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# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 365 - 366

## Chapter 365 Saddened

After dinner, Benjamin offered to go on a stroll with Eleanor. However, as usual, he was rejected once again. She went out by herself, leaving her family sitting around the table. Amelia looked at her father and asked, "It has been a while, Dad. Haven't you made it up to Mom yet?"

Benjamin's eyes glinted darkly as he thought about that question. In the end, he replied, "You shouldn't poke your nose in this matter, girl. It's adult business. Go with your mother. She's still ill, and now she wouldn't stop overthinking everything. She needs someone to talk to her."

Amelia smiled at her father. "So you're implying that I'm a child, huh, Daddy? Well, then it's past my bedtime now," she retorted. "Now it's up to you to talk to Mom. I'm going to my room now." Waving at her father, she went upstairs.

Every time this conversation was brought up, it was bound to end with everyone being angry at something, at the very least. Because of that, the air was tense in the Hutton residence that night as usual.

Benjamin looked positively annoyed and frustrated.

"Don't think too much about it, Dad. Mom's just not feeling happy right now. Give her some time. She'll get over it, eventually."

"Sean, your mother has been trying to 'get over it' for more than twenty years. Twenty years. Not two days. All just for a missing daughter. She's even pushing me away just because of that," Benjamin grumbled solemnly.

Anger flared up within Sean's eyes for a moment, but he calmed down. "She's just stuck on something, Dad. She'll slowly figure it out."

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The conversation came to a long pause after that. Eventually, Sean voiced, "Dad, why don't you go out and have a talk with her? Dr. Goodman called me yesterday, and he had bad news. Mom might look fine now, but actually, her symptoms are getting worse. Why don't we just find the girl and get this over with? After all, I still remember which family you gave her away to."

Benjamin clenched his fists as tightly as he could. He was struggling violently with himself, and a stormy look contorted his face. However, in the end, he shook his head.

A long, long while later, he stated darkly, "That's between me and your mother. You and Amelia are my only children. I do not have any other child, and I do not want to hear any of you bringing up a nonexistent character, you hear me?"

Staring at his father, Sean was befuddled and perplexed about that response. "But why, Dad?" How could you abandon your own kid just like that?

Benjamin growled silently, "No reason, boy. You are my son, Sean Hutton. You only have the privilege to follow my orders. Anything else is off-limits, you hear me?"

After that, Benjamin stormed off upstairs, leaving Sean standing alone in the living room. He had a dark look on his face, and he was immersed in his thoughts.

In the meantime, Eleanor was taking a stroll outside. Halfway through, she told the maid who came with her to bring a bucket of water over. The maid was perplexed by that bizarre request, but she did as her mistress instructed, anyway.

A moment later, the maid came back with a bucket of water. "This is the water you want, Mrs. Hutton."

"Which one of the cars did Lawrence drive to pick Amelia up?"

The maid told Eleanor the car plate's number.

"Take the water there. She drove all the way home and asked Lawrence to get a taxi instead. I'll wash the car for her since I don't have anything else to do."

The maid didn't look the least bit surprised when Eleanor said that, as it was not the first time she had done it, after all. They tried to dissuade her the first time, but all they got in

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return was one big slap. She even went into hysteria and screamed at everyone who tried to stop her from washing the car.

Everyone found out that Eleanor was stricken by an illness when she first screamed at them. It was not even physical either, no. It ran deeper than that. The illness stuck to her heart, mind, and even her soul.

Ever since the truth was made clear to everyone, all the maids in the Hutton family had to do as she said or risk another hysteria episode from her.

Drenching the cloth with water, Eleanor tried to open the door so she could wipe the interior, but to her slight annoyance, the door was locked.

“Lina, tell Lawrence to give you the keys, but do not let the master or Amelia know anything about this.”

“Yes, Mrs. Hutton.” The maid scurried off to get the car keys from Lawrence.

A short while later, she came back holding the keys in her hand. Then she unlocked the door and informed politely, “The doors are unlocked, Mrs. Hutton.”

Eleanor waved her down. “Stay away from me. And far, far away if you please. I shall do this on my own.”

“Yes, Mrs. Hutton.”

With that, Eleanor went into the car holding the wet cloth, but the first thing she saw was a folder on the driver’s seat. Not thinking much about it, she shook her head. Amelia must have dropped this.

Picking it up, she put it away to make it easier for her to clean the car. Eleanor was not going to snoop around in the first place, but after she was done cleaning, she glanced at the folder again. Eventually, her curiosity was piqued, and she opened the folder to see what was inside. However, she never expected that the content of the folder would give her the shock of her life.

