

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 209

Chapter 209 No Response

Carter looked fondly at Tony. The baby seemed to take a liking to Carter, waving his little hands and making babbling sounds.

Tiffany touched his flailing hands and smiled as she said, "He seems to like you a lot. You could be his godfather. I think that would make Amelia very happy. After all, it doesn't look like you have any chance of being with Amelia. If you become Tony's godfather, there'll at least be that connection between the two of you, and you won't have to cut all ties with each other."

Carter's gaze darkened instantly.

After mulling over it for a long time, he finally replied, "I really like Tony. If I can't be his biological father, then I'm willing to be his godfather."

Tiffany punched him lightly on the chest. "That's the spirit! From now on, you can't blatantly show your feelings in your gaze when you look at Amelia. It'll easily cause misunderstandings."

Carter merely gazed at Tony in silence.

"Don't tell me you haven't given up?" Tiffany asked incredulously.

"Amelia is the love of my life." Carter's answer indirectly answered Tiffany's question.

Tiffany glanced at him quietly. After a while, she said, "Let's go."

Carter nodded.

Just as they were about to leave, they saw Olivia and Owen heading their way while chatting happily.

Tiffany and Carter went out of the ward and walked up to them. "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton," Tiffany greeted politely.

Olivia glanced at Carter before replying with a smile, "Tiffany, are you here to see Tony?"

"Mr. Carter just heard that Amelia got into a car accident today, so he came to visit her. When he found out that Amelia had given birth, he was excited to meet the baby and asked me to take him here," Tiffany explained briefly.

Olivia nodded at Carter, then said, "Mr. Carter, I heard that you fell ill a little while ago and had to be admitted to this hospital as well. With Amelia hospitalized for more than half a month, we were too busy and couldn't take the time to visit you. How are you? Are you feeling better?"

Carter nodded politely. "I'm feeling much better now. Thank you for asking," he replied.

"That's good. Young people should be hardworking, but you should also take care of yourself properly and not let yourself fall ill," Olivia added.

"You're right. I'll keep that in mind."

Olivia then turned to Tiffany. "I'm going to take Tony home shortly. As his godmother, do you want to come with us? I can tell that Tony likes you very much."

Turning to look at Tony through the glass panel, Tiffany asked, "You're taking him home so soon?"

"He's been in the hospital for two weeks, and that's long enough. No matter how good the hospital's facilities are, nothing beats the comfort of being at home. I'll be taking Tony home first, and we'll see if Amelia will be allowed home in another two weeks. If she isn't allowed to go home, I'm afraid we'll have to delay Tony's sip and see," Olivia replied.

Tiffany nodded. "You should head on home then. Since I still have some things to discuss with Carter, I won't be joining you. I'll find some time to see Tony tomorrow. After all, we have plenty of time, so there's no need to rush."

Olivia smiled.

"Sure. Oh, do give some thought to that matter I mentioned to you earlier. If you agree to it, we can take the opportunity when everyone is gathered for Tony's party to introduce you," she said, not about to give up hope.

"I'm grateful that you care so much about me, Mrs. Clinton. However, I'd like to keep a low profile. As a freelance novelist, I only attend occasional events with my boss. Other than that, I spend most of my time at home. I don't particularly want to entertain those rich people. If you really do care about me, then please don't ask me to do something that troublesome," Tiffany answered somewhat evasively.

Tiffany's response made Olivia regard her even more highly. Anyone else would have attempted to take advantage of the Clintons' influence and been all too eager to seize the opportunity. Only someone like Tiffany would shy away from it for finding it too much of a trouble.

"All right then. When the time comes where you're willing to accept me as your godmother, I'll introduce you to some of my friends in the business. Mr. Clinton and I recognize your talent. Just say the word, and he'll make you the country's

best-selling author. Of course, it depends on whether you want it or not," Olivia said.

Smiling, Tiffany responded, "To become a best-selling author is every novelist's dream. Naturally, it's my dream too. However, some things can't be rushed. For now, the health of Amelia and Tony is of utmost importance. Let's wait until after the party and see how things go. What do you say, Mrs. Clinton?"

Olivia could not hold back a smile. "Well, since Carter and you have things to discuss, I won't keep you any longer. When you come over tomorrow, I'll personally cook some delicious dishes for you."

"I'm looking forward to it. I'm sure the dishes you cook will be just as tasty as you are beautiful," Tiffany praised.

