

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 371

Chapter 371 No Reunion

Meanwhile, in the apartment next door, Eleanor glared at her daughter for refusing to open the door even when Tiffany had called for them. "Amelia, why did you do that?"

Amelia stepped backward but held her ground. "She's Daddy's daughter, too. I think Daddy has a right to know that we have found my sister, doesn't he?"

"Amelia, you know very well that your father does not like your sister," cried Eleanor, vexed. "He didn't even bother searching for her when she disappeared. Are you trying to get me into trouble by informing him about her without even warning me beforehand?"

Amelia was startled by her mother's increasingly shrill voice. I only told Daddy in a huff because I didn't like how Mom chose the other Amelia over me!

"Calm down, Mom. Listen, I just didn't like how you paid attention to Amelia instead of me. I truly didn't know that Daddy doesn't like her. Since she is his daughter too, wouldn't it make him happy to know that she has been found?"

Stepping forward, Amelia tried to take her mother's hand but found hers being shoved aside roughly.

Eleanor felt the imminent arrival of another psychotic episode. "M-My medication," she gasped.

Frightened, Amelia fetched it for her mother at once, alongside a glass of water.

"How're you feeling, Mom?" Amelia asked worriedly.

Eleanor pushed past her daughter and collapsed onto the couch, afraid that she might injure her daughter during her episode.

Not many knew the extent of her illness, which would act up when Eleanor was deeply stressed or anxious. Whenever she had one of her episodes, she was at risk of hurting those around her. It was serious enough to warrant imprisonment in a mental asylum, but due to the prestige and influence of the Hutton family, that outcome had largely been avoided through the frequent diagnoses of the best doctors and psychologists in the city.

Kneeling in front of her mother, Amelia stared up at her. "Mom, please calm yourself. I won't do this ever again, okay? I was just jealous that Amelia had managed to win over

your affection. You loved me the most since my birth, after all. Now that I've found out I have a sister, I'm just worried that you might forget all about me."

Eleanor shot her a pained look before shutting her eyes, determined not to look at her daughter. A tear rolled down the corner of her closed eyelid.

At the sight of her mother's tears, Amelia shuffled guiltily, though she remained indignant of the negligence she had been subjected to for the past couple of days. From as early as I can remember, I have been the object of Mom's affections. What has that turned into? I've not only been slapped, but I've also been completely ignored in favor of somebody else. How could I not be upset?

The injustice she felt so strongly had developed into a grudge against Amelia Winters. If it weren't for her sudden appearance, we Huttons wouldn't be in the disorder we are now in.

"Don't be this way, Mom. I was wrong for not discussing the matter with you before involving Daddy. Please don't be angry with me anymore."

Letting out a sigh, Eleanor opened her scarlet-tinged eyes.

"I love you so much, Amelia. You look so much like your sister, you know. I've been living in guilt for the past twenty years, blaming myself for not keeping a closer eye on your sister, which resulted in her disappearance. I have dreamt that she had been taken by traffickers and had her limbs broken to be taken to the streets to beg. Even the worst possible outcome, which I still dare not say aloud, is a recurring theme of my nightmares. When I thought of relying on my family, your father prevented me from searching for your sister. Even the servants at home were banned from talking about her. Do you know how that made me feel? It felt as if I were dead. Like I am a ghost whose pleas go unheard. The only family I have had abandoned one of our own. If it were not for the fact that you look just like her, I might have taken my own life long ago."

Like a floodgate being opened at last, Eleanor poured the weight of her two-decade-long grievance out onto her silent daughter.

Amelia listened without a word, her heart twinging with guilt at what her mother had gone through. However, as she did not have any children of her own, it was impossible for Amelia to understand the maddening grief of losing a child.

"Amelia, you've gotten me into a lot of trouble with your father this time. Do you want to make my life a living hell?"

"Of course not, Mom. I love you most in the world. How could I do such a thing?"

"When your father arrives, tell him you had said what you said as a joke, and that it isn't true."

Amelia gaped at her mother incredulously.

“Fine,” replied Eleanor wearily. “I won’t force you. You would rather see me lose my mind than allow me to reunite with my daughter, would you? If this is the case, I would rather be sent off to an asylum than to live with people who want to see me utterly destroyed.”

After a brief pause, Amelia asked, “Mom, can you at least tell me why Daddy refuses to welcome Amelia back into the family?”

This time, it was Eleanor’s turn to fumble for words.

“There must be a deeper reason for Daddy’s indifference regarding Amelia’s disappearance all those years ago, is there? How else could Daddy be so cruel as to leave his own child rotting in the streets?”

Amelia was about to probe further but was silenced by a glare from her mother. “Amelia, you’re still a child. Maybe you will understand one day when you’re older. For now, we will speak no more of this. When your father arrives, tell him you were playing a prank on him.”

Amelia stood up. “I won’t, Mom,” she said, her voice quavering with forced determination. “Daddy shouldn’t be kept in the dark. If you want Daddy to accept Amelia, why wouldn’t you tell him about her now? If he finds out on his own, the state of your marriage will only worsen.”

Amelia flung her mother’s hand aside before entering her bedroom. “Good luck, Mom,” she uttered with exasperation.

Eleanor remained on the couch as she stared vacantly ahead, a torrent of emotions surging through her heart. Though everybody in the Hutton residence respected her, none of them were on her side when it came to the matter of her long-lost daughter.

Soon after, Benjamin and Sean arrived.

Eleanor opened the door to find her husband and son standing on either side like solemn gargoyles. She was about to invite them in when the door of the adjacent apartment opened at the same time to reveal Amelia shuffling out with her arm on Tiffany’s. Benjamin glanced across casually, and upon recognizing Amelia, his face contorted with rage as he stared daggers at the woman.

After an initial stunned silence, Eleanor pulled them into her apartment with speed she did not think possible. She did not even have the time to greet Tiffany and Amelia before slamming the door shut.

On the other side, Tiffany was raising her arm in greeting, only to have it left hanging awkwardly in midair. Gazing at the closed door of the Huttons' apartment, she looked confused and embarrassed.

As Amelia could not see, she questioned, "What is it, Tiff? I heard the sound of a door being shut."

"Nothing," replied Tiffany simply.

Amelia did not pursue the matter. However, Tony felt the need to chime in. "It's Mrs. Hutton, Mommy. She pulled two men into her apartment and slammed the door shut. She didn't even greet us when she opened the door! I think she hates us. The older man who she pulled looked so fierce as if he could just eat you up, Mommy."

Tiffany stared at him, aghast. Tony, you're only two! How could you be this intelligent? I think it's only a matter of time before I am outsmarted by you.

Furrowing her brows, Amelia questioned again, "Is that so, Tiffany?"

"It is possible that Mrs. Hutton might have run into some trouble," admitted Tiffany grudgingly after another glance at the child. "Tony's right, though. The older man looked menacing. I'm guessing that he's Mr. Hutton, Amelia's father. The younger man is most likely her older brother."

Upon hearing that, Amelia fell silent for several moments. "Let's go home, Tiffany," she announced. "We'll take Tony out for a walk tonight."

"All right." Tiffany did not force the matter.

By the time the trio returned to their apartment, the matter of the men's arrival across the hall was no longer spoken of.

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Chapter 372 She Is Not My Daughter

On the flip side, after Eleanor pulled her son and husband indoors, she remarked, "Benjamin, I will not let you harm her. If you touch even a strand of hair on her head, I will shoot myself before you."

Benjamin studied his wife with narrowed eyes. "Eleanor, am I really as cruel as what you make me out to be?"

“Am I wrong?” she cried shrilly. “Our daughter went missing at so young an age back then. Not only did you not call the police, but you also forbade anyone from talking about her. It still haunts me as though it happened last night. How could you possibly imagine that I would think of you as a good man?”

Benjamin clenched his fists at her unexpected insolence.

Clearing his throat, Sean tried, “Mom, please calm yourself. Dad is only worried about your health and that you might be swindled. Your only children are Amelia and me, remember? I have never heard of a missing sister.”

The elder woman glared at Sean. “Are you trying to insinuate that I’m insane, Sean? That I’m hallucinating, perhaps? Maybe this missing sister of yours is a figment of my imagination, isn’t it?”