She held the DNA test result with trembling hands, but not because she was terrified. Instead, her eyes were blazing, as if she had found that sliver of hope she had been

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desperately trying to locate. Getting out of the car, she stumbled her way back into the living room, ignoring the shouts of Lina, who was chasing after her.

Meanwhile, Amelia was lying on her bed, watching her favorite television show. When the annoying scenes came up, she even cursed like a common wench to express her displeasure. Whenever she was alone, Amelia was the amalgamation of elegance and depravity, a bizarre combination where nobody would find its equal.

When her mother barged into her room like a tank squashing a house flat, it made her jump up in shock. She was going to hurl some choice profanities at the intruder, but when she saw who it was, Amelia swallowed her words. "What's wrong, Mom?" she asked.

Wobbling over to her daughter, Eleanor gripped the DNA test result in her hand. Her lips were trembling, and she took a long, long while to organize her words. Finally, she managed to ask the question she had longed to, "Amelia, I need you to tell me all about this test result. You found your sister, haven't you?"

When Amelia saw what her mother was holding, she realized why Eleanor was looking so distraught, yet excited. After all, she dropped it in the car on purpose, for she knew her mother had a habit of cleaning her car, so she did that in hopes that Eleanor would come across it. She wanted to see how Eleanor would react upon finding the proof that her other daughter was found. Eleanor's longing had taken a heavy toll on her, and Amelia didn't want her to leave the land of the living with her greatest regret unfulfilled. Even so, she still didn't want her sister to return to the family, though.

"Answer me, Amelia! What is up with this lady who shares the same name as you? Why does her DNA match your father's and mine so much? Did you run into her? Did you? Tell me, Amelia!"

"Calm down, Mom. Calm down, okay? I'll tell you in a moment." Amelia went and locked her door before seating her mother on a chair. Getting to her knees, she stared up at Eleanor.

"Mom, I can't let you waste away like this anymore. Yes, I did run into a lady who looks just like me in Saspiuburg. No, to be precise, she looks more like you, especially the eyes." She paused for a moment before continuing, "Yes, I know there are people who might look like us out there in this world, but you don't see someone who resembles you every day. That's why I got close to her and got both of her and you guys' hair so I can get your DNA tested. And that's why you're holding that right now."

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Eleanor was starting to cry, but she stifled it in case it got too loud, then weirdly, or not weirdly enough, she started laughing. "Amelia, so you're saying this lady is my daughter, then?"

Amelia nodded.

Seeing that, Eleanor got up and paced back and forth as she buzzed with excitement. "I shall go and see her right now," she muttered under her breath. "It has been so many years since I last saw her. Now we can finally get reunited." She suddenly touched her face. "Amelia, do you think I look ugly? Will I scare her? Right. Right. I should put some makeup on, then I'll go with you."

Amelia didn't know what she should feel about the situation. She had never seen her mother losing her composure like this, not even once in her life. She had always been the calm, collected lady of the household, but she got so excited over the daughter she had never even seen before in over twenty years. She was starting to regret showing the result to her mother. Now she was afraid that all her mother would care about was the other Amelia. I might lose all her love.

The prospect of that nightmare happening started twisting her into a monster, and she came up with a little scheme of her own.

"Calm down, Mom. You know Dad and Sean won't let you see her. If we want to do this, we'll have to do it in secret. You don't want them to find out and chase Amelia away again, right? Not after you've finally found her after so long."

Eleanor finally calmed down after hearing that. Fixing her hair, she nodded. "You're right, Amelia. Your father and brother must never know about this. I spent more than twenty years in search of my girl, and I will not allow them to ruin this moment. If they or anyone would try and stop me, I will kill myself right in front of them."

Amelia looked at her sadly but also felt a bit frustrated. Jealous, she questioned, "Mom, does Amy really mean that much to you? I mean, you've never even smiled at Dad once for the last twenty-odd years."

At that, Eleanor fell into silence.

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“Mom, we’re a family, no matter what. Do you really want to make things tense between us for someone who has never even lived a day in our family?”

“Do not talk about your sister like that. I shall not allow it,” Eleanor snapped.

That warning wiped the smile off Amelia’s face.

Heaving a sigh, Eleanor added, “Sorry for snapping at you, Amelia. Don’t take it to heart. This is between me and your father, so please stay out of it. It’s not something we can explain that easily.”

