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## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 571 - 572

Chapter 571 She Finally Admitted It

After getting into the car, Amelia seemed to have something weighing on her mind as she leaned on the passenger seat.

Oscar glanced at her and lifted his hand to ruffle her hair. He asked, "What's wrong? You can talk to me if you have something on your mind."

She turned to look at him.

After hesitating for a moment, she briefly told him about what had happened to Eleanor in Saspiuburg.

"Do you want to help her?" Oscar asked bluntly after listening to her.

Amelia leaned against the seat, and she looked rather conflicted. After pondering for a long time, she replied, "I don't know."

"Why not?"

"Considering the circumstances, I'm just an outsider now. It's often hard to get involved and judge others' family affairs. I'm not a saint. It's not like I have to respond to everyone who asks for help. I have my own family to take care of. Besides, that's the Hutton family's matter, so it's difficult for me to intervene," said Amelia.

Oscar stroked her hair and said, "I know someone in Saspiuburg. If you want to help, I can have someone sneak into the Hutton residence and find out how she's doing."

Amelia sighed softly and asked, "Isn't it troublesome?"

"If it's for you, then it's not troublesome," said Oscar.

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Amelia lowered her gaze and pondered.

Oscar did not press her and simply drove the car quietly. The car was filled with a peaceful silence.

Just when they almost arrived at the neighborhood, Amelia raised her head and said, "Oscar, send someone to find out. In any case, we've known each other for a while, so I can't just turn a blind eye."

"All right." Oscar agreed without hesitation.

Back at the apartment, Oscar kissed Amelia's lips and said, "You play with Tony. I'll go upstairs and have someone check on the Hutton family."

Amelia smiled and said, "Thank you for everything, Oscar."

He raised his hand to stroke her head before going upstairs.

Upon entering the study, Oscar called his subordinate who was far away in Saspiuburg.

After a brief chat and having someone check on Eleanor's situation, he ended the call.

Oscar looked out of the window with a solemn expression. He was not particularly concerned about how Eleanor was doing, and he did not like the idea that Amelia kept in contact with the Hutton family because he thought Eleanor did not deserve to be called a mother when she did not even dare to acknowledge her own biological daughter.

Regardless of what hardships Eleanor faced, since she did not dare to acknowledge Amelia as her daughter, Oscar did not have a good impression of her.

When Oscar left the study and went downstairs, Amelia hurriedly came over and asked, "How was it, Oscar?"

He smiled and replied, "There's no news yet, but don't worry. In any case, they're still husband and wife. I don't think Mr. Hutton would be so cruel as to drive his wife crazy."

Amelia mulled over it and thought it made sense.

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They had gotten together in their youth and had been husband and wife for more than thirty years. If something really were to happen, it would have happened much earlier.

Amelia felt slightly at ease.

After the family of three finished eating, Oscar's phone rang again.

He picked it up. "What's it?"

The other party seemed to have said something, and Oscar's expression darkened in an instant. He then replied, "All right. Watch them secretly for now. Let me think about it. I'll tell you if I really want you to do it."

Then, he said a few more words before hanging up.

Amelia looked at him and asked, "Oscar, was there any news?"

Oscar's eyes darkened. After a long silence, he finally brought himself to break the news to her. "She's still in the private psychiatric clinic. Her husband forced the psychiatrist to hypnotize her, but she has been resisting, so the hypnosis didn't work. Things are more serious than we thought."

Amelia's eyes flashed with a trace of disbelief.

"She's his wife. How could he do this to her?" Amelia clenched her fists tight slowly as she felt overwhelmed by a surge of emotions. "Oscar, can you have someone save her? I'm sorry. After getting to know her, I can't just stand idly by and watch. I'll live my whole life feeling guilty if I don't do anything."

Oscar looked straight at her, and their eyes met. He felt as if he had seen through the deepest corners of her mind and soul.

"Are you sure?" Oscar asked in a low voice.

Amelia nodded.

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"All right. I'll have someone rescue her tonight. Please bear in mind that you have nothing to do with her explicitly. The Hutton family has the right to sue us for kidnapping her," Oscar reminded.

