

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 181

## Chapter 181 Forget About Her

Oscar turned around and glared coldly at Cassie who was standing by the window. "Are you really going to jump?"

Cassie had a crazed look in her eyes as she said, "I'll jump if you walk out of this ward, Oscar!"

Oscar frowned, exuding a menacing air of power and authority. "You should know how much I hate being threatened, Cassie."

Cassie's attitude softened up instantly. "I just want you to stay here with me, Oz. Back then, you'd always forgive me no matter what I did wrong."

The look in Oscar's eyes was as cold as ice as he turned around and began walking towards the door without saying anything.

Cassie climbed onto the windowsill and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Oz! I'll jump right here and now if you dare walk out that door!"

Oscar stopped in his tracks.

"All I want is for you to stay here with me, Oz. Is that too much to ask? You would never treat me like this back then!" Cassie began crying as she said that.

Oscar still had his back towards her.

Suddenly, Cassie held a hand towards her chest and began panting rapidly. "Oz... I... I can't breathe..."

Oscar turned around and assumed that she was putting up an act when he saw what she did. "Cassie, will you stop this nonsense?"

It wasn't until Cassie began swaying back and forth on the windowsill that he realized the seriousness of the situation and rushed towards her, but she lost her balance and fell out the window.

Oscar leaped forward and managed to grab hold of her hand just in time. Cassie looked up at him in terror and screamed, "Help me, Oz! I don't want to die!"

"Hold on tight! I'll pull you up!" Oscar shouted as he used all his might to maintain his grip on her.

"I don't want to die, Oz! I really don't want to die! Pull me back up, quickly!" Cassie screamed while holding on to his arm for dear life.

Oscar began pulling her up with every ounce of strength he had in him, but his grip loosened a little when she was almost at the window. "Ahhh! Save me, Oz! I don't want to die!" Cassie screamed in sheer terror.

All that was left in Oscar's eyes were an icy coldness when he saw how pathetic she looked at that moment. How on earth did I even fall for a liar and pretender like her in the first place?

"Stop squirming!" he shouted coldly.

"Pull me back up, Oz! I don't want to die just yet!"

Veins were visibly bulging from Oscar's arms as he strained his muscles pulling her up.

"Funny how a suicidal person is afraid to die!" he said sarcastically, but Cassie was so scared that she couldn't care less about his insult.

The look in Oscar's eyes changed when he saw her desperately climbing up his arm with all of her might. Heh... She sure as hell doesn't look like she's suffering from chest pains and difficulty in breathing...

Eventually, Cassie was able to make her way through the window and let out a huge sigh of relief at being rescued.

"Looks like your chest isn't hurting anymore, huh?" Oscar asked with his arms folded as he shot her a condescending glare.

That was when Cassie realized he had seen through her act and panicked as she looked up at him.

"No, listen to me, Oz. It's not what you think..."

She struggled to stand up, but her legs were still weak due to the shock from earlier.

"You seem to be fine, so I'll be leaving now," Oscar said.

Cassie quickly wrapped her arms around his leg and begged, "Don't do this, Oz! I really didn't mean for that to happen! I just wanted you to stay here with me..."

Oscar bent over and pried her arms off him as he said, "I think we both need some time to ourselves, Cassie."

Cassie got up and stood in his path with her arms outstretched, her lips pale and her breathing ragged.

"Will you please stop this nonsense, Cassie?" Oscar asked while staring coldly at her, but Cassie kept quiet and continued panting heavily.

At that moment, his phone started ringing, and Olivia's panicked voice came on the line the moment he answered it, "Oscar, come quick! Amelia isn't doing so well and has been sent into the operating room again!"

A look of panic flashed past Oscar's eyes, and he ran right past Cassie. She reached out and tried to grab hold of him, but collapsed before she could even touch him.

Elizabeth and Charlie realized something was wrong when they saw her collapse and rushed into the ward. "Doctor! Doctor!" Elizabeth shouted at the top of her lungs.

Charlie carried Cassie onto the bed, and a few doctors came running over shortly after.

"Damn you, Oscar! I'll kill you if anything happens to my daughter!" Elizabeth cursed under her breath while Charlie had a disturbed frown on his face.

Oscar rushed over to where Olivia was as quickly as he could.

"Mom, how's Amelia doing?"

"I don't know... She just started convulsing violently all over, so the doctors took her into the operating room... I'm really scared that she'll..." Olivia mumbled anxiously.

