

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 374 - 345

Chapter 374 Teach Him A Lesson

After Benjamin's angry outburst, the tension in the apartment became so thick that one could cut it with a knife. Even Amelia, who had always been clingy, refused to come out of her room. Likewise, her friends stayed out of Benjamin's sight the entire time, leaving Sean all alone in the living room.

"Where's your mother?" Benjamin asked.

"She's in her room."

"Get her some food, then. We don't want to starve her, do we?"

"Dad, you should know what Mom wants," Sean muttered in exasperation.

"Sean, you've always been my pride and joy, which is why I've entrusted you with many responsibilities. It's bad enough that your mother is throwing this tantrum, but must you follow in her footsteps, too?"

Upon hearing that, Sean fell silent.

"All right, that's enough. I'm going out to make a call before meeting up with a friend from Beshya. Don't wait up for me. I won't be coming back tonight."

As soon as he said that, Benjamin turned and walked toward the door.

"Dad, I don't know what reason you have for not wanting to acknowledge her, but why can't you spare a thought for Mom?" Sean suddenly said. "She has been carrying the guilt and pain with her for over twenty years. If you care about Mom, you should be helping to free her from this emotional prison. Or will you only be happy when something untoward happens to her?"

Benjamin's steps faltered, but eventually, he left without a word.

Sean plopped down on the sofa as he buried his face in his hands, feeling utterly frustrated yet so helpless.

There was no doubt that the Huttons were in for a long and restless night.

The next day, Benjamin came to Amelia and Tiffany's apartment early in the morning. Shortly after he rang the doorbell, Tiffany answered the door.

She might have only seen him once, but Tiffany recognized Benjamin immediately. "You must be Mr. Hutton."

"That's right. I'm Amelia's father. We met briefly yesterday, didn't we? Is it okay if I come in?"

Despite being slightly put off by Benjamin's sudden visit, Tiffany relented and welcomed him.

"Come on in, then, Mr. Hutton."

With that, Benjamin strode into the apartment, not at all caring that he was merely a guest.

"Tiff, is that Mrs. Hutton and Amelia?" Amelia asked as she sauntered out of the bedroom with Tony's hand in hers.

"No. It's Mr. Hutton."

There was a flicker of doubt in Amelia's eyes just as Benjamin's gaze landed on her. Alas, his glare became so menacing that it scared Tony out of his wits.

"Mommy, he's so fierce. It's like he wants to hurt you," Tony whined, leaving everyone else startled by his words.

However, before anyone could butt in, he shocked them further by crying out for Kurt, "Daddy, come out quick! There's a man here who wants to hurt Mommy!"

Amelia immediately tugged at her son's hand and scolded, "Tony, stop spouting nonsense!"

Tiffany, too, hurriedly walked up and scooped Tony up into her arms. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hutton," she muttered. "You know how kids say the darndest things."

Despite that, everyone knew that children tended to be more observant and often innocently spoke the truth. Since Tony could tell that something was amiss, it would only mean that Benjamin did intend to inflict harm on Amelia.

However, for a stranger to harbor so much hostility, one could not help but worry about what other ill intentions he might have.

Even though Amelia could not see, she had become adept at sensing the changes in people's emotions. There was a chance that Benjamin might be her birth father, yet instead of getting a touching reunion, all she felt was her father's hatred toward her. Sadly, she didn't know what else she could do.

Just then, Kurt rushed out of the kitchen and instinctively stood in front of Amelia to protect her. "Tiffany, who is this?" he asked as he shot a glance at Benjamin.

"Kurt, it's just a misunderstanding. Why don't you continue with the food preparation?"

"The nanny will handle it."

Releasing a sigh, Tiffany replied, "Fine, this is Amelia Hutton's father, Mr. Hutton." Then, turning to Benjamin, she continued, "Mr. Hutton, this strapping young man here is our best friend. He's a trained fighter, so he's very alert and sharp."

Benjamin said nothing as he sized Kurt up.

