

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 671

Too Much to Bear My Love

Chapter 671

Chapter 671 A Successful Proposal

As Amelia stepped back to one side and saw Oscar carrying Tony standing on the other side, she immediately trotted over and intertwined her fingers with his.

“Mommy, you’re back? I missed you so much,” Tony exclaimed.

“My good boy, I’ll cook you your favorite poached pears tomorrow,” Amelia said.

Tony instantly broke into a bright smile. “I love you the most, Mommy.”

Caressing his little, chubby cheeks, Amelia said, “Look, Tony. Mr. Pretty is about to propose to your godmother. They will get married after a successful proposal. Are you excited about it?”

Tony nodded and replied like an adult, “Tiffany isn’t young anymore. It’s time she should get married. Then I will have a godfather who will love me too.”

Amelia giggled at that.

Together with Oscar, they cast their gazes toward Tiffany and witnessed the latter’s happy moment with their own eyes.

“Tiff, I’m not good at honeyed words. But just like the ninety-nine roses I gifted you, I will love you, adore you, and pamper you until the day I die after we get married,” Derrick said sincerely, fixing his gaze on Tiffany affectionately.

Tears began to well on the rims of Tiffany’s eyes as she stared lovingly at the man. The two stood rooted to the ground for a long while.

As a freelance novelist, she had written numerous proposal scenes and could use various beautiful vocabularies to describe the process. But now that it was her turn, she could no longer do the same. All that she could feel was pin-drop silence blanketing her surrounding, and all that was left was only her exchanging gazes with the love of her life.

"Tiff, marry me." Derrick pulled out a small, exquisite box and went on one knee before Tiffany.

Tiffany was still standing there blankly.

Derrick took the ring out of the box and slipped it onto Tiffany's finger. With a smile, he uttered, "Tiff, the ring is on your finger, and that means you're my wife from now on."

Tiffany lifted her hand and brought the dazzling diamond to her line of vision. Her eyes sparkled with emotions.

A moment later, she broke into a vibrant smile. "The ring is stunning; I love it. I guess I have no other choice than to accept your proposal. You're my man from today onward. You can't cheat on me, and neither can you mistreat me. Got that?"

Derrick's eyes were full of adoration as he joyfully pulled her into his embrace and answered with a deep voice, "Of course."

Upon a successful proposal, Amelia's family of three walked up to them. Looking at Tiffany, Tony ran a finger across his cheek and quipped, "Tiffy, you look embarrassed. Seems like someone's getting married, huh?"

Tiffany stared at the boy in amusement and reached out to pinch his cheek. "You cheeky boy. How dare you tease me?"

Tony did not retaliate and instead allowed her to pinch his cheek.

After she let go of her hand, Tony turned to Derrick with a scowl on his face and said, "Mr. Pretty, I will leave Tiffy in your care. You must be very, very nice to her, or else I will beat you up when I grow up."

"Sure thing, Tony," Derrick answered in a serious tone. Anyone could tell from his gaze that he did not treat the boy as a child.

Amelia looked at Tiffany. "Congrats, Tiff. You're getting married. You must live a blissful life with Derrick and make sure not to throw tantrums."

With the latter's face almost buried in the bouquet of roses, she bobbed her head with a smile.

Then, as if he was a magician, Derrick took out another slightly larger, exquisite box out of nowhere. Upon opening it, he pulled out a diamond necklace engraved with "Tiff&Derry" and put it on Tiffany. "Do you like it?"

After picking up the necklace for a glance, Tiffany turned to him and asked, "When did you prepare this?"

“I specially customized it. I participated in the customization too. Do you like it?”

“Of course I do. Thank you.”

Derrick tenderly caressed her face.

Enthusiastic cheers rang out into the air from the crowd in the background. The vibrant fireworks continued blooming in the sky before fading away.

With the lively scene coming to an end, Amelia and Oscar left the venue. They were wise enough to create some space and time alone for Tiffany and Derrick.

On their way back, Amelia could not stop smiling the whole time. “Watching the proposal almost made me feel like I’m marrying off my own daughter,” she emotionally muttered.

Oscar glanced at her through the rearview mirror and smirked. “And you’re happy about that?”

Amelia nodded. “Tiff is my best friend. It’s my biggest wish to see her get married and have kids.”

“Don’t worry. You’ll get to see that very soon. But then again, Mrs. Hisson is one big obstacle to handle. Not only does she not like the idea of her marrying into the family, but there’ll also be a ton of petty matters awaiting her. You’d better tell her to be mentally prepared for that.”

Amelia shrugged. “I’m not too worried about that. Tiff is one tough woman. I was so naïve and knew nothing when I married you back then. Not only did your family not like me, but you also neglected and treated me coldly. But above all, I managed to live with the Clintons for five years. If I can do that, I’m sure Tiff can too.”

The look in Oscar’s gaze softened, and he did not say anything more.

Back home, Amelia carried Tony to his bed since he had long fallen asleep. Following that, she headed to the bathroom for a shower before jumping onto the bed and snuggling into Oscar’s embrace. Upon cozying up comfortably, she shut her eyes tight.

“Are you tired?” Oscar lovingly stroked her hair.

Amelia shook her head.

“Too happy?”

She hummed in response. "I'm deliberating on what gift to prepare for Tiff. I can't figure out what's best. Money feels a little too old-fashioned, and jewelry feels extremely corny. What do you think?"

Oscar was dumbstruck with incredulity and amusement. His hand that was ruffling through her hair became a lot gentler.

"It's only a successful proposal at the moment. It'll probably take another few more months before their marriage. Don't you think it's too early to fret over what gift to prepare?"

Amelia changed her posture and lifted her head. Lightly stroking the man's cheeks, she merrily asked, "Oscar, shall we visit the church together? I heard many people visit St. David's Church as it's efficacious to worship there. I'm thinking of visiting in place of Tiff. Perhaps she'll get pregnant as soon as she marries Derrick. With a grandchild, I'm sure it'll lessen Mrs. Hisson's displeasure toward her."

Oscar was nonplussed.

"Honey, you're overthinking. We're in a medically advanced generation where there's always IVF. So long as they aren't infertile, she'll get pregnant sooner or later. Besides, Tiffany hasn't married into the Hisson family. Are you trying to curse her already?"

Amelia punched him in the chest and pouted. "What nonsense are you spouting? I'm just worried that Tiff will be busy writing scripts that she won't have the time to care about her health. That's why I wanted to visit the church and pray for her to get pregnant sooner. That way, she won't be overly engrossed with work too."

As much as Oscar thought she was over worrying, he knew it was a kind intention on her part, and eventually, he agreed to the idea.

"All right. We'll head over to St. David's Church tomorrow."

"Oscar, am I making much ado about nothing?"

"Don't overthink things. You're purely concerned about your friend."

Amelia sighed. "Tiff is the only one I can pour my heart out to. She has done way too many things for me. My only hope is that she can have a good life after marrying into the Hisson family. I've experienced the worst in the Clinton family, so I hope she'll be well-loved by them."

Oscar kissed her on her head and said in a deep voice, "Let's turn in early."

Amelia nodded.

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Chapter 672 Filial But Not Close

The next day, with Tony in her arms, Amelia was about to head to St. David's Church with Oscar when she ran into Eleanor as soon as they stepped out the door.

"Lia!" Eleanor's arms were laden with all kinds of gifts. Seeing how lightly dressed the three of them were, she guessed that they were going out. "Where are you going?"

Amelia's eyes flickered. She smiled and said, "Why didn't you give me a call when you've come all the way from Saspiuburg, Mrs. Hutton?"

"I went back to discuss the divorce, but it didn't work out. I missed you and Tony so much. Here are some supplements from Saspiuburg for you guys." Eleanor raised the bags in her hands. "Could you open the door and let me bring the gifts in?"

Amelia had Oscar open the door for her.

After putting the gifts away, Eleanor turned to face them. "Where are you going, Lia? Would you mind if I joined you?"

"Oscar and I plan to go up to St. David's Church today."

"Are you not well, Lia? Is it serious?" Eleanor asked anxiously.

Amelia shook her head. "Don't worry, Mrs. Hutton," she reassured the older woman. "I'm fine. I just want to pray for a friend."

Eleanor heaved a sigh of relief. "That's good. Let me come with you."

Her inclusion made the trio a quartet.

As soon as the four exited the elevator, they saw two familiar silhouettes, the Hutton siblings, standing before the elevator doors.

Eleanor scowled.

Amelia Hutton approached them with a frown. "Why did you come to Tayhaven without telling Sean and me, Mom? We were so worried about you."

"Go home," Eleanor said tartly. "I have settled here."

Amelia Hutton took a deep breath and willed herself to calm down.

She then walked up to Amelia Winters and Oscar and greeted them politely, "Hello, Amy. Hello, Oscar."

"Good to see you here at Tayhaven too, Amelia," Amelia Winters responded in kind.

Amelia Hutton gave her a lingering, meaningful look. "Can we talk, Amy?"

"Oscar and I are going to church. We can talk when I get back if you don't mind."

Amelia Hutton glanced at Oscar surreptitiously, and a plan hatched in her mind a moment later. "Do you mind if Sean and I tag along, Amy?"

Amelia Winters fell silent.

Eleanor pulled her daughter away. "Stop pestering us. Return to Saspiuburg with your brother. Your father and I are destined to get divorced, not to mention that it doesn't help that he's trying to avoid having to face me. I just need to split my time between these two cities for two years, and my marriage will have broken down enough for me to ask the court for a divorce."

Amelia Hutton clenched her fists although the smile remained on her face. "Sean and I are just worried about you, Mom."

Eleanor scoffed, "If you were worried about me, you wouldn't have taken your father's side and tried to bring me back right now."

Amelia Hutton was dumbstruck.

And so, the original family of three doubled in size.

Oscar sat in the driver's seat of the first car, while Amelia was seated in the back seat with Eleanor and Tony in her arms. Craning to look at the car tailing theirs, Amelia remarked, "Your children love you, Mrs. Hutton. You might as well clear things up with them. Of course, this is only my advice. You don't have to take it."

Eleanor lowered her gaze as she tickled Tony.

Amelia watched her. She sighed inwardly but did not say much else.

The four of them arrived at St. David's Church in silence. Amelia Hutton and Sean pulled up next to them as soon as they exited the car.

Oscar carried Tony with one arm and held his wife's hand with his other hand as they ascended the church's famous flight of stairs with Eleanor and her children in tow.

Amelia Hutton reached out for her mother's hand. "Let me help you, Mom."

Eleanor glared at her wordlessly.

After the prodigious feat of climbing five hundred steps, the party gasped for air for a long time.

“Why would they build a stupid church so high up?” Amelia Hutton grumbled under her breath.

“Watch your tongue!” Eleanor reprimanded in a low voice. “We’re in the House of God, Amelia!”

Amelia Hutton pouted in response to her mother.

The six entered the church. Amelia Winters and Oscar fell into prayer almost immediately upon sitting on the nearest pew. Amelia Hutton, however, took her mother aside. “You’ve caused enough trouble, Mom,” she whispered. “Come back to Saspiburg with us at once. Nobody’s going to treat you like family while you’re here.”

Eleanor gazed at the family of three who was offering their tithes. Her throat felt a little dry.