She didn't finish her sentence, but it didn't take a genius to figure out what she meant to say. She was afraid that Amelia wouldn't make it out of the operating room alive.

"Don't worry, Mom. I'm sure Amelia will be fine," Oscar said calmly.

Olivia could only cross her fingers and pray as they waited outside the operating room in silence.

The silence was suddenly broken by the ringing of Oscar's phone, and everyone looked towards him as he answered the call.

"Where are you, James?"

"Hey, Oz, I just got off the plane. Which hospital are you at right now?"

"I'm at Principal General Hospital. Amelia is in the operating room at the moment, so hurry on over!"

"I'm on my way!"

It took James about an hour to arrive at the hospital. "I was conducting a research with a medical institution in Koandria and was supposed to participate

in two of their surgeries, but I canceled them both after getting your call. You owe me big time for this, Oz," he said after giving Oscar a customary hug.

Oscar pointed at the operating room door and said, "Amelia is still in there, so hurry up and head on inside!"

"Relax, I brought my mentor over. He's an expert in the field, so Amelia will be fine!" James replied casually.

Olivia stepped forward and asked anxiously, "Where's that mentor of yours, James?"

James' eyes lit up when he saw Olivia who looked like she hadn't aged a day. "Mrs. Clinton, you're still as young and beautiful as ever! I've missed you so much!"

He then gave her a kiss on each cheek, much to her surprise.

"And I see you're still as sweet as ever, James. I bet you won a lot of women over with that move, huh?"

James chuckled in response, and the two of them had a brief exchange before he met up with the foreigners that Robert had personally brought over.

Robert sounded quite excited as he introduced them, "Professor Schweitzberg here is a famous surgeon from Anglandur. With him conducting the surgery for Amelia, she'll have an 80% chance of recovery!"

Oscar's eyes lit up with hope when he heard that, and he held out his hand as he said, "Long time no see, Professor. How have you been?"

James' mentor who happened to speak Chanaean shook his hand as he replied, "I've been doing fine, Oscar. I happened to be on vacation in Koandria when James told me your wife was involved in a car accident, so I came over with him."

"We're counting on you, Professor. I have full faith in your medical skills, and I believe you'll be able to rescue my wife," Oscar said.

"Don't worry, I'll give it my best."

James and Professor Schweitzberg then changed into their medical attire and entered the operating room.

Robert tapped Oscar on the shoulder and asked, "Oscar, why didn't you contact Professor Schweitzberg if you knew him? We could've saved a lot of time if you did!"

"He's really obsessed with researching medicine and is often hunting for herbs in the woods, so it's really hard to reach him due to the poor reception. I didn't know he'd be with James," Oscar replied.

Robert had heard rumors of Professor Schweitzberg's obsession with medicine as well. That man is practically an elite in the field of medicine, but he's also known to be quite eccentric. He would literally refuse to save someone's life if he so much as disliked them, so it's a miracle that he came all the way to Chanaea just to save Amelia...

"Looks like you really do owe your friend a huge favor, Oscar."

Oscar nodded in response.

Olivia was still somewhat worried. "Robert, is Professor Schweitzberg really as good as you say? How likely is Amelia going to survive this surgery? Do you think he'll be able to get rid of that blood clot in her brain?"

Of course, Robert didn't dare promise her anything. "Nothing is guaranteed, Olivia. All I know is that Amelia has an 80% chance of recovery with him performing the surgery. I can't say much about her blood clot as it is too close to a lot of her nerves, so we'll just have to wait and hope for the best. My knowledge of Professor Schweitzberg is limited to what is available in the media, so I can't really comment on his medical skills as I've never actually worked with him."

Olivia went silent upon hearing that, and Owen could only pat her gently on the back as he tried to comfort her.

Suddenly, a nurse came running over anxiously. "Mr. Lancaster, there's been a car accident! We've just received dozens of wounded, and we're short on doctors at the moment!"

"What? Where are the doctors?" Robert asked.

"Dr. Freeman has headed over to take care of Ms. Yard with a few other doctors, and the others have surgeries of their own to perform."

Robert frowned and shouted angrily, "What the hell is wrong with Cassie Yard? She's been causing us tons of problems ever since her admission!"

The nurse took a step back in response to his sudden outburst.