Amelia sighed and said, "Oscar, I really can't be bothered to think about all that. If the Hutton family really wants to sue us, I have no choice but to face it. However, I have to do this, or my conscience will never let me live it down."

Oscar chuckled. As expected of my wife. She's kind, considerate, and knows the right thing to do. There's so much goodness in her just waiting for me to discover.

"Don't be silly! You're my wife. No one can sue you," Oscar said confidently. "Don't worry. As long as you want to help her, I'll stand by her side. I'll also help her find the best lawyer for her to divorce her husband. She's very similar to you, so I can't really bear to be ruthless to her either."

Feeling moved by his words, Amelia felt a surge of warmth in her. Oscar is doing all this for my sake.

At night, Oscar had one of his men rescue Eleanor. However, Eleanor was not in a particularly good state of mind because of all the stimulation she had suffered, and she started screaming when people touched her. The man who came to rescue her had no choice but to knock her out.

After placing her in a high-end apartment, the man called Oscar.

He gulped several times, carefully considered his words, and said, "Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Hutton's situation doesn't seem very good. It seems like the early symptom of psychosis. She's making quite a big fuss over here. Do you want to come to Saspiuburg? The Hutton family is considered quite prestigious in Saspiuburg. If anything happens to her, I'm afraid we can't afford to take responsibility."

After a moment's pause, he continued, "Mr. Clinton, I don't mean to shirk responsibility, but I still have my men whom I need to take care of. Saspiuburg is still considered the Hutton family's turf. We really can't afford to offend them. Could you come to Saspiuburg quickly? We helped you save the woman, but you have to be the one to settle the rest of the matter."

Oscar said, "You take care of her first. I'll go to Saspiuburg personally tomorrow."

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“Thank you, Mr. Clinton.”

After hanging up the phone, Oscar turned around to go back to bed. Unexpectedly, Amelia, who should have been sleeping, was sitting up on the bed.

He walked over, bent down, and dropped a kiss on her lips. “Did I wake you?”

Amelia lifted her head and said, “W-What’s wrong with her?”

“Her mental condition isn’t very good. I plan to go to Saspiuburg tomorrow.” Oscar did not hide it from her.

She hung her head low and thought for a moment before saying, “I’ll go with you. Otherwise, I won’t feel at ease.”

“All right.”

The next day, Amelia apologetically asked Shane for leave, and Shane was generous enough to give her five days of leave at once.

She said, “Thank you, Shane. I’m such an incompetent employee. I’m really, really sorry.”

“We’re friends. There’s no need to say such things.”

After chatting a little, Amelia hung up the phone.

“We’ll be boarding the plane soon. Call Tony if you miss him. He threw a little tantrum when he heard that you’re going to Saspiuburg,” said Oscar.

Chuckling, Amelia shook her head as she found Tony’s response rather funny. “No need. Let’s wait until we get there and see how things go.”

The two boarded the flight, and the trip took nearly two hours before they arrived at Saspiuburg.

After leaving the airport, Oscar and Amelia got into the car that had been waiting for them long ago.

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The chauffeur briefly told them about Eleanor's situation.

Amelia frowned and said, "Did she start making a fuss as soon as she woke up?"

"I wouldn't call it a fuss. She just isn't letting anyone approach her. If someone tries getting close to her, she acts like a frightened bird. I suggest that Mr. Clinton takes her to the hospital for a checkup. I think she received a lot of trauma in that private psychiatric clinic," the chauffeur explained dutifully.

Amelia wore a grim expression, and no one knew what she was thinking about.

Oscar took her into his arms and said, "Don't worry. I'm here. Everything will be fine."

Amelia merely nodded in silence.

Although she was mentally prepared, she could not help but feel her heart wrench for a moment when she saw Eleanor. Her lips trembled, and she struggled to utter a word.

At this moment, with disheveled hair, Eleanor cowered in a corner with her head buried. She looked like a puppy that had been abandoned by her master.

The person who followed them in explained carefully, "Mrs. Clinton, she isn't letting us approach her. We wanted to clean her up, but she struggled too much. We were afraid that she would injure herself, so we told everyone to go out."

