

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 512

### Chapter 512 Pleading At Their House Was Useless

The next day, Eleanor went to visit Amelia Winters. When she saw Oscar again, a hint of awkwardness and guilt arose in her heart inevitably. She kept feeling that the young man before her could see through her. The way he was scrutinizing her made her feel as though she was utterly exposed under his gaze, which was an extremely uncomfortable sensation.

Amelia Winters gently pulled Eleanor to the couch and let her sit down. Noticing that the latter's face seemed pale, she asked worriedly, "Mrs. Hutton, are you feeling unwell? You don't look so good."

Out of concern, she got up to make a cup of jasmine tea for Eleanor. While handing the cup of tea to her, she exhorted, "Have some warm tea, Mrs. Hutton."

Eleanor finally looked better as she held the cup in her hands.

"Lia, I have a question for you. Do you feel pressured whenever I treat you well?" she asked after moments of hesitation.

Amelia Winters was stunned before she chuckled and replied in confusion, "Mrs. Hutton, why are you asking such a question?"

Eleanor sneaked a glance at Oscar, forced a smile, and said, "I'm not your relative nor your friend, so I'm worried that you would feel pressured that I'm caring about you too much."

The younger woman chuckled again. "Mrs. Hutton, I grew up without having a close relationship with my parents. Hence, I never understood how to interact with my elders. To be honest, I felt overwhelmed by your

cordiality in the beginning, but I was happy at the same time. Your care and concern made me have the illusion that you are my mother, but after thinking about it, I denied such a thought because there's no way you're my mom," she then said ambiguously.

In truth, she had thought of reuniting with her because Eleanor treated her so well. However, Amelia Winters felt that the older woman had no intention of recognizing her as her daughter. All she could do was sound her out and gauge her thoughts step by step. While she could not figure out Eleanor's true attitude toward the matter, she also failed to comprehend why the latter treated her so well yet did not plan on accepting her as her daughter.

That had her wonder if she had the wrong idea all along, and the truth was that she was not related to Eleanor.

Eleanor's heart throbbed with sorrow while her mouth twitched. She wanted to say something but held her tongue at the end.

"It'd be a blessing to have such a thoughtful daughter like you," was all that fell from her lips as she wore a doleful smile.

Amelia Winters smiled and chose not to continue the conversation.

The atmosphere somehow became heavy and silent after the both of them quieted down.

Coincidentally, the doorbell rang, breaking the tension between the two.

Amelia Winters stood up and smiled. "I'll go and get the door, Mrs. Hutton."

As soon as she opened the door, she was taken aback by the person standing outside.

“What are you doing here, Ms. Larson?” Amelia Winters asked despite knowing that Jennifer showed up because of her mother. It was one thing for Laura to come to her office and cause a scene without concrete evidence, but it was another thing to strike her. She was not a pushover, so she refused to let Laura off the hook easily when the latter had caused her so much trouble.

If a person were to make a mistake, she believed that they should bear the consequences and pay the price no matter who they were.

If Amelia Winters were not Oscar’s wife, she might have to swallow such humiliation and injury without receiving any form of compensation. In fact, she might even lose her job because of what Laura did and bear the losses all by herself.

With a change of identity, her relationship with Laura had transformed into that of a victim and a perpetrator.

“Aren’t you going to invite me in?” Jennifer asked in an awkward tone.

Amelia Winters stepped aside. “Come in.”

Jennifer entered the house and saw the Huttons seated on the couch. As she had never seen three people look so alike, she blurted in shock, “Are they your sisters?”

“Nope,” came Amelia Winters’ brief reply.

She did not want to elaborate further on the matter. To be precise, she felt that she was not close enough to Jennifer to the point where she could share everything with the latter.

Jennifer was aware that she was in an awkward spot. One could say that she was Amelia Winters' rival in love or the daughter of her assaulter. With such identities, she could not help but feel out of place.

If it were not for Laura, she would never have shown up in Amelia Winters' home. Swallowing her pride in front of her rival in love was uncharacteristic of her because her own dignity forbade her from doing so.

Jennifer gave the gifts she was holding to Amelia Winters. At that moment, Oscar walked out of the kitchen and spotted her. Without a change in his expression, he approached her and stated, "Ms. Larson, I have made it very clear that you can speak to my lawyer should you have any inquiries. I've requested my lawyer to draft a letter of appeal, so you should employ a good defense lawyer for your mom."

