

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 566

### Chapter 566 Find The Culprit

Raising his hand, Joseph wiped the sweat from his forehead. Awkwardly, he said, "Oscar, I'm afraid this conversation won't go anywhere if you are unwilling to cooperate."

Oscar stared at Joseph with dark eyes.

"Dr. Jenkins, your abilities were highly praised by Julian. Is this the best you can do?" A dangerous glint flashed across Oscar's eyes as he narrowed them.

Joseph was acutely aware of the dangerous aura emanating from Oscar. He smiled, "Calm down, Oscar. Let's chat like old friends. Don't think of me as a psychiatrist. Let's take this one step at a time, okay?"

Oscar's expression suddenly changed like the unpredictable weather in June. He'd always had a temperamental personality. Even an experienced psychiatrist like Joseph could not help but cower before him, not daring to make a fuss.

"This way, please. Let's have a good chat." Since the hypnosis wasn't working, Joseph resorted to having a heart-to-heart conversation in hopes that he would be able to get a grasp on his patient.

Oscar's heart was heavily barricaded. He constantly had his guard up and his mental strength was many times stronger than an ordinary person's, thus making it extremely difficult for someone to work their way in. It was a process that would take a lot of time. Only a fool would think it was an easy task.

Oscar adjusted his clothes and replied icily, "No need. I don't think I require a psychiatrist's help as the service is really subpar. I'll be taking my leave."

Despite his mixed feelings, Joseph did not dare stop Oscar.

"My door is open anytime you feel the need to talk to someone," Joseph said as he walked Oscar out. The latter nodded briefly and strode away.

Oscar went downstairs and called Julian on his phone. "I'm downstairs. Come pick me," he said the moment the phone connected.

Julian drove the car to Oscar's location fast as he possibly could. After entering the car, Oscar put on the seatbelt.

Julian gave Oscar a strange look. "That was quick. You were only inside for half an hour. What did you discuss?"

Oscar gave him a look as he said, "The psychiatrist you introduced, I'm afraid he's just a smooth talker and has no ability whatsoever."

Julian was utterly dumbfounded.

"Oscar, don't forget he is a trained professional who needs to be able to speak well with his patients. Since there's nothing wrong with you, don't overthink it. Come, let's go have a meal. Your relationship with Amelia is fine, don't overthink it and scare her away or you'd be left crying," Julian reminded him.

Oscar massaged his head. He had been stressed over work lately, and it didn't help matters when he witnessed Amelia interacting with another man. Although he professed he didn't care, it was just a strong front. How could he not care when it came to the matter of his beloved?

Julian looked at him worriedly. "Hey, just take it easy. It's not helping Amelia or yourself if you're so tightly wound up all the time. She's a sensitive one and as your partner, she's sure to find out."

Sighing suddenly, Oscar closed his eyes and leaned back against the passenger seat. "Julian, I feel infuriated whenever I see the men who appear beside Amelia. I can't help flying into a rage, and the urge to kill them would arise. I know it's not right and this cannot continue. That's the reason I've asked you to arrange an appointment with a psychiatrist. However, I can't bring myself to trust the man."

It was then Julian realized how severe the situation was.

Oscar's mind had always been more mature than everyone else. Never exhibiting strong emotions, he usually acted cold and indifferent. Julian had never seen him act this way. Perhaps Oscar's body had reached its limit, or perhaps there was a problem with his relationship with Amelia. However, the second option was less plausible as the two of them were as thick as thieves.

After a moment of thought, Julian said, "Oscar, what if I accompany you to the doctor? It would be fine if there isn't a problem, but we should get it treated as soon as possible if there is. I'm sure you won't want your negative emotions to affect Amelia and Tony."

Oscar was silent.

"Okay, okay! Pretend I didn't say anything. It must be hard to be in your position since you wield such authority over so many staff members. Obviously, it has taken a toll on your body." Julian softened his tone as he tried to mollify Oscar.

"Turn around and head to the hospital." After a long pause, Oscar finally replied.

Shocked, Julian momentarily lost his grip on the steering wheel and the car nearly veered off the road. He spun the car around and drove in the direction of the hospital. "Oscar, you're really planning on going?" he asked.

"Weren't you the one asking me to go?"

"Um, no. I was only joking." Once again, Julian didn't know if he should laugh or cry. He certainly did not expect Oscar to obediently do as he was told.

Following that, Oscar shut his eyes and pretended to nap, thereby ignoring Julian as the latter dutifully delivered Oscar to the hospital. Oscar had requested Robert arrange a private doctor to give him an examination.

Once at the hospital, Robert personally tended to Oscar and found a residue of a drug in his body. If taken in large quantities, it was a drug that could make a person easily irritable, and they would also lose their memories. It was harmless if taken in small doses, but once it accumulated to a certain amount, it made a person violent and lose control of their temper. It could also erase important memories.

Robert's face hardened. "Oscar, it seems like you've been taking this drug for at least a year. You need to be more careful, as someone gave you this drug with ill intentions."

Upon hearing Robert's words, Oscar clenched and unclenched his fists. To think there is such a person near me.

"This person must be close to you for them to be able to meddle with your food and drink. Apart from family members, only the housekeeper and people from the company have close contact with you. It seems like this person is also cautious and bides their time by only giving you small doses each time. Otherwise, you would have imploded long before now. You can even lose your life if you take too much of the drug." Robert finally spoke after a moment of contemplation.

Although Oscar's expression remained calm on the surface, he was a ball of rage inwardly. How audacious of this person to drug me so boldly. They are going to pay dearly when I discover who they are.

To Robert, he asked, "Mr. Lancaster, are you certain I've been taking this drug for over a year?"

Robert nodded in response. "We will need to perform a gastric lavage procedure on you. You will also need to watch what you consume in the future as this person has managed to drug you for over a year while remaining undetected," Robert said.

Oscar narrowed his eyes in thought and nodded.

After the procedure was done, Oscar left the hospital after resting briefly.

Inside the car, Julian eyed him worriedly. "Are you okay? Do you want to go rest at a hotel suite?"

