

# Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 731 - 740

## Chapter 731 Eleanor Transfers To Tayhaven

Since Amelia failed to reach an agreement with Benjamin, she could only try negotiating with Eleanor instead.

“Mom, something cropped up in the company, but I also need to look after Tony, so I cannot stay long in Saspiuburg. Considering your health right now, I was thinking of transferring you to the hospital in Tayhaven. What do you think of my proposal?” suggested Amelia.

She knew the Huttons had a strong foundation in Saspiuburg, so Eleanor would be receiving naught but the best treatment there. Yet, Amelia had merely been away for a few days, only to be greeted by the worsening of her mother’s condition upon her return. She became reluctant to let her mother continue staying in the current hospital. Besides, it was as clear as day that her mother had grown increasingly dependent on her. Because of that, she had to muster up the courage to seek Benjamin’s view on transferring Eleanor to Tayhaven. Alas, Benjamin had completely turned Amelia down.

Eleanor gave it a thought and raised an inquiry. “If I were to head to Tayhaven, wouldn’t I be disturbing you?”

“Of course, not!”

Her daughter’s words brought a bright smile to Eleanor’s face. “All right, then. I’ll go with you. Being in my sixties, I’ve learned to let go of a lot of things. Worse comes to worst, I’d choose to be at home if my treatment didn’t go well. I’d rather die in my own home.”

“I don’t want to hear you saying such things, Mom.”

“Fine, fine. I’ll stop.”

What Eleanor had told Benjamin after that remained a mystery. The next day, Benjamin magically concurred with the idea of relocating Eleanor to the private hospital where James was working at.

Benjamin instructed someone to send Eleanor, Oscar, and Amelia Winters there on a private plane first, for he still had to sort something out before heading there.

Looking at the plane departing, Amelia Hutton fumed, "Dad, Mom's being reckless, don't you think? Why would you do her bidding?"

"She's already in this state. What more do you expect me to do?" came Benjamin's croaky voice. "Your mom's not young anymore. She's seen enough vicissitudes of life. You've also witnessed with your own eyes how she heeded your namesake's advice. Given how she's been tending your mom, I actually think it might help to improve her condition."

Amelia Hutton gnashed her teeth, snarling, "Dad, you've over-indulged Mom."

"Things would never have turned out this way if you haven't been spouting nonsense in front of your mom. I haven't even settled the score with you!" Benjamin glared daggers at his daughter.

Feeling indignant, Amelia pouted. "But I didn't do it on purpose, Dad! Mom eavesdropped on it. If I had known my words would reach her ears, I wouldn't have even said it."

"That's enough. You can save your ifs because you know nothing. I'll cut you some slack, so you can forget about the dues you haven't paid. Still, you'd better watch your mouth in front of your mom next time. Or else, you can kiss your allowance goodbye."

"Dad, are you thinking that Amelia Winters is more reliable than me now?"

"I've always called her names, but yes, she's more mature and trustworthy than you by a mile. You ought to learn a little something from her. No wonder your mom depended on her instead of you."

Nothing came out of Amelia's mouth.

All she could do was grit her teeth in anger.

"My dear Amelia, don't blame me for being harsh on you. Look at you! Instead of contributing anything, you've only been dolling up yourself and wasting money on luxury items."

Upon hearing that, Amelia hung her head low, concealing the wrath in her chest.

Benjamin gave his daughter the cold shoulder and hopped into the car there and then. Despite her burning grievance, Amelia could only follow her father's footsteps and slide into the car as well.

On their journey home, the father-and-daughter duo kept their lips buttoned. The atmosphere in the car quickly turned tense.

However, no matter what happened between them in the car, Eleanor had successfully touched down at Tayhaven with Amelia Winters on the plane. On that very day, Eleanor was admitted to James' private hospital. Olivia and Owen even made a trip to the hospital to visit Eleanor.

"Long time no see, Mrs. Hutton. We didn't get to chat the last time we met. I didn't expect us to see each other again in the hospital though. How are you feeling now?" greeted Olivia gracefully as she made her way to the bedside.

Pointing toward the seats at the side, Eleanor gestured for Olivia and her husband to sit down. "Please have a seat. I just arrived in Tayhaven. Thank you both for paying me a visit, and sorry for the trouble."

"You're Amelia's mom, and we're her in-laws. It's only right for us to come to see you. We heard Amelia mention you were under the weather before, but we thought it was nothing serious." Olivia stopped making a sound for a moment as a hint of sympathy flitted across her eyes. "The last time I saw you, you looked as fit as a fiddle. With such fair skin like yours, I can't even tell you're over sixty, so it doesn't seem logical to me for you to get sick all of a sudden. Never would I have anticipated seeing you like this."

"It's okay. No one can predict the ups and downs in life as it is part of the cycle. I'm already in my sixties, so I don't suppose I can hold out much longer. I was afraid of dying in the past because I haven't found Lia. But now, she's leading a great life, having a talented, dashing husband and a well-mannered son. Not only that, but she has you two as her in-laws. I know she's in good hands, so I have no more regrets." Eleanor poured her heartfelt feelings out on the table.

"Don't think of it that way. Although Amelia's already thirty, she's only a child to us, so she's still very much in need of your guidance. Please don't always talk about leaving her and the world behind. Unlike us, she would be utterly heartbroken to hear those words coming from you."

Eleanor curled her lips upward in return. "All right, all right. I won't."

Olivia then slipped into a moment of deep thought before blurting out, "Is Mr. Hutton that busy? I've never had a chance to meet up with him. I thought if he were here, we could invite you all to the Clinton residence. Amelia's been with us for almost eight years already. You've just reunited with her, so I'm sure you'd like to know her better, don't you?"

Eleanor's eyes lit up in a heartbeat. "Really? Can we go now, then? I've been wondering what Lia would do every day. I know the Clintons can provide her with the best, but I want to see it with my own eyes. I've always been living with this guilt in me, thinking about leaving her with all the finest things I have."

Olivia froze for a bit on that note. She then let out a chuckle. "Why the rush? You've just got off the plane, so you must be beaten. Let's wait for a few days until you get better, and then we'll take you to our house. The Clinton residence is not going anywhere anyway." She paused for a brief moment, appearing to have thought of something. "It seems like Amelia's spiritually drawn to hospitals. She's always in and out of them."

A peal of thunder escaped from Eleanor's lips as she listened to that. Even so, there was a tinge of remorse flashed across her eyes.

Olivia stayed with Eleanor at the hospital as they shot the breeze for nearly two hours. When the former caught a glimpse of lethargy on Eleanor's face, she figured it was time to take her leave.

Amelia and Oscar saw Olivia out of the ward. "Take good care of your mom, Amelia. She's been through a lot herself. I can tell that she cares for you wholeheartedly," Olivia said.

"I understand, Mom." Amelia nodded and continued, "Dad, Mom, thank you both for coming over today."

"Don't be silly. She's your mom, Tony's granny. I know I've been mad at you at times, but we should let bygones be bygones. The Clintons will always have your back, so don't overthink things, you hear? Go in and accompany her now. I'll go back with your dad first."

Amelia bobbed her head in appreciation.

After seeing Olivia and Owen off, Amelia and Oscar stepped back into the ward and chatted with Eleanor for a little while before coaxing her to sleep.

Prior to that, Amelia had arranged for two professional caretakers to watch over her mother. Although she would always be by her mother's side most of the time, she still

had her own family to take care of. Therefore, she knew she wouldn't be able to attend to her mother at the hospital at all times.

With that, Amelia sat by the bedside to keep her mother company until the wee hours. As Oscar caressed his wife's cheeks, a stinging pang rose from within him. "Let's go home to catch some sleep, Amelia. The caretakers will carry out their jobs well."

Amelia shook her head, trying to keep her sleepiness at bay.

"Stop wagging. You're already not that smart, to begin with. It'll only get worse if you keep on doing that." Wrapping his arms around his wife, Oscar tugged her into his embrace. "You should really go home and sleep. You haven't been sleeping well for several days since the plane incident. We have the caretakers here to wait on Mom. I can assure you that they wouldn't dare to slack off, so you can just come again tomorrow to relieve them on duty, okay? If you happened to wear yourself out, I might end up locking you up and grounding you."

He might've sounded as if he was in a fit of anger, but in actuality, he was still holding onto resentment toward the Hutton family. Ever since Amelia got entangled with them, myriads of misfortunes had been knocking on her door one after another. He was against the idea of a reunion at that stage of her life. Yet, seeing that Amelia had acknowledged her family, he had no choice but to acquiesce in her wish. It was just that it had almost cost Amelia her life in the process that he couldn't hinder his blood from boiling. As a result, he became not very fond of Eleanor.

"Oscar, why don't you—"

"No deal. I demand you to get home and rest up. You'd better take good care of yourself. This is my bottom line."

Left with no choice, Amelia relented and ultimately went home with Oscar.

The next day, she woke up in bed, only to notice her husband wasn't next to her. She scratched her head and grabbed her phone to peek at the screen. It was already almost eleven in the morning. She reckoned she must've been drained by those incidents in the past few days. Not only had she been panic-stricken when the plane crashed on the deserted island, but she had also been disturbed by the swarm of mosquitoes during the night. After she returned safe and sound the other day, she even had to entertain the showers of concerns from her friends and relatives before catching her flight to Saspiuburg on that very evening as well. There hadn't been a time for her to catch a breather. Due to the overwhelming exhaustion, she crashed out the second she lay in bed the night before.

She rose to her feet and went to wash up. As she made her way downstairs with her bag hanging on her shoulder, she saw Tony there. She then approached her son to give him a peck on the cheek. "Good morning, Sweetheart. I'll ask your godpa and Mr. Hugo to send you to Grandma, okay?" asked Amelia lovingly.

Tony looked up. "Are you going to the hospital, Mommy? Can I come with you? I want to see Granny. I heard she's sick, so I want to go and huff her pain away."

"You really want to come with me?"

Tony inclined his head in response.

"Okay, then. But don't say anything that would upset Granny, you hear?"

"Got it!"

With that, Amelia brought Tony along to the hospital. As they got out of the car at the hospital entrance, Amelia caught sight of Jennifer and June walking side by side into the hospital. The pair didn't appear to be intimate, though.

With her son in her arms, Amelia suddenly thought of the fact that her mother was also in the hospital, coupled with the conflict that they had had with Jennifer and June. Her gaze stilled abruptly as she made haste inside, for she was afraid that the shameless duo would find fault with her mother. In her opinion, not only was June as stubborn as a mule, but he was also as cunning as a fox, not to mention he was so full of himself and totally a pain in the neck.

"What's wrong, Mommy?" A puzzled look marred Tony's countenance.

"It's nothing. I simply wanted to train my legs. You're so heavy now, but that's okay because I get to also train my arms this way."

Tony rolled his eyes outright at that. "I'm still your adorable darling, ain't I, Mommy?"

Hearing her son's words, Amelia burst into laughter. "Yes, yes. My Tony is the most adorable boy in this entire universe." Even though she played along, she didn't stop trailing behind Jennifer and June.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 732

## Chapter 732 Jennifer Is Pregnant

Amelia looked at them as they walked up to the third floor. She vaguely remembered that the gynecology department was located on that very floor. As Jennifer was a lady, it was either Jennifer had contracted a genital disease or she was pregnant. After considering Jennifer's physical condition, Amelia reckoned that the probability of her being pregnant was significantly higher.

Amelia had not wanted to follow her, but the moment she thought of Carter, she decided to secretly do just that. However, before she could even make a move, Jolin, who was standing behind her, grabbed her hand and said, "I'll go and check it out, Mrs. Clinton. I'll be sure to tell you what those two are doing."

It was only then that Amelia remembered there was someone following her.

"Thank you, Jolin." Amelia's face burned with embarrassment when she thought of how she had behaved like the paparazzi because of her curiosity.

"Don't worry about it, Mrs. Clinton. Go on up. I'll go and take a look."

Amelia nodded in response, then went upstairs with Tony in her arms, while Jolin went to the third floor. Jolin had been planning on searching around the area, but she managed to spot Jennifer entering a room, and June was nowhere to be found. She walked over and saw that Jennifer had gone for an ultrasound. It was to check if she was pregnant or not.

