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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 556 - 560

Chapter 556 Leaving Him

"Now that Tiffany's working with Oscar, I'm afraid she's eyeing our family's wealth, Finnick. If Derrick marries her, our family will fall under her control. Oscar will take over Hisson Group and leave us with nothing left." The more Kate thought about it, the more she became afraid. She was utterly convinced that it was all a conspiracy. If Amelia knew the help Oscar and her provided to Tiffany would get interpreted like that, they probably would've withered and died on the spot.

Kate had watched too many television dramas.

Finnick comforted, "Just rest, okay, Darling? This whole thing isn't as complicated as you think. I'll ask Tiffany to have a talk with me later. Don't worry, I won't screw everything up."

"Can you?" She was a little unconvinced.

"I may not be as good as my son when it comes to business, but don't forget that I'm good at other things too. Don't worry."

She gave it some thought and nodded.

"Be careful, then. That quick-witted woman has a sharp tongue. She writes novels too, so she's pretty good at logical reasoning. Don't get played by her." There was a pause before she continued, "Help me deal with the discharge procedure. I don't want to stay in the hospital any longer. The smell is awful. I can rest back home too."

"You need to stay here one more day for observation. If the doctor says you're fine, we'll leave."

"No. I want to leave right now. Even though I'm in the hospital, Derrick didn't even visit me once. My efforts at raising my son are in vain because he has forgotten all about me to keep his wife happy," she uttered with dissatisfaction and fury.

It was then Derrick arrived.

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"Mom, Dad." He opened the door and greeted.

Kate, whose heart was filled with fury just a second ago, quickly returned to her bed.

Finnick stared with wide eyes. When he saw how she was blinking at him, he instantly understood what she was trying to say.

"Is Mom still not awake, Dad?" Derrick approached the bed.

"Tiffany stopped by earlier to tell us that your mom is pretending to be sick in an attempt to force you and her to break up." Finnick was making up lies on the spot. "I don't want to interfere with your relationship because I know you have your own strong opinions, Derrick. You probably don't want to listen to what I have to say now that you're all grown up. Besides, I'm not the only son in the family, and your grandfather favors you a lot. Your mom and I still need to rely on you if we want to live comfortably. However, your mother truly loves you. Very few people ever talked to your mother like that ever since she was married into the Hisson family, but Tiffany... I'm not going to judge her that much, but the fact she was willing to talk about your mother like that right in front of me inside your mother's ward doesn't leave a good impression on me. She doesn't respect her elders at all. I believe you should reconsider your relationship with her."

When Derrick heard that, his eyebrows furrowed. He didn't want to believe it, but he couldn't help but suspect it was true to some degree if both of his parents badmouthed Tiffany.

It only took a few moments before he tossed out all the doubts in his mind. Tiffany may be a straightforward woman, but she's not stupid enough to badmouth an elder right in front of them. This must be a misunderstanding.

"How's Mom doing, Dad?" He changed the topic.

"The doctor took a look at her not too long ago and said her blood pressure was getting a little high, even though she was fine during the check-up earlier during the day. I was suggested to make sure your mom doesn't get too stimulated. Tiffany probably came here to make your mother even sicker." The more Finnick spoke, the angrier he got. He started to believe his own lies were the truth.

Derrick's expression darkened even further.

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Kate slowly opened her eyes and pretended to only notice he was there at that moment. She spoke in a daze. "What's wrong with me, Finnick?"

Finnick played along. "You fainted again. Dr. Nestor took a look at you and said your blood pressure was getting a little high. It's my fault. Even though I'm here with a bunch of bodyguards, I still can't stop a woman from bullying you."

She raised her hand and rubbed her forehead with an awful expression. "Don't mention her in front of me again, Finnick. Help me deal with the discharge procedure. I'm afraid that she'll come back to the hospital tomorrow and make a mess again. I won't be able to rest well if she does that."

Worry seeped into his voice. "I can't do that. The doctor told you to rest here for a couple more days."

"I don't want to stay here any longer. Otherwise, I'm going to die of anger."

Finnick turned to his son and requested, "Aren't you going to say something to your mother? Do you want a woman pissing your mother off this badly?"

Derrick let out a sigh. "Just rest here, Mom. I'll talk to Tiff."

When he finished speaking, he walked out of the room.

The couple was more than a hundred years old if their ages were combined, yet they stared at each other as though they were two children wondering if their prank had worked. Finnick asked with uncertainty, "Are you sure we aren't pushing him too hard with this, Darling?"

Kate fiddled with her slim fingers on the bed. "If we don't do this, how will Derrick leave her?"

"I'm just afraid that if we push him too hard, it'll only solidify his resolve to stay with her."

She shot a glare at him. "Don't jinx it! Can't you say something good with that mouth of yours? Are you trying to piss me off like Derrick? Is that how you want me to die?"

He smiled apologetically. "Of course not. I'm on your side. You just take a rest right now. I'll talk to Tiffany."

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Once he calmed his wife down, he exited the room and gave Tiffany a call. Amelia was sitting next to her when that happened.

Upon receiving his call, Tiffany turned to Amelia. "Look who's calling."

Amelia's eyebrows were furrowed when she saw the phone's screen. The Hisson couple is such a pain in the butt. What will it take to please them? Even though they're born into a rich family, they don't have any noble qualities at all. This is blatant bullying.

Tiffany answered the phone and exchanged a few sentences with Finnick before the call ended.

"He wants to meet with me later." She sighed with exhaustion. "I think he'll tell me to leave Derrick again. I don't know what is the point of playing this game with them over and over anymore."

Both of them were her elders. She couldn't hit them or scold them. If she talked back, she would somehow be in the wrong.

