the rare drug. Since it is such a new drug, it is impossible for it to enter Chanaea so soon. Moreover, it was used to deal with an ordinary man." James frowned and had a serious expression on his face.

Amelia clenched her fists tightly and looked solemn as well.

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“Will his life be in danger?” the woman asked after a moment of silence.

“Yes,” James answered flatly.

Amelia downcast her eyes when she heard the doctor’s answer.

Oscar wrapped his hand around her shoulders and pulled her into his arms at once, saying, “Don’t think too much for now. James will do his best to save him.”

After taking a pause, Oscar continued to comfort his wife. “I have already instructed Hugo to take some men with him and guard your brother’s ward. No one would be able to get near him, other than the doctors and nurses whom we are familiar with. Sorry, I was angry previously and did not consider your feelings. Since you don’t want anything to happen to Spencer, we won’t let that happen.”

Amelia rested her head on the man’s shoulders.

After a long silence, the woman said, “James, please save him. He’s my brother, and I can’t let anything happen to him. My parents won’t be able to take it if something bad happens to him.” Even though the Winters family refused to acknowledge her, Amelia could not bring herself to be ruthless to them.

“I will definitely try my best,” James promised before continuing, “Amelia, please don’t worry. I have already promised Oscar that I won’t let anything happen to your family. Just relax for now and don’t think too much.”

Amelia nodded.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 598

Chapter 598 Do You Not Like Me

James threw himself fully into the matter of rescuing Spencer. At the same time, Oscar had also arranged for an investigation to look into who was behind poisoning Spencer. Kurt and his men followed the leads and found out that it was done by a foreigner who had entered Chanaea using a fake ID card and had left the country immediately after completing his

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mission. His departure had effectively cut off all leads that might reveal what his true identity was.

“Carry on with the investigation,” Oscar commanded.

“But Boss, he was traveling on a fake ID card and has already left Chanaea. There are so many countries in the world that he can choose to go to. Even if we expend a huge amount of financial and human resources, there’s no guarantee we’ll be able to track him down,” one of the guards said boldly.

Oscar seemed to be in deep thought.

“Keep an eye on that man named June. I want his every move to be reported to me,” he instructed.

The same guard spoke up. “Boss, unfortunately, that man named June has flown back to his home country yesterday. We have no idea why he left.”

Oscar narrowed his eyes. June seemed to be acting fast. He probably had a hand in this matter, but it would be hard to pin him down now that he was out of the country. He had returned to his own territory where the Adertons were an old and powerful family with connections in every stratum of the society. Even the government was deferential toward them. If the Clintons were the local tyrants of this city, the Adertons could be considered the local tyrants over there.

There was no way he could just send his men over to capture June and bring him back.

Even if June were to return to Chanaea, he would have been fully prepared. It would not be easy to catch him. “You may go now.”

“Yes, Boss.”

As soon as everyone else had left, Amelia entered the room holding a cup of hot milk.

As Oscar looked at her, his previously hardened expression instantly started to appear softer and more tender.

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"Have some milk," Amelia said gently while offering the cup to him.

Oscar took the cup and drank a big gulp. It was not too cloyingly sweet, which was just the way he liked it.

He put down the cup and pulled Amelia into his arms, rubbing his chin on the top of her head.

Feeling tickled, Amelia tried to struggle free but gave in after a few seconds and settled into his embrace like a little kitten. "What's the matter? Is something bothering you?"

"I'm sorry I didn't manage to capture the person who harmed Spencer," Oscar said in a low voice while licking her earlobe.

Amelia patted his chest lightly. "You're feeling vexed because of this? This doesn't sound like you at all."

"It pains my heart to see you toss and turn in bed and lose sleep over this every night. I want to capture the mastermind so that your mind can be set at ease."

"You noticed?" Amelia lifted her head and saw the dark rings below his eyes. Her heart ached as she thought about how much her problem was bothering him.

"You are my woman. If I'm not on top of your every move, am I fit to be your man?" Oscar lowered his head and looked straight into Amelia's eyes. When their eyes met, he could not resist kissing her on the lips. Then, he released her and said tenderly, "Try not to think too much. I'll take care of everything. If you want to find out who's responsible for the state that Spencer is in today, I'll get to the bottom of it."