Olivia was delighted to hear that.

After a brief chat, Tiffany and Carter left.

Carter stared down the hallway as they walked side by side and said suddenly, "It appears that a lot has happened in the past month. I can tell that Mrs. Clinton has a good impression of you. Although she seems like a warm and generous person, she's actually very opinionated. If she didn't regard you highly, she wouldn't have said such things. It's every freelance novelist's dream to meet someone like her. Do you think it wise to refuse her so casually? If others find out what happened, they'll be green with envy and secretly scold you for being a fool."

Tiffany shrugged nonchalantly. "So what? If I relied on others to succeed in my career, I wouldn't know if I made it because of my abilities or because there was an element of luck. Others would deny my abilities and say that I wouldn't have succeeded without the Clintons. That's not the type of achievement I want. In truth, I'm quite a greedy person. I want to build my success upon my hard work rather than the assistance of others. If I had wanted to do so, I could've asked for Amelia's help when she married into the Clinton family."

Carter glanced at her thoughtfully.

"What's the matter? Are you suddenly impressed by me?" Tiffany teased.

Carter only smiled faintly without saying a word.

Tiffany looked ahead, pursed her lips, and said dryly, "It looks like this is where our conversation ends."

Carter could not help frowning when he saw the women hurrying up to him.

"Well, I'll be leaving then. I wouldn't want to butt into your private affairs with other women." With that, Tiffany dusted her hands and quietly took her leave.

Jennifer and Faye rushed over. Jennifer glanced at Tiffany's retreating figure with an unfathomable expression, which turned into a look of concern as she spoke to Carter, "Why don't you have your phone with you? Mrs. Scott and I have been trying to get in touch with you, and we were worried sick."

"Mom, I'm feeling much better, so you don't have to make such a fuss over nothing. Also, I hope that all of you can give me some space. The way you're watching over me like a hawk is suffocating," Carter replied rather impatiently.

The image of Amelia and Oscar being affectionate with each other was triggering an explosion of his pent-up emotions.

Jennifer glanced at him, her tangle of emotions reflected in her gaze. She bit her lip and said, "Carter, did Tiffany feed you nonsense again?"

"Well, what do you think she told me? Do you think she told me about Amelia's car accident, which the both of you kept from me, or the news that Amelia gave birth to a son, which the both of you also kept from me?" Carter retorted coldly.

Unexpectedly, Jennifer looked puzzled. "What accident? What son? Amelia had a car accident?"

Carter merely shot her a glance without answering.

Then, he turned to Faye and said, "I'm going to get myself discharged from the hospital. I've been in here for a month, which is a pretty long time. There are many things pending at the office that I have to get back to."

Faye immediately replied, "Why don't you stay another day? Once the doctor gives the green light, I'll take care of the discharge paperwork. Okay?"

"Mom, I want to leave. If you don't get it done, I'll do it myself."

Faye had no choice but to give in. "Okay, fine. I'll go and speak to your attending doctor. If he says everything is fine, then we'll leave. Are you okay with that?"

Carter finally nodded.

Faye said to Jennifer, "You stay here and look after Carter. I'll go talk to his attending doctor."

"Sure, go ahead. I'll take good care of Carter."

Once Faye left, Carter also walked away, ignoring Jennifer completely.

She ran in front of him and held out her arms, looking at him with an aggrieved and hurt expression. "Carter, I've looked after you for the past month. Are all my efforts incomparable to that Amelia who likes to play hard to get?"

Lowering his head to look at her, he suddenly sighed and said, "Jennifer, you're a good person, and I'm grateful that you did your best to take care of me. However, we're not suitable for each other. You're a great catch, and you could have anyone you want. I don't think you should waste any more time on me."

Jennifer was used to his harsh words by now. She held his arm and changed the subject without even batting an eyelid. "I bought you your favorite soup. Why don't you have some? Just eat some for my sake. You wouldn't be so cruel as to refuse a request from someone as pretty as me, would you?"

Carter gave her a deep look, a sense of powerlessness hanging over him. "You don't have to do this. There's someone I like, and I don't have space in my heart for someone else."

Jennifer swallowed hard, suppressing the sadness that surged through her. "Carter, the fact that I love you has nothing to do with you. What's more, I'm sure that you'll come to love me one day. I'm confident of it. Let's go. The soup is getting cold."

