

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 523

Chapter 523 I Feel Relaxed When You Are Safe

Laura's symptoms were worse than they thought. After returning home for only three days, she had already developed a phobia of people, saying the housekeepers were assassins sent by other people to kill her. She had locked herself in the bedroom, refusing to see anyone. Vincent had someone open the door and calmed the hysterical Laura down. Only then did Laura finally get some rest thanks to a tranquilizer.

Vincent had hired a renowned psychiatrist for Laura, but he did not expect Laura to react violently to this idea. Laura even told Vincent and Jennifer to let her be. She would be dying soon and both of them would be free to do whatever they wanted with no one breathing down their backs.

Both father and daughter felt uncomfortable hearing those words from Laura. They were once a loving family, yet they ended up in this horrendous situation.

Unable to take it anymore, Jennifer rushed to Amelia's workplace. She sat in the car, glaring at the building in front of her, her fist clenched, and pure hatred shone in her eyes.

Jennifer felt the urge to murder Amelia right on the spot. How could she be so venomous? Sure, Mom was the one at fault, but it wasn't even serious. How could she be so cold-hearted as to let Oscar lift his hand against an old lady? I've already apologized and thought we could steer clear of each other. So why wouldn't she let bygones be bygones and leave Mom alone? Is she only going to be satisfied if Mom is forced to death?

Jennifer brought her fist down, hard, against the steering wheel, her eyes seething with unbridled rage. She could not care less if she was being reckless now. All she wanted was revenge for her mother. The once elegant lady had been reduced to a crazy woman who had completely lost her mind. Her heart ached for her mother.

Jennifer was waiting for Amelia in her car. When she caught her figure exiting the building, she quickly opened the car door and stomped furiously toward Amelia, her anger barely contained.

Rory stood beside Amelia and saw Jennifer heading toward them. Her first instinct was to hide behind Amelia and secretly push her forward. Amelia didn't notice Jennifer and was cluelessly edged forward by Rory. This allowed Jennifer to slap her across the face without hesitation.

The sudden slap shocked Amelia to the core. She couldn't really comprehend what had just happened.

Rory smirked inwardly when she saw Amelia getting hit across the face. Recomposing herself, she planned to comfort Amelia, but Lydia beat her to it. Lydia pulled Amelia to her side, looking concerned. "Amelia, are you all right?"

Amelia shook her head, still confused about what had just happened.

Lydia looked toward the culprit in question and huffed, "What is your problem? How could you just hit someone like that?"

Jennifer looked furious as she pointed at Amelia and spat, "Why don't you ask that wench? All my mom did was give her a slight injury! Not only did she sue my mom, but she also asked the Clintons to harass her and now she has mental issues! Thanks to that traumatic experience, she is now afraid of even the slightest movement of wind, and it's all thanks to her. She is a wicked woman and if I could, I would murder her right on the spot."

Lydia's gaze turned icy. "Look here, Miss. Accusations must come along with proof. Judging from your accusations, I could tell who your mother is. Your mother was wrong to hurt people, and she got locked up because she made a mistake. Amelia withdrew her lawsuit against your family and you don't even have to pay a single cent for it. Not only are you being ungrateful, but you even attacked her for no reason. How shameless can you be? If you keep acting up, I will call the cops. If you cannot act logically, explain yourself back at the police station and quit acting like a mad dog."

Yet Jennifer only had her eyes set on Amelia, who was being shielded. She clenched her teeth and demanded, "Amelia, don't you have anything to say to me? Stop being a coward and speak."

Before Amelia could reply, Oscar's voice came from a distance. "I am the one responsible for your mother's condition, not Amelia. If you are holding a grudge, by all means, come at me, but don't you ever disturb my wife over this issue. I was the one who withdrew the lawsuit, but I can easily revoke it and send your mother back to that cell again. Believe me, I never go back on my word."

Jennifer's body stiffened at the warning.

She never expected Oscar to show up at that moment.

Her face turned pale in an instant. She didn't dare to lift her head to confirm if Oscar really came.

Oscar caused Laura's current condition, and Jennifer was more or less afraid of him.

When Oscar made his way over, Lydia greeted, "Mr. Clinton," and took her leave, giving Amelia and Oscar some time to themselves.

Oscar lifted Amelia's face and caught a glance of the swelling bruise on the right side of her face. His expression immediately darkened.

Oscar turned his fuming glare toward Jennifer and raged, "Ms. Larson, since you are so bold as to hurt someone in public, I think you would like a taste of what it's like to be locked up."

With that, he took out his phone and prepare to make a call but was stopped by a delicate hand. He glanced over and saw Amelia holding on to his arm.

"What's wrong?" asked Oscar gently.

"You don't have to do this, really." Amelia shook her head. Then, looking at Jennifer, she said, "Ms. Larson, I don't know what happened to your mother, but everything was handled by the police, not by me. I think you should be more rational. If you ever cause any problems for me again, I will call the police."

She straightened herself, glanced over at Oscar, and smiled. "Let's go, Oscar."

Oscar wrapped his arm around her waist. "All right."

While bringing Amelia over to the car, Oscar didn't forget to give Rory a warning stare, sending shivers down her spine.

In the car, Amelia turned to look at Oscar, who was still fuming. She said sheepishly, "Sorry about what happened, Oscar. Don't be mad. I'm fine, really."

Oscar, still focused on the road ahead, grunted, "Stay away from Rory."

Amelia was confused. "What does this have to do with Rory?"

"When I was in the car, I saw Rory hiding behind you and pushing you to the front. That's what caused you to get slapped by Jennifer so easily. Stay away from her. She may look innocent, but she is very conniving. I don't want you associating with people like that."

Amelia sighed and agreed, "I will try to keep my distance from her."

Oscar simply nodded.

The two fell silent once again.

After a short while, Amelia asked, "Back there, what Jennifer said, is it true?"

"It was my doing. She caused you pain, and you decided not to press charges. But I am a person who hates to see my loved ones feeling pain. I did something to her in prison. Don't worry, it isn't serious. Just some scratches, nothing life-threatening. Why? Do you think I was too cruel?" Oscar asked, looking at her.

Amelia shook her head. "No, I just don't want you to soil your reputation and hands doing dirty work for my sake. Sure, it was her fault for hurting me, but we have already given her just deserts. Now look, we have a sudden grudge with the Larsons."

“Are you blaming me for this?”

“Oscar, you know I will never blame you for defending my honor. What I want is for you not to be reckless. You and Tony are the closes to my heart, so please I don’t mind what happened and I’m feeling fine.”

Oscar’s complexion lightened up.

With all seriousness, he told Amelia, “Why don’t you resign? I don’t feel at ease with you working there alone. Since you like designing, I’ll open a private studio for you. You don’t have to start off from the bottom with the risk of being scammed, and you’ll have more freedom in your design.”

Amelia found the turn of the conversation to be quite hilarious. She placed her hand on Oscar’s. “Oscar, didn’t you promise not to interfere with my working life?”

Oscar’s gaze at her broodingly. “We are barely through the month and that mother-daughter duo has already hurt you twice. How can I feel assured when you are always in danger? Either you resign or you agree with me sending you a bodyguard. That is my bottom line.”

Amelia hesitated but agreed in order to keep her job.

“All right, then. But they can only protect me from the shadows.”

“I’ll get Jolin to work in your company and in the same department. That way, she can protect you twenty-four-seven.”

“Who is Jolin?”

“She is a recruit from my team.”

“What happened to the previous one?”

“She’s too pretty. Her face will only bring disturbance to the company, which cannot keep you safe.”

This left Amelia dumbfounded.

Oscar brightened up and said, “Don’t you fret. I won’t let Jolin interfere with your work, nor will I ask her to report your every move or who you’re with. While she is with you, you are her master. Her loyalty is that of Kurt’s. She will not betray you unless it is your own orders.”

“Oscar, you know I don’t mean that.”

“I just want to reassure you that I don’t mean anything else. I just want you to be safe.”

Amelia looked at him and said affectionately, “I understand.” Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 524
Chapter 524 Intentional Disclosure

Jennifer remained frozen in front of the company’s entrance. She looked down at the hand with which she slapped Amelia Winters earlier. Her mind was a mess right now. She worried that Oscar might go after her parents for trouble since he had witnessed her slapping Amelia.

Laura, Jennifer’s mother, was already in such mental disarray. Hence, Jennifer didn’t want to worsen things by pushing her already broken family further into an unimaginable nightmare.

After what happened to her mother, Jennifer was no longer the arrogant, self-righteous daughter of a wealthy family. She had learned to self-deprecate and not overestimate her importance.

“Ms. Larson.” A hand was waving before her eyes. She looked up and saw that it was the girl who always passed by her, but she didn’t know the latter’s name.

“Hi, Ms. Larson. My name is Rory Sanders. You don’t look well. Would you like to join me at the café nearby? Drinking coffee might help alleviate your mood. So, what do you think? Are you interested in joining me?”

It was then that Jennifer stared intently at Rory. The latter felt her heart skip a beat upon seeing Jennifer's unwavering gaze.

"Sure." Jennifer nodded, surprising Rory, who thought she would get turned down.

The duo then went to a café nearby. As it was after office hours, it wasn't crowded. They picked a table near the window and took a seat.

The two had ordered lattes. When the waiter served the freshly brewed coffee, Jennifer stirred her cup with a teaspoon. By then, she had returned to her usual aloof and arrogant demeanor.

She felt that an entry-level white collar like Rory was only an ordinary woman and not of the same class as her. In truth, she merely joined Rory for a coffee to obtain some information from the latter.

"Are you close with Amelia Winters?" Jennifer asked.

Rory nodded. A smile graced her features as she replied, "We work in the same department, so I know her better than the others do."

"It seems you two have a close relationship. In that case, why did you ask to have coffee with me? I'm sure you know I'm not on good terms with her. Aren't you afraid that she'll be wary of you once she learns you met me behind her back?" Jennifer's lips thinned as she looked at Rory with a cynical smile.

Rory took a sip of her coffee and replied, "Ms. Larson, I'm only a village girl who just graduated from university. Meanwhile, she's Mrs. Clinton. Her wealthy husband adores her to bits. Do you think someone with her status will want to be my friend? Tsk. She's only being nice to me out of pity. She promised to help me attain the supervisor position this time around, yet she eventually recommended another colleague from the same department to the boss. That person is now a supervisor, while I've become the laughing stock of the department. Do you still think she and I are close? She's only putting up a kind front. Nobody knows that she's more heartless than everyone else. I figured it's better to befriend you, someone who shares the same sentiments toward my enemy. Hence, I wondered if you wanted to be my friend. Of course, it's up to you whether you're willing to befriend a village girl like me."

Jennifer sized her up cautiously. Then, she chuckled and extended a hand while saying, "Friends?"