Jennifer's face fell at his words. She took a deep breath and forced a smile before replying, "Mr. Clinton, there must be a misunderstanding involved here. My mom attacked Amelia in a fit of rage. I came to visit Ms. Winters today to apologize to her on behalf of my mother. I hope both of you can have some mercy and allow us to settle this matter in private. My mom is well on in years now, so she won't be able to handle being in a harsh environment like prison. Take it as I'm begging you."

Oscar sneered. "Ms. Larson, your mom should pay the price for her recklessness. If your mom killed any other ordinary person by throwing a phone at them, would you have spent some money and brushed off the matter by bribing them? It's a shame that your mom hit my woman. Thus, I won't let you settle the matter in private, nor do I plan to let her off the hook. If you have anything you want to say, you can speak to my lawyer. Please don't seek my wife out. Don't forget that she's the victim in this incident."

Jennifer's expression kept changing throughout his utterances, mixed emotions flickering briefly in her eyes.

“Ms. Larson, I advise you to go home since I can't provide any assistance to you. When your mom made a fuss at the company, not only did she insult and defame me, but she also physically hurt me. If she exerted a little more force, I might not even be here talking to you right now. She hit me in the forehead, and I might have died if anything went wrong. I'm not a saint who would forgive everyone, and I'm already being courteous for not exaggerating the incident. As for what verdict your mom will receive, that's up to the police, not me,” Amelia Winters piped up.

“Lia, is she the daughter of the culprit who harmed you?” Eleanor walked over. She was no longer in a good mood as before.

“Mrs. Hutton, she has nothing to do with the incident. It was her mom that made a scene.” Amelia Winters defended Jennifer.

Eleanor studied Jennifer from head to toe and spoke in a cold tone.

“Young woman, you have a decent appearance and a stunning aura. I can see at a glance that you come from a good background. However, it's rude of you to show up at the doorstep and start begging for forgiveness for your mom with such a foul temper. Your mom has no relation whatsoever with Lia, so she does not have to be responsible for your mom's recklessness. From the moment you showed up at the door, I couldn't sense an ounce of remorse from you. Are you really here to apologize?”

The latter was upset from being lectured by her.

After taking a deep breath, she looked at her. Ultimately, she made the wise decision of not arguing with Eleanor. Instead, she directed her

words to Amelia Winters. “Ms. Winters, I’m sorry that my mom hurt you by accident. I apologize from the bottom of my heart on her behalf.” As Jennifer spoke, she bowed to the latter. “Please withdraw the lawsuit. My mom is old, so she won’t be able to handle such torment. If you have any resentment, direct them to me and spare my mom, please.”

Amelia Winters laughed in anger. Who would’ve known that their family is constituted of a bunch of weirdos?

“Oscar, please help me see our guest off. I believe I don’t have much to say to Ms. Larson at this point.” Amelia Winters turned toward Oscar, not wanting to waste her breath any further.

“Ms. Larson, please leave. You can talk to my lawyer directly if you have any problems,” Oscar said.

Jennifer shot a deep look at him. In the end, she left with her tail between her legs as her pride would not allow her to continue humbling herself to beg others.

Once she left the condominium, she raised her head to look at the blinding sunlight and clenched her fists while her gaze turned grim.

Amelia Winters, don’t be too pleased with yourself. I’ll have you withdraw the lawsuit willingly. If you don’t believe me, just wait.

Amelia Winters could not care less about what Jennifer was thinking. “I hope she didn’t frighten you, Mrs. Hutton.”

Eleanor shook her head. “Her mother was the one who hurt you?”

“It’s a misunderstanding. Let’s stop talking about her. I believe the police will bring her to justice.” It was apparent that Amelia Winters did not want to discuss it anymore, seeing how she changed the topic abruptly.

“How many days have you been here for, Mrs. Hutton? You’ve been here for two days, yet I’ve been unable to accompany you and bring you around the tourist spots because of my work and injury. Why don’t you head out and see the sights now? I can ask Oscar to bring you two to go on a tour of the city.”

