

Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

Chapter 304

Amelia was depressed after going blind all of a sudden. On the other side, Oscar was equally miserable.

That day, Oscar had deliberately put on a casual outfit. When he drove past a florist, he got out of his car to buy three red roses. The owner told him that in floral language, three red roses meant "I love you" and he planned on telling Amelia that he loved her. He was going to court her, and it would not matter if she had previously suspected that he didn't have feelings for her. His actions would back his words up, and he would make her feel safe. He wanted her to marry him willingly. At some point, Oscar thought that they would eventually lead a loving life that could get anyone envious.

He had so many plans, and he was so delighted. Unfortunately, when he reached the apartment, the person who opened the door for him was Martha, the carer that Tiffany had previously hired.

Martha was rather polite and sweet when she saw him there. With a smile, she greeted, "Ah, Mr. Clinton, you're finally here! Amelia asked me to wait for you and to hand this letter to you. She also said that you will understand everything once you read the content."

A bad feeling crept up on Oscar as soon as he saw that letter. He felt as if his connection to Amelia would be cut off completely once he read that letter.

Frowning, he instinctively ignored the letter and asked, "Where's Amelia?"

"She left this morning. I think they mentioned something about taking the plane to Saspiuburg," replied Martha nonchalantly. "Mr. Clinton, please take this letter. I need to start packing now. The baby's not here, so there's nothing for me to do."

Oscar felt as though something had snapped inside his brain. Martha's words kept echoing in his mind.

He had no idea how he ended up taking the letter or how he walked down the stairs. In fact, he didn't come back around until he had already gotten into his car. His hands trembled as he held the letter, and his gaze turned exceptionally grim.

Eventually, he took a deep breath and opened the envelope. The more he read the letter, the more his face darkened.

"I am so sorry, Oscar, but we made too many memories in this city, and I simply can't stay here. I'll admit that I still love you and want to be close, but I am too weak to stay because I don't want to see you marry someone else. That is why I chose to leave. It's selfish of me to cut you and Tony off from each other's life like this, and you can blame me for being cruel. You can also be mad at me for being so heartless because I am at fault for taking Tony away with me. For that, I am truly sorry.

"I will never let go of the pain of seeing you and Cassie in bed together, and I insisted on getting a divorce because I can't stand it anymore. You would come home and say you love me, then go sleep around with some other woman. That is something I can no longer endure. I am leaving with Tony, and I have no intention of returning. Truth is, I don't even know if you actually love me, but please allow me to be narcissistic and assume that you do. I will be selfish and ask that you don't forget me that soon. Even if you marry someone else and have children with her, please leave some room in your heart for Tony and me.

"I will truly be gone this time, and I will be taking the memories we share with me. Please don't come after me. I will be somewhere far away, and I will miss you with every breath I take. Don't worry, I will never marry another person again. I will raise Tony on my own and will have the memories you and I share to keep me warm at night. Please remember the fleeting moment we share together, even if you are with another woman. Every once in a while, please think about the woman you thought was a gold digger, the woman who made you happy once, and the woman who gave you a son. I am not able to leave you with only happy memories, but please remember my smile. I will love you forever. Love, Amelia."

Oscar gripped the letter and ended up crumpling it. However, at the very next second, he smoothed it out and carefully folded it. He put it in his pocket as though it were the most precious treasure in the world.

"You stupid woman. Do you really think you can get rid of me just like that? I will find you, no matter where you are," Oscar muttered to himself as he stared at the passing cars outside.

Then, he called Hugo and ordered the latter to investigate every flight out of the city. Oscar wanted to figure out which flight Amelia took and where she went. It didn't take long before he received the report of how Amelia and Tiffany took the midnight flight to Saspiuburg.

Oscar's gaze instantly turned gloomy, and he commanded, "Hugo, call Milton and tell him to investigate the area to see if he can find my wife in Saspiuburg. Also, have Clark look into all the planes, ships, and trains leaving Saspiuburg. I want him to figure out if my wife is taking any transportation out of the city. Tell them to hurry it up and inform them that they must stop her from leaving!"

Hugo thought those orders were strange, but he carried them out, anyway.

Oscar only hired high-skilled individuals, so it only took them half an hour to report back to him. Hugo summarized everything and told Oscar that Amelia's name never showed up on any departure lists. That, in turn, meant that Amelia likely stayed in Saspiuburg after the plane landed.

"Okay, have Milton and the others pay close attention to the matter. They are to call and report as soon as they figure out where my wife is. Also, let them know that the first person to locate her will be rewarded with a two hundred thousand in bonus."

"Understood," replied Hugo. "Uh, should we call the cops? It'd probably be easier if we get the cops to help us find Ms. Amelia."