Oscar nodded in response. He could not return home in the state he was in right now lest he made Amelia worried about him.

Julian drove them to a five-star hotel nearby and arranged for a presidential suite. Together, they rode the elevator upstairs.

Once inside the suite, Julian tossed the keys onto the bed and turned to ask Oscar, "Do you have anyone you suspect?"

Oscar rubbed his forehead wearily. "I've already sent someone to investigate," he said.

"Do you need my help?"

"No, it's all right. You've already accompanied me all morning. I won't forget this."

"Don't give me that. I can't possibly accept your ardent feelings."

Oscar sat on the couch and crossed his legs.

"What do you plan to do next?" Julian asked.

"Investigate. Once I find the culprit behind this, they will rue the day they crossed me." Oscar said all of this in a calm voice. If one were to ignore the killing intent in his eyes, it was as if he was discussing what to have for lunch that day.

Julian clenched his fists and added, "Let me have some fun too. I haven't had a chance to play around in a while. I'll make sure they regret their actions."

Oscar got up and approached the windows, staring at the view outside. "Julian, I've been a businessman for many years, and I've made countless enemies. Who do you think has the ability to get so close and secretly drug me over such a long period?"

Julian pondered the question. "You threw yourself into work when Amelia left you a year ago. You were completely preoccupied with work and searching for her that you've let your guard down. It was easy for someone to take advantage of the situation then."

Oscar silently clasped his arms behind his back.

"Oscar, I think you should lay a trap to bait the snakes. That person drugged you to drive you mad and infuriate you. Their target is probably Clinton Corporations. Regarding the matter of memory loss, I say it's bullsh\*t. I don't believe our technology is advanced enough to wipe a person's memories. It's all a load of bull." Julian took out a cigarette and held it between his fingers, unlit. A look of disdain flashed across his face.

He did not believe it was possible for a person to lose their memories after being drugged. The technology they had now was not advanced enough to erase a person's memories. However, it was possible for a type of drug to cause a person's memory to decline rapidly.

"I don't care what their aim is because I won't let them have their way. Once I find them, I will make their life a living hell." Oscar narrowed his eyes threateningly.

"I'm with you," Julian said.

Oscar rested in the suite for about two hours before returning to his apartment.

"Amelia, I hope you're not mad I hogged your husband the entire morning," Julian joked as he followed Oscar into the room.

Nonplussed, Amelia laughed as she shooed them inside. "Come on in! It's such a hot day today. I made you guys some pudding to cool you off."

Julian let out a whistle. "That's very considerate of you. Oscar is such a lucky man to have a wife like you. In fact, it's my dream to marry a wife like you."

Amelia smiled as she led them into the kitchen and served the pudding.

Julian politely obliged and ate two servings of pudding. After wiping his mouth, he smiled. "Thanks for the delicious food, Amelia. I'll take my leave now. Won't want to hang around as a third wheel."

He then left after a quick goodbye.

Amelia walked him to the door before returning to their apartment. Amelia and Oscar both sat down on the couch.

"I heard that you went to the hospital with Julian? Were you looking for someone?" Amelia decided to ask directly instead of beating around the bush.

"No. I accompanied Julian to the doctor. Even a man can get sick from time to time," Oscar replied without batting an eyelid.

Amelia nodded understandingly. "I was worried you weren't feeling well. I'm glad to hear that's not the case." Amelia did not probe any further. "I'll put these away in the kitchen. Will you take a nap with me afterward? I'm feeling a little sleepy."

"Okay."

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 567**

## Chapter 567 You Are Inhumane

Oscar followed Amelia into the kitchen before looping his arms around her waist from behind. While resting his chin on her shoulder, he asked, "Amelia, are you in a bad mood?"

Amelia squeezed out some dish soap to wash the dining utensils. "Why do you say so?" she asked smilingly.

"Intuition."

Amelia smiled wordlessly but didn't stop washing the dishes.

After cleaning all the plates, she turned to stand on her toes and kissed him on the lips. "Don't overthink this. Let's take a nap in the room later."

Right after she wrenched herself free of his grasp, she got pulled back into his arms before she could walk any further.

"Amelia, we're a married couple. Although the past few days I did use some harsh language, and we did argue a little, I've apologized to you. I'm no longer angry at you. You should speak your mind instead of keeping it to yourself. Otherwise, it's going to make me feel uncomfortable," Oscar said while resting his chin on the top of her head.

Amelia snuggled against his chest before directing her question back at him. "Are you being entirely honest with me, though?"

Hearing that, Oscar cast his gaze downward.

"Did someone gossip to you?" he questioned after licking her earlobe.

"Someone saw you at the gastroenterology department, and Julian was accompanying you. Why did you lie to me?" Amelia asked in dejection. "Why did you lie to me when you're the one who's feeling unwell?"

Oscar raised her chin and stared into her eyes.

"Tell me. Who tipped you off?" he asked in a quiet voice.

Amelia fell silent for a moment before saying, "Oscar, I'm not trying to blame you for lying to me. It's just that you would rather get Julian to accompany you just so you could keep me in the dark. Am I so untrustworthy?"

Oscar looked down and locked eyes with her. After a moment, he heaved a soft sigh and said, "I'm sorry. I just didn't want you to worry about me."

Amelia chuckled ruefully as she freed herself from his arms. There was a tinge of melancholy to her voice.

“Oscar, you keep me in the dark about everything. I only got to know that you went to the hospital from someone else. Tell me. Do you no longer trust me?” she asked in a low voice with her against him.

Oscar stared at her longingly and then reached out to forcefully pull her into his embrace. After that, he led her out of the kitchen.

They settled down on the sofa, and he had Amelia sit on his lap while he wrapped his arms around her waist. “Amelia, stop moving around. You know men have a hard time reining in their desires. I might just have sex with you on the sofa if I can’t resist it,” he whispered.

Amelia glanced at him and ceased moving about, for she could already feel the movement underneath her.

“Tell me who tipped you off,” Oscar repeated himself.

Amelia gazed at him before surrendering. “It’s a call from an unknown number. I picked up, and the caller’s voice was deliberately altered. I was told that you went to the hospital with Julian, and you had a gastrointestinal cleansing. The caller hung up without saying anything else.”

