

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 346

/ [Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

## 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.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 347

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

### 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.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 348

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

### Chapter 348 He Flees

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.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 349

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)  
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.

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 350

[/ Too Much to Bear, My Love](#)

### 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.