While massaging his forehead, Oscar answered, "For now, go work on the tasks I assigned earlier. I will talk to the cops."

"Yes."

After ending the call, Oscar slumped into the driver's seat. A deep sense of exhaustion glinted in his eyes.

"Where are you, Amelia?" murmured Oscar. "Just come home. I won't pretend anymore, and I won't get a divorce. I truly, truly love you, and I no longer have eyes for any other woman, not after I saw how the accident for you lying in the operating room. If you are insecure, I will cut off all ties with every other woman. All I want is for you to come back to me. I will do anything for that to happen."

Oscar Clinton, the man who could deal with all the hardship in the commercial industry, finally experienced helplessness and exhaustion. He felt as though everything was out of his control, and he sensed that he was about to lose Amelia. Damn it! If I hadn't listened to that stupid Julian, maybe Amelia will still be here! Maybe I still can hear her sweet voice calling me Darling!

For a moment there, Oscar wanted to vent his frustration out on an innocent bystander. It didn't take long before his rational side came and kicked those thoughts out of his mind. To him, only the weak would vent their frustration out on others and put the blame on someone else. A grown man, on the other hand, would quickly figure out what went wrong and become better so that he would not make the same mistake again.

In the end, Oscar quickly regained his footing. He fished out his phone and called Kurt, but all he got in return was a robotic voice telling him that the number was no longer in service.

A flicker of malice glinted in his eyes. At that moment, he actually considered murdering Kurt. If the latter were to suddenly show up, Oscar definitely would not mind teaching him a valuable lesson. I will show him how no one is allowed to take my wife away from me.

Since Oscar could not get in touch with Kurt, the former called Tiffany. Of course, that number was not in service as well. Even Amelia's number was changed. It was not difficult to imagine just how terrifying Oscar looked after he made all three calls.

At first, Oscar wanted to tap into the police's resources to look for Amelia, but he didn't want the police officers, who could be rather uncouth at times, to frighten Amelia. That was why he decided against it.

Hence, he tapped into all of his own resources to find Amelia. He even went as far as getting involved with the gangsters he used to keep his distance from. Oscar got them to help by promising to pay anyone who found Amelia a hefty reward of two hundred thousand. The way Oscar got everyone involved in the hunt showed just how powerful the Clintons were. They had connections with both the cops and the gangsters, and everyone was respectful toward the Clintons.

It only took one day for Oscar to send out every man he could spare, but he still could not find Amelia anywhere.

That got him frustrated and made him order everyone to continue their search. The situation had him feeling so down that he drove to a somewhat secluded bar.

There, Oscar downed many shots. He sat quietly in the corner and kept drinking his sorrow away. Maybe it was because he had been suppressing his emotions for a while, but every shot felt especially strong. It stung his throat almost as much as his heart stung him.

The blinking lights in the bar made Oscar, who was already handsome, even more desirable. Even an act of him drinking alcohol seemed fatally attractive to other people.

His mere presence got every woman there to turn their attention over.

A sexy lady with heavy make-up in a tight and revealing dress approached Oscar with a drink in hand.

"Hey handsome, do you mind if I sit here?" asked the lady with a seductive voice as she winked.

Tilting his head up, he noticed the woman and got confused for a moment. "Amelia," he blurted.

Thinking he was making moves on her, the woman smiled and replied, "Oh, I can be your Amelia, handsome."

She was going to take a seat when Oscar suddenly pushed her away. His gaze was especially terrifying when he spat his words through gritted teeth, "Get lost!"

His push made the woman stumble, and when she looked at Oscar, she saw how evil his gaze was. That frightened her and prompted her to complain, "You don't even know how to treat a beautiful woman properly. What a waste of a handsome face."

At that moment, Julian, who Oscar had called over earlier, witnessed that. With a grin, the former walked over. "What's up? Why are you yelling at the nice lady who is only here to offer herself up?"

Oscar downed another drink. His eyes were bloodshot as he glared at Julian.

That was when Julian finally realized that something was off. He sat beside Oscar and asked, "What's wrong? Did you get into a fight with your wife?"

Oscar glared at Julian again. A hint of hatred flashed past his eyes, and that got the latter to shiver. Julian forced himself to calm down before asking, "What is it? Did I make a mistake and accidentally piss you off?"

Turning away, Oscar ordered a bottle of whiskey. When it was served, he placed the bottle in front of Julian and demanded, "Drink."

Julian opened that new bottle up and poured some whiskey into his glass. "Cheers," said Julian as he held his glass up.

Shooting him a look, Oscar continued downing the alcohol.

Julian looked as confused as an abandoned puppy. He didn't even know what he did to get under Oscar's skin, but he was sensitive enough to know that Oscar was angry at him.

But why?