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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 609 - 610

Chapter 609 The Ugly Truth

After wandering the streets near the hospital for a while, Eleanor saw Melanie coming out of the hospital.

With a cunning glint in her eyes, she quickly ran up to Melanie and called out to her politely, "Mrs. Winters!"

Melanie stared at her cautiously as she responded in kind, "Oh, hello, Mrs. Hutton! What are you still doing here?"

"May I treat you to a meal, Mrs. Winters? Lia and I have been separated for over twenty years, so I don't really know much about her. Would you mind telling me about her over lunch?" Eleanor then put on her most sincere expression as she continued with reddened eyes, "I know I was a little rude in the ward earlier, but I was just worried about my daughter being mistreated by her adoptive family. You're a mother too, so I'm sure you can understand where I'm coming from here. Will you give me a chance to make it up to you?"

For some reason, Melanie found herself moved by Eleanor's statement and nodded in response.

Eleanor then brought her over to a relatively fancy café and ordered a huge amount of food. "Here, feel free to order anything you like!" she said while handing Melanie the menu.

"The food you've ordered is enough for the two of us. Wouldn't want to end up wasting food by ordering more than we can finish."

"All right, then." Eleanor handed the order chit over to the waiter and said softly, "Please serve up the food as soon as possible."

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Melanie tugged nervously at her sleeves after the waiter had left. Eleanor's grandeur gave her a lot of pressure and made her feel self-conscious about her own appearance. On top of that, she was also feeling a little guilty about her inappropriate behavior in the ward earlier.

"Relax, Mrs. Winters. I'm really grateful to you for being Lia's adoptive mother, so let us just have a casual conversation about her childhood," Eleanor said in a gentle yet authoritative voice.

Noticing a hint of awkwardness and guilt in Melanie's eyes, she continued,

"Could you tell me how Lia made it into your household? I spent a really long time searching for her, but couldn't find any information on her whatsoever. I got so worried that I kept dreaming about her all the time. In my dreams, she was starving as she wandered the streets all by herself in tattered clothes, completely exposed to the harsh weather. The anxiety got so bad that I ended up in a psychiatric hospital a few times. Thanks to a psychiatrist's continuous guidance, I was somewhat able to keep my emotions in check..." Eleanor started sobbing uncontrollably as she went on.

It wasn't until Melanie's arms began to twitch slightly that Eleanor realized she had lost her composure.

"My apologies, I didn't mean to get so emotional. Being a mother yourself, I'm sure you can understand how I feel!" she said with a forced smile.

Melanie simply shook her head in response.

"Being Lia's adoptive mother, you provided her with everything she needed and kept her from wandering the streets like a beggar. I may have heard unpleasant rumors about how you two treated her, but now, I realize that can't be true. After all, she is well educated and even found herself such an amazing husband! I'm really grateful to you for everything you've done for her!" Eleanor added.

"P-Please don't say that!" Melanie replied with a look of shame on her face. Providing Amelia with the basic necessities was all she really did for her. Not only did Melanie not care about Amelia, but she was also extremely cold toward her. In fact, it wouldn't even be an overstatement to say that they were practically as distant as complete strangers.

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"No, I really am grateful to you. Thank you for raising her so well. I can't imagine how life would've been for Lia if you two didn't adopt her!"

"But... Wasn't your husband the one who handed her over to us?" Melanie asked in confusion.

Eleanor froze upon hearing that.

"What did you just say?"

"Your husband had someone bring Amelia over to us back then. The person told us that you two didn't like her, and that you two would offer us a huge amount of money to look after her. We were told that we only needed to provide her with the basic necessities, so we didn't really care that much about her. Our relationship with Amelia has been rather distant the whole time, and it has been almost ten years since I last saw her," Melanie replied.

After a brief pause, she continued, "Mrs. Hutton, I don't know why you two decided to send her over back then, but why are you acting like you don't know anything about it? Why not just admit that you two didn't like her? My husband and I have never lied to anyone about how we mistreated her, so how about you stop being so pretentious?"

Eleanor was trembling all over when the waiter served up their food and drinks.

