

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 361

/ [Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

## Chapter 361 Biological Sisters

Moments later, Tiffany called the boss of the advertising company. Since the boss and Derrick knew each other, the former did not make things difficult for Rory and hired her straight away. However, they had set a probation period for her. If she was competent for the job, she would become a permanent employee. Otherwise, she would have to leave the company. In actuality, that was what Tiffany requested in secret because she wanted to teach Rory a lesson that not everyone could take advantage of her and get away scot-free.

Rory did not care about that and went to work at the advertising company merrily. After working there for a week, she bought a lot of things and came to visit Amelia. She asked how Amelia was and seemed worried about her condition as if they were biological sisters.

After Rory left, Tiffany, who was sitting on the sofa, gave a sardonic smile. Seeing how good Rory was at pretending, she had to admit that Rory was a woman who was adaptable to her surroundings, and she was suitable to work in a company.

She enunciated sarcastically, "This woman's temperament changed as soon as she entered a workplace. She's quite suitable to work in a company. I only hope that we aren't helping an ingrate."

Upon hearing that, Amelia burst out laughing. "Tiff, Rory isn't as bad as you said. Besides, we're just her ex-employer. Now that she's no longer working for us, she has nothing to do with us anymore. In fact, she didn't even make any mistakes when she was taking care of me all this while. I don't think she's such an ungrateful person."

Nonetheless, Tiffany still felt infuriated. If it was about other things, she would definitely turn a blind eye, but for some reason, she was not too fond of Rory, the girl from the countryside.

As a matter of fact, she had a good impression of girls from the countryside and thought that they were pure. Yet, when she was facing Rory, she could not stop feeling the urge to nitpick on her.

"Babe, I hope you're right. We'll see. I'm sure she'll come begging us for help again in the future," stated Tiffany firmly.

No one saw it coming, but Tiffany's statement later turned into reality.

Unwilling to dwell on the topic, Amelia changed the topic. "Kurt has posted a hiring advertisement online. When the time comes, I'll need your help with the

interview. I can do some simple chores on my own now. You and Kurt can go back to work.”

“No problem. This time, you aren’t allowed to hire a caregiver without my permission,” remarked Tiffany.

“I’ll let you decide who to hire.”

At that, the incident with Rory was settled for the moment.

Meanwhile, a male doctor in his early thirties handed Amelia Hutton a folder and commented, “Ms. Hutton, this is your DNA test report. The genes of the person you tested have a 99.9% similarity with your parents’ genes.”

Amelia Hutton’s hand trembled a little, and her expression turned solemn. “Do you mean that the person I want you to test is related to my parents?”

“Ms. Hutton, isn’t that obvious? The similarity percentage is so high. If they aren’t related by blood, then the medical equipment must be broken.”

Holding the folder tightly, Amelia Hutton responded with a smile, “Thank you.”

When she came out of the hospital, she lifted her head and looked at the warm sun, having mixed feelings about the news. Previously, it was only a suspicion. Unexpectedly, Amelia Winters was really her biological sister. Little did she know that she would meet her long-lost sister coincidentally, and she even confirmed it personally.

What a dramatic plot.

Moments later, she cursed under her breath, “Isn’t this f\*cking exciting.” Not even a roller coaster was that exhilarating.

After finding out that Amelia Winters was indeed her biological sister, Amelia Hutton hesitated. She did not want the former to go back to the Hutton family. The Hutton family was a big family. Not only was Amelia Winters blind, but she also had a son. It was obvious that she was abandoned by a man. Hence, she thought that it was inappropriate for a woman like Amelia Winters to enter the Hutton family.

In fact, Amelia Hutton was just being hypocritical. It was her who suspected Amelia Winters’ true identity and finally verified it. Yet, after verifying it, she did not want her parents to know about the truth.

However, she still called her elder brother.

Soon, the call was connected, and a cold male voice was heard over the phone. “What’s the matter? Are you out of money?”

Immediately, Amelia Hutton said coquettishly, "Do you think I only call you for money? Can't I call you when I miss you?"

"If you run out of money, I'll ask my secretary to transfer some to your account. Don't stay too long in Beshya. You're Mom's only daughter; you should come back and spend some time with her. I'm busy with work, so I don't have time to keep her company. Come back soon."

"Okay. I just went back to see her a week ago." Amelia Hutton acted like a little girl. "By the way, what will you do if I say that I've found our long-lost sister?"

"We're the only children of the Hutton family. There's no such thing as a long-lost sister. Mom only talked about it because she was bored. Don't get influenced by her," said the male voice ruthlessly. "Mom's mental illness is about to be cured. Don't say things like this in front of her. Otherwise, I'll cut off your allowance."

"But—"

"No buts. Amelia, you've grown up. Stop being so willful."

Amelia Hutton was rendered speechless by his words.

"I need to attend a meeting now. After you've had enough fun, come back to accompany Mom. Then, it's time for you to think about marriage."

Soon, the phone call was cut off.

Staring at the black screen, she was at a loss for what to feel.

She could not comprehend what her elder brother meant. Everyone in the Hutton family knew that they had a daughter who was taken away since she was a child. However, they kept their mouths shut about it. Her mother would take out some old photos and tell her that the little girl in them was her elder sister. Yet, her father and elder brother would say that her mother was delusional and that they had never lost a daughter. Because of that, her mother was being sent to a psychiatrist for treatment. In the end, she stopped mentioning the missing daughter, but her body condition had never improved since then.

Looking at the folder, she could not quite put a finger on what was going on. Nevertheless, she had a feeling that her father and elder brother did not want to find the kidnapped daughter.

At least, that was somewhat in line with her intention.

But when she thought of how much her mother had missed her long-lost daughter, she felt torn.

Subsequently, she got into the car, hid the folder, and drove away.

Entering the neighborhood, she took the elevator upstairs and stood outside Amelia Winters and Tiffany's apartment for a long time. After much hesitation, she rang the doorbell.

Soon, Tiffany opened the door and put on a smile. "Amelia, it's you. Come on in."

Coincidentally, Amelia Winters was walking out of the bedroom cautiously when Amelia Hutton entered the living room. "Is Amelia here?"

Immediately, the latter stepped forward and held the former's hand. "Amy," she called out affectionately.

Hearing that, Amelia Winters had a wide grin on her face. "Well, aren't you the sweetest today?"

Amelia Hutton helped her to sit down on the sofa and stated, "I think that you really look like my elder sister." After a pause, Amelia Hutton probed, "Amy, since we look so similar, have you ever thought that we might be biological sisters?"

Patting the back of her hand, Amelia Winters uttered, "Amelia, although my parents and I aren't particularly close, all my neighbors know that I'm their daughter. I have never heard from anyone that I'm not the daughter of the Winters family."

"But what if you're really my elder sister?"

Confused, Amelia Winters stared at her and said puzzledly, "Amelia, what's wrong with you today? Did someone talk nonsense in front of you? Don't believe them. I'm sure we aren't blood-related. There's nothing unusual for two people to look alike in this huge world. Don't overthink it."

"But..."

Amelia Winters could not help but chuckle. "Why? Do you wish that I'm your elder sister?"

Nevertheless, Amelia Hutton bit back the words she was about to say.

"Calling you Amy gave me a sense of familiarity. I'm sorry. I forgot myself just now. Please don't blame me for being willful again."

"It's okay. I like you as my younger sister as well."

For a while, both of them fell silent.

Shortly afterward, Tiffany broke the awkward silence. "It's time to eat."

"Amelia, let's go. I had asked Kurt to head to the market to get some of your favorite crabs. You should eat more later."

"Thanks, Amy. You're the best," flattered Amelia Hutton.

"Fate brought us together. Let's go over now. Don't be shy."

"Okay. I'll eat a lot later."

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 362

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

### Chapter 362 When Are You Getting Married

Since then, Amelia Hutton would head over for dinner and keep Amelia Winters company. In the blink of an eye, a year and a half had passed. Tony was almost two years old. Not only could he run fast, but he was also smart. He was especially good with numbers, having the ability to remember all the numbers he had seen. As for Amelia Winters' eyes, there was still no improvement. Although she underwent the treatment enthusiastically, she still could not see anything.

Frustrated, Tiffany asked, "Boris, you said you could cure Amelia's eyes in two or three years, but a year and a half have passed, and her condition hasn't improved at all. Can her eyes really recover? Have you found a suitable cornea for her? I didn't mean to argue with you. I'm just anxious about Amelia's condition."

Boris wore a solemn expression and did not exaggerate like he did at the beginning. "Tiffany, we're still researching. At the same time, we're also looking for a suitable cornea for her. If we find one, we'll definitely conduct surgery on her."

Before Tiffany could say anything else, Amelia tugged at the corner of her clothes and piped up, "Tiff, Boris has tried his best, so you shouldn't behave this way. Hurry up and apologize to him."

Taking a deep breath, the former compromised and uttered, "Boris, I'm sorry. I was too anxious just now. If I've said anything that offended you, please forgive me."

In response, Boris flashed her a smile and replied, "It's all right. Back then, I bragged that I could cure Amelia because I was too confident in my medical skills. It's my dereliction of duty that her condition hasn't improved. I thought that I'd perfected my medical skills, but the truth is I've overestimated myself."

Looking in his direction, Amelia comforted, "Boris, your medical skills are good. There's nothing we can do if you can't find a suitable cornea. You don't need to blame yourself. This isn't your fault."

Boris pondered with a sullen face and stated, "Amelia, you should go back with Tiffany first. I'll see you during the next check-up."

"Okay. We'll take our leave then."

After leaving the clinic and getting into the car, Tiffany slammed the steering wheel angrily and complained, "They said they've gathered the best ophthalmologists from all over the world and would be able to operate when they came up with a complete plan. It's just bullsh\*t. It has been so long, but your condition hasn't improved at all."

On the contrary, Amelia was calm and collected. "Tiff, there's no need to be angry. It's not easy to find a suitable cornea. Don't blame Boris."

Infuriated, Tiffany spoke without thinking. "Amelia, do you want to be blind your whole life?"

At that, Amelia's face blanched, and her eyes turned dull.

Knowing that she had made a mistake, Tiffany hurriedly explained, "Amelia, that's not what I meant. I'm just worried about you."

Amelia leaned against the passenger seat and said indifferently, "I know."

Tiffany moved her lips but did not know what to say.

All of a sudden, the atmosphere in the car became a little awkward.