"I'll accompany you, but I'll sit at a distance. If he goes too far, I'll pretend to show up coincidentally. I don't think he'll shout at an outsider like me. I do think the Hissons are going too far. Right now, I don't know if I'm doing the right thing by not interfering with your relationship with Derrick."

Tiffany, on the other hand, was somehow uplifted. "I can't hide from my troubles forever. Thank you for accompanying me today again, Amelia."

Amelia stared at her friend silently.

Tiffany shrugged, although she felt fuzzy inside her heart. As long as there was still someone standing by her side when she was in trouble, she would be all right.

Having someone like Amelia was already a blessing for her.

Both of them went into the upscale cafe that Finnick had mentioned. Amelia pointed at an obscure spot. "I'll be sitting there. If anything happens, send me a message."

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Tiffany nodded before approaching Finnick, who was already sitting at the table.

She greeted politely, "Mr. Hisson."

He pointed at the chair across the table. "Sit."

She sat down.

After turning off his phone, he stared at her. "Feel free to order something to eat."

She ordered a cup of coffee and went straight to the point. "What do you want to talk to me about, Mr. Hisson?"

"It's nothing much. You see, I don't like seeing my wife keep getting pissed off by you, so I don't want you to marry Derrick. Tell me what will it take for you to leave him." Finnick was being direct as well.

Tiffany had a feeling he would say that on her way to the cafe, but it still pained her to hear him say it out loud.

She took in a deep breath and spoke. "I'm very sorry for what happened to Mrs. Hisson, Mr. Hisson. I've already apologized and asked her forgiveness in every way that I could. Nothing I said to her was mean. I don't know her condition that well, but I don't think I'm the direct cause of why she fainted. However, if it turns out that it really is my fault, I'm willing to apologize again." In the other words, if she didn't do it, she wasn't going to accept the accusation.

He sneered ruthlessly, "You have quite the sharp tongue. A daughter-in-law like you isn't needed in our family. If you insist on staying with Derrick, his grandfather will directly cut off his right of inheritance. If you want him to work as a bog-standard publishing company owner for the rest of his life, go ahead. In any case, both of us aren't happy with you. The decision is yours to make."

Tiffany opened her mouth, but when the server put her coffee on the table, she swallowed her words again.

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The server left after delivering the coffee. She picked up the cup as the residual heat penetrated her skin through the cup.

Her hand was slightly shaking whilst she held the cup. It took a lot of effort for her to calm herself down.

There were veins visible on her neck.

"I won't give up on Derrick, Mr. Hisson. I'll prove to you that I'm the best woman suited to say by his side." She garnered all her mental strength to squeeze out a smile and assured resolutely.

"Do you want him to lose everything because of you?"

"I don't think he'll lose everything. From what I can tell, Derrick is more than capable of achieving many great things without the help of his family. Through his effort, the novels that his company published have turned into television shows that have a climbing viewership. I've always believed that he and his company will one day become a titan in the entertainment industry." The look in her eyes became more gentle when she thought about Derrick.

Finnick snorted. "You sure are confident. I doubt Derrick can survive without our family's assistance. When the time comes, I want to see how deep your relationship with him truly is. I wonder if he'll still stay with you, as you said yourself when he has nothing left."

Before he turned around and left, he gave her one last piece of advice. "A smart woman is not a stubborn person. Instead, she's the type who will choose the most beneficial route when she reaches a dead end. Otherwise, all her efforts will be for naught."

Tiffany slumped in her seat with a dazed expression on her face.

Amelia approached her and waved her hand in front of her. "Are you all right, Tiff?"

A bitter smile appeared on Tiffany's face when she returned to her senses and saw Amelia.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 557

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Chapter 557 Brought Amelia To A Psychiatric Hospital

“What happened?” Amelia asked.

Ruffling her hair, Tiffany said, “You know, the usual. He demanded that I leave Derrick. The husband and wife duo is taking turns to make their moves. I believe they came up with the plan of pretending to be sick and are waiting for Derrick and me to take the bait. I don’t even know how much longer can Derrick put up with such a situation.”

With a pucker between her brows, Amelia was seemingly lost in thought.

“Tiff, you should calm down first. We should talk it out rather than jump to conclusions.”

To her surprise, a relieved smile touched Tiffany’s lips. “Babe, don’t worry. I’m not the kind of person to lose and give up easily. Since they insist I leave Derrick, I won’t do as they say. I’m going to show everyone that it’s his blessing to marry me and that I’m not a burden to him. After all, I’m a best-selling author; there’s no way I will let him starve to death.”

Amelia looked at her and knew the latter was feeling disgruntled. Tiffany was always filled with a fighting spirit. As long as one did not provoke her, she would not do anything to retaliate. On the contrary, if she were driven into the corner, she would strive hard to achieve her goals and not give up easily.

“Tiff, let’s head back for now, and we’ll discuss it later,” Amelia suggested in a gentle tone.

Tiffany nodded in agreement.

They exited the coffee shop and saw Derrick leaning against his car. “Go to him now. Remember, talk it out peacefully with him, and don’t start arguing,” Amelia said, nudging Tiffany with her elbow.

The latter nodded before she walked over to Derrick and asked, “Why are you here?”

“I followed my dad here. You must feel aggrieved that he sought you out to give you a hard time,” he stated in a deep voice as he raised his hand to caress her face.

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At first, Tiffany was unfazed by the whole incident. However, his words caused tears to well up in her eyes uncontrollably, and she raised her head to prevent them from rolling down her cheeks.

Raising her hand to give a smack on Derrick's chest, she replied, "Stop your nonsense. I don't feel aggrieved. I'm an invincible woman, okay? There's no way I will be hurt so easily. Besides, Mr. Hisson didn't say much."