Oscar mulled over the situation while keeping his gaze low.

“This means I was stalked,” Oscar said nonchalantly. The caller called Amelia with an unknown number and altered his voice. It’s obvious he’s trying to sow discord into my relationship with Amelia. Could this person also be the culprit who drugged me?

“Oscar, what are you thinking about?” Amelia touched his cheek. “Are you worried that the caller was trying to sow discord into our relationship?”

Oscar grabbed her hand before intertwining his fingers with hers. “Amelia, I didn’t tell you I went to the hospital because I didn’t want you to worry about me. I’m your man, so I wish for your constant happiness.”

“But Oscar, you also said I’m your woman, which is why I want to share everything with you, including your burdens. I don’t want to only hear things about you through others. I’ll only end up being the fool who knows about things last after everyone else,” Amelia stated while staring into Oscar’s eyes with an unwavering gaze.

Oscar could only relent and give her a summary of how he was drugged.

Amelia leaped up from the sofa to touch him all over his body while asking anxiously, "You were drugged? What did the doctor say? Was it serious? This won't do. We have to go to the hospital right away. I can't let anything happen to you."

Oscar pulled her back into his embrace before consoling her in a low voice, "I'm fine. As soon as I had a gastrointestinal cleansing, the remaining drugs in my body were also washed out. Don't worry. I'm just a little drowsy. You should be a little more at ease. I'll find out who did this to me as soon as possible. You have nothing to fear. Throughout my career in business, I've had people who revered me, resented me, as well as tried to topple me. However, it will take a lot more to defeat me."

Amelia accompanied Oscar upstairs and pressed him down on the bed. She then poured him some warm water. "Have some water while I go get your pajamas. Why don't you go get showered? No, you just got a gastrointestinal cleansing. It'll be bad if you catch a cold after a shower."

Amelia fetched him his pajamas deftly and had him put them on before going to bed.

Oscar felt a sense of warmth in his heart while watching her busy herself like a perfect wife and mother.

No matter what he had been through in the outside world, it was bliss to have someone at home care for him.

He stood up and walked over to hug Amelia before whispering, "Amelia, you should stop. I merely went through a gastrointestinal cleansing, so it's nothing. I'm healthy and good at dealing with pressure. I've made a full recovery after resting for an hour or two. You have nothing to worry about. Seeing you worry makes my heart ache."

Nonetheless, a worried look lingered on Amelia's face.

"Oscar, don't try to act tough in my presence if you're feeling unwell. I'm your wife. While it is undeniably delightful to enjoy life with you, I'm also willing to bear the burdens with you. I do not wish for you to bear the weight alone. Do you get what I'm saying?" Amelia explained herself sincerely.

Oscar brought her to the bed as he spoke. "Let's sleep. I'll cook you a fancy meal tonight."

Relieved, Amelia lay down in his arms, no longer urging him to change into his pajamas. Instead, she snuggled against his chest, finally regaining her sense of security.

The two of them slept soundly. If Tony hadn't gone to get them, they could probably sleep until six in the evening.

When Amelia opened her glassy eyes, she saw Tony standing beside the bed while watching them sleep.

“Tony, you’re awake.”

“Mommy, I woke up a long time ago. Molly told me not to disturb Big Meanie and you, so I spent a long time playing outside before coming back in.” Tony pouted in frustration. “Mommy, can you wake up now? I want to play at the park after dinner.”

Amelia nodded.

“All right. I’ll wake your daddy now. We’ll go to the park together after dinner,” she said.

Amelia woke Oscar up. They freshened themselves up after getting out of bed. It was already six o’clock in the evening when they got downstairs. Molly was serving the dinner that she prepared.

“Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton, come here. Let’s eat,” Molly said smilingly.

Amelia and Oscar walked over and sat down. “Molly, this is quite a feast. You should dine with us too. We won’t be able to finish all of this,” Amelia said.

“That won’t be necessary, Mrs. Clinton. I need to go home. My granddaughter is visiting, so my family is waiting to dine with me. You can just leave the dishes in the sink after dinner. I’ll wash them tomorrow,” Molly explained as she removed her apron.

“Safe trips, Molly.” Amelia bid her goodbye.

After Molly left, Amelia poured Tony and Oscar some soup. “Drinking some soup before eating is good for your health.”

After dinner, Oscar put the dishes into the dishwasher. After they were cleaned, he organized them back onto the shelves.

All the while, Amelia was leaning against the doorway with her hands crossed. There was a faint smile on her lips while her gaze was filled with bliss.

“Oscar, you sure are capable. If it were two years ago, I would definitely scoff if someone had claimed that you aren’t only good at earning money and have a great public image but could also cook. I’ll think that person is kidding. However, now that you’ll wash the dishes willingly and can even cook, it makes me think the man I marry sure is perfect. I feel so proud for having such a perfect and outstanding man all to myself,” she praised.

With how blissful she felt, it would be hard for someone else to believe that the two of them had had an argument just a day ago and were doubting their feelings for each other.

After sorting out the dishes, Oscar approached her to loop his hands around her waist smilingly. "It takes a good wife to make a good husband. I used to know nothing about cooking, say less of anything else related to the production of food. However, I am no longer that ignorant. This is all because I have an understanding and considerate wife like you."

Flattery tended to be well received, and Amelia was no exception.

The three of them went for a stroll at a park near their neighborhood. When they got back home, Amelia said to Oscar, "Oscar, you help bathe Tony while I go get the clothes."

Oscar nodded.

Then, he carried Tony upstairs to get showered. Amelia was planning to go upstairs as well, but the phone rang coincidentally.

She checked the caller ID to see that the call was from Eleanor, who she hadn't contacted in a while.

Since she was in a good mood, a smile tugged on her lips when she saw the caller ID.

Upon taking the call, she greeted, "Hello, Mrs. Hutton."

Eleanor's demure voice came through. "Lia, it's been quite a while since I last contacted you. How're you doing? Did Oscar bully you? I miss you."