Hearing that, Sean sighed. “That’s not what I meant, Mom. I just wanted you to calm down. You’re too uptight. I’m just afraid that your illness would act up again. Dad and I are worried about your health, that’s all.”

“Enough!” Eleanor lost her temper. Puffing her bosom out in a rage, she took her frustration out on her son. “She’s your sister too, Sean. I will not permit you to speak about her like that. I will really be furious if you do.”

Sean pouted sulkily, but fell silent.

Benjamin did his best to remain patient. “Eleanor, calm yourself. I have seen the girl, and I must admit that she bears an uncanny resemblance to you. However, the world is a big place. Having doppelgangers is not as rare as it sounds. We can have it verified through a DNA test if you suspect that she’s our daughter. We’ll see what the test says before taking any further action.”

Eleanor glared at her husband with scathing disbelief. After being married to him for decades, she was familiar with his tactics of delay. Besides, no one knew how much her husband disliked their eldest daughter better than her.

“Benjamin, I am not doing a DNA test,” she said flatly before changing tacts and adopting a more cooperative tone. “The young lady you met earlier was not our daughter, I promise you. Amelia and I are just here in Beshya for a vacation. I will return to Saspiburg with you. Just leave the girl alone. She’s innocent.” Knowing Benjamin, he is going to make things difficult and cause the girl that I have sought after with so much difficulty to slip through my fingers again. Being subservient to him is my only chance.

Regarding the matter of having Amelia be reunited with the family, Benjamin would never allow it, even if she were to threaten him with her life. In some ways, Benjamin can be so much crueler than I could ever imagine him to be.

To her surprise, Benjamin collected himself and sat on the couch with both hands on his thighs. "There's no rush for that, Eleanor. I will be here with you to keep you company until you are ready to depart, then we'll return to Saspiuburg together. Amelia told me that the young lady next door has been good to her. She even treats our daughter like her own sister. Imagine that! I would like to pay her a visit. I had Sean prepare some gifts that these younger folks would like."

Upon hearing his words, Eleanor looked positively alarmed at that. "What are you planning on doing, Benjamin?" she cried. "I've already told you she's not our daughter! I said I'm willing to return with you. What else do you want from me? Will you not rest until you see me safely within the walls of an asylum?"

Gazing at his wife placidly, Benjamin uttered, "What is it that you're afraid of, Eleanor? If she really is our daughter, do you think I would be wicked enough to harm her?"

Eleanor drew deep, calming breaths before speaking.

"Let's have a private chat, Benjamin," Eleanor stated curtly, pointing at the door.

"Fine."

With that, the couple entered the study. Eleanor shut the door before sitting down on the couch, arms crossed in front of her in a defensive pose.

"Benjamin, do not harm that innocent girl. I will return to Saspiuburg with you."

"I think you are mistaken, Eleanor. I have no intention of doing such a thing. I would just like to see the girl who you've grown so fond of and find out how it is possible for her to uncover a twenty-year-old family secret and use it to gain your trust." Benjamin's voice dripped with malice.

"Leave her alone, Benjamin. I'm begging you."

"She has no relations to me whatsoever. Why would I harm her? It's illogical."

Eleanor's eyes grew red again. She half-kneeled in front of her husband and gazed up at him. "We've been married for so many years, Benjamin," she whispered. "If you've ever loved me, leave that girl alone. She had disappeared because of our negligence. After two decades of suffering, she finally managed to build a home of her own. I will promise you I'll never tell her the truth, but please, allow me to visit her every now and then. That is the only thing I will ask for from you ever again. I'm afraid I might not survive it if you tear me away from her again."

Staring down at her, the elder man sneered. "This is the first time after her disappearance that you have spoken to me with such gentleness. I think it's ironic that you are appealing to my love as your husband on behalf of that bastard daughter of yours. Somehow, your begging doesn't make me feel as good as it should."

Eleanor's face turned deathly white.

"What do you mean, Benjamin?"

"Isn't the girl a product of an affair you had? Did you know that her existence remains a giant thorn in my side all these years? On the day she was born, I had to fight the impulse to strangle her on the spot."

Staring at Benjamin in horror, Eleanor stood up and backed away from her husband, who was suddenly unrecognizable to her. Her lower lip trembled for a long time before she choked, "You think she is a product of my infidelity?"

Benjamin's silence was as good as a confession.

At that, Eleanor suddenly wailed in mirthless laughter. She had never understood why her husband had harbored such a dislike for their eldest daughter over the years. In her confusion, she made the assumption that he felt resentment at the fact that his firstborn was a girl. Never in her wildest dreams could she have concocted such a possibility.

Though she could not proclaim as having been completely loyal, she would not cheat on him as long as he did not cheat on her. After over twenty years, it was the first time she had heard the mention of infidelity in their marriage.

"Even though we could never be as deeply in love as other couples," whispered Eleanor, her voice hoarse from exertion. "I thought we had at least shared a degree of trust between us. I didn't expect you to harbor such suspicions toward me. Your excuse hurt more than a knife in my heart."

Benjamin glared at her with disdain. Getting to his feet, he walked slowly toward Eleanor. "You're right, we have had a long marriage. I don't care if you have been unfaithful all those years ago. Let us forget about the bastard girl and pretend that she was never born."

Eleanor stumbled backward, as she suddenly felt terrified at the man who shared her bed. He even went as far as to disown his own flesh and blood based on his delusional suspicions. Sure, we can do a DNA test, but he is just going to ignore the report, even if the facts are staring him in the face. A man with an ego as large as this is truly something to behold.

She had thought that he merely disliked their eldest daughter, but never could she have imagined that he would think of the child as being a product of her infidelity.

An accusation like this hurts even more than a stab to the chest.

“Benjamin, you’re out of your mind!” Eleanor screamed, looking quite deranged. “She is your daughter, I assure you. I have never been unfaithful. I have always done my duty by keeping my distance from other men. I don’t know who has been planting ideas in your head, but I have never done anything I shouldn’t have. She is our daughter, and I am proud to tell the world that. Anybody who lays a finger on her will suffer my full wrath. You completely disappoint me, Benjamin.”

As Eleanor strode toward the door, Benjamin lunged forward to grab her by the arm.

“Let go of me!” Eleanor threw herself free of his grip.

“Our only children are Amelia and Sean,” repeated Benjamin grimly. “The addition of another child will only bring chaos to the Hutton household.”

Hearing that, Eleanor chuckled bitterly. Nobody in the world could possibly understand how it feels to have a husband who refuses to embrace his own daughter.

“Benjamin, I’m so disappointed in you,” declared Eleanor quietly. My own husband has been suspecting me of infidelity for over twenty years.

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Chapter 373 Conflict Arising

Eleanor waved a hand dejectedly. “Benjamin, we’ve been at odds long enough. If you think I would be unfaithful to you with other men, we shouldn’t even remain married. Let’s get a divorce.”

At that, Benjamin’s features hardened.

“What did you say?”

“Let’s get a divorce,” she repeated. “I didn’t have the courage to say this to you twenty years ago, but I do now. I don’t understand you at all, and I don’t see the necessity of keeping this meaningless marriage going.”

Benjamin’s lips twisted into a cruel smile. “Eleanor, your illness is acting up again. I’ll have Dr. Perkins take a look at you when we get back to Saspiuburg. Your poor brain must be addled with imbalances for you to be spewing so much nonsense.”

Eleanor glared at him lividly.

“Benjamin, this child has been the cause of the wedge between us for over twenty years. You hate her, and I feel guilty about her. We will never be able to reconcile our opposing stances regarding her.” Her head drooped sadly.

Placing both his hands on her shoulders, Benjamin remarked, “Calm down, Eleanor. You are not well. When we return to Saspiuburg, I will have Dr. Perkins give you an examination.”

Eleanor stared at her husband, her mind racing with emotions she was too tired to identify.

The next moment, she smacked his hands aside and strode quickly toward the door before turning around. “Benjamin, I am extremely disappointed in you.”

Without another word, she exited the study and left him alone inside.

Benjamin clenched his fists, and his knuckles cracked menacingly. Moments later, Sean knocked on the door. “Dad.”

