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## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 506 - 510

### Chapter 506 A Warm Reception

"I've bought a plane ticket for the flight at ten o'clock. I'm not going to talk to you anymore." Eleanor picked up the suitcase beside her leg and walked out.

Seeing that, Amelia immediately ran over and stopped her. "Mom, you've already met her, which should be good enough. She's now married with kids, and even her foster parents are doing great. Why must you disrupt their peaceful lives?"

Her utterances evoked a glare from Eleanor. It was very unnerving that she subconsciously loosened her grip on the suitcase.

"Amelia, I've always doted on you and am certain that you're the only one who understands me in this household. Never did I expect you to be on your brother and father's side all along. All I want is to see my own daughter. Why do you all have to think of me as someone crazy?" Eleanor's gaze was sharp as she questioned Amelia.

A hint of panic flashed across the latter's eyes. While she was in a fluster, Eleanor seized the opportunity to snatch the suitcase, walked past her, and left.

Amelia stood rooted in place as she watched Eleanor walk away with a vacant gaze. By the time she regained her senses, her mother was already getting into the car. That scene startled her, and she quickly sprinted to the car and gripped the suitcase in Eleanor's hand. "Mom, I'll go with you. I'll be worried if you go alone. Moreover, Dad will definitely scold me when he returns and finds out you're gone. Please bring me with you."

Eleanor merely shot her a glance and responded, "I only bought a plane ticket for myself. If you want to go, I'll bring you along another time."

Afterward, she got into the car. To her surprise, Amelia seemed to be out of her mind as she followed her into the car and snatched the suitcase, which was not particularly large, and held it in her arms tightly. "Mom, I'll follow you to the airport and buy a ticket for the next flight to Tayhaven. I won't be at ease if you go alone."

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Her mother looked at her again and finally gave in.

After reaching the airport, Eleanor passed the security check and went to the gate. As for Amelia, she went to the ticket counter miserably. Probably because luck was on her side, she actually managed to get a ticket for the same flight as Eleanor's.

"Mom, I got a ticket for the flight at ten o'clock too. This must be fate. Thirty minutes more, and we will be taking off." Amelia went to Eleanor, waving the ticket in her hand as she spoke proudly.

The latter pointed at an empty seat beside her and said impassively, "Sit here."

Amelia sat down. For a while, the mother and daughter duo was at a loss for a topic of conversation. The atmosphere between them was awkward.

After a long time, Amelia broke the silence. "Mom, is she really that important to you? So important that you insist on going over even though you know Dad will flip out when he finds out? Don't you care about his feelings?"

There was no need to clarify the "she" in Amelia's question. Both of them clearly knew the person she was referring to.

Eleanor was silent.

Amelia then held her hand and pleaded, "Mom, will you please go home with me? You've already met and spent time with her. Isn't that enough? You know Dad will never agree to let you reunite with her. If you disturb her life, he will certainly make things hard for her when he learns about it. What's the point?"

Eleanor tilted her head to look at her. The emotion in her eyes was impenetrable.

Amelia implored, "Mom... Please, go back with me. Aren't you satisfied with Sean and me as your children? She never lived with us for the past twenty-odd years. Even if you reunite with her, you won't have a deep bond with her. Why bother?"

By then, Eleanor's expression was utterly grim.

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"If you don't want to go, you can head home now," she said in a cold tone.

Amelia gave her a glance and shut her mouth wisely.

The two of them boarded the plane and sat in the first-class cabin in silence.

Amelia ran toward Eleanor and sat beside her. After hesitating for a moment, she said, "Mom, I'm sorry. I merely said those words in a fit of anger. Please don't take them to heart."

Eleanor sighed. She then held her daughter's hand and said, "Amelia, Lia is your sister. That's an indisputable fact. Please don't let me down again."

Amelia lowered her head, concealing the jealousy that flickered in her eyes.

"Okay, Mom."

The mother and daughter duo fell into silence once again.

After the plane landed, Eleanor received a call from Oscar.

She answered the call and said, "Oscar, I've arrived. Are you here?"

"I'm at the airport entrance. Can you meet me out here?" he replied.

"All right. Oscar, wait for me there," she responded.

Amelia and Eleanor went out together and saw Oscar leaning against the car with a pair of sunglasses on his face. His appearance stirred up Amelia, and she felt a surge of emotions well up in her heart. It was as though someone had thrown a pebble into a serene pond, causing ripples to form.

Amelia thought her feelings for Oscar had long faded with time. However, when she saw him again, she realized her heart was still racing for him.

Subconsciously, she began twirling her well-maintained long hair and was tempted to take out her mirror from her handbag to check her makeup. Unfortunately, he was already walking toward them, leaving her no choice but to drop the thought.

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“Mom, why didn’t you tell me Oscar will be picking us up?” she complained. If she had known earlier, she would have taken the chance to touch up her makeup on the plane.

Oscar took over Eleanor’s suitcase and politely said, “Mrs. Hutton, it must’ve been a long trip for you.”

The second Eleanor saw him, she started regarding him with a warm smile, treating him like a typical mother-in-law who grew fond of their son-in-law with every passing second.

“Oscar, thank you so much for taking time out of your busy schedule to come to pick me up. I hope I’m not interrupting your work,” she voiced after following into his car.

“Of course not, Mrs. Hutton. Don’t worry about it. It’s a family business. Even though I’m not around, there are many employees helping me out,” Oscar replied as he put on his seat belt.

“That’s good to know.”

He started the engine and remarked, “Mrs. Hutton, I’ve booked a table at the best restaurant in the city. I’ll bring you two over now, and Amelia will be there in a bit.”

Amelia Hutton twirled her hair and tried to attract Oscar’s attention by saying, “Oscar, how’s Amy faring since returning here?”

It might be due to her being Amelia Winter’s family that Oscar did not resent her. However, he did not have any fondness for her as she hoped.

“She’s doing all right,” was his brief reply.

The young woman looked in the rearview mirror and was dejected when she could not find what she expected to see.

