

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 557

"What happened?" Amelia asked.

Ruffling her hair, Tiffany said, "You know, the usual. He demanded that I leave Derrick. The husband and wife duo is taking turns to make their moves. I believe they came up with the plan of pretending to be sick and are waiting for Derrick and me to take the bait. I don't even know how much longer can Derrick put up with such a situation."

With a pucker between her brows, Amelia was seemingly lost in thought.

"Tiff, you should calm down first. We should talk it out rather than jump to conclusions."

To her surprise, a relieved smile touched Tiffany's lips. "Babe, don't worry. I'm not the kind of person to lose and give up easily. Since they insist I leave Derrick, I won't do as they say. I'm going to show everyone that it's his blessing to marry me and that I'm not a burden to him. After all, I'm a best-selling author; there's no way I will let him starve to death."

Amelia looked at her and knew the latter was feeling disgruntled. Tiffany was always filled with a fighting spirit. As long as one did not provoke her, she would not do anything to retaliate. On the contrary, if she were driven into the corner, she would strive hard to achieve her goals and not give up easily.

"Tiff, let's head back for now, and we'll discuss it later," Amelia suggested in a gentle tone.

Tiffany nodded in agreement.

They exited the coffee shop and saw Derrick leaning against his car. "Go to him now. Remember, talk it out peacefully with him, and don't start arguing," Amelia said, nudging Tiffany with her elbow.

The latter nodded before she walked over to Derrick and asked, "Why are you here?"

"I followed my dad here. You must feel aggrieved that he sought you out to give you a hard time," he stated in a deep voice as he raised his hand to caress her face.

At first, Tiffany was unfazed by the whole incident. However, his words caused tears to well up in her eyes uncontrollably, and she raised her head to prevent them from rolling down her cheeks.

Raising her hand to give a smack on Derrick's chest, she replied, "Stop your nonsense. I don't feel aggrieved. I'm an invincible woman, okay? There's no way I will be hurt so easily. Besides, Mr. Hisson didn't say much."

Derrick pressed his hand against the back of her head and pulled her into his embrace before whispering in her ear, "Let's go back first."

Tiffany nodded.

Derrick bobbed his head at Amelia, who stood nearby, then brought his girlfriend into the car.

After the couple left, Amelia shook her head as her concern for Tiffany grew.

As she descended the stairs to walk to her car, a vehicle slid to a stop in a stunning movement in front of her, taking her by surprise.

The window rolled down, and Jennifer, wearing a pair of sunglasses, stuck her head out.

"Amelia, are you free now? I want to take you somewhere," she stated.

Shooting her a wary look, Amelia replied politely in a distant tone, "I'm sorry, Ms. Larson. My son is waiting for me at home."

Jennifer opened the car door, stood in her way, and said, "Amelia, you shouldn't be afraid of me if you didn't do anything wrong. Come on. I want to take you somewhere where we can settle the score between us. Since your husband forced my family into this state, I don't mind making another offense. If you push me over the edge, I might even snap and kill you."

Afterward, she pressed an item against Amelia's back. The sensation was impossible to ignore.

Amelia's expression changed immediately when she felt the weight on her back. Left with no choice, she obliged, opening the car door and entering the back seat. Once in the car, she glanced in an unknown direction through the window.

Jennifer soon hopped onto the car and waved the item in her hand before Amelia. It turned out to be a fake knife that was a toy for children and could not cause any harm to a person.

"Ms. Larson, may I know where you plan to take me? There are many bodyguards protecting my safety in our surroundings. If you were to do anything to me, I believe you wouldn't be able to escape unscathed," Amelia said.

Checking her out in the rearview mirror, Jennifer snickered. "Amelia, I didn't know you were such a coward who feared for her life."

"I have a son and a husband, so I'm merely cherishing my life," replied Amelia, who did not think it was embarrassing for her to be afraid of dying.

Jennifer smiled without saying another word.

Amelia watched as Jennifer exited the urban area and drove the car onto an empty narrow passage.

Upon seeing that, she started to feel scared and asked anxiously, "Jennifer, where are you taking me?"

"Don't worry. I don't intend to take your life. Your bodyguards are following us. Didn't you say I wouldn't be able to escape unscathed if I lay a finger on you?" uttered Jennifer mockingly as she looked at the rearview mirror.

True enough, when Amelia turned her head to look out the window, she saw a car trailing behind them at a distance. She knew Jolin must be in the car, but as for whether or not there were other people, she had no idea.

After turning back, she brushed her hair and looked at the beautiful view out the window with her head tilted.

A hint of jealousy and envy lurked in Jennifer's gaze as she looked at Amelia through the rearview mirror.

"To be honest, Amelia, I envy you," she said suddenly.

Amelia turned her head to look at her and waited for the latter to continue her words. However, Jennifer did not speak another word and drove in silence until they arrived at a high-class private psychiatric hospital located on a hillside.

Jennifer parked the car, and they got out one after another. Looking around the place, Amelia was puzzled as to why she had brought her there.