"Olivia, Owen, please excuse me while I take care of this..." Robert muttered through clenched teeth as he tried to suppress his anger.

"Sure, go ahead." Olivia waited till Robert had left with the nurse before turning towards Oscar. "How is Cassie? You went to see her earlier, right? What's she up to this time?"

The look in Oscar's eyes darkened as he said coldly, "Forget about her, Mom."

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## Chapter 182 At It Again

Olivia frowned. Cassie sure is a real pain in the neck... Our family will never have a day of peace if she and Oscar were to get married...

"Oscar, you'd better take care of your issue with Cassie as soon as possible. She's way too scary to have around. Caring for her was the biggest mistake I've ever made."

Olivia got a little angry when she saw no response from Oscar.

"What, are you still planning on being with her after everything she's done?"

"Give me some time, Mom. Right now, all I care about is whether Amelia will make it out alive. Everything else can wait until she gets better," Oscar said half-heartedly.

Olivia let out a sigh and kept quiet after that.

As the hours went by, the sky outside had gotten dark without them even realizing it. Tiffany checked the time on her phone and said, "Oh, gosh... It's already seven... How about Gary and I go buy us all dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton? None of us has eaten anything since noon, and we can't afford to collapse before Amelia wakes up."

Olivia gave it some thought and nodded her head.

Tiffany then turned towards Gary and said, "Let's go, Gary!"

"All right," Gary said, and the two of them took the elevator downstairs.

After fastening his seatbelt, Gary glanced at Tiffany who looked really tired as she slumped against the passenger seat and asked, "Are you okay?"

Tiffany nodded, her eyes slightly red as she said, "I'm fine... I'm just worried about Amelia, that's all... This is her third surgery in less than two days, and I'm really afraid that she won't make it..."

Although Gary wasn't that madly in love with Amelia, seeing her in the operating room like that felt really unpleasant for him as well.

"Don't worry. Amelia's a kind soul, so I'm sure she'll be fine."

"Yeah... Amelia is really kind and polite, especially towards her elders... But, you see, that got me thinking... What if the good die young?" Tiffany had a sad look in her eyes as she stared blankly at the people and cars outside the window.

"Like I said, I'm sure a kind soul like her will be fine. Don't worry too much about it, okay?"

Tiffany buried her face in her hands and began sobbing all of a sudden, much to Gary's dismay.

"Hey, don't cry... I'm not good with words, so I don't know how to comfort a crying person..."

Hearing him say that never failed to put a smile on Tiffany's face.

"Jeez, Gary... Could you put a little more effort into it? I can't even imagine how annoyed your girlfriends must've felt!"

"Every one of them said I was too dense and left me in the friendzone," Gary replied in a serious tone which had Tiffany in tears from laughing.

"You know, Gary... I think you might have a talent for being a comedian!"

Gary shot her a look of confusion. "How so?"

"Don't you think the stuff you say are really funny?"

"They are?"

Tiffany nodded profusely in response, and Gary let out a sigh of relief.

"I'm just glad I'm able to make you laugh. Guess being dense does have its perks, huh?"

"Thank you, Gary. You've only known Amelia for a short while, and yet you're the only guy that has shown up after she got into that car accident. None of the other guys that claimed to love her have even bothered to check up on her," she said sincerely after calming down a little.

"I think it has something to do with the Clintons hushing the media about this incident."

Tiffany shook her head and shrugged. "Maybe, but still, it is a great honor for both Amelia and I to have a loyal friend like you."

Gary waved at her. "That's what friends do, so there's no need to thank me."

Tiffany forced a smile at him and went quiet after that.

They then bought some sandwiches and soup from a nearby diner before heading back to the hospital.

Tiffany and Gary heard a commotion the moment they stepped out of the elevator.

After exchanging glances, the two of them rushed towards the operating room and saw Charlie trying his best to hold Elizabeth still as she kicked and screamed. There were a couple of nurses around who tried to calm her down as well, but to no avail.

Charlie had a helpless expression on his face as she was simply too strong for him to hold down.

Tiffany didn't really understand what was going on, but seeing Elizabeth causing a ruckus outside the operating room had her boiling with anger.

She ran forward and gave Elizabeth a hard shove while yelling in her face, "You just won't leave Amelia alone even when she's having a surgery in there, huh? Fine, you want to act like a b\*tch? I'll show you a b\*tch!"

With that, Tiffany tackled Elizabeth to the floor, knocking Charlie a few steps back in the process.

