

Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

Chapter 311

"I just made an appointment with the best ophthalmologist in Beshya, and we're going to go visit him later," uttered Derrick after breakfast.

"How about we do that tomorrow, Derrick? You came all the way here to see Tiff; I'm sure you have a lot to talk about with her. Don't worry about my eyes. It's not like they're going anywhere. They can wait. Now go take her out on a date!" commanded Amelia.

"But Amelia..." Nevertheless, Tiffany was still worried about her friend.

"I have business in Beshya, actually, so I'm going to be here for at least half a month. I have time to spend with Tiff, and you can bet I'll do so. But if you don't do something about your condition, she's not going to just stop worrying about you, even if I take her out on a date. We're both worried about you, and we just want the best for you," explained Derrick patiently.

"Fine, then."

After instructing Jeremy to take care of Tony, Derrick drove Amelia and Tiffany to the hospital.

The physician they visited, Boris Jackman, was a highly experienced ophthalmologist who had already retired for a year. He only agreed to see Amelia because he and Derrick's grandfather were close.

From what Derrick had heard, Boris came from a long line of physicians. The physician's ancestors had been in the medical field since the Civil War and were respected in their time. Because of that, no one doubted the medical skill of a Jackman.

However, besides his exceptional skills, Boris was also known for his odd temperament. For people he liked, he did not mind treating them free of charge. As for those he disliked, even if they were superstars or political figures, Boris would refuse to treat them no matter how much they were willing to pay. Naturally, that created a huge problem for the director of the hospital. Still, there was nothing the director could do about Boris because of his outstanding reputation.

"Hello, Dr. Jackman. I'm Derrick Hisson. I'm sure my grandfather has already mentioned me. Thank you for sparing us your precious time. It means the world to my friend here." Derrick had always been a proud man, but when facing the retired physician, he was as polite as one could be.

After sizing the young man up, Boris guffawed. "My goodness! You look exactly like your grandfather when he was your age. He, too, looked so handsome that it was almost unbelievable. You're lucky to have inherited his good looks. Hey, no 'Dr. Jackman,' okay? Just call me Boris."

"Very well, Boris."

The physician's smile grew even wider when Derrick called him by the first name. "How's your grandfather? Good?"

"He's doing okay. He spoke a lot about the good old times, and you were in most of them. Even though you two were decades apart in age, he told me there was no generation gap between you two and that there was always something to talk about whenever you two met. He also told me that you were very picky with your patients, even though you're highly skilled. I imagine that your principles must've made you a lot of enemies at the hospital, but my grandfather was different, wasn't he? He misses you, you know? He talks about you whenever he gets the chance," stated Derrick respectfully.

Laughing out loud once again, Boris responded, "Your grandfather has always been a sentimental person. Now that I think of it, it has been a while since I last visited him. I'm going to have to spend time fishing or something with that old man. I miss him dearly as well."

"I'm sure he would love that," agreed Derrick with a smile before gesturing toward Tiffany. "Boris, I would like you to meet my girlfriend, Tiffany. Standing beside her is her best friend, Amelia, who became blind because of a car accident. We hope you can do something to help her regain her sight."

"It's an honor to meet you, Boris," greeted the two women.

After taking a look at them, Boris nodded in acknowledgment. "The honor is mine, ladies. Come here, Amelia. Let me take a look at you."

The physician then took a moment to check Amelia's eyes while also asking Tiffany about her friend's condition. "We'll have to check her brain later. Once we get the results, I'll

prescribe her some medications for her condition. For now, I wouldn't suggest performing surgery on her brain because it's far too risky to remove the blood clots. If you're willing to trust me, I promise you that she'll be right as rain."

Upon hearing that, Tiffany widened her eyes in excitement. "You mean Amelia will be able to see again?"

"Her blindness is due to the blood clots around her optic nerve, so if we can remove them, she should be able to regain her vision. However, treating her condition takes time, and it won't be easy. I'll need at least two years. Five at most," promised Boris confidently.

As much as Tiffany wanted to believe the physician, she found his promise almost too good to be true. "But the other doctors all said that it was near impossible to remove those blood clots and that we would put Amelia's life in danger if we were to risk it. I mean no disrespect, Boris. Trust me. I want to believe you. It's just that we don't want to get our hopes up, only to be disappointed in the end. I hope you don't take this the wrong way."

"You're Tiffany, right? Can I call you Tiffany?" inquired Boris.

To that, Tiffany nodded in agreement.

"I like you, Tiffany. If you were a medical student, I would've very much liked to take you under my wing. People shouldn't just believe whatever they hear. Never apologize for doubting anything or anyone, Tiffany. I can't say that I'm the best ophthalmologist in the world, but I am confident enough to promise you that as soon as we remove those blood clots, Amelia's eyes will work like normal."