"Come on. Let me bring you to see someone," said Jennifer before leading the way.

Amelia had no choice but to follow her. After walking for a distance of around ten steps, her phone rang. She picked it up and saw it was Jolin.

"Hello?" Amelia answered the call.

"Mrs. Clinton, do you need me to accompany you? I'm just nearby," Jolin asked from the other end of the line.

"Not for now. Wait at your spot, and don't inform Oscar about my whereabouts."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton. I'm only responsible for guarding your safety. You can rest assured that I will never reveal your whereabouts to Mr. Clinton."

"All right. I'll hang up now."

After the call ended, Jennifer asked, "What's wrong? Is your bodyguard worried that I would harm you?"

"It's always better to be safe than sorry. After all, she's doing her job," Amelia simply answered.

Jennifer was merely mocking her, so she said nothing in reply and quickened her pace.

A few seconds later, she led Amelia to a nurse who greeted her politely, "Ms. Larson, are you here to see Mrs. Larson?"

"Ms. Tuffin, how is my mom doing?" Jennifer asked as she took off her sunglasses.

Shaking her head, the nurse, Nelly Tuffin, stated, "As usual. After receiving consent from you and Mr. Larson, we bound Mrs. Larson to the bed so that she won't bang her head against the wall during an episode in the night."

Jennifer's face twisted into a grim expression. She took a deep breath and muttered, "Ms. Tuffin, please open the door. I want to visit my mother."

Nodding, Nelly advised, "Ms. Larson, be careful when you enter. Mrs. Larson's condition is unstable and unpredictable. If she begs you to untie the ropes, you must stay firm and not yield to her request. Otherwise, both of you would only end up hurt."

Jennifer nodded.

Then, Nelly unlocked the door for her. When Amelia stepped inside with Jennifer, she was frightened by the view that appeared before her. A surge of emotions flickered briefly in her eyes.

Right before her eyes was the image of Laura being tied to the bed like a pig. Her hair was messy while her wrists and the exposed parts of her limbs was amass of bruises and wounds resulting from her struggling against her restraints. There was a massive scabbed wound on her forehead, and her face was as pale as a sheet. She had lost a lot of weight, her current scrawny figure starkly different than before.

Amelia said in disbelief, "Why is she..."

Jennifer's eyes reddened as she stared at Laura, who was sleeping on the bed. "The sight before you is all Oscar's doings. My mom injured you on your forehead by accident, and you didn't even have to visit the hospital. However, not only did your husband use his connections to send her to jail, but he also used some sort of method to cause her to hallucinate. Her condition is worsening day by day. If we didn't tie her up, she would hit her head against the wall and wouldn't even know that she was bleeding. The wound on her forehead is the proof. Do you know how much I abhor you and Carter after seeing my mother, who used to be a graceful woman, end up in such a state? If I weren't so obstinate to have him to myself, my mom might not have turned out like this."

Moving her lips, Amelia had so much to say but could not verbalize them at that moment.

It was undeniable that Laura was wrong back then, but she had received her punishment for what she had done. With Laura being admitted into a psychiatric hospital and turning into such a terrible state, it seemed that Amelia was at fault instead.

Besides, Amelia never wished to harm Laura to such an extent. If she had pleaded for the latter back then, things would not have turned out that way and might have been salvageable.

"I'm sorry." Despite the words that she wanted to say, Amelia could only offer a simple apology.

A mocking smile appeared on Jennifer's face. "Amelia, if saying sorry can solve everything, why would there be laws and police? I admit that my family is no match for the Clintons in Tayhaven, and it's impossible to sue Oscar. Thus, we have no choice but to swallow the mistreatment and watch my mom suffer greatly. However, don't be too pleased with yourself. It might not happen now, but you will pay the price one day. I swear I will bear witness to the downfall of your family of three."

Frowning, Amelia felt a sense of discomfort in her heart. Her guilt toward the Larsons faded a little after hearing Jennifer's words.

"Ms. Larson, I never wished for Mrs. Larson to end up this way. I'm very sorry, but now is not the time to blame each other. We should be thinking about how to help Mrs. Larson so that she can recover soon. If it were Oscar's doings, I would not shirk the responsibility. I promise to find the best doctor to treat Mrs. Larson," she declared with a darkened expression.

"Amelia, save your sympathies. You're the culprit of the tragedy that befell my mother, thus have no right to pity her. I didn't bring you here today to ask you to fork out money to cure my mother. My family can afford to pay her medical bills. I only wanted to show you how ruthless your so-called perfect husband is. One more thing, I will never forgive you, and I swear to witness your marriage fall apart with my own eyes one day," Jennifer snarled viciously after inching close to her ear.

Amelia frowned as Jennifer's attitude was getting on her nerves. However, as she was at fault, she did not retort. Instead, she said, "Ms. Larson, if you brought me here today for the medical bills, I can pay for them. However, if you are here to utter nonsense, I'm sorry then. I need to head back now because my son is waiting for me at home."

Jennifer stared at her fixedly.