Amelia nodded at him and said politely, "Thank you for saving her. When Oscar and I settle her down, we'll definitely treat you all to a scrumptious meal."

"You're too kind, Mrs. Clinton. As long as Mr. Clinton orders it, we will go through hell and high water for him. We let Mr. Clinton down when we failed to find you two years ago. It's a rare occurrence that he needs our help," said the man with a smile.

Oscar then replied, "You go out first. My wife and I will talk to her for a while."

"Yes, Mr. Clinton."

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After the man left, Amelia walked over carefully and muttered in a soft voice, "Mrs. Hutton, it's Amelia. Do you recognize me?"

Eleanor's body visibly stiffened for a moment.

She slowly lifted her head. When she saw Amelia, who always looked gentle, her eyes lit up in excitement.

"Lia?" she asked with uncertainty. She thought she was dreaming.

Amelia sighed in relief. Thank goodness she recognizes me.

Eleanor seemed to recall something and hurriedly tidy her hair. She laughed awkwardly. "Lia, do I look very ugly now?"

Amelia's heart clenched. Eleanor was one of the few elders who truly cared about her.

She choked up a little as she said, "Mrs. Hutton, no matter how you look, you're always the prettiest."

Eleanor had stood up and wanted to walk toward Amelia, but she hesitated again when she saw Oscar beside Amelia.

Amelia turned to look at Oscar and said, "Go and wait for me outside, Oscar. I'll talk to Mrs. Hutton."

Oscar raised his hand to caress her hair as he said, "Be careful. Call me if anything happens, all right?"

Amelia nodded.

After Oscar went out, she slowly walked to Eleanor's side and stretched out her hand to help Eleanor sit on the couch.

Eleanor stared intently at Amelia, and the latter could feel how touched the former was through her gaze. "What are you doing here, Lia?"

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"Amelia called me. She said she couldn't resist Mr. Hutton, so she asked me to find a way to see if I could get you out. I asked Oscar for help, and he used his contacts in Saspiuburg to rescue you during the night," Amelia briefly explained.

Eleanor took her hand and said in a slightly choked voice, "I didn't expect you to save me, Lia. I... When I was in that place, I was so afraid that I would never see you again, my daughter."

After saying that, Eleanor hugged Amelia and buried her face in the latter's shoulder, crying bitterly.

Amelia's body froze as she listened to Eleanor's distraught cries, and Amelia's eyes turned red subconsciously.

She never thought Eleanor would admit that she was her daughter in such a situation.

The complex feelings in her heart were like waves surging back and forth, making her feel very uncomfortable.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 572

Chapter 572 Please Put Down The Knife

"Mrs. Hutton, you aren't in a good mental state now. You'll feel better after having some rest," Amelia said in a soft voice. Her hand hovered stiffly in mid-air for a long time before she slowly placed it on Eleanor's back.

Benjamin harbored a deep hatred toward Amelia Winters. He refused to acknowledge Amelia, who had been alone all these years, as his biological daughter. No matter what, Amelia did not wish to see Eleanor getting divorced at such an old age because of her. Amelia already had her own family, and she had been through more than twenty years of not being with her close ones, so she did not want to be selfish and be the cause of Eleanor losing the peaceful life she had with her family.

I'm already satisfied enough to know that my biological mother didn't mean to abandon me. I'm not going to force the rest to go as my wish.

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Eleanor's hand that was holding Amelia froze as she slowly raised her head. She stared blankly at Amelia in front of her. Seemingly gathering her courage, she pursed her lips a few times before she finally asked in a hoarse voice, "Lia, are you still reluctant to acknowledge me as your mom?"

Amelia gave Eleanor a faint smile and comforted her, "Mrs. Hutton, I know that you were terrified yesterday, so it's normal for you to mistake me for Amelia Hutton. However, I'm Amelia Winters, and my parents are still around. I'm really sorry."

Eleanor gazed intently at her eldest daughter, who was close at hand yet so far away. She felt her heart wrenching, and her eyes were filled to the rim with tears.

