

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 521

Chapter 521 Out Of Prison

That night, Oscar gave Hugo a call when Amelia was asleep. "Hugo, get the lawyer to drop the charges. Then, I want you to find that woman in jail and teach her a lesson. Just make sure that whatever injuries you inflict on her can't be seen with the naked eye. I want her to fear and avoid Amelia from now on. Although my precious Amelia has already asked for mercy on that woman's behalf, I still can't let her get out of jail unscathed."

"Yes, Boss!" Hugo answered.

After hanging up, Oscar kept his phone and went to bed. He carefully took his pillow from Amelia's arms and put it under his head. Then, he kissed her forehead. "You. I don't care who begged you to spare her, but I'll do as you wish since you want me to show them mercy. However, I won't let that person get off the hook so easily."

He shut his eyes and fell asleep after that.

The next day, Oscar received a phone call from Hugo when he arrived at the office. He pressed the answer button before asking, "Have you settled everything like I told you to last night?"

"It's done. Don't worry, Boss."

"All right. Good. Tell the police to keep that woman in jail for about four to five days before letting her out."

"Don't worry, Boss. I've already arranged it. They won't let her out so easily."

"Okay. That's all for now." With that, Oscar hung up the phone.

Jennifer, who had hardly slept all night, learned from her lawyer that Oscar was dropping the charges and wasn't going to sue her mother anymore. Her hands trembled when she heard the news, and she was on the verge of crying tears of joy after confirming it.

She sobbed and said, "Thank you so much, Mr. Finley. Thank you for going back and forth from the police station to settle this. Please get my mom out of jail, no matter how much money it takes. Once this is over, I'll make sure to reimburse your efforts with a nice monetary gift."

"Don't get too excited yet, Ms. Larson. I've just gone to the police station and learned something. Although the Clintons have dropped the charges, Oscar has told the police to keep Mrs. Larson in there for a couple more days. A lot can happen during these few days. Knowing how capable Mr. Clinton is, no one can say for sure what he might do to your mother," Nigel Finley, the lawyer that Jennifer hired, replied.

Jennifer's heart dropped at once. "Mr. Finley, what do you mean by that?"

"I have a good relationship with one of the officers at the police station. He told me that Mr. Clinton instructed someone to teach Mrs. Larson a lesson. I'm afraid she might get messed with a bit. However, that's better than being sentenced to a long time in jail. I suggest you don't do anything rash in the meantime to avoid offending Mr. Clinton. Otherwise, Mrs. Larson might suffer from more consequences," Nigel advised.

That sent Jennifer into a shocked daze. After pausing for a while, she regained her voice and spoke. "Thanks for the advice, Mr. Finley."

She was getting more and more worried after hanging up the phone. Hence, she grabbed her purse and got into her car before heading toward the police station.

"Officer Lynch, can you do me a favor? I'd like to see my mom," Jennifer asked one of the female officers with a name tag showing Layla Lynch.

Layla glanced at Jennifer before saying sternly, "Ms. Larson, it's not that I don't want to help you, but Mr. Clinton has pressured our chief. He says we can't let you see your mother for now. Please don't make it hard on me. Also, don't try to ask the others to do you such a favor. At Tayhaven, the Clintons are the most influential and affluent family. Unless you manage to get someone more powerful than them to back you up, please don't give us a hard time. I'm sorry. I can't help you."

“Officer Lynch, it’s not like my mom has committed a serious crime, nor did she rob or kill. All she did was accidentally hurt someone during an altercation. Besides, the victim wasn’t even seriously injured. Usually, the offender would privately compensate the other party for this kind of crime, no? What right do you have to prevent me from seeing my mom? Are you not afraid that I’ll get my lawyer to sue the police station for wrongful detention and preventing family members from visiting? Although I can’t afford to mess with Oscar, I’m still capable of getting you fired, you know?” Jennifer’s eyes narrowed as she threatened Layla.