"Have a seat, Mr. Hutton. Would you like me to invite Mrs. Hutton and Amelia over too?"

"No need. I'm only here for one person."

At the mention of that, the smile on Tiffany's face faded slightly. "I see. And who might that person be, Mr. Hutton?"

"Her," Benjamin responded as he pointed at Amelia. "My wife keeps telling me how much she resembles her daughter and wants me to acknowledge her, so I thought I'd come and take a look for myself. If you don't mind, can I talk to her in private?"

"I'm afraid that won't be possible, Mr. Hutton. As you can see, Amelia's sight isn't great. If there's anything you'd like to tell her, you can do so here," Tiffany stated, stopping in front of Amelia.

After giving it some thought, Benjamin finally nodded.

Even as he sat on the sofa, there was no denying that he had a commanding presence about him.

“Ms. Winters, I have but one simple request, and that is for you to stay away from my wife. I’ve done some digging into your background, and all I can say is that your family is of modest means. I don’t blame you for wanting to improve your standard of life, but I can’t stand by and let you take advantage of a mother’s love for her child,” Benjamin remarked matter-of-factly.

Amelia understood his insinuation, but at the same time, she found it all so amusing.

“Mr. Hutton, I think you’ve misunderstood. Mrs. Hutton and I met purely by chance. However, everyone kept saying how much we resembled each other, and that’s why I found myself gravitating toward her. That said, if you want me to keep my distance from her, I will oblige.”

Straightening his suit, Benjamin nodded. “I sincerely hope you’ll keep your word, Ms. Winters. Our family doesn’t need friends with ulterior motives.”

Having said her piece, Amelia merely responded with a faint smile.

Tiffany, on the other hand, was seething with rage. “Mr. Hutton, I don’t know what business dealings your family has in Saspiuburg, and neither do I care. However, why would someone who can afford this apartment in Beshya ingratiate herself with people she barely knows? Don’t mind me being blunt, Mr. Hutton, but aren’t you a bit too full of yourself?”

Benjamin remained cool as a cucumber as he crossed his legs, looking every bit like the successful businessman that he was.

“Ms. Winters, I’ve seen plenty of people like you who would do just about anything to get into the high-society circles,” Benjamin scoffed before getting up from the sofa. “Ladies, I don’t care where you’re from, and neither do I want to know how you learned about your uncanny resemblance to my wife. She may be soft-hearted and gullible, but that doesn’t mean the rest of the Hutton family are fools.”

Benjamin then walked toward Amelia and added, “This is all I have to say. You better watch your steps from now on. Oh, and just so we’re clear, the Hutton family only has two children. There will never be another.”

With that, he marched out of the apartment.

Benjamin's words were undoubtedly harsh, and Amelia could not help but feel a tinge of sadness.

As soon as the door closed, Tiffany leaped to her feet, quivering with anger. "Who the hell does he think he is? I know plenty of rich people, but none are as delusional as him. If the rest of the Hutton family are anything like him, I wouldn't want you there, Amelia, even if you're related to them."

Amelia slowly stood up from the sofa and tried to calm her friend down. "Tiff, his comments are irrelevant. There's no need to get mad over someone like that."

"Babe, I can't get over the way he treated you!" Tiffany hollered. "Just because his family belongs to the wealthy elite, he thinks everyone wants to fawn over them. We aren't so bad ourselves! We have a house, a car, and plenty of money. Why would we need him? Seriously, I've never seen anyone so full of himself! He's utterly shameless!"

"That's enough, Tiff. You've already made it clear that he's shameless," Amelia replied. "I need some time alone now. Can you look after Tony for me?"

"Amelia..."

"I'm fine. There's just a lot going through my mind now. I won't take long."

As she watched Amelia gingerly make her way back into the bedroom, Tiffany's revulsion for Benjamin grew even more.

"Kurt, do you think you can teach the Hutton family a lesson?"

"Leave it to me," Kurt replied with a dark scowl.