"There's no need to," Amelia said without hesitation. "James has asked for help from his trainer. If the two of them were able to pull me back from the brink of death, I'm sure they'll be able to save my brother too. This will be considered as my repayment to the Winters family for taking me in and providing for me all these years. When it's all over, I'll sever all ties with them. Our paths in life are different. There's no happiness in forcing ourselves to be a family."

"Do you really think so?"

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Amelia nodded.

“No regrets?”

Amelia laughed in resignation.

“What’s there to regret? My ties with the Winters family should have ended a decade ago. It’s just that I still had a tiny glimmer of hope that they’d treat me like their real daughter. But now I’ve seen through them. After Spencer recovers, I don’t think we’ll ever meet each other again,” Amelia said with a sense of acceptance.

Oscar kissed her on her lips again, his heart aching for her silent suffering. “Do you want to take Tony to visit them?”

“Why would I want to do that?”

“They’re your family after all. I suppose they have the right to see their grandchild?”

“They don’t even want to recognize me as their daughter. Do you really think they’ll want to meet Tony?”

Oscar was silent.

Amelia put one arm around his waist and patted him on his chest contentedly with the other hand. “I know you want what’s best for me, but please trust me on this. Tony is a sensitive child, and he’s very sharp at sensing whether a person has kind or malicious intentions. Mom doesn’t like me, so I doubt she’ll like Tony either. There’s no need to force them to like each other.”

“All right,” Oscar said as they walked out of the study with their arms still around each other. “It’s getting late, you’d better go to bed.”

Amelia nodded.

She soon settled into a rare good night’s sleep.

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The next morning, she woke up when Oscar was still sleeping and joined Molly in the kitchen after washing up.

As they were preparing breakfast together, Tony ran into the kitchen and greeted them politely. "Good morning, Molly," he said before putting his arms around Amelia's leg from behind her and clinging to her like a koala clinging to a tree. "Mummy, I've missed you so much. It's been a long time since we've played together. I don't want to go to Grandma's house today. I just want to stay home with you."

Amelia washed her hands, turned around, and scooped Tony into her arms. "Molly, I'm taking Tony out to play for a while."

"Go ahead, I can manage on my own."

Amelia carried Tony out of the kitchen and set him down on the sofa. She looked at Tony and said with a tender smile, "Did you really miss me?"

Tony nodded. "Mommy, it's the weekend today. I want to go to the playground with you. I want to ride on the Ferris wheel."

Amelia touched his face and said apologetically, "Remember I told you that I need to go to the hospital today? Uncle Spencer is unwell. I need to take care of him because Granddad and Granny are getting on in years, and they don't have the energy to tend to him. So I need you to be a good boy and go play with Grandma first. As soon as I'm done with my chores, I'll pick you up, all right? We can even go on a holiday with Daddy when all this is over."

Tony cocked his head to the side as he listened. Unlike other children his age, he was sensible and not prone to throwing tantrums to get his way.

He only had one question. "Mommy, I know from watching television that Granddad and Granny are your parents, but how come I've never met them? Do they dislike me?"

Amelia felt a stab in her heart when she heard that.

She stroked Tony's cheeks lovingly and said with a chuckle, "You're such an adorable boy. Which grown-up wouldn't like you once they've met you?"

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“Then why won’t Granddad and Granny meet me?”

“That’s because Uncle Spencer is unwell, and that’s keeping them too busy to come meet you.”

“Mommy, you’re lying. They obviously don’t like me,” Tony said with a pout. He had seen through her lie.

Amelia was stunned. She had almost forgotten that Tony was more mature and perceptive than other children his age. She had to approach the matter from another angle. “Tony, don’t you believe your own Mommy anymore?”

“No, I’ll always believe you, Mommy. However I’ve decided to follow you to the hospital today to visit Uncle Spencer, Granddad, and Granny,” Tony said with a solemn expression.