That prompted a cold glare from Layla, who grabbed a stack of documents from the table. “Ms. Larson, if you have so much free time on hand, why don’t you get back to work? I’m only doing as told by my superiors. I’ll accept all of your complaints if you’re not satisfied with my job performance. However, please don’t disrupt me from doing my job. If you want to offend Oscar again and let him sue you guys once more, that’s up to you. If not, please go home and wait for updates.”

She then turned around and left.

Jennifer scratched her head in frustration. Ultimately, she had no choice but to leave the police station. After thinking things through, she decided it was best not to offend Oscar because she feared her mother would suffer the consequences.

Jennifer felt defeated under Oscar’s suppression. Try as she may, none of her connections worked. For the first time in her life, she realized how drastically different family backgrounds could influence two parties’ outcomes in a fight.

She walked out of the police station and drove home dejectedly.

“Dad,” Jennifer greeted when she walked into the living room. Her father, Vincent, was sitting on the couch while drinking alone. She walked toward him and asked, “Are you not going to work today?”

Vincent put down the glass in his hand and said, “I don’t have the mood for that because I haven’t heard anything from your mom yet. That’s why I’m drinking at home to relieve my stress.”

“Dad, Oscar is planning on dropping the charges. I’ve just gone to the police station. They told me Oscar is only keeping mom in there for a few days before letting her out. By then, our family will reunite.”

Vincent's eyes lit up instantly, and his mood improved. He asked with excitement, "Really?"

"Yes, dad. I've already gotten someone to verify it. Indeed, Oscar told his lawyer to drop the charges. In the next few days, Mom will be released from jail."

Jennifer then sat down next to Vincent and took the alcohol off the table. "Dad, drink less, okay? It's not good for your health."

That sparked a smile on Vincent's face. "I'm troubled, that's all. It's the only reason I'm drinking. Once your mom gets home, I'll be so happy that I won't drink anymore. Still, we've been trying to convince Oscar to drop the charges for so long. Why did he suddenly change his mind?"

That last question puzzled Vincent greatly.

Jennifer pondered for a while before saying, "I went to see Derrick, Tiffany's boyfriend, for help yesterday. Since Tiffany is Amelia's best friend, I guess Derrick told Tiffany to put in some good words with Amelia."

Vincent gave it some thought and said meaningfully, "In that case, you've got to thank Derrick. When your mum gets out, we should treat him to dinner. And, since his mum likes you, perhaps you should try to impress his mum too."

"Dad, what are you on about?" Jennifer abruptly stood up from the couch and added, "I'm exhausted. I'll head upstairs to rest now."

She then walked up the stairs without sparing him another glance.

Vincent couldn't help but darken his gaze as he watched Jennifer go up to her room. After that, he sat back down on the couch and continued drinking.

After a few days, Laura was finally getting released. Jennifer and Vincent noticed her weakened mental state when they went to fetch her. She was not only pale but had also lost quite a bit of weight. In fact, she had lost all of her elegance and confident aura, and she looked dispirited when she got out.

Jennifer went up to Laura and held her before asking worriedly, "Mom, what happened to you?"

Yet, Laura only shook her head and answered weakly, "Let's head home. I'm feeling a little tired."

Jennifer then helped Laura to the car. She was utterly heartbroken when she saw how much the latter had changed into a shell of a person in less than half a month.

"Mom, I'm sorry," Jennifer apologized remorsefully.

Despite that apology, Laura just shut her eyes and replied weakly, "Jennifer, I need to sleep. Wake me up when we get home."

She then gradually drifted to sleep. At that moment, anyone could tell she looked very dog-tired.

Jennifer's heart churned at her mother's miserable-looking state. If only I'd listened to my family, none of this would've happened.

"Dad, we should sue the officers at the police station. It's not like the Larson family is a low-class family that others can step all over on. We should teach those incompetent public servants a lesson and show them the Clintons aren't the only ones in Tayhaven with money. Although we can't afford to go up against the Clintons, I don't think we're so powerless against those officers." Jennifer narrowed her eyes and gritted her teeth.

Vincent's gaze darkened as he grimly answered, "Jennifer, now that your mum has finally got released, we ought not to cause any trouble in the meantime. We should at least wait until things settle down before doing anything."