"Please enjoy your meal, ladies."

With both her hands clutching her glass tightly, Eleanor felt the cold sensation of it seep through her skin and spread through her body.

The veins on her neck bulged, and her lips smacked against each other as she tried to calm herself down by taking deep breaths.

"Are you all right, Mrs. Hutton?" Melanie asked worriedly when she noticed her unusual response.

"D-Did my husband really have someone bring Lia over to you?" Eleanor asked in a shaky voice.

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“Yeah! Don’t you already know that, though?”

Eleanor let out a wry chuckle as the ugly truth crushed whatever resolve she had left in her.

“Enjoy your meal. I need to get going now,” Eleanor said as she ran out of the café.

Moments later, a sinister grin spread across Melanie’s face as she mumbled to herself, “Sorry about that, Mrs. Hutton. My husband may be a kind-hearted and honest man, but I will do everything I can to protect my son. Your husband won’t come after mine if your family is plunged into chaos.”

Of course, Eleanor was oblivious to her schemes as she had already run all the way down the street by then.

She pulled out her phone and tried to call Amelia Hutton, but her hands were trembling so much that she missed the button thrice in a row.

She even tried holding her trembling hand with the other, but it was of no use at all.

“D*mn it! Why are you doing this to me?” she cried out helplessly in despair.

The passers-by gave her weird looks, and a few of them even stepped forward to ask if she needed help.

Eleanor politely shook her head and carried on walking as she continued trying to call Amelia Hutton.

“Amelia, where is your father right now?” she asked the moment the call got through.

Amelia gave her an address.

“Tell him to wait there for me. I’ll go see him right away!” Eleanor said and hung up the phone immediately after.

She then stopped a passing taxi and read the address out to the driver. “Please hurry, mister. I’m in a bit of a rush.”

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"All right," the driver replied and drove her to that location as quickly as he could.

"Here, keep the change," Eleanor said while handing him a hundred upon arrival.

She then quickly entered the building, took the elevator upstairs, and rang the doorbell.

It was Amelia Hutton who opened the door.

"Where's your father?"

Noticing something off about her expression, Amelia grabbed her by the arm and asked, "What's wrong, Mom?"

Eleanor shot her a vicious glare and raised her voice as she repeated, "I asked you a question, d*mn it! Where is your father?"

The look in Amelia's eyes turned cold when she saw how hostile Eleanor was toward her. "As you can see, I'm the only one here right now. Dad and Sean went out to visit an old friend, so you can make yourself at home. I'm going to take a nap."

Eleanor glared at her coldly as she shouted, "Hold it right there!"

"What else do you want, Mom?"

"Where have your father and brother went?"

"I don't know," Amelia replied and stood there for a few seconds in hopes of hearing Eleanor apologizing to her, but that never happened.

Feeling disappointed, she turned around and went into her room.

Eleanor waited until she had closed the door before letting out a huge sigh and slumping weakly against the sofa.

I shouldn't have gotten the children involved in the conflicts of my generation... Now, my beloved children are all becoming more and more distant, and it's all my fault. I never wanted any of this to happen, but I just couldn't keep my temper in check.

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She was still struggling to come to terms with the fact that her husband was the main reason behind the disappearance of her eldest daughter.

Her mind was in a total mess, but she knew for a fact that her relationship with her husband was surely coming to an end.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 610

Chapter 610 Let Her Leave

Eleanor ran up to Benjamin the moment he came in through the door with Sean. She then slapped him hard across the face before they even realized what was going on, leaving them both frozen in shock and confusion.

“Benjamin, I actually thought you had some humanity left in you despite your cruel behavior, but I was wrong! Even a f*cking animal has more humanity than you do!” Eleanor shouted through clenched teeth.

Fearing that Benjamin would hit her back, Sean quickly stepped between them as he asked, “What’s gotten into you, Mom?”

“Go to your room, Sean! This is between me and your father! I don’t need any of you kids getting involved in our conflict!” Eleanor ordered aggressively.

Sean frowned as he tried to talk her out of it, “Calm down, Mom. We’re a family, remember? We can talk about this! There’s no need to make things awkward like this—”

“Go to your room, Sean! Don’t make me say that again!” Eleanor cut him off angrily.