By the time he was able to steady himself, Tiffany was already sitting on top of Elizabeth and slapping her left and right.

Charlie tried to pull Tiffany off her, but she pushed him back once again. "F\*ck off, you!"

Eventually, Oscar intervened and dragged Tiffany aside. "Calm down, Tiffany! Amelia is still in there, remember? We can't afford to cause her any more distress!"

If looks could kill, Elizabeth would've died a few times over from Tiffany's bloodthirsty gaze.

After a brief struggle, Tiffany looked up at Oscar and said, "Hey, I'm calm now. Mind letting go of me?"

Oscar released his grip on her, and Tiffany flashed Olivia an awkward smile as she tidied up her hair. "Sorry I lost control earlier, Mrs. Clinton. I didn't scare you, did I?"

She let out a sigh of relief when she saw Olivia shake her head. "That's good to know... I really got carried away there..."

Olivia smiled back at her before turning towards Elizabeth and Charlie.

"Amelia is still undergoing surgery at the moment, so I suggest you bring your wife home for the time being. Getting into a fight here is just going to embarrass all of us."

Charlie simply frowned at her in response, but Elizabeth wasn't about to back down that easily. "This is karma! Amelia stole Oscar from our daughter, and now



she's gotten into a car accident! I bet she won't survive this, let alone that baby inside her! Hahaha, this really is her karma all right!"

Olivia got mad upon hearing that, and Tiffany would've charged at Elizabeth had Oscar not stop her in time. "What the hell, Oscar? Are you just going to let that b\*tch curse at your wife and child like that? Why are you still defending her?" Tiffany shouted angrily at him.

Oscar ignored her and shot Charlie a cold glare as he said, "Mr. Yard, I suggest you take Mrs. Yard away right now if you know what's best for you. Our families may seem evenly matched in terms of wealth and power, but that doesn't mean you're safe if I were to come after you. I'm a man of my word, and you know it."

Elizabeth spoke up before he could say anything, "Oh? Are you threatening me, Oscar?"

Oscar shrugged at her. "You can take it however you like, Mrs. Yard."

"Come on, then! After what you did to my daughter, I'm going to come after you sooner or later anyway!" Elizabeth yelled angrily.

Tiffany was about to charge at her again, but Olivia grabbed her by the arm and stopped her in her tracks. "Your actions today are unbecoming for a parent and have destroyed whatever remaining relations we have between us. My daughter-in-law is undergoing surgery at the moment, and you are not welcome here. Please leave."

"You think Amelia's life is the only one that matters? My daughter ended up in an operating room after Oscar visited her! Who's going to take responsibility for that, huh?" Elizabeth snarked at her.

Olivia frowned. "Oscar and I will visit you for a proper apology once Amelia has recovered. Now, would you mind respecting the patient here?"

Having been blinded by anger, Elizabeth spat the words at her, "Respect? I wish for Amelia to die!"

Her words were so vicious that it shocked everyone at the scene.

Tiffany ran forward and slapped Elizabeth twice across the face before returning to Olivia's side. "There'll be more of that for you if you don't watch that filthy mouth of yours!"

Elizabeth turned towards Charlie and shouted angrily at him, "Charlie! How could you just stand by and watch your wife get beat up like this? At this point, I'm starting to question if marrying you was a mistake!"

"Haven't you had enough? Are you trying to start an all-out war with them or what?" Charlie shouted at her in response.

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Elizabeth snapped back at him, "If you're such a tough guy, you'd be shouting at them instead of me!

At that point, Charlie was completely drained both physically and mentally.

Her unreasonable behavior and tantrums have exhausted him of his patience, and he could only let out a sigh as he said, "We might as well get a divorce if you're going to keep acting like this. I'll make sure to give you a fair share of my assets."

Elizabeth was dumbfounded as she had thrown the tantrum under the assumption that Charlie would never divorce her.

Charlie was a capable person at work, and a loving father when it came to his family. He showered his wife and daughter with all the love and affection he could afford, which ended up spoiling Elizabeth a little too much. The only reason she never threw a tantrum throughout those years was because no one in the family had ever gone against her. As someone who always got her way with everything, the impact from Cassie's incident combined with that of Tiffany hitting her pushed her over the edge and revealed her true nature.

"C-Charlie... W-What did you just say?"

