

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 341

Chapter 341 Sick

After Amelia was wheeled into her ward, Tiffany carried Tony and tagged along, whereas Kurt headed downstairs to pay the medical bills.

When Tiffany saw Amelia's limp figure on the bed, she felt her heart throb in pain. Yet, Tiffany felt slightly happy too. Looking on the bright side, the blood clots in her brain wouldn't have dispersed so easily if Amelia hadn't sustained this injury. Fortunately, this incident had a silver lining.

As Tiffany took a seat at the edge of the bed with Tony in her arms, Rory stepped forward and said, "Tiffany, let me carry Tony. It's late, so why don't you head home? You can leave the rest under my care. I've received my salary, so I won't feel at ease if you still end up taking care of Amelia."

Tiffany glanced at Amelia before she asked, "What time is it?"

Rory fished her phone out to check the time. "It's already two in the morning."

Tiffany placed Tony in Rory's embrace, then instructed, "You should return home with Tony and take a good rest. Tomorrow, please wake up earlier and bring some soup for Amelia."

"Tiffany, you should go in my stead. I can take care of Amelia alone," Rory insisted.

Before Tiffany could reply, Kurt entered the ward. Tiffany turned to look at him and said, "Kurt, why don't you and Rory go home? You can come back here tomorrow. I'll look after Amelia tonight."

Kurt pondered over her words for a brief moment before he replied, "Will you be able to handle it alone? I think it'd be better if the two of you return home. Let me stay here instead. Besides, I'm strong enough to endure a night without sleeping."

Tiffany thought for a moment before nodding in agreement.

She took Tony into her arms again and said to Kurt, "Okay, we'll be taking our leave. If anything happens to Amelia, make sure to give me a call. I'll bring breakfast in the morning."

Kurt nodded.

After Tiffany and Rory left, Kurt took a seat by Amelia's bed. Earlier, he had visited the doctor in charge for an explanation about her condition. The doctor had informed him that Amelia's brain surgery had only lasted around four to five hours, meaning that it had ended rather quickly. Furthermore, she showed visible signs of improvement after the surgery. As long as there were no adverse side effects, Amelia could be discharged after two or three weeks. However, they could only check up on her eyesight after she regained consciousness.

Carefully, Kurt clutched Amelia's cold hand as he gazed at her affectionately. This was the first time that he was in such close proximity to Amelia.

Kurt cradled her hand against his cheek. "Amelia, don't worry. I will do anything to restore your vision, even if that means I have to visit countless doctors. In fact, I've already asked for someone to look for a compatible cornea donor. I won't let you live the rest of your life blind."

Despite the sincerity of his vow, Kurt's words fell on deaf ears.

After Kurt continued to speak for a few moments, he suddenly rose to his feet and kissed Amelia's forehead. After that, he gazed at her with adoration. Although her face was bare of any makeup, Amelia remained as perfect as a picture in his eyes.

Truthfully, he wasn't sure when he started to fall in love with Amelia. When Kurt finally realized this, Amelia had won over his heart. No matter how hard he tried to resist, Kurt could not deny his overwhelming feelings for her. For the first time in his life, Kurt indulged in his desire to pursue a woman. In order to stay with Amelia, he didn't even hesitate to go against Oscar, a man he used to revere.

If Oscar found them, he would have to face his devastating punishment. Yet, the thought of Amelia alone was enough to make everything worth it.

While Amelia was still unconscious, Kurt seized this chance to confess his true feelings. "Amelia, I'm willing to wait until you are ready to open up. All I ask is for you to give me a chance to get close to you. Please don't shut me out. I've truly fallen hopelessly in love with you. You must be wondering how I've fallen for you in less than a year. Indeed, love is a mysterious force that acts in strange and unpredictable ways. I used to scoff at my colleagues when they talked about their partners. It looks like I'm now eating my own words. I can't wait to shower you with love and care. However, at the same time, I'm afraid that you'll get mad at me. I've become wary and cautious whenever it comes to you. To me, you are irreplaceable."

That night, Kurt spent hours talking to Amelia as he finally divulged all his secrets. From his heartfelt words, it was clear that he was head over heels in love with her. Although he had only met her for less than a year, Kurt's feelings could not be kept at bay anymore as he found himself falling deeper for her every day.

“Amelia!” Oscar jolted awake from his nightmare with his entire body drenched in cold sweat. Gingerly, he wiped away the sweat that matted his forehead. Whenever Oscar thought about Amelia’s lifeless body lying on the bed in his dreams, he could feel his chest wrench painfully. It felt like someone was stabbing his heart with a knife.

As Oscar made his way out of the bed, he could feel a pounding headache in his temple. Ever since Amelia and Tony left, he had been having great difficulty falling asleep. Most of the time, Oscar was forced to rely on sleeping pills. Yet, he would still be disturbed by the slightest noise and could not go back to sleep once he was awake.

Oscar grabbed a bottle of aged wine from the shelf and took a large gulp before he strode toward the window.

When he gazed at the luminous scenery outside, Oscar’s gaze darkened. The wine he’d just drunk seemed to leave a bitter taste in his mouth.

Earlier, he had dreamt of Amelia’s pale figure lying on the bed. The space around her was devoid of anyone. Although Oscar was utterly clueless about her condition, she seemed as if she was at death’s door. It felt like Amelia would drift away upon the slightest breeze.

Although Oscar was dying to approach Amelia and check up on her condition, he could not even move an inch. Despite his best efforts, there seemed to be an invisible barrier that separated the two of them. Amelia was so close yet so far. In a haze of desperation, Oscar had yelled and pleaded for her to open her eyes. However, Amelia showed no response. She did not even bat an eye.

In the midst of his panic, Oscar woke up from the nightmare with his back coated in sweat.

“Amelia, where are you? Are you taking good care of yourself?” Oscar asked in a hoarse voice. He then chugged the wine again. He could feel himself growing increasingly frustrated.

In contrast to the peaceful night atmosphere, Oscar’s feelings were a jumbled mess. Even though Oscar had initially planned to sample the wine, he ended up downing it like water.

In the span of a few minutes, Oscar had finished the entire bottle. He had hoped that it would make him tipsy, but Oscar ended up feeling much sober than before. The headache he’d felt earlier still persisted in his head. Under the combined stress of endless working and inconsistent sleep, Oscar’s body was withering away. In comparison to the past, he was now in a dispirited state.

Oscar tossed the empty bottle aside and collapsed on his bed again. As he closed his eyes, he continued to mumble Amelia’s name like a mantra.

Late at night, Oscar's longing for Amelia seemed to grow even deeper. Even with his eyes shut, images of Amelia filled his hazy mind. I guess Amelia has indeed won my heart and mind. Even with so many other women in my life, she is the only one I hold close to my heart.

Oscar mumbled with his eyes shut, "Amelia, how could you be so cruel? I can't believe you left just like that. Although you always claimed that I didn't know how to cherish you, don't you know that you've stolen my heart? Because of you, I've even experienced heartbreak and lovesickness. I'm sure you were born with the sole purpose of tormenting me. After I neglected you for five years, you decided to punish me. Amelia, you are much more heartless than me. It's been months since you left. Yet, there still haven't been any messages from you. Do you still remember me? Has your eyesight improved? Initially, I wanted to ask James and his mentor to check up on your condition. Yet, all of my plans crumbled to dust after you left. The thought of you turning blind while I'm not with you terrifies me to no end. Will you be afraid of the darkness? If you are, please come home. I will be your strongest shield to protect you from any harm."

Oscar continued to toss and turn on the bed as thoughts of Amelia plagued his mind. "Amelia, I miss you so much. Please come back to me. I don't want to harass Derrick any further. I'm terrified that you'll hate me for what I've done. But I have no other choice, as he's the only one who knows your whereabouts. Please don't get mad at me if I ever lose my patience with him. I just miss you dearly."

Amidst his ramblings, Oscar fell into an uneasy slumber.

When Oscar woke up the next day, his head felt as heavy as lead. In an attempt to clear the uncomfortable feeling, he shook his head. When he finally stumbled out of bed, Oscar nearly lost his balance. Fortunately, he managed to brace himself against the bed before his body hit the floor.

Once again, Oscar shook his head. Nonetheless, the headache did not subside.

I must be down with a cold. After all, I drank next to the open window last night. Sleeping without a blanket must have worsened my cold.

Oscar's health was usually top-notch, and he rarely fell sick. But once he caught a cold, it had disastrous consequences on his body. Unlike most ordinary people, having the flu was akin to torture for him.

With great effort, Oscar entered the bathroom and looked at his reflection. In the mirror, his eyes were unnaturally bloodshot. Even his cheeks also flushed crimson red. Oscar felt as if all the energy in his body had been drained away.

He cupped a handful of water and splashed it on his face to refresh himself.

After washing up, Oscar grabbed a suit from his closet and began to dress himself.

When he made his way downstairs, Olivia was already waiting for him at the table. Upon seeing his sickly complexion, she asked him worriedly, "Oscar, you don't look too well. Are you feeling under the weather?"

Ever since Amelia left with Tony, Oscar and Olivia had tried their best to keep up appearances. Yet, they both knew that their tattered relationship could never return to how it used to be.

It would be difficult to heal the deep cracks in their relationship.

Oscar took a seat at the table and shook his head. "I'm fine, Mom. My head just hurts a little. Later, I'll get my secretary to buy some painkillers."

"You should stay home if you feel uncomfortable. Even if you take a break for a few days, the company will still run smoothly in your absence."

"Mom, it's all right. I'll feel better after taking a few painkillers," Oscar repeated stubbornly.

"Okay, but make sure you don't overexert yourself. No matter how hectic work gets, you should prioritize your health."

Oscar merely nodded without another word.

As they continued to eat breakfast, the atmosphere around the table seemed to become tense and gloomy.

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Chapter 342 Alone Time

Oscar went to the office after breakfast. On his way there, his headache got so bad that he nearly jumped a red light.

Fortunately, he made it to work safe and sound in the end. For some reason, fate seemed to have set him up to bump into Isabella the moment he stepped into the office.

"Hey, good morning, Oscar! What a coincidence, right? Have you had breakfast yet? I just so happened to have an extra packed. Do you want it?" offered Isabella unabashedly. The woman was as cold as one could be in front of others. However, when talking to Oscar, she was the complete opposite.

Oscar gave Isabella a grim look before reminding, "As part of the company, you should know that we're now inside working hours. Please don't act as though you're above the rules just because my mother favors you. Do respect yourself and others while at work."

Even though Isabella did not appreciate Oscar's tone, she already got used to being treated that way by the man.

Isabella was convinced that she had to be brazen in order to win Oscar's heart. I need to make him feel as though I'm always around. That way, he'll constantly be reminded of me. I know I can win him over one day if I just continue to be persistent.

The more Oscar gave her the cold shoulder, the more Isabella wanted him. Isabella did have feelings for Oscar, but more than that, she wanted to show the man that she could dominate him just as she did any other male.

Eventually, Isabella's overconfidence would lead to disappointments in her love life and have her tripping over her own ego.

Following closely behind Oscar, Isabella noticed the pale look on the man's face. "You don't look so good, Oscar. Are you sick?" Isabella then reached out and tried to touch Oscar's forehead, but he instinctively evaded her hand.

Without a word, Oscar stepped into his personal elevator and gestured for Isabella to stop following him.

After the elevator door slowly closed itself in front of her, Isabella angrily stomped her feet.