Both of them were silent along the way back to the neighborhood. As soon as they alighted from the car, Amelia Hutton walked toward them.

"Amy, Tiffany," she greeted them with a smile.

"Hi, Amelia." Seeing that she had a suitcase with her, Tiffany questioned, "Where are you going?"

"My mom misses me, so I've to fly back to Saspiuburg. I probably would stay there for ten to fifteen days," answered Amelia Hutton.

"I see. Say hello to Mrs. Hutton for me when you see her," remarked Tiffany.

At the same time, Amelia Winters also reminded, "Be careful. Give us a call when you arrive in Saspiuburg."

"Okay, Amy. Then I shall leave now. I'll contact you once I arrive in Saspiuburg."

After saying goodbye to each other, Tiffany helped Amelia into the apartment.

Looking at Amelia, she queried, "Babe, are you still mad at me?"

Amelia tilted her head as if she was confused.

“Mad at you?”

“I said all those stuff earlier. I’m afraid that you’ll be angry.”

Instantaneously, Amelia burst out in laughter. “Tiff, we’ve known each other for so many years. Am I someone who gets angry for no reason?”

“That’s not what I mean. I’m just worried that you’ll feel uncomfortable when you hear the word ‘blind.’”

“I am blind. Even if I want to run away from reality, I’m still blind. Don’t worry. I didn’t feel uncomfortable. Besides, I’ve already accepted the fact that I’m blind. You’re the only one who’s worried that I’ll mind.”

Tiffany took a careful look at Amelia’s side profile. After she became blind, Amelia had softened up.

The mild and mellow Amelia made Tiffany feel unfamiliar and distressed at the same time.

The woman who used to be arrogant has become easy to get along with now. Is this a good thing or a bad thing?

In truth, Tiffany was pretty upset, as she still wanted to see the confident and energetic Amelia.

However, her thoughts instantly vanished when Tony came running to her.

“Mommy, Tiffy, you’re finally back. I miss you so much.” As he spoke, Tony threw himself into Amelia’s arms.

A smile crept on Amelia’s face as well. Then, she crouched down and touched his face. “Did you behave yourself while I’m away?”

Immediately, Tony gave her two pecks on the cheeks and answered, “Mommy, I’m extremely obedient. Why don’t you ask Daddy?”

“Daddy” naturally referred to Kurt, as Tony was brought up by Kurt. When Tony learned to speak, he called Kurt “Daddy” naturally. Amelia had corrected him numerous times regarding that, but Tony retorted wisely, “Mommy, the kids on TV called the man who brought them up ‘Daddy.’ Kurt was the one who brought me up. If he isn’t my daddy, then who is he?”

While holding his hand, Amelia corrected him with a serious face, “Tony, Kurt is your Godpa, not your daddy.”

“Then where is my daddy?”

Amelia was rendered speechless by his question.

In the end, Tony won the argument.

“Mommy, Daddy made me pasta. It’s really delicious. You should come and eat too,” suggested Tony as he took Amelia’s hand.

Tiffany was following behind them, pretending to be unhappy. “Tony, you’re only close to your mommy. I’ve spoilt you for nothing.”

In a flash, Tony let go of Amelia’s hand and ran in front of Tiffany. Waving his hand, he signaled Tiffany to squat down. Then, he kissed her on both her cheeks and whispered, “Tiffy, I love you too. Besides Mommy and Daddy, I love you the most.”

Tiffany was overjoyed when she heard that.

“Your son is two, but he already excels in comforting people. When he grows up, he’ll definitely be good at picking up girls,” exclaimed Tiffany.

Tony shot her a contemptuous look and declared, “Tiffy, I’m only interested in women who are as pretty as Mommy. If they’re not that pretty, I won’t even bother.”

Hearing that, both Amelia and Tiffany laughed out loud.

Shortly afterward, Tiffany helped Amelia to sit at the dining table. At that moment, Kurt happened to come out of the bedroom. Seeing that Tony was clinging onto Amelia all the time, he curled his lips into a smile and inquired, “Have you eaten? I’ll warm the food for you.”

Tiffany gave Kurt a thumbs up and complimented, “Kurt, you’re such a perfect man. Not only are you doing well at your job, but you’re a good cook as well. Not to mention you could be romantic at times. You’re the perfect boyfriend every woman could have dreamed of.”

While chewing the food in his mouth, Tony suddenly asked, “A perfect man like Daddy belongs to Mommy. Daddy and Mommy, when are you getting married?”

Upon that, Amelia almost choked on her saliva.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 363

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 363 Throwing A Tantrum

Amelia put on a stern look and tried her best to look at Tony. “Tony, if you keep talking nonsense, I’m going to get angry.”



Hearing that, Tony pouted. "Daddies and mommies should stay together," he whispered. "That's how it's supposed to be. But you and daddy aren't staying together, and you guys never even hold hands. You're not like the other couples."

Amelia could feel a migraine working its way up her head. She had no idea how a two-year-old toddler could possibly know anything about relationships. He's already great with numbers, and he can think really fast. I should really get him tested and see if he's a genius or something.

If anyone were to ask her how she felt about dealing with a two-year-old toddler, she would tell them that being smart was fine for children, but not if they were too smart. It would make her life that much more difficult.

Amelia waved at Tony, motioning him to come over to her. Once the boy did as he was told, she hunkered down to look at him eye to eye.

"Anthony, I need to make something clear," Amelia uttered, still as stern as ever. "Your godfather and I are just friends. Good friends, yes, but that doesn't mean we're a couple. But he is one of the most important people in my life, so stop trying to match us up. It'll make things awkward for the both of us, all right?"

Anthony might be smart, but he was still just a child. He was unable to comprehend the machinations of the adult world. The boy looked at his mother naively. "But the TV shows always say that only a couple would live together. Since you and Daddy are living under the same roof, why doesn't that make you a couple?"

Hearing that, Amelia could feel her migraine worsen. God. All these TV shows and their stupid tropes. I should really watch what they air from now on. Amelia gave it some thought before answering, "Tony, I'm going to cut your TV time. Not everything they tell you in the shows is true."

Anthony's eyes were glinting brightly, but there was confusion and slight sadness within them. He turned around to Kurt—who was silent—and asked, "Daddy, are you really not gonna marry Mommy?"

Kurt tensed up a little as he stole a glance at Amelia. Noticing the look of struggle on her face, he felt sad about it. Even so, he replied, "I will marry your mother, Tony. That is a promise."

Anthony's eyes sparkled smugly. Since Amelia was looking elsewhere, he gave Kurt a thumbs up. Good one, Daddy! Keep this up, and Mommy will be yours in no time.

Amelia noticed what Anthony was doing, and she had to admit that her boy had turned out to be quite the mischievous character.

Tony leaned back against Amelia. "Daddy said he's going to woo you, Mommy. You can't say no, all right? I like him, and I want us to be together. I don't want any other guy to take you away. I just want Daddy to be your husband."

Even though Amelia looked annoyed, she could not tell the ugly truth right in front of Kurt. The latter had helped her a lot, so she could not just brush it off and say he was just a good friend. She had accepted all his help, but she could never take it for granted.

Now that Anthony was matching them up, Amelia realized she had just gotten herself into a sticky situation.

She was occupied by her own thoughts and didn't eat much, much to Kurt's worry. "Oh, you don't like these, Amelia? Why don't I make you a plate of pasta then?"

Shaking her head, Amelia responded, "It's fine. I just don't feel like eating, that's all. You guys go ahead."

Anthony looked up and asked sweetly, "Did I make you angry, Mommy?"

"Not at all, sweetie." Amelia smiled. "Dig in. I'll stay here with you."

Anthony nodded.

After lunch, Amelia got Anthony to go to bed. Then she asked Tiffany to take her out and ask Kurt to have a seat. It was time to have their first honest talk.

"Don't take what I said to heart, Kurt. You've helped a ton over this year and a half, and you're like family to me. But now that I'm blind, all I want to do is raise Tony up. I'm not interested in getting into any relationship at the moment. After all, I can't even take care of myself, so it's best I don't drag anyone down with me into this mess," she said.

Gazing at her, Kurt replied, "I don't care. Taking care of you is my job. As long as you're willing to date me, I'll become your eyes and tell you about all the breathtaking scenery this country has to offer."

Kurt was never great at flirting, but even a man like him could change when he was facing someone he loved. In this case, it was Amelia.

Amelia started getting worried. "You don't have to do this, Kurt. I'm not worth your time. I have someone I love, so I can't possibly accept someone else. You don't have to waste your time on a blind woman like me."

"You're a great woman. The most beautiful one I've ever seen," Kurt uttered adamantly.

Amelia was starting to feel a bit frustrated by Kurt's insistence. "Kurt, you know what I'm trying to say."

"Yes, I do," Kurt said with a nod. "But just because I know what you're trying to say doesn't mean I have to do it. As long as you're still not married, I still stand a chance. Tony was just saying my thoughts out loud."

At that, a complicated look flashed across Amelia's face. I can't believe it. Kurt actually became smarter after hanging out with Anthony. Sometimes I wonder who's the bad influence here.

Kurt gave Tiffany a look that told her to make some space for them. The latter was happy to match a couple up, so she went off to keep an eye on Anthony.

A smile curled Kurt's lips, and he strode up to Amelia. Then he held her shoulders and stated seriously, "Amelia, I don't need you to forget about the boss, nor would I even try to become a part of your life. All I want is for you to stop rejecting me and give me a chance. Let me prove that I can take care of you."

Amelia knew Kurt would not change his mind no matter what she had to say, so she decided not to waste her time. Pushing his hand away gently, she announced, "I'm tired, Kurt. I need to get some sleep."

Hearing that, Kurt was crestfallen, but he cheered himself up a moment later. "I'll take you in."

The woman didn't refuse his help. After sending Amelia to her room, Kurt walked out.

Inside the room, Tiffany was patting Anthony, but her eyes were trained on his mother. "You're done talking?"

Amelia was sitting on the edge of the bed. After due consideration, she finally came to a decision. "Tiffany, we should move somewhere else. I don't want to give Tony any false hope."

Upon hearing that, Tiffany sat up straighter and stared at Amelia. "Babe, are you planning on abandoning Kurt?"

Amelia said nothing, but her silence was an answer in and of itself as well.

Tiffany sneered. "I never expect you to be such an ingrate, Babe. Kurt has helped you out when you needed it the most, but now that you've finally settled down, you decide to kick him out of your life? How could you even do that to him?"

