

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 526

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

prison, so you're leaving me here at a place that can make any sane person go crazy. How can you two be so cold-hearted?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Not a word came from Vincent.

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

Vincent shook his head. "There's no need. That is the best psychiatric hospital in the whole of Tayhaven. The doctors and nurses are excellent, and there are no

rumors of them abusing the patients. Your mom will get the best care there. I believe she'll be recovered and out in no time."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hatred filled her voice as she snarled her thoughts aloud, "You left me with no choice, Amelia. If Mom doesn't get better, I'll use everything I have to make sure your reputation gets tarnished. Since I can't do anything to the Clintons, I'll take

you, the most precious thing to Oscar, away from him. I want him to feel what it's like to lose you again! You and he are ruthless, but I can do much worse."

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

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

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

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

Upon hearing that, Molly nodded, understanding at once.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Whatever happened with Mrs. Larson... Did you do it?"

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

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

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

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

"Are you blaming me, Amelia?"

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

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

Amelia nodded cheerily.

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

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

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

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

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

Still, Oscar remained grimly silent.

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