“Look at her, Mom,” Amelia Hutton said in an attempt to be rational. “She already has her own family. She doesn’t need your maternal love anymore, but Dad and us two still need you. Come home without causing trouble, will you?”

Eleanor withdrew her gaze. “Return to Saspiburg with your brother, Amelia,” she repeated, looking irritated.

“Do you know that Dad is sick because of you, Mom?” Amelia Hutton cried anxiously.

Eleanor’s steely gaze finally quivered.

“Dad was admitted to the hospital three times while you were away, Mom,” Amelia Hutton pressed on. “The doctors say he’s depressed and overworked. If this continues, the chances of his cerebral hemorrhage will increase to eighty percent. You and Dad have been married for over thirty years, haven’t you? Are you really cruel enough to turn your back on him?”

Eleanor glared at her daughter. “Tell me, Amelia,” she asked through gritted teeth, “are you here to appeal to me in your father’s place?”

“Ask Sean if you don’t believe me, Mom.”

Eleanor turned to her son, who nodded in affirmation.

“Dad coughed up blood yesterday. I think we all know the one thing that will mend his heart. Dad still loves you, Mom.”

Eleanor’s face contorted into a mixture of resentment and anguish.

Amelia Hutton was about to say something to break her mother’s prolonged silence when her brother took her hand and shook her head warningly.

In the distance ahead of them, Amelia Winters and Oscar were bowing before the looming figure on the cross. Upon obtaining a rosary from the silent attendants, they exited the building.

“Mrs. Hutton,” Amelia Winters called.

Eleanor brightened up at once. “Have you already prayed?” she asked with a radiant smile. “I have a prayer or two of my own too, on top of one for you and Tony.”

Amelia Winters shook her head. “No need, Mrs. Hutton. We are praying on behalf of a friend.”

“If God is particularly receptive to prayers from this lovely church,” Eleanor remarked cheerfully, “I will ask that you be blessed with another child. Tony needs a younger sibling. You will not be alone if you have a couple more. I’ll be glad to care for them when they come! I will take care of everything for you; you’ll never be tired.”

Amelia Hutton’s scowl did not improve when she heard that.

“It’s Amy’s decision whether or not to have children, Mom,” Amelia Hutton butted in exasperatedly. “Why don’t you let them decide if they want to?”

Eleanor glared at her daughter. “I’ll pray for you, Lia,” she continued softly. “While I’m still young, I can help you raise another grandchild I’ll be proud to call my own. I regret not being there when Tony was born. You must have suffered, child. I’m sure it wasn’t easy.”

Ignoring the silent protests of her children, Eleanor followed the Clintons into the hall. Amelia Hutton stomped her feet in noiseless frustration, while Sean smiled awkwardly.

“Don’t mind her, Mrs. Clinton,” Sean said apologetically. “You have always been the most special one to Mom.”

“I understand and appreciate her kind gestures,” Amelia Winters said indifferently.

Oscar put his arms around his wife’s waist and moved her to the side to face the Huttons directly across from them. The five adults seemed to be taking opposing stances, no one taking a step forward.

Eleanor handed a bundle of maternity clothes to Amelia Winters. "Here, Lia. Take this with my sincerest wishes that you would be blessed with another child very soon."

Amelia Winters received it with a smile. "Thank you, Mrs. Hutton. But we are not thinking about another one for the time being."

The smile on Eleanor's face faded slightly.

"But if I do get pregnant," Amelia Winters added quickly, "you'll be the first one to know about it."

Eleanor's smile returned at that.

After having a meatless lunch in the church, they retired to the private chambers for some more prayer and contemplation before rising to leave at five in the evening.

Amelia Winters had Oscar hold Tony when they arrived back in the city before turning to Amelia Hutton.

"Didn't you want to talk earlier, Amelia? There is a pastry place across the neighborhood with great cheesecake. Can we sit there and talk?"

Amelia Hutton nodded.

"Don't say anything foolish, Amelia," Eleanor reminded her daughter anxiously, "or I'll be angry with you."

Amelia Winters reassured her, "It's all right, Mrs. Hutton. I also happen to have something to say to Amelia."

Unable to stop that, Eleanor allowed the two younger women to walk away from her.

The two Amelias crossed the street to the pastry shop and ordered some tarts they had never seen before.

Amelia Winters gave half of her rhubarb pie to her companion. "Try some. I think it's the best rhubarb pie I've ever had."

Amelia Hutton took a bite and went straight to the point. "Let Mom go, Amy. You already have a family. If you take her from us, the Hutton household will cease to exist!"

Amelia Winters smiled.

"It was not my intention to bind her to me, Amelia," she said crisply. "I have even less of an inclination to reconcile with my biological parents. I'm doing fine without them as you can see. Though I often wondered if my life would be more peaceful if the Hutton family

never announced its presence in it, the answer I always arrived at was a definite yes. However, it is strictly out of consideration for your mother's care and love for her daughter that I do not object to her visits to me. She is not as impulsive as I thought despite our long separation. Though I admit that I am the daughter of the Hutton family, I cannot simply see any similarities between us to indicate any bond by blood."

Amelia Hutton stared across the table in distrust, plainly believing that it might all be an act.

"What's the matter? Do you think I'm being hypocritical?"

"The Hutton family is a wealthy family in Saspiuburg," Amelia Hutton said. "Are you really not moved by her pleas?"

Amelia Winters smiled and took her time carving herself a slice of cake with elegant dignity. "I might have been eight years ago. Do you think I'm interested in the Hutton family's property now?"

Amelia Hutton fell silent. With the power and status of the Clinton family looming over theirs, there was no need for the younger Mrs. Clinton to covet the property of the Hutton family like a pug sniffing hopefully for scraps.

"I will try my best to persuade Mrs. Hutton to go home, Amelia," Amelia Winters announced with as much sincerity as she could convey. "Maybe she and I are fated never to have that bond she wishes we shared. Even if I were to become her daughter again, I couldn't treat her like you do. I can be filial, but I won't ever be close to her the way she wants."

Amelia Hutton looked at her deeply before sighing slowly, a significant burden off her shoulders. "I hope you meant what you said, Amy. In fact, from the first time I met you, I thought that you and I would hit it off. But I have to stand by my father. I can't let my family fall apart."

If the Hutton family collapses, my pocket money will go up in smoke along with it.

Amelia Winters nodded.

After clarifying the one thing they met to discuss, the women had nothing left to talk about.

"Go back now," Amelia Winters said at last. "It's not often that you and your brother come to Tayhaven."

Amelia Hutton agreed after thinking about it.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 673

Chapter 673 Burning Her Capacity For Reason

Amelia Winters had Molly prepare extra portions to entertain the Hutton family. After the meal, Eleanor showed no signs of wanting to leave.

“Let’s go, Mom,” Amelia Hutton said pointedly. “You’ve bothered Amy long enough. I’m sure her husband wants his wife all to himself by now.”

Eleanor had no choice but to leave reluctantly.

The three Huttons got into the car after leaving the apartment. Sean glanced tentatively at Eleanor in the rearview mirror as he drove. “Dad is here in a hotel room, Mom. You should talk to him.”

The jovial smile Eleanor wore since dinner vanished instantly. “Stop the car,” she demanded with cold fury.

Sean pulled over. Just as Eleanor reached out to open the door, he said, “Do you really want to give up the entire Hutton family for a daughter who doesn’t want you, Mom? Amelia told me that Amy said she could be filial to you, but she could never get close to you.”

Eleanor’s hand froze in midair. The glum mist in her eyes almost resolved to physical tears.

“Did Lia really say that?” she asked softly as if the words pained her.

Amelia Hutton grabbed her mother’s hand. “Sean and I wouldn’t lie to you, Mom. Come home with us. It would be best if you didn’t intrude upon her life either. I promise I won’t provoke Oscar anymore if you do.”

Eleanor swiftly withdrew her hand.

“Tell your father that we are completely over and to stop trying to drive a wedge between Lia and me.” Eleanor opened the door to get out of the car, but her daughter held her tightly by the waist from behind.

“You’re not as cruel as that, Mom. Dad needs you. We all do.”

Eleanor was unmoved.

Sean turned to face his passengers. “Are you sure you want to leave, Mom? Once you step out, Amelia and I will never come for you again. I also found out that Dad’s

mistress looks just like you. Amelia and I will be banished when she gives Dad a child in favor of his new family.”

Her son’s harsh words seemed to have worked as a stimulant as Eleanor slammed the car door shut after her eyes flashed with a hint of hesitation. “Drive,” she ordered solemnly.

Smiling triumphantly, Sean did as he was told.

Upon arriving at the hotel, Sean parked the car and called Benjamin. “Mom is here, Dad.”

“Send her up to Suite 2012.”

“Okay.”

“Dad is waiting for you in Suite 2012, Mom,” Sean said after hanging up. “Amelia and I won’t be joining you.”

Eleanor nodded in agreement. There was no need to involve the children in a matter between her and Benjamin.

After their mother got into the elevator, Amelia Hutton turned to her brother. She looked worried as she said, “Do you think Dad can change Mom’s mind if she insists on leaving, Sean?”

Sean placed his hands behind his back thoughtfully. “That depends on whether Mom cares more about the two of us or her.”

A flash of hatred streaked across Amelia Hutton’s eyes before they resumed their initial calm.

Eleanor located the suite quickly upon arriving at the designated floor. She was about to knock on the door of Suite 2012 when the door opened from the inside.

Benjamin turned sideways. “Come in,” he said in a hoarse voice.

Eleanor walked in with her arms folded before her chest in a defensive stance.

Benjamin smiled bitterly. “Sit down and drop your arms, for God’s sake. I’m not a predator.”

Eleanor sat down without a word and took out the divorce agreement from her bag.

“Sign it,” she said bluntly.

Benjamin stared at the divorce agreement. "Do you want a divorce so badly?" he fumed through gritted teeth.

Eleanor slid the agreement over with a pen. "Our marriage is over," she replied calmly. "It's better to let this go than to mend fences. We would at least still be friends if you let go."

Benjamin picked up the divorce agreement. "Don't even think about it," he snapped. "I'm not going to sign it. After indulging in your little fit, I trusted that you would return after you've had your fun. It's now apparent that I have been too lenient with you. Come back with me at once, or I'll drag Amelia Winters' name through the mud even if it means spending all my money doing so."

Eleanor held her head wearily. "Enough, Ben. Over three decades' worth of fights with you is enough. I just want a divorce. I beg you, let me spend the rest of my days in peace."

Benjamin looked at her deeply.

"Why? Haven't I been good enough to you all these years?"

"You have, but you never took the trouble to find out what I really wanted. If you had known that harmony between us was all I wished for, you might not have destroyed it before my eyes. The thought of you being the cause of my estrangement with Lia over the years makes me hate you." Eleanor's eyes flashed red at the final sentence as she stared at Benjamin.

Benjamin froze for a split second before he burst out laughing.

"A fine line exists between hate and love, Eleanor," he said patiently. "I know you still have a soft spot for the children and me. Come home with us."

Instead of being incensed by Benjamin's conceited bravado, Eleanor merely laughed.