“Oscar, it’s been a while since we last met. It seems that you’ve gotten even more handsome than before.” She then started to initiate random conversations.

Eleanor gave her a sidelong glance.

“Amelia, stop messing with Oscar,” she warned.

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Her daughter stayed quiet for a while but ended up striking up another conversation as she was unwilling to give up. "Oscar, I'm just asking some stuff out of curiosity. You don't mind, do you?"

"As long as Amelia likes you two, I don't mind," Oscar replied.

Amelia Hutton cast her eyes downward to hide the jealousy in her gaze. When she lifted her head again, she was back to being an obedient and gentle woman.

"Oscar, you're so funny."

Oscar said nothing in response and drove them to the restaurant wordlessly.

After getting out of the car, he led them to the private room he had reserved and invited them to take their seats. "Mrs. Hutton, please wait for a while. I've ordered a spread of dishes, and you can see if they suit your palate later on. If they aren't to your liking, we can just order something else."

"There's no need for the trouble. Just order something simple. It's already one o'clock. I can't eat too much when it's past lunchtime," Eleanor replied.

Oscar smiled without saying anything.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 507

### Chapter 507 Complaints

With a bag slung over her shoulder, Amelia Winters hurried into the private room in her high heels and said apologetically, "I'm so sorry. The traffic was awful. Have you guys been waiting for a long time?"

Eleanor's attention had been on the younger woman entirely ever since the latter arrived, and her eyes were filled with deep affection as she gazed at her.

"We arrived not long ago, so there's absolutely no need to hurry. Take it easy. You might sprain your ankle from running in high heels." Eleanor rose to her feet, approached Amelia,

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and grabbed her hand suddenly. Like a mother who loved her child deeply, she looked at her from head to toe and commented, "You've gained some weight, and your complexion looks much better than when you were at Beshya. I can finally feel at ease now. After returning to Saspiuburg, I've been worrying all the time about your living condition at Tayhaven. I've been meaning to visit you, but I couldn't find the time to do so."

Amelia Winters awkwardly glanced at her hand in Eleanor's grasp. They were technically strangers since their relationship had not been addressed officially, so she found Eleanor's gesture a little inappropriate.

As though she did not sense her discomfort, Eleanor led her to the seat beside hers and said smilingly, "The dishes will be served soon. Do eat more. You'll look prettier with a plumper face."

Watching them with a frosty gaze, Amelia Hutton poked at the plate with her fork to hide the discomfort in her eyes. When she looked up again, she was back to her innocent and gentle self.

With a grin plastered on her face, she asked, "Amy, you didn't acknowledge my presence from the moment you entered the room. Have you forgotten about me?"

Only then did Amelia Winters turn toward her. "Amelia, it's been a while. You're getting prettier each day," she praised, smiling.

"Likewise. When you entered just now, I thought I saw an executive. Your outfit is very sophisticated. It's so different from the impression I have of you back in Beshya." Amelia Hutton started flattering her without reservation.

Flashing her a gracious smile, Amelia Winters replied, "I found a job as a designer after returning from Beshya. Naturally, I must be particular about my attire at the workplace."

"Amy, I feel like there's an overall improvement in your temperament. You used to be gentle and slightly innocent. But now, you're bright, innocent, elegant, and independent all at once. You're so attractive now." Amelia Hutton was behaving weirdly, giving out one compliment after another profusely.

Amelia Winters was embarrassed from receiving a deluge of praises.

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“Amelia, you flatter me.”

Coincidentally, the waiter began serving the dishes, saving her from the awkward atmosphere.

Once the dishes were placed on the table, Amelia Winters immediately put food on Eleanor’s plate and exhorted, “Mrs. Hutton, try their foie gras. It tastes quite good, but I’m not sure if the internal organ of a duck suits your palate.”

Immersed in how her daughter was caring for her meticulously, Eleanor could not care less about the type of dish that was being mentioned. Even if Amelia Winters were feeding her poison, she would probably consume it without hesitation.

“Of course. This type of internal organ is my favorite,” she replied while smiling.

Yet, Amelia Hutton exposed her right away. “Mom, how could you forget that you’d get an allergic reaction and have rashes from eating foie gras? Do you have a death wish?”

Eleanor shot her a warning look.

Pretending not to see it, Amelia Hutton said to Amelia Winters, “Amy, you might not be aware of this, but my mom is allergic to quite a lot of food. For instance, she can’t consume chicken gizzards, bitter gourd, and sprouts. Most importantly, she must avoid fish with high protein content. If she consumes it, the worse reaction would be a skin allergy. Once, she was even admitted to the hospital. Therefore, our whole family is particularly careful with her diet.”

Amelia Winters flashed them an apologetic smile and said, “Mrs. Hutton, I’m sorry for my oversight.”

“Lia, don’t listen to her. I love eating the food that you serve me. As long as it’s dished up by you, I’m sure I won’t have an allergic reaction,” Eleanor replied. To her, Amelia Winters was like a medicine capable of curing all diseases.

While Amelia Winters displayed an awkward smile, a hint of unfathomable emotion flashed across Amelia Hutton’s eyes.

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The atmosphere throughout the meal was not very jolly.

After they exited the restaurant, Amelia Winters informed, "Mrs. Hutton, Oscar and I have sent someone to clean up a condominium under his name. We'll drive you and Amy there to have a look first. If it's not to your liking, you can stay at a hotel."

Holding her hand as they entered the car, Eleanor chuckled. "It's your call. I'm here to pay you a visit, so it doesn't matter where I stay. You still have to go to work later, so do take some rest in the car. Don't rush about."

The younger woman shook her head and smiled. "Mrs. Hutton, don't worry about me. I've applied for a leave of absence in the afternoon. It's such a rare opportunity for both of you to come to Tayhaven. As a host, how can I not accompany you two?"

Eleanor beamed with delight. "Really?"

Amelia Winters nodded in affirmation.

With that, she accompanied them until nine o'clock that night. During the afternoon, Oscar picked up Tony to join them. When Eleanor saw the boy, she greeted him with warmth and joy and gave him all the gifts she had prepared for him. At the sight of the pile of items, the child's face lit up. He was evidently in a great mood.