"And if we fail to remove them? Is it still possible for Amelia to regain her sight?" Although it seemed like Tiffany was trying to give Boris a hard time, she was actually just concerned about her friend.

The physician simply smiled and said nothing in response.

It was then that Tiffany realized Derrick was right about Boris' odd temperament. He may be weird, but so are most geniuses. Besides, he's probably Amelia's best chance at leading a normal life again.

"Please excuse Tiff's straightforwardness, Boris. She's just worried about me. I know you're only doing this because of your relationship with Derrick's grandfather, but still, I want you

to know how much I appreciate you taking the time to see me. I'm not sure how else to thank you, so I sincerely hope that my words are enough to show you my heartfelt gratitude," voiced Amelia, smiling softly.

Boris then proceeded to take another look at Amelia. "Don't worry about it. I can tell that you have a very bright future ahead of you. Not only will you find someone who loves you for who you are, but that person will also be the love of your life. Even though you two will face many obstacles, you'll always find your way back to each other. What's destined cannot be changed."

Amelia was stunned for a while when she heard Boris' prophetic words.

"You can tell someone's fortune?" questioned Amelia somewhat uneasily.

"I spent a few years learning the art of divination when I was younger. I was curious. Some people believe it, and some don't, so I'll let you decide which side you're on. I see that your path is a difficult one, but if you can persevere, you'll bask in bliss for many years to come," replied Boris.

"Is it possible? Will we really meet again?" muttered Amelia to herself. Since she went away, she was convinced that she would never see Oscar again. She dared not to imagine what it would be like if they ever ran into each other. Oscar's probably either going to curse me or treat me like a total stranger. After all, why would he forgive me for disappearing like that? He's either going to hate me or forget about me. Those are the only two possible outcomes for us.

Thinking about how they would be separated forever, Amelia froze like a statue.

"Do you mind if I call you Amelia?" Boris smiled gently at the distracted young woman.

Amelia returned to her senses. Albeit still with a blank look on her face, she responded, "Sure."

"I wasn't making things up, Amelia. I really did spend years learning the art when I was a younger man. Just by looking at you, I can tell that you'll face many unfortunate events until you're thirty-five, though none of them will be life-or-death situations. After you reach the age of thirty-five, not only will you be happily married, but you'll also have three beautiful children. You'll have everything a woman could ever want. Of course, it's entirely up to you whether you want to believe me or not."

To that, Amelia responded with another polite smile and assumed Boris was only kidding around. She found it hard to believe that anyone could tell the future.

Without saying anything else, Boris performed a CT scan on Amelia's brain before checking the result.

"Amelia's condition is quite serious, so I'd suggest that we take a more conservative approach. If you don't mind trying some traditional medicine, I can prescribe you something for your headache. It'll help you sleep better. As for the surgery, I'll have to discuss it with the other doctors first," explained Boris, holding a report.

"Thank you, Boris." Amelia gave the physician a nod of appreciation.

"I'll have someone send the medications over to Derrick's place." After pausing for a while, Boris continued, "The conventional medicine isn't going to be of any help to your condition, so you'll have to trust the traditional methods. I can perform acupuncture for your brain. Rest assured. I'm well versed in both types of medicine. Terrence called me himself, so you can bet I won't disappoint the man."

"Traditional medicine?" Amelia was somewhat skeptical of the practice. Isn't this a general hospital? Do they treat patients with traditional medicine here?

"I actually have my own clinic where I treat those who have intractable diseases but can't afford to go to the hospital. I like a good challenge, and I'm curious about your condition. Since the other doctors told you that any attempt to remove the blood clots could endanger you, I would like to see if I can prove them wrong. If you're willing to let me try, that is," stated Boris frankly.

What the man meant to say was that he would like to show what he was capable of by treating Amelia as if she was a guinea pig.

Worried for her friend, Tiffany gave Derrick a look. Can we really trust this guy? Everything he said was the complete opposite of what the other doctors told us.

As if he could read the woman's mind, Boris let out a chuckle. "If you would rather I perform the surgery, I can do that. But remember, you'll be taking a big risk. If that's what you want, I respect your decision."

After some thought, Amelia finally made up her mind. "Let's go with the acupuncture, Boris. I've heard incredible things about what traditional medicine can do, and I'd like to see that for myself. I'm willing to take a chance."

"Wonderful! You won't regret this, Amelia. I promise you that you'll be able to see again. I won't disappoint you. You have my word."

To that, Amelia responded with a soft smile, while Tiffany swallowed everything she had to say about the physician.