After a moment’s consideration, Amelia decided it was better to just go along with Tony’s wish. “Do you really want to meet Granddad and Granny?”

“Aren’t they the most important people in your life?” Tony asked directly. Because they’re so important to you, I’ll do whatever I can to please them.

Amelia naturally understood what Tony meant.

She pulled him into her arms and said, “All right, I’ll take you to meet them. But you must be on your best behaviour because Uncle Spencer is not well, and that’s making everyone sad and worried. So if they’re not as warm to you as you expect, you must try to understand that it’s not because they don’t like you. It’s just like whenever you’re sick, I find it very hard to cheer myself up too. Do you understand what I’m telling you?”

Tony nodded his head solemnly.

When Oscar woke up and went downstairs, he was informed immediately by Amelia about her plans to take Tony to the hospital.

He paused for a moment before asking, “You’ve made up your mind?”

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“Tony really wants to meet them. I shouldn’t stand in the way of him fulfilling his desire to get to know his grandparents,” Amelia said with a wry smile. She was not against Tony getting to know the Winters family. In fact, she felt closer to them compared to the Hutton family whom she had not contacted for more than twenty years. Perhaps the years of cold treatment she had received had filled her heart with an inexplicable sense of hope and longing.

Perhaps this was a case of wanting what one could not get the most.

“All right,” Oscar agreed without further hesitation.

After breakfast, the three of them proceeded to the hospital together.

When Dominic and Melanie saw Tony, whose face was as exquisite as a porcelain doll, they did not break down in tears of joy. Instead, they appeared awkward and restrained. Compared to the good-looking and well-groomed Tony, the two elderly folks looked ordinary and old, like two peasants from the countryside. Amelia had bought them nice clothes before, but they were all vehemently rejected by Melanie.

“Amelia, is this your son?” Dominic asked in a tight voice.

Amelia could not help feeling a tinge of disappointment.

Her family did not seem enthusiastic about meeting her son at all.

However, she kept her emotions in check very quickly.

“Dad, his name is Anthony. We nicknamed him Tony, which means priceless. We want him to know how much we cherish him,” Amelia said.

Dominic only smiled upon hearing her introduction and made no move to step forward and give Tony a hug.

Tony cocked his head to the side and said, “Granddad, you can call me Tony too.”

Dominic and Melanie looked at each other, not knowing how to react. They did, however, seem to finally detect a sense of awkwardness in each other’s eyes.

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“Granddad, Granny, do you not like me?” Tony asked in confusion. Their reaction was completely different from the way his Grandpa and Grandma reacted when they first met him. He could even sense that they seemed to be trying to keep a distance from him. But why is that so? Am I not likable?

“Of course we do, Tony. You’re so handsome and cute,” Dominic explained with a wave of his hand.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 599

Chapter 599 Investment

Amelia squatted down. “Do you remember what I’ve told you, Tony?”

Tony said: “You told me that Granny and Granddad would be too worried for Uncle Spencer to be in a good mood, and for me to behave myself. I was! All I wanted was to just say hello to them.”

At his words, Amelia felt a trace of resentment in her heart.

“The hospital’s no place for a young child, Amelia,” Dominic added. “It smells strongly of medicine. Your mother and I have to take care of your brother. Take Tony home. When Spencer feels better, all three of us will go to see Tony.”

Amelia’s fist loosened.

“Tony is your grandson, Dad,” Oscar said. “Don’t you miss him at all?”

A trace of embarrassment flashed across Dominic’s face.

“Oscar, don’t get me wrong,” he replied with a sheepish grin. “I think Tony is too delicate like a doll. Having come from a small place, we haven’t seen much of the world. I’m afraid that our blunt ways will scare him.”

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Melanie gave Tony a complicated look. "I'm going in to check on our son, Dominic. Forgive me for not being good enough for such an exquisite grandson." Without another word, she strode off into the ward.

Dominic was even more embarrassed.

"I'd better go in and check on your mother, Amelia." Dominic also made an excuse to enter the ward.

"Grandpa and Granny don't really like me, do they?" Tony asked quietly, looking hurt.