Derrick pressed his hand against the back of her head and pulled her into his embrace before whispering in her ear, "Let's go back first."

Tiffany nodded.

Derrick bobbed his head at Amelia, who stood nearby, then brought his girlfriend into the car.

After the couple left, Amelia shook her head as her concern for Tiffany grew.

As she descended the stairs to walk to her car, a vehicle slid to a stop in a stunning movement in front of her, taking her by surprise.

The window rolled down, and Jennifer, wearing a pair of sunglasses, stuck her head out.

"Amelia, are you free now? I want to take you somewhere," she stated.

Shooting her a wary look, Amelia replied politely in a distant tone, "I'm sorry, Ms. Larson. My son is waiting for me at home."

Jennifer opened the car door, stood in her way, and said, "Amelia, you shouldn't be afraid of me if you didn't do anything wrong. Come on. I want to take you somewhere where we can settle the score between us. Since your husband forced my family into this state, I don't mind making another offense. If you push me over the edge, I might even snap and kill you."

Afterward, she pressed an item against Amelia's back. The sensation was impossible to ignore.

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Amelia's expression changed immediately when she felt the weight on her back. Left with no choice, she obliged, opening the car door and entering the back seat. Once in the car, she glanced in an unknown direction through the window.

Jennifer soon hopped onto the car and waved the item in her hand before Amelia. It turned out to be a fake knife that was a toy for children and could not cause any harm to a person.

"Ms. Larson, may I know where you plan to take me? There are many bodyguards protecting my safety in our surroundings. If you were to do anything to me, I believe you wouldn't be able to escape unscathed," Amelia said.

Checking her out in the rearview mirror, Jennifer snickered. "Amelia, I didn't know you were such a coward who feared for her life."

"I have a son and a husband, so I'm merely cherishing my life," replied Amelia, who did not think it was embarrassing for her to be afraid of dying.

Jennifer smiled without saying another word.

Amelia watched as Jennifer exited the urban area and drove the car onto an empty narrow passage.

Upon seeing that, she started to feel scared and asked anxiously, "Jennifer, where are you taking me?"

"Don't worry. I don't intend to take your life. Your bodyguards are following us. Didn't you say I wouldn't be able to escape unscathed if I lay a finger on you?" uttered Jennifer mockingly as she looked at the rearview mirror.

True enough, when Amelia turned her head to look out the window, she saw a car trailing behind them at a distance. She knew Jolin must be in the car, but as for whether or not there were other people, she had no idea.

After turning back, she brushed her hair and looked at the beautiful view out the window with her head tilted.

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A hint of jealousy and envy lurked in Jennifer's gaze as she looked at Amelia through the rearview mirror.

"To be honest, Amelia, I envy you," she said suddenly.

Amelia turned her head to look at her and waited for the latter to continue her words. However, Jennifer did not speak another word and drove in silence until they arrived at a high-class private psychiatric hospital located on a hillside.

Jennifer parked the car, and they got out one after another. Looking around the place, Amelia was puzzled as to why she had brought her there.

"Come on. Let me bring you to see someone," said Jennifer before leading the way.

Amelia had no choice but to follow her. After walking for a distance of around ten steps, her phone rang. She picked it up and saw it was Jolin.

"Hello?" Amelia answered the call.

"Mrs. Clinton, do you need me to accompany you? I'm just nearby," Jolin asked from the other end of the line.

"Not for now. Wait at your spot, and don't inform Oscar about my whereabouts."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton. I'm only responsible for guarding your safety. You can rest assured that I will never reveal your whereabouts to Mr. Clinton."

"All right. I'll hang up now."

After the call ended, Jennifer asked, "What's wrong? Is your bodyguard worried that I would harm you?"

"It's always better to be safe than sorry. After all, she's doing her job," Amelia simply answered.

Jennifer was merely mocking her, so she said nothing in reply and quickened her pace.

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A few seconds later, she led Amelia to a nurse who greeted her politely, "Ms. Larson, are you here to see Mrs. Larson?"

"Ms. Tuffin, how is my mom doing?" Jennifer asked as she took off her sunglasses.

Shaking her head, the nurse, Nelly Tuffin, stated, "As usual. After receiving consent from you and Mr. Larson, we bound Mrs. Larson to the bed so that she won't bang her head against the wall during an episode in the night."

Jennifer's face twisted into a grim expression. She took a deep breath and muttered, "Ms. Tuffin, please open the door. I want to visit my mother."

Nodding, Nelly advised, "Ms. Larson, be careful when you enter. Mrs. Larson's condition is unstable and unpredictable. If she begs you to untie the ropes, you must stay firm and not yield to her request. Otherwise, both of you would only end up hurt."

Jennifer nodded.

Then, Nelly unlocked the door for her. When Amelia stepped inside with Jennifer, she was frightened by the view that appeared before her. A surge of emotions flickered briefly in her eyes.

Right before her eyes was the image of Laura being tied to the bed like a pig. Her hair was messy while her wrists and the exposed parts of her limbs was amass of bruises and wounds resulting from her struggling against her restraints. There was a massive scabbed wound on her forehead, and her face was as pale as a sheet. She had lost a lot of weight, her current scrawny figure starkly different than before.

Amelia said in disbelief, "Why is she..."

Jennifer's eyes reddened as she stared at Laura, who was sleeping on the bed. "The sight before you is all Oscar's doings. My mom injured you on your forehead by accident, and you didn't even have to visit the hospital. However, not only did your husband use his connections to send her to jail, but he also used some sort of method to cause her to hallucinate. Her condition is worsening day by day. If we didn't tie her up, she would hit her head against the wall and wouldn't even know that she was bleeding. The wound on her forehead is the proof. Do you know how much I abhor you and Carter after seeing my

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mother, who used to be a graceful woman, end up in such a state? If I weren't so obstinate to have him to myself, my mom might not have turned out like this."