Amelia stared at the ground, looking sad. "Tiff, you know why I'm doing this. I don't want to keep owing him any more favors."

"You're still single and unwed, and so is he. You don't have to feel awkward about him trying to court you. Don't tell me you're still waiting for Oscar to come looking for you? Wake up and smell the coffee, will you? If he really cares about you, he would have been searching high and low a long time ago, but we heard nothing from him."

Amelia's face fell. Clenching her fists, she loosened them up right after. Then, she took a deep breath to hold her anger down, but the veins on her neck were starting to pop.

"I'm tired, Tiff. I need to get some sleep. We'll talk about this after we calm down a little." With that, Amelia lay down on the bed and pulled her blanket up, then she pretended to sleep.

Amelia's childish tantrum annoyed Tiffany, but she could only laugh about it. I am calm. You're the one who's getting worked up.

"Fine. If you're sleeping, then I'm sleeping too." Tiffany decided to throw a tantrum as well. Two can play the game. With that, she went to Anthony's room, but since they were both angry, it was impossible for them to get a wink of sleep that night.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 364

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

### Chapter 364 Estranged Relationship

When a phone rang, Anthony took the phone and ran over to pounce on his mother. "It's from Amelia, Mommy!" he informed.

Taking the phone from him, Amelia greeted, "Hey, Amelia. Are you in Saspiuburg now?"

"I'm home already, Amelia. I was talking to Mom, so I forgot to call you. Sorry about that. So how's it going? Did you take good care of yourself while I was gone? Did Tony drive you up the wall?" Amelia blabbered happily.

"Tony has been on his best behavior. Tell Mrs. Hutton I said hi," she said gently. "Is she feeling better now?"

"Oh, Mom's fine. She just overthinks a lot of stuff since she has a lot of time on her hands now. Someone has to stay around and act as a distraction."

"And that's going to be your job. Stay with her, all right?"

"I will, Amelia. Oh, and I'll be back in two weeks. Sorry for the delay."

"Oh, we're not in a hurry here. Stay with your parents. Spend more time with them. They aren't getting any younger, so they need their children to be with them."

"Amelia, won't you miss me if I stay in Saspiuburg for too long?"

Amelia chuckled. "I do miss you, but it hasn't been too long since we met, so your family takes priority here."

"Okay, then."

"You should be spending time with your mother now. I'll ask Tiffany to make a feast for you once you come back."

"Oh, that sounds wonderful, Amelia. You'd better not forget about that."

"It's just a little feast. It'll take more than that for me to go back on my word."

They made some small talk and hung up a while later.

At that moment, Tiffany came over, holding two glasses of milk in her hand. She gave one to Anthony and the other to Amelia. "Babe, it's almost nighttime. Are you still mad at me?"

Amelia held the glass, the warmth of the milk warming her hand up. "I was never mad at you, Tiff," she answered with a smile. "I know you were just saying all that for my own good."

Tiffany looked at her, then at Kurt, who was still working in the kitchen. Then she changed the topic. "Forget it. I don't want to talk about this. Since you're not interested in romance, we'll put it aside for now. Was that Amelia just now?"

Amelia nodded in response.

"What did she say?"

"She's at her home in Saspiuburg. We made small talk, and I told her to say hi to her parents for me."

Tiffany nodded pensively. "Amelia, don't you think your 'sister' is a bit too friendly to you? She thinks of you as her own sister and acts as though the two of you are real siblings as well. Haven't you realized that she's being too nice to you?"

Amelia paused for a moment to process that piece of information. She then recalled Rory telling her about Amelia plucking her hair once.

Most people would only do that because they want to perform a DNA test. Amelia can't really be my sister, right?

The moment that thought popped up, Amelia laughed it off.

Tiffany voiced her question out, "Amelia, do you think she actually thinks that you're related to her?"

"That is impossible, Tiffany."

"But what if it's true?"

"Even if it is true, what do you want us to do? Tell the truth and be a happy family?"

"Well, that's not a bad idea if you're actually her real sister."

"Tiff, I'm already thirty years old. I've been married, divorced, and have a kid. I don't need any more family on my side, not to mention the Huttons might not be so keen on adding another person to their roster. It's too unpredictable for me to jump in, and I don't want to ruin my quiet life. Please don't bring this up ever again," Amelia voiced her opinion and shook her head.

Shrugging, Tiffany didn't keep pressuring Amelia anymore.

The Huttons lived in the most extravagant villa available in Saspiuburg. It was resplendent and beautifully decorated. There was a fake mountain, a mini waterfall, a little forest, and actual maids in maid attire.

The male servant placed a glass of freshly squeezed fruit juice on the small table and uttered politely, "Enjoy the juice, Madam. Enjoy, Miss Amelia."

Amelia waved the servant down and handed the glass of warm juice to her mother, who was resting her eyes. "Have some fruit juice, Mom."

Fluttering her eyes open, the woman took the glass of juice to have a little sip.

On closer inspection, the woman looked slightly like Amelia Hutton, but more precisely, she shared a similar face with Amelia Winters, especially the eyes. Their eyelashes looked exactly the same, but the woman had a sickly look on her face, and she was slightly thinner than the younger one. However, she kept herself well, and not a wrinkle was seen on her face. Every movement she made radiated elegance.

Amelia looked at her mother, feeling worried about her. "Mom, you haven't been taking care of yourself, haven't you? You don't look so good."

Eleanor put the glass of juice on the table. "People my age have really shallow sleep. It's fine," she mumbled.

Still staring at her mother, Amelia had something in her mind, but she wondered if she should say it out loud. After some consideration, she questioned, "Are you still missing Amelia, Mom?"

Eleanor's eyes widened in shock, and she shot a sharp look at Amelia, taking the latter by surprise. "What's wrong, Mom? Did I say something wrong?"

"Who told you about that? Why did you bring her name up? Your father and brother hate it when her name is mentioned. Never talk about her whenever they're around, or they're going to yell at you."

Hearing that, Amelia furrowed her brows. Her mother's reaction was making her curious. "Mom, but I have a sister. Why are you so scared about bringing that up? Don't you miss her, too?"

At that, Eleanor's face fell, and she lectured sternly, "You're still young. There are a lot of things you don't understand. Either way, do not mention her when your father and brother are around. I'm tired. I'll have to get some sleep."

Eleanor was about to scurry off to her room, but Amelia quickly gave chase and held her. "All right, all right. I'm sorry, Mom," she apologized humbly. "I'll stop talking about her. Look, the juice is nice. Why don't we share it? And you really should get some sun. You look really pale."

Only after Amelia promised she would not bring her sister up did Eleanor go back with her.

Refilling the glass with some juice, Amelia cracked some jokes for her mother. Not even once did she bring up her sister that had been absent in their lives for more than two decades. It was as if the argument earlier had never even happened.

Amelia and Eleanor had a good time chatting and joking away in the afternoon. When the sun set beyond the horizon, a servant came to inform them that Benjamin and Sean had come home. "Dinner is served, madam, miss." And then they went to the dining room.

"Daddy!" Amelia hugged her father when she came to the dining room. "Sean!" Then she hugged her brother as well.

The men smiled brightly at her, and Benjamin scraped her nose. "And I thought you've forgotten all about us. Beshya must have been fun for you, huh?"

"Yes, Daddy, but I would never forget about you. I miss you every day." Amelia swung her father's arm as though she was a child asking for a candy.

Benjamin smiled at her lovingly, while Eleanor pulled her shawl tighter around her. She seemed calm, apparently not in the mood to talk to anyone.

"Since you're back, you guys must be hungry. Let's start digging in." After everyone had taken their seats, Benjamin looked at his wife. "So, how was your day, Eleanor?"

Eleanor answered coolly, "Not bad. You and Sean are too busy with your work to care about me, but at least Amelia's willing to stay with poor old me."

A look of guilt flashed across Benjamin's eyes. "Why don't I take two weeks off? We can go on a trip overseas."

Shaking her head, Eleanor refused his offer, "Your work is very important. You don't have to give it all up just for me. I am fine with how I am now."

The sarcastic remark brought the conversation to an abrupt end, and the atmosphere turned heavy all of a sudden.

Benjamin obviously looked stumped, but he said stiffly, "Dig in, everyone. Tell me if you want to go on a trip, Eleanor. I'll make time for it, I promise."

Eleanor nodded, but she said nothing to him. The four of them started having their dinner, but it was a somber occasion that evening, with the dark silence hanging in the air.

Eleanor knew she had another daughter besides Amelia. However, ever since Benjamin forbade anyone from looking for that abandoned girl and prohibited his wife from even thinking about her, Eleanor had never even smiled at him once. Their relationship was straining and cracking from the pressure, but it was obvious that Benjamin still loved Eleanor, though it was a pity Eleanor had lost a huge chunk of love for him.

Eleanor had always acted cold and indifferent whenever Benjamin tried to talk to her. No matter how much he tried to cheer her up, she always refused whatever offer he made.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 365

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
Chapter 365 Saddened

After dinner, Benjamin offered to go on a stroll with Eleanor. However, as usual, he was rejected once again. She went out by herself, leaving her family sitting around the table. Amelia looked at her father and asked, "It has been a while, Dad. Haven't you made it up to Mom yet?"

Benjamin's eyes glinted darkly as he thought about that question. In the end, he replied, "You shouldn't poke your nose in this matter, girl. It's adult business. Go with your mother. She's still ill, and now she wouldn't stop overthinking everything. She needs someone to talk to her."

Amelia smiled at her father. "So you're implying that I'm a child, huh, Daddy? Well, then it's past my bedtime now," she retorted. "Now it's up to you to talk to Mom. I'm going to my room now." Waving at her father, she went upstairs.



Every time this conversation was brought up, it was bound to end with everyone being angry at something, at the very least. Because of that, the air was tense in the Hutton residence that night as usual.

Benjamin looked positively annoyed and frustrated.

“Don’t think too much about it, Dad. Mom’s just not feeling happy right now. Give her some time. She’ll get over it, eventually.”

“Sean, your mother has been trying to ‘get over it’ for more than twenty years. Twenty years. Not two days. All just for a missing daughter. She’s even pushing me away just because of that,” Benjamin grumbled solemnly.

Anger flared up within Sean’s eyes for a moment, but he calmed down. “She’s just stuck on something, Dad. She’ll slowly figure it out.”