Elated, Tony planted pecks on Eleanor's cheeks cordially, covering her face with his saliva.

"Tony, my good boy. Granny likes you very much." Scooping him up in her arms, she could not help but express her fondness for him.

Amelia Hutton deliberately cleared her throat and explained, "Look at how happy my mom is. Ever since she returned to Saspiuburg, she has been saying that Tony is just like her biological grandson and wants to shower him with affection. That's why she's so carried away now that she's finally meeting him."

Upon hearing her daughter's words, Eleanor returned to her senses and sneaked a cautious glance at Amelia Winters. Only when she saw the latter did not take it amiss could she feel relieved.

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It was already nine o'clock when Eleanor and Tony finally took a break from playing. If the boy were not sleepy, she would not have been able to bring herself to part with him.

Amelia Winters took Tony from her arms. By then, the child's eyelids were drooping. With a smile, she said, "Mrs. Hutton, Amelia, I shall bring Tony back home and put him to bed. You two should rest early as well. If you're unaccustomed to sleeping here, just give me a call. I'll get Oscar to arrange another accommodation for the both of you."

Eleanor grudgingly saw them off. "Lia, will you and Tony drop by tomorrow?"

"Mrs. Hutton, you've come to Tayhaven for vacation. As a host, there's no reason for me to be absent. However, I have to work tomorrow, so I can only come over at night. Feel free to tour around Tayhaven with Amelia. There are quite a lot of fun activities and delicious food around here."

"All right."

After the family of three left, Amelia Hutton said sullenly, "Mom, they've left. Stop looking."

Retracting her gaze, Eleanor shut the door and remarked longingly, "Lia has become so outstanding and pretty. Even without me by her side, she's still living a wonderful life. It's such a shame that I wasn't able to accompany her throughout the years. It'll forever be a regret in my life."

With a surge of indescribable jealousy and disgruntlement in her eyes, Amelia Hutton took a deep breath to calm herself down so that she could avoid having another argument with her mother over Amelia Winters.

Suppressing the emotions coursing through her, she strode toward Eleanor and held her arm. "Mom, are you still not content when you have a daughter like me by your side?"

Eleanor cast a sideways glance at her and replied softly, "You're my sweetheart as well. It's just that I hope the both of you can get along well. I've owed your sister too much in the past years, and now I don't even dare to reunite with her. As I've failed as a mother, I can only try making it up to her in other aspects."

"Mom, it looks like Amy is currently living a good life. After returning to Saspiuburg, I investigated the Clinton family. They're one of the most affluent families in the city. The

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Clinton Corporations has more than ten thousand employees, and almost every one of them is an elite. Besides, Oscar took over the Clinton Corporations at such a young age, and he's referred to as a rare talent in the business sphere. With such an exceptional husband, Amy will definitely have a blissful life. I'm sure she doesn't need any of your redresses."

Eleanor's eyes darkened when she heard her words.

"Mom, Amy is leading a great life right now. Can you really bring yourself to destroy the peace she has now?" Amelia Hutton asked, her words hitting a raw nerve in her mother.

With a glum expression, Eleanor murmured, "I never intended to interfere in her life. I simply wanted to have a look at her."

"But Mom, you know Dad doesn't like it when you come here. If he finds out about it, I'm afraid he'd create trouble for Amy. Is that what you want to see?"

A manic look flashed across Eleanor's eyes as she glared at her daughter and gritted her teeth. "Are you planning to tell your father?"

Frightened by her sharp eyes, Amelia Hutton tried her best to calm her thumping heart as she forced a smile. "Mom, I'm doing this for you and Amy's sake."

"Save it, Amelia. I know your intentions. Even though I've found your sister, I'm not going to love you any less. Instead, you'll gain your sister's affection as well. Isn't that great?"

Amelia Hutton's face was tinged with embarrassment from being exposed by her mother.

"Mom, I don't mean that. Never mind. Let's just drop the topic. It's getting late. We should wash up and get some rest," she said.

In the end, both of them parted ways unhappily.

Amelia Hutton's countenance turned grim after she entered her bedroom, and it was a chilling sight.

Her face was contorted with anger as she spat, "Amelia Winters, I regret making the unnecessary move of taking your hair and doing a DNA test. If I hadn't done that, my family

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wouldn't be in such a mess right now. Why must you appear? Why are you able to attract all of my mom's attention with such ease? You own so many things, so why must you steal my mom away?"

However, it slipped her mind that she was the root of the problem. Otherwise, none of that would have happened, and they could have all lived in peace. When things did not go according to her plan, she placed all the blame on Amelia Winters.

It was a typical example of a person who would never reflect on their own mistakes after something went wrong.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 508

Chapter 508 A Calm Counterattack

Each of them went to sleep while harboring different thoughts.

The next morning, Amelia Winters came downstairs and saw Kurt, who was supposed to be out carrying his task, inside her home.

An imperceptible smile appeared at the corners of her mouth as she walked down the stairs and asked, "Kurt, when did you come back?"

"Around seven o'clock. Molly opened the door for me." Kurt looked slightly weary, but the moment he saw her, he felt all the fatigue in his body disappear. It was as though an electric current was slowly flowing through his heart, giving him unlimited energy.

Amelia invited him to take a seat and remarked in concern, "You look like you've lost a lot of weight. The task must have been hard on you, huh?"

That warmed his heart. After sitting down as he was told, he scrutinized Amelia stealthily. It had only been a few days since they last met, but his yearning for her increased instead of decreasing. Even when he was out for the task, he endured his longing by looking at pictures he secretly took of her. His love for her did not fade due to the distance but grew stronger instead.

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While gazing at the beaming woman intently, a thought occurred to him. Just as he was about to say something, Tony ran down from upstairs, exclaiming excitedly, "Daddy, you're back. I missed you so much!"

Kurt put his thought aside and picked Tony up, raising him high in the air and spinning him twice. While the boy was having a fit of giggles, Oscar stood on the second floor and watched their interaction silently. His eyes were as calm as the sea, and it was impossible to discern his emotions.