A moment passed as Jennifer pondered before reluctantly answering, "Got it, Dad."

When they arrived at the Larsons' residence, Jennifer woke Laura up by gently nudging the latter's shoulders. "Mom, we're home. Wake up."

Laura opened her tired eyes and feebly asked, "We're here?"

"Yes. We're home." Jennifer cautiously helped the former out of the car while saying, "Mom, be careful."

Upon entering the mansion, a maid was waiting for them with a bucket of water.

"Mom, you've been in there for a few days. I recently heard about this superstitious belief that you should get splashed with a bucket of water to wash off all your bad luck. Is it okay if you do it?" Jennifer asked nicely.

Laura's gaze suddenly snapped toward Jennifer upon hearing that. Within a second, it was as if Laura had gone berserk, and she shouted, "What are you trying to do, Jennifer? Did you want me to stay at the police station longer? Do you have to come up with such a dirty trick to torture me?"

That aggressive reaction shocked every cell within Jennifer.

She asked in disbelief, "Mom, what's up with you? Is something wrong?"

Laura took a deep breath and calmed herself before saying, "It's nothing. Get the maid to leave now."

At that point, Jennifer had no choice but to wave the maid away.

It was then that Laura shrugged Jennifer's hands off her and sat on the couch on her own.

"Mom, why don't I get a glass of warm milk for you?" Jennifer asked.

However, Laura shook her head. "There's no need for that."

Suspicion and concern overwhelmed Jennifer as she walked over and sat beside her mother. She asked softly, "Mom, what's wrong with you? Are you tired? Do you want me to help you upstairs to rest?"

Again, Laura waved her hand in dismissal and said, "Jennifer, why don't we get out of the country instead? Let's not stay here anymore."

That comment caused Jennifer to widen her eyes in shock as she asked, "Mom, why do you want to get out of the country so suddenly?"

A grim look crept up Laura's face at once. She glowered at Jennifer, her face distorted with rage as she snapped, "Suddenly? Jennifer, don't you have a conscience? Am I not like this because of you? Do you know what I've gone through in jail? I'm a sophisticated and wealthy woman! Do you know I got bullied and beaten up in there? Since when have I ever suffered such a treatment? All of this is your fault! You're the reason I've become this haggard-looking thing!"

"Mom, you're blaming me for everything?" Jennifer's voice was trembling, and tears were welling up in her eyes. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 522

Chapter 522 Delusional Disorder

Laura stood up from the couch immediately. Looking at Jennifer top-down, she said, "Can't I even hold you responsible for what you've caused?"

Jennifer crossed her arms tightly when she heard that. A sense of helplessness flashed beneath her eyes at the same time.

She then explained, "Mom, I don't mean that. I swear that I was super anxious when you got arrested. I even searched everywhere for connections to help us out."

"I'm a little tired, so I'm going upstairs to rest. If you wish to say anything else, do it later," Laura said while waving dismissively before heading upstairs alone.

Jennifer got up from the couch but could only watch as her mother stormed upstairs into the latter's bedroom.

Frustration and annoyance overwhelmed Jennifer at that moment. She turned to Vincent and uttered, "Dad, I swear I didn't do it. I'm not..."

"All right, that's enough. Your mom just got released from the police station. They must have given her a hard time there. Thus, it's only understandable for her to vent her exasperation onto you. Now, I'll go and check up on her. Don't worry too much about it. I'm sure everything will be okay," consoled Vincent.

He then went upstairs to look for Laura. With that, Jennifer was left all alone in the living room. A sudden sense of unfamiliarity surged in her as she glanced resignedly at the massive villa around her.

It did not take long before Vincent arrived upstairs and knocked on Laura's bedroom door. While standing outside, he politely stated, "I'm coming in, okay?"

With those words, he opened the door to let himself in.

Inside, Laura sat on the bed with her shoulders slumping dispiritedly and a downcast expression.