Looking at his son grimly, Benjamin ordered, “Sean, find out where that woman came from. I would like to see the woman brazen enough to swindle your mother like that.”

Sean entered and shut the door before approaching his father. “Dad, that girl does look a lot like Mom. If she really is our long-lost sister, why can’t we have her back in the family? It would make Mom really happy.”

“Don’t you forget who the patriarch of this family is.” Benjamin scowled at his son. “You will do as I say, you understand? Lest you forget, you and Amelia are my only children.”

Sean felt the urge to ask a question that had been burning in his heart for many years. “Dad, as early as I recall, you don’t like our sister. Why?”

“She isn’t your sister,” snapped Benjamin. “If I hear you calling her that one more time, you will be disowned.”

Sean hung his head. “Yes, Dad. I will remember that.”

“Go on, then. I want everything you have on her by tonight.”

“I’ll get it done, Dad.”

Benjamin waited for Sean to leave before striding over to the window, his thoughts imperceptible behind his steely, unperturbed gaze.

To his credit, his son carried out his task with unbelievable speed. Within half a day, he had managed to gather all the available information there was to find regarding Amelia Winters.

“Dad, these are the information you asked for.” Sean placed the freshly printed pages on a table before his father with a respectful bow.

Benjamin studied the pages, and when he arrived at the column detailing Amelia’s parents, his gaze darkened. It’s the exact same family I’d sent the brat to all those years ago. How meddlesome it is for her to come drifting back after sending her away all those years ago!

In a rage, Benjamin tore up all the papers.

“Get me your sister,” he demanded.

“Dad,” Sean pleaded, “Amelia acted out of the goodness in her heart. She is not aware of the grudges you have held. Please don’t get her involved in this?”

“Get her in here,” Benjamin repeated quietly.

“Yes, Dad.” With that, Sean strode out, defeated.

After fifteen minutes, Amelia shuffled in reluctantly. “Daddy,” she greeted him from afar.

“Why did you bring your mother to Beshya?”

“Daddy, Mom told me it has been a long time since she had come to Beshya for a vacation. That was why I brought her here.”

“Tell me the truth,” he demanded.

Amelia hesitated. “Daddy, Mom became ill over fretting for our sister over the years. Her condition became so dangerous that she was almost admitted to the asylum. As the disappearance of her daughter had been the cause of the illness, why should she be denied the opportunity to meet her? It was no small feat to locate our sister.”

“Rubbish!” Benjamin slammed the table with his hand, causing his daughter to jump backward in fright. “Amelia, I have indulged you too much and, as a result, encouraged this wayward behavior. It was you who told me you have found your sister, was it not? It was also you who was going around spreading rumors about having a sister. Only you and your brother are the heirs of the Hutton family. If it was for this reason that you had your mother travel all this way to Beshya and cause her condition to worsen, you are in deep trouble, young lady. Come back to Saspberg with me at once. You have a lot of life choices to rethink once we get back.”

Growing indignant, Amelia refuted, "Daddy, why are you being difficult? You know Amelia is my sister! I have even taken samples of her and Mom's hair for a DNA test, which concluded that they have a similarity of ninety-nine point nine percent! Only a fool would deny that she is your daughter! How are you this hard-headed to ignore hard evidence laid before you?"

"Do you think that this test result is sufficient as evidence that the girl is mine?" Benjamin snarled. "For the last time, there are only two heirs of the Hutton family. If you keep feeding your mother with your fanciful ideas, you are going to have to start paying your own expenses."

Amelia could not believe the extent of her father's denial of refusing to recognize her long-lost sister as his daughter and even banning the servants from mentioning her.

"Daddy, she is your daughter," Amelia insisted. "Why are you—"

"Still on the subject, are we? Do I have to whip you for the message to sink through your thick skull?"

Amelia stood petrified, unable to answer.

"You are not to speak of such nonsense to your mother again. Is that understood? She will have an appointment with her psychologist once we arrive back at Saspiuburg."

"Daddy, how could you be so mean to Mom?" Amelia wailed. "It took her so much effort to finally locate her daughter!"

Benjamin's face turned purple with rage. Leaping out of his chair, he strode over to Amelia and stood dangerously close to her. "Say it again."

Amelia recoiled in fear and stumbled backward.

"Daddy," she pleaded.

"You are a Hutton, Amelia," proclaimed Benjamin. "If you speak the name of somebody who should not exist once more, consider yourself disowned from this family."

Amelia's eyes widened in shock.

"Daddy..."

"If you want an older sister so badly, you can forget about having a father. I am done dealing with your insubordination."

“Why, Daddy? She is your own flesh and blood, for God’s sake! You know as well as anyone that Mom had almost descended into madness for her long-lost daughter. How could you-”

Slap!

Clutching her cheek, Amelia gaped at her father, horror-struck.

“How could you hit me, Daddy?” she choked. In less than a week, I’ve had both my parents slap me across the face!

“You’re grounded when we get back,” Benjamin remarked. “If you continue to be this obstinate, you can forget about having any pocket money to spend! Clearly, shopping has turned you into an idiotic little girl.”

“Daddy, you are so unreasonable!” With that, she turned her tear-soaked cheeks away and ran out of the study.

Benjamin looked murderous. His chest was heaving as if he had sprinted a mile. Clenching his fists, he once again sank into a reverie.

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Chapter 374 Teach Him A Lesson

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

“Where’s your mother?” Benjamin asked.

“She’s in her room.”

“Get her some food, then. We don’t want to starve her, do we?”

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

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

Upon hearing that, Sean fell silent.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No. It's Mr. Hutton."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The nanny will handle it."

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

Benjamin said nothing as he sized Kurt up.

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

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

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

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

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

After giving it some thought, Benjamin finally nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ms. Winters, I've seen plenty of people like you who would do just about anything to get into the high-society circles," Benjamin scoffed before getting up from the sofa.

"Ladies, I don't care where you're from, and neither do I want to know how you learned about your uncanny resemblance to my wife. She may be soft-hearted and gullible, but that doesn't mean the rest of the Hutton family are fools."

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

With that, he marched out of the apartment.

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

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

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

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

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

"Amelia..."

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

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

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

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

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

Kurt nodded, having already thought of a plan.

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Chapter 375 The Cold Shoulder

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

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

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

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

Upon hearing that, Benjamin scowled in frustration.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dad, calm down."

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

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

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

"Hey, Kurt, have the Huttons left?"

"Yes."

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

"Terrible."

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

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

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

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

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

Once again, Kurt stayed silent.

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

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

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

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

"Do you mean Daddy?"

"Yes. Do you like him?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Amelia could not help but let out a bitter chuckle. "So what if I know the truth? What difference would it make? The Winters have made me feel like a stranger in the family, and there's nothing I can do about that. But now that I have Tony and my loved ones, I no longer have to worry about those who don't matter to me."

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

Alas, Amelia had no answer to that.

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

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

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

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

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

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Eleanor came moments after Benjamin left. When Tiffany opened the door for her, she stood there and said in a polite, yet distant manner, "Mrs. Hutton, our humble house can't possibly accommodate such an important person like you. It's better if you don't enter. Otherwise, your husband might accuse us of approaching you for ulterior motives. I don't even know what you have that's worthy enough for us to spend so much effort approaching you!"

With an embarrassed look, Eleanor protested anxiously, "Tiffany, I can explain myself. Where's Lia? I want to meet her."

"She's not here, so please go back. We've only met by chance, so there's no need for you to ruin your relationship with your husband." Tiffany made it very clear that it was time for Eleanor to leave.

"Tiffany, please let me in. I just want to see Lia!" pleaded Eleanor.

"Mrs. Hutton, I have a question for you. If you answer it honestly, I'll let you enter. Otherwise, I have no choice but to refuse," stated Tiffany solemnly as she stared at Eleanor.

"What is it?"

"Why are you so nice to Amelia? From what I remember, both of you aren't biologically related," asked Tiffany directly.

Eleanor was stumped by the question.

"Is it difficult to answer that question? If so, I'm sorry. I'm going to close the door now."

"Don't! Please, I just want to have a glimpse of Lia. My husband did that because he wanted to protect me. My mental health hasn't been great recently, so he's afraid that I might get scammed. If he said something nasty to you, I apologize on his behalf. Please don't mind him!" pleaded Eleanor with a tone of despair.