The woman then quickly recollected herself and glared at her onlookers before strutting into the public elevator as if she was a proud peacock.

When the others saw Isabella press the button for the floor Oscar's office was on, they could not help being impressed by the woman's doggedness. Had it been anybody else in her place, they would have given up by then. To the others, Isabella's can-do attitude was nothing short of an inspiration.

However, what other people thought mattered not to Isabella, for she grew up always getting what she wanted. She was never forced to do or accept anything she disliked, and one or another, she always got her way. Isabella believed she was allowed to take any measures to get the things she wanted, so she took it upon herself to win Oscar over.

To her, Oscar was not a person but a challenge to be completed. Only after accomplishing the feat would Isabella allow herself to relax. Otherwise, she would become the joke of the company for all her acts of desperation.

Isabella was too proud to ever allow something like that to happen.

After walking out of the elevator, Isabella headed straight for Oscar's office but was quickly stopped by the man's secretary, Linda. "Mr. Clinton is not feeling well right now, Ms. Walker. He wishes to rest in his office without being bothered by anyone, so I must kindly ask you to leave," informed Linda.

Isabella gave the secretary a look before responding, "Linda, in case you're unaware, Mrs. Clinton herself said that I could enter Oscar's office whenever I want and that I could inform her if anybody tried to stop me. Is that what you want, Linda? Do you want me to report your behavior to Mrs. Clinton and get you fired?"

However, the secretary was unmoved by Isabella's threat. "I'm only carrying out the duty Mr. Clinton assigned me, Ms. Walker. If you insist on reporting me, there's nothing I can do about it. That being said, I don't think you would trouble Mrs. Clinton with something as trivial as this."

With a hardened face, Isabella took a deep breath and recomposed herself before suddenly giving the secretary a hard slap to the cheek. The smacking was so loud that it attracted the other employees' attention.

"Who do you think you are? You think you're allowed to talk to me like that?" sneered Isabella.

Concerned, the other secretaries hurried over to check on Linda, whose cheek had already turned red because of the assault.

"Whatever it is, I'm sure you can talk it out. You don't have to get physical, Ms. Walker," reminded one of them.

After looking daggers at her colleagues, Isabella ordered, "Get out of my way."

Still, they remained by Linda's side, standing between Isabella and Oscar's office.

"What's this? Are you guys trying to stop me from seeing Oscar? You think a useless bunch like you have a chance with your boss?" mocked Isabella, thinking that she was better than everyone else. The woman was determined to ridicule and berate those who dared to stand up against her.

Covering her hurting cheek, Linda continued, "This is a workplace, Ms. Walker. If you're unable to keep things professional here, I'm afraid I'll have to take the necessary measures to stop you from disturbing others. Now please go back to your station."

Isabella then started pushing and shoving her colleagues to get through. The commotion eventually instigated Oscar to step out of his office.

When the man glanced sternly at them, Linda and the other secretaries quickly stood aside and greeted him, "Mr. Clinton."

Still suffering from his headache, Oscar knitted his brows tightly as he commanded, "Go pack your things, Isabella. You don't have to come back here tomorrow."

Isabella was so shocked that she stared at Oscar with her eyes wide open, but the man ignored her and turned to his secretary instead.

"Linda, if anybody is causing trouble, just get security to throw them out. If you can't manage something as simple as that, then you shouldn't work here either," warned Oscar.

"I understand, Mr. Clinton."

After Oscar returned to his office, Isabella hurriedly sneaked past Linda and the others while they were still distracted. When Linda realized what had happened, it was already too late.

"I didn't do anything wrong, Oscar. What right do you have to fire me? It's not fair! I was just worried about you," voiced Isabella after setting her breakfast on Oscar's desk.

"Get out," ordered Oscar while rubbing his forehead.

"No. I'm not leaving until you explain yourself."

Oscar then lifted his head to scowl impatiently at the woman before pointing at the door. "Get out."

When she noticed how pale Oscar seemed, Isabella immediately dashed to the door. "Linda, quick! Go get some medications! Oscar is sick. And get some water too while you're at it."

After that, Isabella hurried back to Oscar. "You're sick, Oscar. You need to get some rest. Or better yet, let me take you to a doctor. We can't let your condition worsen."

Oscar tried to push Isabella away and have security remove her, but unexpectedly, he was too weak to put up any resistance.

Before long, Linda returned with medications and was stunned to see how sickly-looking Oscar was. "Here are the meds."

Clumsily, Isabella tried to feed Oscar the medications, but even when sick, the man refused to cooperate with her. Isabelle then decided to put the medicines inside her mouth and drink a mouthful of water before force-feeding Oscar with a mouth-to-mouth approach. Witnessing the domineering behavior, Linda was utterly dumbfounded.

“What the heck are you staring at? Get over here and help me carry Oscar. Can’t you see that he’s severely ill?” questioned Isabella rhetorically.

Linda wanted to help, but she had a different idea. “I should call for an ambulance.”

“You think I don’t want to send him to the hospital? It was Oscar who insisted that he didn’t want to go, so help me get him over to the bed. If he gets better after some rest, then we won’t have to call for an ambulance. If not, we can always call for one by then,” uttered Isabella.

Working together, the two eventually managed to get the sickly man into bed. Even though Oscar usually looked healthy and strong, he was weak all over when sick.

After tucking Oscar in, Isabella took a wet towel and placed it on the man’s forehead. Then, she pulled his blanket up and stayed beside him as if she was his worried wife.

Linda breathed a sigh of relief when she saw how sincere Isabella was, but at the same, she worried that Oscar would develop feelings for the woman. People are the weakest, both physically and mentally, when sick. That must be why Ms. Walker went through all the trouble to care for Mr. Clinton. If she gets her way, we’ll all be in trouble.

Just thinking about Isabella’s overbearing attitude was enough to send shivers down Linda’s spine, for she knew that Isabella would definitely give her a hard time if the woman were to become her boss’ wife. She probably won’t think twice about firing me if she has Mr. Clinton’s ear.

“You can leave us now, Linda. I’ll take care of Oscar.” Isabella shooed the secretary as if she was getting rid of a pesky fly.

“Should I call Old Mr. Clinton and Old Mrs. Clinton?”

“Linda, if you’re smart, you should know that you’re not supposed to do things that aren’t asked of you. Sooner or later, I will marry into the Clintons, so you would do well to remember never to go against me again. Mark my words.”

Isabella made it abundantly clear that Linda should listen to her.

After some thought, Linda decided to make herself scarce. The secretary looked worriedly at Oscar before closing the door behind her, knowing that she would be in trouble again for leaving him with Isabella.

Linda realized that no matter who she sided with, she was going to end up offending the other. This is not what I expected when I signed up to be a secretary.

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Chapter 343 Do Not Make Me Despise You

Isabella took care of Oscar the entire time he was asleep. Only after his high body temperature dropped did she sit down by the bedside to gaze at the good-looking man.

Then, Isabella reached out to touch the man's face. "Oscar, I really have fallen in love with you. If not, I wouldn't have followed you around like a fly. What will it take for you to forget about that woman who left without a goodbye? You should be with me."

Putting her head on Oscar's chest, Isabella could hear his heart beating steadily, and that brought a smile to her face.

"Oscar, I think this is the first time we've ever been this close. There's a sense of calmness in listening to your heartbeat. Oh, how I wish I could rest my head on you like this forever!" Like those of a teenage girl on her first date, Isabella's cheeks suddenly turned red when she thought of a possible future for the two of them. "We're a perfect match, you know? If you're willing, I can marry you immediately. I'm serious, Oscar. For you, I'll learn to be a great wife. I'll even get the chefs at home to teach me how to cook properly. They already told me that I have the talent. I can even give up my piano and focus on our family instead. I can give you beautiful children, Oscar. How many would you like? How about two? A boy and girl."

As Isabella continued to mutter to herself, she realized that she had never considered such things before. She used to despise her friends who became housewives for their families, but when staring at Oscar, she finally understood why they did what they did.

Isabella remained smiling for a while until she stumbled upon a few questions inside her head. "Am I not good enough for you, Oscar? Am I not better than Amelia? I don't understand. Why are you still searching for her even though you two are divorced? Are you only going to accept me after we get intimate?"

With that, Isabella leaned in and forced her lips onto Oscar's. Before letting him go, she bit the man's lower lip.

"You'll be mine one day, Oscar. That I promise you." Pleased with herself, Isabella touched her lips and continued to gaze at the man with a deranged look in her eyes.

It was already six o'clock in the evening when Isabella decided to give Oliva a call. The elderly woman was glad to hear that Oscar was with Isabella, so she encouraged the young woman to continue spending more time with her son.

With Olivia's support, Isabella was even more convinced that she would marry Oscar.

The woman then rested her head back on Oscar and fell asleep shortly afterward.

When Oscar finally woke up, his fever had subsided, and so had his headache. Since the room was pitch black, Oscar somehow thought the person lying on him was Amelia, so he ran his fingers through her hair and called out Amelia's name.

However, when he heard his own hoarse voice, he suddenly remembered what had happened that morning. Oscar recalled how Isabella made a scene outside his office and how she barged in after he fired her. What happened after that was blurry at best to the man. Oscar remembered slowly falling asleep after somebody fed him medications, and he even dreamed of seeing Amelia again. They were holding each other tightly and kissing before he woke up.

Because of that, Oscar had trouble differentiating his dream from the real world. He thought Amelia was resting on him and that everything he dreamed was real.

Not long after feeling Oscar's touch, Isabella, too, woke up. She immediately extended her hand to turn on the lights before questioning Oscar worriedly, "Are you feeling better, Oscar? Do you need me to get you anything?"

Oscar was greatly disappointed when he realized that he mistook Isabella for Amelia, so he quickly withdrew his hand from the woman. "Why are you here?"

"You had a high fever, Oscar. Since you didn't want to go to the hospital, I had Linda help me carry you here so you could rest. You've been asleep since morning, and I took care of you the entire time. I know it's impossible to make you fall in love with me in such a short time, but can you at least be a little nicer to me?" pleaded Isabella.

Still, even after hearing all that, Oscar remained indifferent toward the woman. "Get out."

Immediately, the fantasy Isabella had before went up in smoke as she stared at the cold-hearted man in disbelief. "But Oscar, you—"

"Get out."

Gritting her teeth, Isabella could feel her eyes starting to well up. "Do you have any idea how much I've done for you? When you were sick, I did everything I could to keep your body temperature down. I don't expect you to thank me, but could you at least try not to be mean to me? I have feelings too, you know?"

Oscar felt much better by then, so he got out of bed and started walking toward the door, but Isabella quickly blocked his way.

"Where are you going, Oscar?"

“If you like it here so much, you can stay.”

“Are you really that heartless? Don't I at least deserve a smile from you after all that I've done? Why do you have to treat me this way?”

To that, Oscar's only response was to open the door and leave without a word.

When Oscar walked out, Linda was still working overtime outside his office. “Are you feeling better, Mr. Clinton?”

Keeping his silence, Oscar glanced at the secretary before continuing to walk away.

Linda was mortified when her boss ignored her like that, so she hurriedly followed close behind. “You haven't fully recovered yet, Mr. Clinton. Do you need me to get Bill to drive you home?”

“You talk too much, Linda. Please just focus on doing your job. I'm going to let it slide this time. But if something like this happens again, you can pack your things. I don't need an indecisive employee.”

