

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 558

Chapter 558 For Your Own Good

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

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

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

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

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

Thus, one could imagine how elated Jennifer was.

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

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

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

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

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

At that, Laura slowly regained her composure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

At last, Laura settled down.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laura curled her lips into a faint smile.

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

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

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

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

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

“Mom, don’t worry. You’ll get even with them,” Jennifer promised.

Upon hearing that, Laura eased up a little.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes. Boss said he wanted to give her a lesson, so I bribed her doctor into hinting at the Larsons to send her here. Boss told me there’s no need to hide it from you if you found out about this as I did not do anything shameful. He even told me you are his treasure, and he would never let someone lay a finger on you when he could never bring himself to hurt you. In truth, her stay in the psychiatric hospital is considered a merciful punishment among the countless agonizing torments Boss could’ve employed,” Jolin said triumphantly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Upon hearing that, Amelia nodded. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 559

Chapter 559 Apologize To That Girl

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No."

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

"Yes, Mrs. Clinton."

Amelia sighed in relief after Jolin left.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oscar nodded in response.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Amelia stretched out a hand to caress the pucker between his brows. "Relax a little. Stop frowning, or it'll make you older. Besides, Eva isn't a bad person by nature. She has been here for some time and never depends on me or asks me for money. She usually lives at her workplace and hasn't returned to the apartment that we prepared for her for quite some time. I believe she has her reason for beating the person this time. I'll ask her for more detail later. Now, stop pulling a long face. You'll scare her again," she exhorted, smiling.

With that, he nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Amelia frowned and stared at her in disapproval.

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

As Amelia was pondering, she quietened down.

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

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

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

After that, the cousins fell silent.

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't force yourself."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eva was dispirited at once.

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

Amelia smiled while looking at her. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 560

Chapter 560 A Deserter

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

"You're Mrs. Clinton, aren't you?" the young woman's father asked with an ingratiating smile as he walked toward Amelia. Then, he continued, "I'm the chairman of Lightning Cloud Technology. I had the honor of attending the Clintons' party the other day and seeing you and Mr. Clinton there. The two of you are really a match made in heaven. I could only see you from afar that day, but you're truly more beautiful now that I'm seeing you at a close distance. My daughter is impudent and failed to recognize Eva as your cousin. I'll make sure to teach her a lesson when I get home."

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

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

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

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

After an exchange of pleasantries, Amelia left with Eva.

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

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

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

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

“Didn’t I tell you? She’s after James too! She’s also too arrogant that I couldn’t stand it, so I hit her. Someone ought to knock some sense into her, especially when she’s such a spoiled and supercilious rich brat. I’m just doing her parents a favor! Amelia, you’re not trying to criticize me because of an outsider, are you?” Eva paused for a while as she looked at Amelia. After that, she continued, “I can’t accept it if that’s the case! You clearly saw how she behaved. I’m already making concessions by following you there and apologizing to her. If you continue to criticize me, I won’t talk to you again! I’ve never met someone like you who sides with an outsider instead of your family.”

Amelia was nonplussed. Where is she going with this?

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

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

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

“And you call yourself my cousin, Eva?”

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

Amelia was rendered speechless.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hearing that, Jolin hesitated.

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

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

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

"Mrs. Clinton, you should sit with him at the back. I'll drive."

Amelia nodded and went to the back seat.

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

Amelia remained silent.

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

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

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

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

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

"Mrs. Clinton, I don't really know what's going on. I'm only following Boss' orders to bring Kurt back. However, I didn't expect him to look for you as soon as he returned." Jolin gave her a meaningful look before she lowered her gaze to hide the complicated emotions in her eyes.

However, Amelia was unfazed.

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

Jolin lifted her head and looked at Amelia in disbelief. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 561

Chapter 561 No Chance To Breathe

A chuckle fell from Amelia's lips. "Why? You never expected me to say something like this?"

Jolin nodded as confusion filled her gaze.

"Kurt has helped me a lot over the years, and I'm truly grateful to him from the bottom of my heart. I even think of him as my family. However, my husband and son are two of the most important people in

my life. You may think that I'm selfish, but I'm aware of who I should prioritize. So, I won't overly interfere with Oscar's job. If Kurt really turns out to be a deserter, I won't help him beg for mercy. Anyone who makes a mistake should pay the price," Amelia said calmly.