Tiffany's resolve wavered. However, she still could not figure out the elder woman. Since she has already come here, why is she refusing to acknowledge Amelia as her daughter? She was completely clueless about what had happened.

Benjamin was afraid that Amelia was approaching them for ulterior motives. However, the Hutton family might be getting close to them for other purposes as well. The goal might be the Clintons, whom Amelia was affiliated with. Even if Amelia had already gotten a divorce from Oscar, she was still raising Tony. It was possible that the others wanted to use her as a stepping stone to build a relationship with Oscar. They had no choice but to guard against such evil intentions.

After all, looks could be deceiving. While others might be wary toward them, they would also be worried when others were nice to them for no reason.

“Mrs. Hutton, we don’t mind what Mr. Hutton said to us. However, Amelia doesn’t want to be involved with you unnecessarily. I think that there’s no reason for you to be so nice to her out of nowhere. When that happens, there’s either an ulterior motive or the person is up to no good. I don’t care which one of them applies to you, but I just don’t approve of Amelia interacting with you excessively. You should come after figuring out who Amelia is to you. I’m sorry, but I’m going to close the door now.” With that said, Tiffany shut the door.

Eleanor stared at the closed door. She opened her mouth but could not utter a single word, as if there was something blocking her throat.

Opening the door, the other Amelia walked toward Eleanor. “Mom, have you given up? If so, return to Saspiuburg with me. Dad doesn’t want you to acknowledge her, and she has no intention of acknowledging you as her mother, either. There’s no need to force her. Go back with me! Don’t make Dad angry again.”

Eleanor cast a glance at her before entering the apartment.

Amelia followed her in. After closing the door, she looked at Eleanor, who was sitting on the sofa, and persuaded, “Mom, come back to Saspiuburg with me. Do you know that your dearest daughter instructed someone to terminate our company’s contracts? Had I known that she’s such a vengeful person, I wouldn’t have approached her deliberately, let alone test her DNA against yours and Dad’s.”

“Amelia, don’t go too far. How can you frame your own sister? She’s blind and doesn’t have any family in Beshya. How can a girl like her intervene with the company’s affairs? I didn’t expect you to be so evil that you’ll defame your sister like that,” chided Eleanor unhappily.

Crossing her arms, Amelia smiled wryly. “Are you accusing me of defaming her, Mom? Do you know that Kurt, who’s with her now, admitted to Dad that he’s responsible for making the company fall into a financial crisis? If you don’t believe me, you can ask him.”

“Even if Kurt might be responsible for it, it doesn’t mean that your sister instructed him to do it! Your sister is very kind-hearted. I won’t let you say anything bad about her!” scolded Eleanor. It had not been easy for her to find her long-lost daughter. Hence, she would not let Amelia suffer anymore, especially not at the hands of her own family.

Clenching her fists, Amelia exclaimed furiously, “Mom, you’re delusional! How can you defend a daughter who doesn’t want to acknowledge you as her mother? She even caused the company to get into trouble!”

“Amelia, if you say this again, I’ll be angry. Your sister is very kind. She’ll never do something like that!”

“You must be out of your mind, Mom. How can you be so biased for the sake of an estranged daughter? Aren’t you afraid of hurting the entire family? To be honest, I’m disappointed in you. I thought that you’d be objective, but... Forget it. I won’t say anything else. If you continue acting like this, you might just betray your loved ones one day.” With that, Amelia stomped into her room directly, leaving Eleanor sitting on the sofa alone.

Her expression was grim as she lost herself in her own thoughts.

On the other side, Tiffany entered the bedroom and informed, “Babe, I sent Mrs. Hutton away. If you don’t want to be overly involved with her, there’s no need for us to interact with her.”

Standing beside the window, Amelia turned around and replied, “Thank you, Tiff.”

When Tiffany was about to say something, a call came. Seeing that it was from Derrick, she accepted the call.

She and Derrick exchanged sweet nothings for a while before he brought up the main topic, “Tiff, Oscar’s men have already found Amelia’s location. His good friend, James, who’s also working as a doctor in Erihal, has already found a suitable pair of corneas for her. It’s donated by a patient suffering from the final stages of leukemia. He has already signed the organ donation contract. After he leaves the earth, we can let Amelia undergo the surgery.”

“For real?” Tiffany blurted excitedly. “They’ve truly found a suitable cornea for Amelia?”

“That’s what the intel from Oscar’s side said. He’s really something. For Amelia, he spent a lot of effort and reached out to a lot of his social networks all over the world to find a suitable pair of corneas for her. He’s genuinely in love with her. Tell Amelia to stop escaping. If she misses a man like him, it’ll be impossible to meet another one in the future,” advised Derrick through the phone.

Tiffany shot a glance at Amelia instinctively before asking, “Let’s discuss that when the time comes. Where is the patient from? Can we meet him personally?”

“I don’t know. The organ donation contract is supposed to be signed in secret. Were it not for this piece of insider information, outsiders like us would be completely oblivious about this. If you want to know, you can ask Oscar personally. However, since the patient is still around, the surgery for Amelia cannot proceed anytime soon.” After thinking about it for a while, Derrick continued, “Tiff, I heard from Oscar that he might look for Amelia soon. He said that he has given her almost two years, so she should’ve figured things out by now. This time, she’ll probably stay by his side.”

Finding it a bit strange, Tiffany blurted, "Mr. Hisson, are you familiar with him?"

"Well, we became closer through our disagreements. I don't want him to put you in a tough spot because of his desire to find Amelia. Hence, as your boyfriend, I have no choice but to get along with him," explained Derrick.

Even though Tiffany was touched, she knew that Derrick was merely teasing her. The real reason was that if he cooperated with Oscar, it would be beneficial for both his publishing company and their two families.

In the corporate world, it was mutually beneficial for two powerful people to become acquainted with each other. It was also desirable for potential business collaborations.

"All right, I'll stop messing with you. I miss you a lot. I'll come and find you after a while," said Derrick. "Don't tell Amelia that Oscar will be looking for her soon. Give her a huge surprise when the time comes."

Tiffany glanced at Amelia, who was trying her best to feign nonchalance despite her curiosity. She fell silent for a while before saying, "Okay."

After she ended the call, Tiffany walked toward Amelia. Holding her hand, she guided the former to sit on the bed before taking a seat herself. "Babe, you've probably heard my conversation with Derrick on the phone. Oscar had exhausted a lot of resources for James to find a suitable pair of corneas for you. In fact, he had spent around two years before he succeeded. It's from a patient suffering from the final stages of leukemia. When he's gone, you can undergo the cornea transplant surgery."

Hearing that, Amelia grabbed her dress excitedly. When she was about to speak, she realized her throat was exceedingly dry.

She swallowed her saliva before regaining her voice. "Tiff, is that true? Has he really found the cornea for me?"

"Other than Oscar, who else is rich enough to find the cornea within a short period of two years? Some people who went blind from an accident can't find a suitable cornea despite waiting for their entire lives. To be honest, you're very lucky, Amelia."

Grabbing Amelia's hand, Tiffany realized the former's hand was warm because of how excited she was. Patting her hand, Tiffany said, "I think that Oscar's genuinely nice to you. Since it has been almost two years since both of you met, I thought he would've forgotten about you. I didn't expect him to have such a huge surprise prepared for you. Just from this, it's hard to deny that he genuinely loves you. If your eyes can be cured, give him another chance. As for Kurt, I'm afraid that you'll have to disappoint him."

Tiffany was not saying that because it was advantageous to the situation. Instead, she knew Amelia had never forgotten about Oscar. If that was the case, why should she still separate two lovers who were fated to be together?

As the wise saying went, one would rather destroy ten temples than ruin a relationship. She was not powerful enough to separate two people forever.

Amelia fell silent for a long while before asking, "Tiff, can my eyes really be cured?"

"Once the leukemia patient dies, there'll be a suitable pair of corneas for your surgery. When that day comes, you'll be able to see the light again," assured Tiffany with a grin.

Hearing that, Amelia smiled in relief. The burden that had been tormenting her for two years had finally been lifted off of her.