"I'm doing great. Oscar has been nice to me. Tony misses you too and has been asking where you've gone to. You should catch a flight to visit him when you have time to spare. Either that or I can bring Tony to visit you in Saspiuburg when there's a long holiday."

Eleanor chuckled gently. "Sure. I'll show you around Saspiuburg when Tony and you come to visit. We can have all the fun we want as we go shopping."

"I'll thank you in advance in Tony's stead."

After exchanging a few pleasantries, Eleanor added, "Lia, I would like to visit you in a few days. It's been some time since we last saw each other. I miss both Tony and you."

"Sure. Give me a call when you're coming so that I can prepare everything. With that, we'll have time to visit the tourist attractions, unlike last time," Amelia agreed.

“Okay.”

“Mrs. Hutton, I’d like to-” Before she could finish her sentence, she heard the dial tone through the line.

She was curious. “Why would Mrs. Hutton hang up so suddenly?”

She tried calling back only to find Eleanor’s phone was already switched off.

With a frown, she consoled herself that Eleanor’s phone might have run out of charge.

Putting the phone down, she gradually forgot about the minor episode of her call being cut.

At the mansion in Saspiuburg, Eleanor glared at the person who cut the call while chiding, “What do you want?”

Benjamin grasped tightly onto the phone as he spoke. “Are you calling her again?”

“I can’t officially reunite with my daughter, so can’t I at least give her a call when I miss her? She’s already married and has a son, so she no longer poses a threat to you. Why must you force me to cut ties with my own daughter? You’re inhumane!”

Eleanor’s voice was sharp as she fretted and wept out of frustration.

Benjamin had a livid expression on his face as he smashed the phone on the floor. With a loud noise, the phone shattered into pieces, no longer usable.

“We only have two children – a son, and a daughter. Why are you so hung up on a daughter who went missing for more than twenty years and who we have no idea is dead or alive? As I’ve said, Amelia Winters is not our daughter. Yet, you insist on bothering her. Must I give you an ultimatum before you give up?” The veins on Benjamin’s forehead popped as he glowered at Eleanor. He had lost it a little as he spoke.

At the same time, Eleanor was also staring back at him unyieldingly. Her body was trembling with agitation while her eyes burned bright with rage and madness.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 568**

Chapter 568 We Should Get A Divorce

“You’re just a jerk, a lunatic who doesn’t want to acknowledge your biological daughter,” Eleanor cursed while gnashing her teeth. She whirled around, wanting to go upstairs. Unexpectedly, Benjamin grasped her wrist forcefully.

She turned over and shot daggers at the man. "Let go of me."

"Eleanor, if you still haven't realized what's good for you, I would rather send you to the psychiatric hospital to recuperate for some time and bring you back home after you are cured of your deliriousness. Since you're my wife, I'll do my best to help you, but I'll never allow that woman to be part of our Hutton family. Dream on." Madness gleamed in Benjamin's eyes as he declared those words.

Seeing this side of Benjamin caused Eleanor to tremble uncontrollably. She never knew that her husband was so heartless that he would refuse to acknowledge his biological daughter.

"She's your daughter!" Eleanor cried out sorrowfully.

"No. You had that daughter with another man. It's a shame I'd never be able to erase for the rest of my life. That is why I hate her. If I had strangled her secretly back then, you wouldn't have to think about that illegitimate child for so many years!" Benjamin yelled in return.

Eleanor flung his hand away before taking a few steps back. She could barely stand up straight due to her wobbly legs.

Tears poured out of Eleanor's eyes. She replied feebly, "Forget it. Since you consider me a promiscuous woman, we should get a divorce. We are both tired of being entangled in this marriage for over thirty years. I no longer want to clarify whether Lia is your daughter too. Even the paternity test result Amelia showed you couldn't dispel your doubts. What else can I do? I'll head upstairs first. A lawyer will drop by tomorrow to consult with you on the divorce."

So many years had passed, but Eleanor had never felt this disappointed. Although there were times when she had thought of leaving her husband due to some struggles, her heart turned soft when she saw how well Benjamin treated her.

This entanglement then carried on for more than thirty years, and the two of them had grown old in the blink of an eye.

They were husband and wife in youth and companions in old age. There were also ordeals they faced and overcame during those thirty years. If it were not for Benjamin's hurtful words, she would certainly not have thought of getting a divorce.

She had resentment, hatred, anger, and love toward Benjamin. These complicated emotions resulted in her not knowing how she should face her husband. Hence, Eleanor always put up a cold front. Nonetheless, it was also because she loved him that she did not bear to leave his side.

However, she hated him as much as she loved him, and it had completely overwhelmed her. That was why she needed to see a psychiatrist.

It was apparent that Benjamin was thoroughly incensed as he glared at his wife while panting heavily.

“A divorce? Don’t even think about it. For the sake of that illegitimate child, you’re willing to give up on your family? Do you even have a heart? Only heartless people would say such words!” Benjamin gritted his teeth as he spoke.

Eleanor let out a bleak, cold laugh upon hearing that.

How shameless of him to point fingers at me. This kind of person only knows how to make such remarks.

Their heated argument had alerted Amelia, who had come downstairs. Fortunately, Benjamin had sent the maids to stay in another building. Therefore, none of them knew about this dispute.

“Dad, Mom, why are you arguing?” Amelia was watching a television show when she heard the commotion. She rushed down and saw her parents glaring at each other as though they were enemies. Frightened by what she witnessed, she immediately stood in between them.

Upon seeing Amelia, Eleanor stowed away her angry expression. She let out a soft sigh and regained her composure.

“Amelia, your dad and I are getting a divorce,” Eleanor said calmly. “I can no longer hold together this sinking marriage with him. Looking at him not only reminds me of my eldest daughter’s past disappearance but also of the cruel comments he makes. My relationship with him will end here.”

Her words stumped Amelia. She stared blankly at Eleanor and asked in a daze, “Mom, you’re joking, right?”

“This entanglement has been a burden to me for decades. I’m exhausted.” Eleanor had indeed become tired after all these years.

“Stop joking, Mom. Divorcing at such an old age would only cause you and Dad to become laughingstocks. I’ll ask Dad to apologize to you. Then after a good night’s sleep, we will still be a happy family.” Amelia forced out a smile.