“Don’t be silly. I came out of my way to visit you. I’m already distressed by the fact that you’re hurt, so how would I still have the mood to enjoy the scenery? You should recuperate at home and eat more. Once you do, I’ll be able to feel at ease.” Eleanor gently caressed the wound on the younger woman’s forehead, her heart aching for her.

“Mrs. Hutton, it’s just a minor injury. I’m fine.”

“All right. I know it’s a minor injury. I’ll head into the kitchen and prepare something delicious for you.”

“You don’t have to do that, Mrs. Hutton. Molly will handle it.”

Eleanor did not say anything and walked directly into the kitchen.

Amelia Winters flashed a resigned smile toward Amelia Hutton. “Mrs. Hutton is such a kind person.”

The latter merely lowered her head in response, acting like she did not hear her.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 513**

### **Chapter 513 Handing You This Project**

Amelia only rested for two days before insisting on going back to work. Oscar failed to convince her and unwillingly drove her to work.

When they arrived at the company entrance, he reminded her worriedly, “If you have a headache, call me and don’t force yourself to work, okay? Don’t give in to anyone’s pleading for Mrs. Larson, either. I’ll handle it.”

She leaned toward him and kissed his cheek with a smile. “Okay. You should go to work now. Don’t forget to invite Mrs. Hutton to a meal at noon. They have been taking good care of me for the past two days. I want to show them my gratitude.”

“Got it.”

After she got off the car, she watched him leave before turning toward the company. Someone unexpectedly approached her from behind a pillar. She stopped and smiled at him. “When did you arrive, Carter?”

Carter’s heart ached as he stared at the gauze on her forehead.

“Does it hurt?” He approached her and asked caringly.

She was stunned for a second before she realized what he was referring to. “A little bit at the start. It’s fine now, though.”

The look in his eyes suddenly turned deep as he apologized in a low voice, “I’m sorry.”

She smiled casually. “Why are you apologizing? It’s not like my wound has anything to do with you. There really is no need for you to act like this, Carter. Besides, it’s getting late. I’m going inside now. We can talk more later.”

His hand grabbed hers to stop her from leaving.

Her gaze swept past the other workers heading into the company before she gave him a warning glare. “Don’t do this, Carter. There are people watching. I don’t want rumors about me to spread in the company, and I especially don’t want them to reach Oscar’s ears.”

Carter’s eyes darkened even further. “Are you avoiding me on purpose, Amelia?”

Amelia withdrew her arm forcefully. “I have a husband and child, Carter. You also have someone of your own. I don’t want the mother of a woman to make a bunch of rumors about me for no reason and lead to me being beaten up again. I’m not a masochist, and I’m not going to do nothing when other people are actively bullying me.”

He stared at her in a daze. “I’m sorry. I’ll take care of it.”

Her head shook. “I’m not blaming you. However, if you’re here because of Mrs. Larson, I suggest you don’t speak any further. I don’t want our friendship to crumble.”

“I’m not going to. I’m only worried about you, and I wanted to check up on you.” Carter quickly denied it.

“Knowing you don’t have intentions like that put me at ease. At least you’re not throwing our friendship away for love.”

“You know I will never do that, Amelia. Jennifer and I are only friends. I—”

“That’s enough, Carter. I need to go to work, and so do you. We can talk more when we’re free.” After she finished speaking, Amelia left as she didn’t want to give him too much space for imagination.

“Amelia...” he called out.

She ignored that and went straight into the company. Just as he was feeling disappointed, she walked out of the building.

“Nothing will ever change the fact that we’re friends, Carter. You should head to work now.” She then returned to the company.

When he heard that, his lips couldn’t help but curve up. Amelia sure has that strange ability to affect my mood with her words.

Upon exiting the elevator she went in, Amelia stunned her colleagues because they weren’t expecting to see her. They quickly suppressed their suspicions and surrounded her to show her how much they cared about her.

They just learned that she was the wife of the heir to Clinton Corporations. If they could get a hold of her, they would increase their chances of getting a raise. Therefore, they did their damndest to butter her up, despite the fact that they despised and were envious of her.

It didn’t matter to them how many men she was sleeping with or had a fling with because she was rich and powerful. They saw her as an opportunity to obtain greater benefits, and they would do anything to get it.