At the sound of that, Linda's face turned pale. “Mr. Clinton, I can explain. I—”

Before the secretary could finish her sentence, Oscar had already entered the elevator, so she was forced to keep her own thoughts to herself.

“Linda, where's Oscar?” questioned Isabella after rushing out of the man's office.

Instead of replying to the question, Linda only glared at the woman before returning to her desk.

As much as Isabella wanted to unleash her wrath upon the secretary, she decided that her priority was to go after Oscar. However, when she reached the lobby, the man was already nowhere to be seen.

On the other side, Oscar was flooring the gas pedal to zoom to The Mirage, a karaoke bar. The man even jumped two red lights on the way. Not long after entering the building, Oscar happened to bump into the scantily dressed Cassie. If it were not for their history, Oscar would not have recognized Cassie, who he used to think was a girl with the purest of hearts.

Seeing the woman again brought back some memories that Oscar had almost forgotten. The man thought it was best to walk past Cassie after glancing at her, but unexpectedly, the woman noticed him as well.

Cassie was so drunk then that Oscar could immediately sense the smell of alcohol emanating from her.

Furrowing his brows, Oscar quickly took a step back from the strong odor.

“What a pleasant surprise! It’s so nice to see you again, Oz. I heard that you and Amelia got divorced. Congratulations! So when are you planning to marry me? You and I were definitely more than friends. Now that you had your fun, it’s time to accept me into the Clinton family,” slurred Cassie with a smile while gazing at Oscar with her drunken eyes.

“You’re drunk,” stated Oscar with his brows still knitted.

Like an octopus that had caught its prey, Cassie wrapped her arms around Oscar before continuing, “No, I’m perfectly sober. I couldn’t go to you because June had been pestering me for the past few months. You never came to me either. That’s cold. I mean, you just left after bedding me. You told me you loved me, but you didn’t mean it. You ruined me! Do you know that? It’s time for you to make it up to me.”

“Let go of me,” demanded Oscar icily.

“No! Now that I finally have you again, I’ll never let you go.”

“Let go of me now, or else.”

When Cassie refused to listen to him, Oscar swiftly broke free of the woman’s hold before decisively slamming her to the ground.

Immediately, the service staff at the nightclub was shocked.

“Are you okay, ma’am? Do you need help?” inquired the staff worriedly.

“Come on, man. You didn’t have to do that to your girlfriend,” voiced one of the bystanders.

Without explaining himself, Oscar simply turned around and headed for the exit. Cassie instantly got sobered up when she hit the ground. Seeing that Oscar was about to leave her, Cassie ignored her pain and hurriedly got to her feet.

In order to catch up to Oscar, Cassie even took off her stilettos. “Please stop, Oz! Don’t leave me! I’ve missed you so much.”

“You’re not the Cassie I know. Just look at you. Heavy makeup and scanty clothes? Is that what you think you need to win men over now? Let go of my arm before my despise for you grows even deeper,” warned Oscar.

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“And whose fault is it that I’ve changed?” shouted Cassie, as she started hitting Oscar with all her might. “You are the most despicable and heartless man I’ve ever met, Oscar! It’s your fault that I’ve become infertile and my career ruined! You’re the reason my hands can never play the piano again. How dare you just leave me when you’ve caused me so much pain!”

“That was all your doing, and you know it. Don’t blame it on somebody else,” responded Oscar in an indifferent tone.

Chuckling wryly, Cassie wondered why she fell for someone as cold as Oscar. However, no matter what the man did to her, she simply could not get herself to forget him.

After wiping away the tears that had ruined her makeup, Cassie took a deep breath to recompose herself. “Fine. I won’t blame you for what happened because that’s in the past now. Now that you’re single again, let’s start over, okay?”

“That’s not going to happen,” replied Oscar without a second thought before continuing to walk away from Cassie.

Even though he initially went to the nightclub to get a drink, he knew that was no longer an option after bumping into the woman.

Upset with Oscar’s response, Cassie clenched her fists so tightly that her knuckles cracked. However, after regaining her senses, she ran over to Oscar’s car and got in.

“Get out,” commanded Oscar impatiently.

Still, Cassie remained unmoved as she sat in the back seat. “I’m not going anywhere, Oz. I’ve sacrificed far too much for you to let you leave me again. If you don’t like my heavy makeup, I can put on a lighter one. If you don’t like my attitude, I can change that too. I’ll be whatever you want me to be. Just let me stay by your side. June’s nobody to me. That man’s just a pest I couldn’t get rid of.”

“Get out,” repeated Oscar, rubbing his forehead.

Since Cassie still refused to leave, Oscar decided to be the one to get out of the vehicle. He already had a headache in the office that morning, so he would rather not deal with another.

Seeing that, Cassie exited the car as well and continued to tail the man. “I’ve missed you, Oz. Weren’t you going to get a drink? Let me go with you.”

Suddenly, Oscar stopped walking and turned around to face Cassie. "If you keep following me like this, I can't promise I'll go as easy on you as I did just now."

However, Cassie was not intimidated by Oscar's threat at all, so he rolled his eyes at the woman before taking his phone out.

"Hugo, get two men over here to keep Ms. Yard away from me," ordered Oscar.

Upon hearing that, Cassie immediately wrapped her arms around Oscar like an octopus once again and pleaded, "Please don't do this to me, Oscar. I love you! I promise I won't disturb you in any way."

Oscar remained silent as he emotionlessly let the woman hang on to him.

When Hugo and several men arrived at the scene, they were amused to see their boss' predicament since they had never met anybody more persistent than Cassie.

Seeing the way the woman acted, Hugo could not help but wonder why his boss would ever fall for somebody like her in the first place. I guess love really is blind.

"It's getting late, Ms. Yard, so let my men send you home. After all, it's not safe for you to be at this kind of place," advised Hugo.

"Don't you dare touch me! Or I'll cry for help!" warned Cassie fiercely, sending daggers at Hugo and the men with him.

Amused yet again by the woman's persistency, Hugo released a chuckle.

"What are you waiting for? Get her out of my sight now," ordered Oscar irritably, so Hugo instructed two bodyguards to pull Cassie off of his boss by force.

Unexpectedly, Cassie then started struggling and yelling like a madwoman. "Help! Somebody is robbing me! He's going to kill me! Please help me call the police!"

As soon as Cassie was removed, Oscar instantly made himself scarce. Following closely behind him was Hugo, who had issued further instructions to the bodyguards before leaving.

"Send Ms. Yard back home. When you get there, remind her parents to keep an eye on their misbehaving daughter lest she returns to bother Mr. Clinton again."

"Yes, sir," responded the bodyguards.

Even when they were already a distance away, Oscar and Hugo could still hear Cassie's frenzied screaming. Compared to how she was five years ago, Cassie was a completely different person then.

“Should I go get the car now, Boss?” inquired Hugo.

After his boss nodded, Hugo turned back to get the vehicle. Cassie and the bodyguards were already gone when he went back there.

Getting into the back of the car, Oscar immediately leaned against the seat and shut his eyes.

Hugo glanced at his tired-looking employer. “Where do you want to go, Boss?”

“Take me to the apartment where Amelia and I used to live,” answered Oscar in a slightly hoarse voice.

When Hugo stopped the car in front of a traffic light, he could not help but mention how lucky his boss had been with the ladies recently.

Though, Oscar simply kept quiet.

After glancing at Oscar, whose eyes remained shut, in the rear-view mirror, Hugo added, “Boss, do you need me to send someone to deal with Ms. Walker and Ms. Yard?”

“No, that’s not necessary. They’re just a minor nuisance. They’ll get bored soon and leave me alone.”

“Okay, Boss.”

Hugo wondered how the two women would feel if they knew that his boss considered them a nuisance. I’m guessing they’ll probably flip! But I suppose Boss has a good reason for feeling that way about them. Heck, any man would probably feel the same way after witnessing how they behaved. Even all that beauty can’t help those two.

Hugo kept his thoughts to himself and focused on his driving until he reached the destination.

Ever since Amelia disappeared, Oscar would occasionally stay at their apartment. Sometimes he would return to the Clinton residence, but for most of the time, he stayed overnight in the office for work.

“We’re here, Boss,” informed Hugo softly after stopping the car.

“You can take your leave now, Hugo, but make sure nobody followed me first. I want to be alone,” instructed Oscar after opening his eyes.

“Yes, Boss.”

After Hugo drove away, Oscar made his way into the apartment. Unexpectedly, the lights inside were already turned on when he entered the house. Hence, his heart started to race, and his grip on the doorknob tightened.

Oscar was so excited that he almost forgot to breathe, but at the same time, he was afraid that it would all turn out to be a dream.

After slowly closing the door behind him, Oscar tiptoed upstairs as if any loud noise would send the person he dearly missed scattering.

Oscar stood outside the bedroom for a while, hesitant to turn the doorknob. Surprisingly, someone on the other side of the door opened for him. Oscar widened his eyes in shock when he saw who the person was.

“What are you doing here?” Oscar could hear the sound of his hope shattering as he continued to stare at the person.

Before the other party could respond, Oscar angrily grabbed him by the collar. “You told me you were not in contact with Amelia. Why are you here, then, Derrick? Who gave you the keys?”

Derrick was just as surprised to see Oscar, for he only went there to pick up something for Amelia and was not expecting to bump into anyone. In an awkward situation like that, Derrick knew things would get messy.

Still, he tried to resolve the issue in a peaceful manner. “There’s no need to get physical, Mr. Clinton. Now, can you please unhand me?”

To respond to the question, Oscar unceremoniously punched the man’s pretty face. “I have been wanting to do this for a long time. I just never did because I didn’t want to upset Amelia. But you just had to keep trying my patience, didn’t you? Well, now you know my limit, and I’m going to make you regret it.”

Oscar held nothing back as he continued to swing his fists at Derrick, who quickly fought back after taking a few hits. The two men clung to each other and traded blows until they exhausted their strength.

Eventually, the fight ended in a draw. It was difficult for Oscar or Derrick to tell who won since they were both equally injured. Two handsome faces were ruined by a bleeding nose and bruised cheeks that evening.

For some reason, after exchanging looks, the two men suddenly burst out laughing together. Somehow, they discovered a newfound respect for each other after the slugfest.

“Amelia gave you the keys, didn’t she?” inquired Oscar, sitting on the floor.

Derrick knew it would be meaningless to keep the truth from the man at that point, so he nodded.

With his heart racing, Oscar gulped and gritted his teeth before finding the courage to ask, "Is she... Is she doing okay?"

Derrick took a moment to consider what to tell the man and decided not to mention Amelia's blindness. "She's good. She's happy to have Tony by her side."

Taking another look at the other man, Oscar questioned, "She's still in Beshya, isn't she?"

"Amelia and Tiff were staying at my villa before my mother said some mean things to them. They got upset, so they just sent me a text message before disappearing for good. I don't know if they're in Beshya or not either. Of course, it's up to you whether you want to believe me. I really do love Tiff, and I've pursued her for three years. It's a shame that my family will always stand between us. That's why she hasn't accepted me yet. Initially, I wished for her to stay at my villa because I wanted to be close to her. However, my mother's words had left a bad taste in her mouth. I have been looking for them ever since," lied Derrick as he stared down at the floor, but Oscar was not convinced.

"You're lying."