Charlie closed his eyes and repeated himself slowly, "If you don't stop this right now, we'll get divorced, and Cassie will stay with me."

With tears in her eyes, Elizabeth began flailing wildly at him as she cried, "Have you no heart, Charlie? I gave birth to our precious daughter and helped manage the household for over thirty years, and you choose to divorce me now? Are you crazy?"

"That's enough, Mrs. Yard!" Oscar stepped in and pulled her off Charlie, only to have Elizabeth turn around and slap him across the face.

"Hey! How could you hit Oscar like that?" Olivia shouted at her as she examined his reddened cheek.

Elizabeth shot her a vicious glare. "Drop the act, Olivia! You're the reason Charlie's getting a divorce with me, aren't you? How shameless can you get, stealing my husband when you're already married?"

The words had barely left her mouth when Charlie spun her around and slapped her so hard that it left her stunned for a couple of seconds.

Charlie was already dragging her away by the time she came back to her senses. "Hey! Let me go, Charlie! I'm not done here!"

“One more word out of you and I’ll divorce you on the spot!”

That silenced her instantly, and the hallway fell silent once again as the two of them disappeared into the distance.

“What the hell is wrong with these people?” Tiffany grumbled to herself as she watched them leave.

With Amelia’s fate still unknown, none of them were in the mood to care about what Elizabeth said.

The doors to the operating room were finally opened in the wee hours of the morning. A group of doctors marched out together with Professor Schweitzberg, and they all had faint smiles on their faces.

Oscar was the first to rush forward. “Professor! How is my wife doing?”

“She’s recovering well. We’ll continue to monitor her for a day or two, but she should be fine with plenty of rest. Still, keep in mind that the blood clot in her brain is really close to her nerves. She’s too weak for a brain surgery at the moment, so it’ll have to wait till she’s healed up from her injuries,” Professor Schweitzberg replied.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing that.

The blood clot is a real pain and all, but her surviving the car accident is all that matters for now... As long as she’s alive, there will still be hope...

One of the doctors couldn’t help but exclaim, “Professor Schweitzberg’s medical skills are truly remarkable! We used to think we were the best in the field, but watching him at work made us realize we were far from it! Looks like we’ve still got a lot of room for improvement!”

Oscar grabbed Professor Schweitzberg by the hand and said, “Thank you so much for coming over, Professor! Why don’t you spend a couple more days here in Chanaea? I’ll be hosting a banquet to express my gratitude!”

Professor Schweitzberg chuckled. “Remember how you once promised me you’d give me a famous Chanaean painting as a gift? Well, I’d say this is a great opportunity for you to fulfill that promise of yours!”

Everyone burst into laughter upon hearing that.

“I had someone mail it to you as soon as I returned to the country back then, but you changed your address, so the painting was returned in the end. As you’ve been roaming around a lot throughout the years, I had no choice but to postpone its delivery,” Oscar said with a chuckle.

Professor Schweitzberg had a great sense of humor and made a witty reply, "Well, you can give it to me now that I'm here! Also, I remember Chanaea having amazing lobster dishes. I'll be staying here for a week, so you know what to do!"

That resulted in another wave of laughter from the crowd.

"Haha... You can eat whatever you want, Professor!" Oscar said happily.

Professor Schweitzberg gave him a pat on the shoulder. "You should go see your wife, Oscar. I'll have a chat with Mr. Lancaster."

He then left with the group of doctors escorting him while James stayed behind with Oscar. "Hey, Oz! You owe me a huge favor too, you know?" he said while giving Oscar a light punch on the shoulder.

Oscar punched him back as he said, "Don't worry, I haven't forgotten about you!"

The nurses transferred Amelia over to the intensive care unit, and only one person was allowed to visit her at a time.

Oscar was the first to enter after putting on the isolation gown. He felt his heart ache when he saw all the tubes attached to Amelia's pale skin as she lay unconscious on the bed.

He held her hand and caressed it gently as he whispered, "Oh, Amelia... I'm so glad you're all right... You know, you look really ugly with all these tubes on you... You'd better wake up soon so we can get them off you, or I might stop liking you!"

A sudden surge of emotions hit him, and Oscar's eyes reddened as he continued, "How could you be so cruel, tormenting me like this? You wanted to hear me say I love you, right? Well, I'll say it to you if you wake up! I'm the CEO of Clinton Corporations and have tens of thousands of employees working for me, so I can't be telling an ugly woman that I love her! It has to be in a romantic restaurant, with you looking all pretty in a fancy dress! I'll even prepare a memorable surprise just for you!"