Only when they finished playing did he head downstairs.

When Kurt saw Oscar, he showed deference to him subconsciously. Having put Tony down, he greeted respectfully, "Boss."

"What's the progress on the task?" Oscar asked impassively.

He never restricted Tony from interacting with Kurt, which was the greatest tolerance a man could offer. After all, no man could tolerate close contact between a rival in love and his own son. Only someone like Oscar could achieve such a feat.

"It's completed."

Oscar merely nodded in response.

The three adults and one child sat down at the dining table to eat breakfast in silence. Although Tony was only two years old, he always conducted himself with the proper etiquette and ate by himself. His posture as he held his cutlery was also quite decent.

After breakfast, Tony clung to Kurt tightly, so Oscar and Amelia did not insist on sending him to the Clinton residence. Oscar simply made a call and informed his parents that he would not be sending the boy over before going to work that day.

In the car, Amelia glanced at Oscar, hesitated, and finally asked, "Oscar, does it bother you when Tony clings to Kurt?"

Oscar's eyes darted between the road and her before he smiled. "Why? Are you afraid I'll be jealous?"

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“Not really. I’m just putting myself in your shoes. If my son were very close with a woman who was obviously interested in you, I might explode with jealousy. I deliberately ignored this issue before, but I started to think about it when I saw how much Tony clung to Kurt earlier. I’m just worried that you’d be uncomfortable,” she said seriously.

“I said from the beginning that I would get jealous. Even so, you didn’t stay away from Kurt. I’m a man, so I won’t make you break off contact with all your male friends for the sake of my selfishness. As long as you know how to keep a proper distance between man and woman, I won’t say anything else. Amelia, don’t group me in with those cowardly and unconfident men.”

After a pause, he said domineeringly, “I’m not like them. I’ll never be afraid of my woman being desired by other men.”

Amelia let out a soft chuckle.

“Oscar, you always have a knack for dispelling my worries with ease,” she remarked thoughtfully.

“Stop thinking nonsense, you silly woman. I don’t have much of a problem with Tony being close to Kurt. Don’t think so badly of me. I’m not that petty.”

She cast her eyes downward and smiled.

Oscar drove to the entrance of her workplace and said, “We’re here.”

Amelia unbuckled her seat belt, leaned over to give him a kiss on the cheek, and whispered, “Oscar, thank you for being so tolerant with me. If you really don’t like it, I’ll keep a distance from other men for you. You’re the most important person to me.”

After saying that, she got out of the car.

Oscar stroked the cheek she had kissed and shook his head dotingly. A few moments later, he finally drove away, and his car just happened to pass by Rory, who was walking toward the entrance.

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She raised her hand to wave to him, but his car went by without stopping. Thus, she shook her raised hand awkwardly before lowering it.

“Little girl, you’d better not yearn for him when he’s not from the same company. This isn’t a romance show where the CEO will fall in love with Cinderella, who has no power, money, or authority,” Lydia said somewhat disdainfully, holding her bag and walking over in high heels.

Rory glanced at her, restrained the fury from showing on her face, and greeted reluctantly, “Hello, Lydia.”

Never in her wildest dream did she expect the woman she had never seen eye to eye with would suddenly become her superior. She felt as disgusted as though she had just swallowed a large fly.

“Get to work now, or you’ll be late. I’m telling you—even if you have Amelia’s and Mr. Moore’s protection, your perfect-attendance reward will still be deducted if you’re tardy. As women, we have to rely on ourselves, so don’t keep thinking of using shortcuts to reach the top in one step. Don’t bite off more than you can chew, or you’ll find yourself choking easily. The loss isn’t worth it.” After cautioning her, Lydia took the lead and strutted away in her high heels, leaving Rory behind with a ferocious scowl on her face.

“Don’t be so complacent, Lydia. It’s not a big deal for an old hag like you to be promoted to a supervisor! Just wait and see how I’ll deal with you when I become a manager,” the latter spat viciously. Change is the only constant in life, and revenge is a dish best served cold. One day, I’ll trample over everyone who bullied me in the workplace.

Having composed herself, she entered the company.

“Amelia.” Rory became that sweet-talking girl again the second she stepped foot into the design department.

“Rory, are you feeling better?” Amelia asked with concern.

“I’m feeling much better, Amelia. Thank you for your concern.”

“That’s good to hear. Go on with your work.”

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“Sure.”

The people in the department worked peacefully.

At around half-past ten, an uninvited guest came to the office. She was dressed ostentatiously, dripping with branded products and jewels while carrying the most fashionable handbag of the year. Her whole outfit must cost at least a hundred thousand. It was clear at a glance that she was a pampered, wealthy wife.

The receptionist stopped her and asked in a relatively courteous tone, “Ma’am, may I know who you are looking for?”

“Is there a woman named Amelia Winters here? If so, she’s the one I’m looking for,” the woman said in a fairly pleasant tone.

“Please wait a moment, ma’am. I’ll call and inquire for you,” the receptionist replied very politely before going ahead to make a call. When she returned, she said, “Ma’am, we do have an employee named Amelia Winters here. May I ask why you’re looking for her?”

“That’s none of your business, young woman. What floor is she on? I’ll just go up and find her myself.”

The receptionist stopped the woman and said carefully, “Ma’am, according to our company’s rules, you need to make an appointment in advance if you want to meet someone. Alternatively, you can ask Ms. Winters to come down and meet you.”

“Get out of the way!” The woman’s expression changed at the drop of a hat. It was absolutely frightening.

The receptionist was so startled that she retreated to the side. She could not afford to offend a wealthy woman like her.

“What floor does she work on?”

The receptionist then told her the number.

Finally satisfied, the woman took the elevator upstairs.

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After stepping out of the elevator, she elegantly walked into the office. The employees around gave her sideways glances, but she ignored them and asked in a gentle manner, "I'm looking for Amelia Winters. Can someone please tell me where she is?"

Everyone in the company knew Amelia was Oscar's wife, who disappeared for two years and returned. When they saw that someone was looking for her, their hidden desire to gossip arose again.