"It's not like that, Tony," Amelia said patiently. "They're just worried about Uncle Spencer. I promise to bring you to see them once he gets better, all right?"

Tony looked at his mother with bright eyes and made the lie much more difficult for her to tell.

"I'm sorry, Tony," Amelia said guiltily. I shouldn't have brought Tony to the hospital. I didn't know that they are cruel enough to ignore a child's feelings to this extent.

Tony placed his little hand on Amelia's face. The warmth of his hand spread through her skin into her bloodstream.

"If you will just say the word, Mommy, I will make Grandpa and Granny love me," Tony assured.

Amelia felt warmth in her heart.

"You don't need to," she replied with a smile. "I know you are a good boy. There is no need to aggrieve yourself for me."

Tony wrinkled his sharp little nose. "But Mommy, I don't like it when someone makes you feel bad."

Oscar picked him up with such suddenness that Tony gave an exclamation of shock before staring at Oscar. "What are you doing, Big Meanie? Let me down."

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Oscar looked down at him from full height. "Watch your tongue, little man. I'm taking you and your mother out for a big dinner at this delicious restaurant I found. You're going to love the food there. After that, we can go to an amusement park. Haven't you always wanted to ride the Ferris wheel?"

Like a charm, Tony's attention was indeed diverted.

Oscar took his wife and son for a drink before proceeding with the plan of the restaurant and then to the amusement park.

Accompanied by Oscar, Tony went twice on the Ferris wheel. Even after the rides, he was still very excited. Half an hour later, however, he approached Amelia with his hand on his stomach. "My tummy hurts, Mommy," he groaned. "I want to go to the toilet."

Oscar picked him up immediately and the family of three hurriedly looked for the bathroom.

It was nearly an hour later when Tony emerged. His little face was pale, and his legs were shaky.

Amelia opened a bottle of mineral water for him as she fussed, "Are you all right, Tony?"

"I'm hungry, Mommy," Tony said morosely as he clutched his deflated stomach.

Her worries dissipated in an instant, Amelia could not help laughing.

She wiped Tony's brow with a clean handkerchief. "Come, let's have something delicious to eat."

Oscar drove them to another restaurant. Unexpectedly, Tony went to the toilet again right after their meal.

Thoroughly alarmed by that point, Amelia and Oscar took him to the hospital as soon as Tony finished using the toilet.

After examining him, the doctor turned to his parents with a stern gaze. "The child ate too much, too quickly. As his parents, it is your responsibility to manage your child's portions.

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Children have weaker immune systems. It's very easy to overwhelm their capacity for digestion if you aren't careful."

Amelia was beside herself with worry. "Is it serious, Doctor?"

"Thankfully, it isn't," the doctor said. "I'll give him a jab, then prescribe some medicine to aid in digestion for when he goes home. However, prevention is better than cure. You have to pay attention to Tony's diet lest this happens again."

Amelia nodded vigorously.

After Tony had gotten his jab, Amelia followed Oscar to collect Tony's medicine. She was very distressed for Tony who was leaning on Oscar a little sadly.

She was so distressed that she almost burst into tears. "Oh, you poor boy. You must be feeling awful! It's all my fault for not paying closer attention to what you were eating. If I had stopped you from having ice cream earlier, you wouldn't have had a stomachache. It was my carelessness that had caused you such pain."

Tony's eyelids fluttered as he gazed up at her. "I'm fine, Mommy," he said weakly. "I just want some ribs, but the doctor said to only let me have soup instead. I feel sad at the thought of not being able to have meat." Amelia could not help laughing as she was completely mollified by the way he batted his eyelashes in defeat.

Tony chuckled too. "You're most pretty when you smile, Mommy. Cheer up, I'm fine. In fact, I will be completely okay after eating some chicken nuggets."

Amelia's worries disappeared. Her heart melted into a puddle at such a lovely comment by her son.

After Oscar drove his wife and son back to the apartment and tucked Tony in, Julian called.

Oscar picked up at once. "Hey, Julian."

"Oscar, didn't you arrange for Tiffany to meet with me to talk about the adaptation of her fantasy novel?" Julian said on the other end of the phone. "I have already selected the location. Can you come over now?"