Carter pulled his arm away from her, saying, "I can walk by myself."

Bitterness tinged her smile as she looked down at her empty hands, but when she saw his lone figure walking up ahead, she could not stop herself from running over to him. Without caring about Carter's embarrassment, she hugged his arm once more.

"I'm cold. Holding your arm makes me feel better, so indulge me just this once," she begged pitifully while looking up at him.

Carter neither refused nor pulled his arm away, silently putting up with her behavior.

That made Jennifer cheer up a little. "Thank you, Carter! Thank you for not shooting down my ridiculous request. I truly love you, and I'm willing to change for you. As long as it's what you want."

"No, thanks. You're fine the way you are. If you change, you'll lose what makes you special," he replied.

"But if I remain the way I am, you won't fall for me, right?" she asked.

Carter fell silent.

Jennifer felt dejected.

For a while, neither of them spoke.

In the end, it was Jennifer who broke the silence. "Let's go," she said softly.

They headed to his ward together. Once there, she placed the soup in front of him, and he ate wordlessly.

"Is it good?" she asked.

"It's okay."

"If it tastes okay, then why don't you drink two bowls today? You've lost a lot of weight this past month, and it pains me to see you so thin."

Carter made no reply.

Jennifer looked at him with a gaze full of love. Alas, Carter only continued drinking the soup quietly. He had never been willing to respond to her feelings for him.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 210

Chapter 210 Welcome Baby Party 1

When Carter fell asleep in his bed, Jennifer asked someone to find out about Amelia's latest situation. Half an hour later, she received a text.

Tapping into it, she realized it was Amelia's ward information.

At once, she told her assistant to get some flowers and fruits to visit Amelia.

When her assistant arrived with the gifts, she asked, "Jen, is your friend sick?"

"Yeah. I'll pay you for the gifts later."

"Jen, they don't cost a bomb. You don't have to pay me back," her assistant replied, grinning.

"All right. You may leave now."

Her assistant nodded and bade goodbye to her.

Soon, Jennifer arrived at Amelia's ward with her gifts. She hesitated outside for a while before knocking on the door.

The door opened to reveal Tiffany, who parted her lips in surprise upon seeing Jennifer.

"Ms. Larson, what brings you here?" Tiffany asked with a half-hearted smile.

Jennifer returned, "I heard Amelia was in an accident, so I'm here to visit her. What's wrong? Don't you welcome me?"

"Truthfully, I don't. Still, you're a guest. I can't kick you out, can I?" Tiffany opened the door and gestured. "Come on in. I don't want others to think I'm bullying you."

Jennifer walked past Tiffany into the ward.

Amelia was taken aback to see Jennifer. Still, she struggled to sit up slowly. Her action gave Tiffany a shock.

"Babe, what are you doing? You haven't recovered yet, so please don't simply move around," Tiffany rushed over to reprimand her while helping her to sit up.

Amelia replied, "I'm feeling better now. Stop fussing over me."

"Nonsense. Dr. Kane told us yesterday that you're recovering swiftly, save for your ribcage. What if you jostle your wound and suffer? Lie down and stop worrying me!"

Amelia was rendered speechless at Tiffany's reaction.

After seeing the exchange, Jennifer commented, "They take great care of you."

Pointing at the sofa nearby, Amelia beckoned. "Have a seat, Ms. Larson."

Jennifer placed the gifts aside and said, "Carter told me you were in an accident. I thought you'd be at the brink of death, but look how lively you are now."

Is she trying to get beaten up?

Tiffany gritted her teeth in fury. "Ms. Larson, keep those harsh words to yourself."

Ignoring Tiffany's retort, Jennifer stuck her chin up arrogantly.

"Amelia, I heard you gave birth to a son. You have a happy family now. Why did you seduce Carter when he has decided to forget about you?" she demanded with her arms folded.

Amelia stared at her silently.

Meanwhile, Tiffany retorted, "Ms. Larson, who Mr. Scott wants to date is none of your business. Amelia got involved in an accident, so it's perfectly normal for him to come and visit her. You're not even his girlfriend. Why are you acting as though you're his wife?"

Jennifer gave her a condescending look. "So? Carter is mine. Our families have agreed to our relationship, so we shall marry sooner or later. I'm just exercising my right earlier."

Rolling her eyes, Tiffany gave up.

Even Amelia found that amusing. She's assertive. Isn't that a form of inferiority?