Unsure of what to do, Sean fell silent on the spot.

“Go to your room, Sean. I’ll see what your mom has to say to me,” Benjamin said coldly with a frown.

Sean hesitated for a bit, but did as told anyway.

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The look in Benjamin's eyes had turned gloomy when he rubbed his cheek, but he forced himself to remain calm as he asked, "Mind explaining what this is all about, Eleanor?"

"Why did you do it? Lia was so young at the time! How could you just hand her over to someone else? I've missed her so much over the years that I nearly went crazy!" Eleanor asked with a conflicted look on her face.

Benjamin froze when he heard that. He knew exactly what she meant, but decided to play dumb and asked, "What are you going on about, Eleanor?"

"Drop the act, Benjamin! I know the truth! You were the one who sent Lia away back then! Even a vicious tiger would never eat its own cubs, but you just gave your daughter away like she means nothing at all! Do you have any idea how much Lia has suffered over the years?"

"She went missing on her own. I did have my men go search for her, but they weren't able to find her. I can't believe you'd go as far as suspecting me just over someone else's baseless accusations, Eleanor. We have been married for over thirty years. Does our marriage not mean more than a stranger's words?" Benjamin replied calmly.

"Stop lying to me! If there's one thing I regret doing the most, it's marrying you!" Eleanor shouted at the top of her lungs.

Benjamin's expression grew icy-cold instantly. "What did you just say to me?"

"I said, I regret marrying you! I wouldn't have to suffer for so long if I had married someone else instead! The mere sight of your face disgusts me to no end!"

Benjamin stepped forward and grabbed her by the wrist as he threatened, "I dare you to say that one more time."

"It won't make a difference even if I say it a hundred times more! You disgust me!" Eleanor snapped back at him stubbornly.

"Eleanor, you've been throwing a tantrum for a few days now. It's time to stop this nonsense. Come on, let's go home," Benjamin said while giving her hand a squeeze.

Eleanor tried to brush his hand off with all of her might, but his grip was ridiculously firm.

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“Let go!”

Benjamin pulled her into his arms. “I told you, I won’t let go of you ever again. Now, now... Stop this nonsense and come home with me, Eleanor. I promise I won’t do anything to her.”

Eleanor summoned every ounce of strength she had in her to shove him off.

“You’re crazy!” she shouted while storming toward the door, only to see two bodyguards standing outside after opening it.

“Bring her to me!” Benjamin ordered while sitting down on the couch.

“Sorry about this, Mrs. Hutton,” they mumbled as they forcefully dragged Eleanor back toward him.

Noticing how Eleanor was still glaring daggers at him, Benjamin cleared his throat and said casually, “Eleanor, you’ve already thrown your tantrum and lashed out at me. It’s about time you put an end to this nonsense and come home with me. You know how much I hate it when you bring up divorce like that, don’t you? We have become one through marriage, so you can forget about leaving my side ever again. I don’t like Amelia Winters, and I will never allow her into our household, so you can forget about her before I really get mad at you.”

Eleanor was so overwhelmed by a mixture of hatred and anger that she turned around and walked off without saying a word.

She then made her way up the stairs and went straight into Sean’s bedroom.

“Hey, Mom,” Sean greeted her when he saw her.

“I’m leaving this place. Help me pack my bags.”

Instead of bombarding her with a ton of questions, Sean simply replied, “Okay.”

Eleanor stared at him in confusion and suspicion. “Aren’t you going to try and stop me?”

“You’ve already made up your mind, haven’t you? As your son, I’ll support whatever decision you make. But, are you sure you’ve thought this through?” Sean asked with a helpless smile.

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"Yeah, I have." Eleanor replied with a nod after a brief pause.

"You will cut ties with us even though Amelia Winters doesn't intend on reuniting with you?"

Noticing no response from her, Sean walked up to her and continued, "I won't stop you from divorcing Dad, but you should remember that I'm the only son of the Hutton family. Keep in mind that you will lose a son and a daughter if you choose to leave us. Saspiuburg isn't that far away from Tayhaven, but I don't think we'll ever be seeing each other again if you leave."