Rory reached out too and held the former's hand. "Friends."

The two gazed at each other as though they had reached a consensus.

"Did you say you come from the village? I can't tell, though," Jennifer said, crossing her arms before her chest.

Rory smiled and replied, "Country bumpkins like me have to dress ourselves up once we get into the workplace. Nonetheless, a defective item will also remain defective regardless of the cover-up. No matter how pretty I dress myself up, I am always a village girl. That's why I try my best to climb up the corporate ladder. It's also the reason I'm currying favor with someone wealthy like you now, Ms. Larson."

Rory knew wealthy people were usually cautious. Instead of concealing her true intent, she felt it was better to own up to them and be frank. That way, those wealthy people would think of her as sincere, and they might change their perspective toward her. After all, a good word from such affluent people could help her climb the corporate ladder without any hurdles.

Jennifer glanced at her again and smiled. "I didn't expect you to tell me the truth so plain and simple. You're indeed a forthright person."

"Ms. Larson, a nobody like me who wants to befriend someone like you has nothing but a sincere heart. However, you're born in a wealthy family, so you're never short of money and people to flatter you. Hence, I figured all you're looking for is sincerity from others. Am I right, Ms. Larson?" Rory candidly asked.

Jennifer nodded. However, her eyes narrowed to slits as she added, "Still, I don't quite like the way you act as though you can see through everything. Make no mistake. A young girl like you can get in trouble for acting like you're smarter than everyone else."

The smile on Rory's face tensed upon hearing that.

She then pretended to play dumb, “What do you mean by that, Ms. Larson?”

Jennifer snapped her fingers and answered, “Nothing. I merely wanted to let you know that I detest hypocritical sincerity from others. Nonetheless, I can appreciate your aggressiveness in climbing the corporate ladder. What’s more, I like our exchange of interests in being friends.”

Rory giggled. “Ms. Larson, did you get me wrong? I’ve never thought of getting any benefits from you. Money? You won’t give it to me for no reason. A house? That’s even more impossible. A position in the company? You’re not working in our company, so you can’t possibly interfere with the staffing arrangement. Therefore, I won’t receive any benefits from being friends with you. I’m merely doing this because Amelia’s hypocrisy enrages me, and I want her to suffer for it. All I hope to achieve is humiliate her at my workplace with your help.”

Jennifer patiently listened without giving any comments.

Rory observed Jennifer’s expression cautiously. She felt a shudder in her heart when she noticed the latter was also sizing her up. She initially assumed Jennifer was merely a daughter of a wealthy family who knew nothing. Yet, it turned out that the latter was impressively intelligent.

“It seems like you’re not keen on being my friend, Ms. Larson. Well, forget about it. I’m just a busybody who wanted to hear you out, but I need to make a move now to catch the train. Toodles!” Rory said as she grabbed her bag and stood up.

“Sit down,” Jennifer ordered with an aloof expression. Her arms crossed in front of her chest.

Having heard that, Rory obediently returned to her seat.

“You’ll help me monitor Amelia Winters and report her every action to me. Seeing how she’s the reason why my mom is now mentally deranged, I have to vent my anger by tarnishing her reputation. As long as she gets humiliated in public, I’ll transfer you to our company as a department director. Your salary will be triple your current earnings. I think this position is attractive enough to you, isn’t it?” Jennifer spoke arrogantly.

A maliciously dark shade of greed flashed across Rory’s eyes upon hearing that.

She instantly agreed, "Sure."

"However, a young girl like you should know your limits. Don't play the devil's advocate by telling Amelia the same as what you told me. I hate people with evil intentions who think they can have it all. So, be very careful because you could hurt yourself for biting off more than you can chew," Jennifer warned while shooting a vicious glare.

Rory smiled. "Ms. Larson, I'm not a fool."

"You better not be."

Rory lowered her gaze and asked hesitantly, "Ms. Larson, I wonder if I should disclose something that I've recently learned to you."

"Go on."

"Besides her husband, Mrs. Clinton is also close with two other men. One of them is Carter, and another guy is a foreigner named June. I researched June and found out that he's the fiancé of Cassie Yard. Coincidentally, Cassie is also Mr. Clinton's ex-girlfriend. Their relationship seems rather complicated. That's what I've observed thus far. I'm unsure if you'll have any use for this info," Rory said.

That sent Jennifer into deep thought.

She stood up the next second and picked up her bag. "I've got something to do now. Give me your contact number. I'll call you if there's anything I need. Don't forget to report to me if you find anything unusual about Amelia."

With that, she turned and left.

Standing on the spot, Rory looked at Jennifer's departing figure. A sneer crept onto her face, and a tinge of viciousness flashed across her eyes.

She mused, “Hah! You think you’re the most powerful person in the company, Amelia? Well, let’s see how you’ll cope with getting humiliated. Things are about to get more fun now that I’ve sparked Jennifer’s hatred toward you.” Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 525

Chapter 525 Worsened

After Jennifer got home, she asked some people to look into June. When she received a stack of documents regarding June’s private information, she looked through them intently. A smirk flashed on her face as she scoffed, “June’s appearance gives off the impression of someone loyal and a womanizer at the same time. During his and Cassie’s years-long romantic relationship, he had also been fooling around with other women. Indeed, he’s made full use of his abilities to woo women. Yet, it does seem like he’s in love with Cassie, judging by how he looks at her in these photos. Those two wicked people are indeed a match made in heaven. Neither of them is sincere when it comes to relationships. No wonder they remained together for so many years.”

After flipping through the rest of the information, she kept those documents inside her bookcase and locked them up.

She went and stood by the window, quietly gazing at the scenery outside. One could not tell what she felt at that moment.

Right then, someone knocked on her door anxiously. A maid soon called out, “Ms. Larson, something’s wrong! Mrs. Larson is having another episode! She’s smashing everything in sight. Please hurry downstairs.”

That sent a shock wave through Jennifer’s mind. She made her way downstairs with haste, where Laura behaved like a lunatic and bashed things into pieces. Her expression instantly changed as she went up to Laura and hugged the latter. “Mom, I’m Jennifer. I’m your daughter. Please calm down before you hurt yourself.”

Laura vented her emotions for a while before she eventually calmed down. She turned around to look at Jennifer with a horrified expression. “Jennifer, someone was trying to kill me! That person was aiming a gun at me. That’s why I rushed downstairs to scare him away with these. After that, you came down. Yes, you came down right after that. Jennifer, you have to protect me. These people are scary.”

Jennifer's eyes reddened as she looked at the crazed Laura in shock. She felt like her heart was being torn apart by a pair of invisible hands.

It broke her heart to see her well-mannered and elegant mother become this hysterical woman. At the same time, she felt remorseful, as if an ocean of guilty thoughts were suffocating her mind.

How I wish I could undo everything. If there were a way to reverse time, I would do it right away. I shouldn't have come back from overseas during my parents' and I's last visit there. I would've never looked for Carter again, and perhaps my mom would still be sane. She wouldn't become how she is now if I'd done all that. Oscar and Amelia, you guys are so heartless. If my mom's condition can't get healed, I'll remember all the hardships she's going through now and avenge her. An eye for an eye, after all. Wait and see, you too. I'll undoubtedly seek my revenge.

After Jennifer helped Laura settle down, she rang her family doctor and asked him to come over to have a look at the latter. While waiting for the doctor's arrival, she exploded in rage. "Esme, what happened? Didn't I ask you to take care of my mom? Is this how you do your job?"

Esme Xanthos, a plump maid in her fifties, rushed over and answered cautiously, "Ms. Larson, I didn't mean to let this happen. I was right next to Mrs. Larson when she was fast asleep earlier. Suddenly, she woke up and said someone wanted to kill her. Before I could react sensibly, Mrs. Larson had already rushed down the stairs. What happened next was what you just saw, Ms. Larson."

Jennifer rubbed her forehead and said in frustration, "Okay. You can leave now."

"Yes, Ms. Larson."

After that, Jennifer glanced at all the maids present and instructed, "No one is allowed to tell my dad about my mom's episode earlier. If he finds out about this, all of you might as well pack up and leave the Larson residence."

"Understood, Ms. Larson."

Some time passed before the family doctor, Johnny Dixon, arrived alongside two nurses. Jennifer rushed to welcome them and politely said, "Mr. Dixon, my mom has fallen sick again. Please take a look at her. She's upstairs."

"Calm down, Jennifer. I'll go check on her now," Johnny said.

He then went upstairs to examine Laura's condition, which soon led to a solemn expression on his face. That worried Jennifer, so she asked, "Mr. Dixon, how is it? Is my mom's condition serious?"

Johnny tucked Laura's hand back under the blanket before standing up. He looked at Jennifer and said, "Let's talk about this in the study instead."

That only made Jennifer even more concerned. Her heart raced at lightning speed, making her feel a little faint.

Upon arriving at the study, Jennifer asked immediately, "Mr. Dixon, how is my mom doing?"

"I suggest you guys admit her into the psychiatric hospital where she can get proper treatment. Otherwise, her condition is going to worsen," Johnny suggested solemnly.

Jennifer's eyes widened while her face paled to a ghastly white. Even her hands started to tremble. Nevertheless, she flashed a tense smile before asking, "Mr. Dixon, you're kidding me, right?"

"I've known your mom for over twenty-odd years now, Jennifer. If I could treat her condition, I would because I don't want her to get sent to the psychiatric hospital either. However, things are getting serious. Your mom's mental health has deteriorated rapidly over the past few days. If you don't admit her to the psychiatric hospital, I'm afraid her condition will only worsen from now on," Johnny answered.

Hands still trembling, Jennifer asked in despair, "Mr. Dixon, is there truly no other way?"

Johnny shook his head in response.

After he left, Jennifer slumped onto the floor while various thoughts ran wild in her mind. How did this happen? Everything was fine, weren't they? Why does Mom suddenly need to be admitted to the psychiatric hospital? It's all happening too fast!

Everything felt like a dream and seemed too surreal at that moment.

Not long after that, Laura woke up but seemed absolutely normal. As she climbed off her bed, Jennifer came out of the bathroom.

Laura flashed a gentle smile while asking, "Are you not working today, Jennifer?"

Seeing her mother's sudden change in demeanor, Jennifer froze and stared blankly at the former.

"What's wrong? Don't you recognize your own mom?" Laura chuckled.

"Mom, are you okay?"

"Nonsense! Why wouldn't I be? What time is it now? I'm feeling hungry all of a sudden. I'm going downstairs to get something to eat. Do you want anything?"

"Y-Yes. Of course." Jennifer paused for a moment before nodding profusely.

Laura seemed to have returned to her normal mental state, and the family of three soon had dinner together when Vincent came home. The latter took some food for Laura and uttered, "Eat more, okay?"