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"Tony has had a bad stomach," Oscar replied succinctly. "Come to my house instead. We'll have the meeting here."

"Tony has had a bad stomach?" Julian asked concernedly. "Is he okay?"

"He's fine now. We'll talk about it when you get here."

"All right, then. I'm on my way."

After Oscar hung up, the doorbell rang.

Amelia went to open the door and found Tiffany standing outside.

"How did Tony's stomach flu happen, Babe? How is he? Is it serious?" Tiffany anxiously grabbed Amelia's hand and blurted out one question after another without giving her time to respond.

"He's fine now," Amelia replied. "After eating the wrong thing, he went to the toilet several times. We just got back from the hospital. He's sound asleep."

Tiffany ran into the bedroom and gave a soft cry of pity after a glance at Tony's motionless figure on the bed.

"How can something like this happen out of the blue?" Tiffany said, stroking his cheek.

"I took him to see my parents," Amelia explained guiltily, "and they didn't treat him very well. I was afraid that he would not tell me that he was upset, so we treated him to some delicious food. It was our fault for not restricting him. He had two whole ice creams and three ham sausages that he is usually not allowed to touch. After riding the Ferris wheel, he became like this."

Tiffany stood up and looked at Amelia like she was a monster.

"Are you kidding me, Babe?" she cried angrily. "He's only two years old! Why would you stuff him and put him on a Ferris wheel? Are you out of your mind? Where is your common sense? Children are delicate!"

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Amelia lowered her head in shame, not daring to refute the reprimand.

At the sorry sight of her friend's guilt, Tiffany could not bring herself to continue.

"What's gotten into you, Babe?" she continued in a gentler voice with a helpless shrug. "How could you be so absent-minded? It isn't worth risking Tony's well-being for grandparents who don't care about him. It'll be too late for regrets when something happens to Tony, wouldn't it?"

Amelia sighed.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, she gazed at her son whose features were contorted in pain even in the depths of sleep and felt a pang of mixed feelings in her heart.

"It was Tony who begged me to bring him to his grandparents," Amelia explained. "He was a good boy for greeting them when he saw them. I just didn't think that my parents would detest me to such an extent that they wouldn't even give look at him. Instead of letting him wallow in disappointment in himself, we decided to take Tony for something delicious to cheer him up. Getting him hospitalized was the last thing we wanted."

Tiffany sat down next to her friend. "I'm sorry, Amelia," she said guiltily. "I didn't mean to be harsh. I just can't stand watching you and Tony tear yourselves apart for the Winters. They aren't worth it."

"I know."

If she did not know by now where she stood in her parents' eyes from how they treated Tony, Amelia really is the densest girl on the planet. It's one thing to love your family but another to put your child's interests beneath theirs.

Furthermore, there was no place for Amelia in the Winters household anymore. Her incessant attempts to reconcile with her parents in spite of such resistance on their part would only make her appear shameless.

"It's better not to let children get involved in the grievances amongst adults. Children are intuitive, you know. He knows when he's not wanted, he just can't express it in words."

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"I know. You're right"

The two women chatted a little longer in the room. Upon Julian's arrival, they came out into the lounge.

"Hello, Mr. Hayes. It's been a while." Tiffany extended her hand toward Julian.

Julian smiled broadly. "Just call me Julian. A friend of Amelia's is a friend of mine too. My friends don't call me Mr. Hayes."

Tiffany nodded politely. "I will, Julian."

Julian then turned to Amelia. "I'd heard from Oscar that Tony's had an episode of stomach upset, Amelia. How is he now? Is it serious?"

Amelia smiled at his concern for her son. "He got his jab at the hospital. After coming home and taking his medicine, he'd been asleep until now. I'll make him some chicken broth later. He'll be fine."

"That's good to hear," Julian said as he handed Amelia an exquisite-looking bag. "I'd bought some supplements on the way over. My mother sends her love, along with a promise to whip up something nutritious for him."

Amelia took it with a smile. "How thoughtful of you, Julian. Why don't you and Tiff talk about her script? I guarantee that her adaptation will be a bestseller should you choose to invest."