She decided that if she could see again, she was willing to give both Oscar and herself another chance. She would give Tony a complete family, for she did not want him to grow up in a single-family without experiencing the joys of having both parents.

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Chapter 377 His Eyes Are Like Those Of Amelia

In the meantime, Oscar stood beside the window as he asked, "James, can you ask that leukemia patient to meet me?"

Standing up from the sofa, James questioned, "Why? Give me a reason. You know the donor is willing to donate his corneas and has signed a confidential contract. If you don't have a legitimate reason, I'm afraid I'll have to refuse you."

Oscar spun around and shot a sharp glance at James.

"Don't trick me with your fancy words, James. Can I meet him or not? Just answer me," asserted Oscar.

Shrugging, James chuckled. "Since you've already made the request, do I have the right to say no? If you want to meet him, I'll discuss with his family. However, he's a young man who had just reached twenty. He's an Anglandur-born Chanaean and his family is quite rich. The man agreed to donate the corneas, so they'll probably be willing to meet you."

"Arrange a date with them quickly. I want to meet him as soon as possible."

“Why do you insist on meeting him? Forgive me for being blunt, Oscar, but I’ll not allow you to do anything illegal. Although the young man’s in the final stages of leukemia, he still has the right to continue living,” warned James.

Rolling his eyes, Oscar replied in sarcasm, “James, I didn’t know that you had the potential to become a scriptwriter.”

“I’ve been obsessed with a few sci-fi films recently,” James responded with a shrug. “So I was actually quite tempted to quit my job as a doctor and become an author.”

Naturally, Oscar did not believe his nonsense.

“I just want to see what the eyes that are so suitable for my wife look like. After all, they’ll be following her for the rest of her life,” explained Oscar.

“Okay, I’ll arrange for it. However, you must not threaten or tempt the patient.”

Oscar ignored him.

As a very efficient man, James quickly set up a date for both of them to meet. Oscar even flew to Anglandur, especially for that.

When he and James entered the restaurant, a Chanaean girl, who was studying overseas there, welcomed them.

“Follow me upstairs, sirs.”

The two of them went upstairs and entered the private room. There were three people already seated inside—a middle-aged couple and a young man who looked like he was in his twenties.

Standing up, the middle-aged couple greeted, “Hello, Dr. James.”

James smiled at them before walking to the young man. “Glenn, how are you feeling?”

Although his face was pale, he was quite handsome. More importantly, he was very polite. Even though he was already suffering from the final stages of leukemia, he did not show any resentment for life.

“Hello, Dr. James. I’m feeling fine. Thank you for caring for me over this period of time,” said Glenn. Struggling to stand up from the chair, he extended a hand to James.

Shaking his head, James uttered, “Glenn, this is the husband of the woman whose corneas are highly similar to yours. He wants to see what the person who can cure his wife looks like.”

Glenn glanced at Oscar and said with a smile, "Are you from Chanaea, sir? I'm glad that my corneas can return to Chanaea. Although my parents are from Chanaea, I was born in Anglandur. I've never been to Chanaea even once. Initially, I wanted to study overseas at Chanaea for college and visit my parent's hometown, Norham. But I guess that is impossible now. After I die, I hope that the person who receives my corneas can go there for me and see if it's as beautiful as my parents describe it to be."

When Oscar took a brief glimpse of Glenn's eyes, he could not help but admit that they were indeed beautiful—his eyes were huge and his eyelashes were long, just like Amelia's.

Feeling as though he was looking right at Amelia, Oscar fell into a daze.

"Your eyes look like my wife's," remarked Oscar subconsciously.

"Really? That is an honor," said Glenn. "Sir, you look like a very accomplished man. Since you're good friends with James, you must be very exceptional, too. Your wife must be a beautiful lady as well. I'm glad that I can donate my corneas to her."

Upon hearing that, Oscar could not help but smile.

He chatted and ate with the family for one and a half hours. By the time he came out, the streetlamps had been lit. The night scenery in Anglandur was extraordinarily gorgeous.

"How was it, Oscar? Isn't the young man polite? You must be satisfied that Amelia can receive such a pair of corneas," remarked James as he hung his coat over his arm.

Nodding in satisfaction, Oscar agreed, "His eyes look just like Amelia's."

James shoved Oscar's shoulders and teased, "Oscar, you and Amelia are already divorced. Yet, you spent so much time and money to find a suitable pair of corneas for her. Even if you're lovesick, she might not reciprocate your love."

"If it's for her, everything is worth it."

James shrugged nonchalantly.

"It's my first time seeing you do so many things for a woman, Oscar. It's already beyond my expectations. I can't figure out why Amelia left all of a sudden, even though you've changed so much. When I heard you got a divorce from her, I was really shocked."

After a slight pause, he continued, "I thought that people here are less conservative, but I didn't expect the divorce rates in Chanaea to be so high as well. Just when I was so confident that both of you won't get a divorce, news of it came to me so suddenly. Needless to say, I was flabbergasted."

“James, you’re talking too much.”

“You can’t say that, Oscar. Without my help, could you have found a suitable pair of corneas for Amelia so quickly? You haven’t even returned the favor to me, yet you’re making such sarcastic remarks. You’re being ungrateful, you know?”

“I’ve already bought the building opposite Clinton Corporations and am planning to establish a private hospital. I’ve already prepared the medical staff and equipment. It’ll start operations next month. You will be the director of the hospital. Treat it as my compensation to you. As for the profits, I’ll get 70%, and you’ll get 30%,” said Oscar as he fidgeted with the key in his hand.

James grabbed the key from him and replied with a smile, “I like your gift a lot, Oscar. I was planning to reside in Chanaea, and you’ve already settled my job for me. From a mere doctor, I’ve been promoted to the director in an instant! It’s a huge leap, but I like it a lot. Thank you!”

“I’m not giving it to you for nothing. I want the hospital to profit, okay?” Pausing for a while, Oscar questioned, “How long does the leukemia patient have?”

What an abrupt change of topic!

“At the very least, three months,” James replied honestly. “At the maximum, half a year. His illness has been dragging on for three years. It’s considered a miracle in the medical field. It’s a huge pity—he’s a decent lad.”

Oscar did not care whether it was a pity or not. All he wanted to know was whether Amelia’s cornea transplant could proceed as planned. Seeing how similar the young man’s eyes were to Amelia’s, he was very satisfied.

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Chapter 378 Reunited After Two Years

Ever since a compatible cornea was found for Amelia, time passed quickly. In the blink of an eye, half a year went by. James sent word from Anglandur that the young donor’s condition had worsened and only had a few days left. Hence, he instructed Oscar to take Amelia there at once. With all the equipment in place, the operation to transplant the cornea would commence upon Amelia’s arrival.

Together with Hugo, Oscar drove to the airport and waited for the flight at the terminal.

Meanwhile, Derrick who had been camping out at the airport walked up to Oscar. He suggested with a smile, “Mr. Clinton, I hope you don’t mind taking another person with

you to Beshya. While you pick up your lady, I hope to pick up mine. Since mine has accompanied yours for the last two years, I think it's time for her to return to my side."

Oscar pointed to the seat next to him. "Have a seat."

After Derrick sat down, both of them didn't talk to each other. It wasn't until they had their tickets checked during boarding that they realized they were seated next to each other.

When Oscar saw Derrick sitting beside him, his gaze sharpened. "Derrick, what are you up to?"

Shrugging, Derrick grinned. "I'm just happy that you can meet your ex-wife again while I'll be reunited with my woman. Isn't this a win-win situation?"

"Derrick, regardless of what you plan to do. I hope that you will not interfere in my affairs with Amelia. We will resolve it ourselves," Oscar warned.

Derrick smiled. "Mr. Clinton, I believe we share the same goal. Aren't we just looking to be with the woman we love?"

After shooting him a glance, Oscar shut his eyes.

Both of them spent the rest of the flight in silence.

After disembarking, Oscar prepared to get into a car that Hugo had arranged for him. As for Derrick, he too had a car prepared in advance. Before getting in, Derrick remarked, "Mr. Clinton, let's see who will reach there first." The moment he finished, both of them got into their respective cars.

Oscar ordered, "Drive."