“Thank you all for your concerns. My injury is an insignificant one, so I only needed to rest for two days. You all should return to your work. I should too. Otherwise, I’ll be counted as late and miss my full attendance for this month as a result,” Amelia joked.

Everyone smiled when they heard that. They didn’t believe a rich woman like her would care about a couple hundred. It probably wasn’t even enough for her to have one meal.

Still, they obediently returned to their work. She smiled at them courteously and headed to the design department in her high heels.

When her colleagues from the design department saw her, they also enthusiastically greeted her. “Are you all right, Amelia? We’re so worried about you. Everyone wanted to visit you after work today, but we’re afraid that Mr. Clinton won’t allow us to do that. And just as everyone was wondering about it, you showed up for work. Why didn’t you rest for a few more days?”

“I’m fine. Thank you all for your concerns. I’ll treat everyone to lunch as thanks for protecting me two days ago,” Amelia offered generously.

She was much better at socializing compared to the shy Amelia seven years ago.

“Don’t say that, Amelia. You’re going to make us all feel guilty.”

“If none of you had protected me, I would’ve been seriously hurt. She can spread rumors about how I was a cheating woman, but I believe the truth will reveal itself in time. I’m certain all of you know what kind of person I am after spending so much time with me, so I won’t waste time explaining myself. Those who believe me will do so without any prompt, and those who don’t are free to believe whatever they want.”

It was hard to tell if she managed to convince her colleagues because of her straightforward attitude or her identity. Regardless, all of them supported her. “All of us believe you, Amelia. Really. Just a look at you is enough to tell us you’re the type of person who gets misunderstood easily. We support you.”

“Thank you.”

Lydia, the new manager, greeted Amelia when she arrived and saw her. She asked, “How are you doing, Amelia? Are you still feeling pain in your forehead? I hope not. Mr. Franklin told me you could take a month off. Why have you come to work after only resting two days?”

“It’s just a scratch, and staying at home is quite boring. I might as well come back to work. Besides, I feel much better being accompanied by you all.”

“It’s good that you’re feeling well. If you’re feeling dizzy, you must tell us about it. Don’t force yourself too much, okay?” Lydia reminded.

“Thank you, Lydia. I’ll keep that in mind.”

Everyone else was staring at Lydia with a cold look. They knew she had always been a selfish woman in her thirties. She was basically telling everyone that she had her eyes locked on the person supporting Amelia by showing how much she suddenly cared about her.

Still, no one was going to blame her. How could one not grab the golden opportunity right in front of them? If one didn’t know how to hold it tightly, it meant they were either too stupid or didn’t know the rules of the battlefield in the workplace.

“I’m glad to hear that.” Lydia swept her gaze past the others who wanted to give it a shot and said, “All of you should return to your work. You can talk more during lunch break.”

“I want to invite everyone to lunch later, Lydia. You should come too.”

“I’ll definitely join you.”

After the hubbub was over, everyone returned to their spots.

A short period after Amelia started working, the phone on her desk rang. She picked up the phone and answered, "Hello?"

"It's me, Amelia. I heard you're already back at work. Do you mind stopping by my office right now?" Shane's voice was heard on the other end.

"I'll be there right away."

After hanging up the call, she tidied up the documents on her table and headed to the elevator.

Upon stepping out of the elevator, Shane's secretary personally guided her to his office and opened the door. "Mr. Franklin is waiting for you inside, Amelia."

The door behind Amelia closed when she entered the room.

"What's the matter, Shane?" she asked politely.

He pointed at the chair in front of his desk. "Sit."

She sat as instructed.

His head was only raised after he finished signing a document. "Why didn't you rest a couple more days in your home?"

"I'm already fine, Besides, staying at home is really boring. Drawing in the company is a lot more fun."

Shane couldn't help but chuckle. "You didn't change a single bit. You either refuse to do something or do your best to get it done."

“Thank you for your praise. Having a boss who cares about his employees like you makes me embarrassed to be lazy.”

Both of them exchanged a couple more pleasantries before he handed her a folder. “This is a joint project between our company and Clinton Corporations. Since you’re Mr. Clinton’s wife, I think this project is best suited for you to handle. It’ll also give you more opportunities to meet with him. If you think you can handle it, I’ll leave the project in your hands.”

