

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 572

"Mrs. Hutton, you aren't in a good mental state now. You'll feel better after having some rest," Amelia said in a soft voice. Her hand hovered stiffly in mid-air for a long time before she slowly placed it on Eleanor's back.

Benjamin harbored a deep hatred toward Amelia Winters. He refused to acknowledge Amelia, who had been alone all these years, as his biological daughter. No matter what, Amelia did not wish to see Eleanor getting divorced at such an old age because of her. Amelia already had her own family, and she had been through more than twenty years of not being with her close ones, so she did not want to be selfish and be the cause of Eleanor losing the peaceful life she had with her family.

I'm already satisfied enough to know that my biological mother didn't mean to abandon me. I'm not going to force the rest to go as my wish.

Eleanor's hand that was holding Amelia froze as she slowly raised her head. She stared blankly at Amelia in front of her. Seemingly gathering her courage, she pursed her lips a few times before she finally asked in a hoarse voice, "Lia, are you still reluctant to acknowledge me as your mom?"

Amelia gave Eleanor a faint smile and comforted her, "Mrs. Hutton, I know that you were terrified yesterday, so it's normal for you to mistake me for Amelia Hutton. However, I'm Amelia Winters, and my parents are still around. I'm really sorry."

Eleanor gazed intently at her eldest daughter, who was close at hand yet so far away. She felt her heart wrenching, and her eyes were filled to the rim with tears.

"Lia, I lost you for more than twenty years. I understand if you don't want to acknowledge me as your mother," Eleanor sobbed.

Amelia was at a loss for what she should do.

She clumsily wiped Eleanor's tears and said, "Don't be like this, Mrs. Hutton. You're not in good health now. Have a good rest first. Everything else can wait until you get better."

Eleanor grabbed her hand and said sincerely, "Lia, I've been missing you for so many years. I didn't dare to acknowledge you because I was afraid that your father would go after you. But now, I can't stand it anymore. After yesterday, I almost couldn't see you ever again. It doesn't matter if you don't want to acknowledge me. I'll be satisfied as long as you stay by my side."

Feeling somewhat awkward, Amelia drew her hand back and said, "Mrs. Hutton, please calm down."

Eleanor took a deep breath and tried her best to regain her composure.

She tried to look for a comb to tidy up her hair, but there was none.

"Lia, do you have a comb?"

Although Amelia did not understand what Eleanor needed a comb for, she took one out of her bag.

Eleanor tied her hair up and went into the bathroom to briefly wash her face.

Amelia saw that Eleanor had regained her composure and went straight to the point. "Mrs. Hutton, I heard from Amelia that things aren't looking good between you and Mr. Hutton. Are you really planning to divorce?"

Eleanor's body stiffened as a trace of fear flashed in her eyes. The experience she had the day before had caused her to become more afraid of her husband.

Benjamin and she had been married for more than thirty years, but the relationship between them had almost come to a breaking point.

Amelia walked over and held Eleanor's hand as she said, "Mrs. Hutton, I won't oppose if you want to divorce. There are many things I don't really understand

about the Hutton family, so I don't have the right to make a judgment. However, you two have been married for so many years. You got together when you were young and should stay together for a lifetime. It's not easy to find someone who could stay by your side till the end of time. You should think it through."

Eleanor let out a bitter smile, but her face glowed with determination.

"Lia, I can't continue to be with him. In the past, I couldn't make up my mind to divorce him because I still loved him. However, I don't think it's possible for me to be him now. He's someone who can actually lay his hands on his own daughter and wife. I'm too afraid of him," Eleanor said bitterly.

Amelia lowered her head and pondered before saying, "Mrs. Hutton, I'll support whatever decision you make as long as you don't regret it."

Grinning, Eleanor lowered her head.

She hesitated for a long time before asking hopefully, "Lia, can you call me Mom?"

Amelia was tongue-tied in an instant.

Nonetheless, Amelia put on a smile that looked somewhat uneasy.

In such a situation where she was acknowledging Eleanor as her mother, Amelia only felt shocked and awkward. She did not feel the same excitement as what had been depicted in the drama series.

Feeling the surge of mixed feelings, she still brought herself to reply calmly, "Mrs. Hutton, you should have a good rest. Oscar and I will send you back to the Hutton residence once you're feeling better. Whether you intend to divorce or reconcile with Mr. Hutton, I think it'd be better for you to talk things out with him. After all, that's still your family. As an outsider, I'm not in the right position to intervene with your family matters."

Eleanor only looked at her without saying anything.

After a long time, she let out a bitter chuckle. "Lia, you still don't want to call me Mom, right?"

Amelia remained silent.