They could not help but fill in the blanks in their minds, but they were also afraid that the woman was there to cause trouble. Filled with apprehension, they wondered if they would lose their jobs from incurring Oscar's wrath in the event that the woman harmed Amelia.

Jobs were not easy to find. Even though they liked to gossip, they dared not watch a commotion unfold and do nothing about it.

One of the female employees stepped forward and asked carefully, "Ma'am, why are you looking for Amelia?"

"It's nothing. I just wanted to see why a wife would hook up with someone else's fiancé."

Those words caused everyone's imaginations to run wild.

Coincidentally, Amelia walked over with a file in her hands. A sharp-eyed person recognized her at once and ran over to tell her, "Amelia, be careful. A rich wife is looking for you, and it's clear that she's not someone to be trifled with."

Amelia raised her brows in puzzlement. "A rich wife is looking for me?"

The rich wife in question just happened to see her. She walked over, took off her glasses, and sized Amelia up from head to toe before saying, "I haven't seen you for two years, but you've become even more tall and beautiful. It's no wonder you're capable of stealing another woman's fiancé. I've never seen a person as shameless as you."

As two years had gone by, Amelia did not remember many faces she had met before. She had no recollection of the woman in front of her at all, but she was still somewhat infuriated with being falsely accused in public.

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The most taboo subject in the workplace was rumors. Once a rumor spread, it would swiftly spread to all corners of the office like a tornado.

“Who are you, ma’am? Shouldn’t you introduce yourself before hurling random insults at someone?” Amelia asked calmly.

“Introduce myself? You really are a calm vixen, aren’t you? Say, you’re Oscar’s wife and have a pampered life, so why do you still cling to Carter? If not for you, my daughter wouldn’t have to live like she was better off dead. She lost her self-esteem because of a man.”

It turned out that the lady was Laura. At that moment, she was regarding Amelia viciously as though she wanted to tear the latter apart.

“Amelia, you should’ve stayed away when you left. Why did you come back? They were just about to get engaged, but your return ruined everything. Not only are you a vixen, but you’re also a jinx. Why don’t people like you just die?” Laura snarled.

Seeing that she was growing agitated, the others quickly shielded Amelia behind them. Several women came forward to pacify Laura. “Ma’am, I think there must be some kind of misunderstanding going on here. Please calm down first. We can talk civilly. It’ll be embarrassing for both parties if you cause a scene here.”

Laura’s expression instantly returned to normal as though it was part of a face-changing act. The speed at which she changed her countenance was astonishing.

Straightening her shawl calmly, she said, “Don’t worry. I came here today to get an explanation from Amelia. You can all go back to work. I’ll talk with her.”

As the crowd watched her, they could not help but marvel that the woman’s behavior was in line with her wealthy background. Ordinary people like them could never have a bearing like her.

If it were them, they certainly would not have the ability to repress their anger with ease.

Shane soon received word about the matter and rushed over. He asked Amelia with concern, “Amelia, are you okay?”

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Amelia nodded.

He then shielded her behind him and gestured for the employees to return to work. After walking up to Laura, he said, "Ma'am, if you have something to say, please do it at my office. There are too many people here. It would be beneath your dignity to make a scene here, am I right?"

Laura glanced at him and nodded in an accommodating manner.

Inside the office, Shane personally made her a cup of tea and said, "Have some tea, ma'am. It'll help calm you down."

Laura took a sip of tea, looked at Amelia, who was standing by quietly, and said, "Amelia, don't you have anything to say to me after doing such a shameful thing?"

She knew Amelia was completely innocent in that relationship, but she could not do anything about Carter and her daughter. Even so, she had to find someone to vent her bottled-up anger, so Amelia obviously became the pitiful target.

There was no helping it. It was because Amelia was the culprit for her daughter's misfortune.

Amelia laughed instead.

Looking at Laura, she said solemnly, "Mrs. Larson, I think you're mistaken. First, I didn't steal anyone's boyfriend or husband. Second, I never hooked up with another man even though I have a husband. Third, Carter and I are just friends, and I didn't interfere with his relationship with Ms. Larson. I don't get it. On what basis are you making a scene at my workplace and slandering me like this? You ruined my reputation and caused great damage to my image in the company. I can sue you for libel."

Laura narrowed her eyes and questioned, "Are you threatening me?"

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 509

Chapter 509 Hit By Her Phone

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“Mrs. Larson, you can’t say that. I’m just standing up for myself since my reputation has been tarnished. If some nosy person were to tell my husband and in-laws about this, not only will my relationship with my husband be affected, but it’ll also cause my in-laws to dislike me.” Amelia was calm and collected when she added, “If I don’t counterattack, you might end up thinking I’m someone you can walk all over.”

Laura’s lips curled as she eyed her seriously and said, “You sure have a way with words.”

“Thank you for the compliment. However, I’d like you to head outside and explain this matter to my colleagues. Otherwise, I’d be in hot water if groundless rumors get to my husband, don’t you think so?” Amelia replied confidently.

Laura crossed her arms before her chest and sneered. How can I show myself in public again if others learn that I’m afraid of a young lady?

“What if I say no?” she retorted.

“In that case, you leave me with no choice. Since you’re an elder, you can hurl accusations at me in public with no regard for the decencies. I, on the other hand, dare not do that. Otherwise, others might think I have no respect for my elders. Hence, I’ll go through with the legal procedures, and I’m pretty sure my husband will support me.” Amelia shrugged and shifted her gaze toward Shane. “Mr. Franklin, do you think I’m doing the right thing?” she inquired.

Smiling, he answered, “Since my employee is being slandered in the company, as the boss, I can’t just sit back and do nothing, right? Don’t worry. If you want to call the police, I’ll be on your side, and I will provide the recordings from the surveillance cameras in our office as evidence.”

Laura was infuriated when she heard that. “Y-You guys—”

Amelia smiled elegantly and interrupted, “Mrs. Larson, I’ll let things slide if you’re willing to apologize to me and clear things up with my colleagues. Otherwise, I’ll let the police handle this matter.”