The conversation came to a long pause after that. Eventually, Sean voiced, “Dad, why don’t you go out and have a talk with her? Dr. Goodman called me yesterday, and he had bad news. Mom might look fine now, but actually, her symptoms are getting worse. Why don’t we just find the girl and get this over with? After all, I still remember which family you gave her away to.”

Benjamin clenched his fists as tightly as he could. He was struggling violently with himself, and a stormy look contorted his face. However, in the end, he shook his head.

A long, long while later, he stated darkly, “That’s between me and your mother. You and Amelia are my only children. I do not have any other child, and I do not want to hear any of you bringing up a nonexistent character, you hear me?”

Staring at his father, Sean was befuddled and perplexed about that response. “But why, Dad?” How could you abandon your own kid just like that?

Benjamin growled silently, “No reason, boy. You are my son, Sean Hutton. You only have the privilege to follow my orders. Anything else is off-limits, you hear me?”

After that, Benjamin stormed off upstairs, leaving Sean standing alone in the living room. He had a dark look on his face, and he was immersed in his thoughts.

In the meantime, Eleanor was taking a stroll outside. Halfway through, she told the maid who came with her to bring a bucket of water over. The maid was perplexed by that bizarre request, but she did as her mistress instructed, anyway.

A moment later, the maid came back with a bucket of water. “This is the water you want, Mrs. Hutton.”

“Which one of the cars did Lawrence drive to pick Amelia up?”

The maid told Eleanor the car plate’s number.

“Take the water there. She drove all the way home and asked Lawrence to get a taxi instead. I’ll wash the car for her since I don’t have anything else to do.”

The maid didn’t look the least bit surprised when Eleanor said that, as it was not the first time she had done it, after all. They tried to dissuade her the first time, but all they got in return was one big slap. She even went into hysteria and screamed at everyone who tried to stop her from washing the car.

Everyone found out that Eleanor was stricken by an illness when she first screamed at them. It was not even physical either, no. It ran deeper than that. The illness stuck to her heart, mind, and even her soul.

Ever since the truth was made clear to everyone, all the maids in the Hutton family had to do as she said or risk another hysteria episode from her.

Drenching the cloth with water, Eleanor tried to open the door so she could wipe the interior, but to her slight annoyance, the door was locked.

“Lina, tell Lawrence to give you the keys, but do not let the master or Amelia know anything about this.”

“Yes, Mrs. Hutton.” The maid scurried off to get the car keys from Lawrence.

A short while later, she came back holding the keys in her hand. Then she unlocked the door and informed politely, “The doors are unlocked, Mrs. Hutton.”

Eleanor waved her down. “Stay away from me. And far, far away if you please. I shall do this on my own.”

“Yes, Mrs. Hutton.”

With that, Eleanor went into the car holding the wet cloth, but the first thing she saw was a folder on the driver’s seat. Not thinking much about it, she shook her head. Amelia must have dropped this.

Picking it up, she put it away to make it easier for her to clean the car. Eleanor was not going to snoop around in the first place, but after she was done cleaning, she glanced at the folder again. Eventually, her curiosity was piqued, and she opened the folder to see what was inside. However, she never expected that the content of the folder would give her the shock of her life.

She held the DNA test result with trembling hands, but not because she was terrified. Instead, her eyes were blazing, as if she had found that sliver of hope she had been desperately trying to locate. Getting out of the car, she stumbled her way back into the living room, ignoring the shouts of Lina, who was chasing after her.

Meanwhile, Amelia was lying on her bed, watching her favorite television show. When the annoying scenes came up, she even cursed like a common wench to express her displeasure. Whenever she was alone, Amelia was the amalgamation

of elegance and depravity, a bizarre combination where nobody would find its equal.

When her mother barged into her room like a tank squashing a house flat, it made her jump up in shock. She was going to hurl some choice profanities at the intruder, but when she saw who it was, Amelia swallowed her words. "What's wrong, Mom?" she asked.

Wobbling over to her daughter, Eleanor gripped the DNA test result in her hand. Her lips were trembling, and she took a long, long while to organize her words. Finally, she managed to ask the question she had longed to, "Amelia, I need you to tell me all about this test result. You found your sister, haven't you?"

When Amelia saw what her mother was holding, she realized why Eleanor was looking so distraught, yet excited. After all, she dropped it in the car on purpose, for she knew her mother had a habit of cleaning her car, so she did that in hopes that Eleanor would come across it. She wanted to see how Eleanor would react upon finding the proof that her other daughter was found. Eleanor's longing had taken a heavy toll on her, and Amelia didn't want her to leave the land of the living with her greatest regret unfulfilled. Even so, she still didn't want her sister to return to the family, though.

"Answer me, Amelia! What is up with this lady who shares the same name as you? Why does her DNA match your father's and mine so much? Did you run into her? Did you? Tell me, Amelia!"

"Calm down, Mom. Calm down, okay? I'll tell you in a moment." Amelia went and locked her door before seating her mother on a chair. Getting to her knees, she stared up at Eleanor.

"Mom, I can't let you waste away like this anymore. Yes, I did run into a lady who looks just like me in Saspiuburg. No, to be precise, she looks more like you, especially the eyes." She paused for a moment before continuing, "Yes, I know there are people who might look like us out there in this world, but you don't see someone who resembles you every day. That's why I got close to her and got both of her and you guys' hair so I can get your DNA tested. And that's why you're holding that right now."

Eleanor was starting to cry, but she stifled it in case it got too loud, then weirdly, or not weirdly enough, she started laughing. "Amelia, so you're saying this lady is my daughter, then?"

Amelia nodded.

Seeing that, Eleanor got up and paced back and forth as she buzzed with excitement. "I shall go and see her right now," she muttered under her breath. "It has been so many years since I last saw her. Now we can finally get reunited." She suddenly touched her face. "Amelia, do you think I look ugly? Will I scare her? Right. Right. I should put some makeup on, then I'll go with you."

Amelia didn't know what she should feel about the situation. She had never seen her mother losing her composure like this, not even once in her life. She had always been the calm, collected lady of the household, but she got so excited over the daughter she had never even seen before in over twenty years. She was starting to regret showing the result to her mother. Now she was afraid that all her mother would care about was the other Amelia. I might lose all her love.

The prospect of that nightmare happening started twisting her into a monster, and she came up with a little scheme of her own.

"Calm down, Mom. You know Dad and Sean won't let you see her. If we want to do this, we'll have to do it in secret. You don't want them to find out and chase Amelia away again, right? Not after you've finally found her after so long."

Eleanor finally calmed down after hearing that. Fixing her hair, she nodded. "You're right, Amelia. Your father and brother must never know about this. I spent more than twenty years in search of my girl, and I will not allow them to ruin this moment. If they or anyone would try and stop me, I will kill myself right in front of them."

Amelia looked at her sadly but also felt a bit frustrated. Jealous, she questioned, "Mom, does Amy really mean that much to you? I mean, you've never even smiled at Dad once for the last twenty-odd years."

At that, Eleanor fell into silence.

"Mom, we're a family, no matter what. Do you really want to make things tense between us for someone who has never even lived a day in our family?"

"Do not talk about your sister like that. I shall not allow it," Eleanor snapped.

That warning wiped the smile off Amelia's face.

Heaving a sigh, Eleanor added, "Sorry for snapping at you, Amelia. Don't take it to heart. This is between me and your father, so please stay out of it. It's not something we can explain that easily."

"But have you ever thought about how Sean would feel about this? How would I feel about this? You and Dad are staying apart, and you guys never talk to each other. Honestly, it doesn't sit right with us. Can't you mend things with Dad? For Sean and my sake?"

Eleanor was silent once again.

Sighing silently, Amelia changed the topic. "Mom, Amy lost her eyesight in a car crash. I hope you won't freak out about it too much. I can take you to her, but she might or might not take to you well. Just take it as a normal visit and don't scare her with all your doting."

Most of what Amelia said was nothing but rubbish for Eleanor. All she cared about was the car crash the other Amelia got involved in. "She's blind? Is she fine? Is she hurt? How did she even get into the car crash in the first place?" Eleanor asked nervously.

Despite never even seeing the other Amelia once in more than two decades, Eleanor jumped into panic mode the moment she heard her daughter was involved in a car crash. That fact alone rubbed Amelia the wrong way, and she had a feeling the other Amelia would take her mother away from her if they were to meet.

Now she truly regretted leaving the test result in the car. I should have pretended I know nothing about this. Even that's better than an estranged "family member" breaking this peaceful life I've enjoyed for the last twenty-odd years.

"Don't worry, Mom. She's fine. She just lost her eyesight, that's all. And it's temporary. The doctor is looking for a suitable retina to heal her up." Amelia held back her overflowing jealousy to calm her mother down, "Just stop freaking out, Mom. I can take you to her, but she has a lot on her plate right now, so she might not take to you kindly. Just don't scare her, all right?"

Eleanor looked crestfallen when Amelia told her she had to hold back when she met the other Amelia. Though she was still crying, she nodded anyway. "Very well then. I can do anything as long as I get to see my girl."

Mom, I'm your girl too, you know. But I've never seen you so worried about me before.

That was what Amelia wanted to say to her mother, but she swallowed her words before she could blurt them out. It left a bad aftertaste in her mouth and an even worse flavor in her soul.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 366

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

### Chapter 366 Can You Call Me Mom Too

After getting her hands on a clue of her eldest daughter's whereabouts, Eleanor warmed up a lot, and she even started smiling at Benjamin. Naturally, that gave him a huge shock.

After finishing her soup, she took the napkin her maid gave her and wiped her mouth off elegantly. She then looked at Benjamin. "Benjamin, I'm going to Beshya with Amelia for a while. I've never left Saspiuburg for more than twenty years, and the world has changed drastically. I want to see the changes for myself, or I'd end up as a bumpkin."

Benjamin was surprised that his wife actually came up with that idea, so he looked at his daughter. Did she come up with this? Eleanor doesn't seem the type to go on trips all of a sudden.

Putting her silverware down, Amelia voiced, "Dad, it's not every day Mom wants to go around, so just let her, all right? If she keeps cooping herself up, she's going to go mad, eventually."

Giving it some thought, Benjamin agreed, "I'll take some time off to go with you, Eleanor. I can't just leave you two as you go around on your own."

Oddly enough, Eleanor was not angry that Benjamin offered to go with her. All she said was, "Benjamin, I just want to go with Amelia. I'll be back once I've seen enough of Beshya."

Benjamin wanted to argue some more, but in the end, he relented. Eleanor—for the first time in ages—beamed at him.