"Sure!" Laura was gobbling down the food happily. At that moment, everything seemed normal, and they had a good time together.

After dinner, they even watched a drama on the television. While doing so, Laura was excitedly discussing the plot with Jennifer. In response, Jennifer used her eloquence jokes to cheer her mother up.

Since Laura and Vincent were people of age, they went to bed after an hour later. At that point, Jennifer had switched off the television and retired into her room too. She then climbed into bed before going on her phone.

Now that Laura had mysteriously recovered, Jennifer thought about Carter again, whom she hadn't seen for a few days. She scrolled through her contact list, and her eyes fixated on Carter's name for the longest while.

Should I call him? Should I not? Should I? Should I not? Jennifer was in a dilemma.

After pondering for a while, she ultimately decided to type a message: Are you asleep? I haven't seen you in so many days, and I'm starting to miss you. I'm sorry for throwing a tantrum over my mom. Please don't be angry at me anymore, okay? I was wrong.

Before sending the text to Carter, she looked at the contents of her message and smiled bitterly. Don't I have principle and dignity? I'll look so spineless if I send this to him.

In the end, Jennifer decided not to send the text. She put her phone aside and fell asleep with the rare opportunity of not having any troubled thoughts on her mind.

After sleeping for some time, she couldn't help but feel like someone was staring at her in her sleep. It sent chills down her spine and instantly awoke her from her dreams.

The moment she opened her eyes, she saw a figure standing at the head of her bed. A pair of terrifyingly piercing eyes stared at her. Despite her room's dim lighting, she could sense that figure's presence fixating on her.

"Ah! Help! Someone!" Jennifer shouted in fear. It was then that a cold yet familiar chuckle sounded when she clambered to flee. Despite being halfway out of her bed, she froze and quickly turned around to see the figure. "Mom?"

The figure then giggled eerily and stumbled out of the room like it had been sleepwalking. At that moment, Jennifer brushed aside her fear and got out of bed before following from behind.

Upon exiting the bedroom and standing under the hallway's light, Jennifer saw that it was indeed a sleepwalking Laura. Jennifer instantly turned paler and yelled, "Ah!"

She was on the verge of a breakdown after seeing her mother's unusual behavior.

It was then that Vincent ran out of his bedroom and bumped into Laura at the entrance. He immediately held onto the latter, but to his surprise, she chuckled coldly and shoved him aside before walking into their bedroom. Vincent froze on the spot for a few seconds before following her.

"Are you all right, Dear?" Vincent asked worriedly.

Not a word came from Laura as she climbed into bed. Moments soon passed, and steady breaths sounded from her sleeping body.

Vincent was dumbfounded as he watched that entire scene play out. What on earth is happening?

"Dad, what should we do? Mom seems..." Jennifer asked as she entered the room and saw the snoozing Laura. She couldn't bear to finish her sentence by saying her mother seemed off.

With a darkened face, Vincent replied, "Let's talk outside."

The two of them headed downstairs right after that. Jennifer told the maid, who got woken up by the commotion, to make them two cups of tea before dismissing the maid.

Moments later, Jennifer picked up her hot cup of tea and took a big gulp, accidentally burning her tongue.

Vincent glanced at her before speaking. "Drink slowly. There's no rush, nor is anyone racing against you."

Jennifer put down her cup and sank deep into thought. "Dad, Mom's condition seems to have worsened. Mr. Dixon came to check on her earlier today, and he said she's not doing well. Perhaps we

should get her checked at the psychiatry department. If her condition worsens, and this continues, we're both going to lose our minds."

Seeing that Vincent had remained silent, Jennifer kept mum as well. If I had a choice, I wouldn't want to send Mom to the psychiatric hospital. After all, her life and reputation might be over if she gets admitted there as a patient.

"I'll think about it. It's getting late, so go back to bed, okay? I'm heading upstairs now." With that, Vincent returned to his room. As Jennifer watched him leave, she noticed that he looked miserable. Plus, more and more white hair was growing on his head.

That made tears well up in Jennifer's eyes. My family is falling apart because of Oscar and Amelia's ruthlessness.

Her hatred for Amelia intensified as she dwelled on the matter. If it weren't for that wretched Amelia, my mom would still be the almighty noblewoman she once was.

While Jennifer regretted being the reason behind everything, she still felt the need to push the blame onto someone else, considering the direness of her mother's situation; She had to pin her pain and guilt onto another person to convince herself that she had nothing to do with her mother's ordeal. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 526

Chapter 526 Please Let Them Go

In the end, Laura got sent to the psychiatry department for a checkup. After receiving the results, the doctor recommended that Jennifer and Vincent send Laura to the psychiatric hospital for the time being to receive treatment. That destroyed whatever tiny little bit of hope that Jennifer had.

They heeded the doctor's suggestion and immediately admitted Laura into a psychiatric hospital with the best medical facilities. Vincent even invested a large sum of money into the hospital. He then asked the doctors to take good care of Laura and not make any mistakes with her. With the power of money, all the doctors politely agreed to Vincent's request.

Jennifer knelt beside the bed and lifted her head to look at Laura. Then, she held onto the latter's hand tightly while saying, "Don't be afraid, Mom. I'll visit you every day. Once you recover, Dad and I will pick you up and take you home.

Laura shot a glare at Jennifer. She eventually turned to look at Vincent and coldly said, "I feel fine. I have a clear mind, and my memory is still intact. Are you really going to leave me at this place that might make a normal person go crazy?"

Upon hearing that, Jennifer felt a dull ache in her heart. She did not know what else to do since Laura's condition was unstable; The latter would be fine one moment and worse the next. Although, Laura seemed fine right now. Nonetheless, Jennifer did not know how or what to reply to Laura's icy question.

"Dear, don't worry. It's just that there's a slight issue with your body. I need you to stay here and receive treatment for it. Once you're feeling better, Jennifer and I will take you home. Be good, okay? I'll visit you every day and keep you company," Vincent soothed softly, patiently dealing with Laura's temper.

Laura stared at him for a moment before she chuckled. "Vincent, I've been with you for more than thirty years. I know what you're thinking. Just tell me if you want a divorce. Why did you have to make things into such a massive matter? I already told you that I'm feeling fine. Which part of me makes you think I have a mental illness, huh? You two probably view me as a burden because I went to prison, so you're leaving me here at a place that can make any sane person go crazy. How can you two be so cold-hearted?"

She then turned to look at Jennifer and snapped, "Jennifer, I can assume that your dad is doing this because he wants to marry a younger woman. But you're my daughter! How can you be his accomplice and ditch me here? How can you be so evil? Do you still think of me as your mom? Are you trying to make me go crazy for real?"

"Mom, that's not it. I didn't-"

Laura interrupted Jennifer before the latter could finish her sentence, "Be honest with me, Jennifer. Are you really going to leave me here?"

At that point, Jennifer took a deep breath and tried to reign in her emotions. "Calm down, Mom. How about this? You stay here for observation in the next few days. If there really is nothing wrong with you, I'll bring you home immediately. Is that okay?"

Laura answered her question by lying down on the bed and pulling the blanket over her head before sitting up again and yelling, "Get lost!"

That left Jennifer and Vincent with no choice but to leave the psychiatric hospital in despair.

In the car, Jennifer was upset as she asked, "Is what we're doing wrong, Dad? I personally think Mom is fine. Plus, won't she hate us for sending her here?"

Not a word came from Vincent.

Jennifer turned to look at him and said, "Dad, why don't we just bring Mom home? I'm scared that she might feel uncomfortable at a place like that alone."

Vincent shook his head. "There's no need. That is the best psychiatric hospital in the whole of Tayhaven. The doctors and nurses are excellent, and there are no rumors of them abusing the patients. Your mom will get the best care there. I believe she'll be recovered and out in no time."

Silence befell Jennifer as she did not know what else to say.

Both the father-daughter sat in silence as they made their way home. Yet, the place was missing the lady of the house. The massive mansion suddenly seemed deserted with the lack of Laura's presence.

Jennifer felt uncomfortable. It bothered her so much that she wanted some space in her room. "Dad, I'm going upstairs for a rest."

She immediately went upstairs upon saying that. After entering her bedroom, she flopped onto the bed and stared at the ceiling.

Laura's unstable condition had exhausted her these past few days. Now that she thought about it, she had no one she could talk to about the matter. At that thought, she felt sad. She was the daughter of a wealthy family, yet she did not have many true friends. At most, she only had fake friends who were after her wealth and family name.

Jennifer took out her phone and opened the photo album app. She stared at Carter's picture and thought of how she hated yet at the same time loved this man. If it weren't for her entanglement with him, Laura would not have defended her by going to argue with Amelia. The following events would not have happened either. Hence, she did not know whether she should hate her infatuation with Carter, him for being cruel, or Amelia's ability to pretend.

Carter and Amelia, are you happy now that my mom is in the psychiatric hospital? Jennifer's face contorted in frustration before she ripped the picture into pieces and threw it into the air.

Hatred filled her voice as she snarled her thoughts aloud, "You left me with no choice, Amelia. If Mom doesn't get better, I'll use everything I have to make sure your reputation gets tarnished. Since I can't do anything to the Clintons, I'll take you, the most precious thing to Oscar, away from him. I want him to feel what it's like to lose you again! You and he are ruthless, but I can do much worse."

It was a rare occasion for Amelia to rest at home during the weekend. She sneezed and rubbed her nose when Molly came out of the kitchen with a plate of fruits. Molly looked at Amelia and asked, "What's wrong, Mrs. Clinton? Did you catch a cold?"

Amelia shook her head. "No. It's just that My nose feels itchy, so I sneezed a few times. Maybe someone's missing me."

Molly placed the plate of fruits on the coffee table and offered, "Have some fruits, Mrs. Clinton. I'll head upstairs and get Mr. Clinton over to eat some too."

"It's all right, Molly. I'll do it. He's working in the study right now, so it's better if I bring it up for him," Amelia explained smilingly.

Upon hearing that, Molly nodded, understanding at once.

Amelia then walked up the stairs with the plate of fruits. She stood in front of the study and knocked on the door. When no one responded, she carefully opened the door and entered. She soon heard Oscar's voice ask, "Was she really admitted into the psychiatric hospital?"

She could not discern what the other person on the line was saying. Hence, she paid attention to what Oscar's said next. "All right, send someone to watch her. Also, have someone tail Jennifer. Make sure she never appears in front of Amelia again. How dare a trivial family like the Larsons try to harm Amelia? I, Oscar Clinton, will make every one of them pay."

A moment passed before Oscar said, "Okay. I guess that's all for now. Make sure you have people tailing after each of those three. I don't want Amelia to get hurt again. Do you understand?"

After hanging up, Oscar turned around and saw Amelia standing at the door with a puzzled expression. He was stunned for a moment, and panic instantly flashed through his eyes.