However, Eleanor shook her head. “I’m tired, so I’ll head upstairs now. Regarding the divorce, I’ll get a lawyer to represent me. I don’t want any of the Hutton family’s assets. After letting Lia down for more than twenty years, I want to fulfill my duty as a good mother to her. I can’t let her suffer grievances again.”

Amelia could only watch while Eleanor went up the stairs.

She let out a sorrowful wail. "Mom, I know you miss the daughter you haven't seen for over twenty years, but have you thought of me and Ivan, who have always stayed by your side? Are you not worried that we would feel upset over the divorce? Or would you rather have a daughter whom you have no idea if she would even acknowledge you as her mother?"

Eleanor paused in her tracks. Nevertheless, she continued to head upstairs in the end.

Seeing her mother's silhouette disappear down the corridor, the corners of Amelia's eyes turned red, and there were tears in her eyes.

"What happened, Dad? Why did Mom want a divorce for no reason?" Amelia could no longer control her tears.

Benjamin clenched his fists, and his chest heaved up and down due to anger.

"Dad, I thought the both of you were getting along pretty well these days? So why are you two wanting to split up at such an old age? Have you not thought about Ivan and me?" Amelia questioned through her sobs.

"We will not get a divorce." Benjamin went upstairs right after saying that.

Amelia held her head with both hands. Her intuition told her that the appearance of Amelia Winters had caused the Hutton family to crumble.

If I didn't meddle in that matter, my family would still be in harmony.

She sat on the couch while continuing to hold her head. Amelia raised her head after some time and saw her elder brother coming in. Her tears immediately bubbled forth once again.

"Mom wants a divorce." Amelia cried out in aggrievement.

Ivan's footsteps halted abruptly, but he quickly went to his sister. "Don't cry. Tell me what happened. Why did Mom suddenly want to split up with Dad?"

Amelia narrated what just happened to her brother. Then, she said in a huff, "It's all Amelia Winters' fault. If she hadn't shown up, our family would not be in this state!"

"If you haven't been so nosy and conducted a paternity test for our parents with that woman and even brought Mom to Beshya, all these wouldn't have happened." Ivan let out a sigh of lamentation. "Don't overthink it. This matter has always been a knot in their hearts. If they don't handle it well, even if they continued to be husband and wife, they would only appear loving on the surface. Go and get some sleep. I'll speak with Dad."

Amelia grabbed Ivan's hand, passing on the icy-cold sensation in her fingertips to her brother.

"Why is your hand so cold?" asked Ivan.

"Ivan, I'm scared that our parents will get a divorce. I don't want another female relative to stay in this house. It's too revolting." Amelia's voice quivered. "Our family will be incomplete if Mom is serious about splitting up with Dad."

"Fret not. I will sort things out nicely. The divorce will not take place. You'll always be our family's precious princess. Stop brooding over this and go upstairs to rest. Nothing bad will happen as long as I'm around."

Amelia's expression finally softened, and she nodded in response.

"Be a good girl and go to bed. Everything will be fine when you wake up tomorrow."

Amelia finally felt at ease and headed back to her room. On the other hand, gloominess appeared on Ivan's face.

He sat on the couch for a while before going upstairs.

Standing outside the study, he hesitated but eventually knocked on the door.

He entered the room after getting Benjamin's permission.

"Dad," Ivan called out.

Benjamin was smoking by the window. There were cigarette butts by his feet, and the thick scent of smoke filled the room.

"Amelia told me that Mom plans to get a divorce. What's going on?"

Benjamin turned around, revealing a pair of bloodshot eyes. He spoke with a downcast face. "You're back."

Walking over, Ivan snuck a glance at the cigarette butts by the window. "Dad, are you really going to divorce Mom?"

"Of course not. Even if I have to tie your mom up at home, I would never divorce her. In fact, in this lifetime, if I had to tie her up, I would tie her up in the same tomb with me." Benjamin's face darkened as he clenched his teeth.

Ivan frowned upon hearing that. "Dad, doing that would only worsen your relationship with Mom. Would you be satisfied only after driving her crazy?"

“Driving her crazy?” Benjamin’s lips curved up into a sinister grin. He replied coldly, “I’ve loved and doted on her for thirty years. But for the sake of that bastard child, she was willing to cut ties with me. In her heart, I can’t even match with that daughter of hers. I should have taken that b\*stard child’s life at that time.”

“Dad, don’t forget that she’s also your daughter,” Ivan purposely brought the topic up.

Benjamin’s cold gaze fell on him.

“That woman is not my daughter but an illegitimate child. If you mention that one more time, you can forget about stepping into this house too!” Benjamin snapped as he waved his hand angrily.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 569**

### Chapter 569 I Will Take Care Of Her

“The paternity test results came out, Dad. Her DNA matches with yours up to ninety-nine percent, which isn’t possible if she isn’t related to you by blood. Why won’t you just admit it?”

When Benjamin heard that, an embarrassed look flashed across his face, and the vicious glare in his eyes intensified.

“Shut up! She’s not my daughter. I only have a son and a daughter. That girl is a b\*stard’s child. I’ll kick you out of the Hutton family if you mention her again,” Benjamin said furiously.

Ivan could find no words to respond to him.

“Get out. You may speak to me after you think this through.” Benjamin waved his hand without waiting for Ivan to say anything else, gesturing him to leave.

Ivan stared at him intently, then turned and left.

He thought Benjamin was being unreasonable and pathetic at the same time. That girl was his daughter, yet he insisted she was a product of his wife’s disloyalty and chose to drown himself in his delusions. They were a loving couple, but Benjamin destroyed their relationship.

Ivan could not understand why Benjamin was being so stubborn, nor did he know what happened back then which resulted in Benjamin refusing to acknowledge his daughter and even thinking that his wife had cheated on him.

In truth, Ivan thought Benjamin was quite pitiful, but the latter only had himself to blame for it. If he were not so obstinate and suspicious, he would not have to face a divorce now.

It was bound to be an unpleasant night for the Hutton family.

