

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 596

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 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.

"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."

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.

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.

"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."

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.