Her smile captivated Benjamin, and it lifted his dour spirits up.

"You gentlemen should get to work now. It's late." Eleanor took Benjamin's suit and wore it over him, just like how every nice housewife would do for their husband. Sean was perplexed about the whole situation, and he looked at his sister. Is Mom on one of her episodes again? That was the question written in his eyes.

Amelia shrugged, telling Sean that not even she knew what was going on. Maybe she thought she's been too cold to Dad for too long, so she's changing for once.

Amelia and Sean said nothing, but the silent conversation told the latter about everything he wanted to know, which was nothing. On the other hand, since Benjamin finally saw his wife smile at him, he and Sean went to work feeling happy for the first time in a long while.

After the men had gone to work, Eleanor quickly held Amelia's hand. "Amelia, do you know what your sister likes? We can get it for her at the mall later. Oh, and you said she has a two-year-old boy, right? What does the boy like then? Oh my, I'm a failure as a grandmother. He's already two years old, but I haven't even seen him yet. I have to look my best. I shan't scare them now."

Eleanor was positively buzzing with excitement, but that only stoked the flames of Amelia's jealousy, and she found her feeling a lot less friendly toward the other Amelia.

She grew up being the center of attention, no matter where she was. Even though she acted like a proper lady in front of everyone, she still could not shake off the selfish, spoiled child within her. Whatever she liked, she wanted to take them for herself. Naturally, seeing her mother—who gave her whatever she asked for since she was a kid—looking so excited for someone she had never seen before made her jealous.

Even so, she held her jealousy back for the time being. "Just calm down, Mom. Amy has everything she can ever wish for. She's living a pretty good life, so just buy her something random. You don't want to make her feel awkward, remember?"

"Ah, but that's simply unacceptable, dear. This is my first time seeing her after so long. I can't take this too easily. If I leave a bad impression and push her even further away from me, it'd be bad."

"Mom, is Amy that important to you? Do you really want to dump all of us just for her? We're the people who care about you, you know?"

"What is wrong with you, Amelia? How could you say such a thing?"

God. Amelia held her frustration back once more. "Mom, that's not what I meant. I just want you to calm down. If you look too excited, Dad and Sean are going to get suspicious. You don't want them to stop you from going to Beshya, do you?"

Upon hearing that, Eleanor calmed down once more, but that didn't stop her from getting some gifts for the other Amelia at the mall. In the end, Amelia had to go with her mother to haul the stack of gifts back.

When they returned, Eleanor told the maids to pack all the gifts up nicely and went about her day. After having breakfast the next morning, Eleanor was already prepared to travel to Beshya.

"Oh, you're leaving so soon?" A frown appeared on Benjamin's forehead.

Eleanor held her excitement and, for the first time in ages, replied to him gently, "It has been a long time since I was in Beshya. I wonder how much the city has changed. I've been looking forward to this, so I'll be staying there for a few days."

"Why don't I go with you, then?"

"Do you want me to stay at home forever, Benjamin? Fine, I won't be going then, and I won't be seeing the therapist anymore, too. I mean, if this is how it's going to be, death is actually a more preferable choice," Eleanor refuted, tensing up.

Benjamin relented again. "Think nothing of it. I was just speaking my mind. Just have a fun time there. Call me if you run out of money. Don't have too much fun there and remember to come home."

At that, Eleanor broke into a smile again. After they had breakfast, Benjamin and Sean sent the ladies to the airport. Benjamin wondered why his wife bought so many things for her trip. It seemed unnecessary for him, but since she might get mad at him, he decided to stay quiet and told the maids to send them to Beshya.

"Amelia, take care of your mother, all right? She's not as healthy as she used to be, so always keep an eye on her. Make sure she has a pleasant trip, you hear me?"

Amelia simply responded with a nod.

Worried, Sean chimed in as well, "Amelia, I've put Mom's meds in your bag. Remind her to take it on time. I know a trip is fun, but don't neglect Mom."

"Yeah, yeah. I know, Sean. I'm not a baby anymore. I know how to take care of her."

Even though Amelia insisted she could take care of Eleanor, Benjamin and Sean kept telling her what to look out for and only let her board the flight half an hour later.

After they got onto the airplane, Eleanor looked at the photo Amelia gave her, and she teared up. "Oh, she looks just like me," she mumbled. "Amy hasn't changed one bit even after two decades. Everyone says she has my eyes. I never thought I could have a chance to see her in my lifetime. Thank you, Amelia. Thanks to you, I can see your sister now."

Wiping her mother's tears off with a tissue, Amelia whispered, "Calm down, Mom. Amy's doing just fine. She seems rich, so I bet she got adopted by a wealthy family. Remember, you're there for a regular visit, not to make a scene. Let me do the talking. If she's friendly to you, we can then talk about your reunion, but just pretend you're my friend if she doesn't sound too thrilled about it, okay?"

Eleanor cried silently.

Once they disembarked, the ladies hailed a ride and went to the neighborhood where the other Amelia was staying at. Even after they ascended the elevator and came to her house's doorstep, Eleanor was still worried. "Amelia, do I look weird in these clothes?"

"No, Mom. You look absolutely stunning no matter what you wear."

Despite her praise, Eleanor was still feeling nervous about the upcoming meeting with the other Amelia.

With that, Amelia rang the doorbell, and Tiffany came to open the door. First, she saw Amelia standing outside, but that was not the thing that surprised her most. When she saw the older woman standing behind Amelia, she could not believe what she was seeing. She thought this Amelia was already looking quite similar to her friend, but the older woman apparently looked even more alike to the other Amelia.

Tiffany had to take some time to process what she was seeing. Um, it's not Halloween or April Fools, right? So what's with the costume?

"Why are you spacing out for, Tiffany? Don't you recognize me?" Amelia waved her hand right in front of Tiffany.



Snapping out of it, Tiffany made way for the guests. After they came in, she closed the door right away. "Amelia, who might this be?" she asked politely.

"She's my mother."

Tiffany's jaw dropped and formed an almost comical "O." Holy guacamole. She's your mother? But she looks so young! You could have said she's your sister and I would have believed it, no questions asked.

"Ah, my apologies. Hello, Mrs. Hutton." Tiffany bowed politely to Eleanor.

Amused, Eleanor said, "You must be my daughter's friend. She told me about you before. You seem to be a nice lady."

Tiffany was starting to blush from the praise she was receiving. "You flatter me, Mrs. Hutton. Please, have a seat. I'll make you a cup of tea."

After saying that, Tiffany went to brew some tea and put it on the table for Eleanor.

However, Eleanor was not the least bit interested in the tea. Instead, she looked around the house, and when Tiffany saw that, she queried, "What are you looking for, Mrs. Hutton?"

Amelia cut in before her mother could say anything, "Where's Amy and Tony, Tiffany? I don't see them around here."

"Oh, Kurt and she took Tony downstairs. The caregiver we just hired is in the kitchen right now. Are you guys hungry? I told her to make a bit more food, so hold on for a while longer. Amelia will be back in a bit." Pausing, Tiffany inquired, "Mrs. Hutton, are you here on a vacation with Amelia?"

Eleanor nodded. "It has been a long time since I last saw this beautiful city. Since Amelia is coming over, I thought I could tag along. I hope I'm not intruding," she remarked elegantly.

Tiffany sat on the other sofa. "Not at all." She smiled. "You're welcome here, Mrs. Hutton. But I have to say, I never expected you to look this young. Why, you don't look a day over thirty!" And you look like Amelia too. Both Amelias.

Eleanor smiled, and her eyes turned into a pair of beautiful slits. The moment she started smiling, Tiffany got sucked in. She looks just like Amelia back when she was younger. "Mrs. Hutton, you look just like my friend when you smile. She has the same smile as you, you know."

"Oh, my. Is that so? Well, then I suppose I have to see this friend of yours."

Tiffany was about to say something, but someone rang the doorbell. Standing up, she smiled apologetically at the guests. "It's probably them. I'll take the door, Mrs. Hutton."

Eleanor stood up as well. She was clenching her pants tightly as she stared at the door.

Amelia held her. "Calm down, Mom. Relax. A visit, remember? Not a scene."

Eleanor took a deep breath so she would not look too much like a weirdo, but when she saw the other Amelia coming in, she still could not help but tear up. And then she stumbled ahead. If it were not for her other daughter holding her back, she might have just pounced on Amelia and smothered her.

Eleanor stared dumbly at Amelia, not wishing to take her eyes off the daughter she had not seen for more than twenty years. She held her other daughter's hand silently, but she was screaming in her head. My girl! That's my girl! Oh, she's grown into a fine young lady! And she looks so much like me as well.

Eleanor's silent excitement did not escape Anthony. He was a child genius, after all. "Mommy, there's a madam there who looks just like you," he uttered. "She's looking at you. And she's crying."

Amelia looked in Tiffany's direction. "Oh, we have guests today, Tiff?"

Tiffany was also wondering why Eleanor started crying when she saw this Amelia, but still, she released a smile. "It's Amelia. She's here, and her mother decided to tag along for some sightseeing."

Despite her loss of eyesight, Amelia looked in Eleanor's direction. "Hello, Miss Hutton. It's a pity I lost my eyesight, so please pardon me if I seem discourteous in any way."

Eleanor was still staring at her, saying nothing. In the end, her other daughter had to shake her arm. "Mom, Amy's talking to you."

Regaining her senses, Eleanor smiled and responded, "Amelia told me you shared her name, and she now thinks of you as her sister. I wonder if fate had played a part in this meeting. At first, I didn't believe it when she said you look just like me, but now, as I look at you, it's like I'm staring at my own daughter. There is this connection I feel to you. If it's fine with you, can you call me 'Mom'?"

The moment she said that, everyone looked at Eleanor weirdly. Amelia forced a smile, but she thought Eleanor's request came out of nowhere. That's a weird request to ask from someone you just met, Madam.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 367

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

### Chapter 367 Too Friendly

Eleanor's other daughter held her arm and grumbled cutely, "Oh, you and your sudden humor again, Mom. We don't mind it at home, but please don't do that here. We don't want to make a scene in Amy's house."

Eleanor calmed down a little and realized her earlier request might come off as something weird to the other Amelia. "Amelia, can I call you Lia? You look so much like my daughter, so I can't help but think of you as my own. Please don't take my request to heart, all right?"

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief. "It's all right, Mrs. Hutton," she replied with a smile.