While Jolin was still puzzled, her opinion of Amelia changed again. "Mrs. Clinton, you're very different from when I first met you," she said honestly.

"I'm still the same. It's just that I'm not as kind as I appear to be," Amelia replied without much emotion in her voice despite the noticeable gloom in her frown.

She could not wrap her mind around the situation. Kurt's condition in the operating room was unknown, and she was puzzled as to why he returned from Anglandur with wounds. So many things happened that were beyond her expectations happened in less than two weeks.

Although she answered Jolin's question as if she did not care much about Kurt earlier, she was worried about him and the punishment he would have to bear after he woke up.

She was only lying to everyone when she said she could face it calmly. After everything that Kurt had done for her in Beshya, there was no way she could forget his kindness toward her so easily.

When Kurt was still in the operating room, Oscar arrived at the hospital after learning about the matter.

"Boss," Jolin greeted but did not receive a reply as his gaze was on Amelia entirely.

For some reason, Amelia felt a little guilty when he was looking at her like that.

It was as though she was a wife who was caught cheating by her husband and was afraid that he would misunderstand something.

She dismissed the thought from her mind, although she was still confused about why she would think of that.

Running her fingers through her hair, she said, "Oscar, you're here! Kurt's injured, so I couldn't just leave him in the lurch. Please don't misunderstand."

Oscar ruffled her hair and said, "Silly! I won't blame you no matter what you do. I'm not here to scold you."

Amelia tugged her lips into a smile and finally perked up.

"It's almost six o'clock. Have you taken your dinner yet?" he asked as he wrapped his arm around her waist and led her to a bench nearby.

Amelia shook her head. "He's been inside for a few hours now, so I don't have the mood to eat anything. Where's Tony?"

"I asked Hugo to pick up Tony, and he'll bring him here straight away," Oscar replied.

With that, she nodded.

Oscar then instructed Jolin to buy some food for Amelia, to which she did as told immediately.

Once the couple was left sitting on the bench, Amelia asked in an even voice as she looked at Oscar, "Oscar, I heard from Jolin that Kurt came back after deserting Hugo and Jean. What exactly happened to him in Anglandur? Can you tell me?"

She paused when a realization dawned on her. "Wait. Hugo's back too?"

Oscar did not intend to hide it from her. "Yeah. He just landed, and I asked him to fetch Tony. Kurt came back on his own before he completed the mission, and he even fought with Hugo and the others. When Hugo chased after him at the airport, the two of them got into a fight again, and Hugo accidentally wounded Kurt. As for what happened afterward, you know it too."

"What do you plan to do?" Amelia asked while lowering her eyes.

“I’ll do what I have to do. I’ll wait until he’s discharged, and I hope you won’t interfere with my decision on his punishment as I still have a reputation to maintain in front of my subordinates.”

“Sure,” she agreed without hesitation.

Surprise flashed across his eyes. Amelia laughed when she perceived his reaction and remarked, “Why? Did you really think that Kurt holds a more important position in my heart than you?”

The corner of Oscar’s lips curved upward, and the gloomy feeling within him slowly faded away.

He pulled her close and took in the scent of her hair. “Amelia, I’m thrilled to hear that. I’m really proud of you for being able to think objectively,” he commented in a melodious voice.

Amelia nuzzled against his chest, but she was still looking at the lit sign by the operating room with red-rimmed eyes. Her heart felt heavy.

In the end, she still could not stop herself from asking, “Oscar, can I make a request?”

“Is it about Kurt? Go ahead.”

“Spare his life, no matter if it’s out of personal feelings or whatever. He’s been with you the longest and is basically your right-hand man. Besides, he helped me a lot and is Tony’s godfather,” she pleaded.

Oscar fell silent.

“Did you really plan to take his life? I mean, even if he is a deserter, it shouldn’t be an offense punishable by death, right?” she asked perplexedly while lifting her head to look at him.

“Don’t worry. I’ve never thought of killing him. I only wanted to bring him back to the organization so that he can receive the punishment he deserves.”

“Thank you.”

Oscar nibbled at her earlobe. “I don’t like it when you thank me for another man.”

Amelia laughed and shook her head.

Suddenly, she heard someone fake a cough, so she looked over and found Jolin. She had just returned from her errand.

“Boss, Mrs. Clinton, I bought you some meat dishes, salad, and soup. Sorry. You’ll have to make do with it since we’re at the hospital,” Jolin said as she handed the bag over to Amelia.