A confident woman would never revolve around one man. If she's smart, she'll play hard to get so the man would never forget about her.

Rising to her feet, Jennifer towered above Amelia and stated, "Since you didn't die in that accident, there's nothing to see here. I'll take my leave then."

With that, she left without waiting for Amelia or Tiffany's reply.

Tiffany stared at her retreating figure in exasperation.

Laughing in disbelief, she asked, "Is this woman crazy?"

Amelia replied, "It's nothing serious. Don't take her words to heart."

Tiffany placed her hands on her hips indignantly. "She was too harsh! No wonder that jinx doesn't like her. If I were a man, I wouldn't choose someone like her. Look at how rude she was."

"She's hurting, too. Her love for Carter isn't being reciprocated. So, she vents her frustrations on me."

"What? Even if she loves him, he isn't required to love her. If it is that easy to fall in love, people won't take their lives for love."

Amelia shook her head. She didn't want to dwell on the matter, as Jennifer was not important in her life. There was no need to waste time on her.

In a blink of an eye, one month passed. It was time for Tony's welcome baby party. As Tony was the Clintons' eldest grandson, they held a grand party to introduce him to everyone else. Olivia had been busy with the decoration, invitation cards, and other stuff since Tony was brought back home. Oscar had to take care of Amelia and go to work, so he contributed little to the party. The welcome baby party was important to Amelia, but she hadn't recovered completely after spending one month in the hospital. She could only walk a short distance before her body started aching. There was no way she could help.

On the day of Tony's welcome baby party, two doctors and two nurses helped Amelia with the discharge procedures before Oscar brought her back home.

Back at the Clinton residence, the decorated space made her feel like it was a dream. She had only spent one month in the hospital, but it felt like she had been

absent for ages. Perhaps after the near-death experience, I stopped being stubborn and torturing myself.

Olivia came over to give her a warm hug. "Amelia, welcome home."

Touched, Amelia returned her hug with a grin. "Mom, thank you."

Olivia released her and said, "I'll bring you to Tony. You didn't get to see him for the past few weeks. He must miss you a lot."

Amelia missed her son a lot. After all, she only got to see him less than five times after he was born.

"All right."

Without warning, Oscar picked her up. She let out a tiny shriek and flung her arms around his neck instinctively.

Shyly, she urged, "Oscar, Mom's here. Put me down, hurry!"

Oscar was unfazed. "You haven't fully recovered yet. I don't want you to walk too much. You're in a hurry to see our son, right? You'll get there faster if I bring you there."

Amelia caved in as he was right.

She remained in his arms as Olivia led them upstairs to the nursery, which Olivia had prepared for Tony. Upon seeing Tony in his crib, Amelia felt her heart softening.

A baby's features would change almost every day. After half a month, she nearly couldn't recognize Tony.

At one month old, Tony's skin was fair and rosy. He was slightly plump and adorable, looking like a delicate doll.

Amelia gestured for Oscar to put her down.

The minute she regained freedom, she knelt down beside the crib to caress Tony's cheek. Perhaps the little boy sensed her arrival, for he woke up and stared at her unblinkingly. Stretching his tiny hands out, he started babbling nonsense.

Olivia chuckled. "Looks like Tony knows his Mommy is here. He was sleeping soundly but woke up when you came in."

Amelia's lips curved into a smile as she whispered, "Tony, Mommy's here. Say, Mommy!"

In response, Tony babbled excitedly.

Olivia's chuckle grew louder. "Tony's a clever boy, huh? He can understand you now."

Amelia was in high spirits.

After chatting with Tony for a while, they left him with the nanny and went out.

"Amelia, your dad and Oscar's friends from the corporate world will be here later. You're still weak, so you don't have to join us to socialize with them," Olivia told her.

Amelia nodded obligingly. "Mom, thank you."

"No need for pleasantries. Tony's my grandson, so I'll provide the best for him. You only have to focus on taking care of yourself."

Amelia listened to her obediently.

After Olivia gave her a quick update, she cut in, "Mom, where is Stephanie?"

At once, Olivia froze. "Oh, you know how she hates formal occasions like this. It's a good thing she's not here. Otherwise, she might talk nonsense. As you're still weak, I don't want her angering you," she explained.

Amelia's heart warmed at her words. Olivia adored her, so she didn't want Olivia to grow apart from Stephanie because of her. One would need to give in and forgive when needed.