Moving her lips, Amelia had so much to say but could not verbalize them at that moment.

It was undeniable that Laura was wrong back then, but she had received her punishment for what she had done. With Laura being admitted into a psychiatric hospital and turning into such a terrible state, it seemed that Amelia was at fault instead.

Besides, Amelia never wished to harm Laura to such an extent. If she had pleaded for the latter back then, things would not have turned out that way and might have been salvageable.

"I'm sorry." Despite the words that she wanted to say, Amelia could only offer a simple apology.

A mocking smile appeared on Jennifer's face. "Amelia, if saying sorry can solve everything, why would there be laws and police? I admit that my family is no match for the Clintons in Tayhaven, and it's impossible to sue Oscar. Thus, we have no choice but to swallow the mistreatment and watch my mom suffer greatly. However, don't be too pleased with yourself. It might not happen now, but you will pay the price one day. I swear I will bear witness to the downfall of your family of three."

Frowning, Amelia felt a sense of discomfort in her heart. Her guilt toward the Larsons faded a little after hearing Jennifer's words.

"Ms. Larson, I never wished for Mrs. Larson to end up this way. I'm very sorry, but now is not the time to blame each other. We should be thinking about how to help Mrs. Larson so that she can recover soon. If it were Oscar's doings, I would not shirk the responsibility. I promise to find the best doctor to treat Mrs. Larson," she declared with a darkened expression.

"Amelia, save your sympathies. You're the culprit of the tragedy that befell my mother, thus have no right to pity her. I didn't bring you here today to ask you to fork out money to cure my mother. My family can afford to pay her medical bills. I only wanted to show you how ruthless your so-called perfect husband is. One more thing, I will never forgive you, and I swear to witness your marriage fall apart with my own eyes one day," Jennifer snarled viciously after inching close to her ear.

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Amelia frowned as Jennifer's attitude was getting on her nerves. However, as she was at fault, she did not retort. Instead, she said, "Ms. Larson, if you brought me here today for the medical bills, I can pay for them. However, if you are here to utter nonsense, I'm sorry then. I need to head back now because my son is waiting for me at home."

Jennifer stared at her fixedly.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 558

Chapter 558 For Your Own Good

Laura groaned and gradually woke up. When she opened her eyes, she seemed disoriented, but her gaze cleared up soon as she saw Jennifer. Yet, she became agitated after catching sight of Amelia.

"Jennifer, why is she here? Why did you bring her here after what she had put me through? Get her out of here. I don't want to see her!" she yelled emotionally.

Jennifer hurried to Laura and bent over to hold the latter's hands. It was evident that she was hot with emotion.

"Mom, do you know who I am?" she asked with red-rimmed eyes.

Ever since Laura was admitted to the psychiatric hospital, her mental condition had been unstable, and she also suffered from episodes repeatedly. Sometimes, she could recognize her husband and daughter. However, it only lasted fleetingly every time. Moreover, she could not think as clearly, so it was rare for her to speak more than one sentence, much less identify others.

Thus, one could imagine how elated Jennifer was.

Laura calmed down and said, "Did something happen to me? You're my daughter. Of course, I know you." Distracted by her daughter's question, she forgot about Amelia, whom she loathed, for a moment.

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After saying that, she reached out to touch Jennifer's face, only to find that her movement was restricted. Looking downward, she belatedly realized that she was bound to the bed.

Laura looked at Jennifer in horror and shouted furiously, "Jennifer, what is this? Why are you doing this to me? Hurry up and untie me! I'm your mother!"

Upon hearing that, Jennifer felt as though a dagger had stabbed her heart, and she did not know how to explain it to Laura.

"Mom, calm down. Something went wrong with your body, and you even banged your head against the wall. The doctor had to tie you up to stop you from hurting yourself. But don't worry. You'll definitely be cured. Dad and I will never give up on treating you," she said while weeping.

At that, Laura slowly regained her composure.

"Where am I?" she then asked. Her expression made it seem like she had forgotten everything that had happened.

"Mom, did you forget about everything?" Jennifer asked in disbelief as she stared at her skeptically.

"I feel like I've been dreaming this whole time. I kept seeing the Grim Reaper, and I was stuck in a small dark house. I was frightened, and I screamed at the top of my lungs many times for help, but nobody came. Instead, many fearsome creatures appeared before my eyes, and I was terrified..." Laura's face twisted when she tried to recall her memories. Her voice trembled from fear as she continued, "They were so scary. I was scared to death, but none of you came to save me."

Jennifer hurriedly held her down to stop the latter from struggling. "Mom, calm down. It was just a dream; it's not real. Look at you. Aren't you safe and sound now? Everything is okay. You're fine now since you're awake. Don't worry. I'll stay by your side. Dad has something holding him up, but he will be here soon. We will protect you."

Only after receiving her reassurance did she gradually recover her repose. "Was that really a dream?"

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Jennifer nodded and said, "Mom, you harmed yourself because you sleepwalked. Dad and I were worried sick, so we sent you here for treatment, thinking that you would fare better with the doctor to take care of you. But you hit your head against the wall every night. At one point, you nearly killed yourself, so we had no choice but to get them to tie you up. Although it pains us to see you go through that, we can't afford to lose you."

At last, Laura settled down.

However, her gaze darkened when she spotted Amelia from the corner of her eyes. "Why is she here?"

"I brought her here because I want her to know what Oscar has done to you. I also want her to know I'm not getting back at her for no reason," Jennifer said maliciously as she narrowed her eyes.