“But have you ever thought about how Sean would feel about this? How would I feel about this? You and Dad are staying apart, and you guys never talk to each other. Honestly, it doesn’t sit right with us. Can’t you mend things with Dad? For Sean and my sake?”

Eleanor was silent once again.

Sighing silently, Amelia changed the topic. “Mom, Amy lost her eyesight in a car crash. I hope you won’t freak out about it too much. I can take you to her, but she might or might not take to you well. Just take it as a normal visit and don’t scare her with all your doting.”

Most of what Amelia said was nothing but rubbish for Eleanor. All she cared about was the car crash the other Amelia got involved in. “She’s blind? Is she fine? Is she hurt? How did she even get into the car crash in the first place?” Eleanor asked nervously.

Despite never even seeing the other Amelia once in more than two decades, Eleanor jumped into panic mode the moment she heard her daughter was involved in a car crash. That fact alone rubbed Amelia the wrong way, and she had a feeling the other Amelia would take her mother away from her if they were to meet.

Now she truly regretted leaving the test result in the car. I should have pretended I know nothing about this. Even that’s better than an estranged “family member” breaking this peaceful life I’ve enjoyed for the last twenty-odd years.

“Don’t worry, Mom. She’s fine. She just lost her eyesight, that’s all. And it’s temporary. The doctor is looking for a suitable retina to heal her up.” Amelia held back her overflowing jealousy to calm her mother down, “Just stop freaking out, Mom. I can take you to her, but

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she has a lot on her plate right now, so she might not take to you kindly. Just don't scare her, all right?"

Eleanor looked crestfallen when Amelia told her she had to hold back when she met the other Amelia. Though she was still crying, she nodded anyway. "Very well then. I can do anything as long as I get to see my girl."

Mom, I'm your girl too, you know. But I've never seen you so worried about me before.

That was what Amelia wanted to say to her mother, but she swallowed her words before she could blurt them out. It left a bad aftertaste in her mouth and an even worse flavor in her soul.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 366

### Chapter 366 Can You Call Me Mom Too

After getting her hands on a clue of her eldest daughter's whereabouts, Eleanor warmed up a lot, and she even started smiling at Benjamin. Naturally, that gave him a huge shock.

After finishing her soup, she took the napkin her maid gave her and wiped her mouth off elegantly. She then looked at Benjamin. "Benjamin, I'm going to Beshya with Amelia for a while. I've never left Saspiuburg for more than twenty years, and the world has changed drastically. I want to see the changes for myself, or I'd end up as a bumpkin."

Benjamin was surprised that his wife actually came up with that idea, so he looked at his daughter. Did she come up with this? Eleanor doesn't seem the type to go on trips all of a sudden.

Putting her silverware down, Amelia voiced, "Dad, it's not every day Mom wants to go around, so just let her, all right? If she keeps cooping herself up, she's going to go mad, eventually."

Giving it some thought, Benjamin agreed, "I'll take some time off to go with you, Eleanor. I can't just leave you two as you go around on your own."

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Oddly enough, Eleanor was not angry that Benjamin offered to go with her. All she said was, “Benjamin, I just want to go with Amelia. I’ll be back once I’ve seen enough of Beshya.”

Benjamin wanted to argue some more, but in the end, he relented. Eleanor—for the first time in ages—beamed at him.

Her smile captivated Benjamin, and it lifted his dour spirits up.

“You gentlemen should get to work now. It’s late.” Eleanor took Benjamin’s suit and wore it over him, just like how every nice housewife would do for their husband. Sean was perplexed about the whole situation, and he looked at his sister. Is Mom on one of her episodes again? That was the question written in his eyes.

Amelia shrugged, telling Sean that not even she knew what was going on. Maybe she thought she’s been too cold to Dad for too long, so she’s changing for once.

Amelia and Sean said nothing, but the silent conversation told the latter about everything he wanted to know, which was nothing. On the other hand, since Benjamin finally saw his wife smile at him, he and Sean went to work feeling happy for the first time in a long while.

After the men had gone to work, Eleanor quickly held Amelia’s hand. “Amelia, do you know what your sister likes? We can get it for her at the mall later. Oh, and you said she has a two-year-old boy, right? What does the boy like then? Oh my, I’m a failure as a grandmother. He’s already two years old, but I haven’t even seen him yet. I have to look my best. I shan’t scare them now.”

Eleanor was positively buzzing with excitement, but that only stoked the flames of Amelia’s jealousy, and she found her feeling a lot less friendly toward the other Amelia.