With her eyes narrowed, she walked over to the side. Suddenly, she halted in her tracks in front of a door that was left ajar.

Through the gap in the door, Jolin found June, whom she was trying to find. June was currently on the phone with someone. "Felix, what is the progress on the project that we snatched from Clinton Corporations? All right. Hurry up with it. I want to make sure that b\*stard, Oscar suffers a great loss. He has humiliated me countless times, and I want him to receive the same treatment. There's still a long way to go for him if he wants to fight—"

Before June could even finish his sentence, he was kicked to the ground by a dark figure. Shocked, he could not even defend himself from being punched multiple times across the face. During the commotion, June's phone was thrown to the side.

After being punched several times, June snapped back to reality and managed to see who was attacking him. Perhaps it was because of the pent-up rage that had stimulated

such force within him or it was because he had been practicing boxing recently that he managed to push Jolin off in one move and get up from the ground.

June held his face, which had been beaten up as he glared at Jolin murderously. "You b\*tch, you've been attacking me again and again, and I've put up with you for too long. Just you wait. I'll report you to the police. I'll make sure that you rot in jail."

Jolin pursed her lips as she looked at June with mockery in her eyes. "Go ahead. But before you do, I'm still going to punch you senseless. There's no need for me to be polite to a sc\*m like you who steals other people's hard work. Oh, one more thing—the organization that I am working with works closely with the police. Even if you report me, I think I can still come out unscathed." In other words, even if June were to call the police, it would be for naught, for nothing would happen to Jolin.

June gritted his teeth in anger. The woman in front of him had clearly come to screw him up. Jolin had caused him to suffer so much, and it was so insulting to his ego. However, if he wanted to attack her, he would not be able to win at all. He would only end up being beaten instead.

The more June thought about it, the more frustrated he became. He wanted to report Jolin to the police, but in this country, he was not as powerful as the Clintons. Although he was from the Aderton family, he was not the only heir. If he were to call and ask for their help, not only would he show how incompetent he was, but he would also be scorned by his cousins. The elders of the family would then judge his capabilities. When the time came, his rights of inheritance would no longer be as stable. Therefore, the Adertons could not find out about him getting beaten up. If they knew that he had been attacked in Chanaea, his relatives would not feel sorry for him at all. They would mock him instead.

In those few seconds, all kinds of thoughts raced through June's mind. In the end, he concluded that he could not call the police like a wuss. These matters could only be solved in private. Otherwise, even if Jolin were put behind bars, Oscar could definitely bail her out.

As there was no other way, June could only swallow his anger. The only way to teach them a lesson was to destroy the Clintons. With that, no one would ever dare to mess with him anymore.

Jolin crossed her arms in front of her chest. "Aren't you going to call the police?" she said scornfully.



June gritted his teeth and could no longer maintain his gentlemanly appearance. "Don't you push your luck, Jolin. If you end up in my hands, I will make sure you regret what you've done," he threatened in a low voice.

Jolin shrugged, unaffected by his threats. "Well, I look forward to that. However, I should warn you to stop doing such shameful actions. I think you should not be considered as an heir to the Aderton family, but as a lowly hooligan. If you want to win Mr. Clinton, do it fair and square. Even if you sent someone to steal his documents, and even if you completed the project, you are only fighting a one-sided battle. But we'll see if you can actually complete it well. No matter how much you compare yourself to Mr. Clinton, you will always be lower than him. Stop daydreaming about beating Mr. Clinton. You're just a loser and nothing more."

June's expression darkened, but Jolin could not care less about his feelings.

After mocking him a few more times, she left.

"Just you wait, Oscar. I'll make sure that I'll defeat you one day. When Oscar goes bankrupt, I'll see who will be able to protect you then, Jolin," June said through clenched teeth as a malicious glint flashed across his eyes.

Jolin's constant humiliation was more than enough for hatred to take over his entire heart. The conflict between Oscar and him had been growing just like a snowball that rolled down the hill.

Jolin could not be bothered about June's hatred toward her. In her eyes, Oscar was more than competent. June was just like a clown jumping up and down in front of him. He was like a drop of water that could not cause even a wave in the ocean. As long as they had a hold over him, they did not need to be afraid of what he could possibly do.

If June knew that he was nothing but a clown in Jolin's eyes, he would definitely fly into a rage and die of anger. It was fortunate that he did not, for he was still alive and well.

June took a deep breath and tried to relax. He then walked out of the room and waited outside the ultrasound room. Once Jennifer exited, he quickly asked, "You're not pregnant, right?"

Jennifer only smiled coldly. "Don't worry, June. I'm not. The doctor said that it was probably food poisoning that caused me to feel nauseous. It'll go away once I eat some medicine. Just as how you don't want to be the father of my child, I don't want to be pregnant with your child as well. It will be best if we remain as business partners.

Anyway, you should comfort Cassie. I don't want her barging into my office and creating a ruckus. I don't want to be called a vixen. I hate that feeling."

June, who was already frustrated with what had happened, simply nodded in response.

"Let's go," he said as he covered his face.

It was only then that Jennifer noticed the bruises on June's face. She asked casually, "What happened to your face? I just went in for a checkup, and you've fought with someone? Didn't I tell you that being impulsive is dangerous? Why are you still as careless as ever? I have no idea how you manage to live this long—no, I should ask myself why I chose such a stupid man to work with."

June felt even angrier at her comment as his face turned red.

"That's enough, Jennifer. We are in the same boat now, and we used to be in a relationship. It's all right that you don't comfort me, but why are you mocking me? Don't test my patience. I won't be held responsible if I decide to stop this partnership," June warned in a furious tone.

Jennifer looked at him and her voice softened as she said, "Go and see a doctor. Your lip is busted. Don't go out with a bruised face. Even I would feel embarrassed."

Fury blazed in June's eyes as he rolled his eyes at her. "That won't be necessary." He then walked away.

As Jennifer stood at the same spot looking at his back, a look of hatred and disgust flashed across her eyes. She had no idea why she had chosen such a man to work with. However, since it was already too late to change anything, she could only hope that June was competent enough to help her bring Oscar down.

"What are you waiting for? Do you really want to be pregnant with my child?" June snapped as he turned around to look at her.

Jennifer caught up with him.

The both of them had just exited the elevator when they bumped into Carter, who was holding a bouquet of carnations. Jennifer stopped in her tracks. She did not expect to meet Carter at a place like this.

June, on the other hand, cursed in his heart. He was looking extremely terrible, and he did not want to meet anyone whom he knew. Yet, he ended up bumping into Carter.

Carter's eyes gleamed, and his gaze instantly locked onto Jennifer. "Jennifer, what are you doing here?"

Before Jennifer could even reply, June wrapped an arm around her shoulder and put on a fake smile. "What a coincidence to see you here, Mr. Scott. Jennifer's pregnant. Do congratulate us."

Jennifer whipped her head toward him, her eyes wide. However, all she did was bite her lip. She did not protest at all.

An unfathomable glint flashed across Carter's eyes as his fingers clenched around the bouquet of carnations. "Jennifer, you're pregnant?" he asked in a somewhat bitter voice.

Jennifer smiled. "Yes, I'm two months pregnant now. We'll probably invite you to our wedding one day. When that time comes, be sure to bless us with some amazing gifts. We have other matters to attend to. See you around."

Having said that, Jennifer left with June, whose arm was still around her, leaving Carter standing there in shock.

Carter's mind was a mess. The moment he heard that Jennifer was pregnant, an indescribable feeling had risen in his heart.

Right then, Amelia walked out of the elevator and saw Carter standing there. "Carter, what's wrong?"

Only then did Carter return to his senses. He shook his head and said, "I was thinking about something. I'm here to visit Mrs. Hutton. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to buy some food for my mom. I'll see you upstairs in a bit." Amelia could tell that there was something up with Carter. However, she decided to only talk to him after she got back. Therefore, she did not ask him any further questions.

Carter nodded and walked into the elevator alone. He did not even greet Amelia, which was practically unheard of.

Amelia frowned at how dazed Carter looked. However, she brushed the thought away and left the hospital.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 733

## Chapter 733 Regret

After getting into the car, Jennifer glared at June. "Why did you say I was pregnant with your child just now?"

"You didn't object when I said that, no?" June replied in a nonchalant tone as he started driving. Jennifer was furious, but she had nothing to defend herself with.

"Jennifer, don't tell me that you still miss him. Don't expect him to fall in love with you. You've been pursuing him for two years and yet he did not fall in love with you, not to mention that you have lost your chastity. Think about the video of your naked body. Do you think he will still accept you?" June was undoubtedly rubbing salt on Jennifer's wound.

Jennifer's expression darkened at once. "What do you mean by that, June?"

"You heard me. Both of us have become celebrities in the video. When I went to talk business, many partners deliberately asked me how it felt to bed you, and they also asked me whether you and I were really a couple. I know that the Chanaeans still attach great importance to the reputation of women, so I think it's probably impossible for you and Mr. Scott to be together. After all, he, too, comes from a wealthy family," June said calmly.

Jennifer had called him a piece of trash earlier, so that was his little revenge. He wanted Jennifer to know the state she was in. With the video of her naked body being released, she was now the most famous person in Tayhaven. There was no way the upper class would want to marry her. However, there were still many wealthy people who wanted her. After all, she had a good appearance, a good family background, and good abilities. It would not be a bad idea to accept Jennifer and keep her at home.

"I know the state I'm in, so there's no need for you to remind me. Besides, don't be too happy. If my life is miserable, it will be the same for you too. I heard that Mr. Yard is already dissatisfied with you, and he doesn't even want Cassie to have too much contact with you. You'd better be careful or all your efforts would be in vain."

June responded with a snort and said nothing.

Jennifer leaned against the car seat. There was an emptiness in her eyes and what felt like a void in her heart.

Indeed, no matter how much she had loved Carter, many things had happened in less than a year. There was a gap between her and Carter that could not be crossed.

Regardless of what had happened to her mother, the video of her was enough to make her stop, not to mention Carter still did not love her.

Jennifer couldn't help but laugh self-deprecatingly. Her heart ached slightly when she thought of Carter's appearance. However, on second thought, she thought that this might be the best ending for her and Carter—each going their own way.

Jennifer was distracted, and so was Carter, who was in the ward.

"Carr, Carr," Eleanor called out when she saw that he was in a daze.

Carter came back to his senses. He forced a smile and said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Hutton. I was lost in my thoughts."

"Are you too tired from work? If you are, go back and get some rest. I'm happy that you have to heart to visit me," Eleanor said softly.

Carter looked at Eleanor, who looked exactly like Amelia. A little dazed, he subconsciously shook his head.

Eleanor asked worriedly, "Are you all right? Does your head hurt?"

"I'm fine, Mrs. Hutton. I just think you and Amelia look very similar. You look just like her biological sister."

"My daughters all look like me, but Lia more so. She is a replica of me when I was younger. If I had the photos of me when I was younger, I would have shown them to you."

"You're not old, Mrs. Hutton."

"I'm already in my sixties. How am I not old? Besides, I have a malignant brain tumor now, and I will look older when all my hair falls out. But I don't have any regrets now. I'm satisfied as long as I can see that Lia is doing well," said Eleanor with a casual smile.

Carter shook off the muddled thoughts in his mind and said, "You really have a good attitude, Mrs. Hutton. There are very few people who are so positive when they're sick. You are very similar to Amelia in this regard. When I met her at the university, I thought she was a very simple and lovely girl. She wasn't just beautiful, but she was also very talented in design. If not for... I think she would have been an internationally renowned designer by now."

"What happened?" Eleanor caught the main point.

Carter smiled and avoided giving a direct answer. "Mrs. Hutton, I'm going to see if Amelia is back."

Eleanor glanced at him suspiciously and asked, "Carter, you used to like Lia, didn't you?"

Carter paused in his tracks upon hearing that. However, he didn't hide it. "Yes, Mrs. Hutton. I thought about marrying her, but then there was a little misunderstanding. After that, I was separated from her for several years, and when we met again, she was already married for a long time. Maybe it's just fate."

Wisely changing the subject, Eleanor asked, "Then do you have a girlfriend? You are good in every aspect, so you should also like someone who's on the same level as you, right?"

Carter fell into a trance. He couldn't help thinking of Jennifer, who had just left him with June.