Oscar got so emotional by the end of his speech that he had to look up just to keep his tears from falling.

Even the toughest of men shed tears when pushed to the edge, and Oscar had been through an emotional roller coaster throughout the past two days.

He gently rested his head against Amelia's chest and began sobbing as he went on, "Honey, I promise I'll treat you really well when you wake up! You know I'm a man of my word, right? As long as you stop giving me heart attacks like these, I'll come home for dinner on time and help look after our baby boy! If you wake up now, I'll make you the queen of the house! I'll listen to you like your slave, okay? Please wake up, Honey... I need you..."

His tears began to fall, but there was still no response from Amelia whatsoever.

After spending about half an hour in the ICU, Oscar wiped his tears off and put on a poker face as he stepped outside.

“Have you been crying?” Olivia asked when she saw him.

“No, what’s there to cry about? My woman is a lucky one, so she’ll probably wake up by tomorrow!” Oscar replied in his toughest voice possible.

Olivia flashed him a slight smile as she said, “You can’t lie to your mother, silly. You can just admit that you’re worried about your wife. I’m not going to laugh at you or anything!”

Oscar jammed his hands into his pockets. “Mom, I...I’m going to have a drink with James. He’s come all the way here at this hour, so I have to show him some hospitality. I’ll leave Amelia to you, okay?”

Olivia smiled. “Go on, then. Your dad and I will organize a banquet to properly thank them when Amelia gets better.”

Oscar nodded and was about to leave when Olivia called out to him again, “Oscar, don’t forget to have the police expedite the search for the driver! We can’t let that person off the hook so easily!”

“I will, Mom! I’m a little busy right now, but I’ll be free to do that after two days. Don’t worry, I’ll take care of it personally!” Oscar replied.

He then gave James a call and invited him to a nearby diner.

“Are you used to the food here?” Oscar asked while pointing at the diner.

“We ate here a few years ago, remember? Honestly, Chanaean food is pretty amazing. It smells great, and it tastes heavenly... Heck, I picked up Chanaean because of it! Come on, let’s go get ourselves a drink!” James replied.

With that, the two of them headed into the diner, attracting the eyes of everyone around them as they walked past.

The owner of the diner was quick to step forward and ask, “Will it be a table for two? This way, please. Hold on, I’ll get the table cleaned up for you!”

As she wiped the table, James winked at her and said, “Thanks, Ma’am!”

The owner nearly fainted on the spot.

Oscar rolled his eyes at James. “Anyway, we’ll have steak and some beers.”

The owner was still recovering from the shock and sounded a little woozy as she spoke. "S-Sure... Coming right up, handsome!"

She then served up the beers and even made sure to advise them, "It's recommended that you eat something before drinking, okay? Drinking on an empty stomach is really bad for you!"

"You're really beautiful, Ma'am," James said in his native tongue.

The owner didn't understand a word he said, but she was so flustered by his handsome appearance that she ran off blushing anyway.

James chuckled. "Chanaean women are still as cute as ever, I see! Makes me wish I could have one as a girlfriend!"

"And you are still flirting with any and every woman you come across regardless of age, I see. When will you finally settle down?" Oscar said while pouring themselves two glasses of beer.

James downed his beer in one go. "That's where you're wrong, Oz! I'm what you Chanaeans call a 'Casanova'! There are tons of women out there just waiting for my love, so why would I give up the whole forest for a single tree? That's not my style, you know?"

"I still think you should settle down, James. Is it really that fun to go out 'hunting' every night, and wake up to different women in your bed the next morning?" Oscar said while sipping on his beer.

"Considering how rich and handsome you are, getting married at such a young age is a real waste of your gifts, Oz! Still, I guess I should congratulate you on finding yourself a nice woman anyway. She's got fair skin, a nice figure, and she's nice to everyone! She's so much better than your first girlfriend!"

"You jealous?"

"Kind of, to be honest. I haven't visited a nightclub since forever, so life has been rather dull for me. By the way, I really like Chanaea, and I was thinking of settling down here. What do you think?" James asked.

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### Chapter 184 Drinking The Sorrows Away

"Why move to Chanaea all of a sudden?" Oscar asked while drinking straight from the bottle.