She opened the folder and briefly read through the files before raising her head to meet his eyes. “A joint advertisement project? I only know how to draw blueprints, Mr. Franklin. Do you think I can do it?”

“There’s no need to hide your true abilities. Everyone knows that, aside from designing blueprints, you’re skilled in making advertisements. If you can’t even do this, how could you have so much inspiration for the blueprints?” He smiled.

Amelia shrugged with a smile. “Since you trust me this much, I’ll come off as unreasonable if I reject it, won’t I?”

His smile grew wider. “I’m leaving this project in your hands.”

“Still, aren’t you embarrassed that you’re exploiting an employee of yours who hasn’t even fully recovered yet, Mr. Franklin? I thought you’re a good boss.”

Shane wasn’t sure if he should laugh or cry. “This joint project with Clinton Corporations really isn’t in a rush. You can deal with it after resting for half a month. The planning will only start next year. I’m telling you right now to make sure you’re mentally prepared.”

“I was only joking with you. I didn’t expect you to take it seriously. Since you’ve already handed the project to me, there’s no way I’ll leave it unattended. Don’t worry. I’ll complete it on time.”

“I’ll be counting on you, then. How about I treat you to a meal some other time?”

“Sure. You now owe me a meal.”

Both of them smiled.

Seven years later since they last met, they were no longer two people living hand to mouth. It was just a joke.a

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 514**

### Chapter 514 Argument

After leaving the office, Amelia took the elevator downstairs with the documents given by Shane in her hands. When she returned to her office, she placed the documents on the table and went to the restroom.

When she entered, she saw Rory coming out of a cubicle.

“Rory, you’re here too.” Amelia smiled.

Rory walked to the basin and washed her hands under the faucet, saying, “Amelia, on my way to work earlier, I saw that man who looked for you before, Mr. Scott. He was being pulled around by a pretty lady. They seemed to be having a bad argument.”

Amelia’s eyes flashed.

Rory glanced at Amelia and asked tentatively, “Amelia, why don’t you give him a call to ask about it?”

Amelia looked at Rory and said nonchalantly, “Rory, you seem to be quite concerned about Carter. What? Do you have a crush on him?”

Rory laughed awkwardly and said, “What are you talking about, Amelia? Who is he, and who am I? How would I dare to have a crush on him? I figured that you were good friends with him, and Mrs. Larson hurt you here two days ago because of him. I’m just concerned about you.”

Amelia pushed open a cubicle and went in. After finishing her business, she came out to see Rory still in the restroom.

“Aren’t you going back to work, Rory?” Amelia said with a smile as she walked over to the basin to wash her hands.

Rory went up to Amelia and explained, “Amelia, I really didn’t have any ill intentions about what I just said. Don’t take it personally.”

“I didn’t think much of it. Go back to work,” said Amelia.

The two of them went back to the design department and continued working.

Meanwhile, Carter, who was mentioned by Rory, was still being pestered by Jennifer. Carter got annoyed and simply parked the car at the side of a deserted plain. He looked at Jennifer with an obscure gaze and snapped, “Are you done yet?”

Jennifer sneered and said, “Done? If you hadn’t been so indifferent to me and never gave me a definite answer, would my mom have lost her rationality and gone after Amelia because she was worried about me?”

Jennifer knew that she was being unreasonable, but there was nothing else she could do. The person Mom offended this time is Oscar. If Oscar doesn't drop the lawsuit, the probability of losing the case is ninety-nine percent. Unless we hit the miraculous one percent winning chance, Mom will have to go to jail.

Mom is being charged with slander, assault, and causing emotional distress. She'll be sentenced to imprisonment of at least three years, and that's a conservative estimate. If Oscar secretly puts pressure on the judge, it's possible that Mom might get five years in prison.

The Larsons simply can't compete with the Clintons' financial position.

Jennifer was so anxious these days that she felt like going insane. I can't just watch Mom go to jail for me. I'll never be able to forgive myself.

"Jennifer, that's enough. From the very beginning, I already said that there's nothing between us. I don't know why Mrs. Larson caused trouble for Amelia. This is something I can't figure out. After what she did, I'm the one caught between a rock and a hard place. Amelia is deliberately keeping a distance from me now. Is that what your mother and you want? If that's so, let me tell you that your mother has achieved her goal," Carter said through gritted teeth, lowering his eyes.

