

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 578

Amelia initially thought she would be emotional to meet the Winters family. Yet, contrary to her expectation, when she saw Dominic and his wife – with their hair grayed and faces wrinkled by age – she felt no swinging of emotions except for her burning eyes.

On the flip side, the Winters couple did not wear the usual stern and cold expression that Amelia remembered as a child.

“Amelia.” Dominic rose to his feet, rubbing his hands together and greeting her uneasily.

As she stared at the man who had brought her up, Amelia found the tall and burly figure in her memory had aged a lot since their last encounter more than a decade ago. His back had bent, his figure had shrunk, and his hair had grayed. He looked like an ordinary old man who hadn’t seen the world.

“Dad, why have you and Mom came?” asked Amelia. The moment the word “Dad” escaped her lips, she realized with a start that her hatred for the couple was mixed with love. After all, Dominic and his wife had fostered her and given her a home to shelter her from cold wind and harsh rain. In spite of that, members of the Winters family had nonetheless mistreated her.

Perhaps not good at lying, Dominic continued rubbing his hands, his face reddened with embarrassment.

“Amelia, I don’t want to lie to you. Actually, Mr. Hutton called and asked us to come. I know we hadn’t treated you well, and we don’t deserve to be your parents. So, it sounds rather hypocritical to say that we’ve come to visit you. I can’t even bring myself to say that,” uttered Dominic shamefully.

Amelia laughed in response upon listening to him.

Dominic remained the same as her memory of him – straight to the point with his words. Back then, he had told her frankly not to please them, as they were obliged only to feed and clothe her but not to like her.

As a child, Amelia couldn't comprehend the profound meaning behind his statement. It wasn't until after she had learned everything did she come to understand what Dominic meant.

Nevertheless, what she didn't understand was the rationale behind Benjamin's decision to go through all the hassles by giving his own daughter away and even faking her disappearance. At the end of the day, was there truly a hatred so deep that could drive a man to abandon his daughter?

Sorrow whirled past Amelia's heart as she lamented the fact that both the Winters and the Hutton families were not willing to admit she was their daughter. Had she not married Oscar, she would probably still drift around like a rootless dandelion.

In the end, the rejection of both families had wounded her. Their indifference had hardened into a dagger and made a hole in her again.

"Dad, have you guys eaten? Why don't I ask Molly to make something for you?" Amelia grinned and changed the topic.

Dominic shook his head and replied, "Your mom and I have eaten. We came to see you today because Mr. Hutton had instructed us to speak with you."

The smile hanging on the corners of Amelia's lips slowly faded.

"Dad, so you knew about the Hutton family from the beginning?" she inquired.

Dominic nodded without hesitation.

"Yes. That year, a man in a suit held your hand and led you through the entrance of the Winters residence. It was when we needed a large sum of money to treat your mom's cirrhosis. He declared he would pay for all the medical expenses as

long as I was willing to adopt you. Your mom's body was growing weaker and weaker with each passing day. We had no choice but to accept you into our home," explained Dominic.

"Why don't I remember anything about this?" Amelia was surprisingly calm, as though she was inquiring about something of little importance.

"You didn't cry or throw tantrums when you were first brought to us. Your eyes were dull, as if you were dumb. We thought we had adopted a halfwit. However, you resumed normal three days later, though you seemed to have forgotten everything that had happened and treated Melanie and me as your biological parents. We assumed you might have been traumatized beforehand, although we considered it a good thing too. At least you wouldn't bawl for your parents," recalled Dominic.

"If you'd promised the Huttons to adopt me, why had you treated me so coldly?" queried Amelia in bewilderment.

It was what she wanted to know most. Prior to the revelation, she had wanted to ask the couple before her if she was their biological daughter.

When the truth was unveiled and confirmed that she was indeed not their daughter, she couldn't help but wonder the reasons why they had treated her with such apathy and disregard. Above all, shouldn't there be at least some sort of affection after all those years of raising her?

"Actually, it was Mr. Hutton... By providing us money to treat your mom, he had two conditions to be met. The first condition was to adopt you, whereas the second condition was to not be too nice to you. Mr. Hutton saved your mom's life. He still offers us financial support from time to time. We'd wanted to dote on you, but we couldn't break our promise to him. As time passed, we became used to ignoring you. Before we realized it, you'd already grown up. We didn't know where to start, even if we wanted to treat you better, so we chose to act our usual way. We were glad that you went to university and didn't come home much because you reminded us of our past callousness, and we couldn't bear the guilt," answered Dominic as he gradually lowered his head.