As the driver drove dutifully, it took them an hour and a half to reach the neighborhood where Amelia was staying in.

After coming to a stop, the driver informed, "Mr. Clinton, we have arrived."

Opening his eyes, Oscar looked out the window. Staring at the same neighborhood he visited two years ago, he felt a surreal sensation.

Back then, he had run into a lady that looked like Amelia. At that moment, he had thought that luck had brought his wife back to him. But in the end, it was nothing more than a misunderstanding. It wasn't until a year and a half later that he realized that he had missed her.

Putting his hand on his chest, Oscar could feel the pounding of his heart where a flurry of mixed emotions flooded into it. He felt both anxious and excited. But most importantly, he was filled with anticipation to be able to see Amelia again.

Silly gal, I'm here now. This time, I will never let you slip out of my hands again.

"Mr. Clinton, are you getting off?" the driver asked.

However, Oscar simply continued observing the neighborhood. It wasn't until an unforgettable silhouette appeared that he opened the door and dashed out.

Given that he had made prior arrangements with the neighborhood security guards, none of them got in his way.

When he was just a few steps away from her, he came to a halt. His razor-sharp gaze turned into a gentle look in a flash. Staring at her longingly, he realized she hadn't changed at all during the two years they were apart.

The moment Tiffany saw Oscar appear out of nowhere, she was filled with surprise. Putting a finger to her lips to shush him, she turned to Amelia and said, "Babe, I suddenly remembered that I left my phone upstairs. Can you wait here for me while I go get it?"

Amelia replied with a smile, "Go on. I'll be here."

"Are you sure you'll be fine alone?"

"Just go. I promise I won't go anywhere."

"All right, I'll be back in a jiffy." Just as she spoke, she looked in Oscar's direction and mouthed the words, "Oscar, don't frighten her."

With that, Tiffany walked away to give them some privacy.

The moment Tiffany returned to the house, she saw Kurt at the entrance. After looking at him with mixed emotions, she turned her attention to the two outside the apartment.

"Kurt, I'm sure you can see for yourself that he has found us. A-Are you all right?" Tiffany gave Kurt an apologetic look. Despite her usual eloquence, she didn't know what to say to comfort him.

Meanwhile, with his lips pursed and fists clenched, Kurt was staring intently at Amelia outside.

“Kurt, I’m sorry. I think destiny has no plans for the both of you. Now that Oscar is here, your efforts in pursuing her for the last two years are—” Gone. Tiffany didn’t finish her sentence out loud.

After shifting his gaze away from Amelia, Kurt turned around and headed upstairs. Feeling concerned, Tiffany ran after him and asked, “Kurt, are you all right? Are you really okay?”

Soon, their figures disappeared from the stairway.

Back outside the building, Oscar strode up to Amelia step by step. When he was inches away from her, he embraced her, giving her a fright. Just when she was about to struggle, she caught a whiff of an unforgettable scent. Right after that, her eyes glistened in surprise, and tears began to well up in them.

“O-Oscar?” she asked in disbelief.

“Yes, it’s me. I’m here. Next time, I will never let go of your hand again,” Oscar reassured her with a deep voice while leaning his head against hers.

All of a sudden, Amelia’s eyes reddened, and tears began to flow uncontrollably. Oscar’s heart ached when he saw her suppressing her sobs. Just when he tried to wipe away her tears, she pushed him away unexpectedly and turned around to walk away. Due to her inability to navigate, she tripped on herself, causing her to fall onto the ground.

“Amelia!” Jolted by the sight, Oscar rushed over. Kneeling down, he examined her for injuries and noticed that she had scraped her elbow. He carried her up in his arms and asked, “Does it hurt?”

At that moment, Amelia resigned to closing her eyes and burying her face in his chest. Lowering his gaze at her, Oscar couldn’t help but break into a smile as he carried her into the elevator.

“Which floor is it?” he asked patiently.

However, Amelia simply snuggled in his arms without saying a word.

“If you don’t tell me, I’ll kiss you right here in the elevator.”

Finally, she raised her head and looked at Oscar with her dark listless eyes. The look in her eyes seemed to be asking him why he had become so shameless after two years apart.

Even though not a single word was said, Oscar could somehow read her mind. Perhaps, it was the result of the invisible bond that both of them shared.

“Which floor? Or else, I’m really going to kiss you,” Oscar repeated with a chuckle.

“The tenth floor.”

After pressing the elevator button, Oscar’s mood improved dramatically.

On their way up, Oscar couldn’t peel his eyes away from Amelia. In fact, he could barely hide the raging passion in his eyes.

After exiting the elevator, Oscar headed to the door with Amelia in his arms. Coincidentally, Amelia Hutton opened her door and walked out. The moment she saw Oscar, memories from a year and a half ago came flooding back into her mind.

“Hello, aren’t you the man who came here more than a year ago?” Amelia Hutton asked warmly as she approached them. After all, Oscar and Derrick’s features were the kind that was hard to forget. When Amelia Hutton first saw Oscar, she had a good impression of him. However, since it was a chance encounter, she didn’t think too much about getting his number.

At the same time, when Oscar saw Amelia Hutton, who closely resembled Amelia Winters, he couldn’t help but feel a jolt in his heart. Nevertheless, all he did was nod at her plainly.

Instead, it was Amelia Winters who raised her head and asked, “Is that Amelia?”

Only then did Amelia Hutton notice Amelia Winters. When she saw Oscar carrying Amelia intimately, the look in her eyes changed for a fleeting moment.

“Amy, who is this?” Amelia Hutton asked.

Staring at the two similar-looking faces, Oscar lowered his head and asked, “Do you know each other?”

Blinking, Amelia Winters replied, “Let’s talk inside.”

Nodding cordially at Amelia Hutton, Oscar suggested, “Let’s go in first, as Amelia has scraped herself.”

With that, he headed toward the apartment entrance with Amelia in his arms. Suppressing the jealousy within her, Amelia Hutton followed them from behind.

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Kurt opened the door for them. When both men locked eyes, an indescribable tension filled the air.

In the end, Kurt relented. Shifting his gaze to Amelia, who was in Oscar's arms, he subconsciously wanted to take her from him. However, Oscar declined, "It's all right. I'll do it."

Just when Kurt felt awkward, Amelia Hutton defused the situation.

"Kurt, Amy's hurt. Let's just go in first," she proposed.

With a narrowing gaze, Kurt stepped aside.

At the same time, Tiffany came out with Tony. When she saw Amelia in Oscar's arms, she hurried over and asked, "Amelia, what happened? Where are you hurt? Oscar, what have you done? Why didn't you protect her? She lost her vision due to your sister. And now, you got her injured the moment you return. Are you a jinx or what?"

Tony ran up to Oscar and began to punch and kick him. "Big Meanie, let go of my mommy at once. She belongs to Daddy."

Lowering his gaze to look at Tony who was taller than his peers, Oscar's eyes were filled with mixed emotions. Although he was proud of how protective his son was, his expression darkened when he heard Tony yelling the word "Daddy."

With Amelia in his arms, Oscar quickly sat down on the sofa and asked, "Is there a first aid kit? Amelia fell down and scraped her elbow."

Tiffany quickly ran into the house and came out with one.

After receiving it, Oscar prepared to apply some iodine on Amelia. However, she pulled her hand back and remarked, "I'm fine."

Ignoring her protest, Oscar forcefully pulled her hand back and applied the medication on her carefully.

"Are you hurt anywhere else?" Oscar asked affectionately.

Amelia retracted her hand at once and answered, "No, thank you."

Upon hearing that, Oscar did not force the issue.

Meanwhile, Derrick walked out from behind while wiping his hands. Smiling, he commented, "What's going on? Why is everyone so quiet?" Just as he spoke, he turned

to Amelia Winters and added, "Mr. Clinton, must you arrive with such fanfare? The moment you do, you caused Amelia to be injured."

Oscar simply gave him the side-eye.

When Amelia Hutton saw Derrick, she exclaimed, "Mr. Hisson, you're here too! It's been a while since I saw you."

Derrick smiled at her. "You can just call me Derrick."

Amelia Hutton nodded with a grin.

"Amy, who is this? Aren't you going to introduce us?" Amelia Hutton asked innocently while seated on a nearby sofa.