"A-Amelia, when did you get here?" Oscar asked as he placed his phone on the study table.

Amelia brought over the plate of fruits and calmly replied, "Molly cut some fruits for us, so I brought them up for you."

At that moment, Oscar cautiously studied her expressions. He finally heaved a sigh of relief when he noticed nothing was different from her.

He then picked up a piece of fruit and brought it to Amelia's mouth. The latter accepted it and opened her mouth to bite the fruit. After swallowing, she praised, "Tastes sweet."

The two of them ate the plate of fruits silently. Neither brought up the phone call from before.

When they cleared the plate of fruits, Amelia took a piece of tissue to wipe her mouth. She silently contemplated her next move before eventually asking, "Was Mrs. Larson really admitted into a psychiatric hospital?"

There it is. That question did not shock Oscar, who no longer planned to hide the truth from her.

If Amelia did not know, he would have settled everything behind her back. However, now that she knew, he did not want to make up lies to deceive her. After all, he did not like lying to his other half, especially since that was not how a husband and wife should behave with each other.

“Yeah. Hugo phoned me to tell me about it,” Oscar answered.

“Whatever happened with Mrs. Larson... Did you do it?”

“Yes. I got someone to inject Mrs. Larson with a hallucinogen to teach her a lesson. She’ll be better in a month. In the meantime, she’ll become temperamental and will often do unexpected things like a crazy person. I didn’t expect the Larsons to abandon her in a psychiatric hospital in such a short time. It seems like their relationship isn’t as strong as I thought.” Oscar chuckled.

Amelia knew that whatever Oscar did was all for her. Hence, she had no right to judge whether what he did was right or wrong. However, she did not want him to do shady things because of her.

She said, “Oscar, I’m grateful that you’re doing so many things for me, but I don’t want to see you like this. You know how much pain and despair I used to feel. Thus, I’ve always thought that we should never try to rob someone of their life even if we feel overwhelming hatred for them. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

Those words made Oscar’s face fall while his eyes darkened to a coal-black.

“Are you blaming me, Amelia?”

A grin suddenly appeared on Amelia’s face as her hand waved in the air. She then boldly held Oscar’s gaze. “Oscar, you know that’s not what I mean. I know you’re doing this for my sake. But, really, I don’t want you to dirty your hands by doing many disreputable things because of me. It’s not worth it.”

“Silly, you’re mine. How am I worthy or capable of being your husband if I can’t protect you?”

Amelia nodded cheerily.

She replied, “I know what you mean, but I don’t want you to drive them into a corner. All Mrs. Larson did was bruise my forehead by accident. There’s really no need for you to turn things into such a big deal. So, have those men come back and give the Larsons some space, okay?”

Oscar stared deeply into her eyes. "Are you not afraid that they will take revenge on you because of what I did to that old hag?"

"But haven't you already sent your men to protect me?"

For what felt like the longest moment, Oscar quietly stared at her.

"Can you please promise me, Oscar?" Amelia asked as she looked into his eyes with the utmost sincerity.

Still, Oscar remained grimly silent.

Amelia softly resumed, "Promise me, please? Consider it a favor to Tony and me. There are many things that can get solved legally. There's no need for you to use disreputable methods like some mafia to get rid of that family. Besides, I feel bad, knowing I caused someone's misfortune. So, please don't be like this anymore, okay?" Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 527

Chapter 527 Do Not Let Tony Be So Close To Him

Oscar was still looking at Amelia, so she cocked her head and asked in a different tone, "Oscar, are you mad at me?"

Stroking her cheek, he said, "Amelia, I know you're kindhearted and don't want to put her in a bind. However, not everyone will appreciate your kindness. You're smart; I'm sure you get what I mean."

A faint smile lit up her face, and she raised her hand to touch Oscar's hand. "I'm not as kind as you think. I will take my vengeance on those who mistreated me. But she didn't do much harm to me, yet we pushed her to the edge. That would put us in the wrong, and I don't like that."

Oscar pulled her into his embrace and kissed her on the hair. "Are you sure you want to pardon them?"

"Yes. You might think I'm pretending to be kind, but it is my honest thought. The Larsons did not do anything that crossed the line. Jennifer hit me at my workplace that day because what we did to her

mother was ruthless. I'd be much more enraged than she was if it were me. I'm not as upset now that I've put myself in her shoes."

"Okay," he agreed, indulging her request unconditionally.

"Oscar, do you think I'm being willful again?" Amelia questioned, lifting her head to regard him with a grin on her face.

"I like it."

When she heard his reply, she pouted and deliberately made things difficult for him by stating, "You should describe me as well-mannered and prudent and that I'm capable of sharing your concerns and solving your difficulties. How am I willful?"

Oscar burst out laughing, his mood lightening up immediately.

Caressing her forehead, he said, "Let's remarry, Amelia. Mom and Dad no longer reject you as much. Now that we have Tony, I'm sure Mom would want him to have a complete family."

Amelia contemplated for a while before replying, "I think you should inform them first. If you don't, they'll assume I instigated you and blame me."

"Don't you want to tell everyone that I belong to you so that you have the right to chase my admirers away?" he teased.

Lifting her chin, she declared in a domineering tone, "Your heart is on me. Do you dare to cheat behind my back?"

That caused him to guffaw. He loved that side of Amelia—soft with a dash of cunningness, alluring with a hint of purity, and kind but not cowardly. Her many personas made her fascinating, attracting people to learn more about her. Perhaps that was why she could always enthrall the opposite gender's attention.

He was one of them who fell for her mysteriousness.

Afterward, Oscar called Hugo and instructed him to withdraw the men monitoring the Larsons. When the latter nerved himself to inquire about a reason, he responded, "Amelia doesn't like it."

With that, Hugo tactfully subsided and did not pursue the matter further.

Amelia, standing next to Oscar, could not help but smile when she heard his response.

"Won't you feel embarrassed to proclaim your love for me in front of your subordinate, Oscar?"

"He doesn't have the guts."

She understood what he was implying—Hugo would not dare to make fun of him.

Well, as expected of the boss to be unreasonable.

"Go about your work. I'll go downstairs to see if Kurt has brought Tony home. Tony has been behaving like a reinless horse ever since Kurt bought the place across from us." Unbeknownst to Amelia, something flickered in his eyes the moment she finished speaking, but peace returned to his gaze soon.

She then left the study and went downstairs. Seeing that Tony was not home yet, she shook her head helplessly.

The minute she sat down on the couch, she received a phone call from Eleanor. "Mrs. Hutton," she said after answering the call.

"Lia, Benjamin is returning from his business trip, so I have to leave. Before I go, I'd like to treat your in-laws to a meal to thank them for taking care of you in the past years. Is it all right with you? I know it's a presumptuous request, but I'm not sure when I can visit again after returning to Saspiuburg."

Amelia was stunned, and a pang of reluctance arose in her heart. All of a sudden, she was at a loss as to how she should define her relationship with Eleanor. Although they had yet to reunite officially, it was an undeniable fact that the latter cared for her deeply. At times, she did not know how to face the older woman.

She was not opposed to reuniting with Eleanor, but the latter seemed wary of their identities despite being nice to her. As a result, she dismissed the idea. After all, a forced relationship would not bring them much joy.

“Lia, are you not okay with it?” Eleanor’s voice interrupted her train of thought.

Amelia came to her senses and answered, “I’ll ask them first. If they agree to it, I’ll arrange for you to meet them. If they don’t, then I’ll have to apologize in advance.”

“Sure, you can make the arrangements then. I’m already glad that you agreed to it.” Eleanor’s joyful voice made it clear that she was delighted.

More or less affected by her joy, Amelia could not help but smile as she continued, “Mrs. Hutton, that’s the plan for now. I’ll contact my in-laws later. If they agree to meet you, I’ll arrange for the meal to happen tonight. If they are unwilling to dine with you, I will still contact you.”

“All right.”

After she hung up the phone, Oscar came downstairs.

“Who called?”

“Mrs. Hutton. She wants to treat Mom and Dad to dinner. What do you think?”

“What do you think?” He threw the question back to her.

Grinning, she looked at him and asked, “What do you mean what do I think?”

“Do you want them to meet her?”

“Both yes and no. I have conflicting feelings about her. In my opinion, no one would treat others so well without reason. There seems to be an invisible blood tie between us. I’m rather fond of her. I wasn’t accustomed to her enthusiasm at first, but I’ve never disliked her. It’s just that I don’t like how she’s so caring toward me yet has no intention to acknowledge me. I hate the ambiguity of our relationship,” she voiced her true feelings.

“If you want, I can have someone get her hair sample, do a DNA test, and then force her to reunite with you.”

Amelia shook her head. “That’d be meaningless. Oscar, can you help ask Mom and Dad if they’re willing to meet her. Tell them it’s just a dinner.”

“Okay. Leave it to me.”

It was unknown how Oscar did it, but Olivia and Owen agreed to the dinner invitation.

Oscar arranged for the meal to take place at one of the Clintons’ restaurants. Many people, including Amelia, were unaware that he was involved in the food and beverage industry.

The Huttons were dressed to the nines for the event. When Olivia and Owen showed up on time and saw them, they were taken aback for a minute and blurted, “You are Amelia’s mother?”

In the presence of outsiders, Olivia showed Amelia Winters courtesy. At the very least, she was not as hostile as she was in the beginning.

Hearing their exclamation, Eleanor was so delighted that she opened her lips to respond when Amelia Hutton interrupted her.

“Mrs. Clinton, this is my mother. I knew Amelia back in Beshya and regarded her as my sister. Although we’re not related by blood, my mom treats Amelia like her own daughter because we look alike,” the

latter explained, smiling graciously. Probably because of her noble upbringing, Olivia had a good first impression of her.

A faint smile appeared on the older woman's lips as she nodded. "Let's go inside."

With an arm around Eleanor's shoulder, Amelia Hutton followed Olivia and Owen inside.

Meanwhile, Oscar held Amelia Winters' waist and walked inside with them as well.

Once they were all seated, Olivia asked, "Amelia, where's Tony?"

"Kurt brought him to buy some candies. They'll be here in a while."

"Tony's our family's eldest grandson. Don't let him hang out with a bodyguard too often. He's getting too close to Kurt than Oscar and even calls him 'Daddy.' Those who are unaware may think that Tony is Kurt's kid," Olivia said in displeasure while frowning.

She was disgruntled that Tony, her own grandson, was closer to an outsider like Kurt than her. At the same time, she resented Amelia for being the cause of the problem.

Without a change in her expression, Amelia Winters responded, "I understand. I'll try my best to keep Tony close by."

Since guests were around, Olivia did not press on further. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 528

Chapter 528 Talk Things Out

Seeing that Amelia Winters did not retort even after being rebuked, Eleanor felt a pang of heartache. After all, she wanted nothing more than to cherish and love the daughter whom she could not reunite with. Even though she was dissatisfied that Olivia did not seem fond of her daughter, she could not voice her frustrations.