Laura instinctively shivered at the mention of Oscar, as the trauma he inflicted on her was seared into her brain like a nightmare.

Looking weary, she said, "Ask her to leave. I don't want to see her."

Jennifer nodded and straightened her body before uttering coldly, "Amelia, get out now. I'll let bygones be bygones if my mom has recovered. After all, we can't do anything to the Clintons. We're not that foolish to start a war that would only end in our defeat. However, I believe that what goes around comes around. May your family fall apart soon!"

Amelia shot her a look filled with conflicting feelings before turning around and walking out of the ward.

As soon as she left, Jennifer summoned the doctor, who gave Laura a checkup and discovered that she had recovered miraculously. Not only could she speak articulately, but she also could think coherently. It was as though Laura's early maniacal behavior was just a dream.

Consequently, the doctor unbound Laura and said, "Ms. Larson, it looks like Mrs. Larson is fine now. However, I suggest taking her for another checkup in the hospital to be safe. However, I've never seen a case like hers. Normally, it's very difficult for a psychiatric patient who suffers from hallucinations to recover. I must say that it's a miracle to see her regain her consciousness so quickly."

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"Has my mom truly recovered?" Jennifer was a little skeptical at first. Despite the affirmation from the doctor, she still felt like it was too good to be true.

"Yes. She's fine now. But, I still recommend a checkup in a hospital in the urban area. After all, it's only a psychiatric hospital here," the doctor replied.

"Okay. I'll do so. Can my mom be discharged now?"

"Sure. Let me arrange for the interhospital transfer. You can take Mrs. Larson to the hospital in the city now. By the way, her body is rather weak, so she will need to undergo proper recuperation."

Jennifer nodded vehemently, keeping the doctor's words in her mind.

After the doctor left the ward, Laura, who sat on the bed, looked at Jennifer with an odd gaze. "Jennifer, this is a psychiatric hospital?"

Jennifer bent over and answered, "Yes. Mom, your condition was critical, so the doctor suggested that we send you here for treatment. We didn't have a choice. But this place is well equipped and tranquil, and there is no yelling and screaming from the other psychiatric patients as imagined by others. Therefore, we thought it was a suitable place for your recovery. Now that you're back on your feet, we can leave here a moment later."

Laura curled her lips into a faint smile.

She then gently stroked Jennifer's cheek and said, "Jennifer, you must've had a hard time. Look at you. You've lost so much weight. It's all my fault."

Nuzzling against her hand, Jennifer comforted her, "Mom, don't say that. You're my family, so it's my duty to take care of you. I'm glad to see you getting well, but I'll still be willing to look after you for the rest of my life even if you can't recover. By the way, I bet Dad will be exhilarated to see you when he comes over later."

All of a sudden, Laura appeared a little disoriented. "Jennifer, I actually feel bitter. I can't allow myself to leave like a coward after the Clintons have harmed me to such a state. Avenge me, Jennifer. I want to turn their family upside down," she muttered.

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Jennifer looked into her eyes and said hurriedly, "Mom, you haven't fully recovered. Your utmost priority now is to recuperate. As for the Clinton family, I won't sit back and do nothing. I'll ensure that your suffering won't be in vain. One day, you'll witness Oscar pay a heavy price for what he has done to you. Please rest assured."

"Jennifer, your words set my mind at ease. I can't remember what happened to me during this time, but everything in my dream felt so real that I still couldn't forget them. I think they would haunt me for the rest of my life. I must do something to let off my steam. Otherwise, I can never be at peace," Laura said.

"Mom, don't worry. You'll get even with them," Jennifer promised.

Upon hearing that, Laura eased up a little.

Soon enough, Vincent came to the psychiatric hospital with five to six bodyguards to pick Laura up. The group made up an impressive sight when they left the place.

Meanwhile, Amelia remained silent in the car. Jolin, who was driving, glanced at her and asked, "Mrs. Clinton, did the Larsons tell you something?"

Amelia came to her senses and replied, "Nothing. It's just that I can't believe Mrs. Larson would end up in that state."

She then looked at Jolin dubiously and asked, "Jolin, were you involved in the matter regarding Mrs. Larson?"

"Hugo and I are the ones who dealt with the matter. She offended you, and what we did was considered lenient," replied Jolin nonchalantly. For someone like her, who was not afraid of killing people, she naturally would not be guilty of driving someone mad.

"So you were also the one who put her in the psychiatric hospital?" Amelia asked with a frown.

"Yes. Boss said he wanted to give her a lesson, so I bribed her doctor into hinting at the Larsons to send her here. Boss told me there's no need to hide it from you if you found out about this as I did not do anything shameful. He even told me you are his treasure, and he would never let someone lay a finger on you when he could never bring himself to hurt you.

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In truth, her stay in the psychiatric hospital is considered a merciful punishment among the countless agonizing torments Boss could've employed," Jolin said triumphantly.

Amelia remained quiet. Jolin was attentive for once, sneaking a glance at her.

Feeling something was amiss with Amelia's expression, she gulped and wondered if she had said something wrong.

"Mrs. Clinton, do you think my method is too cruel?" Although Jolin was a bodyguard, she had secretly carried out many dangerous tasks for Oscar. Naturally, she knew a lot of ways to torture people. For her, it was considered merciful to cause Laura to have hallucinations and put her in a psychiatric hospital for some time. Therefore, she did not think it was a grave matter.

Amelia shook her head and replied, "Nothing. I'm just being emotional."

Jolin, who was not eloquent, thought of putting in a good word for Oscar. "Mrs. Clinton, Boss did it for your own good. As a matter of fact, he has done many things for you without your knowledge, and Mrs. Larson's case is merely one of them. When you left for Beshya back then, he had made use of all the connections of the Clinton family and even the organization he created to find out your whereabouts. I've never seen him love a woman so deeply. Mrs. Clinton, you should be considerate of his feelings."