"I've actually been thinking of doing so for a few years now, but I had to postpone those plans because I haven't been able to hand my work there to someone else. Now that we have an exchange program with Chanaea, I applied to

be an exchange doctor here in Chanaea," James replied while chugging away at his drink.

"Don't they have better employee benefits over there?"

"They do, but working there isn't challenging at all. I heard Chanaean medicine is famous for acupuncture, so I decided to move here and learn it. I could just move back after mastering it, anyway. Who knows? I might even stay here if I end up marrying a Chanaean woman! While I may not seem like it, I'm actually in my thirties now. It's about time I settle down and start a family."

"James... We're friends, right?" Oscar asked when he noticed that James seemed to have something on his chest.

"Yeah, why? Do you doubt our friendship?"

"Then tell me, did something happen to you?"

James paused for a moment before bursting into laughter. "Oh, it's nothing, really! I just thought I'd have a change of scenery, you know? Chanaea is a huge country filled with lots of amazing people and good food, after all! Food in Erihal is really greasy and could easily lead to cancer."

"Pfft, that's no problem at all! Just let me know if you need anything!" Oscar said.

James gave him a thumbs-up. "My man!"

The owner of the restaurant came over with two bowls of soup and said, "Hey, handsome! I thought I'd make you two some soup since you'll be having a lot to drink. It's on the house, and only handsome people get this special treatment! Feel free to come again if you like it!"

"Thank you for being so kind, beautiful. I wish you all the best in life!" James said with a smile.

The owner chuckled in amusement. "Your Chanaean is really fluent, handsome! Had it not been for your foreign appearance, I would've mistaken you for a local!"

"I may look foreign, but I'm a Chanaean at heart, so you can just treat me like one!"

"All right, you two carry on! I'll get back to work now!"

"See you around, beautiful!"

Oscar waited until she left before carrying on eating.

"Hey, Oz, I remember you complaining about how dirty this place was when I got you to eat here with me back then. Heck, you even refused to take a single bite

and just glared at me the whole time! So, what's changed you, huh?" James asked.

"She likes the food here," Oscar replied, obviously referring to Amelia.

James too, continued stuffing his face with steak before putting on a more serious look as he said, "Listen, Oz... The blood clot in Amelia's brain is exerting pressure on her optic nerves, so there's a possibility that she'll end up blind even after a full recovery."

Oscar froze when he heard that, and his expression turned gloomy. "What blood clot?"

"The car accident left some pretty nasty injuries on her. I'm talking about fractured ribs, ruptured organs, and serious trauma to the brain. The blood clot in her brain is too close to her nerves, so we can't remove it just yet. If it does cause damage to her optic nerves, it could very well lead to blindness. Of course, I'm just assuming the worst-case scenario here. There is a chance that we can remove it surgically after her recovery without her going blind beforehand. Oz, it's practically a miracle that she even survived this car accident. As brilliant as Professor Schweitzberg may be, Amelia's strong will to survive is what really helped her pull through," James explained.

Oscar kept his head low and continued to down his drink in silence.

James clinked his bottle with his own and said, "Hey... Don't be like this, Oz..."

"How likely is she to go blind if the blood clot isn't removed?" Oscar asked as he took a chug.

"Eighty percent."

Oscar took another few chugs from his bottle. "Is it curable?"

"Well... Unless she can find a suitable donor for a corneal transplant..." James didn't have to finish his sentence for Oscar to understand what he meant to say.

"You're a brilliant surgeon, James. If you were to carry out that surgery, what would you say your chances of success are?"

"Thirty percent."

Oscar's heart sunk when he heard that.

"What about your mentor?"

"Forty percent."



"If I recall correctly, you've performed this sort of surgery before. Why the lack of confidence this time?"

"Amelia's condition is a very tricky one, Oz. The blood clot is located in a spot where most of her nerves are concentrated, and the slightest error could result in her death due to a rupture of the surrounding blood vessels. On top of that, her current physical condition is too weak for such a surgery, so we have no choice but to go with a more conservative form of treatment. For now, we'll just keep her situation under control through medication and decide our next course of action when she's all better. I'm sure we'll be able to come up with something if all the local and foreign experts work together!"

"Keep it a secret from Amelia."

James nodded. "I will, but she has to find out sooner or later. Oz, I suggest you tell her about this when she wakes up. That way, she can be mentally prepared for anything. It'd be a lot better than to have her find out by suddenly going blind someday."