Eleanor grabbed her hand and said eagerly, "It's okay. We've been separated for so many years, and I haven't fulfilled any of my duties as your mother as you grow up. It's too sudden to tell you that you're my daughter, so it makes sense that you find it hard to accept me physically and mentally. Take it slow. I can wait for you, and I mean it."

Amelia seemed slightly troubled as she was in such a tight spot.

In fact, she felt pressured unknowingly because of the affection and care Eleanor was showing toward her.

Eleanor seemed to notice the troubled look on Amelia's face. She immediately held herself back from sounding too eager as she said, "Lia, I'm a bit hungry. Can you prepare something for me to eat?"

"Of course. You take a rest first. I'll go prepare some food for you."

Then, Amelia went out to prepare something for Eleanor to eat and chatted with her for a while. When she saw that Eleanor had gradually calmed down and drifted off to sleep on the bed, Amelia finally heaved a sigh of relief.

She covered Eleanor with the blanket and carefully opened the door to go out.

Meanwhile, Oscar was standing not far away. Amelia could not help but smile and walked over before wrapping her arms around his waist. She nuzzled his chest like a kitten asking to be patted.

Oscar raised his hand and gently stroked the back of her head. He then asked in a low voice, "What's wrong? Did she give you a hard time?"

Amelia shook her head lightly.

"Oscar, come to my room and talk to me for a while. I suddenly feel like talking to you," Amelia uttered in a soft voice.

"Sure."

Oscar held her in his arms as they went into the bedroom that someone had prepared for them.

He prepared a glass of milk for her and said, "Have some."

Amelia held the cup and let out a soft sigh. "She acknowledged me as her daughter, but I'm not as happy as I thought I'd be."

"Don't you wish to acknowledge her?"

Slightly baffled, she shook her head. "I don't know. In the past, when my parents failed to make me feel the love of a complete family, I've been thinking that one day, a mother who truly loved me would appear. However, now that I finally have one, I'm not as excited as I was at the beginning. It's like how people's desire for something when they were younger slowly dies down as they grow up."

Oscar sat next to her and reached out his hands to make her sit on his lap. He comforted, "Don't force yourself. If you want to acknowledge her as your mother, then do so. If you don't intend to do that, just pretend that this matter doesn't exist. I'll always be by your side to support you."

Amelia gently leaned against his chest.

"Oscar, I feel this part of me is burning. It's as though the feelings of resentment I've been suppressing for many years are all released at once. I've been thinking about this. So it turns out that I have a biological mother. Maybe there was the reason why the Winters family was treating me coldly all this while. I feel like crying, but I have no idea why the tears just won't come out," said Amelia, and she seemed upset.

Oscar lifted her chin and landed a peck that was as light as the feather on her lips.

He looked straight into her eyes and said in a domineering yet forceful manner, "You only need to have me by your side. Just think of the others as secondary in your life."

Amelia could not help but laugh. Her sullenness dissipated magically in mere seconds.

"Oscar, when she's more stable emotionally, I want to send her back to the Hutton residence. If there are any conflicts, I think it's better to talk things through face-to-face. What do you think?" Amelia looked up as she told him her plan.

"Whatever you say."

The two chatted for a long time until they heard a series of ear-piercing shrieks coming from the room next door, breaking the warm and intimate atmosphere between the two.

"Mrs. Hutton." Amelia jumped out of Oscar's embrace and hurriedly ran out after opening the door.

When she opened the door, she saw a girl in her twenties standing at the side with a tray in her hand, looking helpless. At the same time, Eleanor was screaming at the top of her lungs, seemingly out of control.

Amelia rushed over anxiously and stopped at a spot that was a few steps away from Eleanor. She carefully called out, "Mrs. Hutton, I'm Amelia. Calm down, please. I'm here now. No one can hurt you."

As soon as Eleanor heard Amelia's voice, her screams gradually became softer. She looked up at Amelia and called out in puzzlement, "Lia?"

"Yeah, Mrs. Hutton, it's me. Can you put down the dagger first? I'll be worried if you're holding a dagger. I don't want you to get hurt," Amelia said carefully.

Eleanor looked at the dagger in her hand and dropped it with a cry of shock. The dagger fell to the ground with a clang.

"Lia, no! It wasn't me. I don't know how the dagger got to my hand. Don't be scared of me, okay? I'm not usually like this," she explained incoherently.

Amelia felt conflicted. Mrs. Hutton suffered so much, but she's still trying to take my feelings into account.

This kind of consideration might be something that only a mother could spare for her children.

"Mrs. Hutton, don't overthink. I know you didn't mean it. I'm just glad that you're fine. Don't hold something as dangerous as the dagger again in the future, okay? I'll be worried if you hurt yourself."

"Lia, will you really be worried about me?"