"Are you blaming me?"

"If that's how you want to take it, then I can't help it."

Jennifer was speechless, and she leaned against the passenger seat. She raised her hand and raked her fingers over her hair, incredibly upset.

She shook her hands and said irritably, "Carter, think about all the energy I spent on you for the past two years. Can you help me plead with Amelia?"

I'm begging you. I can't stand by and watch my mom go to jail. I wouldn't be begging you unless I had no other way."

Unexpectedly, Carter refused directly.

"I won't plead for you. Mrs. Larson is at fault this time. If she did something wrong, she should pay the corresponding price," he said ruthlessly.

Jennifer gaped at Carter. She did not expect the man she had been chasing for two years to be so cruel.

Even if there's no love between us, she's my mother. How could he say such heartless things without any change in his expression?

Does he really have no pity for me? Otherwise, he wouldn't have said such a cruel thing.

Jennifer's heart was broken once again.

"Carter, will you be indifferent even if my mom goes to jail?" Jennifer asked again, refusing to give up.

A long time passed before Carter's apologetic voice sounded. "I'm sorry."

Jennifer forced back the tears in her eyes and smiled reluctantly. "I see." Then, she walked to the side of the road, hailed a cab, and left.

Carter stayed where he was. It was unknown what kind of state he was in now. After about ten minutes later, he drove back to his company.

As soon as he arrived at the company, his secretary greeted him and said carefully, "Mr. Scott, Mrs. Scott is here."

Carter's gaze suddenly turned icy. He said, "No one is allowed to come to my office without my permission."

"Understood, Sir."

When Carter walked into the office, Faye looked at him imposingly.

"Why are you here, Mom?" asked Carter.

Faye suddenly stood up and looked at him with a stern gaze, saying, "Mrs. Larson was arrested by the police, and the Larsons couldn't bail her out even if they wanted to. Jennifer already came to you to beg you. How could you still be so indifferent?"

"Did Jennifer complain to you?" Carter asked casually.

"Don't try to change the subject. Jennifer is such a wonderful girl, but you don't want her and insist on a cheating vixen instead. Are you trying to drive me to my grave? In my opinion, Mrs. Larson was right to make a scene in the company. It's bad enough that that vixen tried to seduce you seven years ago, but she's still acting like this when she already has a husband and child. I really want to rip her face off," Faye said furiously.

Carter's expression fell.

"Mom, this has nothing to do with Amelia. It was Mrs. Larson who went to her company to cause trouble and even hurt her. Since Mrs. Larson did something wrong, she should pay the price. It was right that she was taken to the police station for the proper procedures. I won't plead her case and cause Amelia to be unhappy," he said in a hoarse voice.

"You'll refuse even if it's your own mother asking?" Faye said.

“Don’t push me, Mom. Since Mrs. Larson did something wrong, it will be the law that judges her. We should all believe in the fairness of the judiciary. What’s more, even if I ask for help, Amelia might not necessarily listen to me since she has her own ideas.” Carter went around his desk to sit down. He spread out the papers on his desk and said, “I have to work now, Mom. Please leave.”

Faye was so angry at being ignored by her son that her whole body ached.

“Carter Scott, is this how you treat your mother?”

Carter responded by making a call to the secretary’s office. He said, “Linda, please escort Madam out.”

Faye laughed in anger.

“Carter, I see you’ve finally grown a backbone. You don’t even listen to your mother anymore. Fine, I’ll leave. I think you don’t have to come back to the Scott residence anymore.” After saying that, Mrs. Scott was so angry that she slammed the door and left.

Carter looked at the file but could not register anything he was reading. He raised his hand and rubbed his forehead, his eyes showing a hint of exhaustion.

## **Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 515**

### **Chapter 515 Splashed With Water**

Amelia got off work at six o’clock and walked out of the company with a group of people. Carter, who was waiting by his car, immediately got up and walked over. All of Amelia’s colleagues looked at her.

She felt her forehead twitch. She was actually not very welcoming of Carter's appearance.

Laura's uproar caused many ripples in the company. Although Amelia's colleagues would not say anything in front of her because of her identity, people's hearts were unpredictable, and she had no way of sealing their lips. Gossip was a fearful thing. It could force a normal person to live as if they were skating on thin ice.