Julian grinned good-naturedly. "Since you spoke so highly of this project, I will still invest even if it makes a loss. The money is nothing to me. I have read the novel, though, and I think that the plot and characters are written beautifully. In order to properly do such an outstanding piece of work justice, it is my wish for it to be shot with little to no deviation from the book. I sincerely think that it'll appeal to both fans of the original novel and moviegoers alike."

"You three get started. I'll get you something to eat."

Oscar, Julian, and Tiffany sat on the sofa in the living room to talk about the script while Amelia went into the kitchen to prepare some food.

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The talk lasted several hours. Occasionally, on her trips into the bedroom to check on Tony, Amelia would drop by to express her opinion. At the end of the cordial discussion when it came to the trio arriving at a consensus, Julian pledged to invest close to a hundred million while Oscar rounded up his investment to an even hundred million. Aside from that, he also promised to secure the participation of other investors to make the adaptation as large of a scale as they possibly can and to market it heavily before its official release to make it the most anticipated movie of the year.

Tiffany did not expect the two men to be that supportive, though she knew that it was mostly due to Amelia's credit. If Amelia hadn't put in a good word for me, I'm afraid Oscar wouldn't even deign to consider my project.

"Thanks for your faith in me, guys," Tiffany said gratefully. "If this thing ever takes off, Derrick and I will have you over to dinner for your help."

"That suits me," Julian said as he brushed her formality aside. "I want a word with Derrick, the first-time producer. After all, I intend to recoup huge profits from this investment. Oscar and I are no philanthropists, so you don't need to thank us."

"I guarantee that you'll reap fantastic profits for this adaptation, Julian," Amelia chimed in. "You have mentioned your appreciation for Tiff's writing, have you not? The development of the plot and the design of the characters will make for a very attractive movie plot, I'm sure. On top of that, she's a best-selling author and already has a loyal fanbase. Mark my words, the filming of this novel will definitely be a hit before its premiere. All you have to do is wait for the profits to roll in."

Julian grinned. "My newly founded entertainment company will hit the ground running thanks to this adaptation. If my company can become a titan in the entertainment industry in the future, I will have Tiffany to thank for that."

"You are very kind, Julian," Tiffany said at once. "Everybody knows that you do not lack the funds to make great movies if you wanted to. All you have to do is reach out and there'll be many screenwriters better than me begging to curry your favor. It is only due to Amelia for you to even consider investing in my work."

After exchanging several more polite remarks like that, Tony suddenly came downstairs. "Mommy," he muttered groggily as he rubbed his eyes, "I'm hungry."

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Amelia immediately picked him up and kissed him several times on the face.

“Does your stomach still hurt, Tony?”

Tony kissed her twice on the face and wrapped her hands around her neck affectionately. “I’m hungry and I want some meat, Mommy.”

“I’ve made you some chicken broth, Tony,” Amelia coaxed. “Be a good boy and have that today. You can have meat tomorrow when you’re feeling better, all right? You can’t handle too much greasy food after everything your tummy has been through today.”

“I want some nuggets, Mommy,” Tony whined pitifully. “Can I please have some? Please?”

Amelia fell silent.

“Come give Tiffy a hug, Tony,” Tiffany said as she knelt before him with her arms spread. “I came to see you as soon as I’d heard that you had an upset stomach. Are you happy to see me?”

Tony nestled in her arms. “I want some meat, Tiffy,” he mumbled coquettishly. “I’ve been on the toilet all day. Look how flat my tummy is.”

“Be a good boy and have your chicken broth today. I promise to cook you some chicken nuggets tomorrow. You love the nuggets I make, don’t you?”

“Will you really, Tiffy?”

Tiffany nodded.

“Okay, Tiffy, I believe you. You wouldn’t go back on your word, right?”

Tiffany shook her head. “Here, pinky swear.”

Tony clutched her pinky in his. “You’ve made a promise now,” he said solemnly. “May lightning strike you and turn you into a dog if you go back on your word.”

“Of course.”