"Lia, I lost you for more than twenty years. I understand if you don't want to acknowledge me as your mother," Eleanor sobbed.

Amelia was at a loss for what she should do.

She clumsily wiped Eleanor's tears and said, "Don't be like this, Mrs. Hutton. You're not in good health now. Have a good rest first. Everything else can wait until you get better."

Eleanor grabbed her hand and said sincerely, "Lia, I've been missing you for so many years. I didn't dare to acknowledge you because I was afraid that your father would go after you. But now, I can't stand it anymore. After yesterday, I almost couldn't see you ever again. It doesn't matter if you don't want to acknowledge me. I'll be satisfied as long as you stay by my side."

Feeling somewhat awkward, Amelia drew her hand back and said, "Mrs. Hutton, please calm down."

Eleanor took a deep breath and tried her best to regain her composure.

She tried to look for a comb to tidy up her hair, but there was none.

"Lia, do you have a comb?"

Although Amelia did not understand what Eleanor needed a comb for, she took one out of her bag.

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Eleanor tied her hair up and went into the bathroom to briefly wash her face.

Amelia saw that Eleanor had regained her composure and went straight to the point. “Mrs. Hutton, I heard from Amelia that things aren’t looking good between you and Mr. Hutton. Are you really planning to divorce?”

Eleanor’s body stiffened as a trace of fear flashed in her eyes. The experience she had the day before had caused her to become more afraid of her husband.

Benjamin and she had been married for more than thirty years, but the relationship between them had almost come to a breaking point.

Amelia walked over and held Eleanor’s hand as she said, “Mrs. Hutton, I won’t oppose if you want to divorce. There are many things I don’t really understand about the Hutton family, so I don’t have the right to make a judgment. However, you two have been married for so many years. You got together when you were young and should stay together for a lifetime. It’s not easy to find someone who could stay by your side till the end of time. You should think it through.”

Eleanor let out a bitter smile, but her face glowed with determination.

“Lia, I can’t continue to be with him. In the past, I couldn’t make up my mind to divorce him because I still loved him. However, I don’t think it’s possible for me to be him now. He’s someone who can actually lay his hands on his own daughter and wife. I’m too afraid of him,” Eleanor said bitterly.

Amelia lowered her head and pondered before saying, “Mrs. Hutton, I’ll support whatever decision you make as long as you don’t regret it.”

Grinning, Eleanor lowered her head.

She hesitated for a long time before asking hopefully, “Lia, can you call me Mom?”

Amelia was tongue-tied in an instant.

Nonetheless, Amelia put on a smile that looked somewhat uneasy.

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In such a situation where she was acknowledging Eleanor as her mother, Amelia only felt shocked and awkward. She did not feel the same excitement as what had been depicted in the drama series.

Feeling the surge of mixed feelings, she still brought herself to reply calmly, "Mrs. Hutton, you should have a good rest. Oscar and I will send you back to the Hutton residence once you're feeling better. Whether you intend to divorce or reconcile with Mr. Hutton, I think it'd be better for you to talk things out with him. After all, that's still your family. As an outsider, I'm not in the right position to intervene with your family matters."

Eleanor only looked at her without saying anything.

After a long time, she let out a bitter chuckle. "Lia, you still don't want to call me Mom, right?"

Amelia remained silent.

Eleanor grabbed her hand and said eagerly, "It's okay. We've been separated for so many years, and I haven't fulfilled any of my duties as your mother as you grow up. It's too sudden to tell you that you're my daughter, so it makes sense that you find it hard to accept me physically and mentally. Take it slow. I can wait for you, and I mean it."

Amelia seemed slightly troubled as she was in such a tight spot.

In fact, she felt pressured unknowingly because of the affection and care Eleanor was showing toward her.

Eleanor seemed to notice the troubled look on Amelia's face. She immediately held herself back from sounding too eager as she said, "Lia, I'm a bit hungry. Can you prepare something for me to eat?"

"Of course. You take a rest first. I'll go prepare some food for you."