"Stop avoiding me, Ben. You were always busy with something every time I returned to Saspiuburg to speak with you. I don't know your purpose for coming to Tayhaven, but I'm warning you not to harm Lia. If you do, I will hate you for the rest of my life." Eleanor extracted three cards from her purse and pushed them toward Benjamin. "You had our daughter give these to me, didn't you? Here I am giving them back. As I am no longer your wife, I will not be spending your money."

Benjamin slid the cards back over to her. "You can be angry with me, Eleanor, but you hold on to those. I've looked at your statements. It turns out that all your money was spent on a house in Tayhaven over the years. You have nothing left. You must have been determined to have maxed out a few credit cards to achieve that. Don't feel

obligated. I want you to have it. At least you won't be complaining to your daughter what an abusive husband I am."

Eleanor shook her head curtly. "I have been making investments. The returns I get are enough for me to survive. Keep your nose out of my bank account. How much money I have is none of your business."

Benjamin narrowed his eyes as he stared at the credit cards on the table. Suddenly smiling, he asked, "Are you so eager to distance yourself from me because you're afraid that your heart will soften with time?"

"Yes," Eleanor said with surprising honesty. "It's not for you, but for Amelia and Sean. I will miss them. I hope you won't stop them from coming to see me now and then."

Benjamin's smile widened.

"I never knew how heartless you were, Eleanor. Do the past thirty-odd years mean nothing to you?"

Eleanor lowered her head in response.

Benjamin picked up the cards and pushed them forcefully into her hand. "Stand your ground all you want, but you mustn't be left stranded without money. Take it. How much money will you have without me?"

Eleanor threw the cards back at him with disgust. "You're not hearing a word I'm saying."

With that, she got up and left.

Upon reaching the door in two furious strides, Eleanor reached out and twisted the doorknob to no avail as if somebody was pulling from the outside.

"What did you do to the door?"

Benjamin spread his hands innocently. "You're free to go, Eleanor. I'm not stopping you."

Eleanor pulled with all her strength in her anger, but the door remained motionless.

Glaring at Benjamin, she ran toward the window and stepped clumsily onto the ledge outside. "Have the door opened, or I'll jump."

With his hands behind his back, Benjamin watched with sorrow in his heart at how Eleanor exerted every form of emotional manipulation in her arsenal just to leave a room occupied by him.

Being married for over thirty years, the couple had already spent more than half their lives together by that point. It is as if every thick and thin we've been through together over the decades meant nothing to her at all. How ironic it is to have it all end in a divorce.

"Are you really going to jump?" Benjamin walked over as though he did not hear her threat. Eleanor's eyes narrowed as she hissed, "Don't come any closer, or I will."

"Go ahead," Benjamin goaded. "I'll be right behind you. Imagine the looks of surprise of everybody we know when they see the headlines on tomorrow's paper. 'Chairman and wife of Hutton Corporation of Saspiuburg both dead. Investigations on whether it was a suicide or homicide are still underway.'"

Eleanor turned to look at the street below. Her legs trembled uncontrollably, as she was afraid of heights.

Her tremor did not go unnoticed. Benjamin crept nearer and reached out. "Give me your hand, Eleanor. I'll help you down."

His voice returned Eleanor to her senses. Once again, she looked out the window and turned paler than before.

Benjamin was getting closer. "Stay where you are!" she shouted sharply. "You're forcing me against the wall, aren't you?"

Benjamin continued to walk forward as if he did not care if Eleanor carried out her threat.

As the futility of her plan sank in, Amelia Hutton's terrified voice rang through the door that suddenly threw open with a bang. "What are you doing, Mom?"

Startled by the unexpected turn of events, Eleanor stepped backward instinctively past the ledge and leaned her weight into nothingness for a second too long. With a cry of panic, Benjamin jumped forward and grabbed her flailing arms.

"Ah!" Amelia Hutton screamed.

Sean burst in next. After freezing in momentary shock, he sprang into action and ran around Amelia Hutton to the window. Together with Benjamin, he hoisted the petrified Eleanor back into the safety of the room.

As they were on the twentieth floor, almost two hundred feet off the ground, Eleanor would have been shattered against the pavement had her husband and son arrived a second later than they did.

None within the Hutton family could bear such a consequence.

After placing his trembling mother on the couch, Sean knelt before her. "Are you all right, Mom?" he said concernedly. "Do you recognize me?"

Eleanor merely glanced at Sean with eyes widened with permanent horror. Her brows were soaked with perspiration.

Amelia Hutton hurried over. "How are you, Mom? What were you thinking climbing out the window? You nearly scared us to death. If I hadn't nagged Sean to come upstairs to check on you, you would have fallen down already."

Benjamin's face was ashen. With surprising strength and speed, he lifted his daughter out of the way. "Hold your tongue," he snapped. "If it weren't for you, your mother wouldn't have been driven to such drastic measures."

Amelia Hutton was dumbstruck.

Eleanor returned to her senses. Grasping her son's hand in hers, she pleaded, "Send me back to Lia's, Sean. I want to see her."

Sean's eyes flickered. His father's and sister's faces contorted with rage.

"You almost fell to your death just seconds ago, Mom!" Amelia yelled. "We rescued you, not her. Can't you consider our feelings for once?"

Having been in her mother's life since her birth, Amelia Hutton still felt threatened by a woman who had been absent for over twenty years yet still managed to rob her of all her mother's love the moment she appeared in their lives.

A fit of anger once again fuelled Amelia Hutton's hatred for her namesake.

If it had not been for my stupidity, the Hutton family would not have been plagued by all the problems we're facing.

The injustice of it all seared in her heart and burned away all her capacity for reason.

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Chapter 674 Mother And Daughter

Under Eleanor's request, Sean sent her to Amelia Winters' place in the end.

Amelia opened the door and saw that Eleanor had messy hair. Her sleeves were torn, and there were abrasions on her arm. That sight made her panic as she asked, "What's wrong, Mrs. Hutton?"

Eleanor shook her head.

Sean explained, "Mom almost fell from a higher floor. I wanted to send her to the hospital to take care of her wounds, but she insisted on visiting you. I have no idea if she has a broken bone or not when I pulled her up earlier. Since she listens to you, can you ask her to go to the hospital?"

Amelia's mind was in a tangle. How did that happen in just about three hours? Why did she fall down and get hurt? Can someone tell me what's going on?

She ushered them to sit on the couch before grabbing the medical kit. Oscar descended the stairs and glanced at the injured Eleanor coldly.

When Amelia came back out with the medical kit, his expression softened.

"Let me treat her, Amelia." Oscar took her medical kit. "Go prepare some fruits for Mrs. Hutton to eat. It'll help reduce her shock."

Amelia nodded and left.

Oscar took that opportunity to bend down and open the medical kit. "I don't know what happened to you, but can you take better care of yourself, Mrs. Hutton? Don't make Amelia feel bad. Since this is the Hutton family's matter, there's no need to involve her."

Eleanor's body froze.

Sean furrowed his eyebrows and lowered his voice as he said, "That sounds a bit too mean, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar raised his head. "Is it?"

Sean opened his mouth, but before he could retort, his mother stopped him with a shake of her head.

Eleanor replied weakly, "I'm sorry, Oscar. I didn't mean to cause Lia trouble. I just wanted to see her."

Oscar pursed his lips and slowly treated her wounds.

Amelia brought out a plate of fruits and put them on the coffee table. She then examined Eleanor's arm.

"How is your arm, Mrs. Hutton? How about we go to the hospital?" Amelia asked, her heart aching.

Eleanor smiled. "I'm fine. It's just a minor scrape. It's not a big deal."

Amelia nodded.

After Eleanor's wounds had been treated, Amelia suggested, "How about you and your son stay at my place today, Mrs. Hutton? It's getting pretty late."

Eleanor's eyes glimmered as she looked at Amelia hopefully. However, when she thought that Oscar didn't particularly welcome her arrival, she turned to him carefully.

Oscar sighed in his heart. The matriarch of the Hutton family has fallen so far from grace that she has to look for other people's approval. I don't know what this old woman is thinking.

"You can take the guest room, Mrs. Hutton."

Eleanor smiled.

After settling the older woman into the guest room, Amelia pulled Sean to the side and asked in a small voice, "Can you tell me what exactly happened, Mr. Hutton?"

"Just call me Sean." Sean smiled bitterly. "Mom and Dad had a fight. Mom has basically abandoned her family for you. I don't know why her... obsession with you got so severe, so much so that she's willing to throw away her decades-long marriage. That's what happened. I don't know if I should blame her for not taking care of herself better or blame you for having such power that you can whisk her soul away."

Amelia was perplexed.

She lowered her head and muttered, "I'm sorry. I didn't expect things to end up like that." An ending like that wasn't something she wanted to see.

Sean stared at her deeply. What exactly is so special about her? She managed to make Mom abandon our family. Not only that, Mom even stops caring about how distant her relationship is with her children. Is Amelia really that good? I always thought Mom was just messing around, and that she'll come home after she's had enough. It turns out she's not messing around. I really don't understand what's going on in Mom's mind.

"I have a request that I hope you can fulfill, Mrs. Clinton."

Amelia raised her head. "Go ahead."

"Can you treat Mom better?"

Amelia raised her eyebrow.

“Just treat her better on account of how much she misses you. Don’t hurt her,” Sean pleaded.

He was using his identity as a son to beg Amelia.

She smiled. “I’ll do my best, Sean. She’s a good elder, so I’ll try to treat her well. But your father doesn’t like me, and I don’t want the Hutton family to get involved in my life any longer.”

Sean thought for a second and promised, “I understand. I’ll try to persuade my dad. You know, it’s not a bad thing for me to have a sister as great as you.”

Amelia smiled silently.

“I’ll head back now. Take care of Mom.” Sean stood up.

“You’re not staying?”

“Yeah, I have to return to my father and sister. They’re shocked, too.”

Amelia sent him to the entrance and out of the door. He bade goodbye and left.

Once he left, she closed the door and let out a sigh.

Oscar descended the stairs and hugged her from behind, resting his chin on her shoulder. “What’s wrong? Not feeling happy?”

Amelia shook her head and turned around to hug him. “What do you say if I acknowledge her as my mother, Oscar? I don’t want to see her getting tormented like this.”

A human’s heart isn’t made of steel, after all. There was no way she wouldn’t move by how well Eleanor had been treating her.

Oscar patted her head and softly advised, “Do it if you want. I’ll stand on your side.”

Amelia nodded.

“We should sleep. If there’s anything else you want to talk about, it can be done tomorrow.” Oscar then carried her to the second floor.

It was a dreamless night.

The next day, when Eleanor went downstairs, she saw Amelia walking out of the kitchen with a freshly made breakfast. The younger woman smiled at her. “You’re awake, Mom? Come and eat with us.”

Eleanor was flabbergasted.

Amelia put the breakfast on the table as the older woman approached her. "What's wrong, Mom?"

Eleanor continued to stare at her in shock and absentmindedly sauntered toward her.

Slowly, Amelia pulled out a chair for her to sit on before serving her a bowl of oatmeal. "Enjoy, Mom."

Eleanor's eyes turned red as she gazed at her. "Did you just call me Mom, Lia?"

Amelia sat on a nearby chair and held the older woman's hand. "I know both of us are connected by blood, Mom, and that pretending to be otherwise makes both of us unhappy. Instead of hiding it any longer, I decided I might as well embrace the truth. Are you not happy that I call you Mom?"