“I’d like to see if you have the guts to do so,” Laura retorted.

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In response, Amelia smiled innocently and said, "You came to the office to slander me before even finding out the truth. I don't think I'm wrong to pursue legal action to defend myself. Hence, I'm going to coerce you into choosing from these two options. Either you apologize to me, or I'll get the police involved. Honestly, I don't think the Larsons can mess with the Clintons."

While Laura's face was contorted with fury, she waved her phone in the air and asked nonchalantly, "Have you made up your mind, Mrs. Larson?"

Laura gritted her teeth and spat, "I dare you!"

Amelia's gaze changed, a cold glint flickering in her eyes briefly. Snorting, she said, "Mrs. Larson, I'm only talking to you nicely because you're an elder, but that doesn't give you the right to saunter into my office and insult me. Don't ever take my politeness as weakness."

Upon hearing that, Laura was bereft of speech from anger.

Amelia then unlocked her phone with her password and contacted the police. When the call was connected, she said, "Officer, I'm—"

However, her phone was snatched out of her hand before she could finish her sentence. With an impenetrable expression on her face, Laura roared, "You're a madwoman!"

Then, she opened the door and stalked out, though her figure looked wretched from behind.

Amelia shrugged and uttered, "Shane, you'll have to deal with this matter. Since she has my phone, does that count for blatant robbery?"

It was not her intention to blow things out of proportion. However, if she did not retaliate and intimidate Laura, everyone would take her as a weakling and a pushover.

Shane got the hint and immediately ordered the security guards to stop Laura from leaving.

Soon, Laura was seized and brought back to his office by the guards. When she saw Amelia again, she did something uncharacteristic of a person with her status, throwing the phone at the latter's face in a fit of rage.

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Amid Shane's panicked yell, Amelia was hit on the forehead by her phone. She then flashed him a forced smile before falling to the ground.

Shane rushed toward her and crouched down. "Amelia, are you okay?" he asked worriedly.

In a daze, Amelia opened her eyes and looked upward. "Mr. Franklin, could you help me to a seat? I'm feeling dizzy," she said with much struggle.

Shane helped her up before bringing her to a chair. The moment she sat on it, he anxiously instructed his secretary to fetch a glass of warm water.

Very quickly, the secretary came with the glass of water and passed it to Shane, who then cautiously gave it to Amelia and said, "Here. Drink some water, Amelia."

After a short period of rest, Amelia felt less dizzy and took a sip of the water from the glass in his hand.

"Amelia, how are you feeling now?" he asked.

"I'm fine."

The secretary came back to them with a tube of ointment. As she passed it to her superior, she said, "This is the ointment for the wound, Mr. Franklin."

Shane took a cotton swab and dipped it in the ointment before saying, "Amelia, there's an abrasion on your forehead. It's going to sting when I apply the ointment to it. Bear with it."

Amelia nodded slightly.

He proceeded to apply the ointment to the wound, and she could not help but yelp the moment it came into contact with the scrape on her skin.

"Is it painful?" he asked with a frown.

"I'm okay."

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After receiving a reply from her, he continued to apply the ointment. From then onward, Amelia suppressed the urge to make a sound from the pain.

When he was done, he said, "Amelia, go home and rest. Do you want me to bring you to the hospital? There's a big bump on your forehead."

Amelia stood up and shook her head in response. "I'm all right. Don't worry."

Laura, whose arms were seized by the security guards, was also stunned. She only went over that day to condemn her, and it was never her intention to cause her any physical harm.

The operation of our family business may be impeded if Oscar hears about this. Considering the power possessed by our family in the country, there'd be nothing we can do if the Clintons were to interfere with our company's affairs.

With that thought in mind, Laura shrieked, "It's not my fault that she doesn't know how to dodge!"

"Mrs. Larson, you injured her for no reason, which constitutes an assault with intent. I've already told my secretary to call the police. Whatever it is that you have to say, say it to them," Shane said sternly after standing up.

Wide-eyed with shock, Laura asked, "You called the police?"

"Mrs. Larson, you can explain to the police when they arrive," he answered coldly.

Soon, the police arrived at the scene. In the end, the incident regarding Amelia's injury had also alarmed Oscar.

The man's expression turned grim the moment he saw the bump on her forehead. Despite dashing toward her in large strides, his movements were gentle when he caressed her forehead. "Who did this to you?" he asked, trying his best to quell his fury.

Amelia shied away from his hand and smiled. "Oscar, it might look serious, but it's not that painful. The person who did this has been taken away by the police."

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At that, he felt a pang of heartache and put his arm around her waist before saying to Shane, "Mr. Franklin, I'll bring Amelia back first. As for the perpetrator, I intend to press charges. No matter who that person is, nobody should be allowed to go free after assaulting someone."

"You two should just head back, Mr. Clinton. I'll follow up on it, and I swear I won't let Amelia be taken advantage of."

Oscar nodded in response and supported Amelia to the elevator.

When they arrived downstairs, he helped her into the car, fastened her seatbelt, and drove with a forbidding countenance.

Amelia blinked and pleaded softly, "Don't be angry anymore, Oscar. Can you please talk to me? I feel very sad when you don't talk to me, you know?" She was hoping to lighten the atmosphere by teasing him on purpose because she was afraid he would dwell on the matter and overthink things.

Although Oscar did glance at her upon hearing that, he still had a long face.

Amelia reached out to hold his arm before saying coquettishly, "Please don't be angry anymore, Oscar. When I see you being angry, my head starts to throb, and I even feel a little dizzy."

Oscar took another glance at her. "You're feeling dizzy again?" he asked. The worry in his tone was unmistakable.

He then checked the traffic through the rearview mirror and saw there were a lot of cars around. Left with no choice, he could only head in a different direction at the next traffic light. "Hang in there. I'm bringing you to the hospital now."

Did I just shoot myself in the foot?

Amelia let out a soft sigh and said, "Oscar, I'm fine. Really. Shane had already applied some medication to my forehead, so I'm sure it'll heal in a few days. Don't worry, okay? Why don't we just head back? I have a sudden craving for Molly's honey BBQ pork ribs. Can we go back and eat that?"