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 345

Chapter 345 Battle Of Wits

In response, Derrick shrugged before lifting his head to look at Oscar. There was a hint of sadness in his eyes as he continued, "You know, I love Tiff just as much as you love Amelia. I've been interested in her since the first day she became a writer for my company. Her work was soulful that it made me want to fall in love, and that's why I wanted to get to know her more. Then I realized the more I knew her, the more I became interested in her. Unfortunately, she has disappeared with Amelia, and I still couldn't find them."

"Since Amelia really did stay at your villa, why didn't you admit it before? What were you trying to hide?"

Instead of answering the question, Derrick smiled and quickly changed the subject. "We're both on the same boat, you know? So if you hear anything about Amelia or Tiff, please let me know. It has been three years. I think it's time to find out if Tiff's feelings for me are mutual."

All of a sudden, as if he had an epiphany, Oscar stretched out his hand, and Derrick instinctively high-fived it.

“I’ll inform you as soon as I locate them, but you have to promise me that you’ll never lie to me. Otherwise, I’m going to make sure that you and your family pay for your mistake.”

“It’s a deal.”

Even though the two seemed to have reached an agreement, neither of them knew what the other was actually planning in his head.

“Do you want to grab a drink?” invited Derrick.

“Sure.”

“What did Amelia ask you to get?” inquired Oscar after they left the apartment and entered the elevator.

“It’s not something you would expect. She just wanted me to get her a photo album; it’s the one with photos of you and her. She said it’d be nice to relive those memories. Unfortunately, she and Tiff both disappeared after I last saw them. It’s cruel, really, what they did. That’s why I said we’re both on the same boat,” answered Derrick with a wry smile.

Oscar was already distracted the moment Derry mentioned the photo album. Even after five years of marriage, Oscar and Amelia did not take many photos together. Those in the album only existed because Amelia wanted a couple photoshoot. Naturally, the man agreed because he loved Amelia. At first, he was a little stiff in front of the camera, so Amelia teased him and called him a statue. Oscar then retorted that if he were a statue, he was a handsome-looking one. In the end, the happy Amelia during the photoshoot convinced Oscar that it was all worth it.

Those photos were proof of the happy moments they had together.

“Is that really what she told you?” asked Oscar hesitantly.

Derrick remained silent for a while before responding, “What do you mean?”

“You said she wanted the photo album because she wanted to relive our memories. Is that true?”

Derrick nodded, suddenly feeling pity for the man. As the head of Clinton Corporations, Oscar could have had any woman he wanted, but for some reason, he only had eyes for Amelia. Even now, his heart longed to be with her. He had only met a handful of men with such fierce loyalty to a woman.

After seeing Derrick's response, Oscar tightened his grip on the steering wheel as a content smile crept its way onto his face.

Derrick gave Oscar a curious look when the man stopped outside The Mirage. "A karaoke bar? I thought we were going to a regular bar."

"They have private rooms, so it's much quieter inside. I had a headache today, so I'd rather not deal with loud noises."

Only after hearing that did Derrick notice a hint of paleness on Oscar's face, and accompanying the colorlessness were the bruises he left on the man. Derrick started to wonder if Oscar should go home and rest instead after realizing the state the other man was in.

"You don't look so good, Mr. Clinton. How about we take a rain check? You should rest at home if you're not feeling well, not downing alcohol in a bustling bar," advised Derrick in all seriousness.

"You talk too much. Do you know that? If I wanted to get nagged at, I would've gone to my mother. Now stop your yapping and come have a drink with me."

Since Oscar insisted on carrying on their plan, Derrick had no reason to go against the man. This will be a good opportunity for me to befriend Oscar. Gaining a powerful and influential friend like him will no doubt bring me more good than harm. "Hey, if you think you're going to be okay, who am I to doubt you? Let's go."

The service staff at The Mirage were more than glad when they saw the two enter their workplace, for the establishment was rarely graced with the presence of such outstanding men. Even though they remembered what Oscar did to Cassie, they were nonetheless mesmerized by the man's good looks, especially the females.

When the staff had any free time, they would sneak a peek at the two gentlemen. If allowed, almost everyone in the service crew would spend their working hours drooling over Oscar and Derrick.

"Would you like some snacks, Mr. Clinton?" inquired Derrick after ordering the man and himself a beer.

Oscar nodded in response as he continued to ignore the staff members gazing at him.

After they were done with the ordering, Derrick and Oscar took the elevator to their private room. Oscar slumped onto the couch as soon as they got in, while Derrick fetched the microphones.

"Since we're at a karaoke bar, why don't we sing a song or two? Here. Show me what you've got." Derrick then handed his companion a microphone.

The first song he picked was one of his all-time favorites. Not only was it one of the most popular songs during his childhood, but it was also one that he had fond memories of. No matter how many times Derrick had heard it, he never got bored of the song, and he suspected that he never would.

“Do you know this song, Mr. Clinton? I’m sure you do, don’t you? Go ahead. Let me hear that angelic voice of yours,” teased Derrick.

Oscar then took the microphone and cleared his throat before he started singing. A pleasant-sounding and tuneful voice came out of the man’s mouth as he performed the old song.

Derrick was completely mind-blown when he realized what a great singer Oscar was, so he decided to do his best to match the other man’s talent when it was his turn to sing.

After they were done with the song, Derrick could not help but give Oscar a big thumbs-up to show the man how impressed he was. “My goodness, Mr. Clinton! I definitely did not expect you to be that talented in singing. And I can tell that you’re very familiar with the song. Didn’t expect that either, to be honest.”

“It’s an excellent song. You have good taste,” praised Oscar concisely.

At that moment, Derrick realized that maybe they had more in common than he initially thought.

Not long after that, a waitress brought in their order and placed it on the table. “Enjoy, gentlemen.”

Naturally, the staff member quickly made herself scarce after finishing her task.

Oscar then put the microphone down and reached out to grab a bottle of beer. After taking a few gulps, the man slumped against the couch.

“Another song, Mr. Clinton?”

“No, thanks. You go ahead. I’ll join you later.”

With that, Derrick picked a second song and continued to show his flair for singing. Even though Derrick did not look the type, he was skillful enough to hit every high note in the song.

When Derrick was finally done, Oscar had already finished his bottle of beer and was helping himself to a second bottle.

“Hey, take it slow, Mr. Clinton. A good beer is to be savored, not wasted like that. You have to keep it in your mouth for a while before swallowing it. That way, you’ll learn to

appreciate its flavor,” instructed Derrick after snatching the bottle away from Oscar, so the man opened another and lifted it for a toast.

“Here’s to your wise alcohol consumption method. Bottoms up. And don’t worry; I’m not going to get drunk.”

After shrugging nonchalantly in response, Derrick clinked his bottle against the man’s.

However, it did not take long before Derrick regretted drinking with Oscar, who promised not to get drunk but ended up intoxicated, anyway. “More! I need more beer!” shouted Oscar after downing three bottles. By then, his face was already bright red, and eyes half-open.

Derrick placed Oscar’s arm around his shoulder to support the man, who could no longer stand properly without help. This is unexpected. I honestly thought Oscar could hold his drink, but it turned out that three bottles were all it took to get him drunk. Either he’s really that weak, or he’s just pretending to be drunk. “Are you drunk already, Mr. Clinton?”

In response, Oscar looked at Derrick with his half-open eyes and cracked a big smile. “Amelia, you’re back! I’m so glad to see you again! I’ve been very good. Since you told me not to drink, I have not had a drop of alcohol. Look how sober I am! Heck, I can even dance for you if you want me to prove it.”

With that, Oscar pulled himself away from Derrick and started dancing clumsily around the room.

After witnessing Oscar’s awkward and silly dance, Derrick was finally convinced that the man was indeed drunk.

Derrick then approached Oscar to save the man from further humiliation. “Come on, Mr. Clinton. Let’s get you home.”

Surprisingly, Oscar was very cooperative when Derrick stopped his dancing. He would gaze at the man from time to time and slur, “It’s so good to have you back, Amelia. Words can’t even begin to describe how much I’ve missed you. Did you miss me too, Amelia? Tell me because I need to know. I need to know that you haven’t forgotten about me.”

Derrick got goosebumps all over whenever Oscar stared lovingly at him. I can’t believe this is happening to me. What on earth did I ever do to deserve this? I guess I should consider myself lucky that all he did was stare. I swear I’ll lose it if he puts his arms around me.

After helping Oscar into the back seat, Derrick got into the driver’s seat and started driving toward the former’s residence.

Suddenly, Oscar leaned forward to press his face against the back of Derrick's seat. "Amelia, where did you go? I couldn't find you anywhere. I tried; I really did. But I just can't seem to find you, no matter how hard I tried. These past few months have been nothing but hell to me. All I could think about was you. Just you," mumbled Oscar, whose eyes could barely stay open at that point.

To that, Derrick simply remained silent and continued to focus on driving.

After garbling for a while, Oscar eventually fell asleep, and Derrick's phone just so happened to ring at that moment. Glancing at the rear-view mirror, Derrick ensured that Oscar was still out before answering his phone.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Mr. Hisson. It's me, Tiff. Are you doing all right there? Did Oscar cause you any trouble?"

"Where are you? Why did you call me on a public phone? What's going on?" questioned Derrick in concern, his brows tightly furrowed.

"I'm just trying to be cautious. I was afraid that Oscar might monitor the caller IDs on your phone, so I decided to make use of the public phone nearby. Don't worry. Kurt is just beside me, so I'm completely safe. Amelia will probably be transferred to Boris' facility by tomorrow, so don't call me for now. It's good to hear your voice again, Mr. Hisson."

"Remember to be careful, okay? No matter where you are or what you do. How's her condition? Is she doing okay?" Worried that Oscar would overhear his conversation and figure out that it was Tiffany on the phone, Derrick restrained himself from saying anything romantic.

"You're not alone, are you, Mr. Hisson?" inquired Tiffany curiously when she noticed the man's odd tone.

"No," answered Derrick concisely.

"Is it Oscar?"

To answer the question, Derrick simply stayed quiet, for he knew that Tiffany would understand what it meant.

"Did he do anything to you?" Tiffany immediately got concerned when she got the man's silent message.

"I'm fine. Don't worry. You take care of yourself, okay? If there's anything you don't understand or can't handle at work, you can call me anytime. You're my friend, and I'm

probably the only friend you have in Saspiuburg, so I'll do everything I can to help you. Don't overwork yourself, okay? There's always tomorrow."

Tiffany was baffled for a while but quickly realized that Derrick was signaling her to end the phone call. "Sure. We'll talk again soon. Goodbye."

After hanging up, Derrick noticed that Oscar had already sat up in the back seat. Even though the man still seemed not all that sober, Derrick was shocked nonetheless.

"I heard you talking on the phone just now, Amelia. Who could be calling you at this hour?"

Derrick narrowed his eyes at Oscar and wondered if the man was really drunk. For some reason, he still thought that Oscar could be faking it. "Why don't you rest some more, Mr. Clinton? I'll wake you up when we reach your place."

"Okay."

Unexpectedly, Oscar did as he was told and lay down to continue sleeping.

Although Derrick was unsure if Oscar really fell asleep again, he breathed a sigh of relief after seeing the man lie down. His mission turned out to be more difficult than he had anticipated, for he never expected that he would have to drive Oscar home.

Derrick knew that they were still in the middle of their battle of wits, and the victor had yet to emerge.

"Oscar, I hope that you'll forgive me for lying to you. I know how much you love Amelia, but I'm doing this in the name of love as well. I'm sure you can understand that we cannot be friends yet. At least not at the moment," whispered Derrick to himself as he continued driving.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 346

Chapter 346 Seduction

After parking his car, Derrick got out of the vehicle and went to the back seat to help Oscar out, with the latter mumbling Amelia's name over and over again.