Eleanor shook her head and then nodded her head, unsure of how to respond.

"N-No, don't be mistaken, Lia. I-I'm just too happy because I never thought a day like this would come so soon. I-I..." Eleanor was so emotional that she had trouble talking.

Amelia comforted, "Calm down, Mom. I'm here. I promise you that I'll try to close the gap between us and make sure you don't feel lonely."

The older woman nodded forcefully as tears streamed down her cheeks. "Good, good. I'm so happy right now. I'm happy that you're willing to acknowledge me as your mother."

Oscar carried Tony downstairs. Amelia withdrew her hands, carried Tony, and then sat back down in front of Eleanor again. She put Tony down and said, "Tony, call Granny."

Tony raised his head and looked at his mother in confusion.

Amelia squatted down and stared back at him. "Be good, Tony. This is my biological mother. When I was a little girl, I was separated from her. I just reunited with her. So, from now on, you need to treat Granny like how you treat me, okay?"

Tony nodded before turning to Eleanor. "Hello, Granny."

Eleanor immediately hugged him and choked out, "You're my darling grandson, Tony. I'm so happy right now. This is the happiest day of my life."

Oscar approached them and stared at the two of them hugging each other calmly.

It wasn't until Eleanor let go of the boy that he said, "Mom."

The older woman stood up, somewhat flustered, and smiled warily. "Oscar, you..."

She was quite scared that Oscar would oppose the idea.

"Amelia has decided to acknowledge you as her mother. Since I'm her husband, it's only natural that I acknowledge you as my mother-in-law. Amelia and I will be filial to you from today onward," Oscar said sincerely.

Eleanor's eyes reddened again as she nodded. "Thank you, Oscar."

Oscar pursed his lips. His attitude wasn't as warm as before.

After breakfast, Oscar received a call from his assistant. Apparently, a merchant who was scheduled to come over next week had arrived early. As the host, Oscar had no choice but to show up at work.

Amelia sent him to the entrance and tidied his suit. "Will you be back for lunch?"

"I'll try. I'll give you a call if I can't." Oscar kissed her lips gently. "If people from the Huttons come to look for trouble because you acknowledge her as your mother, you must tell me about it. I don't want you to suffer, okay?"

Amelia smiled. "Don't worry. I'm not as weak as you think I am. I can take care of this."

Oscar believed in her capability, and so he left peacefully.

Eleanor, who was carrying Tony, approached her. "Lia."

"What's wrong, Mom?" Amelia called without feeling awkward at all.

"I'm very happy today, Lia. Even if Oscar doesn't like me that much, I still want to reunite with you."

"You're overthinking it, Mom. Oscar respects you a lot. He's just annoyed because the Huttons may come and cause trouble. Now that I've acknowledged you as my mother, he'll treat you as an elder."

Eleanor nodded, and her smile became brighter.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 675

Chapter 675 Not Great

Amelia was cleaning up the house when the doorbell rang. She opened the door and saw that it was Sean and Amelia Hutton.

“Oh, it’s you two. Come in.” Amelia Winters stepped aside and let them in.

Eleanor was playing with Tony when she saw her children. Since they didn’t appear to be unhappy, she pulled them closer and smiled. “Amelia, Sean, let me introduce you two to your eldest sister. Lia has acknowledged me as her mother, so you two have to treat her well as her younger siblings.”

A strange look flashed across Sean’s eyes while Amelia Hutton was getting a little emotional. She pushed Eleanor’s hand aside and said, “Why did you acknowledge Mom now? You told me yesterday that you can’t get closer to her, but now you’re acknowledging her? Are you playing me like a fiddle?”

Eleanor’s expression darkened. “What are you doing, Amelia? Aren’t you happy that your sister acknowledged me?”

Amelia Hutton glared at Amelia Winters.

Sean pulled her sister over and smiled. “Congratulations, Mom. Both of us are happy to have an older sister.”

Eleanor still looked quite mad.

Amelia Hutton’s anger reached its peak as she uttered, “I disagree, Mom.”

“What are you saying, Amelia? You were the one who tested our DNAs and brought me to meet her. What’s up with this attitude now?” Eleanor asked furiously.

“I agreed to take you to meet her initially because I didn’t want you to wallow in your regret. I didn’t expect you to abandon the Hutton family, me, and Sean!”

Tony, who was watching the argument, hugged his mother and complained, “Ms. Hutton is so noisy, Mommy. I don’t like it.”

It was then everyone realize there was a kid in the room.

Eleanor approached him and comforted him, “Your aunt and I are just doing a play right now, Tony. No need to be afraid. I’ll stop arguing with her now and take you somewhere else to play, okay?”

Instead of following her, Tony wrapped his arms around his mother’s neck. “I don’t like people arguing with each other, Mommy. Granny being here will attract a lot of people I don’t like.”

That made Eleanor feel awkward.

Amelia Winters patted his back and said gently, "Granny will be sad if you say that. Come on, apologize to Granny."

Tony remained unmoved. He hated the Huttons, indeed.

Amelia Winters looked at Eleanor apologetically. "Don't mind him, Mom. I think he's just shocked."

"Is it serious?"

"Nothing serious. I'll take him upstairs first. You can chat with them in the meantime."

Once Amelia Winters and Tony headed upstairs, Eleanor glared at Amelia Hutton. Her chest was heaving up and down because of her anger. I've just reunited with my eldest daughter. I can't believe my youngest one is going to ruin it because she doesn't watch her mouth!

"Are you trying to piss me off, Amelia?" Eleanor chided.

Amelia Hutton was shocked.

Sean played the role of mediator as he said, "That's not what Amelia is trying to do, Mom. It's just hard for her to accept that you're willing to abandon the Hutton family for our older sister. You're not giving her enough care compared to our older sister, which is why she's feeling upset. Please, just calm down and don't damage your relationship with her any further."

Even still, Eleanor's rage was hard to put out.

Sean wanted to help her sit on the couch, but unexpectedly, she shoved his hand away.

She said, "Take your sister and go back home first."

Sean's hand froze in midair.

He smiled bitterly. "Are you chasing me and Amelia away, Mom?"

"This is Lia's home. You two shouldn't be here. Go back first." The older woman walked to the front door and opened it.

Amelia Hutton and Sean had no choice but to leave gloomily.

Inside the elevator, Amelia Hutton couldn't help but cry, "Mom's too mean, Sean. How could she abandon us for Amelia Winters?"

Sean had a headache.

“Don’t be like that, Amelia. Mom’s probably just a little angry. She’ll be better after one or two days.”

“What do you mean by that? She’s clearly trying to cut us out of her life! I’ve never seen such a cold-hearted mother. Amelia Winters is her daughter, but we aren’t?” The more she spoke, the sadder she became.

Sean wasn’t sure how to comfort her at that point.

In his heart, he didn’t dislike Amelia Winters because she was nice, kind, and thoughtful. Of course, having an older sister who was married into the Clinton family was a pretty big plus because he would also get some benefits. If he inherited the family business in the future, the Clinton family’s resources would be easily accessible to him. Additionally, Amelia Winters was pretty good at talking with people, unlike Amelia Hutton. Aside from clearing out credit cards and not paying attention to her job, the younger Amelia seemed pretty useless to him.

That was why he was quite excited that Amelia Winters was going to be his older sister.

“What are you thinking about, Sean? Do you agree with Mom acknowledging her, too?” Amelia Hutton asked petulantly.

“Calm down, Amelia. Just think of it as Mom fulfilling her decades-long dream. Stop messing around or you’ll only make Mom even more upset.”

“All of you keep protecting her. What am I, then?”

Sean’s face darkened. He didn’t like that his younger sister was being unreasonable.

“Stop messing around, Amelia. Let’s go back,” he uttered seriously.

Amelia Hutton bit her lip and followed behind unwillingly.

Inside the apartment, Eleanor was rubbing her hands and looking at Amelia Winters carefully. “Lia, Amelia didn’t do it on purpose. Please don’t be mad.”

Amelia didn’t feel great when she saw how cautious her mother was acting. “It’s nothing, Mom. You don’t have to pay attention to that.”

“I’ll go and make pudding for Tony to eat,” Eleanor said.

Amelia pulled her hand and brought her to the couch.

She told her to sit down before she said, “I think you should go and check on Sean and Amelia. It’s understandable that they don’t feel anything toward me since we’ve been separated for over twenty years. Don’t hurt their feelings because of me.”

Eleanor looked at her daughter carefully.

“Are you afraid that I’ll get angry, Mom?”

The older woman answered with her silence. After sitting for a while, she stood up and said, “I’ll go make something for you to eat, Lia.”

With that, she hurriedly went to the kitchen.

Just as she was about to prepare the pudding, her phone rang.

It was a call from Benjamin.

As soon as she picked up the phone, he went straight to the point. “Did that woman acknowledge you as her mother?”

Eleanor asked alertly, “Amelia told you?”

“Now that she has acknowledged you, are you not planning to return to Saspiuburg again?”

Eleanor became silent.

“I’ll give you one more chance. End your relationship with her and return to Saspiuburg. Otherwise, come over to the hotel I’m staying in and I’ll give you the divorce you wanted,” Benjamin uttered coldly.

Eleanor was in a daze when the call ended.

Sure, she brought up the divorce, and she was the one who insisted that he signed the divorce papers. However, now that it was happening, she was uncertain about it.

“What’s wrong, Mom?” Amelia asked when she entered the kitchen and saw her mother looking lost.

Eleanor returned to her senses and shook her head. “It’s nothing.”

Amelia knew something was wrong, but since her mother didn’t want to say anything, she wasn’t going to ask.

Eleanor gave an excuse to leave before heading to the hotel Benjamin was staying at.

The bodyguard opened the door and said politely, “He’s waiting for you inside, Mrs. Hutton.”

As soon as she entered, Benjamin, smoking a cigar, pointed at the couch in front of him. "Sit."

Eleanor sat down.

Benjamin snuffed out his cigar, but the choking smell of smoke was still lingering inside the room.

"So you've decided not to return now that you've reunited with that woman, haven't you?" he asked.

"Yes." Eleanor nodded.

Hearing that, Benjamin took out two documents and put them in front of her. "Since you've already made your decision, I won't say anything else. I still find it hard to believe you're willing to pick her over our decades-long relationship. In any case, just read the documents through and sign your name if there's no problem. Once it's done, we'll go to the City Hall to grab our divorce certificates immediately."

A look of hesitation flashed across Eleanor's eyes as she stared at the divorce document and property settlement agreement.

However, that hesitation passed quickly as she read both documents. She had no issues with them until she saw that she would be forbidden to contact Sean and the younger Amelia after the divorce.

She put the documents down and asked lividly, "Why can't I interact with Sean and Amelia anymore? I'm their mother."

Benjamin raised his eyebrow. "I thought you only have a daughter."

That mockery sounded extra prickly to Eleanor's ears.

She took in a deep breath and said, "I don't need the assets or properties. But Amelia and Sean are adults. I don't think you have the right to stop me from meeting them."

"This is my condition for the divorce. Since all you can see is that eldest daughter of yours, I don't think you'll mind if Amelia and Sean don't visit you anymore."