Oscar shot him a glare and said, "She won't go blind."

James kept quiet after that.

Oscar kept downing bottle after bottle that night in hopes of getting himself drunk, but ended up feeling a lot more sober than before. The owner of the diner began to worry when she saw them ordering their third round of beers.

"Guys, I know you're probably in a lot of pain and all, but you shouldn't be ruining your health over a woman like this. It's just not worth it! There are plenty more fishes in the sea, so I'm sure you'll find better ones out there! Given how handsome you both are, I'm sure a wink is all it takes for women to throw themselves at you! Please go easy on the booze or you'll be in for a world of pain the next morning!"

James chuckled.

"Thanks for your concern, but my friend here is already married. He's worried about his sick wife, so he got me to drink with him. Don't let his handsome face fool you, though. He's actually really loyal to his woman!"

The owner nodded and gave Oscar a thumbs-up. "It's great to see a man this handsome being so loyal! Still, you really shouldn't drink so much. Don't worry, I'm sure your wife won't want to leave a handsome man like you anyway! She'll definitely get better!"

In the end, the two of them left with the owner sending them off at the door.

"Hey, you okay?" James asked while holding Oscar steady.

Oscar shook his head and said in his most confident voice, "I can still drink!"

Sometimes, attempting to drink one's sorrows away would only lead to one becoming more sober.

James frowned. "Are you trying to drink yourself to death or what? Come on, we're going back to the hospital! What if Amelia wakes up and thinks you've left her because you weren't there by her side, eh? Women take this sort of things very seriously, you know?"

Oscar pushed him aside. "I want to go to the beach and feel the ocean breeze. It helps me sober up."

Looks like I'm going to be spending the night with him...

James thought to himself as he said, "Get in the car. I'll keep you company for tonight."

The two of them got into the car, and James took the wheel as he was the more sober one of the two.

"I'm literally driving without a Chanaean driver's license and under the influence of alcohol here, so you'd better back me up if we get pulled over."

"Don't worry, I'll take full responsibility for anything that happens. Besides, no one would dare arrest a member of the Clintons!" Oscar reassured him while leaning against the passenger seat.

"All right, then!"

Fortunately for them, they didn't encounter much traffic on the road, let alone any policemen.

The two of them arrived at the beach within half an hour.

"The beach is a great place for men and women to hang out at, and yet here I am, stuck with you. What a waste of a potentially romantic night..." James exclaimed as he stretched his arms out and felt the sea breeze, only to apologize when Oscar rolled his eyes at him, "Okay, sorry... Forget I said that..."

Oscar then sat down by the beach and listened to the sounds of the waves without saying a word.

James followed suit, and the two of them spent the next few minutes just sitting there before James broke the silence, "Well? You've felt the ocean breeze, Oz. Have you sobered up yet? Can we leave now? It's pretty chilly here at night..."

Oscar ignored him and simply stared at the sea, surprising James with how unusually quiet he was.

"What's on your mind, Oz? This isn't like you."

"Nothing much, really. I was just thinking of how long it's been since I sat down and stared at the sea like this..." Oscar replied.

"You'll have plenty of opportunities to do so with Amelia when she gets better. This whole depressing act just isn't your style, man. Come on, let's go!"

"Now that you mentioned it, I haven't brought Amelia to the beach despite us being married for so many years now."

"I bet she must feel so dissatisfied with you, man."

Oscar pursed his lips. "Yeah, probably."

James tugged at his arm. "Come on, stop thinking about this crap! This isn't your style!"

"All right, let's go," Oscar said as he stood up.

James let out a sigh of relief and wrapped an arm around his shoulder. "That's more like it, Oz! If you feel guilty towards Amelia, just treat her better when she wakes up! I think she's a really amazing woman, so you'd better up your game or I'll steal her from you!"

Oscar shot him a glare and brushed his arm off, knocking James off balance and causing him to almost trip over himself.

"Hey! Not cool, Oz!"

Oscar grinned at him as he said coldly, "Amelia is mine, and mine alone. She isn't someone you can afford to steal."

James shrugged at him. "What can I say? Excellent men tend to go after amazing women!"

The two of them then burst into laughter as they made their way back to the car. "Don't worry about the blood clot, okay? I'll have a discussion with my mentor on how we can minimize the risk of the surgery," James said as he opened the car door.

"Thanks."