As Olivia had never mistreated her, she was willing to ignore Stephanie's insults. The latter's words were rather hurtful, but Amelia could still handle it.

"Mom, what are you talking about? Stephanie is my sister-in-law. She might be harsh, but I won't take her comments to heart. After all, she didn't harm me physically, did she? If she's missing at Tony's welcome baby party, the guests might find her rude," Amelia said truthfully.

Olivia patted her hand to comfort her. "Just ignore her. She's an adult now. She needs to be punished for her mistake. The Clinton family won't always help to clean up the mess she created."

Amelia cast a strange look at Olivia. She seems to be insinuating something.

The corner of Olivia's mouth quirked up as she changed the topic deftly. "Don't think too much about it. Tony's the star of the party, so no one will notice her absence."

Amelia did not insist further since Olivia had put it that way.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 211

Chapter 211 Welcome Baby Party 2

Plenty of distinguished guests were present at Tony's welcome baby party. Besides the usual corporate bigwigs, there were also a few government official couples. The guests were either wealthy or powerful or both. It showed how prominent the Clintons were.

Tiffany was decked in a gorgeous outfit to join the party.

"Wow, I've only seen those people in the news. I can't believe I'm seeing them all here!" Tiffany was in awe.

Amelia gave a half-hearted smile. "This is the first time I've met them in real life. I might've been married to Oscar for over five years, but I rarely accompanied Oscar to formal events like this."

"They only talk about business and political stuff. You should stay away from them lest they bring a bad influence on you," Tiffany pursed her lips and remarked.

Amelia merely smiled without saying anything.

Tiffany took a glass of wine and uttered, "Babe, let's take a seat there. Mrs. Clinton is worried about you, so she told you not to socialize with the guests. Let's have a bite at the snack table."

Amelia inclined her head in reply.

They chose a sofa in a corner and sat down. Tiffany had a plate of snacks from the snack table.

"Babe, try this." Tiffany handed her a slice of cake.

Amelia shook her head. "I've taken some soup before the party began, so I'm not hungry. If you're starving, I can ask the maid to prepare some food for you."

"I've already eaten before coming here, but the snacks look really tempting. I couldn't resist," Tiffany muttered as she stuffed the food into her mouth greedily.

Amelia chuckled and gave her a drink. "Eat slowly. Don't choke."

Tiffany's cheeks were bulging. She chewed a few times before gulping down the drink.

After giving her a napkin to wipe her lips, Amelia inquired, "Tiff, what happened to you? You're wearing an elegant dress, but acting as though you hadn't eaten in days. People might think you've been starved by the Clintons!"

Tiffany hastily swallowed the food and waved her hands. "Babe, you have no idea how crazy Shannon was. She called me five times a day to get me to finish the manuscript! She even threatened to come to me if I didn't hand it in on time. To meet her deadline, after visiting you at the hospital in the day, I had to write at night. Last night, I only finished work at four in the morning and went to bed so I get to attend the welcome baby party. Five hours later, she woke me up with a freaking phone call! You have no idea how mad I was. Look at my dark eye circles! I've lost so much weight. Ugh, this is so annoying."

Amelia felt bad for her. "If it's too much for you, just let Ms. Shannon know. It's important to earn money, but she can't torment you. Why don't I ask Oscar to hook you up with another publishing company?"

Tiffany gave a dismissing wave. "I'm fine, Babe. I just needed to rant. Don't take me seriously. Shannon is a good partner to work with. She might be a workaholic, but I find her amiable usually. If I sign up with another company, I have to waste time getting along with my new editor. That's too hassling."

Amelia parted her lips to say something when she spotted Oscar coming over to them.

Tiffany saw him, too. She poked Amelia and whispered, "Babe, I'm still upset at Oscar, but he looks really hot today. His white suit looks really good with your white gown today. You're Snow White and Prince Charming in real life! A perfect match!"

The corners of Amelia's mouth curved upwards into a genuine smile as a crimson red crept up her cheeks.

Oscar strode to Amelia, his gaze fixated on her. He was clearly besotted with her.

"Honey, you look gorgeous today." He lavished praises on her.

Upon hearing this, Amelia's mood lifted.

Right then, Tiffany interjected, "Mr. Clinton, I might be the third wheel here, but please consider my feelings." How dare they act lovey-dovey in front of me? What an eyesore!