After clenching and unclenching her fists beneath the table, she said, “Mrs. Clinton, you seem younger than me. Can I call you by your name? You must be good at taking care of your health, seeing that you seem youthful and pretty. I can tell at a glance that you come from a noble family. Lia told me many good things about you multiple times. She said that she missed you the most during those two years she was in Beshya and felt sorry for leaving. However, she was blind at that time and didn’t want to trouble you. Her time in Beshya wasn’t pleasant as she had to take care of a child after losing her sight.”

Feeling emotional, she paused for a while before continuing, “When I saw that she was blind and had a child with her, I asked her where her spouse was. She was hesitant to tell me at first, but probably because she finds us compatible, she eventually told me a lot about you two. She described you as a benevolent and gentle mother-in-law who cares about her a lot. When she found out she was losing her sight, she didn’t want to burden you and your family. However, she had nothing left and could not bring herself to part with her child.

Thus, she steeled her heart and brought Tony away with her. At that time, she felt that an excellent guy like Oscar would be able to move on swiftly and build a big family with another woman. She said that you would have many grandchildren while she only had Tony. Afterward, I heard that Oscar went to find her and brought her to Anglandur for a cornea transplant before bringing her home.

When I was at Saspiburg, I was concerned that you would be harsh on her, yet she sang your praises over the phone. It made me curious about you. I wanted to meet a magnanimous woman like you, so I made a presumptuous request, asking her to invite you and your husband out. Now that I have met you today, I see that you are compassionate, generous, knowledgeable, and reasonable, just as she had described. I’m relieved to know that she has you as her mother-in-law.”

Olivia’s eyes glinted several times, and she subconsciously cast a glance at Amelia Winters, who was feeling a bit flustered. The latter had not expected Eleanor to say those words during the meal to help her please her mother-in-law.

They had not talked about their relationship officially, but what Eleanor was doing for her had exceeded the boundaries of a normal friendship.

A faint smile touched Olivia’s lips. “Mrs. Hutton, you flatter me. Amelia is a nice young lady. I admit that I resented her when she left with Tony without saying a word back then, but there’s nothing I can do. My son is all grown up, and I can’t be as evil as to split them apart. Even if I find it in me to do so, I don’t want my grandson to grow up in a single-parent family. Thus, I acquiesced.”

As soon as those words fell from her lips, Amelia Winters' eyes widened, and she stared at her in disbelief.

Oscar grabbed her hand and interlocked their fingers, gesturing for her to calm down. "Mom, are you planning on forgiving Amelia?" he asked while smiling.

Olivia shot him a glance. Instead of replying to him, she turned to look at Eleanor and said, "Mrs. Hutton, you look youthful too. I think I'm older than you."

Eleanor laughed. "No way. I was born in 1956, which means I'm sixty years old this year."

"I'm older than you. I was born in 1954," Olivia remarked gently.

Hearing that, Eleanor could not help but smile.

Throughout dinner, the two ladies had the time of their night chatting away. Therefore, when they left the restaurant, Olivia said, "Eleanor, please visit Tayhaven often when you have time. I think our personalities are quite compatible, and we can get along with each other well. People our age are afraid of being alone, so I'll have someone to talk to if you come over. Also, Amelia resembles you so much, even more so than your biological daughter. That was why I thought you were Amelia's mother when I first saw you. But it turned out to be a misunderstanding."

Eleanor smiled as she masked the pain in her eyes. "I would be gratified if I had a loving, thoughtful, and competent daughter like Lia. You know, I'm quite envious of you. I'll take her home if you don't want her as your daughter-in-law."

"Of course, I want her. No matter how great we get along, I can't let you take her away. Otherwise, how will I face my son when he comes asking for his wife from me?"

Olivia's statement amused everyone that they all burst out laughing.

The two women chatted for a while more until Oscar interrupted, "Mom, I need to send Mrs. Hutton back to their accommodation now. Their flight is at two in the morning, so they'll have to head to the airport after packing up."

"So rushed?" Olivia blurted in surprise.

"My husband and son are returning from their business trip. If they don't see me at home, they'll be worried. I'll visit here again when I'm free," Eleanor explained.

"All right. I'll be waiting for you. Have a safe trip."

Once they entered separate cars, Eleanor patted Amelia Winters' hand and smiled. "Lia, I can feel at ease now after knowing that your mother-in-law treats you well. As long as you're doing well, I'll feel extremely gratified."

The latter nodded with a smile. "Mrs. Hutton, rest assured that I'll live a blissful life. I'll show you around the tourist spots on your next visit. I'm so sorry for neglecting you and Amelia; too many things happened in the last few days."

"I came here specifically to visit you. If I were here to travel, I would've planned everything out, but that isn't the purpose of my trip. I'm contented with seeing you, so don't beat yourself up."

"Mrs. Hutton, I'll wish you a safe flight in advance then. When you get to Saspiuburg, call me to let me know you've arrived so that I wouldn't worry."

"Okay."

The couple only headed home after the Huttons boarded the plane. By the time they arrived home, it was already half-past three. Fortunately, they could sleep in the next day since it was Sunday.

After taking a hot shower, Amelia and Oscar went to bed without saying anything since they were exhausted.

While they were sleeping soundly, the Huttons headed straight home after their flight landed.

When they entered the house and saw it was brightly lit, they exchanged glances. "Did someone break into our home, Mom?" Amelia Hutton asked worriedly.

"Would a burglar be as bold as to switch on so many lights in someone else's house?" Eleanor gave her a sidelong glance.

At that, Amelia Hutton pursed her lips. Her mother seemed to be calling her a fool for asking such a question.

Feeling a little enraged, she dragged the suitcase at a quicker pace and entered the house before Eleanor. Upon seeing the figures seated on the couch, she stiffened for a few seconds before saying timidly, "Dad, Sean, you're home?"

Benjamin merely cast her a cool glance.

Eleanor stepped in and also saw the people on the couch. Her hand, which was gripping the suitcase, tightened. A flicker of panic crossed her mind, but she maintained a frosty countenance.

She usually pulled a long face when facing her husband. Even though she was terrified, she refused to appear intimidated and put on a tough front. That was her character.

"Didn't you say you'd return tomorrow?" Eleanor pulled her suitcase along as she approached them. "Sean, are you exhausted after being on the business trip for so many days?" she inquired, looking at her son.

"I'm all right, Mom. Did you and Amelia go traveling?"

"I was bored, so I invited Amelia to accompany me," Eleanor replied nonchalantly. "It's late, so let's talk tomorrow. I'm heading upstairs to rest now as I'm tired. Sean, you should get some rest as well. Work is important, but your health should be your utmost priority. I'll cook something delicious for you tomorrow."

After saying that, she grabbed her suitcase and was ready to go up the stairs when Benjamin thundered, "Stop right there! Shouldn't you explain your absence to me? Where did you go?"

Eleanor came to a halt, turned around, and flashed him a false smile. "I believe I'm not your servant, so I should have the freedom to travel anywhere I please. I don't want to argue with you late at night. Let me sleep now if you really care about me. We can discuss it after I wake up."

Benjamin rose to his feet, eyes flashing as he glared at her.

The husband and wife were acting like enemies.

"Dad, Mom is exhausted from our trip. If you have anything to say, wait till she's well-rested. It's late anyway, so don't argue." Amelia Hutton stepped in to be the mediator.

Benjamin shot her a glare and commanded, "Shut up. I haven't settled the score with you yet; I'll reprimand you tomorrow."

Amelia pouted as she felt like she was wronged.

Eleanor pulled her suitcase over to the couch and sat with her arms crossed before her chest. "Tell me all your dissatisfaction toward me. You don't have to take it out on our child."

Benjamin was so irate that his chest was heaving rapidly.

"Very well. You've become bold now after being away for a few days. I bet it's all because of that Amelia Winters," he said, sneering. "I can't do anything to you, but I know you care about her. How about I have her foster family wreak havoc at her place? Let's see if you can maintain your tough demeanor then."

Eleanor stood up from the couch and glared at him. "What are you trying to do to Lia? I won't let you off if you dare to hurt her, even if I have to risk my life!"

Benjamin was incensed to the point that his chest ached.

“Do something, Sean. What are you doing sitting there? Do you want them to fight each other?” Amelia Hutton yelled.

Sean got up from the couch and said, “Calm down, Dad. I’m sure you love mom. Communicate with her calmly. Nothing good will turn out if you keep fighting. Besides, it’s not what you want, so it isn’t necessary.”

Only then did Benjamin calm down.

“Mom, Dad adores you. He’s only reacting in such a way because he’s very concerned about you, and I hope you can be considerate of his feelings. Do you really want to destroy our whole family because of a daughter who has been missing for over twenty years? Even if you want to reunite with her, she might not share your sentiments. Please don’t make Dad upset again. He’s had a tough life for the past years.”

At long last, Eleanor recovered her repose.

“Amelia, Sean, go to bed. I’ll speak with your father. Don’t worry. I don’t want to quarrel with him either,” she said collectedly.

The pair of siblings exchanged gazes before replying simultaneously, “Okay, Mom, we’ll go upstairs now. You should talk things out with Dad.”

Afterward, they walked up the stairs together. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 529

Chapter 529 Jolin

Eleanor waited until she couldn’t hear any sound coming from the stairs before she spoke kindly. “Let’s go to the study and talk there.”

Benjamin nodded.

Both of them arrived at the study. He walked over to the window and looked at the scenery outside. His heart had finally calmed down.

“Why do you still want to see her?” he asked in a deep voice.

She approached him and stared outside of the window with him before sighing. “Can’t we just talk it out nicely, Ben? I really don’t want to argue with you loudly every time. It’s been twenty years. I’m tired of it.”

He turned to her as a look of disappointment flashed across his eyes. “Do you think I want to argue with you? You’re the one who always starts arguing first. I want to live a peaceful life with you and travel to new places with you whenever I’m not busy with my job. But look at your attitude. You’ll always either act coldly toward me or mock me in some way. Even a burning fire will get extinguished by your ice-cold attitude.”

“I want to do the same with you, but have you considered how you have been treating our eldest daughter for the last twenty-odd years? Every time you treat her that way, I can’t stop thinking about what exactly she did wrong to deserve your ire. I’m willing to treat you better if you show her at least some bit of love, but do you ever?”

“She’s a jinx, a walking disaster. We have a daughter and a son. We have a happy family. Why must you insist on bringing a jinx back into the family and destroying the peace and serenity we have?”

Eleanor’s face darkened before she snorted. “Looks like there’s nothing left for us to talk about. I’ll be open to a discussion about how we can live together harmoniously as a couple when you accept Lia.”