Amelia gave her a glance. "Are you worried that I'll rebuke Oscar?"

Jolin nodded. "Mrs. Clinton, I'll be frank with you. No one dares to find fault with Boss, except for his parents. You're the only one who can reprimand him and get away with it unscathed. We are all terrified of him when he's irate."

Amelie chuckled. "Don't worry. I don't intend to blame him. I know he did it for my sake. By the way, don't tell him that I visited Mrs. Larson at the psychiatric hospital today."

"Mrs. Clinton, please rest assured. I'm only responsible for your safety and won't tell anyone about your whereabouts."

Upon hearing that, Amelia nodded.

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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 559

Chapter 559 Apologize To That Girl

After reaching home, Amelia did not mention the Larsons and continued to live a simple and blissful life with her family of three in the condominium.

However, she still asked Jolin to inquire about Laura's condition the next day.

Through some of her connections, Jolin gained a clear understanding of Laura's situation.

"Mrs. Clinton, Jennifer sent her mother to the city for a checkup yesterday. Coincidentally, she's in Principal General Hospital, so I asked around the people there and learned that she's doing fine," she reported, only mentioning the less important bits.

Hearing that, Amelia nodded and silently felt relieved because she did not want to have anything to do with Jennifer. After all, Laura was the cause of the whole incident, and Oscar punished her out of anger because she harmed her first. Now that she's all right, we shall steer clear of each other's path and live our lives.

Alas, it did not necessarily mean others would share her sentiments. Ultimately, one should not bear malice toward others and must be cautious.

Jolin added, "Mrs. Clinton, I don't think Jennifer is a good person. Do you want me to teach her a lesson? So that she'll know that you, the daughter-in-law of the Clinton family, is not a pushover."

"No."

After a short pause, Amelia continued, "Jolin, go about with your work now. You don't need to watch over me at the moment."

"Yes, Mrs. Clinton."

Amelia sighed in relief after Jolin left.

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All of a sudden, she had a whim to clean the house. Just as she was reaching out for the broom, her phone rang.

She picked up the phone, and the person from the other end of the line said, "Are you Ms. Winters? I'm calling from Lightspring Police Station. Do you know someone called Eva Winters? She's under arrest for assaulting a young lady in her twenties, and she has been causing a ruckus, demanding that we call you over."

Her hand that was holding the phone trembled a little while her forehead throbbed. Why is it that problems are popping up one after another suddenly?

"Yes, I am. I'll be right there," she replied and hung up the phone afterward. Right at that moment, Oscar walked downstairs and asked who the caller was.

"It's the police. They told me that Eva hit a young lady." Amelia sighed. "Oscar, accompany me to the police station."

"No need. I can ask a lawyer to head over and bring Eva back, so you don't have to make the trip," he suggested.

Amelia thought for a moment and found his suggestion reasonable, so she agreed with it.

The moment Eva was brought to their doorstep, her disheveled hair and bruises on the corner of her lips gave Amelia a fright that she quickly pulled her into the house, whereas the lawyer sent by Oscar followed behind her. He was a handsome, bespectacled man in his thirties.

"Mr. Clinton, I've brought her back. If there is nothing else, I'll be leaving now."

Oscar nodded in response.

After the lawyer left, he closed the door and walked back to the couch.

In a nearly indifferent manner, he stared at the wound on Eva's face and demanded, "Tell us. How did you end up like this? Didn't you know you would worry Amelia?"

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Eva was not afraid of him when Oscar was silent like usual. However, whenever he put on a stern face, the oppressive aura that exuded from him would ignite fear in her heart.

"I-It was nothing, Oscar. The other person sustained injuries worse than me," she stammered.

Crossing his arms before his chest, he looked down at the miserable-looking Eva. "Eva, you sure have become bold now. If so, don't call your sister for help. Although both of you are cousins, she's not obligated to help you clean up the mess."

Eva's face fell as soon as she heard his criticism.

She stood up from the couch, bowed to Amelia, and uttered huffily, "Amelia, I'm going back now. I wouldn't want to trouble you since I'm a delinquent. I'll be a disgrace to you if I stay with you."

Amelia stood up, hurriedly held Eva back, and persuaded the latter to stay. "Oscar was joking with you just now. Take a shower upstairs, change into clean clothes, and we'll talk again, okay?"

Even though Eva was dressed in a punk style and looked like a female delinquent, she was obedient. In addition, she was never a person who would ignore one's kindness when she was upset.

Walking past Oscar, she obediently went upstairs to take a hot shower.

While she was upstairs, Amelia let out a sigh and said, "Oscar, Eva works in the city alone and only has me as her relative. Don't reproach her too harshly. Otherwise, she'll tell the Winters family, and I'm worried they'll criticize me again later."

Frowning, Oscar voiced, "It's been so many years, yet no one from the Winters family ever shows up. I don't think you have to care about this relative. Of course, I won't stop you from doing so too. Nonetheless, she must not cause any more trouble for you. If she does, I don't mind being the bad guy and cutting all the ties with her."

Amelia stretched out a hand to caress the pucker between his brows. "Relax a little. Stop frowning, or it'll make you older. Besides, Eva isn't a bad person by nature. She has been here for some time and never depends on me or asks me for money. She usually lives at her

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workplace and hasn't returned to the apartment that we prepared for her for quite some time. I believe she has her reason for beating the person this time. I'll ask her for more detail later. Now, stop pulling a long face. You'll scare her again," she exhorted, smiling.

With that, he nodded.