"Amelia," Carter called, walking over.

All the colleagues looked at Amelia. Someone even laughed curiously. "Amelia, who's this handsome guy?"

Before she could answer, Carter politely said to them, "Hello, I'm Carter Scott, the owner of my own company. Amelia and I have the same alma mater, so we've known each other for a very long time. Since she's working at your company, please help me take good care of her."

A realization struck the crowd, and one of them suddenly said, "So you're the famous Mr. Scott. Your fiancée's mother injured Amelia because of you. How do you plan to compensate her?"

Carter said appropriately, "That's just a misunderstanding. Amelia and I are only friends. If there really was something between us, we would've gotten together a long time ago. There's no need to wait for so many years. I came here today to apologize to her. Can I borrow Amelia from you all for a while? There are some things I want to make clear to her."

Carter was so polite that the doubts in their hearts gradually disappeared.

"In that case, we'll go first, Amelia. You have a good chat with Mr. Scott."

After they left, Carter said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Amelia."

"Carter, there's really no need to be so polite. My injury has nothing to do with you, so I won't blame you for no reason. We'll become estranged if you keep doing this." A trace of impatience flashed in Amelia's brows.

She could not seem to find the familiarity and cordiality that Carter and she had in the beginning. Even though they were standing together, she felt like there was a distance between them.

"Amelia, do you not want to see me?" Carter asked sensitively.

A strange fire welled up in Amelia for no reason. She did not know why the two of them were so entangled.

Before she could speak, a figure swiftly walked over and said in a sharp voice, "Amelia Winters, you vixen."

Amelia was splashed with a glass of water before she could react, and her upper body was drenched.

"Amelia!" Carter snapped back to his senses and pulled Amelia behind him, glaring furiously at the culprit. When he saw who it was, his pupils widened, and he blurted out, "Mom, why are you here?"

Faye threw the cup in her hand to the ground and snapped at Carter. "Why can't I be here? You'd be ruined by this vixen again if I didn't come."

The scene that Faye made attracted the white-collar workers who had just gotten off work and were coming down from the building. Some workers from other companies also could not help but be interested when they saw the drama unfolding.

Carter put his arm around Amelia to hide her face. He was afraid that she would be embarrassed if her colleagues saw her.

Amelia gently broke away from his embrace, raised her hand to flick the water droplets on her body, and walked past Carter. He subconsciously grabbed her hand and said, “Amelia, what are you doing?”

She simply pulled her hand back, walked to Faye, and said with a vague smile, “Mrs. Scott, it’s been seven years. I thought you had become more mature, but it seems your IQ regressed as you got older instead.”

Being framed seven years ago and humiliated seven years later, Amelia felt like she could see history repeating itself. That panic of being surrounded by people back then made her unable to resist lumping her old grudges with her new ones.

Faye’s expression became extraordinarily unpleasant when she was insulted like that by a junior.

“What did just you say?” Faye gnashed her teeth.

“I rest my case. Mrs. Scott, don’t tell me that even your comprehension skills deteriorated due to old age,” Amelia said with a cold smile.

“You...” Faye raised her hand. However, just as she was about to swing it down, a strong force grabbed her and dragged her away.

She stumbled as she was dragged, saying wretchedly, “Stop, Carter! Are you planning to rip my arm off?”

Carter did not stop and simply shoved Faye into his car.

Amelia, who was still standing in place, ruffled her hair and smiled graciously at the onlookers. “Show’s over. Everyone can go home for dinner now.”

The white-collar workers looked slightly sheepish as they left.

When they dispersed, Amelie looked at Shane, who was holding a briefcase, and smiled somewhat awkwardly. “What a coincidence. This is twice now you’ve seen my embarrassing state.”

Shane hurried over and handed her a clean handkerchief, saying, “Wipe yourself. I just came out and was wondering what was happening. I didn’t expect you to be the star of the show.”

Amelia took the handkerchief and wiped her face. She laughed and said, “I’m quite miserable as the star. I wonder why other heroines are bright and beautiful, but I only look glamorous on the surface. There are still many women who despise me. I don’t know whether it’s luck or misfortune.”