“Can you stop messing around, Eleanor?” A vein bulged on Benjamin’s forehead as he was failing to suppress his rage. He spoke as calmly as he could. “I can ignore that you went over there to visit her, but promise me that you’ll cut off all connections with her in the future.”

“Impossible. Not officially accepting her as my daughter is the biggest concession I can make, so don’t you dare demand me to do anything more than that. I just reunited with her. There’s no way in hell I’ll let her slip out of my life again. I can’t do it.”

Benjamin's expression turned as dark as ink.

"Why must you piss me off every time? Does pissing me off make you happy?" he questioned with gritted teeth.

She crossed her arms in front of her chest. "I'm not trying to piss you off, but I can't just ignore my daughter. I'm not as cruel as you. Maybe you can bury your head in the sand, but I can't. I'm not going to blame you for doing that, but please don't do anything to Lia. Otherwise, I'll hate you forever."

Anger seeped into his voice. "I forbid you from meeting her again. If not, I don't mind paying a visit to her foster parents. I heard she has a terrible relationship with her foster parents. If you want to destroy her peaceful life, go ahead and meet her again."

She glared at him with fury and hatred. "You're a despicable man."

"I don't mind being despicable when it comes to your matters."

"Aren't you afraid that I'll hate you?"

"It's been twenty-odd years. Is there still love in your heart for me?"

She waved her hand. "You're so unreasonable. I guess we aren't going to reach an agreement on this matter. I'm tired, so I'm going to sleep now."

Benjamin grabbed her arm and softened his tone. "Aren't we enough for you, Eleanor?"

Eleanor turned to look at him. "You know what I've always wanted. I want our family to be whole. Without Lia, it'll never be whole."

When she finished, she flung his hand away and walked out of the study.

He stood on the same spot silently with unbridled anger for a few seconds before roaring like a crazed beast stuck in a cage. All the things on the table were subsequently pushed to the ground in his fury.

I've sent you away so many years ago, so why do you still want to come back, Amelia? Why, oh, why? Hatred was practically spilling out of his pursed lips.

It wasn't going to be a peaceful night in the Hutton residence.

The next morning, Amelia called Eleanor and asked, "Have you arrived, Mrs. Hutton?"

"I've already arrived at four in the morning yesterday, Amelia. It was getting pretty late, so I didn't call you. I was just about to call you when you call me first."

"I'm glad to hear you've already arrived, Mrs. Hutton. In any case, I'm afraid I can't talk to you any further because I need to head to work now. Just give me a call when you make your way here."

"Sure. I'm not going to disturb you any further. Work is important, but remember to take care of your body, too. You should know that there's still someone in Saspiuburg thinking about you."

A light chuckle escaped Amelia's mouth. "I know, Mrs. Hutton."

After hanging up the phone, she turned to Oscar. "She's here. I'll be going to work now. Be careful on your way to your company."

He undid his seatbelt and leaned toward her to give her a kiss on the cheek. "Jolin will start working at the company today. You just need to remember what she looks like. There's no need to get too close to her."

She simply smiled before exiting the vehicle.

After entering the company, she became busy as usual doing her job. When it was ten in the morning, Eduardo brought a young woman who looked like a boy into the office and clapped his hands. "I'd like to take a moment of your time, please."

Everyone stopped working and stared at him.

"This is your new colleague. She was specifically chosen by Mr. Franklin. From today onward, she'll be working with you all. None of you are allowed to bully her or else you'll have to explain yourselves to Mr. Franklin," he explained.

The moment he finished speaking, everyone turned to stare at the woman who looked like a boy.

She spoke straightforwardly. "Hello everyone. My name is Jolin Wright. I'll be working with you all starting today. Please take care of me."

The design department employees all clapped their hands.

Jolin glanced at Amelia and asked, "Can I sit next to her, Mr. Moore?"

Eduardo noticed where she was pointing and saw Amelia. He nodded. "You can sit next to her. If there's anything you don't understand, you can either ask her or me about it."

"Got it," she replied very coldly.

He didn't notice her cold attitude and declared, "All right, everyone. Back to work." He then left the design department.

Jolin approached Amelia and nodded at her before heading to the only empty desk left in the office. She then turned on her computer and opened a webpage. When Amelia took a secret glance at her screen, she saw Jolin playing Heroes Alliance.

The edge of Amelia's mouth couldn't help but twitch. I always thought a girl with a name like Jolin will be more refined and elegant. I definitely didn't expect her to look like a guy with short yellow hair, a pair of jeans, and a t-shirt. That combination really makes her look like a delinquent. She kind of reminds me of Eva. Aside from the short hair that they both have, there are similarities in how both of them dress up. I can't help but wonder if someone like her can do a good job as a bodyguard. No, I shouldn't judge a book by its cover.

She shook her head and her doubts away so she could focus on her job.

It wasn't until eleven in the morning that she stepped away from her desk because she really needed to use the restroom. When she left the cubicle, she saw Jolin already standing at the entrance. Jolin immediately straightened her body before saluting Amelia. "Greetings, Mrs. Clinton."

Her sudden salute shocked Amelia and caused the latter to take a step back subconsciously.

"Uhm, you can act a bit more normal, you know. I won't mind." Amelia didn't know if she should laugh or cry.

Jolin stared at Amelia with her small serious face and spoke in a no-nonsense tone. "Am I scaring you, Mrs. Clinton?"

Amelia waved her hand. "It's fine. It's just that you're a lot more... unique than how Oscar described you. I was simply a little surprised. Do you want to use the restroom? You can go ahead if you want. I'll be heading back to work now. Come join me for lunch later. I'll treat you to a meal, and we can know each other a little better."

Jolin directly blocked her path and tilted her head. "Are you afraid of me, Mrs. Clinton?"

When Amelia saw the suspicious look in Jolin's eyes, she couldn't help but laugh. I thought she was a delinquent, but she's just not adept in social interactions, I reckon.

"Oscar told me that I'm your 'master' for now and that you must do everything I say without question. Is that true?"

Jolin nodded seriously.

“Then do you think there’s a reason why I should be afraid of you?”

Jolin gave it some thought and realized there weren’t any.

“All right, I’ll head back to work now. We can talk more during lunch break later. Okay?”

Jolin nodded.

Amelia walked around Jolin and headed back to her desk. Jolin followed behind her silently.

Jolin’s behavior intrigued Amelia. She’s quite stiff when it comes to social interactions. I wonder what she does when she’s on a mission.

That thought came into her mind before she asked it out loud.

Jolin answered, “My mission is to help steal the things my client wants. I hand over the goods, they hand over the money.”

“What do you do when someone intentionally makes fun of you for not talking more?”

“That won’t happen, because those who did either had broken limbs or are already dead.”

Amelia’s mouth twitched. She smartly decided not to ask any further. Too Much to Bear, My Love
Chapter 530

Chapter 530 Meeting With June

During lunch, Jolin joined Amelia and Rory without invitation. Rory shot a glance of disdain at Jolin before speaking in a tone of suppressed anger. "Amelia and I are planning to have steak for lunch outside of the company, Jolin. I think you should find other people to eat with."

Jolin glanced at Rory and replied with a deadpan expression, "Do I need to report to you who I want to eat with?"

Rage sparked in Rory's eyes. She felt like her dignity had been insulted by a newbie who acted smugly simply because of her connection with their superior.

Amelia was getting a mild headache. Jolin is a lot worse in social interactions than I thought.

She secretly glanced at Jolin. I wonder if she's giving that attitude to Rory because she doesn't like her or she simply doesn't like to talk to people who aren't on the same level as her.

"Jolin is a newcomer, Rory. As senior employees, we should treat her to a meal. Just let her follow us, all right? Making new friends is always a good thing." Amelia tried to resolve the conflict.

"Look at her attitude, Amelia. It seems to me she doesn't like me at all." Rory glared at Jolin and spoke with a tinge of fury.

If Jolin's attitude was a bit better, she wouldn't have minded putting up a facade as usual and talking to the woman who looked like a man. However, when she saw how Jolin seemed to loathe her, as though she was a dirty rag, she couldn't hold back her anger.

She greatly disliked how a newcomer was behaving all smugly in front of her.

Jolin stared at her coldly and suggested, "If you don't want to look at me, you can just leave."

The raging fire in Rory's heart burned brighter. You're not going to make me leave!

When the elevator door near them opened, Amelia saw June appear. The last time he showed up in front of her was days ago. Today, he was wearing a white outfit. It made him look just like prince charming. Jolin promptly gestured for Amelia to stay behind when she saw him.

Amelia couldn't help but chuckle when she saw Jolin was acting as though an enemy was approaching. I wonder where Oscar found such a funny bodyguard. It feels like she's here to entertain me than protect me.

"Relax, Jolin," she said.

Jolin turned to look at her before backing away.

Amelia shook her head and continued to laugh.

June approached them and greeted them in a very gentlemanly way. "It's been a while, Ms. Winters. I quite miss you. Do you miss me?"

Amelia stayed silent.

"Can you pay attention to the people around you when you flirt with someone, mister? This is basic courtesy," Jolin said. The way she uttered those two sentences seriously was quite humorous.

He turned to Jolin before turning back to Amelia. "This is?"

"She's a new employee and my colleague. Her name's Jolin Wright." Amelia didn't want to explain any further. "We'll be leaving to have our lunch now, Mr. Wick."

June blocked their path and continued to speak like a gentleman. "May I join you ladies for lunch?"

Jolin studied him from head to toe and said, "You're a two-faced perverted man who's trying to hook up with a married woman. You think you're handsome, but you're very ugly inside. There's nothing of value about you, Mr. Foreigner."

Amelia almost choked while Rory stared at her in disbelief.

Both of them couldn't quite believe that Jolin had the gall to speak like that in public.

"Is there a misunderstanding between us, Ms. Wright?"

"None at all. I simply don't like foreigners. You want to hook up with a woman? Please do it with single women stupid enough to fall for you. A married woman isn't suitable for you. You better not think you can toy with another man's marriage and expect to get away with it unscathed. You may find yourself losing everything in the end because you can't keep it in your pants."

June glanced at her and opened his palms. "You're quite humorous, Ms. Wright."

Jolin looked at Amelia and asked, "Can we head to lunch now?"

Amelia nodded and apologized to June. "I'm sorry, Mr. Wick, but we'll be leaving for lunch now."

He gestured politely for them to leave. "It's quite a shame that I won't be able to join you for lunch. How about tomorrow? As a gentleman, I simply want to invite a maiden to a meal. You won't reject me again, will you?"

Amelia smiled distantly. "It's unfortunate that I'm busy tomorrow, Mr. Wick. I'll be heading to the hospital with my husband to give a check-up for my child."