He smiled bitterly and replied, "There was a girl who had been pursuing me desperately for two years, but I didn't know how to cherish her love. She has left now, and she is with another man."

"Does that man truly love her?"

Does June truly love her?

He remembered the information of June that he had previously investigated. June's relationships are very complicated, and he is entangled with many women. More importantly, he has been with Cassie for eight years, so how can such a man be sincere to Jennifer?

"What's the matter? Is he not good to her? If she's not doing well, and you two still have feelings for each other, then I think you should fight for it. You've already missed Amelia. Are you going to regret it again this time?" Eleanor asked earnestly.

She had a lot of experience and had enjoyed endless wealth. After material satisfaction, all women wanted was a sincere relationship, unless those women were ones who had been wasting their lives fooling around.

Carter fell into deep thought.

It was then Amelia came in with some food. "Mom, it seems that you and Carter had a pretty good time talking to each other."

“Carter is very polite, and he is courteous to the elders. I think it’s hard for anyone not to like him,” Eleanor said with a smile.

Amelia put the food on the table and said, “Mom, I bought you the spaghetti that you suddenly craved. Come and eat it while it’s hot. Carter, I bought one for you too. You must be hungry.”

Carter nodded in response.

After finishing the spaghetti, Carter sat for a while and then got up to leave.

Amelia followed him out of the ward. While waiting for the elevator, she asked, “Carter, I don’t think you’re in a particularly good mood. What’s the matter?”

“I just saw Jennifer. She was with June. He said that Jennifer is pregnant with his child,” said Carter, an unfathomable glint in his eyes.

Amelia was stunned. I was right! Jennifer did end up with June.

June is involved with Cassie, yet now he’s with Jennifer. This is getting more and more complicated.

“Now that Jennifer is pregnant, what are you going to do?” Amelia asked after she thought about it.

“What can I do? I never even started with her. I couldn’t wait for her to leave back then, and now that she’s gone, I can’t be happier.”

This man is still so stubborn.

“If you were really happy, you wouldn’t have been distracted just now. I can see that she still loves you, so you must seize the opportunity.”

Carter turned to look at her and said, “Amelia, it’s always been you that I love.”

Amelia rolled her eyes. “Oh, please, you haven’t shown up in front of me for a long time, and we have never even been together. You only pestered me because you couldn’t get me to love you. Maybe you have once loved me. But after so many years, I suppose that love has long since disappeared.”

Carter pursed his lips tightly.

“Seize the opportunity and don’t do something that you’ll regret again.”

In the end, Carter nodded.

After sending Carter downstairs, Amelia took the elevator up. As soon as she got out of the elevator, she saw her mother being quickly pushed out of the ward by someone. Stunned, she hurried over and followed behind the hospital bed.

“Jolin, what’s going on? Wasn’t my mom okay just now?” Amelia asked anxiously.

“I don’t know either, Mrs. Clinton. As soon as you left, Mrs. Hutton said that her head hurt, and then she passed out. After that is what you just saw,” Jolin said with a frown.

Amelia’s mind was in a whirl, but she didn’t forget about Tony. “Where’s Tony?”

“I let the other bodyguards watch over him, Mrs. Clinton. I was afraid that what happened to Mrs. Hutton might scare Mr. Anthony.”

Amelia nodded.

Eleanor was pushed into the operating room. Amelia paced up and down anxiously outside, her eyebrows tightly furrowed.

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Clinton. Mrs. Hutton will be fine,” Jolin said.

Amelia was still pacing back and forth, and the crease on her forehead was a sign of her worries.

Right then, she was jolted by the phone ringing in her hand.

It was a call from Benjamin.

After hesitating for a moment, she answered, “Hello?”

“Lia, I’m in the hospital now. Which ward are you guys in? I’m coming over right now,” said Benjamin on the other end of the phone.

“Come to the sixth floor, Mr. Hutton. Mom passed out. She’s in the operating room now,” Amelia replied in a grim voice.

“I’m coming up now.”



Benjamin climbed up to the sixth floor while panting. He was so tired that his legs became jelly.

“Explain yourself, Amelia. Why is my wife in the operating room again? You promised me when you were in Saspiuburg that you would take good care of her, and yet this happened in just one day. How did you take care of her?” Benjamin asked in a low voice.

Jolin put Amelia behind her and said, “Please watch your words, Mr. Hutton. You know your wife’s illness better than anyone else. It’s not fair to scold someone as soon as you arrive.”

Benjamin took a deep breath, brushed his hair, and sat tiredly on the bench.

Amelia walked past Jolin and toward Benjamin. “I’m sorry.”

Benjamin shook his head and said despondently, “It’s not your fault. I was too anxious just now.”

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 734

### Chapter 734 The Professor

It took almost two hours for James to come out of the operating room. Benjamin walked up quickly and asked anxiously, “How’s my wife, Dr. James?”

“I’ll be frank with you, Mr. Hutton. Mrs. Hutton’s condition is not particularly good, and the brain tumor is deteriorating much faster than we thought. At this rate, I’m afraid she’ll reach the last stage soon. I think it’s best that you prepare yourself,” said James with a serious expression.

Benjamin felt his hands and feet become cold in an instant. “James, is there no other way? You promised me that you would save my mother. Have you forgotten about that?” Amelia asked with a frown.

James said apologetically, “Amelia, I’ve tried my best to come up with a plan to operate on your mother, but I’m really sorry. I don’t have any options now. I’ve tried my best to contact my mentor. As long as there is news from his side, I will fly him to Chanaea at once. If my mentor and I join forces, there may be a way.”

Amelia nodded in despair.

Eleanor was pushed into the ward. James followed in and checked on her again. Then, he asked Benjamin to take good care of her before shooting Amelia a look.

Amelia said, "I'm going out for a while, Mr. Hutton. Please take care of Mom."

Benjamin nodded.

Amelia followed James out, and the two of them went to James' office.

"What is it, James? Is there something wrong with my mom?" Amelia froze, and there was an imperceptible nervousness in her voice.

James looked at her and pondered for a moment. "Let me be honest with you, Amelia. If there is no cure for your mother, she will only be able to live for half a year at most. Of course, this is the worst outcome. But your mother's lifespan may also be extended indefinitely because of her active treatment, so this is really hard to say."

Amelia's hands slowly clenched into fists as she bit her lip.

"James, I have always believed in your medical skills. I don't think you should have told me this."

James flashed her a bitter smile and spread his hands. "Amelia, I'm just a doctor, not a god. I can't do anything about incurable diseases."

"Back then, you were able to pull me back from the gates of hell, so you should be able to do the same to my mother, right?" Amelia asked expectantly.

James avoided her eyes and said in disappointment, "I'm sorry."

As if she was drained of all her strength, Amelia sighed deeply and said, "Is there really no other way? She was still healthy just half a year ago. She shouldn't have gotten a malignant brain tumor. She's such a good person, and she has never done anything bad in her life. Why is God so cruel to her?"

James couldn't bear it. He thought for a while and comforted her, "Hold yourself together, Amelia. Life and death are beyond our control, and what I just said is the worst possible outcome. Medical technology is very advanced now, so there will be a solution." Everyone knew that as long as malignant brain tumors reached the middle and late stages, the chance of being cured was really slim. Just like leukemia, although there were successful cases, they were really few.

Amelia raised her hand to wipe away the tears that had fallen unintentionally. "Thank you for the hard work, James." After saying that, she turned around and walked out.

As she went back into the ward, she heard Benjamin talking to Eleanor in a gentle voice.

"Eleanor, I've agreed to let you go back to Tayhaven with Amelia. So, can you wake up and talk to me now?"

Of course, Eleanor, who was on the bed, did not answer.

Benjamin continued, "I was wrong, Eleanor. I made you sad for more than twenty years. But as long as you wake up, I can promise you anything, even if it means acknowledging Amelia Winters as my daughter."

Eleanor remained silent.

While Benjamin was still mumbling, Amelia gave him a complicated look, then turned around and silently walked out of the ward.

As soon as she got out of the ward, she saw Oscar striding toward her. The sourness she had suppressed rose from within her again.

Oscar walked up to her and looked into her red eyes.

"What's wrong?" Oscar asked softly.

Amelia wrapped her arms around his waist and said in a child-like voice, "I'm just a little tired." She was exhausted, both physically and mentally.

Oscar took her to the bench and sat down. He gently stroked her hair and asked, "Tell me, why are you unhappy?"

Amelia shook her head. "I'm not unhappy. I just feel that I'm a little useless. Even if I'm rich, I can't do anything when my loved ones are sick."

"Did something happen to Mom again?"

"James said the worst possible outcome for her is that she could only live for six months at most."

"You said it was the worst outcome, no? A person's will to survive is much stronger than what is medically determined. I believe that Mom will be strong enough to continue living for you."

"Really?"

Oscar nodded.

Amelia's lips curved slightly. "Thank you, Oscar."

"I'm your husband. There's no need for you to thank me."

Amelia bobbed her head in appreciation.

"Don't think too much. I'll talk to James later to see if I can discuss a plan for Mom's operation. I think as long as I have the money, I can hire a lot of highly skilled doctors. She will be fine."

Amelia merely nodded without saying anything.

The couple sat on the bench for nearly an hour. Oscar stroked her hair and said, "You should go in. Maybe Mom will wake up in a while."

Amelia nestled in his arms and shook her head gloomily. She didn't want to go in for the time being.

"Then should we go home?"

Again, Amelia shook her head. She said in a low voice, "Stay with me for a while. I don't feel so good. I can't face my mom, who was fine half a year ago and yet became so haggard in a few days. James told me that she can only live for half a year at most, but I don't want to believe it. Oscar, sometimes I really hope that this is just a dream."

After a pause, she continued, "I didn't want anything to do with the Hutton family before, but she is one of the few elders who truly loves me. She treats me better than my adoptive parents, and it hurts to see her in a coma. Maybe this is the mother-daughter connection that others often say."

"Don't worry. I will ask the best doctors to treat her," Oscar said.

As he promised, Oscar used his personal connections to look for James' mentor, who was in the deep mountains and forests all over the world. In the end, they found a

bearded man on an unknown mountain in Anglandur. The mentor was crazy about medicine and had been living in that deep mountain for two to three months to find the medicinal herbs he wanted.

"We've finally found you, Professor. Please come to Chanaea with us. There is a patient who needs your help," the bodyguard in the lead said in fluent Erihalese.

"Who are you?" the mentor asked cautiously.

"Forgive me, Professor. We are bodyguards sent by Oscar Clinton. He and James have been good friends for many years. I think you should know him. His mother-in-law has a malignant brain tumor, so we would like to invite you back to treat her," said the bodyguard.

"I see. Okay, I'll go to Chanaea with you. But can I take a shower, shave my beard, and change my clothes before I go? I'm afraid I'll scare them looking like this," the mentor said.

"Of course, Professor. This way, please."

The group of people invited the mentor to a small town a hundred kilometers away from there. They found a hotel for the mentor to wash up before they rushed to the airport overnight. They waited for nearly an hour to board the plane, and they didn't arrive in Tayhaven until the next day.

"Professor, do you need something to fill your stomach first?"

"Sure, thank you. I'm a little hungry now." Perhaps it was because he had been moving about yesterday and didn't have a good meal. He was starving at that moment.

After the meal, the bodyguards brought him to the hospital.

James had been waiting there with Amelia and Oscar.

"I'm sorry, James. I've been staying in the mountains for a while, and the signal is not good there, so I didn't receive your call."

"I'm used to it, but it's fine as long as you come back safe and sound. Now, let's skip the pleasantries. I have a patient who is in a serious condition right now. It may be necessary for us, the master and the apprentice, to join hands for this case. I hope we can create another medical miracle."

The mentor nodded.

Amelia said, "Thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to come here, Professor. You can rest assured that as long as you can cure my mother, we will not treat you badly in terms of remuneration."

"There's no need for you to be so polite, Amelia. We have met a few times before. I came here because of you all. As for the remuneration, I don't care about it. I'm old and I'm not short of money. What I yearn for is to take down some diseases that are difficult to defeat," said the mentor like a loving elder.

He was obsessed with medicine and not so obsessed with money.

"I'm counting on you, Professor."

The mentor nodded in response.