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The adults could not help but burst into laughter.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 600

Chapter 600 Explain Yourself

Emboldened by Oscar and Julian's involvement, Derrick's investors who had been tentatively on the fence began to express their confidence in the project. With the collective backing of the major players involved, the word about the adaptation of Tiffany's novel attracted another close to half a billion in investment. With a production of such magnitude, the success of the adaptation seemed inevitable as long as the significant elements of drama, marketing, and casting were met. With Oscar's invisible but omnipotent influence behind the scenes, the Hissons would not dare attempt a blatant interference.

Kate and Terrence had different reactions to the news of Tiffany's success in securing Oscar and Julian's support.

Despite Kate's anger, Terrence became thoughtful upon hearing the news as if comparing the value that Tiffany and Crystal could bring to help the cause of the Hissons.

Tiffany's ability to win over Oscar and Julian is conclusive proof of their relationship as god-siblings. Aside from that, the fact that she and Amelia are best friends is enough to overshadow the fact of the girl's humble origins. With the backing of the Clintons behind her, the Hissons will benefit hugely if Derrick marries her. Though the Halliwell family is also quite prestigious, they are based in Beshya. The distance from Tayhaven makes an alliance with them more improbable and volatile.

"The girl has some tricks up her sleeve, it seems," Terrence said meaningfully.

Kate felt a stab of fear in her heart as she turned to look at Terrence. "What do you mean, Dad?"

Terrence met her gaze. "I am perfectly aware of your feelings toward the girl, Kate. However, you have seen with your own eyes how she reacted to the problem Derrick's company was facing. Instead of crying at the door for you to let her see him, she had instead made use of her contacts to help Derrick break into another field. If this project of theirs is successful, he

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will already have one foot securely in the entertainment industry. Need I remind you that his success also reflects the Hissons' share in the entertainment industry. Anyway, it is good for us to have Tiffany marry into our family. The girl knows Oscar and Amelia, for God's sake, and she's a famous best-selling author! Even if I didn't choose her for my grandson, the point is that Derrick chose her too. You should at least respect his choice, if not mine."

Kate was becoming more alarmed by the minute.

"Dad, that wasn't what you said at the beginning. She has no prominent family members to speak of, she only has a bachelor's degree, and her appearance is plain at best. She is not worthy of my son. Besides, Crystal is head over heels for Derrick and has been waiting for him all these years. What will happen to Crystal if you give Derrick and Tiffany your blessing?"

As Crystal was chosen by Kate, the former knew exactly what to say to gain the favor of the latter. Tiffany, on the other hand, was not good-looking, nor was she skilled in pleasing her elders. Terrence's approval of the girl seemed to exacerbate Kate's dislike for her.

"There are things you can't consider superficially, Kate," Terrence said sagely. "I think that Crystal isn't as pure as you make her out to be. Being away in Beshya all year round, how could you be sure that she is suitable for Derrick?"

Kate's eyes widened with shock as she looked at the old man in disbelief.

"Weren't you full of praise for Crystal before, Dad? The Halliwell family is influential in Beshya. If we toy with their daughter like this, I'm afraid it might offend them."

Terrence motioned for his bodyguard behind him to retrieve something from the study who reemerged seconds later and presented the old man with a leather pouch.

"Take a good look at the true nature of the daughter-in-law of your choice, Kate." Terrence pointed to the leather bag.

With a sense of foreboding that an unbearable truth lay within its folds, she did not dare touch it.

"What is this, Dad?"

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“Why don’t you take a look and find out?”

After some hesitation, Kate picked up the leather bag and opened it gingerly. As she perused the photos and the large stack of documents, her expression grew increasingly sour.

“What’s going on, Dad? How did you get these photos?” Kate could not believe that the daughter-in-law of her choosing had been with so many men.

“After listening to your songs of praise for Crystal, I had someone follow her to see if she was as good as you said,” Terrence said casually as he picked up the crutches in his hand. “It just so happened that these photographs reached my hands yesterday. Given how interesting I thought they were, I’d thought that you might find them to be as useful as they were to me.”

Kate’s cheeks were scalding as if she had been slapped several times across the face.