“Thanks, Jolin. Sit down and eat with us.”

“No, it’s okay. I’m not hungry,” Jolin responded after glancing at Oscar.

“Since Amelia has invited you, let’s eat together,” he piped up.

Jolin’s eyes lit up immediately, and she went to get a little table that she asked from the nurse when she came upstairs. “Boss, you two can eat first, and I’ll have the leftovers.”

Amelia laughed when she saw the reverence in Jolin’s eyes. It was as though she worshipped Oscar.

Oh, Jolin. You’re usually cold and taciturn with others, but when Oscar’s present, you become like an admirer, yet you have to be respectful because of his identity.

Oscar glanced at Jolin before pointing at the dishes on the table.

Immediately, Jolin understood what he meant.

“Okay, Boss. I’ll eat. I’ll eat now.”

With that, the three of them finished everything. Amelia did not really have much of an appetite, but Oscar was around, and Jolin ate a lot, so she, too, forced herself to eat.

Right after they finished eating, Hugo brought Tony over.

“Boss,” Hugo greeted politely.

Tony wriggled free from Hugo’s grasp and ran to Amelia’s side. Then, he climbed onto her lap.

“Mommy, who’s sick? Why are you in the hospital?” the boy asked.

“It’s Godpa. He has some minor injuries, so he’s here to get the doctor to treat his wound,” she explained in simple words.

“Daddy’s hurt?” Tony wanted to get down, but Amelia carried him up and placed him on her lap again.

“Don’t worry, Tony. Your godfather’s fine. He’ll come out after the doctor bandages his wound. Why don’t you go and eat something with Jolin?” she suggested.

Tony glanced at Jolin and nodded.

Once they left, Amelia looked at Hugo.

“Hugo, can you tell me what happened to Kurt in Anglandur? I don’t believe that you’ll accidentally injure him after working with him for so many years,” she said.

With a gloomy expression, Hugo glanced at the lit sign by the operating room. After that, he said succinctly, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Clinton. I was too rash. Once he wakes up, I'll apologize to him myself. As for the punishment, I'll take it in his place. The mission in Anglandur failed because of me."

Amelia furrowed her brows. "What do you mean?"

Hugo remained quiet, and there was a hint of pain in his eyes.

After some time, he admitted everything instead of putting the blame on Kurt while the latter was unconscious. "Jean died because of my mistake. When she tried to save Kurt, the bullet hit her heart, and she passed away immediately. We couldn't even bring her body back because we were busy fleeing. I forcibly brought Kurt onto the plane, and we started fighting over a dispute after we alighted. Then, I accidentally injured him. Once I return to the organization, I'll willingly accept any punishment."

Amelia was still confused even after listening to his explanation.

Hugo bowed to Oscar and said solemnly, "Boss, it's all my fault. Please punish me. I've let Jean and Kurt down. One of them's dead and the other's injured. I'll never forgive myself."

Oscar furrowed his eyebrows and responded in a deep voice, "Are you sure you're the one who caused that mistake? Hugo, you have to understand that you'll receive grave punishment once you admit to committing the mistake."

"Boss, it's true. This is all my fault. Jean is dead because of me. I even had the urge to kill Kurt when we were on the way back to conceal the truth. I'm not worthy of being their partner. I'm willing to accept any punishment and start over," Hugo continued while lowering his head.

Oscar closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he had calmed down.

"You should go back first. I'll look into this matter myself to see if it was your fault or Kurt's. I'll decide after I get to the bottom of this. As for Jean's body, I'll get someone to look for it."

"Yes, Boss," Hugo replied and turned to leave.

His figure looked despondent from behind.

Amelia reached out to hold Oscar's hand. "Oscar, are you okay?"

He turned toward her and smiled. "I'm fine. It's just that I can't believe that out of the three subordinates that I've personally trained, one is dead, one's lying in the operating room, and another keeps insisting that everything is his fault. They're the ones that I rely on the most. I've never expected that they would fail one day."

"No one is perfect. Don't think too much about it," she said, though her words of comfort were feeble.

Similarly, she did not expect that the aloof woman from her memory would be gone just like that. Because of that, she felt that life was impermanent.

There's no chance to breathe at all, with so many things happening in succession. Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 562

Chapter 562 Stop Feeling Guilty

Once Kurt's operation was successful, he was declared to be out of danger before being directly wheeled to a high-end, private ward.