They took the elevator upstairs and entered the ward. Benjamin turned his head and furrowed his eyebrows. "Who is this?"

"This is James' mentor, who works at a hospital in Anglandur and is an all-around expert invited by many hospitals. He is also a professor at a university in Anglandur. His medical skills are known worldwide. With him and James working together, Mom will be fine," Amelia said seriously.

Benjamin's eyes lit up. He quickly stepped forward and said, "Hello, the name's Hutton. I'm glad to meet you. I heard about you from my friend who worked in this hospital and tried to call you. It's a pity that my calls couldn't get through, but it is a blessing to the Hutton family now that you can take the time to come here. As long as you can heal my wife, the remuneration is not a problem."

The mentor nodded and said in poor Chanaean, "Don't worry, Mr. Hutton. As doctors, we will try our best to treat the patient. But I have to check the patient and understand all the conditions before I can come up with the right treatment."

Benjamin nodded in response, a trace of joy on his face.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 735

After the master and the apprentice examined Eleanor and had a quiet discussion, the former said, "Mr. Hutton, judging from Mrs. Hutton's current condition, I'd recommend conservative treatment first. For now, her brain isn't in the best condition for surgery, but don't worry. We will develop a new medicine that can reduce her headache as much as possible to contain the malignant transformation of her skull." "How big of a chance can it be treated?" Benjamin's joy disappeared completely in an instant.

"Be patient, Mr. Hutton. The malignant tumor has already spread to the late stage. By right, there's a low chance of curing this sickness. But lately, I've been developing medicine that can subdue this disease. I've also picked up several new herbs. If it works, the success rate can be as high as seventy-five percent."

"Professor, please hurry up with your research. If you need any funds, I can support you. Just let me know if you need anything. As long as you can cure my wife, everything else isn't a problem."

The mentor nodded. "I'll continue my research with James, so I'll take my leave now." After James and his mentor left the ward, James asked, "Professor, how confident are you regarding Mrs. Hutton's case?"

"Thirty percent. Her case is very tricky. Her condition changes faster than any other I've seen in the medical field. Otherwise, it would not have reached the middle stage within a few months. It's possible that her cancer is in its late stage now. But I admire her will to live. Her brain cells are very active, so this means she is unwilling to die just like that. This can also be a good opportunity for us to save her."

James nodded. He thought so too.

The two of them made their way to the meeting room, and James gathered the neurologists in the hospital for a meeting to discuss Eleanor's case.

The discussions in the meeting room were getting heated. In the ward, Benjamin glanced at Amelia and said awkwardly, "Thank you, Lia. I didn't expect you to ask him to come here. I've heard about his achievements in the medical field. With his help, I believe your mom will have a higher recovery rate."

Amelia was about to say something when Oscar's phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and realized it was his secretary, Linda.

He picked up the phone. After he listened to what Linda said for a while, his expression turned solemn. Once he hung up, Amelia asked worriedly, "Oscar, what's wrong?"

"There's a small issue at the company. I have to go back for a while. I'll come back soon."  
"Okay. Do you need me to go with you?"

"No. I can handle it myself." The moment Oscar left, the atmosphere in the ward turned tense. "Oscar seems busy."

"He has a big company to run. My father-in-law handed over the reins to Oscar, so his workload has increased. Besides, he has been pretty stressed lately because of the matter related to his employee absconding with the money and stealing information."

Benjamin nodded.

Amelia walked over to the side of the bed to look at Eleanor, who was still sleeping. She didn't have much to say to Benjamin.

Isabella was already waiting for Oscar at the entrance when he got there. She went up to him immediately when she saw him. "Oscar, you're finally here! There are some problems with the software designs during your absence in the past two days. Some clients have provided feedback that their customers were seriously injured from getting electrocuted when using their phones. Two police officers came to investigate, but we've sent them away."

"Have you and the others visited the patients who were electrocuted?"

"Oscar, we've sent someone to the hospital the moment we learned about it. However, those patients were still unconscious, and their family members were very emotionally unstable. They said that the phones manufactured under Clinton Corporations are defective, and whoever uses them will get hurt or die. If our competition uses this to spread rumors on the internet, I'm afraid it will have a massive impact on us," Isabella said after considering the advantages and disadvantages.

Oscar replied calmly, "Get public relations to pay attention to the trend on the internet and send someone to see if anyone else was hurt because of the phone. If it's only a few people who got hurt, there won't be any other problems if we compensate them well."

"Don't worry, Oscar. I've already sent someone to look into it and deal with the compensation matters. As long as the victims' family members are satisfied with money, they will keep their mouths shut. However, I think our priority is to investigate why the technical department would make such a low-level mistake. From my knowledge, Clinton Corporations has been designing phones and parts for many years, and the phones became top-sellers as soon as they were launched. The two brands, Vevio and Oqqion,



have gotten a lot of good reviews in the country and abroad, so I doubt there are any problems here," she said as she walked behind him.

Oscar pursed his lips, looking very serious.

Upstairs, Oscar gathered all the company executives for a meeting in the meeting room to discuss the emergency measures.

Oscar knew that someone was attacking Clinton Corporations in the shadows. It seems that the person behind this is well-prepared. He's able to make Clinton Corporations, which has been standing strong all these years, face two big problems twice. He's incredible.

Oscar sat at the head of the table and put his hand on his forehead. "Everyone, what do you think about the matter of the electrocution of our phones which made the users pass out?" he asked in a plain voice.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm to blame for this since it's the technical department's fault. However, our products passed the inspection before we launched them. I didn't expect such a thing to happen. I'm willing to take full responsibility," the manager of the technical department said. Oswald was in his thirties, and he looked like a mild-mannered man in his rim glasses.

Oscar glanced at him. "Oswald, the purpose of this meeting is not to ask you to take up the responsibility. Besides, even if you do that, it's out of your league. The company will deal with that. What I need is a solution from you."

Oswald thought about it and replied, "Yes, Mr. Clinton. After the incident, I've already gathered everyone in the technical department to examine the phones to see if there are any problems with them. However, all of the test devices passed the inspection. Therefore, I believe that those who were electrocuted were either playing with their phones or calling someone when their phones were charging. It should be their own fault, so—"

"So, you're saying that the five victims were playing with their phones or making phone calls at the same time?" Oscar asked coldly.

It's possible for one victim to become unconscious after getting electrocuted. However, for five users who were at different places to be in the same situation, and all of them were using phones manufactured by Clinton Corporations, I'm sure it wasn't a coincidence. There must be a hidden danger somewhere in the quality of the phones.

Because of Oscar's dominating aura, Oswald involuntarily avoided Oscar's scary gaze. Oswald stuttered, "M-Mr. Clinton, t-t-that's not what I meant. I meant that it must be an accident."

"I don't care if it was an accident or a coincidence. The technical department has to give me a logical explanation. As for the public relations department, pay attention to the trend on the internet. I don't want to see any negative or bad comments about Clinton Corporations."

"Yes, Mr. Clinton."

"Anything else? If you have nothing else to say, we'll end the meeting now."

Everyone was a little down and left the meeting room with long faces after being lectured by Oscar. The employees were worried too since too many things had been happening lately.

"Oscar, I heard that Amelia's mother is hospitalized in Tayhaven. Can I know which hospital she's in? I'd like to visit her," Isabella said, putting on a gentle expression as she held the files close to her chest.

"Haven't you heard about it already?" Oscar asked with a frown. In other words, he meant, "You've already known about it, yet you still ask me pretentiously. It's obvious that you are faking your concerns."

Isabella's expression darkened at that. She laughed. "Oscar, don't take it the wrong way. I'm just worried you'll think I'm nosy and disturb Mrs. Hutton's rest. So, I'm asking for your opinion first."

"You don't have to."

Her eyes lit up as she said, "Oscar, are you saying I can visit Mrs. Hutton?"

"No. I just thought if you have time for this, you might as well do your job properly. I don't need an outsider to meddle with my family affairs." Oscar trotted out of the meeting room after he said that.

Isabella's face clouded over.

She gritted her teeth and followed him shamelessly. When she tried to walk into his office, Linda stopped her.

Isabella didn't get angry. Instead, she walked to the pantry, made a cup of coffee, put a few pastries on a plate, and passed it to Linda. She said softly, "Linda, could you help me bring these in? Oscar doesn't really want to interact too much with me other than on matters related to work. I'm worried that he is tired and hasn't eaten since he's been busy with matters in the company and taking care of his mother-in-law. Please help me send these in, but don't tell him it's from me. Thank you so much."

Seeing that Isabella was so nice and kind, Linda had no excuse to turn her down and could only agree to it.

Linda knocked on Oscar's door while holding the tray with the coffee and pastries. She only pushed the door open and walked in after he allowed her to.

"Mr. Clinton, I prepared these for you. Please have some," Linda said as she put the coffee and pastries down on the table.

Oscar glanced at her, and she quickly explained, "Please don't misunderstand, Mr. Clinton. I don't harbor any ulterior motives toward you. It's just that Mrs. Clinton asked me to pay attention to your health last time so that you don't starve when you're too busy. I really don't have any ulterior motives."

Oscar's expression eased up a little. "Just leave them there. I'll eat them in a while."

"Yes, Mr. Clinton," Linda said. After a brief hesitation, she added, "Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton left this coffee in the pantry and asked us to make this for you. She said you love this brand. Is that true?"

Oscar's expression turned gentler. "Is it really prepared by Amelia?"

"Mr. Clinton, if you don't believe me, you can ask Mrs. Clinton. She really loves you. Although she doesn't usually come to the office, she has asked us to take good care of you. Sometimes, she would also bring some pastries over. But every time she came, you were in a meeting. So you probably didn't know that Mrs. Clinton was the one who brought the pastries over in a hurry before she left," Linda said as if she wanted to take credit for it.

Oscar looked happy.

"I understand. You can carry on with your work. If Amelia brings any food in the future, you can just leave them in my office straight away."

"Yes, Mr. Clinton."

Isabella hadn't left when Linda walked out of Oscar's office. She asked anxiously, "Did he eat it?"

"Don't worry, Ms. Walker. When Mr. Clinton heard it was from Mrs. Clinton, he ate them immediately. He's really in love with her."

Isabella's face fell. However, she didn't say anything else after knowing that he would eat the pastries.

"Thank you, Linda. Let me treat you to a meal after we get off work. I wish to be friends with you."

Linda hesitated.

"What? Are you planning to turn me down?"

"No. Of course not! I'm honored to dine with you, Ms. Walker. I'll meet you after work."

Isabella nodded.

After Isabella left, Linda's face darkened. She didn't want to get close to Isabella at all. She didn't want to lose her high-benefit job by offending Oscar because of little favors. Only an idiot would do that.

"Linda, you're doomed. Ms. Walker has targeted you. You'd better not end up like your previous namesake. I heard she went to work in a small company after leaving Clinton Corporations. Not only were the benefits there worse than ours, but I also heard that the CEO of that company is a pervert. You'd better be careful, or you might lose everything," another secretary, who was close with Linda, reminded.

Everyone could tell that Isabella couldn't forget Oscar, and the best way for her to get him nearby was to be on good terms with Oscar's secretaries. As long as Isabella was close to them, she could get closer to Oscar. However, if Oscar found out about it, he would fire the secretaries.

Only a fool would be so short-sighted to offend Oscar for little benefits. Anyone who offended him wouldn't be able to survive in Tayhaven.

"Mona, can I leave with you after work instead? Let's just say I'm not feeling well. I don't want to be pestered by Ms. Walker when I finally became Mr. Clinton's secretary."

"No, no. You're on your own here. Don't drag me into this."

Linda felt helpless. After getting off work, she left with Isabella.

The two of them went to a pretty fancy restaurant. Isabella ordered two dishes and smiled. "Order whatever you like, Linda. Don't worry about the price. It's on me."

Linda ordered the two cheapest dishes on the menu and passed the menu back to the waiter. "Ms. Walker, do you happen to need my help with something since you're treating me to dinner?"

"Oh, no. I just think you're interesting, that's all—unlike your previous namesake, who was stubborn and acted high and mighty. I thought it would be interesting to be friends with you."

Linda shuddered secretly at that. Indeed, scandals as such are the most sought after.