"It's fine. How about the day after tomorrow? If you're still busy, then we can do it the day after that. I don't believe you're busy every day." June spoke with stubborn determination.

She simply smiled and changed the topic. "We'll be leaving now, Mr. Wick."

Unexpectedly, he stepped forward and hugged her. Before everyone could react to that, he let go of her and explained, "Don't misunderstand anything, Ms. Winters. It's simply our country's way of greeting each other and saying goodbye. You don't mind that, do you?"

Amelia didn't mind it that much, but Jolin glared at June furiously. It was as though she was a wolf waiting to strike. He was quite taken aback by her vicious glare. She's one scary woman. The look in her eyes is quite terrifying.

"Let's go, Jolin," Amelia said. She was concerned that Jolin would really start a fight in the company.

Jolin nodded obediently and followed Amelia closely, like a satellite orbiting the planet.

After the three women left, June stared at Jolin with deep thoughts.

Once they were out of his sight, he turned and left. A red sports car suddenly stopped in front of him.

"June, was it? I was watching the show you were putting on earlier. I even took a video of it with my phone. The man I love loves her, and you seem to be interested in her. What do you say? Are you interested in chatting with me?" The woman in the car smiled confidently. "Oh, I almost forgot to introduce myself. I'm Jennifer Larson. You can call me Jennifer."

He opened the door and sat in the passenger seat before buckling his seatbelt with a smile. "As a gentleman, I normally can't refuse the invitation from a beauty like you."

"I like a gentleman like you." Jennifer smiled and drove the car away.

The two of them headed to a restaurant and into a private room. She ordered two dishes while he ordered two more and a bowl of mushroom soup. They handed the menu back to the server once they were done ordering.

"Just tell me what you want from me, lady. I tend not to trust a beautiful woman who approaches me without reason. Tell me your intentions and I'll feel much more at ease." He spoke with a half-smile and a somewhat casual demeanor.

She snapped her finger and pulled out a thick folder of information from her bag.

“Before I talked to you, I ran a little background check on you. I know you’re Cassie’s fiancé, and Cassie just so happened to have a relationship with Oscar before. I can’t help but wonder if you have an ulterior motive for chasing Amelia now, who’s currently Oscar’s wife. You don’t mind me looking into your history, do you? After all, learning about the enemy is the key to winning.” She handed the folder to him.

June grabbed it and briefly looked through it.

He smiled. “Not bad. One should always investigate their target before engaging in negotiation with them. If you have used this technique on someone else, I would’ve been impressed. Unfortunately, I’m the target of your investigation, and this is making me quite uncomfortable. We can become partners with a shared goal, but there’s no way we can become true friends.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.” She smirked. “The information I gathered indicated that you are entangled with Ms. Yard for about seven or eight years. You’ve never given up on her during your occasional meetings with her. I can understand that you truly loved her. If it isn’t true love, you would’ve found another woman a long time ago with your status. You also definitely wouldn’t have endured the misery that your pursuit of a woman who couldn’t stop loving another man has caused you. From that, I deduced you have your eyes on Amelia because you want to get Ms. Yard back. Am I correct?”

“It’s not good to be smart all the time, you know.” He didn’t deny it, which meant he inadvertently admitted to it.

“A smart man like you probably doesn’t like dealing with women who know what they’re doing, but continued to pretend that they don’t.”

June continued to smile and didn’t deny it. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 531

Chapter 531 Dagger

When the servers brought their dishes, Jennifer cleverly changed the topic. "Try this out, June. The food in this restaurant is pretty good and authentic. You're a foreigner, so you should definitely give these a try. Maybe you'll learn to love it."

June picked up his fork and tried a bit of everything from the dishes laid out. "Not bad."

"Are you going to stay in Chanaea from now on?"

"I don't think we're close enough for me to answer that question, Ms. Larson."

"I'm simply curious because I want to know why a foreigner like you is willing to do so much for Ms. Yard, yet you still can't make her look in your direction. I heard she had been camping at the Clinton Corporations for a couple of days now, like a homeless stray that no one wanted. It's quite pitiful, really. Aren't you going to play the part of a hero and save her?"

Her words were like a bomb exploding inside his head.

His expression turned extremely dark. "You know, it's quite despicable to reveal people's scars sometimes. Don't act as though you know me very well. I'm leaving right now. Consider this meal my treat."

He immediately stood up and tried to leave. Jennifer, on the other hand, calmly spoke. "Is that all it takes to piss you off, June? Seems like you don't handle being upset that well."

That caused him to return to his chair.

"Oscar played with your woman and abandoned her, June. Now she can't even get pregnant. Are you really okay with this? If I'm you, I sure as hell won't be. Of course, your attitude dictates your actions because you foreigners have a different way of thinking compared to Chanaeans." She waved her hand.

He pulled out a cigarette, lit it, put it into his mouth, and puffed out smoke. The stench of the cigarette entered Jennifer's nose. She furrowed her eyebrows, though she didn't stop him from continuing to do that.

“What’s your plan?” June puffed out smoke again.

“I have the same goal as you. If we want to crush Oscar, we need to start with the woman he loves. I think you’re doing a better job than me on that front.” She grabbed a bite of vegetables, put it into her mouth, and chewed slowly.

He kept smoking cigarettes instead of eating. “You hate Oscar? I didn’t find a woman called Jennifer having any sort of affair with him in my investigation.”

“That’s because I didn’t. However, if your mother was driven insane by him, you’ll know how I feel.” She didn’t hide the truth. “The enemy of my enemy is my friend. I have people in Amelia’s company. So, if we work together, I don’t believe we can’t ruin her reputation forever.”

“No wonder there’s a saying in Chanaea that women are wicked. Seems like it’ll be my best call not to offend women here.”

“Men are the ones who spread that saying. If you ask any women, they’ll say men are wicked. After all, there are times when men are so wicked that they can cut off all of their connections to achieve their goal.”

June stayed silent.

Both of them had an unpleasant lunch before exiting the building. Jennifer showed him the pictures on her phone. “Say, if Ms. Yard sees these pictures, do you think she’ll get jealous, June? I’m telling you. You can’t always treat women nicely when you’re trying to court one. You need to make them moderately jealous so they’ll only keep you in mind. Besides, Amelia is her nemesis. If you change your mind and chase after her nemesis, I bet she’ll get jealous, even if she doesn’t want to. Consider this my gift. What do you say? Wanna make a bet with me?”

“How do you want to do it?”

“If Ms. Yard gets jealous, you’ll help me seduce Amelia. That’ll also make Oscar feel the pain of losing a loved one. I think that’ll be interesting.” She narrowed her eyes with gritted teeth.

“Sure. As long as you can make Cassie mine again, I’ll help you take down Oscar.”

“Deal.”

Both of them exchanged a sinister look with a smile.

“I’ll ‘accidentally’ meet with Ms. Yard later, so you’ll just need to wait for my good news. As long as her heart isn’t made of wood, she’ll get jealous and become possessive of you. Just don’t forget to fulfill your promise. I heard gentlemen aren’t willing to let beautiful women down. Is that true?”

June laughed. “You’re a lot more pleasing to the eye compared to when we initially met, Ms. Larson.”

“Thank you for your praise.” Jennifer smiled gracefully. “Do you need me to send you back?”

“No need. Just take me back to Amelia’s company. My car’s still there, and I still need to keep a close eye on her. Learning about the enemy is key to defeating them, right?”

“Be careful, though. She’s not a dumb woman who will fall for your bait that easily. If you make a mistake by being too eager, you may find yourself in a lot of trouble. When that happens, you may lose everything,” she reminded.

He patted his chest. “I genuinely love Cassie, yet she never looked my way. I interacted with Amelia in order to make her fall for me, yet she didn’t want to.”

“I didn’t expect you to be such a devoted man.”

“A lot of men may appear to be a womanizer, but they actually have a woman they really want to protect. It’s just that those women don’t love them back.”

Jennifer snickered. Still, I'm a little jealous of Cassie. At least she'll still always have a man who's willing to protect her, no matter how far she falls, unlike me. All I get is men's disdain regardless of the effort I put in.

"You know, what you said kind of makes me jealous of Ms. Yard." What she said was indeed a half-truth.

He had already entered the car. Thus, she shrugged, walked around the car, and got in. Then she drove the car back to Amelia's company.

After he got off the car, he went into his own car while she drove away.

Jolin, who was still on the ground floor instead of the design department, saw that. She furrowed her eyebrows, gave it some thought, and approached him.

She knocked on June's car window. He retracted the window down and gave her a half-smile. "Ms. Wright. What a coincidence."

The moment he finished speaking, an intricate dagger was placed next to his neck.

He was shocked, though he calmed down quickly and pretended as though nothing dangerous was happening. "What is the meaning of this, Ms. Wright?"

"Don't get close to Mrs. Clinton or I'll kill you."

"Mrs. Clinton? You mean Amelia? Ah, I see. You're sent here by Mr. Clinton. I suppose he's quite protective of Amelia, huh? He even managed to sneak you in as an employee of the company." His half-smile persisted.

"You talk too much." The look in her eyes turned colder as she pushed the dagger toward his neck, causing a bloody streak to appear.

He instinctively wanted to touch his wound, but she stopped him. "Don't move, or else you'll be getting more than just a shallow slice."

His hand was lowered. "This is a society of law and order, miss. You know, you're a girl, so you really shouldn't be waving a dagger and threatening people out of nowhere. A woman should act more lady-like—"

"Shut your mouth."

He waved his hand in a surrendering manner. "All right, all right. I'm going to shut up. Before that, can you move your dagger away first? It's only natural for men to go after fine ladies, and your mistress is one hell of a fine lady. I'm simply interested in her and want to invite her to a meal. There's no need for you to get so... threatening if she disagrees, right?"

"Scram!"

The smile on June's face became less tense as he turned his head. It was uncertain if he was looking at Jolin or the car window. Suddenly, he smiled brighter and said, "Amelia's here. You can talk to her if you've got something to say."

She didn't believe him.

He shrugged. "You don't want your Mrs. Clinton to see your violent side, do you? Otherwise, she may reject you and tell on you to Mr. Clinton. Then you'll lose your job."

Hesitation flashed across her eyes, and she couldn't help but turn to look in the direction he was suggesting. It gave him a window of opportunity to grab the dagger in her hand and stick the weapon close to her neck.

When she turned back, she stared at him coldly.

June smirked. "All is fair in a battle. You're still too inexperienced, miss. If you want to fight me, I suggest you raise your intelligence and emotional quotient first. Also, it's not elegant at all pulling out a dagger in public."

He slapped the dagger on her face. "You know, I wanted to put a scar on your face, but you're not pretty at all. You said you're a woman, yet you dress like a man. Your appearance is not enticing to a man whatsoever, so I'll be leaving now. See you around, girly."