Crouching, Eleanor looked Anthony in the eye, smiling gently. "And you must be Tony, correct?"

The boy looked just like his mother, and that was especially true for her eyes. For some reason, he just felt a surge of affection for this woman he had just met, and he greeted her sweetly, "Hello, pretty lady! I'm Clinton. Anthony Clinton. But my friends and family call me Tony."

Never letting go of her smile, Eleanor touched her grandson's adorable little face. "Oh, I'm not as young as I used to be. In fact, I'm old enough to be your grandmother. If you don't mind, you can call me 'Grandma.' Your mother and my daughter are sisters now, aren't they? That means I'm her godmother, so it's fine if you call me 'Grandma.'"

Even though Anthony was a smart little boy, he still could not process the intricacies of adult relationships. "Grandma?" Anthony looked at his mother. "Mom, can I call this pretty lady 'Grandma?'"

Amelia took some time to ponder about it. She might be sisters with the other Amelia, but she never wanted to get any of their parents involved in the matter.

She extended her hand, and Anthony put his little hand in her palm. "You may, Tony."

Tony greeted her politely once more, "Hello, Grandma." Getting closer to the elder woman, he kissed her cheeks. "You look so much like my mommy, Grandma. I like you a lot, and this is the proof!" he exclaimed sweetly.

Eleanor's heart melted right at that moment. Hugging Anthony, she started tearing up. Oh, my. This kid right here is my grandson. He's so handsome, and such a sweet talker too. On top of that, he's such a good boy as well. She could feel her cold, broken heart healing up right that instant.

"Oh, Tony, my adorable grandson. Grandma loves you, yes I do." Eleanor sobbed.

Anthony was almost scared by how friendly Eleanor was. After all, he was not a child who would get along with anyone that easily. He only got along with people he liked, but he was always on guard around anyone else, including those who were overly friendly. Case in point, Eleanor.

Forcing a smile at Tiffany, the other Amelia stated, "Don't take it the wrong way, Tiffany, Amy. My mom just really loves kids, and she's friendly to everyone."

Amelia and Tiffany thought Eleanor was a bit too friendly, but since she was their elder, they were not in the position to say anything.

"You guys just got off the plane, right?" Amelia asked. "Are you hungry? We can eat together."

They took their seats, but Eleanor still would not take her eyes off Amelia. Once the nanny and Kurt served the food, she suddenly speared a chicken drumstick and gave it to Amelia. "Lia, when you were lit— I mean, this drumstick looks tasty."

Amelia was stunned for a moment, while Tiffany and the other Amelia looked at Eleanor.

Biting her silverware, the other Amelia forced a smile yet again. "Amy doesn't like drumsticks, Mom. She prefers wings."

Learning that, Eleanor was starting to panic, and she quickly took the drumstick back, only to replace it with a chicken wing. "I'm so sorry, Lia. What a blunder. Have a wing. I hope it tastes great. If it's not, I'll make it for you some other day. I'm a great cook despite how I might look. Tell me whatever you want, and I'll cook it up."

Amelia was starting to look awkward. She tugged on her mother's hem, telling her she was starting to toe the line of personal space.

Eleanor pulled her hand back, albeit reluctantly. "Dig in, Lia. I'll... I'll just watch."

Amelia's smile was starting to get really stiff. Though she could not see anything, she could imagine how friendly Eleanor must be. Fanatical, even.

It was a quiet dinner, where everyone was thinking about a million things at once. After they were done, Amelia stood up. "Amy, Tiffany, Kurt, thanks for having us. We just got off the plane, and it's starting to catch up with us. We'll be retiring for the night. See you around!"

The other Amelia smiled. "Sure. Bye, Mrs. Hutton. Do come if you're free."

However, it was as if Eleanor's feet were glued to the ground. She kept staring at Amelia as if she wanted to gobble her up, and no matter how her other daughter tried to drag her, she just would not budge.

The hunger and desire in Eleanor's sight did not escape Tiffany, who was standing beside Amelia, and obviously, it was shocking to her.

Standing in front of her friend, Tiffany said formally, "You seem exhausted, Mrs. Hutton. I think you should retire for the night. Amelia will always be here, but you might scare her if you're being overly friendly."

Eleanor finally snapped out of it, but only slightly. She craned her neck to glance at Amelia, who was behind Tiffany, and she smiled awkwardly. "We'll be going then," she replied, playing with her hair. "See you at dinner. I'll cook up something nice for you."

And that was the cue for Amelia to drag her mother away from the messy scene she had just caused for everyone.

Once they got back to their place, she scowled at her mother. "Mom, do you want everyone to know Amelia Winters is your daughter? Is that what'll make you happy?" she hissed.

Eleanor stared at her darkly. "I don't recall ever teaching you to speak to me that way, Amelia."

Amelia quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean it, but you were being too friendly to them. It was almost terrifying to look at. Not saying you look like a wolf who saw its prey, but you really have to rein it in. You don't even care that much for your own daughter, but you act so nice to someone you barely met. Anyone would be suspicious if they saw that."

"She's not someone I barely met, Amelia. She's your sister."

"Yes, and I know that as a fact very well, Mom. But notice how I did not include anyone else in that statement? Because they don't know. If you make this knowledge public, you'll be giving Daddy another excuse to chase her off to the other end of the country, or worse, the world."

Eleanor finally kept quiet after that fact sank in, while Amelia heaved a sigh and tried to keep herself calm.

"You seem tired to me, Mom. Just get some sleep for the time being."

With that, Eleanor went into her room quietly, while Amelia pushed the luggage into hers.

At the same time, Tiffany requested, "I need you to look into the Huttons. That Mrs. Hutton was too friendly to Amelia. They might have an ulterior motive, and I want to know what it is."

Amelia—who was on the sofa, holding Anthony in her arms—did not object to that request.

Kurt gave it some thought before answering, "Very well, then."

Tiffany was quiet for a moment, then she added, "And Kurt, see if that lady's sick in the..." She pointed at the side of her head. "She looked like she wanted to gobble Amelia up earlier. It was horrifying. If they're trying to get close to Amelia for their own benefit, we're not going to let it slide that easily."

The crimson flash of murder glinted within Kurt's eyes. "I will never let anyone or anything hurt Amelia."

Hearing that, Amelia chuckled. "All right, Tiff. Stop with the conspiracy theories."

Even though she thought it was a joke, Eleanor's overt fervor still scared Amelia. After all, they had just met for the first time, and Amelia thought it was too overbearing.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 368

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

### Chapter 368 She May Be Your Sister

Using his network of connections, Kurt investigated the Hutton family of Saspiuburg. His reach was wide and in a matter of several days, he had compiled information on all three generations of the Hutton family.

Amelia—with Tony in her arms—and Tiffany were seated next to each other on a sofa while Kurt sat on an armchair facing them.

Glancing at Kurt, Tiffany asked, "Kurt, have you found anything?"

Kurt nodded in affirmative. "It seems the Hutton family is a rather influential family in Saspiuburg. The family is involved in IT, entertainment, and food businesses. They have business in Beshya, Zaprington, and Ordano. The Huttons are a very affluent family. Eleanor Hutton was seen with a son and daughter, which means that, besides Amelia Hutton, she has a son as well. Rumors say that she has another daughter who disappeared when she was six years old and has not been found since."

Tiffany fell deep into her thoughts as she listened to Kurt.

She turned to look at Amelia, who had not spoken a word yet. After a moment's thought, she questioned, "Amelia, do you think Mrs. Hutton has mistaken you for her daughter?"

Amelia gently stroked Tony's hair and replied, "I am a daughter of the Winters family."

Letting out a snort, Tiffany uttered disdainfully, "Are those people even worthy of being called 'family?' Have they even called you once to check up on you ever

since you left? I've never seen a family as cold and cruel as them! Well, at least they still had some conscience and did not treat you like a cash cow. You have no use for a family like that. It'll be great if you're actually related to the Huttons. Mrs. Hutton seems like a woman who adores her children."

Amelia's face darkened and grief flashed across her eyes.

Noticing Amelia had fallen into another silence, Tiffany knew she had spoken too much. However, she really was very unhappy with the Winters family. She had never seen such an unloving family and such a lack of affection for one's own children.

"Amelia, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm lamenting for you. If you really are related to the Hutton family, it would explain the indifference that the Winters family has towards you," Tiffany explained, trying to persuade Amelia to accept the Huttons. "It seems to me that Mrs. Hutton cares for you. Haven't you always wanted a complete family? This would make up for the brokenness of your past."

Amelia continued stroking Tony's hair quietly for a while. Then, she whispered to Tiffany, "I'll always be a daughter of the Winters family, even if they don't love me very much. After all, they paid for me to go to college. I can't be so ungrateful to dismiss that."

Hearing that, Tiffany laughed drily. She really could not understand how Amelia could so stubbornly love a family that treated her so terribly.

"Amelia, you haven't been in contact with the Winters family for a long time. You still think of them as family, but do they even remember that they have a daughter out there?" Tiffany asked sarcastically.

Amelia tried her best to see things from Tiffany's perspective as she explained her own, "Tiffany, I have Tony now. My affections for my family are slowly fading away. It doesn't matter whether it is the Huttons or the Winters. I just don't want to be involved anymore. I am too old to care or to get to know who my biological mother is now. I just want to take care of myself well. I don't want to become involved with yet another rich family."

At that moment, Tiffany understood. Amelia had just left the Clintons. She did not want to be involved with the Huttons, who was yet another rich family. Besides, she was in no position to become a part of the Hutton family currently.

Tiffany fell into a silence.

Looking at Amelia, Kurt voiced, "Since Mrs. Hutton has come all the way here, it seems that she suspects you are her daughter. Would you like me to pull a little trick and send her back to Saspiuburg?"

Amelia was quiet for a while. Then, she lowered her head and asked Tony, who was seated on her lap, "Tony, do you like the grandma that has been coming to our house lately?"

"I like her because she looks like you, Mommy. Especially her eyes. I like your eyes, Mommy," Tony answered candidly, nodding his little head vigorously.

Amelia's heart stirred with some strange emotion. Her eyes went blank and all the light went out of them.

"Do you really like her?"

Tony nodded and insisted firmly in his little voice, "Yes. You like her, so I like her too."

It was said that since children were so innocent, they were able to look at things more clearly than adults. They were able to accurately determine who was genuine and who was fake.

Letting out a smile, Amelia pinched Tony's cheeks affectionately. "I love you so much, my dear son."