Derrick had a hard time getting that strapping man off the car. It took him a while just to get him back to the apartment Oscar used to share with Amelia.

Pulling Oscar into the room, Derrick pushed that bulky man on his bed. He clicked his tongue in frustration while looking at the unconscious man before proceeding to help

Oscar remove his socks and put a blanket over the latter. "You know what, Mr. Clinton? We've been through so much together we should actually be friends, but we each have people we need to protect. If it were not for that, we could be very good friends."

Glancing at the man lying on the bed, he sighed. Then, he closed the door behind him before heading downstairs to rest. He was so spent he did not even take off his clothes, but just hit the sofa and dozed off.

Little did he know that once he went out of the room, the sleeping man, who was supposed to be drunk, opened his eyes wide with all alertness.

Oscar took out his phone to make a call. "Hugo, someone called Derrick just now. I need to know where that call was made."

"Yes, Boss."

Ending the call, Oscar rolled over to get out of bed and walked to the window. He looked into the night, falling into deep thoughts.

His grip tightened around his phone as he pondered. "Amelia, I'll find you soon."

As expected, within the next half an hour, Hugo dialed back. "I've just gotten the location. The call was made from a public phone booth in Beshya. It's near Principal General Hospital."

Hearing that, Oscar was alarmed. His gaze darted around as he thought hard. "Hugo, I need to be on the next flight to Beshya."

"Yes, Boss."

Despite how anxious Oscar was, things did not go as planned. It so happened that the next flight to Beshya was fully booked, so they had to wait until nine o'clock in the morning to fly over.

Oscar was dismayed when he found out about it, as he intended to be in Beshya as soon as possible. "Get my private jet ready."

"But Mr. Clinton, it's not too late to depart tomorrow morning. She'll still be there by tomorrow morning if she's really residing in Beshya," Hugo advised carefully after some thought.

"Since when do you have so much to say, Hugo? Just do as you're told." Oscar was in a foul mood.

"Yes, Boss," Hugo replied in his dutiful voice again.

Knowing that Oscar did not appreciate his opinions, but expected him to get the task done soon, Hugo got to work immediately.

The whole bedroom fell back into silence after Oscar ended the call. His eyes glistened in the dark room with anticipation. He had a feeling that he would meet Amelia tomorrow, but he completely forgot that Derrick was still in the house.

Derrick was almost asleep on the couch when he decided to check on Oscar one last time, in fear that the drunk man would puke after drinking so much. When he got upstairs and was about to open the door, he heard Oscar's voice from inside the room. He moved closer stealthily, pressing his ear against the door to listen to what Oscar was saying.

As someone trained in martial arts before, he had a keen sense of hearing. Although he could not hear everything Oscar was saying, it was enough for him to figure out that Oscar was on Amelia's tail again.

He swiftly went back downstairs and left the apartment without making a single noise. Fishing out his phone, he called Tiffany right after.

As he had planned earlier on, this phone would be used exclusively for him to contact Tiffany. Even his parents did not know this phone number. In fact, not even Tiffany knew about its existence.

"Hi, may I know who's speaking?" Tiffany's voice came from the other side.

"It's me, Tiff."

"Mr. Hisson?"

"Yes. Listen to me, Tiff. Oscar found out that both of you are at Principal General Hospital in Beshya. He's taking his private jet over now. You and Kurt need to bring her away as soon as possible."

"But Amelia just finished her surgery. She can't even walk now. What if something happens to her? What if she gets injured in the middle of all of this?" Tiffany was anxious.

"Calm down, Tiffany," Derrick comforted gently. "I'll ask Mr. Jackman to pick you guys up at the hospital. I'll notify the hospital so they get rid of all Amelia's records, so even if Oscar does go to the hospital, he won't be able to find a thing about Amelia. Don't worry about it, okay?"

A short pause followed as Tiffany thought about their arrangement. "All right. I'll leave it to you, then. Thank you so much, Mr. Hisson."

Hearing that, Derrick smiled widely. Tiffany's gratitude put him in a phenomenal mood. "Well, you should at least stop calling me Mr. Hisson if you're really thankful. It feels like you're still treating me like your higher-up. You should call me 'Derry', or just something like 'Darling'."

A longer pause ensued this time, but Derrick was not in a hurry, so he waited patiently.

His smile deepened as the pause stretched out. As he expected, Tiffany's voice came again after a few seconds. "Derry." Tiffany felt a gush of embarrassment overtaking her. "This is so cringy. I prefer calling you Mr. Hisson. This is already like a term of endearment to me. Of course, I can call you 'Derry' if you want, but I will still go with 'Derrick' when there are people around," she continued as she looked around the hospital. "All right, I got to go check on Amelia. Talk to you later."

"Sure. See you, Tiff."

Derrick gave Boris and the hospital director a call respectively after that. After briefing them on the situation, the two set to work. Boris was quick to act. He immediately asked Collin to drive to the hospital. As for the hospital director, he made arrangements for the nurses to delete every single copy of Amelia's medical report. He even asked the hospital staff to not breathe a single word about Amelia, in case anyone probed into the matter.

Not long after everything was put in place, Derrick saw Oscar rushing out of his apartment and hopping into his own car before driving out.

Derrick watched his car pull off until it completely vanished out of his sight. He did not follow Oscar. Instead, he waited for him to drive off before starting his own engine and drove out of the neighborhood slowly, heading in the opposite direction.

By the time Oscar reached the parking slot he had bought specifically for his own jet, Hugo and the others were already waiting for him.

The moment they spotted Oscar, they approached him and informed, "Everything is ready, Mr. Clinton. We can take off anytime."

Responding with a nod, Oscar went toward the jet with him.

"Let's go." After settling down, Oscar gave them the order and closed his eyes to take a nap as the jet slowly took off.

Two hours later, the plane landed on an empty land in a suburb in Beshya. A few cars were already waiting for their arrival when they landed.

Oscar exited the jet quickly, and everyone greeted in unison, "Mr. Clinton."

“Let’s get going.”

The man, who was first in line, took a step forward and pointed at one of the cars. “Over there, Mr. Clinton.”

Oscar walked over in large steps, with everyone else following closely behind.

When they almost reached the car, the first man behind Oscar hastened his step to open the door, gesturing at Oscar to enter.

“To Principal General Hospital.” Oscar cut to the chase right after he got into the car.

“Yes, sir.”

With that, the car pulled off immediately. Oscar tried to take a rest again, but his heart was fluttering. “Faster.”

“Yes.”

The driver stepped harder on the pedal and went at full speed, yet regardless of how fast they were going, there was still a distance to go before they reached the city center.

It took them an hour before they arrived at the hospital.

Once they pulled up beside the hospital, the other cars following behind stopped as well.

Getting out of the car, Oscar turned toward Hugo. “Bring your men and search the whole hospital. Report back to me if you see her.”

“Yes, Mr. Clinton.”

With that said, Hugo and the others made for the entrance, but their leader was hesitant. “Mr. Clinton, are you sure this is the best thing to do? Barging in right now will only attract too much attention. The police might even come. Besides, this is not your territory. I heard that the hospital director has a bit of background. Do you think it’s wise offending him? I’m just afraid this might evolve into something serious.”

Oscar glared at him, which was enough to shut the man up. He did not dare to say otherwise after this.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Clinton. I shouldn’t have said that.”

Not bothering to reply to the other man, Oscar walked straight into the hospital. When he got in, the hospital was as usual, as if Hugo and his men had not even come in. The

staff on the night shift were dozing off at the counter, so they did not even realize so many men came into the hospital.

When the man who earlier on challenged Oscar's decision saw the situation, he realized he had misjudged. After all, Oscar's bodyguards would never barge in and create a ruckus like some gangsters.

"I'm sorry for what I said earlier, Mr. Clinton," he admitted sheepishly.

Glancing at him, Oscar uttered, "Simon, thanks for picking me up this late at night. I owe you one. I'll return this favor when I find my wife."

Simon nodded without shying away. "I hope you find her soon, then. I can't wait to see what reward you have for me, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar nodded back without another word.

Their conversation awakened one of the nurses on duty. When she saw a handsome young man before her, she quickly wiped her mouth, afraid that she had drooled in her sleep.

Simon went forward and teased the nurse, "Don't worry. You look just fine. There's nothing on your mouth."

The nurse went red as she glared at him.

"May I know if you're here to visit someone, or are you here to register for yourself?" The nurse was being extra gentle when talking to Oscar.

Flashing a charming smile at her, Oscar informed, "I'm looking for someone called Amelia Winters. Could you help me check her room number?"

A fleeting glint of wariness showed in the nurse's eyes, but Oscar saw through her.

He knew she was trying to hide something.

He leaned closer, wearing his most attractive smile. "I hope you don't mind helping me check her room number. What about we go for some late-night snacks after I swing by her room? I'll let you know once I'm done. Do you mind giving me your phone number?"

Oscar was usually aloof and distant toward women, but because he badly wanted to know where Amelia was, he was willing to charm his way through just to get some information out of the nurse.

His affection made the nurse blush. She lowered her shifty gaze and started poring over the files. "I'll look for it."

After some time, she looked back up again in disappointment. “I’m sorry, mister, but there are a few Amelias on our records. These are the ones I found. What about you take a look yourself?”

Oscar took the files over, looking through every detail. To his dismay, he could not find the person he was looking for.

“Is this all?”

The nurse nodded.

Reaching out, Oscar lifted her chin playfully. “You look too pretty to be a liar,” he teased in a tantalizing tone. “Come on. Tell me if there’s a certain Amelia Winters in your hospital. I’ll go for dinner with you tomorrow as well.”

The young nurse almost fell for it. If she had not snapped herself back, she would have told Oscar everything she knew.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 347

Chapter 347 Regrets

“I’m really sorry, but that’s everything I know. All the records are here. There’s really no one with the name of Amelia Winters. What about you try other hospitals, or maybe give your friend a call?” the nurse suggested carefully.

Oscar almost lost his patience, but he quickly collected himself again without losing that gentle look on his face.

He was putting up his finest acting skills to appear agreeable to the nurse.

“Are you sure you’ve never heard of the name? Think harder. She’s important to me, so you have to tell me. I can give you whatever you desire—a car, a house, designer bags, or just anything at all—as long as you tell me anything you know about her. I promise you’ll get whatever you wish for.” Oscar made his pitch convincingly.

The nurse was lost in his mesmerizing aura. It was obvious that Oscar had her under his spell, but the director’s warning resounded in the nurse’s ears.

She recalled his words, forcing her greed back down her throat.

“I’m so sorry, mister. I really don’t remember anyone called Amelia Winters. You should just try other hospitals.”

Ring! At that moment, Oscar's phone rang just as he was about to persuade the nurse again. He looked at the screen, and his face darkened. His gentlemanly manner vanished within a split second.

Oscar turned away to check on his phone, leaving the nurse behind. "Um, excuse me, are you still down for the cup of coffee you promised me?" the nurse asked weakly, looking at him walking away.

However, the man completely ignored her.

Simon, who was following behind Oscar, turned toward the nurse. "You know what, young lady? There's always a price for everything. If you want to get the life you've always wanted, then you'll have to be prepared to make sacrifices for it, but it's not too late to change your mind now. Feel free to come by The Ritz-Carlton hotel and look for Simon if you're having second thoughts. Remember, don't let chances like this pass you by. You need to seize it when life is giving you a second chance."

