

Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

Chapter 309

After a tensed silence, Oscar looked at Olivia and spoke sincerely. "Mom, it was my fault that Amelia left, but I won't give up on her."

Olivia scoffed. "Look at you. You're indeed your father's son, for you are both stubborn. The woman treated you badly, but you insist on siding with her! Will you stop only when I suffer from a heart attack?"

Sighing, Oscar answered, "Mom, Amelia isn't like that. You used to adore her, right? Why are you being so harsh on her?"

His answer only serve to aggrieve Olivia further.

"I was blind to treat her well! If we weren't on good terms, I wouldn't feel this bad right now. I made sure she ate well, sleep well, and lived well. I also never cut off her allowance or limited her freedom. It was also her who caused Stephanie and me to argue back then. As her mother-in-law, I did my best. How did she repay me? By taking Tony away from me! I didn't even expect that. How could she? That ungrateful woman doesn't deserve my kindness!" she declared angrily.

Oscar pursed his lips silently.

"You got no retort for that, huh? Oscar, I'll be blunt with you. Even after you find where Amelia is, I won't allow her to marry you. I don't want a hypocritical daughter-in-law. You have to pick between me or her," Olivia stated firmly, and there was a finality to her tone that warned him to make the correct decision.

Oscar frowned as annoyance rose in his heart.

"Mom, you weren't like this previously. Why are you acting this way?"

"That was in the past. You know me well, don't you? If I like someone, I'll treat her well. But once I grow to hate someone, she'll never enter my good books, ever. Cassie is one, and Amelia has achieved that, too. You can say I'm inflexible, but I'll never accept someone I dislike," she declared.

Silence ensued.

Olivia stood up from Owen's arms. She parted her lips to say something, but a grating pain gripped her heart, and she passed out without warning.

"Olivia? Olivia!" Owen held her before she fell to the floor and yelled, "Oscar, get the car!"

Oscar ran out and drove the car to the entrance of the Clinton residence in a swift manner. Owen immediately brought Olivia to the car.

Flooring the accelerator, Oscar arrived at Principal General Hospital in the shortest time possible. Robert, who had been informed of the news, was already waiting at the entrance with his team of medical staff. Once the car rolled to a stop, they hoisted Olivia up to the stretcher and pushed her to the operating room.

Outside the operating room, both Oscar and Owen stared at the red light anxiously. An awkward silence ensued.

Some time later, Oscar broke the silence. With his head hung low, he said guiltily, "Dad, I'm sorry."

Owen spared him a brief glance. "We shall talk about it after your mom gets better."

No words came out of Oscar's mouth.

Owen leaned on the wall as time ticked by. Time had never seemed so slow. Every second went straight to his heart like an iron shard, and the anguish was unbearable.

His wife was inside, but there was nothing he could do.

They remained outside for three hours before the light above the operating room finally flickered off. The doors slid open to reveal Robert and his team of doctors.

Owen and Oscar rushed over to greet them.

"Robert, how is Olivia faring?"

"Mr. Lancaster, how is my mom doing?" Owen and Oscar asked at the same time.

Robert glanced at them before saying, "Let's go to my office."

Owen took one look at Olivia, who had just been pushed out, and nodded quietly. He followed behind Robert, and Oscar immediately went after them.

In his office, Robert chided, "Owen, what happened? Didn't I tell you to make sure Olivia lives comfortably? Why did you allow her to overthink? Do you know she'll lose her life if she gets more emotional?"

His expression stern, Owen demanded, "Robert, be honest. Is Olivia in a bad situation?"

"If you didn't send her to the hospital in time, she would've died. Her heart isn't faring well, so she can't be too distraught. If she gets slightly emotional, her condition will worsen. She needs to rest now," Robert explained solemnly.

Owen looked sullen.

Breaking the silence, Oscar said, "Mr. Lancaster, it was all my fault. I shouldn't have anger Mom. I'll make sure never to do it again."

Robert cast him a cursory glance. He knew Amelia's disappearance had given Oscar a huge blow. After she left with Tony, the Clinton family's peace was disrupted.

"Oscar, she's just worried about her grandson. As her son, you should go along with her wishes. She isn't healthy to begin with, and getting older means more problems will arise. Though she has aged well, don't forget that she's in her sixties. You can't risk her life by upsetting her," Robert reminded.

Oscar nodded in response.

"Leave your father and me alone. I need to talk to him," Robert ordered.

Oscar left as told and stood next to a window. He looked down at the garden blooming with flowers as his expression grew grim.

Pulling out a cigarette, he lit it and took a deep puff. Thick plumes of smoke soon surrounded him.