Then, Amelia went out to prepare something for Eleanor to eat and chatted with her for a while. When she saw that Eleanor had gradually calmed down and drifted off to sleep on the bed, Amelia finally heaved a sigh of relief.

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She covered Eleanor with the blanket and carefully opened the door to go out.

Meanwhile, Oscar was standing not far away. Amelia could not help but smile and walked over before wrapping her arms around his waist. She nuzzled his chest like a kitten asking to be patted.

Oscar raised his hand and gently stroked the back of her head. He then asked in a low voice, "What's wrong? Did she give you a hard time?"

Amelia shook her head lightly.

"Oscar, come to my room and talk to me for a while. I suddenly feel like talking to you," Amelia uttered in a soft voice.

"Sure."

Oscar held her in his arms as they went into the bedroom that someone had prepared for them.

He prepared a glass of milk for her and said, "Have some."

Amelia held the cup and let out a soft sigh. "She acknowledged me as her daughter, but I'm not as happy as I thought I'd be."

"Don't you wish to acknowledge her?"

Slightly baffled, she shook her head. "I don't know. In the past, when my parents failed to make me feel the love of a complete family, I've been thinking that one day, a mother who truly loved me would appear. However, now that I finally have one, I'm not as excited as I was at the beginning. It's like how people's desire for something when they were younger slowly dies down as they grow up."

Oscar sat next to her and reached out his hands to make her sit on his lap. He comforted, "Don't force yourself. If you want to acknowledge her as your mother, then do so. If you don't intend to do that, just pretend that this matter doesn't exist. I'll always be by your side to support you."

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Amelia gently leaned against his chest.

“Oscar, I feel this part of me is burning. It’s as though the feelings of resentment I’ve been suppressing for many years are all released at once. I’ve been thinking about this. So it turns out that I have a biological mother. Maybe there was the reason why the Winters family was treating me coldly all this while. I feel like crying, but I have no idea why the tears just won’t come out,” said Amelia, and she seemed upset.

Oscar lifted her chin and landed a peck that was as light as the feather on her lips.

He looked straight into her eyes and said in a domineering yet forceful manner, “You only need to have me by your side. Just think of the others as secondary in your life.”

Amelia could not help but laugh. Her sullenness dissipated magically in mere seconds.

“Oscar, when she’s more stable emotionally, I want to send her back to the Hutton residence. If there are any conflicts, I think it’s better to talk things through face-to-face. What do you think?” Amelia looked up as she told him her plan.

“Whatever you say.”

The two chatted for a long time until they heard a series of ear-piercing shrieks coming from the room next door, breaking the warm and intimate atmosphere between the two.

“Mrs. Hutton.” Amelia jumped out of Oscar’s embrace and hurriedly ran out after opening the door.

When she opened the door, she saw a girl in her twenties standing at the side with a tray in her hand, looking helpless. At the same time, Eleanor was screaming at the top of her lungs, seemingly out of control.

Amelia rushed over anxiously and stopped at a spot that was a few steps away from Eleanor. She carefully called out, “Mrs. Hutton, I’m Amelia. Calm down, please. I’m here now. No one can hurt you.”

As soon as Eleanor heard Amelia’s voice, her screams gradually became softer. She looked up at Amelia and called out in puzzlement, “Lia?”

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"Yeah, Mrs. Hutton, it's me. Can you put down the dagger first? I'll be worried if you're holding a dagger. I don't want you to get hurt," Amelia said carefully.

Eleanor looked at the dagger in her hand and dropped it with a cry of shock. The dagger fell to the ground with a clang.

"Lia, no! It wasn't me. I don't know how the dagger got to my hand. Don't be scared of me, okay? I'm not usually like this," she explained incoherently.

Amelia felt conflicted. Mrs. Hutton suffered so much, but she's still trying to take my feelings into account.

This kind of consideration might be something that only a mother could spare for her children.

"Mrs. Hutton, don't overthink. I know you didn't mean it. I'm just glad that you're fine. Don't hold something as dangerous as the danger again in the future, okay? I'll be worried if you hurt yourself."

"Lia, will you really be worried about me?"

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