With that said, Simon and Oscar left the hospital. The nurse watched them leave in silence. Her gaze looked complicated.

"What's wrong, Mr. Clinton? Have Hugo and the others found her yet?" Simon asked when they were outside.

Oscar shook his head in response.

Hugo and his men had also finished their search on the other wing of the hospital. Their quest was to no avail, too.

"We already looked everywhere, but there was no sign of her. I think she's probably at another hospital," Hugo speculated. "It's true that the phone booth is close to this hospital, but there are also a lot of residential areas around. Perhaps she's staying in one of the neighborhoods?"

"I don't think so. My hunch tells me she's been to this hospital. I can tell from the nurse's response that was here. Hugo, I want you to wait for the nurse to finish her shift. Invite her over to The Ritz-Carlton after that. I'm sure she'll give in once she knows how much we can offer her."

"How about we ask her to come out now? Who knows where Mrs. Clinton will be by the time the nurse finishes work?" Hugo suggested, looking back at the hospital.

"It's okay. The day will break in a few hours' time. You should all go back and rest first. There's no use looking all over the place like headless chickens, anyway. We need some clues." Oscar did not want to exhaust the whole team.

“Come on, Mr. Clinton, we’re used to working at night. You don’t have to be so considerate,” Simon assured him.

“Just go back to the hotel first. Hopefully, the nurse comes to the hotel on her own accord, then we won’t have to send someone to get her.” After saying this, Oscar headed straight to his car while Hugo and a few other bodyguards stayed stationed at the hospital.

After everyone arrived at the hotel, they went back to their respective rooms to get some rest.

Oscar was in no mood to wash up. Cleaning his face, he stared at his tired face in the mirror. He was frustrated. This was the third time he was in Beshya only within a month. He would leave and come back again in a few days. This was because all the clues he got pointed to the fact that Amelia was in Beshya, but every time he came, he would miss her just by an inch. He was always late.

“Just where are you, Amelia? Do you not miss me at all? I know you were at the hospital. Why must you leave when I’m here? Do you really hate me that much?”

He ruffled his hair and groaned like a vexed beast.

Then, he pushed the faucet to the end, letting the water run into the bathtub. Oscar went in without even taking his clothes off and just dipped his whole body into the tank of water. He lay submerged in the water for a long time, broking into deep and rapid breath at the surface again when he could not hold his breath anymore.

Wiping the water on his face away, he felt much better. It was as if the water had taken away all the pain and sorrow he felt.

“Amelia...” he uttered softly and weakly.

After getting out of the bathroom, he went to the window to look at the view at dawn. He needed to clear his thoughts, but hurt and exasperation dwelt in his heart, refusing to give him a break.

Taking out a cigarette, he lit it. Ever since Amelia left without a word, he had grown to rely on smoking to ease the emptiness he felt in his heart. He was almost always smoking. In fact, he could not resist the sense of relief smoking gave him, so much so that he suspected he must have become addicted to it, but he told himself that he must be overthinking.

Of course, he would readily stop smoking once he saw Amelia again. As long as he had her by his side, there was nothing that would be too difficult for him.

Oscar stood at the window for the whole night until the morning sun shone its first ray from the horizon. Oscar was there to welcome the sun when the next day arrived.

The sunrise made her think of Amelia, and what she once said to him.

Back then, he still had her by his side. She was cuddling in his embrace and smiling at him sweetly. "Darling, I want to go see sunrise with you by the beach one day," she said. "I should apply for a long leave, and we can go stay at a villa by the beach, then it'll be easier to catch the sunrise early in the morning. We can laze around the entire day. Also, I really want to take a stroll with you on the beach at dawn. I love the beach when the sun is setting. The view must be marvelous. We can even have a party at night. We can go back to bed after the guests leave, and we can repeat the same routine the following day until we grow tired of it. You can go back to work after we go home, while I take care of the kids at home. We can even ask a few friends to join us on a shopping spree. What do you think?"

Hugging her tighter, Oscar rubbed her nose tenderly. "We'll watch the sunrise together every morning if that's what you want. I just want to stay with you for the rest of my life. We can spend our days by the sea, listening to the waves all day long."

Amelia chuckled as she imagined their life. "For the rest of our lives? That sounds like an awfully long time."

In the past, Oscar did not know why Amelia would say so, but in hindsight, he figured Amelia had already thought of leaving him.

His premonition told him that Amelia left because something was wrong with her eyes. She probably did not want him to see her losing her sight, but to Oscar, Amelia did not understand him at all.

He was willing to give up everything he had for her, and he was ready to face whatever life threw at them with her—even her blindness. Oscar could not understand why Amelia found it unbelievable that she would always be the most beautiful in his eyes, even when he had already opened up his heart to her.

Thinking how the woman he loved would rather hide things from him and look to other men for help, Oscar felt defeated.

Did I not give her a sense of security? Was my love not enough for her?

These thoughts haunted Oscar the whole night until the break of day.

When the sunray beat on his body, he looked at the ground and was shocked to find the number of cigarettes he had smoked.

Knock! Knock! A noise came from the door, and a voice followed. "Mr. Clinton, the nurse is here."

Hearing that, Oscar smiled triumphantly. About time.

"Let her in."

Opening the door, Hugo walked in. Behind him was the nurse Oscar met the night before.

She coughed ferociously the moment the thick smoke wafted through the room to her.

"Have a seat," Oscar remarked, pointing at the couch.

Oscar was not his amiable self anymore. The nurse felt a marked distance between them, and she was compelled to act more politely in the man's presence.

She sat down, staring at him cautiously.

"So, what do you have to tell me? I can give you whatever you want as long as you give me a satisfactory answer." Oscar cut to the chase and spelled his terms clearly before the nurse spoke.

She looked more determined now. Clenching the hem of her skirt, she thought of all the things she could ask for.

Hugo looked at the fidgety woman and comforted her, "Relax. Mr. Clinton is a man of his word. He won't do anything to you. As long as you tell him everything you know, he will do as he promised. He's able to give you way more than you can imagine—things you'll never get in your whole life."

The nurse imagined all the money and riches she could request and swallowed hard.

"There was indeed someone called Amelia Winters at our hospital, but she's blind. The director gathered the best doctors in our hospital to treat her, but they said the blood clot in her brain was causing too much strain on her nerves, so surgery would be too risky for her. That was why no one dared to operate on her when she first came in. It wasn't until Dr. Jackman came that they figured out what to do with her. He's already advanced in years, but his skills were undeniably good."

The nurse told Oscar everything she knew.

Gloom settled over his face the moment he heard about the news.

"Where is she now?" Oscar tried hard to suppress the guilt and pain he felt, but his hoarse voice betrayed his emotions.

“She was still at the hospital yesterday, but the director suddenly called at about twelve in the afternoon, saying she should be transferred to another hospital, so a car came to pick her up. They had all the set-up ready to transfer her since she just finished a major brain surgery. I have no idea where they took her, neither was I in the place to ask for further details. All I know is that this woman has someone behind her—someone who’s closely connected to the director. I heard that that person called the director to get him to transfer the patient out. The director even asked all the nurses and doctors to not mention a word about this patient. He also asked us to destroy all her records, so to be honest, I have no idea if the person I’m talking about is exactly the person you’re looking for,” the nurse said forthrightly.

Oscar felt a surge of emotions stuck in his throat. His fists clenched hard like rocks as he listened.

“How’s her condition?” he queried.

The nurse shifted her gaze, trying to recall every detail. “Other than her blindness, she looked fine to me. Her friend was taking care of her, and she was very optimistic herself. She was very kind and polite to all of us, and she’s super pretty.”

The nurse stopped to look at Oscar at this point. “You should just ask the director yourself if you want to know more. After all, the director knows a lot more than I do.”

Turning toward Hugo, Oscar uttered, “Hugo, see to it that she receives what she wants, but there’s a caveat. It shouldn’t be an outrageous request.”

“Yes, Boss.”

The nurse was elated when she knew she was really getting everything she ever wanted. She did not even do anything significant other than just talk about something she knew. Shooting up from the couch, she followed Hugo out in glee.

After they left, Oscar lifted his head, trying to force back the incipient tears in his eyes. His fists were still clenched rigidly as he tried to placate his own feelings.

It pained him that Amelia had to suffer all alone, while he, her husband, could do nothing but let her experience all this on her own.

I am the most useless man in the world.

Oscar was so deep in regret he slapped himself hard in the face.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 348

Oscar had a hard time coming to terms with what happened to Amelia. On one hand, he felt guilty for agreeing to divorce her that easily. On the other, he hated himself for letting her face her blindness all by herself. He knew Amelia would lose her sight one day, but still, he was so careless as to let her leave.

He could not believe that he let the woman he loved leave when she was feeling all hopeless and helpless. Worse still, she was moving around trying to hide because his family was hunting her down. What have I done? All this happened because of me.

He started doubting everything he had been doing so far. His search for her made her move again and again. Yes, his intention was so that she would return to him, but instead, she was going through so much because of him.

Hence, he started having second thoughts.

This was the first time he reflected on his actions. In the past, he would do whatever his heart wanted, but now, he was not sure anymore.

Now that he started having second guesses, his doubt festered.

“Mr. Clinton, I’ve already seen the nurse out,” Hugo reported back accordingly.

Glancing at him, Oscar asked hesitantly, “Hugo, what do you think about the way I treat Amelia?”

Hearing his question, Hugo was surprised.

“Tell me the truth.”

Hugo thought for a bit before answering, “I was not sure myself at the beginning, but over the past few months, I’ve seen you changed so much because of her. I think you’re really in love with her, else you won’t even do so much just to find her.”

Oscar laughed deridingly. “But do you think this is what she wants? Didn’t she leave just so I won’t ever find her again? Do you think she even wants to see me?”

Hugo was lost. This was not the Oscar he knew. His boss was always confident and daring.

“I don’t know why Mrs. Clinton chose to leave, boss, but I’m certain of one thing—she still loves you.”

“Are you sure?” Oscar did not dare to feed on such hopes.

“Yes, I’m sure,” Hugo reiterated. “Are you okay, Boss?”

Clasping his hands together, Oscar stared outside of the window.

“Should we arrange for a meeting with the director of Principal General Hospital?” Hugo changed the topic.

“Proceed.” Oscar pushed his feelings aside and resumed his usual self again. He was determined on meeting this man to know more about Amelia’s condition.

“I want you to extend an invitation to him in person. Do everything you can to get him here,” Oscar added.

“Yes, Boss,” Hugo replied. “Have some rest first. You need to be recharged and fully rested for the next engagement.”

“I will. You get going. Let me know when he agrees to meet me.”

“Sure.”

“Good. I’ll rest now. You may leave.”

Hugo nodded and left.

When he was gone, Oscar lay in his bed, waiting for sleep to beckon him. He thought he could not sleep, but he did. He dreamed of Amelia. The sight of two dark holes in her eye sockets was ghastly, but he was not afraid. Instead, he felt sorry for her.

In his dream, Amelia reached out to him. “Oscar, I don’t want you to see me in this state. Please stop looking for me. You’re too perfect for me. I’m not good enough for you anymore. I beg of you, just let me go.”

After that, Amelia disappeared from his dream.

“Amelia!” Oscar shook himself awake. He was soaked in sweat from the dream.

Wiping his forehead dry, he gasped for air.