“There’s no helping it. With a face like yours, you’re sure to have excellent luck with the opposite sex, so your fate with other women will be a little worse,” Shane said with a smile.

Amelia smiled with relief. She was quite grateful for Shane’s understanding. If he asked her what happened earlier, she would only feel extremely embarrassed.

As the two walked side by side, Shane asked, “Where’s Mr. Clinton?”

“He has a meeting to attend today. The meeting hasn’t ended yet, and he works hard too, so I don’t need him to come to pick me up. It’s a good thing he didn’t come. He would’ve lost his temper again if he saw me like this,” Amelia said frankly. “I don’t want him to clean up after me

every time something happens. I can be independent too. He only treats me like glass because of some stuff that happened in the past two years. That's not necessarily a bad thing, but I'm afraid that I'll end up depending on him."

"Isn't it only natural for a wife to depend on her husband?"

Amelia was just about to reply when a sports car stopped directly in front of them. A woman wearing glasses poked her head out. She took off her glasses, looked at Shane carefully, and then her eyes lit up in surprise.

"Shane?"

"Tiffany." Shane obviously recognized who the woman was and smiled.

"Long time no see."

Tiffany got out of the car and boldly punched Shane's chest, saying,

"What are you doing here? Why didn't you tell me you were in Tayhaven?"

"I changed my phone and lost everyone's contact information, so I couldn't tell you," said Shane. "I work in this company. I'm also coincidentally Amelia's boss."

"It must be fate." Tiffany grinned. However, her smile faded a little when she saw the gauze on Amelia's forehead, and she said with a slightly dark expression, "Amelia, what happened to your forehead? Why didn't you tell me you were injured? Who did it?"

Amelia said, "I bumped it by accident. It's just a minor injury. Don't worry about it."

"Your clothes are drenched, and your forehead is injured. Do you think I'm dumb? Tell me. Who did it?" Tiffany looked furious. "Geez, woman, people really can't help but worry about you. You're going to

make me die of anxiousness. Look, the gauze is wet. Don't let the wound get infected. Forget it. I'll take you to the hospital. Even if it's a small injury, you can't be sloppy about it."

After saying that, Tiffany stuffed Amelia into her car like a whirlwind of anger, turned to Shane, and said, "I'll take Amelia away first. It's great that you're working in this company. Let's have a meal together tomorrow."

"Sure."

Looking at the car speeding away, Shane was caught between laughter and tears. Even after not seeing Tiffany for so many years, she's still as fiery as before. I wonder what man can hold onto someone as hot-blooded as her.

In the car, Amelia said, "Tiff, we don't have to go to the hospital. My injury really isn't serious."

"Shut your mouth," Tiffany said. "I was only away for a few days dealing with the Larsons, and this is what you've gotten yourself into. Can't you let me worry less while I'm away? I think you're even more difficult to handle than Derrick's mother."

Amelia did not know whether to laugh or to cry. Tiffany made it sound like she was a disobedient little girl.

Tiffany took Amelia to the hospital and had the doctor re-bandage her before she was relieved.

After leaving the hospital and getting into the car, she said, "Let's have dinner together. Call Oscar and tell him to take care of Tony."

Amelia indulged in Tiffany's wishes and made the call. After instructing Oscar, she hung up the phone, put it into her bag, and laughed. "Let's go."

"You're laughing? I'm going to settle the score with you later," Tiffany said viciously. However, she still carefully escorted Amelia to the car and put on the latter's seatbelt for her before going around to the driver's seat. Then, Tiffany got in and started the car.

Amelia could not help but say, "Tiff, you're acting like my mom." After saying that, the smile on her face faded slightly, and she continued, "Wait, no. I don't think my mom ever treated me like this."

The anger on Tiffany's expression slightly subsided as she said, "Stop! We're already grown up. It's not like we need to be breastfed. We can live even without a mother. We're going to eat now, so cheer up and don't affect my appetite. More importantly, don't try to change the subject. You'd better tell me honestly how you got that injury on your forehead, or it'll be my turn to teach you a lesson."

Amelia only smiled and leaned on the passenger seat, feeling at ease. When she relaxed, she ended up falling asleep in the car.

Tiffany glanced at her and turned up the air conditioning attentively, worried that Amelia would catch a cold while asleep.