Oscar had Jolin stay behind to look after Kurt while he went home with Amelia and Tony.

Upon returning to the condominium, he carried his son, who was already fast asleep, to bed. Afterward, he went downstairs and added honey to a cup of warm water for Amelia. "Here, take this to soothe your throat."

She received the glass from him and took a sip. "Too many things are happening all at once in the past few days. I'm feeling quite overwhelmed."

He patted her head and said, "Finish this and go upstairs for a nice, warm shower. Then, get some sleep. Don't think too much."

Amelia gave him a glance and nodded.

The two of them showered in different bathrooms. Once they were done, he tucked her in and went to make a call in the study.

"Jasper, bring a few men with you to Anglandur to look for Jean's corpse. By hook or by crook, you have to bring her body back. Then, get to the bottom of this matter and find out if the failure of their mission was caused by an intentional or accidental mistake," Oscar ordered coldly.

"Yes, Boss."

After he finished giving his instructions and ended the call, he held his phone and looked outside the window. His gaze was deep and impenetrable like the ocean. No one could tell what was on his mind.

Oscar spent a long time in his study before going back to the bedroom. The moment he saw Amelia's and Tony's innocent sleeping faces, the frustration within him vanished into thin air.

A smile appeared on his face as he walked toward the bed and lay down. Then, he hugged them close in his arms.

It was a dreamless night.

The next morning, Oscar and Amelia were getting ready to visit Kurt at the hospital when Jolin called to tell them that Kurt was missing. That took them by surprise.

As soon as the call ended, Amelia said anxiously, "How could an adult disappear when he's still injured and unconscious?"

Oscar only looked at her silently.

Amelia snapped back to reality and realized that she had overreacted earlier.

She tried to explain herself. "Oscar... I didn't mean it that way. I just—"

His gaze darkened as he replied, "I understand."

She sighed inwardly. It seems like my concern for Kurt will become a hurdle between us.

Just when Amelia wondered where Kurt could have gone, the doorbell rang.

She went to answer the door and saw the man in question standing outside. Immediately, she pulled him inside and exclaimed, "Kurt, why did you run out of the hospital when you're hurt? What if your wound opens up again? Come on, let's go back to the hospital now! Stop fooling around! You're an adult!"

The solemn expression on Kurt's face softened up a little after he heard her concern toward him.

"I'm fine, Amelia. I have to tell Boss something," he said patiently.

Lifting her head, she had no choice but to give in when she was how determined he looked.

She brought him into the house. "Okay. You should come in first."

Kurt walked toward Oscar and unexpectedly got on his knees while keeping his back straight. "Boss, it's completely my fault that the mission in Anglandur failed and that Jean died. I'm willing to accept all punishment. This has nothing to do with Hugo, so please spare him. This happened because of me."

Oscar looked at Kurt's chest, where blood was seeping slowly, and said in a deep voice, "Go back to the hospital first. I've already sent some men to look into the matter in Anglandur and will find out who is at fault. If it's your fault, I won't spare you for the sake of Amelia."

Kurt pursed his lips, and a hint of anguish flashed across his eyes.

He put both his hands on his head and said guiltily, "Jean's dead because she took the bullet for me. If I had remained focused, she wouldn't have died. We've been colleagues for so many years, yet I let her die in front of me. I'm responsible for her death! Boss, please kill me."

That night was a nightmare that he refused to recall in his lifetime. He had watched as Jean took the bullet for him, yet he could not even bring her body back because he was busy running for his life, causing her to die in another country and become a wandering soul.

Jean's death became the biggest regret in his life. He did not think that there was any way for him to forgive himself.

"Get up and go back to the hospital now. You know my temper. Don't make me repeat myself," Oscar said with a grim expression as he looked at Kurt.

Yet, Kurt continued to kneel on the ground.

Oscar narrowed his eyes, and a menacing gleam flashed across his eyes.

The second he was about to blow his top, a glass of lemonade appeared in front of his eyes. He looked up and saw it was from Amelia.

"Drink this, Oscar. I'll talk to Kurt," she said with a faint smile.

Oscar received the lemonade from her and took a sip.

Amelia walked up to Kurt and tried to pull him up, but he remained obstinate, keeping his knees firmly pressed to the floor.

“Kurt, let’s talk after you get up. You’re still wounded. Stop making us worry, could you?” she implored gently.