When he checked his phone again, it was already ten in the morning. He had slept for three hours, but it felt like he had only napped for half an hour.

He tried pacing his breath as he massaged his forehead.

“Are you up, Boss?” Hugo’s voice suddenly came from the outside.

“Come in,” Oscar stated, rubbing his temples.

Hugo pushed the door open and came all the way to the bed. "I've already contacted the hospital director. He said he could meet you for two hours tonight," Hugo reported.

Hearing that, Oscar smirked. "Is he that busy?"

"Should I get someone to get him here?" Hugo asked for permission.

"It's fine. I'll just see him tonight then. Ask him when is a good time for us to meet up. I have time anyway, so I don't mind waiting. Also, send someone to keep an eye on him. I want to know who he meets today."

"I'll see to it, Boss."

"Did you tell him who I am?" Oscar questioned yet again,

"No. I just said we're a pharmaceutical supplier, and that we're interested in working with his hospital, so he agreed to meet. I will get back to you on a time."

Oscar just nodded.

"Are you sure you're okay, Boss? You don't look too well. Should I get a doctor?" Seeing how Oscar was, Hugo was worried.

Getting off the bed, Oscar went right into the bathroom. It was not until he came back out again that he answered, "I'm fine. Did the others manage to get some sleep?"

"Yeah, they did."

"Simon knows a lot of people in Beshya. Have him ask around in different hospitals, including the private ones. Amelia just had surgery, so she must need a lot of care from doctors and nurses. I'm sure they'll transfer her from Principal General Hospital to a private hospital, so ask Simon to keep an eye out. Report back to me once anyone finds out anything."

"All right, Boss," Hugo responded.

He took another look at Oscar, still feeling concerned. "Boss, I really think you should see a doctor. You need to be healthy to find Mrs. Clinton. There's no chance of you finding her if you fall sick."

Rubbing his temples, Oscar instructed, "Get me some flu medication from the drugstore."

Hugo heaved a sigh of relief. He was deeply concerned about Oscar. Ever since Oscar started looking for Amelia, his health had been deteriorating. He kept pushing himself to the limit. If he kept this up, there would be a high chance of him collapsing.

Hugo knew that although Oscar might seem detached and cold, he was actually very invested in this relationship.

After Hugo left, he went to get the medication Oscar needed. Just as he was going out of the store, he heard an extremely familiar voice nearby. Turning around, he met the man's eyes. The two were stunned, but before the man could do anything, Hugo leaped forward to catch him. The other man was equally quick. He turned and sprinted off with all his might.

Behind him, Hugo shouted, "Kurt! Stop right there! Boss is in Beshya now! You have to go back and see him. How could you do this to him? He's the one who trained you. Is this how you repay him? How dare you bring Mrs. Clinton away? Stop!"

Kurt stopped after running for some time.

When Hugo caught up, he glared at Kurt intently, his gaze complex. "Why are you doing this, Kurt? Do you know how worried Boss was? He went all around the places looking for her. He buried himself in work just so he could take his mind off her. At this rate, he'll die of overexertion. How could you do this to him?"

"Hugo, Mr. Clinton commissioned me to protect her," Kurt stated. "She's my boss now, and I only listen to her. He's the one who said that we should be loyal to our master unless both parties agree to terminate the contract. Amelia is fixated on keeping her whereabouts hidden from Mr. Clinton, so I will do as she said. Did I do anything wrong?"

Hugo was at a loss for words. He did not know how to retaliate, so he just hurled a punch at Kurt, which ignited a fight between the two.

Passers-by started flocking around the two fighting men. Kurt locked Hugo's hands together before bellowing in his face, "Hugo, you know you can't beat me. I don't want to hurt you either. Go back and tell Mr. Clinton to just let Amelia go. She left because she didn't want him to find her. I bet Mr. Clinton doesn't want her to keep running from place to place either."

Hugo glared at Kurt. It had only been months since they last saw each other. From his recollection, Kurt was a reticent man. Since when is he so articulate?

"Kurt, follow me to meet Mr. Clinton," Hugo seethed.

Kurt shook his head decisively, pushing away the man under him before running away.

Getting up, Hugo darted off, but while he was pursuing Kurt, his phone rang.

In a hurry, he accepted the call. "Boss, I saw Kurt! I'm chasing him right now!" he cried out before quickly mentioning the address as he continued running.

“Don’t lose him. I’ll coming over now!” Oscar hung up right after.

“Kurt! Mr. Clinton is coming himself! You know what he’s like! You’d better be honest with him, and he’ll let you go! Imagine what he’ll do if he catches you himself! Kurt!”

Kurt completely disregarded his empty threats.

He knew he could get away if he wanted to. After all, he was a better fighter and a faster runner than Hugo. He ran faster, keeping the distance between them. Initially, Hugo wanted to pull out his gun, but this was Beshya. He could not risk inciting fear or even hurting people in the public. Besides, he had known Kurt for years, and he did not want to hurt the latter. Just as Hugo hesitated, Kurt took a sharp turn around the corner into an alley. By the time Hugo caught up, Kurt was already nowhere to be seen.

Hugo looked around in desperation, but he could not see the man. Resting his palm on his knees, he panted for air. “Sh*t!”

Now that he lost Kurt, it would be difficult for Hugo to find him again. They came so close to knowing where Amelia was.

This traitor! Boss put so much effort into training him, and now he turned his back on him.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 349

Chapter 349 Getting Her Address

“Boss, I’m so sorry!” Hugo gasped. “I lost him. I’m so sorry!”

When Oscar arrived, he looked at the alley and talked calmly, “You said he vanished here?”

“Yes,” Hugo confirmed.

“Send more men to check out this area.”

“Right away.”

With that, Hugo called Simon and got him to send more men to ransack the area.

“Hugo, I need you to set up a meeting with Amelia’s doctor. I need to talk to him.”

Hugo nodded, but quickly realized something was off. “What about the director? Are you still meeting him?”

“Yes.”

Nodding, Hugo proceeded to make necessary arrangements, but he could not contact the doctor in charge.

Truth was, the hospital director already sent the doctor to another city for a conference. It was said that the doctor was informed just yesterday that he was to attend this conference. As for other doctors who had participated in Amelia’s surgery, they were all sent to other hospitals to help up for different reasons. It was as if everyone related to Amelia was sent to other places overnight.

“You said all the doctors were sent away?” Oscar inquired with a frown.

“Yes, Boss. I’ll send my men to find out more about this. It seems like the doctor we’re looking for really didn’t go to work this morning. Besides, the nurse who came to see us earlier was fired as well. I heard the director sacked her himself, so everyone who knows a thing or two about Amelia dares not breathe a word now. They refuse to say anything about what they know.”

“Now I must see this director myself,” Oscar muttered with a rigid smile.

“I’ve already invited him to meet up at seven this evening.”

“Got it. Any news from Kurt or Simon?”

“No.”

“Okay, then. You may leave now.”

“All right.”

For the remaining day, Oscar stayed at the hotel until six o’clock in the evening. When the time came for him to meet the director, he put on his best clothes and went to the restaurant with Hugo.

A waitress came over and greeted them courteously, “Good evening, do you have a reservation?”

“Yes. I booked a private room. 208,” Hugo replied.

“Mr. Clinton, is it? Please follow me,” she said with a smile.

Oscar went after her without losing a moment. He did not even have the mood to look at the decoration and setting of the restaurant.

When they reached the room, the waitress knocked at the door, waiting for permission to usher Oscar in.

“Mr. Clinton, please.”

Oscar went in ahead while Hugo waited outside patiently.

When Oscar entered the room, he spotted a well-mannered young man in his late twenties waiting for him. He had a pair of gold frame glasses on, making him look all the more classy.

Oscar found it unbelievable that someone like him would actually be the director of Principal General Hospital, as he was expecting someone older and more experienced.

“Hi, I’m Charles Jensen, the director of Principal General Hospital,” the young lad said, standing up. His curious gaze surveyed Oscar from the head to the toe. “May I know who you are?”

Oscar carefully observed the man without trying to hide his intention. After some time, he held out his hand toward the director. “Oscar Clinton. I’m Amelia’s husband.”

Upon hearing that, the young man was startled, but he quickly collected himself and smiled gently. “Amelia? I’m afraid I know no such person, Mr. Clinton.”

Taking a seat, Oscar spoke to him candidly. “I will not beat around the bush, Mr. Jensen. I’m looking for my wife, Amelia, and I found out that she was admitted to your hospital, so I took a flight over just to see her. However, when I went to your hospital yesterday, it seemed to me that she was transferred to another hospital with your help. Do you mind explaining what the case is?”

Charles retained the smile on his face as if he was totally unfazed by Oscar’s words. In fact, he looked as if he was someone without any temper.

“Mr. Clinton, I believe there’s a misunderstanding. I don’t usually get involved in matters pertaining to patients. I don’t probe into patients’ privacy as well. I have no idea about the woman you mentioned, and how is it that you’re under the impression that I am the one who transferred her to another hospital,” he said slowly and lightly.

Narrowing his eyes, Oscar smiled as he took another purposeful look at the director.

“Mr. Jensen, I have to admit that I wasn’t expecting someone as young as you to actually be the director of the hospital. Now that I’ve seen you myself, I have to say I’m impressed,” Oscar stated, taking out his name card before giving it to Charles. “This is my name card. I hope you’ll be able to be of assistance to me after getting to know me. It’s understandable that important details sometimes slip our mind when we have too many things to take care of.”

Charles read the name on the card before looking back up at Oscar again. "So you're from Clinton Corporations. I have to say you are equally successful—young and successful— but I don't see how your line of business has anything to do with my hospital. May I know I can be of help to you?"

Oscar did not lose his patience. Instead, he took out a picture of Amelia and showed it to Charles. "This is my wife. There are some misunderstandings, and she left home. She lost her sight because of a car accident, and I would like to know where she is so I can bring her overseas, where she can get better treatment. I found out that she was a patient at your hospital. You're a sensible man. You can understand my situation, I'm sure. I've been looking for her for some time, and I'm worried. I really hope you can tell me which hospital she is at now. It's true that Clinton Corporations is not based in Beshya, but I still have my connections here. I'm sure you don't want to make an enemy out of me. After all, you still have a whole hospital to take care of."

Adjusting his glasses, Charles cleared his throat. "I really don't understand what you are trying to get at, Mr. Clinton."

At that, Oscar glared at the man. He's more intractable than I thought.

Fishing out his phone, Oscar played the recording of the conversation he had with the nurse earlier on. "Mr. Jensen, this is what someone from your hospital told me this morning. Her name is Kayla White, and I even know that she worked at your hospital for four years. I also know that she's actually your relative. I heard you dismissed her after she paid me a visit at the hotel I'm staying at today. Correct me if I'm wrong."

The smile on Charles' face remained unchanged. He was still calm and cool, even when Oscar laid all his cards. The latter could not help but respect this man.

"Kayla did something wrong, so I did what I had to. I fired her because she had been selling the IV drips our hospital uses to people outside. I'm the director of the hospital, so I can't just turn a blind eye to her mistake just because she's my relative. I have to be fair. You can always run a check on this to confirm my words," Charles said in all seriousness.

Oscar smiled again. Since Charles did not want to say a single word about Amelia, Oscar decided to just play along. "It seems like you're fixated on not telling me anything about Amelia."