She grew up being the center of attention, no matter where she was. Even though she acted like a proper lady in front of everyone, she still could not shake off the selfish, spoiled child within her. Whatever she liked, she wanted to take them for herself. Naturally, seeing her mother—who gave her whatever she asked for since she was a kid—looking so excited for someone she had never seen before made her jealous.

Even so, she held her jealousy back for the time being. “Just calm down, Mom. Amy has everything she can ever wish for. She’s living a pretty good life, so just buy her something random. You don’t want to make her feel awkward, remember?”

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“Ah, but that’s simply unacceptable, dear. This is my first time seeing her after so long. I can’t take this too easily. If I leave a bad impression and push her even further away from me, it’d be bad.”

“Mom, is Amy that important to you? Do you really want to dump all of us just for her? We’re the people who care about you, you know?”

“What is wrong with you, Amelia? How could you say such a thing?”

God. Amelia held her frustration back once more. “Mom, that’s not what I meant. I just want you to calm down. If you look too excited, Dad and Sean are going to get suspicious. You don’t want them to stop you from going to Beshya, do you?”

Upon hearing that, Eleanor calmed down once more, but that didn’t stop her from getting some gifts for the other Amelia at the mall. In the end, Amelia had to go with her mother to haul the stack of gifts back.

When they returned, Eleanor told the maids to pack all the gifts up nicely and went about her day. After having breakfast the next morning, Eleanor was already prepared to travel to Beshya.

“Oh, you’re leaving so soon?” A frown appeared on Benjamin’s forehead.

Eleanor held her excitement and, for the first time in ages, replied to him gently, “It has been a long time since I was in Beshya. I wonder how much the city has changed. I’ve been looking forward to this, so I’ll be staying there for a few days.”

“Why don’t I go with you, then?”

“Do you want me to stay at home forever, Benjamin? Fine, I won’t be going then, and I won’t be seeing the therapist anymore, too. I mean, if this is how it’s going to be, death is actually a more preferable choice,” Eleanor refuted, tensing up.

Benjamin relented again. “Think nothing of it. I was just speaking my mind. Just have a fun time there. Call me if you run out of money. Don’t have too much fun there and remember to come home.”

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At that, Eleanor broke into a smile again. After they had breakfast, Benjamin and Sean sent the ladies to the airport. Benjamin wondered why his wife bought so many things for her trip. It seemed unnecessary for him, but since she might get mad at him, he decided to stay quiet and told the maids to send them to Beshya.

“Amelia, take care of your mother, all right? She’s not as healthy as she used to be, so always keep an eye on her. Make sure she has a pleasant trip, you hear me?”

Amelia simply responded with a nod.

Worried, Sean chimed in as well, “Amelia, I’ve put Mom’s meds in your bag. Remind her to take it on time. I know a trip is fun, but don’t neglect Mom.”

“Yeah, yeah. I know, Sean. I’m not a baby anymore. I know how to take care of her.”

Even though Amelia insisted she could take care of Eleanor, Benjamin and Sean kept telling her what to look out for and only let her board the flight half an hour later.

After they got onto the airplane, Eleanor looked at the photo Amelia gave her, and she teared up. “Oh, she looks just like me,” she mumbled. “Amy hasn’t changed one bit even after two decades. Everyone says she has my eyes. I never thought I could have a chance to see her in my lifetime. Thank you, Amelia. Thanks to you, I can see your sister now.”

Wiping her mother’s tears off with a tissue, Amelia whispered, “Calm down, Mom. Amy’s doing just fine. She seems rich, so I bet she got adopted by a wealthy family. Remember, you’re there for a regular visit, not to make a scene. Let me do the talking. If she’s friendly to you, we can then talk about your reunion, but just pretend you’re my friend if she doesn’t sound too thrilled about it, okay?”

Eleanor cried silently.

Once they disembarked, the ladies hailed a ride and went to the neighborhood where the other Amelia was staying at. Even after they ascended the elevator and came to her house’s doorstep, Eleanor was still worried. “Amelia, do I look weird in these clothes?”

“No, Mom. You look absolutely stunning no matter what you wear.”

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Despite her praise, Eleanor was still feeling nervous about the upcoming meeting with the other Amelia.

With that, Amelia rang the doorbell, and Tiffany came to open the door. First, she saw Amelia standing outside, but that was not the thing that surprised her most. When she saw the older woman standing behind Amelia, she could not believe what she was seeing. She thought this Amelia was already looking quite similar to her friend, but the older woman apparently looked even more alike to the other Amelia.