"Good, don't go easy on him. We have to show him that even though Amelia has left the Clintons, she still has plenty of people sticking up for her."

Kurt nodded, having already thought of a plan.

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Chapter 375 The Cold Shoulder

Whatever it was that Kurt did, five companies simultaneously terminated their contracts with the Huttons' business in Saspiuburg, resulting in a massive loss of hundreds of millions. Benjamin and Sean were so horrified by the news that they decided to return to Saspiuburg on the earliest flight. Eleanor, however, chose to remain in Beshya on the pretext that she had not enjoyed herself enough.

Since the company's affairs were of top priority, Benjamin and Sean had no choice but to let her be. "Amelia, take good care of your mother," Benjamin reminded before leaving. "Don't let her hang around questionable people. Otherwise, I won't give you your allowance."

"I got it, Daddy," Amelia replied, though somewhat annoyed.

When Benjamin and Sean finally arrived at the airport, they ran into Kurt, who had been patiently waiting for them the entire morning. "Mr. Hutton, this is what you get for finding fault with Amelia Winters. Getting those five companies to terminate their contracts with you is just a little gift from me. It's my way of letting you know that Amelia isn't someone you can push around. Your family may be wealthy, but you're insignificant to her, so please stop parading around like some big shot. Nobody gives a damn about the Huttons."

Upon hearing that, Benjamin scowled in frustration.

Sean, on the other hand, had a look of blank bewilderment. "I'm sorry, mister, but has there been some kind of misunderstanding between us? I don't think my family has ever worked with you."

"Why don't you ask your father? I'm sure that'll clear things up," Kurt replied as he shot a glance at Sean.

Alas, that only earned Kurt a death glare from Benjamin. "Sean, let's go!"

Even though he was still as confused as before, Sean quickly kept up with his father.

Behind them, Kurt smirked, happy that his plan had gone swimmingly.

"Dad, what's going on? Who's that guy?" Sean asked. "I'm sure we've never worked with him before, so why is he making things difficult for us?"

"He's one of the people around that b*tch! It's all my fault. I shouldn't have underestimated them. Because of her, our family hasn't had a day of peace in the past twenty years. And now she's back to torture us even further! She's nothing but a jinx! I should've been more heavy-handed back then instead of just giving her away."

Sean's brows knitted into a frown. "Dad, there must be some kind of misunderstanding."

"What misunderstanding? She's a jinx! There's no doubt about that!"

Plucking up his courage, Sean continued, "Dad, I've been noticing how agitated you get every time you talk about her. It isn't like you at all. Does her presence affect you that much, or are you afraid of her?"

"What? Why would I be afraid of her? Who told you that crock of sh*t?" Benjamin thundered as he stared daggers at Sean.

"Dad, calm down."

Not wanting to say any more, Benjamin crossed his arms and lapsed into a sulky silence.

Sean, too, knew better than to continue pushing his father's buttons and held his tongue for the rest of their journey.

Meanwhile, Kurt was about to leave the airport when he received a call from Tiffany.

"Hey, Kurt, have the Huttons left?"

"Yes."

"What was that old man's expression like?"

"Terrible."

Hearing that, Tiffany burst out laughing, delighted that they had managed to get back at Benjamin.

"Well done, Kurt! You're more than qualified to be Amelia's guardian angel!"

When Kurt didn't respond, Tiffany went on, "Keep it up. I have faith that you'll one day win her over."

"I don't need that. I only hope that Amelia let me stay by her side to protect her."

"Come on, Kurt. Are you contented with just that? As long as she's happy, that's all that matters? Don't you want more?"

Once again, Kurt stayed silent.

"Fine. I've put in so much effort to bring the two of you together, but no one appreciates it. You don't seem anxious about it, and Amelia doesn't seem to feel anything for you. That's it. I've had enough. You can continue to torture yourself in this fruitless relationship because I'm washing my hands of the both of you," Tiffany whined.