Eleanor glared at him. He has been by my side for thirty years, so he knows my children are the most important thing to me in the world, yet he's threatening me with them. This is outrageous!

"I don't agree with this agreement. I'm not signing this."

“Then we’ll just keep dragging this out. Even if you end up suing for divorce in the name of separation, you still won’t get to meet them. Think carefully. Are your children with me more important or Amelia Winters?” Benjamin finally revealed his shameless self. “Also, if you sign the papers, I’ll remove Sean’s name as the inheritor. There are many women out there who are willing to help me create another heir.”

The rage inside Eleanor’s heart burned at maximum capacity.

“Can you get even more shameless than this?”

Benjamin nodded and pointed at the door. “Once you walk out of this door, I’ll chase Sean out of the company and strip him of everything. I bet it’s not going to feel great when your son hates you.”

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 676

Chapter 676 Convince Mom To Go Home

“You’re a despicable man, Benjamin!” Eleanor roared. “He’s your son!”

“I can always make another one.” Benjamin had no shame in showing his psychopathic self. “You should know that you’re more important to me than a couple of children. If you go back with me, I’ll hand the company over to Sean.”

Eleanor’s fists tightened so hard that her fingernails were digging into her palm.

“You’re unbelievable.” She picked up her bag and attempted to leave.

“If you walk out of this door, Sean will be staying with you in Tayhaven. Since your son-in-law is the heir of Clinton Corporations, I believe he’ll give Sean a job.”

Eleanor stopped in her tracks.

Benjamin waited, looking smug.

To his surprise, she continued walking away. His hand twitched as he glared at her back. His mouth was left ajar, and veins could be seen popping up in his neck. He was staring at her so hard that his eyes looked as if they were going to pop out.

When she arrived at the door, she abruptly turned and threw her bag at him before pouncing at him and beating him up.

As she hit him, she cursed, "I'm going to make you give up removing Sean's right to inherit. You're the evilest person I've ever seen in my life! I'll beat you to death and join you in the afterlife."

A mother gains enormous strength when her child is threatened. It doesn't matter how strong or weak a woman is. Her child is usually her bottom line.

Benjamin allowed her to beat him up as much as she wanted. When she finally became tired, she stared at how bruised and battered he looked. Not only did that fail to make her feel any better, it even filled her heart with sorrow.

She half kneeled on the ground and cried while covering her face.

Even though they had been a couple for over thirty years and had helped each other for a big chunk of their lives, their relationship ended on such a bitter note. Just thinking about that made her sad.

Benjamin looked down at her as sorrow filled his heart, too.

Am I wrong for being stubborn? Is making her and the children go through all this really something I want? Did she really not cheat on me?

At that moment, his resolve wavered.

He felt as if a rock was pressing on his heart. In the end, none of what he was doing was making him happy.

After Eleanor had enough of crying, she picked up her bag and was going to leave when Benjamin asked in a hoarse voice, "If I acknowledge Amelia Winters' identity, will you come back to me?"

Despite his stubbornness and insistence, he suddenly found all that had happened to be ridiculous just as his wife was about to leave him.

Eleanor halted her steps and asked in a similarly hoarse voice, "Do you mean it?"

Benjamin nodded. "I do."

The storm of emotions in Eleanor's heart eventually turned into a long sigh.

So, when Amelia watched as Eleanor and Benjamin sat in front of her, she stared at Eleanor in confusion.

Benjamin awkwardly coughed twice and said, "L-Lia, since you've already acknowledged her as your mother, don't you think it's time for you to call me Dad?"

Amelia's pupil constricted as she gazed at him with suspicions.

She couldn't believe that someone who pretty much hated her would change his mind about her so quickly.

Her first emotional reaction wasn't joy, but doubt. She wondered if he had a hidden agenda for doing that. After all, she was married to the heir of the Clinton family, and he seemed like the type of person who was attracted to money as well as power. That was the reason she felt the need to be cautious.

"May I ask what changed your mind so quickly, Mr. Hutton?"

Benjamin's expression changed as he glanced at her resentfully. "What's that supposed to mean, Mrs. Clinton?"

Amelia smiled faintly. Now that's more like it. The whole father-daughter schtick doesn't really seem appropriate to us.

"I don't mean anything else, Mr. Hutton. I was just wondering if you're being genuine about acknowledging me as your daughter. It's fine. I don't mind. You shouldn't force yourself to accept me," Amelia said slowly.

Rage filled Benjamin's heart.

Eleanor promptly interfered, "You're a part of the Hutton family, Lia. You have to acknowledge him as your father. Don't make a scene, okay? Once you return to the Hutton family, everyone will know that you're the eldest daughter of the Hutton family."

Amelia smiled forcefully. I knew I shouldn't have given in at the start. Now I got to deal with the whole Hutton family. This will only be the start of even bigger problems down the line.

"I acknowledged you as my mother because I can tell you truly love me, Mom. Mr. Hutton, on the other hand, was more than happy to get rid of me, yet now he's trying to acknowledge me as his daughter. I don't think he'll be happy forcing it to happen, so I don't want to acknowledge him."

"Don't go overboard, Amelia!" Benjamin exclaimed. I've already put down my pride to acknowledge this bastard, and yet she's trying to make this harder. This is outrageous!

Amelia shrugged and smiled. "Don't get angry, Mr. Hutton. I don't want to have anything to do with the Hutton family. I still have things to take care of, so I'll be leaving now."

She then stood and prepared to leave. Eleanor tried to stop her. "Lia."

Amelia glanced back. "I acknowledged you because I don't want to disappoint you, Mom. But I don't want to get too involved with the Hutton family. I'm sorry, but I'll be leaving now."

Once she was out of their sight, Benjamin cursed in anger, "That bastard. How dare she..."

Eleanor furrowed her eyebrows as different emotions crossed her heart.

"You saw how it is. I've put down my pride to accept her, yet now that she's married into the Clinton family, she decided that the Hutton family is too insignificant for her to return to. I bet she's just afraid that I'll cling to her. Hmph!"

Eleanor remained silent.

Benjamin stood up. "I'm going back to Saspiuburg. You can stay here and enjoy your time with your daughter. I'll call Sean here, too. Enjoy your happy family times. I'm sick of playing games with you after more than thirty years."

With that, he turned and left.

Eleanor held her head with both her hands as an awful feeling flooded her heart.

After Benjamin returned to the hotel, he called Sean over.

"You wanted to see me, Dad?"

"You don't need to return to Saspiuburg with me. Just stay here and accompany your mother." Benjamin went straight to the point.

Sean's expression changed as a complicated look filled his eyes. "What do you mean, Dad?"

"Your mother insisted on staying here. So, as her son, you should stay here and take care of her, too. I'll ask someone else to take care of the company."

Sean was so exasperated that he laughed. "Are you kidding me right now, Dad?"

"Do I look like I'm joking?"

Sean lowered his head as thoughts crossed his mind. The atmosphere in the room instantly became awkward.

"Are you really planning to strip me of my right to inherit the company, Dad? I'm your only son."

“I can marry another woman and have another son.”

Sean’s fists tightened before relaxing as he suppressed his rage. “Okay, Dad. I’ll advise Mom to go home.”

Benjamin turned around, patted his shoulder, and smiled. “That’s my boy. As long as you can make your mother return, I’ll immediately let you take full control of the company. Both your mother and I are getting old now. It’s time for us to retire.”

Sean lowered his head and tried to hide his roiling emotions.

“I know what to do, Dad.”

“You’ve always been my pride and joy, Sean. Don’t be like your mother and give up on fame and fortune. You know that I’m taking care of another woman who looks like your mother outside. If she doesn’t want to return, I bet that woman will be willing to give birth to a son for me.” Benjamin didn’t even try to hide it.

Hatred flashed across Sean’s eyes. However, when he raised his head, he put up an obedient façade. “I know, Dad.”

“Go, then.”

After Sean left, Benjamin’s expression darkened as he muttered to himself, “You forced me to do this. I was willing to put my pride down to acknowledge that bastard, but she refused. Don’t blame me for being cruel. I’m already being merciful for not killing her.”

Naturally, Eleanor didn’t know what he was thinking.

She returned to the apartment and saw Amelia playing with Tony. When the younger woman saw her, she apologized, “I’m sorry, Mom, for disappointing you.”

The older woman squeezed out a smile. “It’s fine. It’s my fault for not considering your feelings.”

Amelia forced a smile. “I’ll prepare something for you to eat, Mom.”

Eleanor shook her head. “It’s okay. You keep playing with Tony. I’m feeling a little tired.”

“You should go upstairs and rest, then.”

As Amelia watched her mother head upstairs, she wondered what her mother was thinking. Maybe I rejected Benjamin’s attempt to acknowledge me too quickly. That’s probably why she seemed hurt.

Tony approached her and hugged her leg before raising his head. "What's wrong, Mommy? Are you sad?"

Amelia carried him up. "I'm fine."

When Oscar returned at night, she told him what had happened in the afternoon. He thought for a while and asked, "Do you want to go back?"

Amelia didn't hide what she thought. "Not really. I know he still hates me from the way he looks at me. He's probably trying to acknowledge me as his daughter simply because of the Clintons. I was worried he wanted to use you. Now that I think about it, maybe I was too rash when I acknowledged my mother."

Oscar pulled her into his embrace and gently patted her head. "You're wasting time on insignificant problems, Amelia. I know you're worried, but if you want to do it, just do it. No need to be concerned about me. The Hutton family is still a rich family in Saspiuburg. If I collaborate with him, I may get more resources in Saspiuburg. In other words, I might end up using the Hutton family instead."

Amelia smiled.

She knew he was just trying to comfort her because the Clintons definitely didn't need her to gain more power.

Hugging his waist, she said, "I'm just worried that I'll bring you a lot of trouble, Oscar."

"Silly girl." Oscar kissed her forehead. "Go and take a shower. I'll tell you a story once I'm done."

The edge of her lips curved upward. She was feeling much better.

Once she was done, she lay in his embrace on the bed. It was then she received a call from Tiffany.

"Babe, I got good news and bad news. Which one do you want to hear first?" Tiffany sounded obviously excited through the phone.

Amelia was infected by her joy. She smiled and asked, "Bad news first."

"The bad news is that I'm no longer a free woman because I'm getting married."

Amelia chuckled. "What about the good news?"

"Good news is that I'm marrying someone! Finally, there's a stupid man out there who's willing to marry me. The wedding is set to happen three months later. Don't forget to give me a huge monetary gift, okay?"

“I won’t.” Amelia was happy for her.

“I want you to be my bridesmaid when the time comes, Babe. Also, thanks for the gift. I’ll take good care of it. If I really do get pregnant, I’ll stop working and rest for a year. I’m already over thirty years old. It’s time for me to think about children, and I’ve decided that no job is more important than having a child.”

That made Amelia even happier. “I’m glad you came to that decision. But I don’t think I can be your bridesmaid because I’m married with a child already. It’s bad luck for someone like me to be your bridesmaid. I think you should find someone else. I’ll just give you a big monetary gift when the time comes.”

“Aren’t you going to watch me getting married, Babe?”

“Of course I will. But you really should find a bridesmaid who isn’t married yet. I’ll visit you tomorrow and talk to you more about it.”