Oscar ignored her and focused on Amelia. "The party is about to begin. Mom wants us to go to Tony."

Amelia gave him a nod.

Tiffany pursed her lips. She didn't really mind being ignored, but it didn't stop her from wanting to beat Oscar up.

Amelia turned to her. "Tiff, let's go."

In response, Tiffany turned to Oscar and shot him a taunting chuckle. Sticking her chest up, she held Amelia's hand and declared, "Babe, let's go."

Amelia was amused.

They walked ahead of Oscar and made their way upstairs.

In the nursery, Olivia was holding Tony, who was dressed up smartly. "Tony, look. Mommy and Daddy are here."

Amelia flashed a warm smile at Tony.

On the other hand, Tiffany reached out to pick Tony up, but the little boy reached out to Amelia instead.

Tiffany pretended to be heartbroken and pressed on her chest. "Tony, you've broken my heart. How could you dump me for your mommy, huh?"

Everyone burst out laughing.

Olivia teased, "If you like kids, get yourself a boyfriend as soon as possible. When the time is right, get married and give birth to a cute little baby."

Tiffany could only laugh along at her words.

Amelia wanted to cradle her son, but she was still weak. Sometimes, her hands would suddenly go numb. Hence, even though Tony was already one month old, she had never held him in her arms.

"Go ahead. Tony's one month old, but he hasn't been held by his mom. He's feeling sad," Olivia said encouragingly as she handed Tony to Amelia. Slowly, Amelia took the boy and held him carefully. She was clearly flustered.

He's so soft and fluffy! What if I accidentally release my grip on him?

As Amelia held Tony in her arms, strange questions popped up in her mind.

Olivia found her reaction funny. "Amelia, relax. The baby won't fall down."

As Tony was quiet in her embrace, Amelia gradually relaxed and grew used to holding him.

She patted his cheek gently as her expression softened.

At that sight, Oscar couldn't stop the jealousy from rising in his heart. It was ridiculous to be jealous of his own son, but he felt somewhat uncomfortable to realize that Amelia's heart no longer belonged to him alone.

"Honey, I'm adorable too." Everyone immediately gave him strange stares at his sudden announcement.

Oscar coughed lightly, feeling embarrassed.

Olivia burst out in giggles. "Oscar, I can't believe I'm seeing you in a fit of jealousy. That's your son. How can you be jealous of your own son?"

Tiffany chimed in, "Mrs. Clinton, that's because he had never come across any contenders."

Her sense of humor caused everyone to burst into giggles.

Oscar felt awkward, but he put up a calm front.

Right then, a maid rushed in. "Mrs. Clinton, the guests are here. Mr. Clinton wants you to head down with Mr. Tony."

Olivia nodded. "All right. Tell him I'll be right there."

"Yes, Mrs. Clinton." The maid left in a haste.

Taking Tony from Amelia, Olivia told her, "Amelia, do you want to head downstairs or remain here? The doctor said you can't be on your feet for too long."

"Dr. Kane and the rest are here. I'm fine. If I feel unwell, I'll come upstairs to rest," Amelia answered.

Nodding, Olivia turned to Oscar. "Oscar, take care of her. She's still weak, so bring her upstairs if she feels slightly unwell."

"Mom, don't worry. I'll take care of her."

With that, Olivia headed downstairs with Tony in her arms.

Tony's appearance attracted the guests' attraction. They started lavishing praises on him.

Everyone was commenting on how adorable he was. His brows, nose, eyes, and lips were striking. As he was fair and fluffy, the guests said he inherited the best qualities from Oscar and Amelia.

Olivia was all smiles to hear their compliments.

After a while, Owen went on stage to deliver a speech. "Everyone, today is my grandson's welcome baby party. Thank you for taking the time to attend the party. As you all know, my daughter-in-law was involved in a car accident, and my

grandson was born with much difficulty. I hope your presence can bring luck to him.”

The exquisitely dressed guests murmured in agreement.

Owen waved his hands and continued, “Thank you, thank you. Everyone, you’re the Clintons’ good friends. As we only decided to hold the party last minute, it isn’t a grand event. Please help yourself to the snacks. I apologize in advance for any oversights.”

Murmurs of consent reverberated in the room.

Owen then proceeded to reveal Tony’s full name—Anthony Clinton.

The name was well-received. Anthony, which meant “priceless one” or “highly praiseworthy,” was a fitting name for the Clintons’ precious grandson.