"You're being too courteous, Ms. Walker. I'm not interesting at all. I only became Mr. Clinton's secretary because I'm honest and good at zipping my mouth, so if you'd like to know anything from me, I'm sorry to say that I can't help you. I don't want to lose this job."

Isabella couldn't hold back her laughter. "What were you thinking, Linda? I only wish to have a meal with you. I won't ask you to do anything that will harm Oscar. Well, I only wish you'd help me send the food I prepare to Oscar's office. I'm worried that he might forget to eat when he's busy. Of course, I'll give you something for helping."

Isabella bent over and took out an exquisite-looking bag before holding it out to Linda. "I saw this branded bag yesterday. I thought it suits your skin tone perfectly. Do you like it?"

Linda was shocked. She quickly pushed the bag back to Isabella. "Ms. Walker, it's my job to remind Mr. Clinton to eat, so you don't have to be so polite about it. This gift is too expensive. I can't accept it. If you wish to give him something to eat, I'll help you bring them in since it's no big deal. You don't have to be so courteous."

Isabella cracked a smile as she said, "Linda, are you looking down on this bag?"

"No. I believe it's worth a few months of my salary. The bag is too expensive, really. I can't accept it, so please take it back. I'm just a normal employee in the company, so you don't have to give me such an expensive gift."

Isabella's expression turned grim.

Linda forced a smile. "Ms. Walker, I hope you're not angry about it."

# Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 736

## Chapter 736 Going Bald

"Oh, no. I told you, I want to be friends with you," Isabella said with a smile after she recomposed herself. "I knew you were a magnanimous woman and that you wouldn't hold it against a small secretary like me, Ms. Walker," Linda said with a smile.

Linda looked as if she was unobservant, but in truth, she could tell that Oscar didn't like Isabella. That was why she was playing dumb with Isabella so that she wouldn't lose her job.

At that moment, the waiter served them their food. Linda diligently took some food from the dishes and put them on Isabella's plate. "Ms. Walker, please have some. If you have any food that you'd like to give to Mr. Clinton, you can just bring it over to the secretary's office. We'll bring it into his office for you. However, we can't guarantee if he'll eat it."

Isabella gave a Linda a meaningful look.

Linda was still eating happily, acting as if she didn't see how Isabella was looking at her.

"I get why the other secretaries say you're a carefree girl. However, I don't think Oscar likes someone who is silly. How did you even replace your previous namesake?" Isabella asked in a hushed voice.

Linda almost choked on her food.

She coughed several times before she could control the pain from that.

"Perhaps Mr. Clinton likes that I'm a down-to-earth person. I don't have any other abilities, so I try my best to carry out the tasks he instructed to the best of my ability."

"No, Linda. I don't think so. Instead, I think you're pretty smart. You know what you should and shouldn't say, and you're tight-lipped. Sometimes, you'll even play dumb. As long as you report whatever Oscar does to me, I'll definitely reward you well. What do you think about a condominium unit with four bedrooms and three living rooms in Tayhaven? Some office workers can only afford it after working for half of their lives." Isabella decided to stop feigning ignorance as she tried to tempt Linda with money.

Linda wasn't tempted at all. On the contrary, she felt more bitter about the whole thing.

Linda let out a dry laugh. "Please don't make such jokes, Ms. Walker. I'm just a little secretary. There's no way I can interfere with what Mr. Clinton does."

"What? Is a condominium with four bedrooms not big enough for you?"

"No. It's just that I don't dare to offend Mr. Clinton. With a word from him, I may not be able to stay in Tayhaven anymore. When the time comes, I don't think I can even afford to stay in a bathroom, let alone a condominium. Please stop making such jokes with me, Ms. Walker."

Isabella had on an amused expression as she looked at Linda. "I only wish to know about Oscar's whereabouts. Look at you. You act as if I'm going to eat you."

This is far worse than eating me.

Linda only dared to think about that instead of saying her thoughts out loud.

"You really love to joke around, Ms. Walker. How can I, a little secretary, expose Mr. Clinton's whereabouts? Please don't make things difficult for me, Ms. Walker."

"So, are you turning me down?"

"No, no. I wouldn't dare. It's just... I'm not brave enough. It's too difficult to land a good job nowadays."

"I'll let you work in Walker Group, and you'll get the same salary as you have now."

Do you think I'm dumb? Although Walker Group is a wealthy family, it can't compare with Clinton Corporations. The benefits from Clinton Corporations are the best in the industry, especially the benefits of being Mr. Clinton's secretary! Here, I have a higher chance of getting promoted! Who knows? I may even become the director of the sales department one day! There's no way I'll let go of such a good opportunity because of that insignificant monetary reward.

Linda couldn't help cursing inwardly again.

However, she replied, "Thank you for your kindness, Ms. Walker, but I'm really not brave enough to do that. I'm really sorry that I can't help you with that."

Isabella's expression darkened even more after Linda rejected her several times. Anyone who was in Isabella's shoes would feel the same way.

The two of them didn't have a good time during dinner.

"Let's go," Isabella said after she paid for the meal.

Linda followed Isabella out and handed her the bag. "Ms. Walker, your bag."

"Take it. It's just a gift for an ignorant dog. If I take it back, others may think that I'm snatching something from a dog." After Isabella said that, she stormed off, got into her car, and left.

Linda scratched her nose. Phew, the plague's finally gone.

Linda hailed a taxi and went home. Upon taking a shower, she called Amelia, who only picked up after a long while.

"Hello? Is this Mrs. Clinton? I'm Linda."

"I know. I saved your number. Is something wrong since you're calling at this hour?"

"No, Mrs. Clinton. It's nothing serious. It's just that you told me to call you if anyone bothers Mr. Clinton. Ms. Walker treated me to dinner and gave me expensive gifts because she wanted me to tell her about Mr. Clinton's whereabouts. She has been preparing food for him and asked us not to let Mr. Clinton know it was from her. I'm afraid she's trying to let him know how good she is by taking a step back. Please be careful, Mrs. Clinton," Linda said.

"Thank you, Linda. I didn't expect you to remember what I said since I was only joking about it last time."

"Mrs. Clinton, you're the perfect match for Mr. Clinton. That's why I decided to tell you."

"I know, Linda. Thank you so much for doing this. Once my mom's condition is more stable, I'll treat you to a meal."

"Don't worry about it, Mrs. Clinton. Take good care of Mrs. Hutton first. If anyone disturbs Mr. Clinton again, I'll let you know. Well, I'd better not disturb you any longer."

"Okay. Have a good rest. Bye."

Amelia hung up the phone. Isabella is still not giving up even when Oscar's being stern with her, huh? How shameless and ignorant can she be?



Eleanor was drinking her soup as she leaned against the head of the bed. When she saw Amelia's expression, she asked, "What's wrong? Who was that?"

Amelia came back to her senses and flashed a smile. "It's just a friend. She helped me with some paperwork last time and asked me when I wished to get it from her. I was thinking about thanking her by treating her to a meal when I get the documents."

"Is that so? You look a little distressed earlier. You must tell me if you face any difficulties, okay? I'm sick now, but I still have my connections," Eleanor said as she looked at Amelia.

"Don't worry, Mom. I'm not in any trouble. If I really bump into any difficulty, Oscar will help me with it too. You just woke up, so you should focus on getting better. Don't overstrain yourself."

Eleanor nodded.

"Mom, what do you think of this soup? Do you like it?"

"The taste is still all right. It's just that I haven't had chicken nuggets for a long time. I've pretty much gotten used to plain foods."

"I'll make you chicken nuggets once you've recovered."

"Lia, you'd better remember your promise. Once I get discharged from the hospital, you have to cook a lot of delicious foods for me, okay?"

"Okay. I'll make them once you've fully recovered."

After she finished her soup, Eleanor wanted to comb her hair by looking in a mirror. Amelia said, "Let me comb your hair for you, Mom. It's been some time since we reunited, but I haven't helped you comb your hair."

"Okay."

Amelia took a comb and gently combed Eleanor's hair. However, with just one brush, she saw a lot of hair on the comb. Her heart ached when she saw Eleanor's hair that had lost its color and fallen off so easily.

Amelia lifted her head slightly and forced her tears back.

She continued to brush Eleanor's hair, but the latter's hair continued to fall off. Seeing that Eleanor was going bald, Amelia couldn't help feeling sad. Mom doesn't have much hair left. If this goes on, Mom will become bald soon.

Eleanor turned over and saw how Amelia was looking at her hair in a daze. She said without any changes in her emotions, "Aw, my hair fall's getting more serious now. I think I have to wear a cap soon. Lia, what color should I choose for my cap? I want one that suits me."

Amelia swallowed the bitterness in her heart. She smiled and replied, "Mom, you're pretty, so you'll look good in anything."

Eleanor smiled affectionately. "To be honest, I once wanted to shave my hair when I was young to see if it would suit me. But I wanted to be beautiful back then, so I didn't do it. Unexpectedly, my disease has decided for me now that I'm older. When I'm bald, take a few pictures of me and help me post them on my Instagram, will you? I want to know if they like my bald look."

"Mom, stop joking about it."

Eleanor merely smiled.

Alas, when Amelia visited Eleanor the next day with Tony, Eleanor was already bald. Amelia was stunned, and Tony's mouth was agape.

"Lia, Tony, you're here! Come, come," Eleanor said with a smile.

Amelia returned to her senses and walked over to Eleanor with Tony.

Eleanor bent slightly and said, "Tony, look at my shaven head. Do I look good?"

"Granny and Mommy look very similar. Even if you're bald, you're still pretty." Tony beamed.

"Aww, my dear grandson, you're really sweet! I really like you!"

Amelia merely looked at Benjamin, who was standing at the side with a grim expression, and asked, "Mr. Hutton, did you help Mom shave her head?"

"I asked your dad to shave it for me. I thought it's better to become bald than to make your heart ache when you see so much of my hair falling off. It looks pretty good to me," Eleanor said with a grin. However, she stopped smiling as much when she thought about

something. She looked at Amelia and continued, "Lia, now that you've already acknowledged the Hutton family as your family, can you call him Dad? I know you don't want him to introduce you to his friends in Saspiuburg, but can you do that at least? My heart aches when you call him Mr. Hutton."

Amelia was stunned for a while.

Benjamin glanced at Amelia with mixed emotions. "You can call me Dad. Your mom isn't feeling well, so don't make her angry."

Amelia let out a bitter chuckle. She knew that Eleanor was using her disease to force everyone to do as she said. No matter what everyone else thought, Eleanor hoped Amelia would acknowledge her own roots.

Amelia could understand Eleanor's good intentions, but deep in her heart, she didn't like what Eleanor was doing. In fact, she didn't want to acknowledge the Hutton family, especially when Amelia Hutton still had feelings for Oscar. If she acknowledged the Hutton family, she would have to interact more with the Huttons, and everyone would feel embarrassed if anyone were to spread the word about the younger sister seducing her brother-in-law.

When she saw Eleanor's expectant look and shaven head, she sighed secretly in resignation.

In the end, she couldn't say anything to turn Eleanor down.

It didn't matter to her if it was Eleanor's wishful thinking. She knew Eleanor was doing it for her.

"Dad," Amelia called out as she compromised.

Benjamin's hand and muscles on his face twitched a little. "Good girl."

Amelia nodded slightly.

They shared nothing in common. Perhaps it was because of Benjamin's hostility toward her when he had spoken to her in Beshya the last time. Amelia knew how much he didn't like her, so she didn't plan to get close to him to make him hate her even more.

Eleanor was elated. She pulled Amelia's hand and said, "Lia, you have to get along peacefully with your dad, okay? I'm the happiest person in the world now that you've returned to our family."

Amelia forced a smile in agreement.

“Oh, how’s Carter and the girl?” Eleanor asked unexpectedly.

Amelia was surprised. “I’m not sure, Mom. Why do you ask?”

“I just had a sudden thought. Carter is an excellent guy. I don’t want him to have any regrets. You should call him when you’re free to see how he is. He’s pretty arrogant, so I’m afraid he’s rigid when it comes to relationships. You should remind him sometimes.”

“All right, Mom. Don’t worry too much. I’ll call him and ask how he’s doing when I’m free.”