“Okay. See you tomorrow.”

Hanging up the phone, Amelia grinned widely. “Tiff and Derrick’s wedding has been set. I guess they finally won over Mrs. Hisson.”

“Are you happy now?”

Amelia nodded because she was really happy.

Her husband loved her, her son was obedient, her in-laws had chosen to forgive her, and her best friend was getting married. It was one good news after the other. She felt as though all the misfortunes she had suffered before were a lifetime ago.

With that good news in mind, she quickly fell asleep.

The next day, Amelia dressed plainly before heading out. To her surprise, she saw Sean waiting downstairs.

“Hey, Amy. Can I call you that?” Sean stared at her warmly.

Amelia smiled sincerely. “Of course you can. You’re my brother, after all.”

Sean shrugged mischievously. “Do you have time, Amy? Walk with me. I have something I want to discuss with you.”

Amelia said yes.

Both of them strolled out of the neighborhood, and she asked, “Do you want breakfast? How about I chat with you while we eat?”

"It's fine. I've already eaten. The reason I'm here early, Amy, is because I'm wondering if you can convince Mom to go home. I know she listens to you, so much so that Amelia's and my words can't get through her. If she doesn't go back home this time, my dad's going to strip me of my right to inherit the company and Amelia of her allowance. I want to do my best for the company, but he gets the final say on company-related matters. If Mom doesn't come back, both of us will be left with nothing. He has a woman outside the family. I'm not happy about it, but I got no other choice. Right now, I'm not powerful enough to snatch the ownership of the company from his hand. So... can you help me convince Mom?"

Amelia glanced at him.

Sean smiled. "I know the Hutton family has let you down. But I don't think grudges should be passed down from one generation to the next. Isn't that right?"

Amelia lowered her head and agreed, "I'll try, but I can't guarantee if she'll listen to me. After all, it's her marriage. She decides what she wants to do. We can't restrict her freedom based on what we want, either. If she isn't happy, I don't think we'll be happy."

Sean nodded. "You're right. Just do your best, then."

"Okay."

Sean pointed at a car not far from them. "My car's over there. Where do you want to go? I can drive you there."

Amelia didn't reject the offer.

Upon arriving at Tiffany's neighborhood, she opened the door and said, "Thanks for driving me here, Sean. I'll do my best to advise Mom. After all, all of you are a family. I'm just someone who showed up not too long ago. It's obvious who she has a closer connection with."

Sean stretched his hand and grabbed her. When she turned back, he let go and smiled. "I've always wanted an older sister, especially one who's as generous and thoughtful as you. Really. More importantly, you look a lot like Mom, even more so than Amelia. Just looking at you reminds me of Mom. I'll be counting on you in the future as your little brother."

Amelia laughed out loud.

"I'll be leaving now. Talk to you later." She got out of the car and left. Sean remained in the car as he watched her leave. There was an inscrutable look in his eyes.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 677

Chapter 677 Too Terrifying

Amelia went to the bridal shop with Tiffany before having a meal together. It was only then they went separate ways.

After reaching home, Amelia saw Eleanor busying away. At that very moment, she realized that was how it was like to come home to family.

“Mom,” Amelia greeted as she lifted the bag in her hands.

“Lia, you’re back.” Eleanor put down the rag in her hands and walked over.

Amelia then handed the food she was holding onto to Eleanor. “I tried it and it tastes pretty good, so I bought you some. I’m not sure if you’ll like it or not.”

Eleanor took it looking all delighted. Even though the episode the night before had not been a pleasant one, she had left all the upset feelings behind.

Amelia then took a seat on the other side and watched her eat. Once Eleanor was done, Amelia mulled over her words and said, “Mom, Sean came looking for me.”

Eleanor’s hand halted midair. She then turned to Amelia.

It only took Amelia a glance at her before Amelia figured that Eleanor must have realized what had happened.

“Mom, Sean said that Mr. Hutton deliberately removed his rights to inherit the company. I’m sure he must be extremely upset about how his own father has removed his status as the heir despite being the Hutton family’s only son and had the son of another woman take over his role as the heir. I am thinking...” Amelia trailed off hesitantly. Amelia was in no place to intervene in the Hutton family’s matters. If she did it too often, others would assume that she had only acknowledged Eleanor as her mother because she wanted the Hutton family’s wealth.

Eleanor then put down her spoon and lowered her eyes to look at the leftover soup in the bowl. A beat later, she quietly said, “Lia, do you wish for me to return to the Hutton family as well?”

Amelia smiled at her. “Mom, that isn’t what I meant. I’m just conveying to you what Sean said. I’m guessing that this is Mr. Hutton’s way of forcing you back to Saspiuburg. I think Sean is more important to you than me.”

Eleanor bitter laughed before turning to cast a loving look at Amelia.

“Lia, the three of you are all my darlings. I’m trapped between a rock and a hard place. Perhaps, it was because you went missing since young, so I always feel a sense of guilt toward you. I hope that I can fix things, but my actions for that have been wrong, and I’ve unintentionally hurt Sean and Amelia.” She then sighed. “I’ve thought about many things while I’m here. You’ve grown up, so my actions in hopes of compensating the lost time might seem like a burden to you.”

Amelia stayed quiet.

Eleanor then rose to her feet and walked over to Amelia. Gently, she hugged Amelia and said, “Lia, I’m glad that I found you, and I’m glad that you called me Mom. However, at the end of the day, you’ve grown up. I can’t insist on staying here forever. I’m planning to head back to Saspiuburg in a few days regardless of what kind of ending your father and I will have in the end. I think this is better for the two of us. Still, I’ll come and visit you once in a while. I truly love you, and you’ll always be my beloved daughter.”

Amelia was touched by her words, for she knew that Eleanor truly loved her.

“Mom, you’re a good mother and you’re better than many other mothers. If you had found me earlier; perhaps, I wouldn’t have had so many regrets,” Amelia mumbled. “Still, I’m glad to reunite with you as a family before I grow old. At the very least, our reunion didn’t come far too late.”

Eleanor tightened her hug.

After the mother and daughter had a hearty chat, the two of them spent the next few days in peace. A few days later, Eleanor told Amelia that she wanted to go back to Saspiuburg.

Amelia was a little reluctant to part with her, but she still sincerely said, “Mom, have a safe journey. I will miss you.”

“I’ll miss you too.” Eleanor hugged her. “You have to take care of yourself now that I’m not around. Take your meals on time, and always remember to eat no matter how busy you are. Be nice to your in-laws too.”

“I got it.”

When the Huttons were ready to leave, Amelia sent them to the airport herself. Sean said to her, “Amy, once I am in charge of the company, I’ll establish the branch company at Tayhaven. That way, we can meet more often.”

“Okay,” Amelia replied with a nod and a smile.

On the other hand, Amelia Hutton looked at her with a complicated expression. Her lips parted, but she did not know what to say.

Nevertheless, Amelia Winters gave her a hug. "Amelia, we're from the same mold. If you don't mind, you'll forever be my little sister." It doesn't matter if we're blood-related or not.

Amelia Hutton's hand, which she had raised, dropped to her side.

Once the time was up, the Huttons boarded the plane. Eleanor and Benjamin sat together.

As Benjamin looked at her, he said, "Eleanor, let's go back to live our happy life again. Don't be like this anymore, okay?"

Eleanor gazed at him briefly before lowering her eyes. "Let's get a divorce once we are back."

Instantly, Benjamin's expression darkened.

"Stop this, Eleanor," he gritted out.

Eleanor calmly told him, "Ben, you're too terrifying. I've been married to you for over thirty years, but I never knew that you were such a scheming man. You have an ulterior motive for everything you do, and even I, your wife, am a pawn in your games. I don't know how I can continue living with you."

Benjamin clenched his fists.

"Why did you come back with me if you didn't want to spend the rest of your days with me?"

"I just don't want to make things difficult for my three children." Eleanor looked at him. "Ben, I hope that you won't vent your anger on the children for the grudges between us. Sean has a gift for management, and he has been working hard beside you all these years. All his effort is for the sake of taking over the company and making it better than before. I don't think you should clip his wings because of me."

A vicious look flashed past Benjamin's eyes at that.

He then gritted out, "The girl I've been keeping outside is pregnant. It's her fifth month now, and I've got someone I know well to give her a checkup. It's a boy. As long as you agree to come back with me, we'll still be the model couple everyone is jealous of. I'll also get her to abort the baby and give her a huge sum of money. She won't be in our way. If you insist on getting a divorce, then sure, but the only heir of the Hutton family will be that kid. I'll make sure that Sean and Amelia won't get a single cent from me."

Eleanor turned to look at him with sorrowful eyes.

She did not know how the man she had been living with for the past thirty years had become so unreasonable and horrifying. The man who was right in front of her was someone she did not know at all.

He's really frightening.

Eleanor closed her eyes, not wanting to say anything else anymore.

Benjamin reached out to hold her hand and whispered, "Eleanor, quit this and come back with me. I promise I won't make things difficult for Amelia Winters, and I won't say she's a bast*rd anymore. I won't take away Sean's right to the inheritance, and I'll get that girl to abort her baby. The only woman I've loved the whole time is you."

Eleanor's eyes moved under their closed lids.

In the end, she did not retract her hands—a silent agreement to return with Benjamin.

She was the only one who knew of the pain. Her love for Benjamin was long gone after the countless schemes and suspicions. The only reason she had agreed to go back to the Hutton residence was so that her son would not lose everything.

A mother would become strong after having a child. Sean was her flesh and blood, and there was no way she could sit back and watch him suffer. She would have to keep living in the Hutton family like a puppet unless Sean was powerful enough to take over the company completely.

Eleanor could never be as ruthless as Benjamin was. Therefore, she could only compromise. Still, the more she compromised, the further she pushed herself to the edge of the cliff. The resulting mental issues she later had were only slightly relieved with the consultations with the psychiatrist.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 678

Chapter 678 Buy A House Each For Your Siblings

Once the Huttons were back at Saspiuburg, Amelia's life returned to normal. In the blink of an eye, it would soon be Tiffany's wedding.

Amelia accompanied her to test out the wedding dress that Derrick had custom-made from Irushea. After Tiffany put the dress on, she twirled in front of the mirror and chuckled. "Babe, do I look good?"

Amelia walked over and straightened the edges of the dress. "Tiff, you look exceptionally beautiful today. Even I'm charmed."

Tiffany blushed and beamed.

Right then, Derrick entered the shop, and Amelia quickly retreated to the side to give the couple some space.

Marriage was a joyful event in life, and Amelia felt that she was lucky to witness it herself.

Back then, she and Oscar did not marry out of love. On the other hand, Tiffany and Derrick decided to get married out of love for each other. That itself was a good reason for others to congratulate them on their union.

As Derrick looked at Tiffany in a daze, he whispered, "Tiff, you look so attractive today."

Tiffany's cheeks turned redder, but she deliberately asked, "Do I not look attractive usually?"

"You always do, but you look even more attractive today."

"What a sweet talker. Tell me. How many women have you said these words to?"

"You're the only one I'll say these things to in this life, next life, and the life after next."

Tiffany giggled.

A smile grew on Derrick's lips as well. He then reached out to caress her soft cheek and said, "Tiff, it's time for us to meet my in-laws. It's my fault that we haven't met your parents even though we're about to marry."

