

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 570

"Where's Dad and Mom?" asked Ivan. Amelia stared blankly at her brother. She then twitched her lips and muttered reluctantly, "Dad brought Mom to see a psychiatrist." "Why didn't you stop him?" he asked angrily. "I couldn't... Ivan, Dad was really fierce.

He not only threatened to chase me out of the house but to cut me off financially too! I don't want to work a job that only earns me a monthly salary of three to five thousand. That meager amount isn't even enough to buy a handbag.

So-" Ivan cut in harshly, "So, you let him take Mom away." Amelia burst into tears and wailed, "Ivan, I didn't do it on purpose! I just didn't want to get chased out of the house.

The Hutton residence is my home! Without the support of the Hutton family, I won't be able to survive in Walund." Ivan pressed his lips together, fuming in silence. He clenched his fists and stared down at her angrily. "Amelia, I'm so disappointed in you."

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

"Let's go," said Ivan. Amelia hurried behind him. "Ivan, we're here. Please don't agitate Dad anymore. Otherwise, we'll be left with nothing if he chases us out of the Hutton family." Ivan clenched his fist so tightly that his knuckles emitted a cracking sound. A trace of malice flashed in his eyes.

"Don't worry. One day, the Hutton family will be under my control. I'll protect you and Mom so that both of you won't get hurt," he promised. "What are you planning to do?" "Dad's getting old. His mindset is too extreme, and whenever he does things, he doesn't have a backup plan.

If he continues to be in control of the company and our family, the company will go downhill. Sooner or later, he'll drive Mom insane as well. I'm the eldest in the family, so it's my duty to protect Mom. Not only that, I'll make sure to provide her with the best life and environment."

"Don't act rashly, Ivan." Ivan did not reply her. However, a plan was already forming in his mind. He knew exactly what he should do. However, it was not time yet. Once the time was right, he vowed to land a deadly strike on his father. That way, his father would not be able to retaliate.

By then, the company's management rights would be in Ivan's hands. With that, he would also have a say at home, and his mother would not suffer anymore. "Are you sure?" Amelia asked.

"Amelia, our priority now is to stop Dad's control over Mom. I hope you don't tell him whatever I've told you earlier. It's in Mom's best interest if you don't." In response, Amelia made a zipper motion across her lips.

She reassured, "Don't worry! I promise not to breathe a word of it to anyone. Even if I die, I'll take the secret to the grave with me!" Ivan did not reply. He merely reached out to pat her forehead. Both of them hurried to the psychiatric clinic. H

However, they were blocked by bodyguards outside. "Mr. Ivan, Ms. Hutton, please leave

. Mr. Benjamin has ordered that nobody is allowed to enter," said one of the bodyguards expressionlessly. Ivan wanted to barge in, but his combat skills were not on par with the bodyguard. The latter easily locked Ivan's hands behind his back and said, "My apologies, Mr. Ivan." Ivan and Amelia were directly shoved into the car. The bodyguard instructed the chauffeur, "Send Mr. Ivan and Ms. Hutton back and keep watch over them.

They aren't allowed to leave the mansion without Mr. Benjamin's orders." "Yes, I will." The siblings were then sent back to the mansion. Around ten extra bodyguards appeared at the door.

They stood at every possible exit in the mansion, preventing any attempt by the siblings to sneak out. When they reached the bedroom, Amelia stomped her foot in frustration. "Ivan, what should we do? Dad doesn't allow us to see Mom at all. I think he's serious this time. He wants to drive Mom crazy."

Ivan had a dark expression on his face. He was so frustrated that he punched the wall three times consecutively. "Ivan, stop! Don't do that!" "I want you to leave. I need some time to think things through," said Ivan. Amelia moved her lips as if to speak, but no words came. In the end, she said dejectedly, "Okay, I'll leave. Don't overthink things. Maybe Dad simply brought Mom to her attending psychiatrist for a chat. Don't worry, it'll be all right."

Seeing Ivan ignoring her, Amelia looked crestfallen. She hung her head, and her shoulders slumped as she left the room. She went back to her room and flopped onto her bed in frustration.

However, after a few seconds, she sat upright abruptly. As if she had just made a decision, she fished out her phone and dialed a number. "Amy," Amelia choked out. Amelia Winters was working. She didn't expect that she would suddenly receive a call from Amelia Hutton.