Tiffany had to take some time to process what she was seeing. Um, it's not Halloween or April Fools, right? So what's with the costume?

"Why are you spacing out for, Tiffany? Don't you recognize me?" Amelia waved her hand right in front of Tiffany.

Snapping out of it, Tiffany made way for the guests. After they came in, she closed the door right away. "Amelia, who might this be?" she asked politely.

"She's my mother."

Tiffany's jaw dropped and formed an almost comical "O." Holy guacamole. She's your mother? But she looks so young! You could have said she's your sister and I would have believed it, no questions asked.

"Ah, my apologies. Hello, Mrs. Hutton." Tiffany bowed politely to Eleanor.

Amused, Eleanor said, "You must be my daughter's friend. She told me about you before. You seem to be a nice lady."

Tiffany was starting to blush from the praise she was receiving. "You flatter me, Mrs. Hutton. Please, have a seat. I'll make you a cup of tea."

After saying that, Tiffany went to brew some tea and put it on the table for Eleanor.

However, Eleanor was not the least bit interested in the tea. Instead, she looked around the house, and when Tiffany saw that, she queried, "What are you looking for, Mrs. Hutton?"

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Amelia cut in before her mother could say anything, "Where's Amy and Tony, Tiffany? I don't see them around here."

"Oh, Kurt and she took Tony downstairs. The caregiver we just hired is in the kitchen right now. Are you guys hungry? I told her to make a bit more food, so hold on for a while longer. Amelia will be back in a bit." Pausing, Tiffany inquired, "Mrs. Hutton, are you here on a vacation with Amelia?"

Eleanor nodded. "It has been a long time since I last saw this beautiful city. Since Amelia is coming over, I thought I could tag along. I hope I'm not intruding," she remarked elegantly.

Tiffany sat on the other sofa. "Not at all." She smiled. "You're welcome here, Mrs. Hutton. But I have to say, I never expected you to look this young. Why, you don't look a day over thirty!" And you look like Amelia too. Both Amelias.

Eleanor smiled, and her eyes turned into a pair of beautiful slits. The moment she started smiling, Tiffany got sucked in. She looks just like Amelia back when she was younger. "Mrs. Hutton, you look just like my friend when you smile. She has the same smile as you, you know."

"Oh, my. Is that so? Well, then I suppose I have to see this friend of yours."

Tiffany was about to say something, but someone rang the doorbell. Standing up, she smiled apologetically at the guests. "It's probably them. I'll take the door, Mrs. Hutton."

Eleanor stood up as well. She was clenching her pants tightly as she stared at the door.

Amelia held her. "Calm down, Mom. Relax. A visit, remember? Not a scene."

Eleanor took a deep breath so she would not look too much like a weirdo, but when she saw the other Amelia coming in, she still could not help but tear up. And then she stumbled ahead. If it were not for her other daughter holding her back, she might have just pounced on Amelia and smothered her.

Eleanor stared dumbly at Amelia, not wishing to take her eyes off the daughter she had not seen for more than twenty years. She held her other daughter's hand silently, but she was screaming in her head. My girl! That's my girl! Oh, she's grown into a fine young lady! And she looks so much like me as well.

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Eleanor's silent excitement did not escape Anthony. He was a child genius, after all. "Mommy, there's a madam there who looks just like you," he uttered. "She's looking at you. And she's crying."

Amelia looked in Tiffany's direction. "Oh, we have guests today, Tiff?"

Tiffany was also wondering why Eleanor started crying when she saw this Amelia, but still, she released a smile. "It's Amelia. She's here, and her mother decided to tag along for some sightseeing."

Despite her loss of eyesight, Amelia looked in Eleanor's direction. "Hello, Miss Hutton. It's a pity I lost my eyesight, so please pardon me if I seem discourteous in any way."

Eleanor was still staring at her, saying nothing. In the end, her other daughter had to shake her arm. "Mom, Amy's talking to you."

Regaining her senses, Eleanor smiled and responded, "Amelia told me you shared her name, and she now thinks of you as her sister. I wonder if fate had played a part in this meeting. At first, I didn't believe it when she said you look just like me, but now, as I look at you, it's like I'm staring at my own daughter. There is this connection I feel to you. If it's fine with you, can you call me 'Mom'?"

The moment she said that, everyone looked at Eleanor weirdly. Amelia forced a smile, but she thought Eleanor's request came out of nowhere. That's a weird request to ask from someone you just met, Madam.

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