"Things have been pretty hard on you, Dear." Vincent walked over to Laura. He wrapped his arms around her and consoled gently, "Try to relax now that you're back. You've got to loosen up. In the past few days, Jennifer has been awfully worried about you. She tried everything to make Oscar remove his charges against you. Jennifer had a hard time dealing with this matter, too, you know? It's not wise to take your anger out on her. Otherwise, she might feel even more hurt from how you're treating her."

After heaving a sigh, Laura replied weakly, "I've felt so suffocated with panic this entire time. While I was in the police station these past few days, I experienced all the unprecedented atrocities committed by the police. They can even thrash someone up without leaving a trace. While I was there, I felt so tormented that I wished I was dead. Vincent, it's a man-eat-man world in this country. Why don't we go overseas? I've learned my lesson after experiencing defeat, and I'm genuinely afraid of what will happen. Let's go abroad, okay? Please? I'm begging you."

Vincent's heart churned upon seeing his wife in such a miserable state. He took her into his arms and hugged her gently. After that, he said, "Okay, it's all right. You're home now. No one can do anything to you from now."

Not receiving the answer she wanted, Laura was so emotional that she finally broke down. She shoved Vincent aside and pulled at her hair with both hands.

Vincent immediately grabbed Laura's hands to stop her. He urged anxiously, "Dear, don't do that. I'm here for you. No one can do anything to you anymore."

Laura clenched at Vincent's clothes tightly. She shot him a red-eyed glare and said, "Vincent, I've been through hell and back these few days. Please, let's move overseas. It turns out that Oscar is the devil himself. He even appeared in the cell with a tiny needle and plunged it into my body. At that moment, all I felt was immense pain. That excruciating pain spread throughout my entire body in an instant. However, even though I was in so much pain, there was not even a single puncture mark on my skin. Oscar is a cold-blooded demon who will use any heinous method to achieve his aim. I don't wish to face him ever again. He terrifies me..."

Her blurry gaze darkened even more as she said those words. Noticing her hysterical reaction, Vincent held her gently in his arms and said, "Dear, calm down. You're back with your family now. No one else can hurt you anymore."

Laura buried her head in Vincent's chest and sobbed pitifully. Her mental state was in bad shape, and she looked like she was on the verge of going berserk.

"Vincent, I'm asking you again. Let's go abroad. Please, I can't stay here any longer. Oscar was vicious like the devil. You don't know what he has done to me in there. No matter how hard I screamed, no one came to my rescue when Oscar tortured me at the police station. Those policemen are supposed to enforce law and order. Yet, they turned a blind eye to the abuse I received. To think that our family spent so much money socializing with higher-ups in the police force every year to maintain good ties. In front of Oscar, those policemen are just like his lackeys. Since we're no match for Oscar, it's best that we move abroad," muttered Laura fearfully. She gravely feared Oscar after her ordeal at the police station. Laura could not imagine that Oscar would dare to lay his hand on a middle-aged lady like her, yet he did. He tortured her to no end.

"Dear, hush now and be good. This place is our home. You're safe here. No one can do anything to you, okay? There's no need to be afraid," Vincent soothed gently again.

Suddenly, Laura seemed to recall something. Her voice unwittingly quivered as she muttered, "Wait, there's more. Oscar got someone to inject an unknown substance into me. After that, I couldn't control my temper anymore. Whenever I listen to other people talking, a hysterical rage takes over my senses. I have no control over my temperament anymore. Vincent, please take me to the hospital for a check-up. I don't want to be a freak. I don't want my family members to desert me one by one."

When Vincent heard that, a glint of hostility flashed through his eyes as they slowly reddened.

"Don't be afraid. I'm here for you. I'm going to bring you to the hospital for a check-up now. If the doctors do uncover anything, that means we have evidence to sue Oscar in court. Even if he thinks he's above the law, the law doesn't turn a blind eye to injustice. Thus, be good for now. Have no fear," reassured Vincent gently.

Laura's body could not stop trembling. She clutched tightly onto Vincent with both her hands. Before that, she was a high-and-mighty wealthy lady who would never behave with such fear. Vincent could not imagine what form of inhumane torture Laura had been through during her lock-up such that she became a changed person now.