Charles shrugged. "I'm sorry, Mr. Clinton. I can't be of help. My hospital has never taken in your wife. I believe you're looking for her at the wrong place. If she was really at our hospital, I would have told you as the director."

At this moment, Oscar knew he had to use his trump card. Pulling out a few photos from his pocket, he threw them all before Charles. "Make up your mind after seeing these

photos. I'm not interested in your family member's private life, but if these make it to the public, I think you'll have a hard time trying to salvage your mother's reputation."

Charles glanced at the photos, and there was finally a hint of perturbation in his eyes.

He took up one of the photos, and his gaze turned cold and sharp.

"Where did you get these from?" he asked.

"I thought you wouldn't even care one bit. Now that you know your mother's involvement with another man, I hope this can help you make a better decision. It doesn't seem to me that you're ready to let everyone know what your mother is doing, so shall we continue our discussion about my wife?"

Ripping the photos into pieces, Charles glared at Oscar. It finally registered what kind of a person he was dealing with. He's able to get an upper hand over me, although we've just met. I must be extra careful.

"Mr. Clinton, you must understand that I'm doing this all for a friend. He requested my help to transfer a friend of his to a better hospital. By now, she should already be on her way to another hospital. My friend had found a few ophthalmologists abroad who can cure her."

Oscar stood up from his seat and looked down at Charles. "Mr. Jensen, I think it's best I leave if you can't be honest with me. As for these photos, I will hand them over to be published on social media. I believe your dad will be in for a little surprise. After all, this is shocking, isn't it?"

With that, Oscar turned around, ready to leave the room.

"Hold on." Charles stopped him before Oscar could walk out.

"Have you suddenly decided to be honest with me?"

Staring at the other man, Charles let out a sigh. "Mr. Jackman picked Ms. Winters up yesterday. She's at his clinic now."

"And their address?"

Charles told him.

"Thanks, Mr. Jensen. I apologize for making our first encounter a less pleasant one. I'll make it up to you in the future, but for now, I should get going. My wife is waiting for me." With that said, Oscar hurried to leave.

“Mr. Clinton, I wasn’t expecting myself to give in to you. I have to say you’re one resourceful man.” Oscar stopped at the door.

“Thanks,” he replied with a smile and left without turning back.

Charles slumped into his chair and sighed. After some time, he took out his phone to make a call. “Derrick? I’m sorry. I messed everything up. Mr. Clinton came to me, and I told him everything. He’s one cunning man.”

“Has he met Amelia?” Derrick asked after a pause.

“He hasn’t, but he already knows where she is. I’m so sorry, Derrick.”

“It’s okay, Charles. If they’re meant to be, they’ll still meet each other, no matter how hard we try to stop them. I can tell they still love each other, so in a sense, it’s good for them to meet up and talk things through face to face,” Derrick remarked over the phone.

“All right, then. I’ll get going first. I’ll see you another time when you come to Beshya.”

“Sure thing. Thanks for your help, Charles. I’m forever indebted for what you did for me. I’ll treat you to a meal when I see you in Beshya.”

Ending the call, Charles poured himself a cup of tea. After having a drink, he proceeded to leave. Oscar and he talked for about half an hour, but neither one of them ordered anything, yet Charles still paid a handsome amount of tip. He pulled out a few banknotes that amounted to three grand and left everything on the table before leaving.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 350

Chapter 350 I Have Never Come To Terms With Your Departure

In the meantime, Oscar drove to Boris’ clinic from the restaurant. The clinic was well-furnished and grand. Oscar felt an urge to just run down before his car even pulled up. Rubbing his chin, he looked at himself in the mirror to check if he was cleanly shaved. “Hugo,” he called, turning to the side. “Do I look okay? Still as handsome as always?”

Hugo was speechless. He found the whole thing hilarious, as he had never seen Oscar being so unsure of himself before. He had always been confident and decisive around his men.

He felt Oscar actually looked adorable, behaving like this.

“You look dashing, Boss, but I think you’ll look even better if you gain more weight, but I’m sure Mrs. Clinton will still think you’re handsome no matter how you look,” he responded earnestly.

Oscar could not help but smile. “You really think so, Hugo?”

The man nodded.

“You look perfect, Boss. You’re a little thin but still as attractive as always,” Hugo replied, giving him a thumbs up. “You should get going now. I bet Mrs. Clinton has been waiting for some time.”

Oscar rolled his eyes at him. He was over cloud nine, so it did not matter to him that Hugo was making fun of him. In fact, he liked Hugo even more now.

After arranging his suit and tie, Oscar sat up straight before getting out of the car. “Let’s go.”

Hugo followed after him. Once they got into the clinic, they bumped into an old man in his seventies—Boris.

“Hello, I’m guessing you’re Oscar Clinton?” the doctor asked, checking the man out.

Oscar stared at him, not surprised at how the other man knew his name. After all, he figured Charles must have informed them about him knowing where Amelia was. Oscar was not afraid of Amelia running away again because she was too kind-hearted. She would not want everyone to go through the hassle of moving again because of her.

“Yes, I’m Oscar Clinton. And you are?”

“Jackman. Call me Mr. Jackman.”

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Jackman. I’m sure you already know the purpose of my visit. I’m here to pick up my wife. Do you think it’s a good time she goes home with me?” Oscar asked, trying hard not to sound too impatient.

With a smile, the doctor took out a phone from his pocket. “Mr. Clinton, Amelia has a message for you. She left with Kurt before you went to see Charles. She asked me to pass this message to you. If you insist on seeing her even after seeing this video, she promised she will go and meet you on her own when the time comes.”

Oscar’s hands were shaking when he took the phone from the doctor.

“So she left?” he asked in disbelief.

“You can search the premise if you don’t believe me,” the old man said, moving to the side.

Gripping the phone, Oscar turned toward Hugo.

“Search this place,” he ordered.

At Oscar’s word, Hugo and his men set to action.

On the other side, Boris was not disturbed at all. His gaze was still fixed on Oscar. “Mr. Clinton, I can tell you’re a successful and promising young man, but speaking from experience, I think you should just let Amelia be. Both of you are already divorced, so she has nothing to do with you anymore. What you’re doing now is not a display of your love for her. If she really cares for you, she will not have remained hidden so far. All relationships are built on the foundation of reciprocity. You’re only making things difficult for her if you keep pushing her. If you truly love her, you should give her some space.”

Even though Oscar felt wronged, he still tried to force a smile.

“Mr. Jackman, my relationship with Amelia is not as simple as it seems. I thank you for your advice, but you have no idea what had happened between the two of us. Only those who are involved know exactly how it feels. You’re not Amelia, so how would you know if she loves me or not? I know she refuses to see me because of her blindness, but to me, her blindness does not matter at all. She’s everything I care for. I hope you can help me relay a message when you see her. Until she agrees to see me again, I will be here. I won’t force her to come now, but I won’t give up either.”

Boris’ weak eyes glimmered in tears after listening to Oscar. His gaze turned gentle and soft. “No wonder Amelia told me you’re one good man before she left. She said you’re a rare gem, and you deserve all the love you receive. I think I finally understand what she meant. She said that if you’re still unmarried, and that if she regains her sight one day, she will gladly return to you, if you’re still willing to accept her, but this is still not the right time. She wishes that you allow her to preserve her last bit of dignity for now.”

A slight frown settled on Oscar’s brows as he let the words settle.

At this moment, Hugo and his men were back.

Seeing Hugo shake his head in disappointment, Oscar turned back toward the doctor with a sigh. “I’ll see you around, Mr. Jackman.”

Boris smiled at him. “I like you, young man. I think you and Amelia make a perfect pair. Do tell me if both of you really end up together again. I want to congratulate you both in person.”

“I will,” Oscar responded, nodding.

Since they had no business left at the clinic, Oscar and everyone else left.

Oscar was upset as he did not manage to see Amelia.

“Are you leaving just like this, Boss? Should I ask all the men inside to—” Oscar raised his hand, signalling Hugo to stop.

“It’s fine. We should just leave.” With that, Oscar went into the car without waiting for a reply.

Hugo hurried up after him and sat in the driver’s seat. “Why don’t we catch that old man and use him as bait? It’s obvious that Mrs. Clinton trusts him. I’m sure she will meet you willingly if you have that old man.”

Oscar sunk into his seat at the back of the car.

“Just drive.”

Hugo said no more as he drove on.

He was disappointed. They did everything they could and asked for help from everyone they knew just to locate Amelia, only to end up fruitless.

“Are we really giving up? It has only been a few hours. I doubt they can go far with Mrs. Clinton still recovering. We just need to get our hands on that old man. I bet Mrs. Clinton won’t just leave him be.” Hugo was still disgruntled.

“We’re not doing that,” Oscar replied, his voice low and unhappy. “She doesn’t want to see me now. She would not be glad to see me even if I were to hunt her down now. I want her to come back to me on her own accord. Forcing her to stay by my side has no meaning to me.”

Hugo looked at Oscar from the rearview mirror. He knew just how much Oscar had given up for Amelia.

“You’ve changed so much, Boss.” Oscar used to be a man with principles. He would not go easy on anyone who crossed his bottom line, but when Amelia left without even telling him, Oscar was broken. If it were any other woman, Oscar would have given her a hard lesson just so she would not do it again, but she was Amelia. He had been making compromises all this while.

Closing his eyes, Oscar responded, “You’ll understand when you love someone. You’ll be willing to change because of that person. You’ll even do everything you can just to make her happy—even when she has done something to hurt you. No matter what, you just want to be kind to her.

Hugo was never in a relationship, so he could not relate to how Oscar was feeling.

"I'm sorry, Boss. I'll spend the rest of my life serving you. Love, to me, is irrelevant. I don't even know if I'll ever meet someone I love," he said honestly.

Oscar did not reply.

By the time Hugo reached the hotel, Oscar was still resting with his eyes closed at the back. "Boss?" Hugo was not sure if he was asleep.

Oscar opened his eyes and looked out. "Tell Simon and his men to join me for a meal tomorrow."

"Roger."

"Also, give each of them a big tip. They've helped me a lot," Oscar added before stepping out.

"How much?"

"Give them a hundred thousand each. As for Simon, I'll get him something on top of that."

"Yes, Boss."

Opening the car door, Oscar headed out silently. He went over to the elevator, waited for it to bring him up to his president suite before closing the door behind him. The hurt he felt was suffocating.

He stared at the phone in his hands, not knowing how to react. "Am I going to find the answer in this, Amelia?"

A bitter smile curved on his lips. "You know full well I can't bear to make you unhappy, but still, you used my weakness against me just so I leave you alone. You knew I could just force you to come back to me, but I love you too much to do that. I don't want to do anything to make you sad."

He held the phone close to his face as if it was the last thing he had of Amelia. "You're a fool, Amelia," Oscar whispered, the agony in his heart intensifying. "You left me because of your blindness, thinking you did it for me, but this is the worst punishment for me. How am I supposed to sleep peacefully when you left without even saying goodbye? How long are you planning on dragging out my suffering? Do you know how much I've changed ever since you left? How could you do this to me?"

His voice cracked as he talked on, "Fine, I'll give you just a little more time, but when the time comes, I will search you out and bring you back on my own."

The exquisite room fell into dead silence after that. It was as if Oscar had given in to the grief and pain that had haunted him all this time. Before long, he added, "Don't make me wait for too long, Amelia. I can get hurt, too."

Oscar drilled his piercing gaze into the phone, and when he was finally ready to see what Amelia had to say, he switched on the phone.