The question made Amelia Winters feel awkward. Due to what Kurt did to the Hutton family's company, Amelia Hutton hadn't dropped by for some time. Instead, it was Eleanor who would occasionally visit despite how unwelcomed Tiffany made her feel. In fact, Eleanor came so often with food that even Tiffany felt bad for giving her the cold shoulder.

"He's my ex—" Before she could explain, Oscar interjected, "Amelia is my wife. Before this, there was a misunderstanding between us that caused her to come to Beshya with Tony. Anyway, I'm Oscar Clinton. May I know who you are? How did you get to know my wife?"

Considering how Amelia Hutton resembled Amelia Winters, Oscar was cordial to her.

With a forced smile, Amelia Hutton feigned naivety and remarked, "You're Amy's husband? In that case, who is Kurt? All this while, I assumed Kurt and Amy were about to get married because they were living together. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that. What I meant was that I thought both of them were together."

Her words caused everyone's expressions to drastically change.

With a grim look on his face, Oscar shot a discreet glance at Kurt before replying with a smile, "You have gotten the wrong idea. Kurt is a bodyguard I have assigned to protect Amelia and Tony. That's the reason why they are staying under the same roof."

Pretending to have suddenly realized the fact, Amelia Hutton nodded. "Oh, I see. I'm really sorry. It's just that Amy has never mentioned that Kurt is her bodyguard. I assumed they were together because they made a good couple. My apologies, I don't mean that you're not compatible. I just got ahead of myself there. I hope you don't mind."

Pulling Amelia Winters closer to him in a domineering manner, Oscar demonstrated his dominion over her.

Suddenly, Tony scowled at Oscar and confronted him, "Big Meanie! Let go of Mommy. Mommy and Daddy are a couple. How dare you take advantage of Mommy!"

Oscar allowed Tony to hit him however he wanted. All he did was stare at Tony with mixed emotions and rue the two years he missed spending with his son.

Meanwhile, Amelia Winters picked Tony up and hugged him. She was worried that Tony would infuriate Oscar with his words and damage the relationship between father and son. After all, both of them had not seen each other before.

"Tony, what have I been telling you? Didn't I teach you to be respectful to everyone? How can you go around hitting someone else?" Amelia admonished Tony while restraining him by the shoulders.

Feeling aggrieved, Tony retorted softly, "Mommy, Big Meanie is taking advantage of you. All I'm doing is chasing him away. So, I'm not being rude to anyone."

Having heard her son call Oscar Big Meanie, Amelia couldn't help but feel bitter about it. In fact, she even felt guilty that Oscar had to hear it. After all, she was the reason why Tony resented his father.

Despite sitting Tony on her lap, Amelia didn't know how to introduce Oscar to him.

"Tony, the man you call Big Meanie is actually..." Amelia turned toward Oscar and gave him a helpless look even though all she could see was darkness.

Oscar then took Tony from Amelia's arms. The moment he did, Tony struggled vehemently. "Let go of me, Big Meanie! Let go of me!" When he realized it was futile, Tony turned toward Kurt and yelled, "Daddy, save me. Big Meanie's trying to kidnap me!"

Tony's words intensified the awkwardness of everyone who knew their history.

Panicking in response, Amelia tightened the grip on her sleeve and pursed her lips.

Just when Kurt wanted to approach by reflex, Oscar's glare prevented him from doing so. Given that he had been trained by Oscar, there was an inherent tendency within him to obey his mentor. Even though he was now together with Amelia, the respect Kurt had for Oscar would always be deeply ingrained within him.

Gulping, Kurt instructed, "Tony, you have to behave." For his own selfish reasons, Kurt didn't tell Tony that Oscar was his father.

After he calmed down, Tony whined, "Daddy, I'll listen to you, but I still don't like Big Meanie."

When Tiffany saw the grumpy look on Tony's face, she couldn't help but be tickled.

Kneeling in front of him, she asked, "Tony, you're all grown up now, aren't you?"

After Tony nodded, he declared with pride, "I'm already a man and can protect Mommy and you from being kidnapped by bad guys and monsters."

Warmed by his words, Tiffany's eyes reddened.

"Tony, now that you're a man, there's something I want to tell you. So, please listen carefully. The man that you think is mean is actually your real daddy. As for Kurt, he's your godfather. Do you understand? I know you're a smart and obedient kid. Now that you have met your daddy, aren't you going to greet him?"

Tony looked up at Oscar before shifting his attention to Amelia. He asked, "Is he my daddy?"

Amelia nodded.

"Since he's my daddy, why haven't I seen him before? I thought married couples always stayed together on TV, isn't that right? Just like what Daddy and Mommy are doing," Tony asked.

Evidently, TV dramas were a bad influence on children.

Tiffany suddenly felt like giving up.

"Tony, your parents had a misunderstanding two years ago, causing your mommy to leave with you in a huff. Now that your daddy has found you and resolved the misunderstanding, you can be reunited with him. Aren't you glad about it?" Tiffany persuaded.

"No, I don't want to." Tony slipped down from Oscar's lap. Putting his hands on his hips, he proudly declared, "Big Meanie, in the name of the moon, I will destroy you! I don't want a daddy like you."

At that moment, Oscar's face turned grim while Amelia felt completely perplexed. As for Tiffany, she desperately tried to hold back her laughter.

Tony, looks like you're destined to make life difficult for Oscar. The Clinton family's legacy is strong in you indeed. Oscar didn't like his father too when he was young and only started to grow close when he was six. Your resentment of him is just Oscar getting a taste of his own medicine.

Given how domineering Oscar was in the business world, Tiffany was curious to see how he was going to deal with the rebellious Tony.

“Don’t you like me?” Oscar knelt in front of Tony and stared into his eyes.

Tilting his head, Tony pursed his lips and answered with a squeaky voice, “It’s not that I don’t like you, it’s just that our auras are incompatible. I prefer Daddy and Mommy to be together instead of you.”

His lips twitching, Oscar explained earnestly, “It’s normal for you to feel distant, as I have been missing from your life for two years. But don’t you worry, I will be spending a lot of time with you going forward. I’m sure you will come to like me then.”

Maintaining the tilt of his head, Tony asked like an adult, “Can I ask you a question?”

“Go on.”

“Why did you abandon me and Mommy? And why did you only come looking for us after so long?”

Oscar was stumped by the questions.

Gulping to gather his thoughts, he clarified, “Tony, that’s not what happened. I didn’t abandon you or your mommy. As you’re still a child, there’s no way I can explain it to you in simple terms. By the time you’re older and have someone you love of your own, you will naturally understand it then.”

“Older? But I’m already a man now,” Tony protested in his squeaky voice.

“You’ll understand when you’re a fully grown man.”

“You’re no fun at all. My daddy doesn’t treat me like a child and brush me off like that. He speaks to me as if I’m an adult. Given how cursory your answer is, it’s hard for me to like you at all,” Tony complained, perplexing Oscar.

Springing to her feet from the sofa, Amelia put her foot down. “Tony, don’t talk to your daddy like that.”

She felt guilty for causing the discord between father and son. After all, Oscar was suffering from the reckless decision she had single-handedly made. If she had known she would be reunited with Oscar two years later, she wouldn’t have gone through all that trouble. Evidently, what she did was both impulsive and unreasonable.

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After glancing at Amelia, Tony returned his gaze to Oscar. "Since Mommy has taught me to be polite, I won't call you Big Meanie anymore. Instead, I'll just call you a monster."

Just as he spoke, everyone burst into laughter. Even Amelia and Oscar, who were perplexed over the situation, didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

After running back to Amelia's side, Tony looked at Oscar warily.

Having watched the entire episode, Derrick couldn't help but laugh. He then teased, "Mr. Clinton, it's really rare to see you being embarrassed."

When Oscar shot him a glare, Derrick shrugged before commenting, "Mr. Clinton, I'm sure you didn't come here just to be scorned by Tony."

Derrick was just reminding Oscar of the true purpose of his visit.

Returning to his seat, Oscar pulled Amelia into his arms and explained, "Amelia, I have found a donor with a compatible cornea for you. So, you should start packing, as we will be traveling to Anglandur tomorrow where James has already prepared everything. Once the operation is completed, you'll be able to see again."