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Oscar spared her another glance and gave in ultimately.

After sending her back to the condominium in the city, he summoned the Clintons' family doctor to check on her forehead.

The doctor arrived shortly afterward. Upon checking the wound, he said there was nothing to worry about, even though it looked serious. At the same time, he added that the bump would subside very soon as long as it was properly taken care of.

Finally, Oscar could feel at ease.

Having kept the medication given by the doctor, he carried Amelia to the bed in their bedroom, tucked her in, and said, "Amelia, you ought to listen to me today. Rest in bed while I head downstairs and get you a glass of warm water to go with your medication."

Amelia knew he was worried about her. Hence, she did not object, which was rare of her to do so.

Oscar came to her with a glass of warm water and her medication. With a grave look on his face, he said, "Take your medication."

Obediently, she took the medication. As she gave the glass back to him, she looked at him with a half-smile and asked, "Oscar, are you angry at me?"

Oscar placed the glass on the bedside table and sat on the edge of the bed. Taking her small hands over and wrapping them in his, he said, "Amelia, you know I won't be angry at you. I'm just upset at myself for not being there for you when you were hurt."

Amelia found his response amusing at first.

After that, her face darkened slightly, and she said in a serious tone, "Oscar, we both have jobs. Even if I were to be idle, you can't possibly be by my side every day. What happened today was just an accident. You can't blame yourself for that. I'm going to get angry if you pin it on yourself."

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Oscar reached out to caress her head. "Silly woman, when will you stop making me worry? How I wish I could strap you onto my belt so that you'll never leave my sight," he said helplessly.

Amelia did not know what to say for a while. After a few seconds, she laughed. "Silly!"

Pulling the covers up around her, he exhorted, "Get some sleep, okay? I'll make something for you to eat."

Surprisingly, she was quite cooperative, falling asleep right away under his company.

In actuality, Laura had used all her force when she threw the phone at Amelia. If her aim was any better, the latter could have gotten seriously injured by it. Thus, it was considered fortunate that Amelia only sustained a minor injury.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 510

Chapter 510 Please Do Not Sue Her

Upon receiving the news about Amelia Winters' injury, Eleanor almost collapsed and hastened to hail a taxi to the couple's place. Her hands were trembling all the way. The moment she saw the wound on her daughter's forehead, disbelief was written all over her face.

"Lia, h-how did you get yourself hurt to this state? Weren't you doing fine yesterday?" Eleanor asked, her eyes reddening. She was genuinely distressed.

It took me so much effort to meet my daughter, and all I want is to shower her with love and affection. Who could be so cruel as to injure her?

Nonplussed, Amelia Winters comforted, "Mrs. Hutton, my injury may look serious with the bandage around my forehead, but it's not. It only hurt the moment I was struck. Other than that, I feel pretty all right. I'm telling the truth. Please don't worry about me, or I'll feel guilty."

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Eleanor remained unconvinced. Her own forehead was throbbing even just by looking at the wound. In her opinion, there was no way that Amelia Winters was all right as she had claimed.

“How could you say you are not in pain with that wound? Don’t you know how distressed I am?” Eleanor said, feeling anxious and angry at the same time.

Amelia Winters forced a smile on her face.

In truth, she was not used to an elder making a fuss over her.

Carrying a plate of fruits from the kitchen, Kurt shot her a glance before walking briskly to put it on the coffee table. In a monotonous tone, he said, “Mrs. Hutton, please take a seat first. Amelia has to exert herself to explain to you if you remain standing. The doctor said she hurt her head, so she can’t stand for too long.”

That jolted Eleanor out of her worry, and she quickly held her daughter’s arm to lead her to take a seat. “Lia, I am just worried about you. Please don’t take it to heart. Come and have a seat. You’re a patient now, so you can’t be exhausted,” she said apologetically.

In a resigned manner, Amelia Winters sat down. She only sustained a minor injury on her forehead, yet everyone else was treating her as though she had got a terminal illness.

“Lia, how do you feel now? Do you feel any dizziness or nausea?” Eleanor asked concernedly.

Amelia Winters smiled as she replied, “Mrs. Hutton, don’t worry. I’m really fine. The doctor bandaged my forehead because Oscar was too worried that he requested him to do so. I’m actually fine.”

Eleanor nodded approvingly as though she agreed with Oscar’s decision. “Oscar made the right call. It may seem like a minor injury to you, but it can get severe. It’s not a joking matter if you get tetanus. So, it’s better to take it seriously.”

Having heard that, Amelia Winters had no choice but to oblige.

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“Oh right! Where’s Oscar? I haven’t seen him ever since I arrived. You’re badly injured now. What is he doing instead of accompanying you?” Eleanor asked in a displeased tone.

Perhaps out of her guilt toward Amelia Winters, Eleanor treated the former like a porcelain doll. Anything that happened to her daughter would cause her to be on alert, like a frightened cat with fur standing on end.

Stunned, Amelia Winters glanced at the older woman with an unfathomable look in her eyes.

Amelia Hutton secretly tugged the hem of her mother’s shirt, signaling her to be aware of her identity and not cross the line. After all, Eleanor was only an unrelated elderly to Amelia Winters and thus had no right to be critical about the latter’s marriage.

Eleanor came to her senses and felt a little awkward. After contemplating for a moment, she continued, “Lia, I didn’t mean to say that. I am just too worried about you. I see you as my daughter from the bottom of my heart. You might not know this, but I actually have an elder daughter. However, she went missing when she was only a few years old. That’s why I can’t help but treat you as my daughter. Please don’t mind my nosiness.”

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Hutton. It’s just that I haven’t received such concern from an elderly for a long time. My relationship with my parents was rather distant since I was young. Although they’ve never mistreated me, they weren’t close to me. Therefore, I feel peculiar when you care about me like a mother.” Amelia Winters smiled as she concealed the complicated emotions in her eyes.