Eleanor nodded and stopped talking about Carter.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 737

### Chapter 737 A Trip To The Police Station

He’s already a grown man. He should be able to deal with it himself, Amelia thought. Meanwhile, Carter was sitting in his car as he looked at the building of a company through his window with a solemn expression. There were unknown emotions in his eyes.

After what seemed like an eternity, he finally opened the door and got out of his car. The moment he walked into the building, the receptionist stopped him. “Mr. Scott, I’m terribly sorry. But Ms. Larson has told us not to let you go upstairs. Please don’t make things difficult for me.”

Carter’s eyes darkened. “It’s okay. I have an appointment with her. If you don’t believe me, you can call her and tell her I’m here.”

“Okay, then. Please wait a moment, Mr. Scott,” the receptionist said and went to call Jennifer. The moment Jennifer answered the call, the receptionist explained the situation. No one knew what Jennifer said to her because she glanced at Carter with a strange look and said, “Okay. I understand.”

After she hung up the call, the receptionist walked over to Carter. “I’m really sorry, Mr. Scott. Ms. Larson said she didn’t receive your request to meet her, so I can’t let you in.”

Carter nodded and walked to the side as he dialed Jennifer's number. When she didn't answer his call, he texted her.

He wrote: Jennifer, I know you're not answering my call on purpose, but I really have to talk to you. If you don't come out to meet me, I'll wait downstairs until you do.

Carter's heart skipped a bit when he saw that the message was successfully delivered. His palms were sticky with sweat.

He sat on the couch and was lost in his own thoughts. He didn't even know when he had started liking Jennifer. In the past, he had firmly believed that the one he loved was Amelia, and he had done countless crazy things to make Amelia fall for him. However, when he saw the video of Jennifer under another man, he noticed a shift in his feelings. At that time, jealousy, anger, disgust, and hatred filled his heart before the emotions changed to deep concerns for Jennifer. Worried that the viral video would ruin her, he had thought of everything and tried everything to destroy the video. To his surprise, another person with more authority had control over the trend of the video on the internet. Because of that, he had reluctantly begged for Amelia's help. Begging Amelia to help another woman was something that he had never done before.

Perhaps things had gotten more complicated between him and Jennifer after they had slept together.

Jennifer had pursued him for two years. Besides, with the incident after they got drunk, it was destined that they couldn't go back to the time when they were friends.

Since she didn't reply to his message, Carter actually sat in the lobby and waited for her. After about an hour, a tall figure approached him, and he looked at the figure. He couldn't help narrowing his eyes.

"Oh? You're here too, Mr. Scott. Are you here to see Jennifer?" June asked with a half-smile as he looked at Carter.

Carter got up and looked at June. "June, you'd better leave Jennifer. You don't deserve her."

June laughed and said, "Mr. Scott, so you're saying I'm not worthy of her, but you are?"

Carter glared at June. "It doesn't matter if she ends up with me as long as she doesn't get together with you. You're involved with too many women. You don't deserve her at all."

June smiled, but what he said next was extraordinarily rude. "Mr. Scott, I admit that I'm a playboy. But don't you forget, Jennifer has my child now and is willing to become my lover. What do you think that means? It means that I'm a lot more attractive than you. Since she's putting her dignity down, I'll just treat her as someone who warms up my bed."

Carter clenched his fist and punched June's nose.

June staggered backward. Carter went over and continued punching him. After Carter landed two punches, June reacted and started fighting back. Since both of them were good at fighting, it was a fierce fight.

Immediately, the receptionist called the guards. However, the fight was so fierce that it was difficult for the guards to separate the two since the guards didn't dare to get close to them. Having no choice, the receptionist called the police and informed Jennifer about it.

When Jennifer reached the lobby and saw the injured Carter and June, she felt a faint headache. It never even occurred to me that two men would fight over me out of jealousy when I was younger. Who would've known I'd have a chance to experience this when I'm almost thirty?

However, she didn't feel honored about it at all. Instead, it was utterly humiliating. All eyes were on her because of the video, and currently, two grown men were fighting because of her. She reckoned she would get even more famous since those who talked behind her would insult her even more.

"Stop fighting! Stop!" Jennifer tried to approach them so that they would stop, but the receptionist held her back. The receptionist said, "Ms. Larson, calm down. If you rush to them when they're fighting, you'll get hurt."

Jennifer looked at the guards anxiously and shouted, "Get up there and separate the two of them! What are you waiting for? Are you planning to do something only when something happens to them?"

Only then did the guards man up to pull June and Carter apart. Unexpectedly, June and Carter punched the guards. At that moment, someone wailed.

Jennifer was worried sick. She struggled out of the receptionist's grip and went up to pull Carter and June apart. Carter almost punched her out of anger. Fortunately, he stopped when he saw her. However, June despicably took the opportunity to land a punch on Carter, and the latter fell to the ground because of that.

Jennifer's expression changed drastically when she saw that. She ran over and squatted down to examine Carter's face as she choked out, "Carter, are you okay? Let's go to the hospital."

Carter was still a little stunned from the punch, but when he saw Jennifer's slightly red eyes, he felt that all of that was worth it.

He shook his head forcibly and grabbed Jennifer's wrist. "Jennifer, you still care about me, right?"

Only then did she return to her senses and retract her hand quickly. After that, she walked over to June's side and pretended to ask out of concern, "June, are you okay?"

June wiped off the blood at the corner of his mouth and smiled gentlemanly. "I'm fine. I think Mr. Scott is hurt pretty badly."

Jennifer forced a smile.

Carter got up from the ground, and disappointment flashed across his eyes when he saw that Jennifer wasn't looking at him. However, that look disappeared very quickly.

"Jennifer, I have to talk to you," Carter said.

Before she could say anything, a few police officers entered the lobby. "Who called the police? The two who were involved in the fight, please come to the police station with us."

June approached the police and said, "Officer, that man punched me first. I hope that you Chanaeans can give me a good explanation since I'm a foreigner. Otherwise, I'll have to contact the embassy to get them involved in this matter."

Seeing that a foreigner was beaten up, the police officers began to treat the matter seriously. One of the officers walked over to Carter's side and said, "Sir, please follow us to the police station with him. We have to take your statement."

Jennifer walked toward the officer and defended Carter, "Officer, this is a misunderstanding. The two of them know each other. They were just fooling around. There wasn't a fight."

June held her waist and said affectionately, "Babe, I know you're kind-hearted, but I was beaten up this time. You shouldn't let an outsider escape from the law."

She shot him a glance as if she was saying, "You'd better not go overboard."

Carter reached out and pulled her to him. He patted her forehead and said, "I'm fine. It's just a trip to the police station. I'll go. Don't worry."

"Carter, you—"

"Shh... I'll be fine."

In the end, she had no choice but to follow them to the police station.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 738

### [Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

#### Chapter 738 Pay For The Medical Bill

Faye received a call from the police saying that Carter had fought with someone and was brought to the police station. Her first thought was that it was a scam call. After that, she thought that someone was joking with her. Only a moment later did she feel angry.

When she hurriedly showed up at the police station and saw that Jennifer was also there, Faye didn't need to rack her brain to figure out what was going on.

As Faye stared at Jennifer, her hand, which was holding her bag, trembled slightly. Back then, I went out of my way to drive Amelia away. I didn't expect another woman who may ruin my son's career to show up today. These vixens are eager to destroy my son's life.

Within a few steps, Faye had thought about all the ways she could vanquish Jennifer.

Faye swiftly texted Nina, asking her to come to the police station as soon as possible.

After successfully sending Nina the text message, Faye strode over and scrutinized the wounds on Carter's face. Her heart ached for her son.

"What happened to you?" Faye asked.

Carter turned his face to the side, saying, "Mom, I'm fine."



"You're battered and bruised. How are you fine? When you were a child, you had always been a model student showered with praises by your teachers. Yet, you get into a fight with other people when you're now an adult. You're a CEO. If this gets out, it'll affect your reputation," Faye rebuked, feeling exasperated and sorry for her son at the same time.

Carter's patience was running low.

Jennifer approached the two and said, "Mrs. Scott, this is all my fault. I'm willing to pay for all of Carter's medical bills."

There was a hint of malice in Faye's gaze as she looked at Jennifer, but it disappeared in a flash. Faye forced a smile and replied, "Oh, you're here too, Jennifer. I was only worried about Carter just now, so I didn't notice you were here as well. Did Carter get into a brawl because of you?"

Jennifer hesitated, not knowing how to reply to Faye.

"Mom, this has nothing to do with Jennifer. It's just that I've been finding someone annoying for a long time," Carter said.

June sauntered over and wrapped his arm around Jennifer's waist, showing his possessiveness over her. "Mrs. Scott, nice to meet you. I'm June. This is my business card. Jennifer is now my woman. I hope you can ask Mr. Scott not to pester Jennifer anymore."

Faye merely glanced at the business card and did not reach out to take it. She recognized that June was the man in the video clip.

Faye disliked June to the bone, so she didn't bother to exchange pleasantries with a hypocrite like him.

"Jennifer, you're dating him?" Faye stared at Jennifer like a snake. Although the former seemed gentle on the outside, the look in her eye showed that Jennifer was like a nugatory, broken vase to her.

Jennifer wanted to struggle out of June's embrace, but he whispered in her ear, "Do you want to get Carter's hopes up again?"

Upon hearing that, Jennifer relented.

"Mrs. Scott, my video with him is all over the internet. Since we've done the deed, it's obvious what our relationship is. But we were secretly filmed, and the video was

uploaded online without our consent. Mrs. Scott, you will give us your best wishes, won't you?" Jennifer put on a courteous smile on her face.

It was only then that the malicious glint in Faye's eyes abated.

"Both of you are a match made in heaven. It's a pity that Carter didn't cherish a wonderful girl like you. But I still treat you like my own daughter." Faye continued putting on an act, lying through her teeth.

Vexed, Carter clenched his fists and said through gritted teeth, "Mom, stop it. They're not even suited for each other."

"How so? Jennifer pursued you for two years, and yet you didn't accept her. Now that she has a new boyfriend, you say that they're not a good match. Carter, as your mother, I've long taught you to be open-minded and forgiving. A man shouldn't be petty," Faye said, suppressing her anger.

Just as Carter was about to part his lips, Faye's attorney came over with the police, saying that the procedures were settled, so everyone could leave now. June didn't continue to pursue the matter because of Jennifer's plea.

However, June and Carter were officially sworn enemies from now onward. After all, no man would like their woman to be coveted by another man even though June had absolutely no feelings for Jennifer, a woman whom he only had a partnership with.

Nonetheless, June was as happy as a clam upon seeing the defeated look on Carter's face.

After taking a deep breath to stop herself from losing her temper, Faye said, "Let's go, Carter. We shouldn't bother Jennifer and her boyfriend anymore. They're dating, yet you butted in and beat someone up. You're really a troublemaker."

Unbudging, Carter only had his eyes fixed on Jennifer as he knitted his brows. No one knew what was on his mind.

"Carter, let's go." Faye spoke again, stressing each and every word.

Carter finally snapped out of his daze and retracted his gaze. "Mom, you can go home first. I still have something else to do."

"I will go back to the office with you. I promise I won't disturb you while you work," Faye insisted.

With that, Carter strode out of the police station first and bumped into Nina.

When he saw Nina's beautiful, fairy-like appearance, his eyes glimmered for a split second before a calm look filled his eyes again.

"Carter, it's been a while. I didn't expect us to meet again in front of the police station. This way of meeting is very unique. I quite like it," Nina greeted in a gentle tone.

A trace of embarrassment flashed across Carter's face. It was embarrassing for an adult to be brought to the police station for beating someone up.

"Nina, why are you here?"

"I predicted the future using astrology and saw that something bad would happen to you today, so I purposely came to the police station to check if you were here. Well, what a coincidence," Nina answered cheekily. "Would you believe me if I put it this way?"

Carter's lips curled slightly as he smiled wryly. "Don't spout nonsense like that next time. Otherwise, other people might take you as a scammer pretending to be a sorcerer."

Nina bobbed her head docilely.

Just then, Faye and Jennifer came out together. Upon seeing Nina, Faye gave her a warm grin. "Nina, you're here. Why didn't you bring an umbrella with you? Your fair, delicate skin might get sunburned."

"Mrs. Scott, it's fine. It's not so sunny today. Besides, I don't get tanned easily. Don't worry."