Tony stretched out his chubby arms and patted Amelia's cheeks as well. "I love you, too, Mommy."

Raising her head, Amelia looked in Kurt's direction. "Since Tony enjoys her company, you can leave her be. After all, she only came to Beshya for a vacation. She won't bother us."

Tiffany glanced surreptitiously at Amelia. She could not guess what was going through the latter's mind. Although they had been friends for many years now, Amelia's mind had always been a mystery to her.

"Babe, don't forget that if Mrs. Hutton hangs around, she might recognize you."

"We'll cross that bridge when we get there. If it's true that we're related, then I wouldn't mind having another mother who would love me. If this turns out to be just a misunderstanding, then let's keep this a secret."

Amelia was content to just let the matter run its course.

"Are you sure, Babe?"

Amelia nodded.

"I'm also curious to know, if I'm really a Hutton, then how did I end up in the Winters family? Even more strangely, I cannot recall any memories from before I turned six years old at all," Amelia remarked. Her tone betrayed her resentment over her unhappy childhood. It was not that the neglect of her family did not bother her, but rather, there was no point in her being upset over it. The only thing she could do was to be strong and convince herself that she did not care about her cold and cruel family.

Tiffany just listened quietly.



"Mrs. Hutton has been longing for her missing daughter all these years," Kurt stated. "She even had to go for regular counseling because of her grief. However, her husband made everyone stop talking about their missing daughter. That's why very few people today know that the Huttons have another daughter."

Amelia's lips twitched into a sneer.

"Well, that's great, because I have no intentions of getting involved with the Huttons anyway," she countered.

At that moment, the doorbell sounded. Tiffany immediately stood up and exclaimed, "Oh no, they're here again!"

She went to the door and pulled it open, and as expected, it was Eleanor and the other Amelia.

Eleanor had two bags of food in her hand. "Hi, Tiffany! I've made Lia some soup. They're good for her eyes. You should have some too!"

Perhaps because Tiffany now secretly knew that Eleanor might be related to Amelia, she suddenly felt a little awkward speaking to the elder woman. However, for that same reason, Tiffany's face lit up at the sight of Eleanor.

"Mrs. Hutton, thank you so much for the soup! You shouldn't have troubled yourself; your presence alone is more than enough," Tiffany uttered as she welcomed them in.

Walking up to Amelia, Eleanor placed the soup gently on the table and queried, "Lia, how are your eyes? Are you feeling any discomfort? I've made you some soup. They're good for your eyes. Drink more, okay? I contacted the best ophthalmologist in Saspiuburg for you this morning. If you don't want to travel there, I can get him to pay you a house visit here in Beshya."

"Please don't go to such trouble for me, Mrs. Hutton! Your kindness is too much for me to accept!" Amelia sat with her hands folded demurely in her lap. Since she could not see, she missed the strange expression that flashed across Eleanor's face.

Patting her skirt nervously, Eleanor added, "Lia, have I done something wrong? Do tell me! I'll set things right immediately!"

Amelia felt uncomfortable upon hearing Eleanor's question. She was not sure if they were really related, but such a show of concern and respect from an elder was too much for Amelia to bear. Eleanor's affections felt like a burden to her.

"Mrs. Hutton, you really are too kind. Although I can't see due to my blindness, I can feel it clearly. However, we've just met by chance and you are already showing me so much kindness! It's just too much for me!"

“Actually, you’re my... my...” Eleanor almost blurted out the truth. However, she thought of Benjamin and Sean and swallowed her words.

Amelia’s ear pricked up, trying to catch what Eleanor was trying to say. When she heard the elder’s hesitation, she felt disappointment rise up within her. It was a rather painful experience.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 369

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

### Chapter 369 Unsympathetic Family

Eleanor grasped Amelia Winters’ right hand with both hands and said carefully, “Lia, since the both of you are like sisters to each other, I think of you as my daughter too. You can even call me ‘Mom’ if you want.” Due to the Hutton family’s current situation, Eleanor did not dare to acknowledge Amelia Winters as her daughter. She was afraid Benjamin and the others would try to put an end to it and prevent her from seeing Amelia Winters again. I just have to endure the pain on my own. I know that there’s no way Benjamin will accept her as his long-lost eldest daughter. What a failure I am. I’ve led a lavish lifestyle for almost thirty years and had everything I could ever want, but I can’t even protect my own daughter.

Amelia Winters withdrew her hand and responded coldly, “I’m grateful that you’ve taken a liking to me, but I have a mother. So, I don’t think I can call you that. I’m sorry.”

Eleanor’s face paled instantly as she stared at her with an unfathomable expression, her lips trembling slightly.

“How about Aunt Eleanor then?” she suggested.

Amelia Winters merely smiled without saying anything.

Although Eleanor was crushed, she did not want to try and force things. Now that she had finally found her daughter, she could not bear to let her feel the least bit troubled.

“Have some soup, Lia. I got up early this morning and went to the farmer’s market to get some fresh ingredients. I looked it up online and saw that these ingredients are good for the eyes. Try some. It might help. Do you want me to feed you? I’ve never fed you before,” Eleanor chattered away as she placed a bowl of soup in front of Amelia Winters. I’ve never fed you since you were born. It was always the nanny who took care of you. If I knew that you’d go missing, I wouldn’t have taken half a step away from you.

Amelia Winters leaned toward the other end of the sofa, away from Eleanor. Perhaps due to her losing her eyesight, she seemed to have a keener sense of a person's sincerity.

Mixed emotions washed over Amelia Hutton as she watched Eleanor fawning over Amelia Winters. She bitterly regretted having poked her nose into the matter. If I hadn't been a busybody, I'd still be the apple of Mom's eye.

"Yes, you should have some. Mom made it just for you. You wouldn't want her efforts to go to waste, right?" Amelia Hutton added. Although she tried her best to suppress her feelings, there was a tinge of resentment in her tone.

Tiffany went over and said, "I'll do it, Mrs. Hutton. Although she can't see, she can use her hands to eat by herself."

Looking somewhat crestfallen, Eleanor handed the bowl to her.

Tiffany blew on the soup to cool it, then held up a spoonful to Amelia Winters' lips. "Babe, have some soup. Mrs. Hutton very kindly made it for you, so you should eat it."

At that, Amelia Winters opened her mouth obediently.

Three bowls of soup later, Tiffany said, "You're such a good cook, Mrs. Hutton. She usually only has one bowl, but she has already had three!"

Feeling a mixture of joy and relief, Eleanor quickly replied, "Is that so? Well then, I'll make it every day. Does she prefer chicken or beef? If she likes both, then I'll decide. I'll see whether I can get any chicken later to make more soup."

Amelia Winters frowned. "You don't have to trouble yourself. I'm—"

Eleanor interjected, saying, "It's no trouble at all. I'd love to cook for you. If there's anything else you'd prefer to eat, just let me know. I'm quite a good cook, you know. You're just like a daughter to me, so I want to dote on you."

Amelia Winters looked torn while Amelia Hutton's expression darkened further.

After a while, the latter turned to Eleanor and said, "Didn't you say you wanted to go and get some ingredients? I'll go with you."

"There's no rush. I feel like talking to Lia for a little while."

"Mom, they still haven't eaten yet."

"Well, I can stay and have something to eat too. Lia, you don't mind if I join, do you?" With that, Eleanor shamelessly got up to get a plate and some cutlery, all just so that she could spend more time with her long-lost daughter. Amelia Hutton looked on grimly. She had no intention of having a falling out with Amelia Winters, so she could only grin and bear it.

In the end, Eleanor sat down and ate with them before leaving with Amelia Hutton.

After they left, Tiffany cleared the plates from the dining table and placed them in the kitchen for the housekeeper to wash. Wiping her hands as she walked out of the kitchen, she cautioned, "Babe, it looks like Mrs. Hutton is doing everything she can to fawn over you. If this goes on, your relationship with Amelia Hutton might turn sour. She didn't look all too happy just now."

Amelia was also looking somewhat unhappy. I don't mind it if someone wants to get close to me. However, this sort of subservient attitude is making me feel pressured.

Tiffany sat down next to her. "Don't be afraid. You still have me. If you don't like them, then we'll avoid them. We can move someplace else without them finding out. You don't have to worry about anything."

Amelia smiled as she replied, "I'm fine. There's just something I can't figure out. If I truly am her daughter, why does she treat me well without saying anything to acknowledge me as her daughter? Maybe she really meant to abandon me all those years ago."

Tiffany grabbed her hand with a laugh, "Babe, you really do have a habit of dwelling on the negatives, don't you? After everything we've been through together, is it worth moping over someone who doesn't dare to acknowledge her relationship with you? It doesn't matter whether she's your biological mother or not. If she decides to acknowledge you as her daughter and is genuine about it, then we'll accept it. If not, we'll play dumb. After all, she has been absent from your life since you were thirteen years old. You're all grown up now. You're strong enough to face any malicious gossip and rumors. So, the fact that she's your mother or not can't hurt you anymore, right?"

Amelia's face clouded over slightly. Suddenly, she sighed and said, "I know, but it still bothers me. I wish I could ask them if I'm really their daughter, and if yes, how they could've been so cruel as to abandon me."

"Maybe someone kidnapped you."

Amelia fell silent as she pondered Tiffany's words.

After a while, Tiffany added, "There's no point worrying about it. Just go with the flow. If Mrs. Hutton has no intention of acknowledging who you are, then pretend that you don't know anything. You have Tony now, and you have me. Who needs them?"

Amelia shot her a smile, but her thoughts still lingered on the matter.

Meanwhile, Amelia Hutton and Eleanor had just reached their apartment. The former turned to her mother with a hurt look in her eyes and said, "Mom, did you even consider my feelings just now?"

“What do you mean?” Eleanor asked, perplexed.

“Mom, come on. You’ve never doted on me like that.”

“What’s gotten into you? All these years, I’ve given you everything that you wanted. What more do you want?”

Amelia smiled bitterly. “I’ve never seen you care so much for someone before. Is she much more important than me, Dad, and Sean?”

Uneasiness flashed in Eleanor’s eyes. She snapped, “Nonsense! You’re all the most important to me.”

Amelia stared at Eleanor, about to go against her mother for the first time in her life. “All these years, you’ve had mental lapses because of your daughter’s disappearance. You were so close to getting admitted into a psychiatric hospital. Not only did you treat Dad coldly, but you also never thought of yourself as part of the Hutton family. Your indifference was apparent to us all, yet we were tolerant of it. I chalked it up to the fact that you were just a cold and aloof person, but do you know what you looked like when you were with Amelia Winters? You were bending over backward trying to get her to like you! Only then did I realize that your love and warmth were reserved for one person. Did you even bother to think that your behavior would hurt me?”

