

Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

Chapter 336

The two men dressed entirely in black drove the car into the gateway of a grand villa. Upon arriving at the entrance, one of the men opened the door for Derrick. "Mr. Hisson, we've arrived. Please exit the car," he uttered in a cold voice.

Following the man's instructions, Derrick made his way out of the car and tidied his rumpled clothing. A teasing smile formed on his face when he noticed the luxurious villa. "It looks like your boss sees me as a valued guest. I was under the impression that I would be locked in a dark, dingy cell. Is he being more benevolent because I'm the head of a publishing company?"

When they heard Derrick's casual remark, the corners of their mouths twitched. It was the first time they saw someone who remained so composed despite being invited to the villa.

Is he truly so bold? Or is he just foolishly conceited?

Nonetheless, their stony facades did not crack. "Mr. Hisson, please enter. Our boss is waiting for you."

Derrick nodded at them before he strode into the villa.

Hugo, who had been notified of Derrick's arrival, was already waiting for the latter in the lobby. "Mr. Hisson, please follow me upstairs. Our boss is waiting for you," he called out cordially.

With what seemed like a smile, Derrick glanced at Hugo and said, "I can't believe you guys hosted such a grand welcoming ceremony for my arrival. I'm afraid I'm undeserving of it."

Hugo did not appear amused by Derrick's joke. "Mr. Hisson, you should head upstairs. Our boss is not a patient man."

Without another word, Derrick followed Hugo's instructions. Although he had been forcibly brought here the moment he landed, Derrick's nonchalance made it seem as if he was a distinguished guest of this villa.

As Derrick entered the study, he instantly caught sight of a broad-shouldered silhouette standing by the window. The corners of his lips twitched upwards slightly. It looks like my predictions were correct. Who else would it be if not Oscar Clinton?

"Mr. Clinton, this truly calls for celebration. What a coincidence that our paths crossed again." Derrick clapped his hands in delight. It sounded as if he had just reunited with his long-lost friend.

Oscar turned around and sized Derrick up before pointing toward the sofa. "Take a seat."

Derrick did as he was told. "Since you went through all this trouble to bring me here, I'm assuming you didn't do it just to catch up with me," Derrick said as he raised his brows.

Oscar handed him the picture he had received from Hugo. "One of your men must have informed you that I dropped by your villa in Beshya. This is the picture I found whilst I was there. Would you care to explain?"

When Derrick noticed the photograph of Amelia that was handed to him, his eyes darkened. Yet, his dark gaze vanished as quickly as it appeared. "Mr. Clinton, would you believe me if I told you that I've secretly been in love with Amelia all these years? I instructed someone to take this picture in secret so that I could gaze at it and relieve my lovesickness," he remarked with a smile.

Immediately, Oscar shot him a warning glare.

Derrick merely shrugged. "Even after I've spoken the truth, you refuse to trust me. What else can I say to explain it?"

A murderous glint seemed to gleam in Oscar's fearsome glare. With a low voice, he said, "Derrick, don't test my patience. I know that you are one of the successors of the Hisson family. Indeed, it is common knowledge that the Hissons are one of the most influential families in this city. However, even your grandfather is afraid of the Clintons. As his grandson, are you willing to sacrifice your entire family and place them in a difficult position just for two women? I've caught wind that your mom's sickness plagues her every year. Aren't you afraid that her health might deteriorate if she hears what happens to the Hissons? I'm not joking around. In order to find my wife, I will not hesitate to do even the most unspeakable things. Every day, I am closer to the brink of insanity. It's best if you do not push me off the edge."

Hearing this, Derrick jolted in shock. Yet, it was not because he was startled by Oscar's threat. Rather, it was the sadness in Oscar's gaze that moved his heart. Being the Clintons' heir, Oscar possessed immeasurable wealth and the devotion of his countless supporters. With such power at his disposal, Oscar was practically invincible. For him to be so desperate, Amelia must mean the world to him.

Only those who had experienced true love could understand the heart-wrenching pain of missing their loved ones.

At the same time, Derrick noticed that Oscar had lost a considerable amount of weight. Not only were his cheeks sunken in, but he also had a look of despair in his eyes. Overall, Oscar looked like a trapped wolf that had its eyes fixated on its prey.

"Mr. Clinton, although it has only been a while since we last met, you've lost a lot of weight. You should take good care of your body. Don't neglect your health for the sake of work. It is important to have a balance between work and leisure," Derrick replied as he skirted around the topic Oscar brought up earlier.

Oscar's scowl deepened. "Derrick, we both know that's not what I want to hear."

Derrick couldn't help but sigh. It won't be easy to fool Oscar.

"Mr. Clinton, let me tell you the truth. When Amelia and Tiffany first fled Saspiuburg, they called me and asked for my help to cross Beshya's borders. I pulled a few strings to get them there and allowed them to stay in a villa that I purchased in Beshya. After half a month, they told me that they were leaving. Initially, I wanted to stop them. I'm sure you are aware of the feelings I have for Tiffany. I wanted to get in a romantic relationship with her. Unfortunately, she did not reciprocate my feelings. I'm not the type of man to cling to someone, so I bought them flight tickets to Zaprington. They claimed that the beautiful scenery there would be a fitting environment for a child to grow up in." Derrick's words were a mixture of truths and lies. Although Derrick was a good liar, the unconvinced look on Oscar's face clearly meant that he had not bought into the statement.