Despite the overwhelming evidence, she was still resolute in her disbelief. “These photos could have been faked, Dad. Crystal has always behaved very well in front of us and has been nothing but filial to you. I still think that she is the rightful wife of my son and the mother of his heir. She’s the most suitable candidate, after all. There must be someone who wants to sabotage her chances of marrying Derrick.”

“Feel free to have the photographs authenticated if you don’t believe them.”

Kate clenched the photo in her hand tightly as her rage bubbled close to the surface.

“I still think that there has been a misunderstanding, Dad,” Kate attested stubbornly. “I’ll ask Crystal in person, but two single people are free to explore their options in the absence of an engagement in this day and age. It’s no big deal for Crystal to spend her time with other men.”

“I did not expect you to be so generous, Kate,” Terrence responded drily. “You’re insisting on Derrick marrying this girl at the risk of him getting cheated on in the future. How kind of you to give the girl the benefit of the doubt.”

“Dad, that’s not what I meant, I’m just trying to-”

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"Anyway," the old man interrupted, "do what you will. The evidence speaks more loudly than I ever could. I don't really care what people do before marriage, as long as they don't get caught by the media. As for what you decide to do as a mother, I'll leave it up to you. It depends on how much you love your son." After speaking, Terrence got to his feet slowly. With one last look at Kate, he continued, "I'm tired. Good night, Kate. You should get some rest."

After Terrence disappeared upstairs, Kate remained on the chair as she stared blankly into space.

Even she did not know how long she had remained motionless before the decision to call Crystal spurred her into action.

"Crystal," Kate said as soon as the former picked up, "are you free tomorrow? I have something that may be of interest to you."

"I am, Mrs. Hisson," Crystal replied. "What time would you like to meet? I'm having a party with my friends in Tayhaven and will not be returning to Beshya tonight. Pick a place, and I'll meet you there tomorrow. How about that?"

Kate's heart sank. "All right, then. I'll send you the time and address soon."

I can't wait, Mrs. Hisson. Good night and I'll see you tomorrow."

"Good night."

Kate was visibly distraught after hanging up the phone. As she stared at the girl in the incriminating photographs, she felt sick to her stomach at the sight of the girl with whom she placed so much faith in being amorous with so many different men.

She had only four conditions for a daughter-in-law. She insisted that they remained unadulterated, come from a good family, be of a pleasant temperament, and be blessed with beauty.

Having thought that Crystal was the perfect daughter-in-law, Kate did not expect the truth to slap her across the face as hard as it did.

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Even worse, Kate felt as if Crystal had humiliated her in front of Terrence. That was the biggest slap in the face of all.

Due to the shame that kept her up all night, Kate's fondness for Crystal decreased as the suspicion of Crystal's filial piety to her being an insincere act was beginning to set in.

Kate and Crystal arrived at their appointed place on the following day.

Crystal set down her bag and smiled at Kate. "I heard that the cuisine in this restaurant is as authentic as it gets, Mrs. Hisson. Have you decided what to order yet?"

Kate slid the menu over. "You go first. We'll chat when the food arrives."

With Kate's coldness made amply clear, a trace of doubt flashed in Crystal's eyes. Though she did not understand what had caused the change in the former, she decided to wait and see.

After placing the order for several dishes, all of which were Kate's favorites, she slid the menu back to the older woman.

What else would you like to try, Mrs. Hisson? Here, feel free to order anything you like."

"No need," Kate said blandly, "We've ordered enough for the both of us. I don't have much of an appetite today."

Crystal handed the menu to the waiter before studying Kate carefully.

"Did I do something wrong, Mrs. Hisson?" Crystal said, addressing the elephant in the room.

Kate pretended to be confused. "Why would you say that?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Hisson. You just seem a little cold today. I would like to know if I've done something wrong so I can change. I think of you like my own mother, you know. It hurts living with the knowledge that I'd disappointed you somehow."

Kate looked at her for a moment before sighing faintly. She took out the leather bag from her purse and pushed it in front of the younger woman.

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“Have a look, Crystal,” Kate said. “I hope you can explain yourself.”

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