After taking a shower, Eva took out a set of simple sportswear from the closet and changed into them.

When she arrived downstairs, Oscar had gone to the study, much to her relief.

Upon spotting Eva walking down the stairs, Amelia pointed to the couch across from her and said, "Eva, sit down. Let's talk."

Eva sat down as she was told. Before Amelia could initiate the conversation, she forestalled her by saying, "Amelia, I know what you want to ask me. I disliked that girl, so I beat her up. She always mentions she comes from a wealthy family, yet she has no manners. Not only did she keep visiting James in the hospital shamelessly, but she also dared to judge my appearance. I couldn't tolerate it anymore, so I hit her. She even claimed she would sue me, but she's now as timid as a mouse because of the Clintons' influence."

Amelia's face darkened as she reprimanded, "You should be mindful of your attitude, Eva. No matter what the reason is, you shouldn't attack them. Who is the girl that you hit? Invite her out tomorrow and apologize to her."

Eva looked at her as though the latter was a monster and retorted, "Amelia, just whose side are you on? Yes, I assaulted her, but she hit me back too! Why aren't you asking about my injuries?"

Amelia frowned and stared at her in disapproval.

Seeing that, Eva waved her hands and protested, "Don't look at me like that, Amelia. Anyway, I've hit that girl, and I'll never apologize to her. She's such an eyesore to me. I've already shown her mercy by not using all my strength, or else her injuries would have been worse. Want me to make an apology to her? Never!"

As Amelia was pondering, she quietened down.

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Feeling uneasy, Eva glanced at her and asked, "Amelia, are you angry?"

Amelia shook her head and replied, "No, I'm not. Since you're already an adult, I can't force you to do anything. However, you've already stepped into society and have a job of your own, so you shouldn't behave like a child, hitting someone you dislike when you come into conflict with them. Only a child will do such rash actions. I hope you could learn not to be so impulsive."

Eva was not infuriated by Amelia's words and merely smiled.

After that, the cousins fell silent.

"With Oscar's help, the girl you hit won't dare to do anything. However, I still have to caution you. No one can help you clean up the mess you've created for the rest of your life. Look out for yourself," Amelia said sternly after standing up from the couch. That was the first time she used that tone to Eva.

Eva was startled and only snapped back to her senses when Amelia had gone up two steps at the staircase.

She rushed over, pulled the latter's hand, and inquired in an anxious tone, "Amelia, you're angry at me, aren't you?"

Amelia turned around and answered calmly, "No, I'm not. We hardly spent time together when we were young, so I don't have a good understanding of your temperament or morality. Thus, I won't rebuke you. However, the way you conduct yourself in society doesn't sit right with me. Instead of arguing, I'd better go upstairs to calm down."

With a frown between her brows, Eva contemplated and seemed to have decided to yield when she said, "Amelia, I'll apologize to that girl tomorrow. Don't get angry at me, okay?"

"Don't force yourself."

"I'm not forcing myself. You're my cousin, and your words are my decree. Satisfied?" Eva uttered dejectedly like a cat held by the nape.

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At that moment, Amelia found her reaction adorable, and she even felt that the latter's curl of flax hair above her head made her look cuter.

"I'll go with you tomorrow then," she stated decisively.

"Amelia, don't you have work tomorrow?" Eva was still struggling to get out of her predicament.

"Hackers invaded my company's system, and the technical department is dealing with it now. Therefore, I don't need to work, and I can go with you tomorrow."

"Hackers, you say? Amelia, I'm very good with computers! I once hacked into a big corporation and stole their information, but I sent everything back in the end. What do you think? Do you need my help?"

"There's no need for that. You just have to apologize to that girl. Many talents are working in the company, and they can solve the problem without you."

Eva was dispirited at once.

"Got it, Amelia." Even her voice sounded weak.

Amelia smiled while looking at her.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 560

Chapter 560 A Deserter

The next day, Amelia brought Eva to make an apology in person. The young woman that the latter beat up was only a little over twenty years old. Although she was a little arrogant, she became as meek as a lamb after her parents reprimanded her and reluctantly accepted Eva's apology.

"You're Mrs. Clinton, aren't you?" the young woman's father asked with an ingratiating smile as he walked toward Amelia. Then, he continued, "I'm the chairman of Lightning Cloud Technology. I had the honor of attending the Clintons' party the other day and seeing you

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and Mr. Clinton there. The two of you are really a match made in heaven. I could only see you from afar that day, but you're truly more beautiful now that I'm seeing you at a close distance. My daughter is impudent and failed to recognize Eva as your cousin. I'll make sure to teach her a lesson when I get home."

"Dad, how can you side with an outsider? She's the one who—"

Before the young woman could finish her sentence, she was cut short by her father's glare. After that, he said apologetically, "Mrs. Clinton, I'm sorry about that. Her mom and I have overindulged her. Please don't take it to heart."

Amelia shook her head. "Your daughter's pretty adorable. My cousin is at fault, too, which is why I brought her here to apologize to your daughter."

"Please don't say that, Mrs. Clinton. My daughter's too spoiled. I hope you won't take offense."

After an exchange of pleasantries, Amelia left with Eva.

As soon as they got into the car, Eva made a face in disdain. "I thought they'd be all high and mighty, but they turned out to be a bunch of cowards! When I was in the police station, that fat man pointed at me and swore to put me in jail. Yet, the moment he finds out I'm your cousin, his attitude took a one-eighty! Such a sordid businessman, so full of schemes. He's just like a sycophant."

"Eva," Amelia called out in a warning tone.

"Amelia, am I wrong?" Eva responded indifferently as she shrugged.