Just as he was about to withdraw his hand, Jolin grabbed his wrist and snatched her dagger back. As she did, she cut the back of his hand, causing blood to spill out.

June swiftly held his hand as he glared at her with hatred. "You're insane. I can call the cops on you, you know!"

Her dagger returned to its rightful sheath before she glanced at him with disdain. "I'm going to leave you with a warning. Never underestimate your enemy. You better stay far away from Mrs. Clinton."

She traced her thumb across her neck before leaving.

June's face darkened as he remained in the car and slammed his good hand on the steering wheel. How dare a woman who dresses up like a man bully me! I won't stand for this!

"Jolin, is it? If I don't kill you, I'll make my last name Wright!" He narrowed his eyes and muttered dangerously.

Jolin, of course, had no idea he hated her to the bone. She was a straightforward woman, so she automatically filtered out everything that didn't matter to her mission, including danger aimed squarely at her.

After she returned to the design department, Amelia asked, "Where did you go?"

"I came across an annoying rat, so I taught him a lesson on your behalf. I think he won't do anything stupid to you in the future."

Amelia had no idea who the rat Jolin was referring to.

“You should focus on doing your job well, Jolin. There’s no need to pay attention to unimportant people because they can’t hurt me yet. Don’t do things too drastically and unintentionally offend other people,” she reminded in a low voice.

It was easy for her to see that Jolin was a person with a one-track mind. She’s the type of person who doesn’t consider anything else, including relationships with other people, in order to succeed in her mission to protect me.

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Clinton. My mission is to protect you. Other people don’t have the guts to do me any harm.” Jolin smiled.

Amelia nodded instead of saying anything else and returned to her work.

Time passed quickly when she was focused on her work.

Most people in the design department had left when it was six o’clock.

“I need to head to the restroom for a while. Can you wait for me, Mrs. Clinton?” Jolin asked.

“Sure. No rush.”

Jolin nodded and left.

Rory approached Amelia. “Do you want to leave together, Amelia?”

“I’m waiting for Jolin.”

That caused Rory to furrow her eyebrows. "You seem to tolerate Jolin a lot, Amelia."

Amelia smiled and stayed silent.

Rory hid the dissatisfaction and envy swirling in her eyes and smiled. "I'll wait for her with you then, Amelia."

Amelia didn't say no, but she didn't say anything else either. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 532
Chapter 532 Jennifer's Scheme

"Boss," Jolin greeted politely.

"Boss?" Rory repeated with confusion as she stared at Oscar.

Amelia promptly changed the topic. "It's getting late, Rory. You should head back first or you won't make it for dinner."

Rory glanced at Amelia, then at Jolin, and finally at Oscar. She coughed as though she was trying to hide something, and smiled. "Then I'll be going back now, Amelia."

She left quite unwittingly. Even after she was a far distance away, she still turned back to look at Oscar. Sadly, he didn't care about her at all.

Jolin lowered her head. "I've handed her back to you unscathed, Boss. I'll be leaving now."

Oscar nodded. "You can leave now."

"See you later, Boss, Mrs. Clinton," Jolin mumbled.

After she left, he brought Amelia to his car.

“Are you satisfied with her performance? Or should I pick another person for you?”

“I like her. She’s cute, and she does her work seriously. She has a one-track mind, but that isn’t a bad thing. It’s easy to get along with someone who doesn’t think too much.”

“As long as you think she’s good.”

After returning home, they ate dinner with their child. When that was done, Amelia and Tony sat on the couch watching television while Oscar went to the study to do his stuff. When he turned on his computer, his phone rang. He had received a message.

Whilst staring at the report he downloaded from his email, he turned on the screen of his phone. When he saw the photos on his phone, his look darkened at the same time a tinge of fury appeared on his face.

He knew the man and woman in the picture. The man was June, a person he met two years ago. His wife was the woman in the picture. In the photo, June was staring tenderly at Amelia while she met his eyes. It was quite a beautiful photo.

The rage on his face suddenly vanished, and he smiled. There’s no way Amelia will betray me. Someone has some balls to send a picture like this to me. Are they trying to destroy our relationship with such a dirty trick?

He closed the pictures and called Jolin.

After the call connected, he asked, “Was there a man harassing my wife today, Jolin?”

Jolin hesitated for a second before replying, “You told me before that I’m to only protect Mrs. Clinton and that I can’t reveal where she went, Boss.”

Fury flickered in his eyes for a second before he spoke in a deep voice. "Who's your employer here, hmm? Are you taking orders from her or me? If I ask you to tell me something, you tell me right away. Otherwise, you're not going back to the organization, and I'll stop being your boss."

"I'm sorry, Boss. I've misspoken," she quickly apologized. "There was a foreigner bothering her today, but I've taught him a lesson. I don't think he'll be coming back tomorrow. As long as I'm around, I won't let anything happen to Mrs. Clinton."

"Good. That'll be all." He ended the call and opened the pictures again.

There was a calm before the storm brewing in his eyes before he deleted the pictures.

He worked for a bit before turning off his computer.

After stepping out of the study, he saw Amelia carrying Tony upstairs. She smiled at him and asked, "Finished with your work?"

He nodded and took over Tony. "He's asleep?"

"Yep. I think he's tired from playing too much today." She followed him into the bedroom.

After Tony was placed on his bed, she grabbed Oscar's hand and asked, "What's wrong, Oscar? Something bothering you?"

He grabbed her hand and smiled. "It's nothing. My subordinates didn't do a good job, so I scolded them a little. It's fine."

Amelia chuckled. "You should relax more. If you get too strict with them, they'll run away."

"They won't dare to," Oscar replied plainly. Clinton Corporations offered the best benefits and wages in the industry. Therefore, the employees there probably wouldn't leave that easily.

She smiled. "You're such a tyrant."

"I only show my gentle side to you."

"You're so sweet."

The edge of his mouth twitched a little before he pulled her into his embrace. "Sleep."

She glanced at her phone. It was nine, so it was still quite early.

"Talk with me for a while, Oscar. It's still early."

"Okay."

Both of them lay on the bed and talked until she fell asleep in his embrace.

Once Oscar made sure she was asleep, he got off the bed and sent someone to investigate June and Cassie. He soon received news that Jennifer met June first before meeting Cassie and that she had talked to both of them for a long time.

After the call ended, he stood in front of a window and stared at the scenery outside. A dangerous look swirled in his narrow eyes.

"You still refuse to change, Jennifer." He gritted his teeth. "You want to play? Fine. Let's play. I doubt I can't win against a woman like you."

Jennifer did indeed create a special opportunity for her and Cassie to meet in the garden during the afternoon. If one of them was a man, then their meeting would've been quite romantic. Unfortunately, both of them were women.

When Cassie saw Jennifer, annoyance flashed across her eyes. "Who are you?"

“You’re so forgetful, Ms. Yard. It’s only been two years and you’ve already forgotten about me? I don’t blame you too much, since we only met once in the hospital Amelia was staying in.” Jennifer smiled.

“You’re Amelia’s friend?” Cassie’s face darkened as her furrowed eyebrows were filled with disgust and hatred.

Jennifer smirked. “You’re mistaken, Ms. Yard. I’m an enemy of Amelia’s, not her friend. Well, you can say that I’m trying to take revenge on her for my mother. If you’re interested, we can find a place to talk. Would you be willing to?”

Cassie pointed at a gazebo not far from them. “Let’s sit there.”

Just as the both of them sat down, Jennifer smiled. “I didn’t expect someone like you to visit a garden like this.”

“Didn’t you come here because you knew I was coming? Stop beating around the bush and tell me what you want. I don’t have time to play games with you.” Cassie waved her hand with annoyance.

Jennifer kept on smiling. “I heard you have a rather stubborn personality. Now that I’m actually talking to you, I realize you’re a very straightforward person. I think we may be able to have a very productive discussion.”

“Stop your flattery and get to the point. If that’s all you have to say, I’m leaving now. I don’t have time to listen to your nonsense.” Cassie stood up and acted as though she was going to leave.

“Don’t you want to get back with Oscar, Ms. Yard?” Jennifer calmly asked.

Cassie anxiously turned to her with a serious expression. “You have a way to do that?”

Jennifer shrugged. “I don’t have a way to help you make your ex love you again, but I do have a way to make your most hated enemy suffer greatly. What do you say? Are you interested?”

Shades of arrogance were written on Cassie's face as she sat down. "Why do you want to help me?"

"Because I hate Amelia too. Is that enough of a reason?"

"She stole your man too?" Cassie snorted as she took pleasure from what she thought was Jennifer's misfortune.

"Sort of. The man I love is Carter. I believe you know him."

"You love Carter?" Cassie repeated in disbelief.

"Surprised?" Jennifer smiled, unbothered. "If you've paid attention to news from the upper-class society, you would've known the sole daughter of the Larsons had been chasing after Carter's love for two years. It's a shame that he only ever has eyes on Amelia and not me."

Hatred flashed past Cassie's eyes. "Why is it always Amelia? Why do all the men love her? What's so good about her?"

Jennifer laughed coldly. "Because men are all cheap creatures. They love a woman who pretends to be nice. Amelia loves to pretend to be gentle, affectionate, considerate, charming, and anything else that'll get a man's attention. That's why no man can resist her. I even saw a foreigner bothering her today at her company. I took a few pictures of it. Are you interested in seeing them?"

Cassie remained silent.

Jennifer turned on her phone and gave it to Cassie. When the latter saw the pictures, her eyes widened.

"Is it safe for me to assume you know the man in the pictures based on how surprised you look, Ms. Yard?" Jennifer asked intentionally.

"He's really bothering Amelia?"

“Yep. Everyone in the company knew that the foreigner insisted on chasing after Amelia, even though he was aware she was married. They say she’s the purest angel he had ever seen in his life.”

“Angel? More like a demon.” Cassie threw the phone in her hand to the ground. “My fiancé dares to compare the woman I hate the most to an angel? This is ridiculous!”

“Your fiancé?” Jennifer pretended to be surprised.

Rage was burning in Cassie’s eyes as she gritted her teeth. “I don’t care if he’s hooking up with women wherever he goes anymore, but does he have to hook up with the woman I hate the most as well? The next time I meet him, I’m going to cut off his manhood!”

Jennifer crossed her arms in front of her chest. “Can I tell you something, Ms. Yard?”

Cassie turned to her.

“Even though I didn’t succeed after trying to court Carter for two years, I know that men love kind, caring, and gentle woman. I’m afraid your fiancé won’t be able to stand your current attitude for long. Even if you truly love someone else, are you willing to let June fall into the hands of the woman you hate the most?”

“He wouldn’t dare!”

“I don’t think it’s a stretch to say it might be happening based on the pictures.”

Cassie’s fist tightened so much that a cracking sound could be heard from it. There were sparks of murderous intent in her eyes.