Tiffany chuckled. "They're flying this afternoon. My family is just a normal family. Mom and Dad haven't seen much of the world. I'm afraid that the Hissons will look down on them, so I didn't plan to let them meet your family. You won't blame me for this, right?"

Derrick shook his head and lovingly told her, "Silly, why would I blame you for this? I should be going to your family home to visit your parents, but you ended up getting them to come before I could do that. As their son-in-law, I am the one who hasn't done my duty."

"We have a long road ahead of us. My parents won't mind."

Derrick nodded. That was all he could do.

That night, when Tiffany's parents and brothers' family arrived, Derrick invited them over. However, Amelia's family was the only other ones invited; he was planning to have the Hissons meet the Winters the next day so that the Winters would not be anxious.

Amelia stepped forward and chuckled, "Mr. Winters, Mrs. Winters, I'm Amelia. I played with Tiff when I was a kid. Do you remember me?"

Ophelia, Tiffany's mother, looked at her and chuckled. "It's you, Amelia. I watched you grow up, so how can I possibly not remember you? You're getting prettier and prettier, and I nearly couldn't recognize you. I haven't seen you around when I go back to the family home over the years. Have you not gone back?"

Amelia smiled and changed the topic. "Mrs. Winters, you must be tired from the flight. I'll ask Derrick to send you to the hotel after the meal. You should get some rest."

A considerate woman she was, Ophelia did not insist on an answer.

"Dad, Mom," Derrick and Tiffany called out as they walked over. Clearly, Derrick already thought of them as his in-laws.

When Ophelia and Reginald saw Derrick, who looked like the prime model of mankind, they froze.

They had never seen a man that attractive before—he was like one of the gods in the fantastical they heard when they were children.

I doubt there are many who look as charming as him! He's so beautiful to the point anyone would feel bad about themselves just by being in the same room as him!

When Tiffany saw the way her parents were standing transfixed, a laugh escaped her.

"Mom, Dad, snap back to your senses. This is your son-in-law. He's a man, not a god or a monster from some stories," Tiffany deliberately teased.

It was then the Winters came back to their senses and turned red in the face.

Ophelia then rolled her eyes at her daughter, embarrassed, before turning back to Derrick.

"Are you Derrick? Tiff has shown us your photo before. You're already very good-looking in photos. I never thought that you'd look even better in person. You're just like the gods in the stories. Tiffany's dad and I are stunned. We thought we'd gone to an alternate universe!" Ophelia's description, which sounded like a typical statement of a woman her age, was also mixed with several trending terms. Hence, Derrick chuckled in amusement, and the two became much closer from that.

“Mom, you’re so humorous! I’m glad that you’re happy with my looks. I was just worrying about what I should do if you didn’t like me. Now, I can be at ease. From now on, I’ll be like your son. This is a gift from me for you and Dad. I hope that you’ll like it.” Derrick then took two intricate boxes out of nowhere as if he was a magician. He then handed them to Ophelia before saying, “I’ve prepared the gifts for Jayden and his family separately; I’ll be getting someone to send them to the hotel that I’ve booked for you.”

At that, Ophelia became even happier with Derrick, for the young man seemed to be well-prepared. Even Reginald, Tiffany’s father, found nothing unsatisfactory about Derrick after giving him a once-over.

The group then went to the hotel to put their luggage before heading to the restaurant for their meal.

Oscar came much later with Tony. When the Winters saw him, they figured out that he was either rich or influential. From that, they understood that Tiffany’s life in Tayhaven was not bad. Not only was she marrying a good husband, but the people she knew were also excellent individuals.

After putting down Tony, Oscar greeted, “Hello, Mr. Winters, Mrs. Winters, I’m Oscar Clinton, Amelia’s husband.”

The Winters couple immediately stood up stiffly. As a matter of fact, they even nearly bowed at him. “Hello, nice to meet you!”

Oscar’s presence was overwhelming, and they dared not do anything silly around him.

Tony also greeted them obediently.

He looked cute and sweet with his words, so the Winters couple were instantly enamored with him.

“He’s…”

“Mr. Winters, Mrs. Winters, he’s my son. His name is Anthony Clinton, and his nickname is Tony. You can just call him Tony,” Amelia introduced.

“Tony? That’s a nice name.” Ophelia reached out to carefully touch Tony’s face. “He looks great. He’s almost like a doll. The children of rich families are really different from others. The other pair of grandchildren I have are so cheeky.”

The Winters kept pouring praises on Tony, and it was a nice opening to their meeting.

After the meal, Amelia took the present she prepared beforehand and gave it to Oscar. “Mrs. Winters, this is a gift to you and Mr. Winters from Oscar and me. I’m not sure if you’d like it or not.”

Ophelia was pleasantly surprised. She quickly took it and said, "Amelia, thank you. You're such a considerate child. I'm sure your gifts are the best."

A while of chatting later, they finally bid each other farewell.

Derrick sent the Winters family back to the hotel before staying and chatting a while longer with Tiffany and her parents.

Then, he received a call that made him leave early. Tiffany sent him to the entrance and reminded him, "Drive safely."

Derrick replied, "Call me when you're about to go back. I'll come and pick you up."

Tiffany nodded.

Once Derrick was gone, Ophelia quickly grabbed Tiffany's hand and returned to her usual state.

"Tiff, Derrick looks like a great man. What does he do? What does his family do? You can't forget about your elder brother's family and your little brother's family even after getting a good life, okay? Don't forget that it was difficult for them to pay for your university tuition fees back then. Once you're rich, you have to buy a house for them each," Ophelia said to her.

Tiffany's good mood dissipated at that.

She thought that her mother would be concerned about her well-being after not seeing her for a long time. However, as it turned out, Ophelia was only thinking about how her family could benefit from her rich soon-to-be husband. For a moment, Tiffany was unsure if she should be glad that they had not shown that side of theirs when Derrick was around.

While she was fine with helping them out upon getting rich, it was a different story to have someone ask for the money from her.

It felt as if she was nothing but an automated teller machine to them—no one would feel good to be treated in that way.

Tiffany then said, "Mom, didn't I buy a house for you?"

"That's not the same. I thought you were only earning a little more in Tayhaven, so it didn't feel right to ask more from you. But now, it's different. The man you're marrying seems good, and it's nothing out of the norm to help out your brothers. At the very least, you should buy a house for your two brothers. After all, property prices are skyrocketing nowadays," Ophelia told her.

By then, Tiffany could barely keep the smile on her face.

Reginald then walked over to diffuse the situation. "It'll be our daughter's happy day in no time. Talking to her about the houses right now will be killing her joy."

Ophelia rolled her eyes at him. "Do you still want your younger son and his wife to squeeze in the small house that's not even fifty square meters? Moreover, he's still paying off the loan for that house."

Reginald fell silent.

Tiffany was rather disappointed. In comparison with Ophelia's two sons, she, as her daughter, did not seem as important.

I knew it. A married daughter is no longer part of the family. I really can't feel any love from this family at all.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 679

Chapter 679 Unlimited Wants

A beat later, she uttered, "Everyone, rest first. Derrick and I need to take a look at the wedding dress, and we have many things to do up until the wedding. I don't think we'll have much time to take care of you all."

Ophelia then sent her to the doorway and repeated, "Tiff, don't forget to buy a house for your younger brother and help out with Jayden's finances. They're living hard lives, and you can't forget about the kind things they've done for you once you're living the good life."

Tiffany managed to hold herself back from starting an argument with her mother.

"I know what to do," was all she said before leaving.

Upon leaving the hotel, Tiffany heaved a sigh to let her anger seep away.

She then sent Derrick a message, telling him that she was going to head home first. She also told him to go straight home after work.

After that, she took a cab home. What Tiffany did not know was that a car came over a while after she left. The person in that car smirked as she looked at the hotel. "Tiffany Winters, so you have a family too. I genuinely thought that you have none despite the long fight with you. Still, that's good. It's good that you have weaknesses. I don't believe that I won't be able to take you down by targeting your family."

The woman in the car then made a call. Once the call went through, she said, "Archie, this is Crystal. I have something I need your help with. I'll send you an email with the details of the woman I told you about. Help me look into her family details, and I want the findings on the day after next. All right, I'll leave this to you. Once I'm back at Saspiuburg, We shall meet up."

After ending the call, Crystal gave the hotel another glance before driving off.

Two days passed by in peace after that. Crystal then received the information about the Winters family and found out that Ophelia and Reginald were normal retired white-collared workers. The eldest son of the Winters family had failed in starting up a business a while ago, so he was currently working as an employee in an insurance company. He was earning two to three thousand every month, and he frequently had arguments with his wife because of financial matters. As for Tiffany's younger brother, he was a civil servant, and so was his wife. They had taken out a loan to buy a house, but the wife was a materialistic individual who spent all of her pay every month. Not only did Tiffany's younger brother have to pay the loan with his salary, but he was also the one to pay for their living expenses. Hence, both his and his wife's life was tough as well. Like Tiffany's older brother's relationship with his wife, Tiffany's younger brother's relationship with his wife was no better either.

Crystal refused to believe that she would not be able to strike them down by targeting them financially.

Her lips curled. Even if she could not wreck Tiffany and Derrick's wedding, she could still humiliate Tiffany in front of everyone.

Meanwhile, Tiffany had no idea what Crystal was planning. Even though she was initially upset about how her parents had talked to her about buying houses for her brothers, her mood soon took a turn for the better when she thought about how they could benefit from that.

Nevertheless, Tiffany had forgotten one thing—human wants could never be fully satisfied.

That day, while Amelia was accompanying her on a shopping trip for furniture for her new house, Ophelia called. She told Tiffany that she wanted to join them, and she had no choice but to let her.

The moment Ophelia arrived and saw that Amelia was there as well, she quickly plastered on a kind and caring demeanor.

"Amelia, you're here too," Ophelia said.

Amelia replied, "Hello, Mrs. Winters. How have you been?"

“I’ve been good.” Ophelia nodded fervently before pulling Tiffany aside.

“Mom, what are you doing?”

With a nervous look, Ophelia said to her, “Tiff, how much do you have right now? Jayden previously took a loan from the loan sharks for his business, and now they’re here at his place, hounding him for the money. You have to save your brother!”

Tiffany barked out an angry laugh.

At that very moment, she really wanted to tell her mom off. Why don’t you tell your son to ask for money from god instead? What made you think that people like us can borrow from loan sharks? Getting a loan from loan sharks means getting trapped in a bottomless pit of paying back the interest.

“Mom, how much did Jayden borrow?”

“Two hundred thousand. It’s three hundred thousand now. The guy said that it’ll be four hundred thousand by tomorrow if we can’t pay the interest today.”

“Oh, wow, a hundred thousand each day? Why don’t you tell him to rob a bank instead?”

“Tiff, stop saying such things. You really have to help your brother out, or else he’s dead meat!”

Tiffany folded her arms as her mood turned foul.

Right then, Amelia walked over and smiled at them. “What’s the matter, Mrs. Winters? You can tell me.”

Ophelia blinked and immediately shifted her target to Amelia.

“Mom, talk to me instead. Don’t try to trick my friend,” Tiffany huffed.