"Amelia, what's wrong? Are you crying?" asked Amelia Winters. She could sense that Amelia Hutton was in a bad mood. Upon hearing her words, Amelia Hutton felt even more aggrieved. She sobbed, "Amy, Mom wanted to look for you. Hence, she told Dad that she wanted to get a divorce from him."

Dad was so furious that he dragged her to her attending doctor to give her a hypnosis session.

A patient's mental state would easily be messed up if they received hypnosis against their wishes! The Clintons are the only ones who can oppose Dad now. I don't know who else to turn to for help except you, Amy.

"Are you able to come to Saspiuburg?" Amelia Hutton pleaded. Amelia Winters held the phone to her ear as her hand trembled. She took a deep breath before

she was finally able to calm herself down. "Calm down, Amelia. Can you tell me what exactly happened?" Amelia Winters asked.

Her colleagues from the same department all turned to look at her. Amelia Winters flashed them an apologetic smile and headed to the staircase. "Amelia, don't cry. Tell me slowly. I'm here for you." Amelia Winters raised her voice a notch.

Amelia Hutton gave a brief explanation of the situation. "Amy, my mom treats you so well. She even wanted to divorce my father because of you and doesn't even want to acknowledge Ivan and me anymore.

Dad's so mad that he brought her to the psychiatric clinic. Now that Mom's in this state, you have to help," complained Amelia Hutton. She pushed all the blame on Amelia Winters. Amelia Winters could not help but burst into a small chuckle.

"What are you laughing at, Amy?" "I merely find it funny. This matter concerns your family, but instead of coming up with solutions, you request my help. Even if I wanted to help, I can't do much.

After all, it's not right for me to interfere in your family matters," Amelia Winters calmly stated. Amelia Hutton's face darkened with resentment. "What do you mean by this? Are you implying that you're not going to help?" Her irritation flared, and her tears had stopped.

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

However, she decided to reject Amelia Hutton's request. Amelia Hutton's temper sparked. "Amelia Winters, are you really going to be this heartless? My mom thinks about you every day to the extent that she can't even focus when she eats or sleeps. Daily Update On AllWorldBeauty.com

All she's been talking about is how much she misses you! In addition, she's worried that you'll be bullied in Tayhaven. Now that she needs our help, you refuse to help. You wouldn't be acting this way if you have an ounce of decency in you," she chided. "I'm sorry, Amelia.

I'm currently at work. I can't interfere with your family affairs. I'm sorry to hear that your parents are getting a divorce. Maybe Mrs. Hutton and Mr. Hutton have encountered some problems in their marriage.

It's unfortunate that they are not in love anymore," she said before hanging up the phone. Amelia Winters splashed some water on her face. She stared at herself in the mirror and saw an emotion in her eyes that even she herself could not understand.

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

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

The corners of Amelia's lips twitched, somewhat resembling a smile. "Is there something on your mind, Amelia? If you don't mind, I'm willing to lend a listening ear to you.

I guarantee you that whatever you say will not leave this room," Rory vowed, forming the Scout sign with her right hand. Amelia chuckled and said, "I'm fine. Let's go back to work." Rory did not push for an answer, but there was a pensive look in her eyes.

Both of them headed back to the design department. Amelia got back to her work, but she was a little absent-minded. Her mind kept going back to her

conversation with Amelia Hutton. When it was finally six p.m., Amelia packed up her stuff and prepared to leave.

Just then, Rory approached her and asked, "Amelia, do you want to leave together?" "Sure, let's go," replied Amelia. They got into the elevator and headed downstairs. Rory couldn't help but ask, "Where's Jolin?" "She's busy with something," Amelia replied nonchalantly.

It was clear that she did not wish to delve into details. Rory smiled and remarked, "Mr. Clinton is so good to you and plans everything out nicely for you. You're so lucky." However, Amelia was obviously lost in her thoughts and merely responded perfunctorily to Rory's words.

From the moment they left the office till they arrived downstairs, they did not say more than ten sentences to each other. Oscar was leaning on his car, waiting for Amelia. Upon seeing that, a hint of jealousy flashed in Rory's eyes before it quickly disappeared.

In its place was a warm smile as she smiled at Oscar. "Amelia, Mr. Clinton is here. I'll take my leave then." Rory nodded to him in greeting before tactfully retreating. Oscar approached Amelia. He lifted her chin and asked tenderly, "You're unhappy?" Amelia shook her head and commented, "Oscar, let's talk in the car." "All right."