Amelia woke up surprisingly early the next day and saw Eleanor dragging an enormous suitcase out of the door. Shocked, Amelia was instantly wide awake.

“Where are you going, Mom?” Amelia asked anxiously as she held the suitcase in Eleanor’s hand.

Eleanor turned around, looked at Amelia, and informed, “I’m going to Tayhaven to look for Lia. I’ve owed her too much, and I want to be by her side for the remaining days.”

Anger flashed across Amelia’s eyes.

“All you ever think about is that Amelia Winters. Have you forgotten everyone else? I am your daughter, too. Ivan and I truly care about you. I’m starting to think you’ve gone mad to love her so much.” Amelia finally snapped.

Eleanor only stared at her calmly.

Amelia waved her arms, losing control of her temper. “Calm down, Mom. Let’s talk this through. Don’t break the peace in our family, okay?”

“Your father and I have nothing left to talk about. Divorce is inevitable. I appointed my lawyer to discuss the divorce with him last night. I don’t want any assets from the Hutton family, but I won’t cut ties with you and Ivan. Even if we’re divorced, you two are still my son and daughter.” Eleanor’s mouth twitched as if she was determined to divorce.

Amelia stared at her in disbelief.

With reddened eyes, she bit her lip so hard teeth marks appeared on her lip.

“Stop biting your lip. You’re almost bleeding,” Eleanor said nervously.

Amelia twitched her lips, but she still loosened her bite.

“You still care about me, Mom?” Amelia scoffed, “I thought you only had Amelia Winters in mind.”

A hint of pain surfaced in Eleanor’s eyes.

“You’re still my daughter, Amelia. Both you and Lia are my precious daughters,” Eleanor explained.

"If you truly see me as your daughter, you wouldn't have divorced Dad so quickly. I think Amelia Winters cast a spell on you, making you abandon this family," Amelia Hutton retorted emotionally.

Eleanor was silent.

Then, Amelia snatched her suitcase and threw it aside.

"Don't go, Mom. If you leave, I'll end my life. I'll take a knife, slit my wrist, and watch myself bleed to death."

"Quit that nonsense, Amelia."

"It's not nonsense. If you dare give up on this family, I would harm myself. After all, you don't care about me, and I assume you wouldn't care what I do," Amelia threatened like she had nothing to lose.

Eleanor's face fell, and her eyes turned red.

Letting out a tired sigh, she persuaded, "You're already in your twenties and are even old enough to get married. Don't be so stubborn, Amelia."

Amelia sobbed quietly, tears rolling down her cheeks as bitterness filled her heart.

"I regret bringing you to meet Amelia Winters, Mom. If you hadn't reunited with her, the Hutton family wouldn't have to face so many hardships," Amelia Hutton said as she wept.

Eleanor said nothing in response.

"Are you really leaving?" Benjamin's voice sounded from upstairs.

Eleanor looked up and saw Benjamin standing there arrogantly with his arms crossed. She instantly turned cold and expressionless.

"I've requested a lawyer to prepare the divorce papers, and he'll talk to you about the divorce personally. Don't worry, I'm not divorcing for your money, but I have one condition. After the divorce, I never want to see you again," Eleanor said icily.

Benjamin's eyes darkened as his face turned utterly vicious.

"You've become quite the rebel, Eleanor. You even have the nerve to go against me. You want to go to Tayhaven to find her, don't you? Well, it was I who had sent Amelia Winters to the Winters family, and I can easily cause trouble to the Winters family now, too. If you want her to be hated by her family and live without peace then, by all means,

sign the divorce papers and go to your so-called precious daughter,” Benjamin threatened.

Eleanor glared at Benjamin, who was descending the stairs. She balled her fists, veins popping on the back of her palm. Never had she seen such a wicked and shameless man – her husband whom she had married for over thirty years.

She could not figure out why a father could be so ruthless to his child. Even the most vicious tigers would not eat their cubs, yet this man was doing so. He actually gave his daughter away to someone else and faked her disappearance.

“Lia didn’t go missing? Rather, you gave her to someone else?” Eleanor felt incredulous.

“Yes. There is no place for a b\*stard child in the Hutton family.” Benjamin was quick to admit.

Shock, humiliation, disbelief, and agony flashed across Eleanor’s eyes. It dealt a severe blow to her that her husband believed she cheated on him.

She had been in pain for over twenty years, and she had to visit a psychiatrist due to stress. Yet, she did not expect that it was her husband who had caused everything.

She clutched her chest, her lips trembling. “Why?”

“I said I only have a son and a daughter. The other daughter went missing twenty years ago. You’re having delusions because you’re too stressed out. Be good, get some sleep, and forget everything about it,” Benjamin gently convinced her.

However, Eleanor shook her head vigorously.

Benjamin approached her gradually and said sinisterly, “I have arranged an appointment for you with your doctor. After he hypnotizes you, you will slowly forget the past. It will be quick, so don’t be afraid.”

Eleanor immediately ran away, and Benjamin shouted, “Her illness is acting up again! Capture her.”

Two bodyguards suddenly appeared out of nowhere. They grabbed Eleanor, but she struggled vehemently, and the bodyguards gave Benjamin a helpless look.

“Knock her out,” Benjamin ordered coldly.

Thus, Eleanor fainted from a hand chop to her neck.

Benjamin caught her and scooped her up in his arms.

“What are you doing, Dad?” Amelia asked anxiously. Benjamin could be heartless if he wanted to. Otherwise, he would not have called his daughter a b\*stard child or refused to acknowledge his daughter no matter how much his wife begged him.

“Your mother is too stressed out. I want her to undergo hypnosis from the psychiatrist, which will make her forget things that were supposed to be forgotten,” Benjamin explained nonchalantly.

Amelia frowned. “Dad, you’re being too cruel to Mom.”

“Don’t tell me you want me and your mother to divorce?”

That sentence completely silenced Amelia.

After staying quiet for some time, Amelia refused to give up and asked, “Didn’t you have the psychiatrist hypnotize Mom several times before? Weren’t they ineffective?”