"No. You're right. But sometimes you don't have to state the obvious, especially not with such unpleasant words. It's better to forgive and forget. Who knows? You may cross paths with them again one day. Besides, you still haven't told me why you got into a fight with her in the first place. Can you tell me now?" Amelia asked, bringing up the topic again.

"Didn't I tell you? She's after James too! She's also too arrogant that I couldn't stand it, so I hit her. Someone ought to knock some sense into her, especially when she's such a spoiled and supercilious rich brat. I'm just doing her parents a favor! Amelia, you're not trying to criticize me because of an outsider, are you?" Eva paused for a while as she looked at

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Amelia. After that, she continued, "I can't accept it if that's the case! You clearly saw how she behaved. I'm already making concessions by following you there and apologizing to her. If you continue to criticize me, I won't talk to you again! I've never met someone like you who sides with an outsider instead of your family."

Amelia was nonplussed. Where is she going with this?

She changed the topic. "I'm not going to criticize you. So, where do you want to go next? I'll bring you there."

"The hospital. I'm going to see James. I was going to ask him out for a meal yesterday, but that brat ruined it. I definitely have to go out with him this time. Oh, by the way, you can leave after dropping me off at the hospital. You're way too pretty that you may steal my thunder if you join me."

Amelia was between laughter and tears as she glanced at Eva. It was the first time she saw someone prioritizing their love interest over their family as confidently as that.

"And you call yourself my cousin, Eva?"

"I can't help it, Amelia. You look just like a vixen. Whenever you appear, men will fix their gazes on you. James' still not mine yet, so it's better for you to stay out of this for now."

Amelia was rendered speechless.

When she pulled up at the entrance of the hospital, Eva unbuckled her seatbelt and blew her a kiss. "Amelia, I'm going off to pursue my own happiness now! Once he becomes mine, I'll bring him to meet you first!"

With that, Eva opened the car door and bolted into the hospital.

Amelia shook her head in resignation as she watched her cousin's movements.

Soon, she left the hospital. Halfway on the road, she received a phone call. Her expression changed after she heard the caller's words, and she asked anxiously, "Kurt, where are you now?"

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Kurt probably gave her an address since she replied, "Okay. Wait for me. I'm coming for you now."

Once she hung up, she made a U-turn and stepped on the gas pedal.

Amelia parked her car in the underground parking of a supermarket, unbuckled her seatbelt, and got out. Despite looking around the place, she failed to spot Kurt, so she called his name nervously. "Kurt! Kurt!"

"Amelia," Kurt said feebly as he walked out from behind a big pillar.

Hearing his voice, she turned around, and her eyes widened in shock at the patch of red on his chest. Immediately, she ran toward him and asked concernedly, "Kurt! Are you hurt?" When Amelia saw him in that state, she completely forgot that she wanted to ask him why he had returned from Anglandur.

Kurt looked a little pale, but he did not mind his wound. Instead, he managed a weak smile and said, "Amelia, I'm glad I can see you again. I'm really glad." Right after that, he closed his eyes and fainted.

Amelia was quick to catch him when he fell, but he was too heavy. Only after staggering a few steps backward could she regain her balance.

"Jolin! Come over here, hurry!" she shouted.

Jolin came over from a distance and took over Kurt from Amelia's embrace. "Mrs. Clinton, Hugo called from Anglandur and said that Kurt had deserted him and Jean there. Since he is a deserter, I have to hand him over to the organization and let Boss deal with him."

Amelia's expression darkened slightly. "Jolin, I don't care if he's a deserter, and I have no idea what kind of punishment he'll face. But, all I know is that a friend who has been helping me for the past two years is in trouble, so I have to save him! If I don't, I'll never be able to forgive myself."

Hearing that, Jolin hesitated.

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“Jolin, you and Kurt have been working together for so many years, and you said so yourself that the organization is like a big family. He’s considered like your big brother too, isn’t he? Now that something has happened to him, are you going to sit back and watch him die?” With that, Amelia reached for Kurt, but Jolin dodged and told her that she would hold him.

A smile touched her lips when she saw that, and her spirits were finally lifted.

Jolin was surprisingly strong because she was able to carry Kurt on her back. Upon arriving at the car, she pushed him into the back seat.

“Mrs. Clinton, you should sit with him at the back. I’ll drive.”

Amelia nodded and went to the back seat.

Jolin drove as fast as she could to the hospital. Only after the doctors and nurses wheeled Kurt into the operating room did Jolin look at Amelia with a serious look on her face. “Mrs. Clinton, I have to inform Boss about Kurt’s return. It’s my duty. As for the consequence that Kurt has to face, I have no say in it since it’s up to Boss to decide. Hence, I hope you won’t put me in a tight spot.”

Amelia remained silent.

Jolin bowed to her and implored, “I’m sorry, Mrs. Clinton. Please don’t make things more difficult for me than they already are.”

“I’ll talk to Oscar about this myself. I’ll bear the brunt if anything happens,” Amelia declared after mulling over the situation.

Jolin had no choice but to yield. “I understand, Mrs. Clinton.”

Time passed unknowingly as the two of them waited outside the operating room.

Moments later, Amelia could not contain her curiosity anymore. “Why did Kurt come back all of a sudden?”

“Mrs. Clinton, I don’t really know what’s going on. I’m only following Boss’ orders to bring Kurt back. However, I didn’t expect him to look for you as soon as he returned.” Jolin gave

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her a meaningful look before she lowered her gaze to hide the complicated emotions in her eyes.

However, Amelia was unfazed.

“Me too. You should bring him back after he wakes up. This is your organization’s matter, so I won’t interfere or exploit Oscar’s feelings for me to request him to do something that will put him in a difficult situation,” she said impassively.

Jolin lifted her head and looked at Amelia in disbelief.

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