Soon after, Vincent and Jennifer took Laura to the hospital for a check-up. However, the doctor found no signs of injuries or injections done on Laura. Hence, the doctor concluded that the latter might have been delusional after enduring too much stress.

When Laura heard that, her eyes widened with rage. She bellowed, "Someone injected an unknown substance into me. Why are you saying there's nothing to be found, you useless doctor? Tell me. Are you in cahoots with Oscar? Did you pocket a lot of money from him to deny my claims?"

That sudden outburst startled the doctor.

In an instant, Jennifer hugged Laura's waist and urged, "Mom, please calm down. You'll be all right. You're just too stressed out mentally, that's all. Nothing's wrong."

Laura lowered her head and glared intently at Jennifer. She then muttered, "Jennifer, will you only feel satiated if I die? Is that it?"

Upon hearing that, Jennifer felt exceptionally upset inside. Mom's like this after spending less than half a year in prison. I can't imagine what kind of inhumane torture she went through during her lock-up period.

"Mom, please calm down. I'm here for you. Since there's nothing productive in this hospital's medical report, we'll go to another hospital for a check-up. There are so many other good hospitals around these days. I'm sure you'll be okay," persuaded Jennifer, trying her best to be patient with Laura.

That helped Laura finally calm down.

Vincent added, "Jennifer, why don't you take your mother outside and wait for a while? I need to say a few things to the doctor. I'll be out in a jiffy."

Jennifer nodded her head in acknowledgment. Then, she supported and helped Laura out of the doctor's office.

When Vincent and the doctor were the only ones left in the doctor's office, he asked, "What are the actual results of my wife's check-up? Is it severe?"

"Mr. Larson, perhaps Mrs. Larson is under too much mental stress. I suggest you take her to the psychiatry department for a consultation. Otherwise, her mental condition may deteriorate further with time. Alternatively, you may seek a psychologist to help counsel her," advised the doctor earnestly.

"I understand, doctor." After Vincent thought about it, he asked, "What about her physical state? Are there really no problems?"

"As there are no wounds on Mrs. Larson, I think the main issue lies in her mental wellness. I suspect she's suffering from delusional disorder. Once this mental illness takes place, it will immerse the patient in a fictional world. The patient will be in a constant state of phobia. After a prolonged period, it will be detrimental to her mental health. I think you should seek early treatment for her," replied the doctor.

After that, Vincent dragged himself out of the doctor's office with dreary footsteps.

He looked over at Laura, who had slumped on Jennifer's shoulder and dozed off. Instantly, Vincent felt a pulsating pain pierce through his heart.

He walked over and looked closely at Laura. After her release from the police cell, Laura had aged considerably. When Vincent realized how weathered she looked, his eyes turned red and teary.

In an instant, he realized how formidable Oscar was. The latter had a reputation as a business marvel. Oscar was far more lethal than Vincent had imagined him to be. After all, Laura had only hurt Amelia slightly with her carelessness. Yet, Oscar used extreme torture methods against Laura over that.

A silent hatred for Oscar conjured in Vincent's heart. The latter thought about how he had a happy family of three in the past. That was no longer true, as Laura had ended up in such a terrible mental state. Even if Vincent were to gather all his connections and resources, he wasn't sure if they could cure Laura. At that moment, he wanted nothing but to end the life of that brute, Oscar.

"Dad, what did the doctor say? Is Mom's condition severe?" Jennifer whispered.

"The doctor said she may have something called 'delusional disorder,' so we need to seek a diagnosis in the psychiatry department. He also suggests that we get a psychologist to counsel her. The illness will mentally destroy Laura if we don't seek out either treatment," replied Vincent in a low voice as he peered worriedly at Laura.

Disbelief flashed on Jennifer's face as she clutched Laura's hands tightly.

"Dad, how did everything end up like this?" asked Jennifer, who refused to believe what she heard.

Vincent's brows furrowed. "Let's head home for now. Then, we'll think of a way to convince Laura to see a psychologist. We need to be careful about this as we don't want to spark resistance from her. If that happens, she'll reject our efforts."

Jennifer nodded and thought resignedly. We can only take it one step at a time now.