“Back then, I didn’t dare let the psychiatrist force the treatment on her, and I would stop the hypnosis whenever she showed the slightest resistance. This time, however, if she loses her mind because of this, then I’ll take care of her for the rest of her life.”

“Are you crazy, Dad?” Amelia yelled, “That’s our mom and your wife! How could you treat her that way?”

“I will look after her forever, whether she is crazy or not. My love for her wouldn’t lessen.”

Amelia shook her head aggressively. She could not understand such twisted and horrifying love. From her perspective, love should be mutual and should not include hurting one’s partner in the name of love.

“Calm down, Dad. Ivan and I will talk to Mom. She was acting on impulse, but she’ll cool down soon,” Amelia persuaded as she suppressed her fear.

“Go upstairs.”

However, Amelia followed Benjamin relentlessly. “Where are you taking Mom?”

“I have called her doctor to prepare everything. He can hypnotize her now,” Benjamin revealed emotionlessly.

“I beg of you, Dad. Please don’t do this to Mom. The doctor said she’ll become insane if you force hypnosis on her.”

“If she does, then I’ll take care of her.”

Hearing that, Amelia felt her entire body turn cold.

She and Ivan were still rather powerless in Saspiuburg and had no way of confronting Benjamin, who was a control freak. At that moment, Amelia felt sorry for her mother for marrying such a man.

“Cool your head, Dad.” Amelia went to Benjamin and got to her knees. With tears in her eyes, she begged, “I’m begging you, Dad. She’s your wife. If something happened to her during the hypnosis, she would become deranged. You have no right to rob her of her wisdom, and she has every right to live with her intelligence.”

Benjamin looked down at her. “If you stop me again, you can leave the Hutton family, and I won’t support you financially anymore.”

Amelia’s hand shivered.

“Would you rather stop me, or leave the protection of the Hutton family, only to work a job which pays three to five thousand to support yourself? It’s your choice.”

Amelia was put in a dilemma.

As Benjamin walked past Amelia with Eleanor in his arms, Amelia froze on the spot as if her feet were glued to the ground. She watched her father’s silhouette and opened her mouth but could not get the words out.

To Amelia, even her birth mother could not compete with materialistic things in her heart. In a way, that was also a great tragedy for Eleanor.

Blinded by money and luxuries, Amelia abandoned Eleanor entirely.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 570**

Chapter 570 Putting Her Under Hypnosis

“Where’s Dad and Mom?” asked Ivan.

Amelia stared blankly at her brother. She then twitched her lips and muttered reluctantly, “Dad brought Mom to see a psychiatrist.”

“Why didn’t you stop him?” he asked angrily.

“I couldn’t... Ivan, Dad was really fierce. He not only threatened to chase me out of the house but to cut me off financially too! I don’t want to work a job that only earns me a monthly salary of three to five thousand. That meager amount isn’t even enough to buy a handbag. So-”

Ivan cut in harshly, "So, you let him take Mom away."

Amelia burst into tears and wailed, "Ivan, I didn't do it on purpose! I just didn't want to get chased out of the house. The Hutton residence is my home! Without the support of the Hutton family, I won't be able to survive in Walund."

Ivan pressed his lips together, fuming in silence.

He clenched his fists and stared down at her angrily. "Amelia, I'm so disappointed in you."

Hearing that, Amelia sobbed even louder. "Please don't say that. It makes me sad to hear you say that. Why don't I go with you to find Mom? Dad said that he wanted to use hypnosis on Mom. If she subconsciously tries to resist the hypnosis, she'll either turn into a lunatic or a fool."

"Let's go," said Ivan.

Amelia hurried behind him.

"Ivan, we're here. Please don't agitate Dad anymore. Otherwise, we'll be left with nothing if he chases us out of the Hutton family."

Ivan clenched his fist so tightly that his knuckles emitted a cracking sound. A trace of malice flashed in his eyes.

"Don't worry. One day, the Hutton family will be under my control. I'll protect you and Mom so that both of you won't get hurt," he promised.

"What are you planning to do?"

"Dad's getting old. His mindset is too extreme, and whenever he does things, he doesn't have a backup plan. If he continues to be in control of the company and our family, the company will go downhill. Sooner or later, he'll drive Mom insane as well. I'm the eldest in the family, so it's my duty to protect Mom. Not only that, I'll make sure to provide her with the best life and environment."

"Don't act rashly, Ivan."

Ivan did not reply her.

However, a plan was already forming in his mind.

He knew exactly what he should do. However, it was not time yet. Once the time was right, he vowed to land a deadly strike on his father. That way, his father would not be

able to retaliate. By then, the company's management rights would be in Ivan's hands. With that, he would also have a say at home, and his mother would not suffer anymore.

"Are you sure?" Amelia asked.

"Amelia, our priority now is to stop Dad's control over Mom. I hope you don't tell him whatever I've told you earlier. It's in Mom's best interest if you don't."

In response, Amelia made a zipper motion across her lips.

She reassured, "Don't worry! I promise not to breathe a word of it to anyone. Even if I die, I'll take the secret to the grave with me!"

Ivan did not reply. He merely reached out to pat her forehead.

Both of them hurried to the psychiatric clinic. However, they were blocked by bodyguards outside.

"Mr. Ivan, Ms. Hutton, please leave. Mr. Benjamin has ordered that nobody is allowed to enter," said one of the bodyguards expressionlessly.

Ivan wanted to barge in, but his combat skills were not on par with the bodyguard. The latter easily locked Ivan's hands behind his back and said, "My apologies, Mr. Ivan."

Ivan and Amelia were directly shoved into the car. The bodyguard instructed the chauffeur, "Send Mr. Ivan and Ms. Hutton back and keep watch over them. They aren't allowed to leave the mansion without Mr. Benjamin's orders."

"Yes, I will."

The siblings were then sent back to the mansion. Around ten extra bodyguards appeared at the door. They stood at every possible exit in the mansion, preventing any attempt by the siblings to sneak out.

When they reached the bedroom, Amelia stomped her foot in frustration. "Ivan, what should we do? Dad doesn't allow us to see Mom at all. I think he's serious this time. He wants to drive Mom crazy."