Derrick shrugged nonchalantly. "Mr. Clinton, I've told you nothing but the truth. There's nothing I can do if you still distrust me."

"I want Amelia's phone number. Don't you dare claim that you don't have it."

"Mr. Clinton, are you joking? Amelia is your ex-wife. How can you not have her phone number?"

"Derrick, don't play games with me. I want her new phone number," Oscar thundered.

Promptly, Derrick held his phone out to Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, I'm afraid I don't have her number too. If you don't believe me, you can scroll through my contact list to have a look for yourself. If Amelia's number is there, I'll hand it to you without a fight."

Oscar made no move to take the phone in Derrick's outstretched hand. "Derrick, since you refuse to tell me the truth, don't even think of stepping a single foot out of this villa," he uttered coldly.

"Are you planning to put me under house arrest?" Derrick asked in a casual tone as he remained as cool as a cucumber.

Derrick's question was met with silence from Oscar's end, which signified the latter's affirmation of his question.

Derrick lightheartedly chuckled as he stuffed his phone back into his pocket. Deep down, he let out a sigh of relief. He was terrified that Oscar would actually take his phone. Everything would be doomed if he saw Amelia's name saved in my contact list.

Derrick crossed his legs and said, "What if I say no?"

"If you fancy yourself faster than my guards' bullets, you are free to put up a fight," Oscar retorted sharply.

Once again, Derrick shrugged his shoulders.

Since Derrick was alone, he could hardly put up a match against Oscar's guards. Furthermore, Derrick reckoned himself a true gentleman and refused to use his fists unless absolutely necessary.

"Oscar, you've won." Only an idiot would be foolish enough to invoke more trouble by attempting to escape.

Meanwhile, the man in question did not even bat an eye.

"Mr. Clinton, how long do you plan to keep me here? When I first returned from Beshya, I informed Granddad and Mom about my trip. Once they notice my absence, they will send someone to come looking for me. What if my grandfather comes knocking on the Clinton residence? Despite your father's lofty status, I'm sure he will not turn down an old man. Our families have always co-existed peacefully with each other. Are you willing to cause such tension?" Derrick glanced at Oscar as he spoke.

"As long as you tell me everything you know, the peace between our families will remain. But if you refuse to cooperate, don't even think of leaving this villa."

Derrick let out a bark of laughter. He seemed even more amused than ever. "Mr. Clinton, it is against the law to put someone on house arrest."

"I'm only inviting you here as a guest. You aren't tied up, and I have not demanded a ransom from the Hissons too. Furthermore, you entered my car willingly. You also made no move to resist my men the entire journey here. When did I ever kidnap you?" Oscar dead-panned.

Derrick's bright grin grew wider. However, his smirk looked out of place in the gravity of this situation. "Mr. Clinton, this is the first time that I've met someone who is better at giving excuses than me. I must admit, I'm impressed."

Oscar folded his arms across his broad chest as both men locked gazes with each other across the room. Neither of them refused to be the first one to concede in this face-off.

After several moments, Derrick finally rose to his feet. "Since you have no intention of letting me leave, will you be giving me a room to stay in? I spent my days in Beshya attending countless meetings. After my long flight, I'm feeling a little exhausted. Would you mind letting me take a nap?"

Much to everyone's surprise, Oscar did not protest. Instead, he instructed his staff to escort Derrick to a guest room.

Once Derrick left the room, Oscar called for Hugo to enter.

"Boss."

"Have you installed security cameras at every corner of this villa?" Oscar asked.

"Rest assured, boss. Everything has been prepared."

"I want eyes on him 24/7. The moment he calls someone, I want you to investigate it. If he ever contacts Tiffany, make sure you check the source of that call too."

Hugo nodded in response. Suddenly, he thought of something and said to Oscar hesitantly, "Boss, now that we have captured Derrick, why don't we interrogate him? This way, he will spill the beans about Mrs. Clinton's whereabouts."

"Don't forget that he is one of the successors of the Hisson family. Old Mr. Hisson is rather fond of him too, so I can't harm him out of respect for Old Mr. Hisson. I do not wish to destroy the relationship between our families unless it is our last resort," Oscar explained. Truthfully, there was another reason too. Although Oscar could interrogate Derrick using forceful methods, he couldn't turn a blind eye to Derrick's close connection with Tiffany. Once Oscar reunited with Amelia, he didn't want Tiffany sowing discord between them because of Derrick.

I can't underestimate Tiffany's influence over Amelia. Tiffany might be able to destroy our relationship with just a single sentence. After all, women can be terrifying if they are provoked.

A woman's wrath was capable of bringing a man to his knees. Hence, Oscar was reluctant to lash out against Derrick. He was afraid that Amelia might vanish into thin air if he ever did something that displeased her. The mere thought of never meeting her again was enough to make Oscar's heart sink in despair. I never want to experience this torturous suffering again!