Ophelia rolled her eyes at Tiffany.

“Amelia, something happened in the family. Can you help us out?” Ophelia said.

Instantly, Tiffany loudly uttered, “Mom.”

However, Amelia raised her hand and gently replied, “Go on, Mrs. Winters. Your family matters are Tiff’s matters, and her matters are mine. I won’t say no if it’s something I can help with.”

In the next second, Ophelia grabbed Amelia's hand and cried out, "Amelia, Tiff is really lucky to have a good friend like you!"

Ophelia then told Amelia what happened.

Amelia smiled. "Three hundred thousand isn't a problem; I can give you that. However, can I meet the loan shark? I'll get Oscar to deal with this and make sure you won't have any problem in the future."

"Of course. Sure."

Ophelia nodded vigorously.

By then, Tiffany was so furious she was at a loss for words.

After reassuring Ophelia and sending her back, Tiffany shrugged and said in a deliberately nonchalant tone, "Babe, you saw it yourself. My family is worse than yours, and I'm related to them by blood too."

Amelia responded, "Don't say that, Tiff. They were never mean to you when you grew up, and they sent you to school. They love you too, but in comparison to their sons, you're not as important. Moreover, your brother took a loan from loan sharks. You're having a good life now. Who are they going to seek help from if not you?"

Tiffany's head began throbbing, and she raised her hand to rub her temples.

"Babe, you know it's not the three hundred thousand I'm upset about. It's just the way they are. They're not even concerned about my well-being nor worried if my husband's family will be mean to me. The first thing they say is to ask for money from me. I'm just very disappointed."

Amelia knew how she felt.

It was tradition for children to be dutiful toward their parents, but it was another matter if the parents demanded endlessly from their children.

"Babe, I'll handle this. Don't intervene."

"Loan sharks like these are associated with the mafia, or else they won't have the courage to make the interest so high. Therefore, we'll need someone reputable in the underworld to deal with this. Oscar knows someone like this, so I'll tell him about this matter once I'm home."

"Thanks, Babe."

"What are friends for, right?"

Tiffany then found a place to sit. As she watched the cars rush by, she frowned and quietly said, “Babe, I shouldn’t have told them that I am getting married. I’m afraid that they’ll become greedier at the sight of the Hissons’ wealth.”

Amelia sat down beside her.

The rich were most fearful of getting impoverished, greedy in-laws. That was why they only wanted to marry someone of equal status. That way, they would be able to avoid feeling disgusted by the in-law’s greed.

“They’ll go back after your wedding. As long as you send money to your parents on time, I’m sure they’ll be considerate of you too,” Amelia told her.

Tiffany chuckled. The moment Ophelia arrived and saw that Amelia was there as well, she quickly plastered on a kind and caring demeanor.

I hope that’s the case.

Unfortunately, both Amelia and Tiffany underestimated the intensity of human greed. Therefore, later on, when the Winters began asking for more, Tiffany grew increasingly frustrated. In fact, her marriage suffered from their greed to the point it was nearly ruined.

Tiffany never thought her seemingly perfect marriage would turn out to be that unstable—that something minor would burn it down so easily and push her to the brink of a mental breakdown.

“I don’t want to think about this anymore. I’m about to get married in a few days, and it’s not like the Hissons are waiting for my dowry. In fact, they’ve prepared everything, and there’s nothing much I need to do,” Tiffany casually remarked.

Amelia reached up to pat her head—a silent gesture of consolation.

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 680

Chapter 680 Humiliated At The Wedding

Amelia entrusted Oscar with resolving Jayden’s issue with the loan sharks, so he contacted gang members that he knew and had them take care of it.

Of course, they kept everything a secret from Derrick the whole time.

Fortunately, they were able to take care of Jayden’s issue just in time for Tiffany and Derrick’s wedding.

Amelia showed up for the wedding ceremony as a family member of the bride. She was seated in the second row with Oscar and Tony.

As the music began to play, Tiffany slowly made her way over with Reginald holding her hand.

With a smile on her face, she watched as Reginald solemnly handed her over to Derrick. "Derrick, I hereby place my daughter in your hands. Make sure you take good care of her."

Derrick nodded as he reached out to take Tiffany's hand.

The two of them then turned toward the emcee, prompting him to begin his speech.

"Do you, Derrick Hisson, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, to live together in matrimony, to love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, to have and to hold, from this day forward, as long as you both shall live?"

"I do," Derrick replied.

The emcee then turned toward Tiffany and asked, "Do you, Tiffany Winters, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, to live together in matrimony, to love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, to have and to hold, from this day forward, as long as you both shall live?"

"I do," Tiffany replied.

The emcee flashed them a smile as he continued, "Very well, you may now proceed with the ring exchange. A ring is an unbroken circle with ends that have been joined together, and it represents your union. It is a symbol of infinity, and of your infinite love. When you look at these rings on your hands, be reminded of this moment, your commitment, and the love you now feel for each other."

Derrick pulled out the diamond ring that he had prepared, held Tiffany's hand, and slid it onto her finger. Although the ring itself wasn't heavy, it represented his lifetime promise to her.

Tiffany too took the ring over and solemnly slid it onto his finger.

"Before these witnesses, you have pledged to be joined in marriage. You have now sealed this pledge with your wedding rings. By the authority vested in me, I now pronounce you married! Ladies and gentlemen, don't you think it's about time they have that kiss?" the emcee said excitedly.

"Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!" the crowd responded with an equal amount of enthusiasm.

With everyone cheering them on, Derrick gave Tiffany a deep and passionate kiss. A few minutes had passed by the time they let go of each other.

As the crowd applauded them like crazy, Derrick looked Tiffany in the eye and said, "You are my wife now, Tiff. Don't even think about running away anymore."

Tiffany blushed shyly as she said, "You're my wife too, so no looking at other women from now on!"

"All right," Derrick replied.

Their wholesome moment was ruined when a hostile voice came from the crowd. "Hey, Jayden Winters! Show yourself! It's time for you to pay me the money you owe!"

With his face all pale, Jayden got up from his seat and rushed toward the group of men. "What brings you here, Mr. Angelo? We agreed that I'd pay up two weeks later, didn't we?"

Ronnie Angelo grabbed him by the shirt collar and shouted angrily, "Don't give me that crap, Jayden! You owe me money! Are you trying to avoid paying up?"

In his state of panic, Jayden turned to look at Tiffany as he yelled, "Help me, Tiffany!"

"Who are you people? Let go of my son!" Tiffany's mother exclaimed as she came rushing over with her husband.

Amelia, Tiffany, Oscar, and Derrick made their way over as well.

"Let's talk about this, so please let go of my brother!" Tiffany pleaded.

Ronnie shoved Jayden aside and eyed Tiffany from head to toe as he said, "So, you're Tiffany Winters? The one that married into the Hisson family? Your brother tells me that you're pretty rich now. You see, he came over and borrowed some money from me for gambling. Do you want to pay off his debt? That's fine by me! He owes me a couple of millions, that's all!"

Tiffany glared at Jayden and asked through clenched teeth, "What's the meaning of this?"

This is my wedding! All the relatives from the Hissons are here! I can only imagine how furious my mother-in-law will be when this is all over...

With tears in his eyes, Jayden said, "Someone talked me into it! He told me I could earn over two hundred thousand a night, so I wanted to strike it rich and afford a better life! I really didn't think I'd end up borrowing that much money! Please, you've got to help me out here!"

Tiffany was so mad that she scoffed at him in response.

Unbelievable... I can't believe my brother has become a gambler now... This is so humiliating!

Kate's expression was especially gloomy. "Young man, we will pay you the money that he owes you, but this is my son's wedding that you're crashing. How about you boys stick around for a few drinks? The heir to the Clintons is here too. You wouldn't want to mess with both the Hissons and the Clintons, would you?" she said with her head held high.

Naturally, Ronnie knew better than to push his luck. "If you say so, Mrs. Hisson. It's only a few million, after all! For you, I could even let him off without any payment!"

"It's only normal to repay one's debts. We Hissons can afford to pay the amount!" Kate replied proudly.

"Yes, of course, Mrs. Hisson."

With that, the wedding ceremony continued with a gloomy tension in the air.

The look on Kate's face was as cold as ice by the time the guests had all left the venue. She then personally paid off Jayden's debt before summoning Tiffany and Derrick into a room.

"Tiffany, what is the meaning of this? How did your brother end up owing so much money? The Hisson family's relatives and business partners were all in attendance today! Do you realize how much disgrace you've brought us? As if your status being unworthy of marrying Derrick wasn't bad enough, now you've also got a gambler in your family! How will people think of the Hissons after this?" she asked angrily.

Tiffany kept her head low as she said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't know things would end up like this."

"You didn't know? He's your brother, isn't he? How would you not know that he's a gambler? I knew I should've investigated your family background thoroughly! I thought you were simply from a poor family, but I didn't think it'd be this bad! Honestly, I don't even want to acknowledge you as my daughter-in-law!"

Tiffany clenched her fists tightly as she felt a horrible sensation spread through her heart.

Derrick held her hand as he said, "Mom, I believe this is just a one-off event. Tiff and her brother are two separate individuals. I'm marrying her, not her family. I don't think this matters all that much."

“How could you say that? What if her poor relatives start leeching off us for money? We may be rich, but that doesn’t mean they can take advantage of us like this!” Kate snapped back at him while glaring disdainfully at Tiffany.

Derrick frowned. “Mom...”

Kate took a deep breath and waved impatiently at him. “Whatever, we’ll let this matter slide for now. However, I hope that Tiffany will avoid contacting her family unless it is something absolutely necessary. I don’t want to deal with a bunch of greedy relatives. Having a daughter-in-law like her must be the worst luck of my life!”

She then walked out the door after saying that.

Feeling extremely conflicted, Tiffany kept her head low as she thought to herself.

This was supposed to be a nice wedding, but my family screwed it all up for me... Right now, I’m probably the worst bride in the world!

Derrick lifted her chin and said reassuringly, “My mom is just harsh like that. Don’t worry about it, okay? I’m here with you. A few million is a piece of cake for me.”

Tiffany flashed him a wry smile. “I’m sorry my family ruined our wedding. I didn’t know my brother would pick up gambling like that. I’m really sorry...”

Derrick placed a finger on her lip and said gently, “Don’t worry about it. Regardless of what Jayden did, he is still your brother. I’m really grateful to your family for raising you so well. I wouldn’t have been able to marry such a wonderful woman otherwise!”

Tiffany chuckled after hearing that. “Thanks for being so understanding, Derrick.”

“We’re husband and wife, remember? It’s like the emcee said earlier. I will love you, comfort you, honor and stand by you, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy for as long as we both shall live. You will always be my wife, no matter what becomes of you. I will never leave you, so all I ask is for you to remain by my side,” Derrick reassured affectionately.

Tiffany buried herself in his embrace. “Thanks, Derrick. Marrying you is the best thing that has ever happened to me!”

Although Derrick had helped her let go of her hatred toward her family, the horrible things they did still angered her to no end.

The fact that her brother had strayed so far from the right path shocked her greatly, and there was nothing much she could do about it.

Hitting him was definitely out of the question, and her parents would get mad at her if she lashed out at him. As such, she would only end up on the losing end no matter what.