Ivan had a dark expression on his face. He was so frustrated that he punched the wall three times consecutively.

"Ivan, stop! Don't do that!"

"I want you to leave. I need some time to think things through," said Ivan.

Amelia moved her lips as if to speak, but no words came. In the end, she said dejectedly, "Okay, I'll leave. Don't overthink things. Maybe Dad simply brought Mom to her attending psychiatrist for a chat. Don't worry, it'll be all right."

Seeing Ivan ignoring her, Amelia looked crestfallen. She hung her head, and her shoulders slumped as she left the room.

She went back to her room and flopped onto her bed in frustration. However, after a few seconds, she sat upright abruptly.

As if she had just made a decision, she fished out her phone and dialed a number.

"Amy," Amelia choked out.

Amelia Winters was working. She didn't expect that she would suddenly receive a call from Amelia Hutton.

"Amelia, what's wrong? Are you crying?" asked Amelia Winters. She could sense that Amelia Hutton was in a bad mood.

Upon hearing her words, Amelia Hutton felt even more aggrieved.

She sobbed, "Amy, Mom wanted to look for you. Hence, she told Dad that she wanted to get a divorce from him. Dad was so furious that he dragged her to her attending doctor to give her a hypnosis session. A patient's mental state would easily be messed up if they received hypnosis against their wishes! The Clintons are the only ones who can oppose Dad now. I don't know who else to turn to for help except you, Amy. Are you able to come to Saspiburg?" Amelia Hutton pleaded.

Amelia Winters held the phone to her ear as her hand trembled.

She took a deep breath before she was finally able to calm herself down.

"Calm down, Amelia. Can you tell me what exactly happened?" Amelia Winters asked.

Her colleagues from the same department all turned to look at her.

Amelia Winters flashed them an apologetic smile and headed to the staircase.

"Amelia, don't cry. Tell me slowly. I'm here for you." Amelia Winters raised her voice a notch.

Amelia Hutton gave a brief explanation of the situation.

"Amy, my mom treats you so well. She even wanted to divorce my father because of you and doesn't even want to acknowledge Ivan and me anymore. Dad's so mad that

he brought her to the psychiatric clinic. Now that Mom's in this state, you have to help," complained Amelia Hutton. She pushed all the blame on Amelia Winters.

Amelia Winters could not help but burst into a small chuckle.

"What are you laughing at, Amy?"

"I merely find it funny. This matter concerns your family, but instead of coming up with solutions, you request my help. Even if I wanted to help, I can't do much. After all, it's not right for me to interfere in your family matters," Amelia Winters calmly stated.

Amelia Hutton's face darkened with resentment.

"What do you mean by this? Are you implying that you're not going to help?" Her irritation flared, and her tears had stopped.

"Amelia, it's not that I refuse to help. It's just that there's nothing I can do. I'm in Tayhaven, while you are all in Saspiuburg. What can I do? Besides, I'm merely an outsider. I can't interfere in your family affairs," explained Amelia Winters. A flicker of hesitation glinted in her eyes. However, she decided to reject Amelia Hutton's request.

Amelia Hutton's temper sparked. "Amelia Winters, are you really going to be this heartless? My mom thinks about you every day to the extent that she can't even focus when she eats or sleeps. All she's been talking about is how much she misses you! In addition, she's worried that you'll be bullied in Tayhaven. Now that she needs our help, you refuse to help. You wouldn't be acting this way if you have an ounce of decency in you," she chided.

"I'm sorry, Amelia. I'm currently at work. I can't interfere with your family affairs. I'm sorry to hear that your parents are getting a divorce. Maybe Mrs. Hutton and Mr. Hutton have encountered some problems in their marriage. It's unfortunate that they are not in love anymore," she said before hanging up the phone.

Amelia Winters splashed some water on her face. She stared at herself in the mirror and saw an emotion in her eyes that even she herself could not understand.

"Amelia, are you okay?" A woman's voice rang out behind her.

Amelia snapped back to her senses. She turned only to see that it was Rory behind her. "Oh, Rory! I'm fine. I'm just checking to see if I have any wrinkles growing, and I noticed that there are indeed crows' feet at the corners of my eyes! It looks like I'm getting old," replied Amelia as she forced a smile.

Rory approached her and praised with a smile, "Amelia, you must be joking! Although your aura is exceedingly mature, you take such great care of your skin that you don't look a day over thirty. In fact, you look like you're only in your twenties."

The corners of Amelia's lips twitched, somewhat resembling a smile.

"Is there something on your mind, Amelia? If you don't mind, I'm willing to lend a listening ear to you. I guarantee you that whatever you say will not leave this room," Rory vowed, forming the Scout sign with her right hand.

Amelia chuckled and said, "I'm fine. Let's go back to work."

Rory did not push for an answer, but there was a pensive look in her eyes.

Both of them headed back to the design department.

Amelia got back to her work, but she was a little absent-minded. Her mind kept going back to her conversation with Amelia Hutton.

When it was finally six p.m., Amelia packed up her stuff and prepared to leave. Just then, Rory approached her and asked, "Amelia, do you want to leave together?"

"Sure, let's go," replied Amelia.

They got into the elevator and headed downstairs. Rory couldn't help but ask, "Where's Jolin?"

"She's busy with something," Amelia replied nonchalantly. It was clear that she did not wish to delve into details.

Rory smiled and remarked, "Mr. Clinton is so good to you and plans everything out nicely for you. You're so lucky."

However, Amelia was obviously lost in her thoughts and merely responded perfunctorily to Rory's words. From the moment they left the office till they arrived downstairs, they did not say more than ten sentences to each other.

Oscar was leaning on his car, waiting for Amelia. Upon seeing that, a hint of jealousy flashed in Rory's eyes before it quickly disappeared. In its place was a warm smile as she smiled at Oscar. "Amelia, Mr. Clinton is here. I'll take my leave then."

Rory nodded to him in greeting before tactfully retreating.

Oscar approached Amelia. He lifted her chin and asked tenderly, "You're unhappy?"

Amelia shook her head and commented, "Oscar, let's talk in the car."

"All right."