As a slow but pleasant melody floated in the air, the guests milled around and chatted amiably.

The ladies around Olivia’s age gathered around her to lavish praises on Tony.

“Olivia, you’re really lucky to have a pretty daughter-in-law who has given birth to your adorable grandson. Ugh, I’m envious of you. You have everything I want! I wonder when my workaholic son will get himself a girlfriend,” an elegantly dressed lady lamented.

Olivia beamed, “Lily, why are you jealous? I heard Felicity’s pregnant. You’re going to be a grandmother in a few months’ time!”

Hearing that, Lily flashed a genuine smile. “Felicity had to make a few trips to the gynecologist before she could finally get pregnant. Now, I’m worried about my son who’s practically married to his work. When will he get himself a girlfriend and settle down? If he is half as obedient as Oscar and gets himself a great wife like Amelia, I won’t have to nag him every other day.”

“It’s useless for us to worry about their lives as we can’t do anything. Just go along with the flow. When the time comes, he’ll get married,” Olivia assured her.

“Ah, you’re right. Anthony is really precious. Can I hold him? When he looks at me with his cute eyes, I have the urge to give him everything he wants!” Lily carried the little boy carefully and exclaimed out loud.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 212

Chapter 212 Causing A Scene

They were talking about Tony happily when a few people suddenly appeared in the hall. At once, the tension in the room grew.

Olivia was playing with Tony and immediately scowled at the unwanted guests' arrival. As there were other guests around, she immediately regained her composure.

"Lily, I've asked my chef to prepare a few desserts. Let's go try them out. I need your opinion. If you like them, tell the maid to pack some up for you to bring back home."

The other ladies knew Olivia was trying to send them away, for the unwanted guests were none other than the Yards. Everyone witnessed Cassie's escape from the wedding five years ago. Her actions caused the Clinton family to become the joke of the upper-class society. Even though Oscar married Amelia shortly after, he still got mocked. Both families remained at peace for the next few years, but Cassie and Oscar were still in an ambiguous relationship. After all, no man could accept being left at the altar by his fiancée.

"We need to try, then. Let's talk to the chef if they are really good," replied Lily with a smile. The other ladies nodded obligingly and left with her.

With Tony in her arms, Olivia turned to Oscar. "Oscar, bring your wife to the other end to socialize with the guests there. I'll handle the Yard family. Don't interfere lest Cassie kicks up a fuss."

Oscar held Amelia's hand and said, "Amelia and I shall go talk to Mr. Ferguson. He only came back to the country yesterday and has never seen Amelia before. When he called me two days ago, he kept reminding me to introduce him to Amelia."

Olivia nodded. "All right. Go."

Oscar led Amelia away, while Tiffany remained by Olivia's side.

"Mrs. Clinton, if they are rude to you, I'll sew their lips up!" She gestured to zip their lips sternly.

A corner of Olivia's mouth lifted in response. The next moment, her smile froze in place when she saw the person who appeared behind Charlie.

Upon spotting Olivia's expression, Tiffany voiced her concern. "Mrs. Clinton, what's wrong?"

Olivia snapped back to reality and forced a smile. "Nothing."

Tiffany said nothing after that. Even when she saw Stephanie holding Cassie's arm later, she merely arched her brow silently.

Stephanie is taunting Amelia, huh? Previously, Oscar might not do anything, but judging from how he adores Amelia now, he should say something after seeing his sister and his ex-lover together. He won't allow Amelia to get bullied by Stephanie anymore.

Both Stephanie and Cassie like to create trouble. No wonder they are best friends. Birds of the same feathers flock together, after all! They are both arrogant and selfish.

Tiffany might despise the foolish Stephanie, but it didn't show on her face.

Olivia sauntered over to the Yard family. "Charlie, why are you here?"

Charlie seemed a little awkward for the Clintons didn't extend an invitation to the Yards. Obviously, they were keeping a distance from the Yards.

"Olivia, we've been friends for years. Can't we come to offer our congratulations to your grandson?" Elizabeth uttered in disdain. She took one glance at Tony and mocked, "Oh, so this is him. I was wondering what he looks like. He's not that good-looking, after all."

Olivia's expression darkened as anger poured through her.

Tiffany touched her arm to stop her from saying anything. "Mrs. Yard, I thought you would've learned your lesson since our last encounter, but turns out you're still as rude as usual. That's really disgusting. Even I can't stand the sight of your bad manners. I thought you're a gentlewoman. I wonder how do you socialize with the other upper-classes?"