"What a good girl."

The longer Faye looked at Nina, the more satisfied the former was with the young lady. To Faye's eyes, Nina was well-behaved, beautiful, sensible, and gentle, meeting each and every criterion Faye set for her daughter-in-law.

"Take Carter's hand. We're leaving," Faye said smilingly.

Nina shook her head, then walked toward Jennifer. "Ms. Larson, we meet again. Is this your boyfriend?"

Jennifer gazed at Nina with a complicated look as she replied awkwardly, "Yes."

"He doesn't deserve you. I'd suggest you find yourself another guy," Nina said bluntly, glancing at June with disgust.

Jennifer didn't expect that Nina would be so uncompromisingly forthright. She thought a beautiful and well-mannered girl like Nina would never criticize a person. I guess I was wrong.

"Gorgeous, why did you say I don't deserve Jennifer?" June asked, looking at Nina with interest. He had never met such a good-looking beauty before. Nina seemed as delicate as a doll, and her skin was even fairer than ordinary women.

Nina scowled. "You're promiscuous, and your body may look strong, but it's actually weak because of your licentious behavior. That's why you and Jennifer are not a good match."

"Oh, so you study medicine. Perhaps you can prescribe some medications for me in the near future?"

"You're lecherous."

Nobody expected that Nina would attack him until a crisp sound brought everyone back to their senses.

"How dare you hit me!" June's expression darkened.

"I don't like people disrespecting me. Giving you a slap is just a light punishment. If I see you leering at me again, I'll break your legs," Nina huffed.

After June's fury dissipated, he suddenly let out a chuckle.

"Gorgeous, you're really an interesting one. You look soft and pretty on the outside, and you even speak gently. I never would have thought that you were actually hot-tempered."

"I only get mad at a lecher like you," Nina snapped.

After Faye calmed her nerves, she piped up, "Nina, come here. We have to go."

In an instant, Nina turned back to her docile self. She walked over to Faye and said, "Mrs. Scott, let's go."

Faye nodded in response. As she walked away from the police station, she advised diligently, "Nina, you shouldn't have acted so impulsively. If you hit other people, they

might fly into a rage and beat you to a pulp. You're so tiny; you won't be able to bear the battering."

"Mrs. Scott, don't worry. I've learned different kinds of martial arts since I was young. I even have a rank higher than the black belt. I can handle ten ferocious brawny men on my own."

Nina's shocking revelation caused Faye to stumble a little. I didn't realize the daughter-in-law of my choice was actually a tough woman.

Meanwhile, June stared at the retreating figure of Nina with a darkened gaze. "Who is that girl?" He gritted his teeth.

Jennifer shot him a disdainful look. "Why? You want to retaliate just because she punched you?"

"Of course. I never suffer in silence."

Snorting, Jennifer walked ahead and left him behind.

June's interest in Nina was piqued. He believed that he could conquer that fiery girl. Carter was Amelia's friend, and the girl knew Carter. I'm going to disturb all Amelia's friends so that they'll be so overwhelmed that they don't have the time and energy to protect others. When that happens, no one can come to the aid of Clinton Corporations.

June seemed to have his plan mapped out, but never had he thought that the seemingly harmless Nina would make him a miserable man one day.

Because of it, he would pay the price for his ego.

"Jennifer, wait for me," June called out from behind.

"Don't follow me."

"Jennifer, I've never encountered an ingrate like you. I was the one who helped you just now, ensuring that the Scotts wouldn't pester you anymore. Just be my bedmate, and I won't treat you badly."

"Get lost."

"Jennifer, you can't be like this. Don't forget that we had a fling before."

Feeling ashamed, she walked even faster. She truly regretted having a sexual relationship with June, but there was no use crying over spilled milk. Thus, she could only swallow her sorrow.

Dwelling on the past will just make other people think that I'm a loser.

## Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 739

### Chapter 739 Do What You Have To Do

Carter got into the car and said, "Mom, why don't you and Nina go back first? I still have unfinished business at the company." "I can do that, but Nina's going with you. That's settled," Faye responded firmly. "Mom..."

Faye peered at him and said, "I'm taking another car. Nina's keeping you company. Don't be mean to her." After she said that, she stepped out of the car. Only Carter and Nina remained in the vehicle.

Nina smiled gently at him. "Carter, don't be mad. Just think of me as a friend sharing a ride with you. I know you don't like me that way. Me neither. However, I don't have a boyfriend. I came here because my parents intend to do something about that. Seeing you, I think we can become good friends."

Carter shot her a glance. Oddly enough, his restlessness was suppressed when he took in her straightforwardness and gentle expression. "Nina, I heard that you used to study abroad. Why didn't you consider working overseas?" he asked.

"I like Chanaean food. I love the colors, aroma, and tastes of Chanaean cuisine, so I came back. But after I take over the company, my parents might consider moving abroad," Nina answered.

Carter laughed at that. Feeling relaxed, he said, "I was surprised to see you get physical. I thought you were soft and weak. Weren't you afraid that June might hit you?"

"I doubt he can beat me. I don't usually get into fights indiscriminately. I just don't like the way he regards others, so I deliberately taught him a lesson with my fists. I don't think he's deserving of Ms. Larson. On that note, Ms. Larson would turn to look at you from time to time. I think you're the one she likes," Nina said to him, her eyebrows arched. She looked harmless enough, but she had sharp observation skills.

"Do you really think she likes me?" Carter said as he held the steering wheel tightly.

"Of course. She was quite subtle whenever she looked in your way, but I do think that she actually likes you. In fact, I think the two of you make a fine couple."

"Nina, I find that you're quite an interesting woman," Carter commented out of the blue.

Nina blinked at him. "Thank you for the compliment," she uttered mischievously.

Carter smiled faintly without saying anything.

While Carter was parking the car, Nina turned to look at the building outside the window. "Carter, why are we at the hospital? Have you come to check on the injuries on your face?"

Carter unbuckled his seatbelt. "No. A friend's mother has been hospitalized. I want to check on her."

Nina also unfastened her seatbelt and got out of the car. "Carter, why didn't you say so earlier? I could have gotten a present. It's not nice to drop by empty-handed."

"I've got it covered." With that said, Carter took out various supplements from the trunk. "See? Let's go."

Nina walked behind him. She reminded him kindly, "Carter, the bruises on your face... I'm afraid they might scare the patient. Why don't we visit her some other day?"

"It's fine. Go on," Carter said, reassuring her.

Nina nodded.

The two entered the elevator and headed upstairs. When they arrived at the ward, the door was open, so they walked right in.

James was giving Eleanor a checkup. When he was done, he instructed Eleanor to pay attention to her diet. Amelia took note of everything. Then, she turned to see Carter and Nina, both of whom had just entered. She was surprised by Nina's appearance. She didn't think that there could be anyone more good-looking than Derrick and Kate, but apparently, Nina proved her wrong. Nina's outstanding looks seemed rather surreal.

"Oh, you're here, Carter. Come in," Amelia greeted them graciously.

Carter and Nina walked further inside.

James turned around. When his gaze landed on Nina, he felt as if he had been electrocuted and fell into a momentary daze.

His mind kept on buzzing. That's her. That's her. That's her!

After searching for so many years, he finally found the woman who made him fall in love at first sight.

Indeed, he fell in love with Nina at first sight.

The woman was pretty, sweet, and demure. She was as beautiful as a painting.

Amelia watched as James stared blankly at Nina with a spark of romance glinting in his eyes. This isn't good.

James was probably harboring different thoughts about the unbelievably attractive woman in front of him. If that were true, her cousin's previous efforts would have been for nothing.

She still had a load of unfinished business to attend to, and now it seemed that her cousin's love life might be rudely interrupted before it even had the chance to blossom. Things were getting increasingly chaotic.

She chuckled bitterly. Looks like fate just won't let me have some peace.

"Carter, who is this?" Amelia grinned at him.

"She's Nina Yates, the only daughter of the chairman of Yates Group. She's just returned from studying abroad," Carter introduced briefly.

Amelia reached out for a handshake and smiled graciously. "Nice to meet you, Nina. I'm Amelia Winters. I'm probably a few years your senior, but you can just call me Amelia. You look really pretty!"

"Nice to meet you, Amelia. You're pretty too," Nina said in a gentle tone.

James' fascination for Nina grew. Unable to help himself, he reached out too. "Hi, Nina. I'm James, the chief and attending physician of this hospital. It's really nice to meet you. I have to say, you're gorgeous!"



Nina extended a hand and kindly reciprocated the handshake.

Upon contact with Nina's smaller hand, which was softer than he had imagined, James could feel his heart beating faster and faster. Fortunately, he still managed to retain his sanity. In order not to scare the woman, he quickly retracted his hand and tried his best to remain calm.

Carter came forward. "Mrs. Hutton, how are you feeling? I've bought some supplements, but I'm not sure if you'll like these."

As if on cue, Nina sensibly handed over the supplements. She said softly, "Mrs. Hutton, Carter got these just for you. We hope you'll like them."

Eleanor glanced at Nina, her eyes flashing, and she smiled. "What a beautiful lady. I certainly envy your parents for giving birth to such a lovely daughter."

"Mrs. Hutton, you're beautiful too. Amelia looks very similar to you. Anyone can tell that you two are mother and daughter."

Eleanor was tickled by the statement.

Nina was polite and obedient, and she spoke softly in a sweet and demure voice. Listening to her voice would put a smile on one's face. Therefore, in a matter of minutes, Eleanor grew quite fond of the young lady.

Amelia dragged Carter out of the ward and whispered, "Carter, what is going on? You and Nina..."

"She's my blind date. My mom arranged it. You know how my mom's like. If I refuse, she'll think of many more ways to deal with me. Nina's a nice lady. The two of us have no interest in each other, which works in our favor because we can use the other as a cover."

Amelia looked at him. "Carter, you aren't planning to take advantage of her feelings, are you?"

"You don't have to say it like that, Amelia. Nina and I don't have feelings for each other. I act as her stand-in boyfriend while she gets my parents off my back."

"What about Jennifer? What are you going to do about her?"

"I don't intend to give up on her. There's no hope for you and me, and she has pursued me for two years. Despite some misunderstandings, I don't want to lose her again. I might have been young and ignorant when I missed my chance with you, but I must be really dumb if I make the same mistake again."

Amelia gave him a thumbs-up. "You've finally got it, Carter."

He let out a wry chuckle. "Amelia, I think Tiffany was right in scolding me back then. She said that I might look smart, but I'm a wreck when it comes to relationships. I blame that on my indecision. I lost you, and now Jennifer has got together with June because of other misunderstandings. Perhaps this is my retribution."

Amelia raised a hand and punched him lightly. "Carter, you're no longer the high-spirited man I used to know. All you have to do is clarify those misunderstandings. After all, tough women are afraid of clingy men. Here's a tip: pester her non-stop. I can guarantee that Jennifer will eventually change her mind."

Carter fell into deep thought.

Amelia pondered for a moment and said, "Carter, you know your mom is quite prideful. After what happened to Jennifer, your family is surely unwilling to accept her into the family. Are you ready to defend her against the Scotts?"

The man nodded.

"I'm no longer the man they can exploit at will. All these years, I've been growing my company so that when it comes to my marriage, I can call the shots!"

"That's more like it! Since you don't want to have any regrets, then do what you have to do! But about Jennifer's video... are you sure you don't mind at all?"

Carter's expression turned grim. He smiled bitterly and said, "I'll be lying if I say I don't mind, but... I've lost you before. I don't want to lose her again because of moral judgment."

"Okay, then. I shall look forward to your good news!"

Carter nodded.

However, he had no idea that he and Jennifer would go through so much more in the future. He would end up almost losing Jennifer's life for good. Fortunately, fate was not that heartless toward him.

# Too Much To Bear, My Love Chapter 740

## Chapter 740 Surrounded By Relatives Of The Victims

Amelia was chatting with Carter when Jolin rushed over. "Bad news, Mrs. Clinton. Boss is being surrounded by the family members of the victims who fell unconscious from being electrocuted by the phone," she said while panting.

Frightened by the sudden news, Amelia asked hastily, "What's going on? Why is he surrounded out of nowhere?"