Those words shocked Eleanor to the core. She then explained, “Listen to me, it’s not like that. It’s all because of the guilt I feel toward Amelia Winters. I lost her over twenty years ago, and I want to make it up to her. I’m not doing it because I don’t love you. You’re both my daughters, and I love both of you equally. It’s true.”

Amelia lost her temper and flung Eleanor’s hand aside. “I shouldn’t have gone and checked whether your DNA profiles matched, and I shouldn’t have placed the test results somewhere you could’ve found it. I sorely regret it. Her appearance is going to shatter our family.”

When Eleanor heard that, her face fell. “Do you even hear yourself?”

“I don’t want her as a sister anymore! Because of her, I’m going to lose my mother!”

Suddenly, there was a loud slap. Amelia cradled her burning cheek, staring at Eleanor in disbelief. She had never thought that her mother would strike her. “Did you just slap me?”

Her entire body trembling with rage, Eleanor said furiously, “Amelia Hutton, you’ve lived in the lap of luxury for over twenty years while your sister wandered around alone. You had everything you wanted while she was left to fend for herself. Your lives couldn’t be any more different, yet you dare to make such sarcastic comments. Is that how I raised you? You’ve disappointed me. Go and reflect on your behavior!”

"You've changed, Mom! Fine! Go ahead and defend that person who doesn't even want to acknowledge you as her mother!" With that, Amelia dashed into her room and slammed the door shut.

Eleanor stood rooted to the spot, her expression inscrutable.

After a long while, she sank onto the sofa and sighed heavily. Covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

I finally found my daughter that I've missed dearly for over twenty years, but no one in this family is supportive of me. That's what hurts the most. For one to get healed, one must identify the cause of illness. In my case, Amelia Winters is the medicine I need. However, they'd rather have me go to a psychiatrist instead of letting me reunite with my daughter. I wonder if I'm the one that's being selfish or them with their ulterior motives.

Eleanor felt drained. She was mentally exhausted because she could not reconcile with her daughter. Her unsympathetic family was also not making it any easier for her. At that moment, she was at a loss for what to do next. All she knew was that her exhaustion was engulfing her like a debilitating wave.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 370

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

### Chapter 370 The Understanding Son

Amelia argued with her mother. For three days afterward, she did not visit her neighbor. Though Eleanor still dropped by every single day to visit the other Amelia and her grandchild, she always seemed distracted. Her fragmented presence was not lost on Amelia whenever her guest dropped by.

"Mrs. Hutton, have you been arguing with Amelia?" she asked.

Eleanor jerked out of her reverie with a start. "She has been spoiled by me," she admitted with a helpless smile. "It's just a child's tantrum. It'll pass. She'll be back to her old self very soon."

"Quarrels between mother and daughter shouldn't last this long, Mrs. Hutton," voiced Amelia worriedly. "It has been three days since Amelia last visited. She wouldn't be upset with me, would she? I'm afraid she might be jealous that you're spending more time with me instead of with her."

"Nonsense," cried Eleanor. "You're her sister. Why would she be jealous of you?"

"But I'm not her biological sister, am I?"

"You are! I mean, no, you're not," stammered Eleanor, flustered. "Don't overthink it, all right? She's just not used to not being at the center of attention and is merely acting out."

Amelia averted her eyes to hide the sudden burst of emotion welling up within her.

"Mrs. Hutton, why don't you go home to Amelia? I have kept you long enough."

Eleanor edged closer to Amelia and took her hand. "Lia, are you angry with me? Don't mind Amelia. I genuinely think of you as my daughter."

Smiling warmly, Amelia replied, "Mrs. Hutton, I appreciate your love and kindness, but we are not related by blood. To be honest, your enthusiasm feels a little overbearing."

At that, sadness flashed across Eleanor's eyes. "Lia, are you sick of me?"

"That's not what I meant, Mrs. Hutton. There is no need for you to treat me like a child. I have my own life to lead and a son to raise. My blindness does not cloud my judgment; the kindness with which you have given me feels like something more than neighborly affection. Tiff has said that we look alike. If it weren't for the fact that I know who my parents are, I would have believed that I am the daughter you have lost all those years ago."

"No, Lia," Eleanor said desperately as she clutched the younger woman's hand. "You are actually my... my..." The final word seemed to be stuck in her throat.

Amelia's ears pricked hopefully, ready to hear the answer she secretly yearned for. However, Eleanor appeared to decide against completing the sentence, which disappointed Amelia.

As a result of Eleanor's hesitation, any hope Amelia had in reconnecting with her mother vanished.

I am an adult now. I no longer need motherly love as I did when I was a child, lost and alone in the streets. Where were you then, Mom?

Amelia squeezed Eleanor's hand reassuringly. "Mrs. Hutton, please calm yourself. I know that you have grown attached to me because my looks remind me of your younger self. Don't get me wrong, I am honored to look like you. I can't wait to regain my sight to see just how alike we look. Now if you'll excuse me, I must check to see if Tony is awake."

Eleanor got up to help Amelia along, but the latter declined the assistance provided.

"I know the way, Mrs. Hutton. Please, don't trouble yourself."

Eleanor's outstretched arm fell limply to her lap.

As Amelia was feeling her way to the bedroom, Eleanor's phone rang.

Upon discovering that it was her husband calling, she answered the phone with a grimace.

"Hello?"

"You've met her, haven't you?" Benjamin's deep rumble sounded from the other end.

Eleanor's heart thumped wildly. Drawing a deep breath, she asked with forced calmness, "What do you mean, Benjamin? Who did I meet?"

"Amelia told me everything, Eleanor. That's what you're doing in Beshya, isn't it? You've found her, and now you're learning to lie to me." Benjamin's voice shook with barely suppressed rage.

"I will not allow you to harm her." Eleanor clutched the phone tightly. "Isn't cruelly giving up on her over twenty years ago not enough? If you're intending on hurting her again, you might as well do it over my dead body."

"You're not in a right state of mind for a reasonable conversation, Eleanor. I won't waste my breath on you anymore. I just called to let you know that I have arrived in Beshya. If you return to Saspiuburg with me at once, I can perhaps forgive you for searching for the girl without my permission." After the menacing threat, Benjamin hung up.

Eleanor's hand, which held the phone against her ear, began to tremble violently as she fought for breath.

At that very moment, Tiffany emerged from the kitchen with a bowl of freshly cut fruit. At the sight of Eleanor, who was looking slightly green, Tiffany hurried over and was about to touch her shoulder when Eleanor screamed, "Don't touch me! Don't even think about hurting my daughter!"

Tiffany jumped in fright. "Are you all right, Mrs. Hutton?"

Regaining her composure, Eleanor smiled apologetically at the sight of Tiffany's alarm. "Did I frighten you, Tiffany?"

Tiffany shook her head. "I'm fine, Mrs. Hutton. You don't look too good, though. Why don't you have a seat on the couch until you feel better?"

"No, thank you. I should get going as there is an urgent matter I have to attend to. Please tell Lia that I would come by again when I have the time." Without waiting for a response, she departed in a hurry.

Tiffany ran after her, but Eleanor had already disappeared next door, prompting the former to turn back in disappointment.



In the meantime, Tony led his mother out into the living room by the hand. "Tiff, is that you?" Amelia asked, her ears pricking up at the sound of Tiffany's footsteps.

Her friend walked over and picked Tony up in one arm before leading Amelia to the couch with the other.

"What was going on with Mrs. Hutton earlier?" Amelia asked concernedly. "I heard her scream."

"I'm not sure. When I came out of the kitchen, I noticed she didn't look too good. I was about to pat her on the shoulder when she looked at me like she was about to eat me whole! Kurt did mention she is emotionally distraught. Could this be one of her episodes?"

Amelia's hand twitched at the news. As she had grown fond of Eleanor, it hurt her to hear that the old lady was in such pain.

Squeezing her friend's hand, Tiffany uttered, "If you're still worried, we could go over and pay her a visit. She doesn't seem too well."

After a moment's thought, Amelia nodded.

With that, Tiffany carried Tony and led Amelia by the hand out of their apartment over to the entrance of the one next door.

Despite at least three rings on the doorbell, the Huttons' door remained shut.

Wrapping his arms around Tiffany's neck, Tony asked, "Tiffy, are Mrs. Hutton and Ms. Hutton upset with us?"

Tiffany chuckled and stroked his nose. "Why would you ask that, Tony?"

"You're dumb, Tiffy. I can feel it, of course."

"What a clever boy you are, Tony. You're growing up too quickly for my liking."

"You're right, I am." Tony nodded and put his chin up in the air haughtily.

His antics made Tiffany laugh. In no time at all, the solemn and tense atmosphere dissipated.

"Mrs. Hutton, Amelia," Tiffany called loudly as she rapped on the door with her knuckles. "Are you home? Could you open up, please?"

The door remained shut.

"Babe." Tiffany turned exasperatedly to Amelia. "Would you like me to get Kurt here?"

Amelia turned her unseeing eyes to the front and pursed her lips, deep in thought. "Let's go home," she announced after several moments of consideration.

"Aren't we going in?" Tiffany questioned.

"It's obvious that they want some privacy since they didn't answer the door. We're outsiders to their family after all, are we not?"

Hearing that, Tiffany sighed softly. "You're right. Let's get back, then."

Back at their own apartment, Tony jumped down from Tiffany's arms and ran over to hug his mother's thigh. "Mommy, it doesn't matter if they don't like you. I do! Isn't that enough? Forget all about the mean people, all right? Cheer up!"

Amelia and Tiffany were dumbstruck, as they did not expect Tony to display intelligence and tact beyond his years. His diminutive but mature presence was comforting to be around during times like these.

Amelia found the knot in her stomach eased by Tony's proclamation. With a son as thoughtful as him by her side, she did not think that she could be defeated by anything.

"Good boy, Tony," she whispered as she held him in her arms.

Tony patted her on the back like he had seen adults do. "Good girl, Mommy," he replied teasingly. "I'm here to protect you. I'll chase them all away from you."

Hearing that, Amelia laughed again. What a clever little fellow. I'm so blessed to have a son like that. With so much positivity, there isn't any reason to remain upset for long.