As an author, Tiffany was good at cursing others.

Instantly, Elizabeth's expression soured.

"Olivia, look at how rude this young lady is. Why did you allow her to remain by your side?" she demanded with a frown.

Olivia's gaze swept over to Stephanie, who was afraid of the former. "Tiffany's an obedient young lady. I'm going to take her as my goddaughter." She seemed to be insinuating something.

Taking one look at Stephanie, Elizabeth blurted out, "Olivia, are you crazy? You kicked your own daughter out and cut off her allowance, but want to take an outsider to be your goddaughter? You must be crazy. No wonder Stephanie looked so upset when she came to Cassie. I think you're being too harsh on your own daughter. Don't you feel bad for her?"

A complicated emotion flashed across Olivia's gaze. Tiffany was confused. She thought Stephanie moved out to protest against Amelia, but it was Olivia who had kicked her out.

Why, though? I don't get it.

Olivia patted Tony to comfort him before answering, "Stephanie is in her twenties. She gets to train herself to be independent out there. I don't think there's anything wrong with that. Young people should be diligent. It doesn't matter how much they earn as long as they could afford to survive."

Elizabeth snorted. "Olivia, that's the joke of the year. Why would a Clinton work hard for a mere salary of a few thousand bucks? The others will mock you for that."

Olivia pretended not to hear her words, while Charlie shot Elizabeth a disapproving look and gestured for her to shut up.

"Olivia, please don't mind my wife's reckless words. I'm here to see your grandson. You invited the others but left us out. To be honest, I was really disappointed. We've been friends for decades. It's not worth it to cut off ties just because of a minor understanding." Charlie's voice was sincere.

Olivia handed Tony to Tiffany before responding, "Charlie, you know why I didn't invite you to the party. I don't want someone to show up at Tony's party and make the situation awkward. Five years had since passed, but the upper-class society is still gossiping about Oscar and Cassie. I don't want the rumors to harm my son and his wife's marriage. I hope you understand that."

Elizabeth let out a sardonic laugh. "Olivia, you can't afford to humiliate yourself. Do you think we want to humiliate ourselves, then? Cassie lost her baby and committed suicide because of Oscar. He then dumped her, saying they aren't a suitable match. You even blamed everything on her. Do you think we're pushovers?" she declared loudly.

Tiffany parted her lips to retort, but Olivia stretched her hand out to stop her. The latter turned to Charlie and stated, "Charlie, many of our friends from the corporate and political world are here today. I don't mind if you want to cause a scene today. Oscar is married and has a kid, so the others will only criticize him for being a reckless man. Cassie, however, is a different matter. She'll be mocked for being someone else's mistress. Her reputation will end up in shreds, and she won't be able to marry into a good family. Don't blame that on us in the future."

"Olivia, you've got it wrong. We're here to visit your grandson. We've been friends for years, so I'm willing to show my sincerity. I'm not as bad as you think," Charlie said apologetically.

At once, Elizabeth cut in, "Charlie Yard, our daughter is being humiliated now! I won't take it if you make things difficult for Cassie just to preserve your friendship."

Olivia hailed a maid and ordered, "Bring Mr. and Mrs. Yard there."

"Yes, Mrs. Clinton."

She then glanced at Stephanie, who had been stuck to Cassie silently the whole time. "Stephanie, come upstairs with me."

To her surprise, Stephanie scurried away to hide behind Elizabeth.

Elizabeth had a smug smile playing on her lips. "Olivia, you've failed as a mom. Look, your daughter is afraid of you."

Olivia's face clouded over.

Tiffany patted Tony consolingly and told her, "Mrs. Clinton, don't get mad."

After taking a deep breath, Olivia commanded icily, "Stephanie, come over here!"

Stephanie stuck her head out from behind Elizabeth and whined, "Mom, I want to move back home. I've run out of money. It has been ages since I bought any bags or eaten something nice. Let me come home!"

Olivia felt her chest clenching in anger. "Follow me upstairs. Why are you hiding behind someone else's back? Do you want me to yell at you in public?"

Stephanie felt really indignant. "Mom, I only want to come home. I don't have any money, and the others are viewing me with contempt. You're my mom. Don't you feel bad for me?" She was smart enough to act pitiful this time.