"I'm not very sure what happened, but all I know is that all of the patients' families united and came to create a ruckus at Clinton Corporations. Coincidentally, Boss was exiting the building, and they surrounded him. They've hemmed him in to the extent that not even the security guards are able to get in. The police have been mobilized, but I'm not sure if Boss is injured. However, this incident is being live-streamed right now," Jolin explained after swallowing a gulp of saliva.

Anxiety was evident in Amelia's eyes as she uttered, "Carter, go into the room and keep my mother company. Tell her that my mother-in-law needs my help with something. Don't let her watch the television. Her health isn't in good condition, so she can't be agitated anymore."

Carter nodded and responded, "Go ahead. Call me if you encounter anything that is beyond your capabilities."

To that, Amelia inclined her head.

In a short while, she and Jolin got into the car and headed to Clinton Corporations.

"Mrs. Clinton, to be honest, I didn't want to tell you about this, but the reporters got wind of the incident too quickly. Moreover, it's obvious that the patients' kin came prepared. I think someone instructed them to do this. That was why I decided to drive you over rather than let you head over on your own after seeing the news on the television. Also, I think Boss will only listen to you," the latter explained. "You won't blame me for telling you about this, right, Mrs. Clinton?" Jolin then asked after a brief pause.

Amelia shook her head. "I'm very thankful that you told me about this. Jolin, you're basically my savior, so you don't have to be so cautious when talking to me. I honestly think of you as my little sister."

"Thank you, Mrs. Clinton." Jolin let out a sigh of relief.

By the time they arrived at Clinton Corporations, the family of the victims who were creating chaos there had all simmered down. There were also a lot of police cars parked near the entrance of the building.

Under Jolin's protection, Amelia ran over to Oscar and was distressed upon noticing a gash on his face. She then raised her hand to touch the wound but quickly stopped for fear that her action would hurt him.

"Does it hurt?" Amelia asked softly.

Oscar took her hand and pulled her behind him. The man was afraid that the irrational family members of the victims would do something unexpected and end up hurting her.

"Why did you come here, Amelia? It's too dangerous. I'll have Jolin send you home, okay?" Oscar tried to negotiate with her.

"No, I want to face this with you. If there's any sort of danger, I can avoid it myself; I won't let myself be injured. Besides, the police are around. These people aren't bold enough to assault me as they might end up in jail for it. Furthermore, I'm furious that they hurt you," Amelia said coldly, her expression grim.

Oscar had no choice but to allow her to stay.

Meanwhile, Isabella, who had just run out of the elevator, halted in her tracks. A bitter feeling arose in her heart. If she had been the one by Oscar's side when he was in danger, he would surely be more fond of her and would not be repulsed by her as much. Yet, such a good opportunity was thwarted by Amelia's appearance.

It seemed that she would never be able to get her revenge.

Despite the resentment brewing in her heart, Isabella had no choice but to walk over. "Oscar," she called out.

Oscar merely cast a glance at her before looking at the tumultuous crowd. "Everyone, I know that you are frustrated because of what happened to your relatives. However, we've sent representatives to visit the patients in the very beginning. Regardless of what caused them to fall unconscious, we've recompensed them. Despite having received the money, you all still came here to create chaos. Do you think Clinton Corporations is a doormat?"

The group of people was starting to feel afraid. After all, they had gathered together to cause trouble there because of someone's instigation. In their minds, they assumed that a big company like Clinton Corporations would choose to resolve the matter out of court, lest it blow out of proportion and ruin its reputation. If so, they would be able to extort Clinton Corporations for more money. However, they did not expect things to progress in such a way. Even the police had shown up.

"Mr. Clinton, my son is still lying unconscious in the hospital. The medical fees cost a few hundred every day, and the doctor doesn't even know when my son will regain consciousness. Do you think you can brush me off just by sending someone to give me one hundred thousand in compensation? Let me tell you this—that's not going to happen. For as long as my son remains unconscious, I will have to bear the high cost of his treatment. Thus, Clinton Corporations have to take responsibility for this. Otherwise, I won't leave this place even if you beat me to death," a burly man standing among the crowd shouted in a hoarse voice.

Oscar curled his lips into a sneer. "All of our phones underwent quality testing before they were marketed, and they've passed the quality control. If you have any doubts about our products, we're willing to carry out the inspection one more time. As for the patients' cause of unconsciousness, we will have to wait for the doctors' report. If it is proven to be Clinton Corporations' fault, we will pay all the medical fees. But if it isn't, we will sue all of you for damaging the company's reputation by causing chaos in the building. In that case, we shall meet in court."

A clear trace of panic and fear flashed across some of the people's eyes. However, they were reluctant to back out without getting any money. Their relatives were still lying unconscious in the hospital, and the medical bills would come up to a hefty sum should they be comatose for a long time. They would be at their wits' end if there were no one who could bear the cost for them.

Furthermore, the leakage current most likely happened because the victims used their phones while charging. If it were not for many people getting electrocuted at the same time, and if Clinton Corporations did not produce those phones, these people would not have the guts to gather together and create a ruckus. After all, the phones produced by the company had already passed the inspection before being launched to the public. As such, their accusations were technically baseless.

"I don't care. My daughter is still unconscious in the hospital, and the doctor doesn't know when she will wake up. I only have one daughter, and she only ended up in such a state from using your product. If you don't give us a proper explanation, we won't budge from here today," a thin lady said in a shrill voice.

Furrowing his eyebrows, Oscar looked at the people, who were dressed in ordinary outfits.

They were not from rich families. Some of them were well-off, while others were making just enough money. Moreover, the phones designed by Clinton Corporations were targeted toward groups with low monthly income as well as the white-collar class and descendants of wealthy families. However, those who were electrocuted were young people with average family backgrounds.

“Everyone, you have my word that Clinton Corporations will take full responsibility should the result of the police’s investigation proves that it is our company’s fault. If so, I promise you I’ll never shirk responsibility and will compensate you properly. Please go back and wait for the news. I believe that one hundred thousand worth of compensation will be enough for you to pay off the medical fees for the moment. If you continue to create chaos here, I will take legal action. When that happens, I’m afraid that you won’t receive even a single cent,” Oscar warned.

The people looked at each other and whispered among themselves. It seemed that they were intimidated by Oscar’s words since they actually agreed to leave.

“Fine. We agree to go back for now. However, we’ll only give you seven days. If we still don’t receive the results afterward, we will take it to the internet to let the whole world see Clinton Corporations’ true colors,” a man said, acting as the representative of the crowd.

“You have my word.”

Only then did the crowd disperse. Oscar instructed his subordinates to give the police officers some monetary gifts for their help before telling them to leave.

In just two minutes, everyone, including the police and onlookers, left the building.

“Are you all right, Oscar? Let’s go upstairs so that I can dress your wound,” Amelia said.

Oscar shook his head. “Don’t worry about it. It’s just a minor injury. Did Jolin tell you about this?”

Jolin ducked her head as she answered, “Boss, I saw the news on the internet as well. I was afraid Mrs. Clinton would worry about you if she were to see it, so I went over and told her about it. I’m very sorry.”

"Don't blame Jolin. I can't sit on my hands when something like this happens to you. Your matter is my matter, too," Amelia said.

Oscar shook his head and said to Jolin, "Go and find out who sent the reporters and the victims' family members here. How dare they try to get firsthand news on the Clintons? After that, take down all of the false and fabricated news online, then reach out to this company's CEO."

"Yes, Boss." Jolin then left to carry out his instructions.

Isabella came up to Oscar. "Oscar, it's clear at a glance that someone must have instigated those people. In my opinion, we shouldn't have given them any money at all. We wasted ten thousand on each of the victims for nothing. Now that we've given them such a large sum of money, they'd surely be consumed by greed and then demand to have more money," she said with a hint of anger in her voice.

After glancing at her, Oscar turned to face the employees who had yet to recover from the shock of seeing him getting surrounded by the mob of people. "Get back to work. There's no need to work overtime tonight, but you will all be receiving an overtime pay of three hundred."

"Thank you, Mr. Clinton."

Once everyone returned to the building, Isabella said to Oscar in concern, "Oscar, I have medical ointment in my office. Why don't I get it for you? Although your wound isn't deep, it is still easy for it to get infected." It was as if she did not see Amelia.

"There's no need for that. You should get back upstairs and continue working. You have done a great job handling the situation calmly today," he praised with a cold expression.

That caused her eyes to light up. It was the second time Oscar had complimented her.

"I'll be going upstairs now, Oscar. I won't bother you and Amelia anymore." Isabella knew where to stop, so she did not plan to stay any longer and become a nuisance to them.

After she went into the building, Oscar turned to Amelia and said, "You should go back first, Amelia. Someone might have done this to put Clinton Corporations in a difficult position. I have to hold a meeting, so I might not be able to accompany you much today."

"I'll go upstairs with you. Your wound still needs to be treated. I can listen to your meeting from the side. Don't treat me like a child. I can't stop worrying about you when something like this has happened."

In the end, Oscar could only agree to it.

When the two of them entered the office, Amelia applied medicine to Oscar's wound and even put a small piece of gauze on his face. Staring at his new look, she could not help but chuckle at it. "I guess the universe doesn't want us to live our lives peacefully, Oscar. There's always trouble popping up every once in a while."

"Don't worry. I can manage them well. But I haven't had time to visit Mom for the past few days because of work. How is her condition?" Oscar asked.

"It's all right. She knows that you're busy. This morning, she even told me to pay more attention to your health and urged you not to overwork yourself. It would be bad if your gastrointestinal health is affected," Amelia replied with a smile.

After a slight pause, she continued, "Tell me the truth, Oscar. The people who came today, were they incited by someone? So many people had come to cause trouble. As long as the media embellishes the story, Clinton Corporations' reputation will be tarnished, regardless if it's the truth or not."

"Those reporters would not dare to offend the Clinton family. I'm just curious about who's the mastermind behind this incident. They've tried to slander us repeatedly. It seems that I've underestimated their power," Oscar said in a menacing voice as he narrowed his eyes.

Due to the matter pertaining to the company, he had not been able to spend time with Amelia, nor was he able to get a proper night's rest for the past few days. In fact, he only managed to get around five hours of sleep, so his eyes were bloodshot.

He looked so exhausted that Amelia's heart ached for him. "Don't think about this any longer. Postpone the meeting for now and get some sleep. You have been busy with work and even have to worry on my behalf during these few days, so you must be tired. Let me help you with the documents on your desk. Although I've never been a general manager, I did help you with some documents in the past. I assure you that I won't make any mistakes."

Oscar only tousled her hair affectionately with a smile. "I'm fine. I won't hold the meeting today, but I still need to take a look at the documents. The papers piled on my desk can only be processed with my signature."

"I'll do it with you."

Oscar agreed to her offer.



With each other's company, their work efficiency increased significantly.

In a blink of an eye, it was already half-past five in the afternoon. A call from Carter came through to Amelia's phone.

Just as she answered the call, his voice could immediately be heard at the other end of the line. "Are you all right, Amelia? Is everything resolved?"

"I'm fine. All those people had been sent away. How's my mother?"

"Nina is talking to her right now. They seemed to really hit it off, but I can tell that your mother is pretty worried about you. Why don't you give her a call?"

"All right. I'll call her in a while."

"Let me know if you need any assistance."

"Got it. Thank you for your help this time, Carter."

"I didn't do much. All I did was talk to Mrs. Hutton for a little bit."

The two of them chatted for a while more before ending the call. Since clearing the air, they interacted like old friends.

Amelia soon gave Eleanor a call, telling her that something had happened to the Clinton family and that she would not be going to the hospital for a while. Then, she reminded the latter to eat and rest on time.

Naturally, Eleanor agreed to everything she said and then expressed her concern for Amelia. "Remember to eat your meals no matter how busy you are."

"Okay. Mom, I'll end the call for now. Tell the doctor if you feel any pain or discomfort."

After that, Amelia ended the call.

"Carter's at the hospital?" Oscar asked.

Amelia nodded before briefly recounting the matter of Carter bringing Nina to visit her mother.

“He found someone new so soon?” Oscar remarked, his lips quirking. “But that’s good too. At least he won’t be bothering you as much.” It was impossible to discern the emotions in his voice.

When Amelia heard him, she was incredibly bemused.