After Amelia and Tony took off, he had become quite addicted to smoking and could finish a packet of cigarettes in one day. Back then, he would only smoke a few occasionally. Now,

he wouldn't be seen without one. He missed Amelia terribly, and Olivia kept pressurizing him to locate Tony. He wasn't afraid of anything else except for Olivia's health.

He finished one cigarette after another. Soon, cigarette stubs were all over the floor. Owen came to him and patted his shoulder. "Don't feel too stressed."

Oscar gazed at his father gravely.

"Don't blame Olivia. She missed Tony too much and overreacted. I'll try my best to persuade her to change her mind. But after you find Amelia, we need to get Tony's custody back. That's not up for discussion," said Owen as he stared out of the window.

Oscar said nothing.

"Oscar, your mom isn't doing well. As her son, you should be considerate. She has never suffered in her life, and I don't wish to see her suffer. We're not being mean to Amelia. She was the one who left with Tony without informing anyone. Her selfish actions caused Tony to be estranged from our family. Thus, she has to bear the consequences of losing Tony. She can't blame anyone for that," Owen added.

Turning to him, Oscar announced, "Dad, Amelia's not an unforgivable criminal. I don't think she should be at the receiving end of that punishment. I love her, and I won't marry anyone else. If you are both against our relationship, Tony will be your only grandson."

The look in Owen's eyes darkened as he scrutinized his son silently. They stared at each other for a long while. None of them refused to give in.

In the end, Owen declared, "Whatever. If you put your mom in a tight spot, I'll kick you out of our family. It's either Amelia or our family."

Having said that, Owen spun on his heels and marched away.

Oscar stared at his father's retreating figure and felt utterly torn. He gripped the unlit cigarette in his palm tightly until it bent into half.

Turning back to face the window, he discovered the scenery was still as green and beautiful as before. Alas, no one was there to share the view with him.

"Amelia, where the hell are you?" he muttered in exasperation.

The night view was mesmerizing, but Oscar's mood was foul.

"Oscar, Mom..." In a dimly lit bedroom, Amelia jolted awake from a nightmare with cold sweat dotting her brows.

"Amelia, what's wrong?" Her screams woke Tiffany up. "Do your eyes hurt? Or do you feel unwell?"

Amelia opened her eyes though she could no longer see. Gasping for air, she shook her head and answered, "No. I had a nightmare. I dreamt that both Mom and Oscar fell into a deep abyss. I wanted to save them, but I failed to do so. Before Mom fell, she was blaming me for taking off with Tony and causing her to be estranged from her grandson. Then, I woke up."

Tiffany wiped off her sweat and consoled her. "Babe, it's just a nightmare. Don't mule over it. Let's go to bed. When you feel better, we'll go to the hospital for a checkup. Back in Beshya, the doctor said there's a chance for recovery if you relax, remember?"

Amelia didn't share her sentiments. "Tiff, you should sleep. Just ignore me."

"You aren't sleepy? I'll stay up with you," Tiffany offered. "If you can't fall asleep, let's talk so you won't feel bored."

Amelia's silence signified her approval.

"Tiff, I dreamt that Mom blamed me for being cruel enough to take Tony away without informing them beforehand. To think about it, I was really heartless to cut off ties with the Clinton family. Tony wouldn't get to see his father again, and he'll have to grow up in a single-parent family. Now that I'm blind, I can't give him the best of everything. Am I too selfish?" Amelia buried her head between her knees and asked forlornly.

After losing her eyesight, she wondered if she should return Tony to the Clintons. However, Tony was her only pillar of strength. Without Tony, she didn't know how she should face the endless darkness alone.

"You're overthinking again. Stop it. Tony's custody belongs to you, so it isn't wrong for you to leave with him. Stop thinking and sleep. We shall go for a checkup tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. When you recover and feel guilty, we can pay them a visit with Tony and ask for their forgiveness," Tiffany suggested.

Amelia shook her head. "If I recover, I'm afraid I dare not bring Tony back. I don't want Oscar to be disappointed at me and give me the cold treatment," she uttered in a low voice.

Tiffany's heart wrenched painfully at her friend's words. She gave Amelia a comforting hug and said, "All right, time to sleep. It's useless to ponder over this now, for you won't be returning with Tony anytime soon."

Amelia lay down on the bed. "Let's sleep," she mumbled.

Tiffany shut her eyes and muttered, "Amelia, don't think too much. Sleep tight. Let's cross that bridge when we come to it."

Instead of answering, Amelia opened her eyes wide in the dark as melancholy surrounded her.