Kurt lifted his head to look at her. With mixed feelings, he said, “Amelia, I’m sorry. I feel miserable that Jean died because of me.”

Amelia felt a little sad when she saw him acting that way. What exactly happened in Anglandur that caused the usually reticent Kurt to make such a despairing expression? He even disregards the fact that he’s injured and had just undergone an operation for many hours yesterday.

“Kurt, get up first. No one blames you for Jean’s death. None of us want her to die. But think of it this way. All of us will die one day. I’m sure she didn’t want to see you look so miserable when she saved you. Let’s go to the hospital now, shall we?” she comforted him patiently.

Oscar walked forward and yanked Kurt up forcefully. “You’re a man! Stop acting like a s*ssy! Go back to the hospital now, or I’ll kick you out of my bodyguard ranks! Then, you can forget about seeing Amelia or Tony again!” he thundered.

Kurt lifted his head and looked at him with bloodshot eyes. In the end, the years of being under Oscar’s despotic rule made it impossible for him to object to his command, so he obediently went back to the hospital with the couple.

When Jolin heard the news, she quickly rushed over and punched Kurt’s wound in exasperation, causing him to grunt in pain.

“So, you still know what pain feels like, huh? Do you know how worried I was when you were gone? Are you planning to make Boss yell at me on purpose? Can you stop making others worry about you? You’re an adult, for God’s sake,” she grumbled.

“I’m sorry,” Kurt said with a straight face.

“I don’t want your apology. What I want is for you to cherish your life a little more. Now that Jean is dead, and her body is nowhere to be found, can you take care of yourself? Don’t make others worry about you.”

After a pause, Jolin continued in a low voice, "In the recent years, a few others that grew up with us are gone, and Jean's dead too. I treat you as my brother, so you should stop making me worry. Boss' very strict with us, but he would never force us to die."

Kurt's expression twisted into a grimace of pain as he listened to her. His eyes reddened uncontrollably, and a single drop of tear rolled down his cheek.

Jean taking the bullet for him was the ultimate blow for him. After all, he grew up with her, and the two of them had worked together on many dangerous missions. There was no way he could be cold-blooded and indifferent when she died because of him.

After the doctor re-dressed his wounds and examined his body to ensure that there were not any infections, the doctor said to Amelia, "Mrs. Clinton, don't worry. The patient is healthy, so he's going to be okay."

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief and turned to look at Oscar.

"Oscar, can you go outside for a bit? I want to talk to Kurt. I won't do anything intimate with him, I promise."

Oscar put his hand on the back of her head and kissed her forehead. "I'll wait for you outside," he said through clenched teeth.

Amelia knew it was the biggest compromise that he could make.

Once Oscar and Jolin left, Amelia pulled a chair over and sat down as she cleared her throat. "Kurt, I don't think you're a reckless person. Why did you run out of the hospital today?"

Kurt's head was lowered, so she could not see his expression.

"Kurt, didn't you wish to see me yesterday? Isn't that why you called me?" she asked.

He finally lifted his head and cast her an unfathomable look with red-rimmed eyes. His lips moved a little, but no words came out. It was as if there was a lump in his throat.

Staring at him, she asked, "Are you feeling guilty because of Jean's death?"

Kurt propped his forehead in both his hands. At that moment, he seemed utterly forlorn.

"Kurt, life and death are predestined. All of us are deeply saddened by Jean's death, but there's nothing we can do to change it. So, stop acting like this, will you? I'm really worried about you."

He ruffled his hair and sighed before saying, "I'm fine, Amelia. It's just that my heart feels really heavy. I thought that I was incredible, yet I had to rely on a woman to save me."

There was an unmistakable hint of suppressed sorrow in his voice.

Amelia looked at him thoughtfully.

"Kurt, I think she must be in love with you," she said.

Kurt did not say anything, still maintaining the same posture.

"Since Jean was willing to give up her life for you, I'm sure she wouldn't want to see you live in guilt for the rest of your life. Stop being like this, okay? If you stay this way, your friends who care about you will feel bad," she consoled.

After a moment of silence, he said, "Amelia, I'm fine. Don't worry. I won't do anything stupid."

That had Amelia heave a sigh of relief.

“I’m glad to hear that. Don’t forget that you still have me, Tiff, and Tony by your side. We genuinely have your best interests at heart.”

Kurt cast her a deep look, and the corners of his lips lifted in response. At that instant, he seemed to be in a good mood.