Amelia smirked out of the blue in response.

She suppressed her anger and retorted, "Dad, aren't you feeling guilty? Then, why have you appeared before me ten years later? Do you really intend to rip me of my chance to reunite with my biological mother just for a mere word from your savior?"

Dominic lowered his head. The hunch of his back deepened, his gray hair strikingly glaring in broad daylight.

"I'm sorry," he murmured.

Startled, Amelia gazed at the severe, terse man with mixed emotions. The towering valor imprinted in her mind began to dwindle bit by bit.

"Dad, are you truly sorry for what you'd done to me?" She smiled bitterly.

Melanie, who had remained silent until then, opened her mouth. "Amelia, please don't blame your dad. With the weight of favor on his shoulders, things were hard for him. He had to act aloof toward you for my sake, and I had felt bad watching. Why don't you put the blame on me? I was the one who dragged the entire family down. I've no right to ask for your forgiveness, but I've to implore you not to disturb the Hutton family. This is the only thing I beg of you, is that okay? Mr. Hutton is our savior. I'd hate to see the Huttons troubled and disturbed because of you. As long as you're willing, the Winters residence will always be your home."

Amelia eyed Melanie calmly, reflecting with irony on the limitless immorality of the couple. So much for feeling guilty for what they did to me, huh? Everything they have done up till now is inhumane. I guess Eva is the only person with a piece of humanity in her among the entire Winters family.

Melanie promptly knelt before her and wept. "Amelia, please, I beg of you. Don't disturb the Hutton family. They have their own lives."

Feeling her heart aching again, Amelia stared at Melanie as swirls of emotions engulfed her. Unable to repress her anger any longer, she finally exploded. "Mom, have you ever admitted that I'm your daughter? Just now, when Molly called me, saying that you guys were here, I actually looked forward to it, you know? I'd hoped you came to see me. Instead, what have you done? You open your mouth not to tell me you miss me or ask whether I have a good life. You don't even care if my husband treated me kindly after getting married. Every sentence you spit out is about the Hutton family. How much money exactly has the Huttons shoved into you to the point of treating me so callously like cold-blooded animals? You can ask me for money if you need it. Why don't you care about my feelings at all? Do you even have a heart? Hmm? Hmm?"

Amelia losing her temper caused the Winters couple to stagger in shock.

Meanwhile, Molly rushed across the room and held Amelia closely in her arms. "Mrs. Clinton, please calm down. This is your home, and nobody can hurt you unless you allow that. I've phoned Mr. Clinton. He'll be back soon," she consoled.

As she spoke, Amelia regained her composure little by little.

She leaned against Molly's body and muttered softly, "Molly, send them off. I don't want to see them now."

"Okay. All right. It's all my fault. I'll ask them to leave now," assured Molly.

"Mr. Winters, Mrs. Winters, please get out. Guests with wicked intentions are not welcomed here." Molly subsequently gave an icy order of dismissal.

The couple rose at her instruction; their expressions flickered with embarrassment.

"Amelia, please, I beg of you. Please don't disturb the Hutton family," beseeched Melanie.

Still resting in Molly's arms, Amelia glanced at Melanie wearily. Her lips twitched a little, and she mumbled listlessly, "Mom, I originally didn't want to get involved in

the Hutton family's matters. However, since you've forced me into a corner, I must return to my biological family, and I'll stir the entire Hutton family to utter chaos. Didn't all of you find me despicable? I'll show you, the worthless garbage in your eyes is an invaluable gem in someone else's."

Melanie stared at Amelia for a moment and suddenly pounced on the latter as though she had lost her mind. Alarmed, Molly quickly let go of Amelia and blocked Melanie's attack.

Despite her old age, Molly flung her arms with incredible strength, pushing Melanie away with a single thrust.

"What do you think you're doing, behaving like a brute in other people's home? Mrs. Clinton is kind enough not to take any actions against you. But I'm a mother too. I find your selfishness absolutely abominable. I've never seen anyone as shameless as you. So what if Mrs. Clinton is not your daughter by birth? Was there not a bit of affection in all those years that you'd brought her up?" questioned Molly sharply.

With Melanie in his arms, Dominic peeked at Amelia with mixed feelings and whispered, "Amelia, your emotions are running high. We'll leave first. Your mom and I will visit you again on another day."

As soon as they left, Amelia, no longer able to control herself, finally burst out crying.