She would not question Eleanor why the latter dared not reunite with her despite caring about her so much to the extent that it crossed the boundaries of how one would typically treat a stranger.

Nonetheless, Amelia Winters knew it would only embarrass Eleanor by questioning her. Since the latter did not intend to acknowledge her as her daughter, she decided to go along with it. That way, they would not feel awkward with each other.

Eleanor’s heart swelled with sorrow after she heard Amelia Winters’ words. She wanted to let go of all reservations and reunite with her daughter, but all her courage fled her at the thought of her husband’s stance on the matter. It was not because she was afraid of him. Instead, she feared that the man would do everything in his power to harm Amelia Winters.

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She had lost her daughter once, so she dared not risk it for fear of losing the latter a second time. There was no way she could stand the devastation and despair of losing Amelia Winters again.

“Mrs. Hutton, Oscar went to the police station. He brought a lawyer to sue the person who hurt me. He should be back in a short while,” Amelia Winters explained politely.

A hint of anger crossed Eleanor’s eyes, and she snarled, “Who is the perpetrator? We can’t let scum like them off the hook. No! I have to go to the police station too. Let me rip their mouth apart! I’ll fight with whoever that dares to hurt you!”

Amelia Hutton quickly pulled Eleanor, who intended to do as she said. Casting her eyes downward to conceal the complicated feeling that flashed across them, she tried to appease her mother. “Mom, please calm down. I believe Oscar can solve this matter perfectly. Like you, I don’t wish for anything untoward to befall Amy, but this isn’t Saspiburg. We, the Huttons, are nobodies here, even though we are well known in Saspiburg. There’s nothing we can do for now. Why don’t we stay here and wait for the news?”

Only then did Eleanor return to her seat on the couch.

“Lia, I’m sorry that I can’t do anything for you,” she said apologetically while regarding Amelia Winters with a distressed gaze.

The latter was at a loss for words.

In the end, she replied, “Mrs. Hutton, please don’t feel that way. With Oscar around, rest assured that the perpetrator would get the punishment she deserves.”

“But, I still want to do something for you as I couldn’t do anything in the past— No, that’s not what I meant. I just want to protect you; I don’t want to see you get hurt.” Distraught, Eleanor began to speak incoherently.

Anger flashed across Amelia Hutton’s face, and she took a deep breath to regain her composure. Then, she said softly, “Mom, I know you’re worried about Amy, but please don’t frighten her.”

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Eleanor glanced at her. Fortunately, she did not say anything that might lead to any misunderstandings.

At that moment, the atmosphere in the living room became heavy and silent.

After a long while, Eleanor piped up, "Lia, why don't you give Oscar a call? It's already seven o'clock. He has to come back for dinner."

Amelia Winters nodded in response. Then, she took her phone out and dialed Oscar's number.

When the call got through, she asked, "Oscar, how's the matter going? When can you come back?"

"I still have to attend to some matter and might only be home at around nine o'clock. You can have dinner first. Don't wait up for me," Oscar replied gently. "Call the Clintons' family doctor if you have a headache. Don't be stubborn."

"Okay. I got it. Come home as soon as you can."

"Sure. I'll hang up first." He gave her a kiss from the end of the line before ending the call.

"What did he say?" Eleanor asked.

"He still has some unfinished matters and will only be home around nine. Let's have dinner by ourselves first," Amelia Winters replied.

With that, they stood up and walked toward the dining table.

Meanwhile, Oscar was stopped by Jennifer, who click-clacked toward him in her high heels as soon as he exited the police station.

"Mr. Clinton, my mom behaved irrationally out of anger. I'm terribly sorry that she hurt Ms. Winters, but I hope we can settle this matter privately. I can apologize to Ms. Winters in person. Please don't sue my mom. She's old, and she won't be able to stand the life in prison. Please forgive her," the usually haughty woman said, humbling herself to beg for mercy on Laura's behalf.

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Oscar gazed at her coldly and replied in a frigid tone, "Ms. Larson, if you have the time to beg for mercy here, why don't you get your mom the best lawyer?"

He left right away after uttering those words.

Jennifer stood rooted in the same spot. Her face turned pale in an instant as she was fully aware of Oscar's capability. Once the man deployed the group of elite lawyers who worked in Clinton Corporations, the chances of her saving her mother would be slim.

At that thought, her hands turned cold. Just then, Vincent walked out of the police station. After he checked out his surroundings and could not find the person he was looking for, he asked, "Jennifer, where's Oscar?"

"He left." Jennifer turned around. Helplessness filled her eyes as she inquired, "Dad, what should we do now? If Oscar insists on suing Mom, there's no way we can fight against the Clintons, given our capability at the moment. Why did Mom go and give Amelia Winters trouble? Amelia was never the cause of the problems in my relationship with Carter. Why did Mom do that? Do you know how guilty I feel when she's being locked up inside?"

Vincent patted her shoulder as he comforted, "Don't worry, Jennifer. I'm here, and I won't let anything happen to your mom. If nothing works, you can seek Carter's help. He's a close friend of Amelia Winters. I think he would be able to persuade her."

Jennifer subsided instantly.

She was unwilling to let Carter have any more interaction with Amelia Winters. Hence, seeking his help would be the last resort.

"Think about it. I won't force you. But your mom has had a comfortable lifestyle since she was young. She won't get used to the life inside the police station," Vincent added.

If it were not for Oscar, he could have bailed his wife out of the police station and would not have to force his daughter in that way.

"I understand, Dad," Jennifer replied after a short pause. "I won't let anything happen to Mom."

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"I'm relieved to hear that," Vincent said. "Let's go home then. We have another battle to fight tomorrow."

Jennifer nodded in response.

Then, the father and daughter duo got into the car and headed home. No one spoke throughout the journey. Once the car drove into the mansion, she piped up, "I'm sorry, Dad."

"Don't overthink things, Jennifer. It's not your fault. Your mom acted on impulse because she couldn't think straight," Vincent replied. "Let's get out of the car."

With that, Jennifer alighted from the car with her father. Judging from her grim expression, one could tell she was not in a good mood.

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