Kurt's gaze instantly darkened as he tightened his grip around the phone.

"I'm hanging up now. We'll talk more later."

After ending the call, Tiffany set her phone aside and carried Tony in her arms. "Tony, do you like your godfather?"

"Do you mean Daddy?"

"Yes. Do you like him?"

"Of course! I like Daddy the most!" Tony answered with an enthusiastic nod.

"In that case, do you want him to be your real father?"

Naturally, Tony didn't understand what Tiffany meant. "But Tiffy, Daddy is already my daddy."

"Ah, what I meant was to let your godfather marry your mother. Only then will he legally become your father."

After giving it some thought, Tony finally smiled and clapped his hands in glee. "Yes, okay!"

Tiffany whispered something into his ears before adding, "That's settled then, Tony. Next time, compliment your godfather more in front of your mother."

Just then, Amelia carefully walked into the room by feeling her way around. "Tiff, what nonsense are you feeding Tony now?"

Tiffany instantly jumped with fright at the sound of that. When she realized Amelia was not mad at her, she heaved a sigh of relief and rushed forward to hold the other woman. "I wasn't telling him any nonsense, Amelia. We were only having a lovely chat. You can ask him if you don't believe me."

"Okay, calm down. I was only asking. Must your reaction be this big? If I didn't know better, I'd have thought you did something bad," Amelia teased.

Tiffany chuckled in response. "Babe, you know what? That insufferable Mr. Hutton has gone back to Saspiuburg with his tail between his legs."

Amelia's face fell almost immediately when she heard that. "Tiff, we have nothing to do with the Hutton family. I don't want you to provoke them."

"Listen, he got what he deserved for the way he treated you. Just because we chose not to cross the line doesn't mean we're afraid of them. Since he's so sure that you have an ulterior motive for getting close to his family, we'll show him what we're truly capable of!"

Amelia frowned, clearly in disapproval of Tiffany's actions.

"Tiff, I don't want to be too involved with them, and neither do I want any of you standing up for me. In any case, the Huttons and we have nothing in common. It'd be best for us to go on our separate ways once they return to Saspiuburg."

"Babe, that's a good idea, but don't forget that it takes two to tango. Mrs. Hutton is so passionate about you that it's bordering on obsession, while Mr. Hutton hates you to the core. Given that they have such extreme attitudes toward you, what makes you think it'd be easy to get rid of them?" Tiffany explained. "Besides, don't you want to find out about your true identity? Don't you want to know why the Winters have been treating you so poorly all these years?"

Amelia could not help but let out a bitter chuckle. "So what if I know the truth? What difference would it make? The Winters have made me feel like a stranger in the family, and

there's nothing I can do about that. But now that I have Tony and my loved ones, I no longer have to worry about those who don't matter to me."

"Is that true, though? Are you sure you won't hold on to the past anymore?" Tiffany questioned as she looked Amelia in the eye.

Alas, Amelia had no answer to that.

"Listen to me, Amelia. I know you still bear a grudge. If Mrs. Hutton is truly your birth mother, then you should take the chance to ask her why she lost you all those years back. Only by doing this can you let go of the past. Isn't that a better idea?"

After a long silence, Amelia finally spoke up. "Tiff, I've got a good life now. Whether she's my birth mother or not doesn't matter to me anymore. We'll let nature take its course. If she wants to acknowledge me, I won't reject her. But if she doesn't, I'm not staying around to be snubbed by them."

"All right then," Tiffany replied softly. Deep down, however, she knew her friend was merely putting on a facade. There was no way Amelia could forget how the Winters family had treated her in the past. Even though they had brought her up and even sent her to university, the constant cold shoulder they gave her was far more damaging than anything else. It was a form of emotional abuse that stayed with a child for life, to the point where it might even negatively impact their outlook on life.

Suddenly, Tony's voice broke the silence. "Mommy, don't be sad. You have me."

And just like that, his sweet, innocent words broke the tension in the room.