"Sean, are you threatening me?"

"That's not what I meant, Mom. I'm just asking you to make a choice between us and Amelia Winters."

"Are you going to force me too?"

"You're wrong, Mom. I'm just reminding you that it's not worth giving up on this family over a daughter that has gone missing for over twenty years. Maybe you should think carefully about this before you decide on leaving. If your final decision is still to leave us, then I will go against Dad's wishes and get you out of here," Sean said as he walked out of the bedroom, leaving Eleanor rooted to the spot.

After what seemed like forever, he came back into the room and asked, "Have you made up your mind yet, Mom?"

Eleanor simply looked up at him without saying a word.

"Dad isn't around, so you can leave anytime you want," Sean added.

Eleanor gave him a strange look as she made her way toward the bedroom door.

Sean stepped aside to let her pass, but she stopped in her tracks all of a sudden.

"Mom, you should leave if you've already made up your mind. Dad says he'll respect your decision and deliver the divorce papers over to you in person the day after tomorrow. You will no longer be associated with the Hutton family in any way from here on, and neither Amelia nor I will call you 'Mom' ever again," he said gently.

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A hesitant look appeared in Eleanor's eyes upon hearing that, but she walked out of the house anyway.

"Dad, are you really going to just let Mom go like that?" Amelia asked Benjamin as the two of them came out of the other room.

"That daughter of hers is all she cares about right now, so it would be pointless to forcefully keep her around. She'll start to miss us once she has spent enough time with Amelia Winters."

"What if Mom doesn't plan on coming back at all?"

"I won't let that happen."

Where the heck does Dad get his confidence from? He keeps claiming that he won't let this family fall apart, and yet look what has happened now! Amelia thought to herself as she stared at Benjamin.

"I have an appointment with someone, so I have to get going now."

Amelia waited until Benjamin had left before making her way to Sean's room.

"Sean, aren't you going to do anything about Mom?" she asked.

Sean narrowed his eyes and replied calmly, "You saw how things were. Mom doesn't want us to get involved at all. We're nothing compared to that long-lost daughter of hers."

A look of hatred flashed past Amelia's eyes upon hearing that. "If you and Dad won't do anything about it, then neither will I! Mom has forgotten about me ever since she found that other daughter of hers anyway!" she exclaimed and stomped her feet angrily before returning to her room.

Sean too, made his way back into his room and glared coldly at the scenery outside the window.

After what seemed like forever, he grabbed his coat from the bed, took the elevator downstairs, and drove off as quickly as he could.

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Pulling up outside Clinton Corporations, he adjusted his suit and entered the building with confidence.

The lady at the front desk blushed a little when she saw a handsome man standing in front of her. "Excuse me, Sir. Do you have an appointment?" she asked in a gentle voice.

"My name is Sean Hutton, and I'm here to see Mr. Clinton. Could you give him a call and tell him that I have arrived?" Sean replied in an equally gentle manner.

"Sure thing, Sir. Please wait a moment."

The receptionist then called up the secretary on the top floor and passed on the message. Moments later, she hung up the phone and told Sean politely, "This way, Mr. Hutton. Just take the elevator straight to the top floor, and someone will show you the way to Mr. Clinton's office."

"Thank you very much."

"You're most welcome, Sir."

Sean then took the elevator to the top floor where a woman named Linda was waiting for him.

"Please follow me, Mr. Hutton," she said respectfully the moment the elevator door opened.

"Thank you, Miss."

Linda simply nodded in response and escorted him to Oscar's office. "Mr. Clinton is in a meeting at the moment, so please have a seat while you wait."

She then brought him a cup of coffee as he sat down in a chair. "Here, have some coffee, Mr. Hutton. I can fetch you some books and magazines if you feel bored."

"Thanks, but that won't be necessary."

"All right." Linda then stepped out the door and closed it behind her.

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Wow... I have to admit, Oscar really has some good taste when it comes to decorating his workplace... Sean thought to himself as he glanced at the simplistic yet luxurious-looking decor around him.

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