Fingers twitching, Amelia was visibly struck by emotion.

Even though Tiffany was told of the news a few days ago, she still ran up to Oscar and reconfirmed excitedly, "Oscar, is it really true that you found a donor for Amelia?"

Glancing at her, Oscar replied in a serious tone, "There's no way I would fool around with something like that."

Giving Oscar a thumbs-up, she praised, "Mr. Clinton, despite not seeing you for the last two years, your methods are as sharp and decisive as ever."

Only then did Oscar glance at Tiffany and remark thoughtfully, "I could say the same for how feisty you are. If I were to attack you, I'm sure you would be able to fend me off easily."

Laughing wryly, Tiffany conceded, "Mr. Clinton, it was nothing but a misunderstanding."

Feeling sidelined by their ongoing banter, Amelia Hutton stepped forward and interrupted, "Oscar, can I call you that?"

From Oscar's perspective, Amelia Hutton's attempted familiarity felt presumptuous to him.

Nevertheless, he couldn't bring himself to be angry at someone who looked like Amelia Winters. Hence, he lowered his gaze and asked, "Amelia, who is this?"

In response, Amelia discreetly tightened her grip on the sofa. Deep down, she could feel a sense of anxiety eating away at her. After all, Oscar fell for her precisely because she resembled Cassie in both looks and disposition. Now that everyone mentioned Amelia Hutton looked like her, she was worried that Oscar might channel his feelings toward Amelia Hutton instead.

Holding that thought, Amelia Winters laughed wryly to herself. Given that she and Oscar were divorced, she had no right to stop Oscar from loving someone else.

As Oscar held her hand and threaded his fingers with hers, Amelia struggled momentarily but didn't retract it for her own selfish reasons.

"Is she your biological sister? Given how we rushed through our marriage, I never had the opportunity to meet the rest of your family. To be honest, I should have done better over the years as your husband," Oscar commented.

"She's not my biological sister, just my godsister."

"I'm her sister."

Amelia Winters and Amelia Hutton replied at the same time.

When Oscar scrutinized Amelia Hutton, her heart couldn't resist fluttering at the attention. Just when she subconsciously wanted to put on a demure front, she realized that overdoing it would only make her look weird.

"Oscar, what I meant was we acknowledged each other as sisters due to our resemblance. All this while, I thought Kurt was my 'brother-in-law,' but I didn't expect it to be you. Therefore, I would like to welcome you as my 'brother-in-law,'" Amelia Hutton clarified.

After giving her another look, Oscar replied, "Both of you look like each other indeed. Nevertheless, Amelia is prettier than you and looks more dignified too."

Despite being briefly stung by his words, Amelia Hutton quickly regained her composure.

"That's what my mom said. But Oscar, you have hurt my feelings for ridiculing me. So don't blame me for bad-mouthing you to Amy," she retorted mischievously.

"Is that so? Looks like a lot has happened during the two years I wasn't by Amelia's side," Oscar remarked indifferently.

After a brief pause, Oscar added, "Since Amelia has acknowledged you as her godsister, you are by default my godsister too. Usually, I'm not too friendly with the ladies, so you will have to forgive me for that. Nevertheless, if there's anything you need, feel free to let me know, and I'll help you deal with it."

Covering her mouth, Amelia Hutton giggled.

"Oscar, I never expected you to have a sense of humor," she answered cordially.

As the atmosphere in the room improved, there was a knock on the door. After Tiffany got the door and came back with the guest, Oscar's eyes glistened at the figure behind her.

"Lia, who might this be?" Eleanor asked curiously when she saw Amelia in Oscar's arms.

Amelia shifted her attention to the direction of the voice and smiled. "Mrs. Hutton, you're here. Please have a seat."

Getting to his feet from the sofa, Oscar extended his hand to Eleanor and politely introduced himself, "Hello, I'm Amelia's husband. And you are..."

Even though Oscar and Amelia were married for five years, he had never met her family. Since it was a contract marriage then, he didn't mind the fact that no one from Amelia's family attended their wedding. As time went on, his indifference caused him not to bother finding out and to accept the status quo. Consequently, it led to the current situation where he assumed Eleanor was Amelia's mother. After all, both of them were the spitting image of each other, especially when it came to their eyes.

After observing Oscar as if he was her son-in-law, Eleanor increasingly approved of him.

She couldn't deny that he was an exemplary specimen of a man. From his looks to his demeanor, she considered him to be perfect.

"I'm... You can consider me as Lia's godmother. She and my daughter, Amelia, have acknowledged each other as godsisters." When Eleanor introduced herself, she felt bitter that her own daughter looked like her, but they couldn't acknowledge each other.

"Amelia?" Oscar looked in Amelia Hutton's direction when he noticed that she, too, was named Amelia.

Amelia Hutton clarified, "Oscar, I forgot to introduce myself. My name's Amelia too. Amy and I have the same first name. Only our surnames are different. In a way, fate must have brought both of us together."

Pursing his lips, Oscar turned toward Eleanor. "Mrs. Hutton, it's a pleasure to meet you. Thank you for taking care of Amelia while I wasn't around."

Glancing at Amelia Winters, Eleanor replied, "Lia and I have known each other for a while, but I've never seen you before. Were you busy with work?"

Oscar shook his head. "Amelia and I had some disagreements, so she left with Tony. After searching for a long time, I finally found her. Furthermore, I have also found a donor with a compatible cornea. Hence, I'll be taking her to Anglandur tomorrow. Once the operation is completed, she'll be able to see again."

Eleanor rubbed her hands in excitement. "Is that really true? Isn't it too much of a hurry to be leaving tomorrow? Can I go together with you?"

Oscar stared at Eleanor.

Realizing that she had appeared overly anxious, she clarified, "Lia is like a daughter to me. Therefore, it worries me that she will be traveling to Anglandur. If I can tag along, I'll be able to take care of her."

"Mrs. Hutton, don't worry. Everything at Anglandur has been prepared. They're just waiting for Amelia to arrive. I'll drop everything I'm doing to take care of her. Thus, there's nothing for you to be concerned about."

With an awkward expression, Eleanor looked at Amelia Winters. "Lia, are you really going to Anglandur? Let me come with you. I'm worried that once you leave, I'll hardly get to see you again. I promise I won't be in your way. All I want is to be by your side."

At that moment, Oscar's curiosity was piqued. When he saw how much Eleanor and Amelia Winters resembled each other, something suddenly dawned upon him.

"Mrs. Hutton, let me discuss this with Amelia first, and we'll let you know. As both of us haven't seen each other in a long time, I would appreciate it if you could give us some privacy to talk. Is that all right?"

"In that case, you should go on ahead to the room. Since it's almost lunchtime, I'll prepare some food. What would you like to have? I'll cook it for you," Eleanor offered warmly. Given how much she loved Amelia Winters, Eleanor grew increasingly fond of Oscar, as if he was the ideal son-in-law.

Not only did her daughter have a sensible son, but also an exceptional husband. When Eleanor realized that her daughter had lived a good life over the last few years, the guilt she felt receded a little.

"I'm not fussy about food."

“In that case, I’ll prepare my signature beer-battered fried chicken. They taste delicious, and I’m sure you will love them.”

“I appreciate it, Mrs. Hutton.”

Eleanor responded with a vibrant smile. When Amelia Hutton saw how attentive her mom was to them, she couldn’t help but feel bitter about it. After all, Eleanor never behaved that way at home. Deep down, she began to feel jealous of Amelia Winters and wondered why everyone was so ready to pamper and accommodate her.

She is nothing but a poor girl, but why does she get to live the life of a princess where everyone is willing to do her bidding? What did a blind girl like her do to deserve so much attention? Just when I finally found someone I like, she ends up taking him. How cruel can fate be?

Sniggering to herself, Amelia Hutton felt the urge to wreck the happy scene before her. To her, the blind Amelia was supposed to be pitied by everyone instead of being put on a pedestal. Despite not being able to see, she could still live with pride and confidence, contrary to Amelia Hutton’s expectation that she would drown in her own frustration.

Consequently, when she saw how much Eleanor cared for Amelia Winters, Amelia Hutton was overwhelmed by jealousy.