

Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

Chapter 337

Derrick ended up staying at the villa for five days. As though he knew Oscar was keeping him under surveillance, he refrained from using his phone. Yet, despite appearing calm as if he were on vacation, deep down, anxiety roiled in him. In the past five days, he had not contacted Tiffany and was worried that she would assume the worst. However, his hands were tied.

He had a hunch that Tiffany would call him the moment he switched on his phone. When that happened, the bodyguards lurking in the dark would be able to trace the call to its source and find out Amelia and Tiffany's address. It was too big of a risk for him to take, so he resorted to enduring the captivity.

Derrick could play the waiting game. It was a battle of patience between him and Oscar, and he had nothing to lose. Once the Hissons showed up to free him, he would be able to explain everything to Tiffany.

The more anxious he was, the more indifferent he appeared to be on the surface, whereby he carried out his daily activities as if it were just another day.

The bodyguards who were monitoring him were in awe of his tenacity. One of them blurted out, "Hugo, by the looks of it, Mr. Hisson is a hard one to break. He looks unruffled despite being held captive. I think that our boss finally met his match."

Hugo landed a hard smack on the man's head. "Stop spouting nonsense and keep your eyes on the man. If he gets the best of us, that'll be the end of our career. Boss doesn't need a bunch of good-for-nothings who take his money but produce no results."

Everyone else fell quiet.

"Hugo, you know we're loyal to Boss. We saw how badly Mrs. Clinton's departure affected him, and we honestly empathize with his plight. If we could, we would search the end of the world to find Mrs. Clinton." A bodyguard broke the heavy silence. They had started working for Oscar in their youth and thus were devoted to him, their loyalty unwavering throughout the years.

Hugo mulled over his words before clearing his throat and saying, "All right. I trust that you're all sincere about helping Boss. Therefore, please keep your mind to it and watch Derrick closely. If you find any clues, investigate them immediately."

"Yes, sir!" the bodyguards boomed in unison as they threw themselves into work, micro-analyzing Derrick's every action.

Half an hour later, a bodyguard piped up, "Hugo, we know many torturous methods to get information. Why aren't we using those on him? He's human, after all. I'm sure he'll spill the beans after being tortured."

Hugo smacked him upside his head. "Get those thoughts out of your mind. We're not going to inflict any physical harm on the man unless we receive orders from Boss. You better watch yourself. If you ever cross Boss, you'd be considered lucky to be able to walk out of here alive," he warned.

"Hugo, you know that it's just all talk. I'm just angry on Boss' behalf. I can't believe the audacity of Mrs. Clinton! Boss loves her wholeheartedly, yet she just vanished with their son. If I were him, I would—" He was interrupted by yet another firm smack on his head.

"Don't even think about badmouthing Mrs. Clinton and do your job properly. I'm going outside for a smoke." Having said that, Hugo turned and left the room.

With no outlet to vent his anger, the indignant bodyguard unleashed his fury on Derrick. He pointed at the monitor as he threatened, "Derrick, you better watch out. Make sure you don't expose yourself, or I'll screw you up so badly that you'll regret being born."

Naturally, Derrick had no idea that he had incited such rage. He went on with his day, his calm demeanor giving nothing away. Contrary to his serene state, the tense atmosphere at the Hisson residence was suffocating.

The Hissons were seated on the couch, their expressions grim. Kate wiped away the tears on the corners of her eyes and said, "The last I heard from Derrick was five days ago when he called me to say that he was back from Beshya. No one has seen him since. I've gone to the company and was told by everyone that Derrick never showed up. It's not like him to act so irresponsibly. Something must have happened to him, or else he would not have cut off all contact and disappeared without a word."

Although Kate was not impressed by Derrick's choice of a girlfriend, she still cared deeply for her only son and would give him the world if she could. Therefore, his disappearance worried her the most.

Derrick's father, Finnick Hisson, enveloped his wife in an embrace and tried to soothe her. "Don't worry about it. Dad already sent some men to look into it, so I'm sure we'll hear from them soon."

Tears ran in rivulets down Kate's face. She was a timeless beauty, and despite her age, she maintained a youthful appearance. When she cried, the forlorn look on her face would twist one's heart in anguish.

"Darling, I'll go insane if anything happens to Derrick. I wouldn't be able to accept it. He's my only son." Her weak and helpless whimpers made Finnick's heart ache for her. Seeing his wife in such misery, he wished nothing more than to drive all her troubles away.

"There, there. Derrick is a grown-up. It's possible that he just switched his phone off to get some alone time," Finnick reasoned.

Despite his comforting words, Kate still wept. Her tears slipped between her fingers and plopped on her shirt. As the droplet seeped into the fabric, her sorrow seemed to have also seeped into the hearts of everyone present.

A heavy blanket of solemnness settled in the room.

At that moment, a lean youth dressed in a suit approached them. He bowed deferentially at Terrence before reporting, "Mr. Terrence, we have news about Mr. Derrick. He was taken by the son of the Clinton family five days ago. We deduced that Mr. Derrick is still with him."

Terrence frowned, his glassy eyes taking on a glacial look. "Oscar Clinton?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," came the reply.

"Is this information reliable?" Terrence asked in a grave tone.

"We've checked all the footage from the airport surveillance cameras and cross-checked the number plate of the car that took Mr. Derrick. We are certain that the car belongs to Mr. Clinton, so it would be rational to think that he currently has Mr. Derrick," the youth replied.

"All right, I understand. You may leave for now." Terrence dismissed his subordinate with a wave.

"Yes, sir."

After the youth left, Finnick spoke. "Dad, Derrick and Oscar have never crossed paths in business. We do have acquaintance with the Clintons on a superficial level, but that's no reason for Oscar to have Derrick over as a guest for such a long time. Do you think there has been a misunderstanding somewhere along the way?"

Kate, who had been leaning against Finnick for support, sat upright. Her tears ceased as she pondered over his speculation. After learning that Oscar was involved in Derrick's sudden disappearance, she had an inkling of what had happened but never expected Oscar to take action so quickly. Judging from the situation, the man was intentionally taking it out on them.

While her mind was churning, she heard Terrence's voice reverberate through the room.

"Misunderstanding or not, we'll have to pay the Clintons a visit. Although we're not as influential as them, we're not to be messed with. I can't sit by and let my grandson suffer."

A thought popped up in Kate's mind, and she said softly, "Dad, Finnick and I will visit them. You're not as young as you used to be; there's no need to inconvenience yourself for Derrick."

Terrence waved her off and replied, "Don't worry about it. I was also planning to meet Oscar. Though I've heard about him through my friends in the business scene, I've never met him officially. It'll be an excellent opportunity to see for myself if the young man is as brilliant as they make him out to be."

Kate parted her lips to say something, but she felt Finnick drawing circles on her palm—a signal for her to hold her tongue.

Terrence stood up from his seat and instructed, "Finnick, you and your wife should go and prepare some gifts. The Clintons are a prominent family, so make sure that the gifts are not too modest. We'll head over this afternoon."

"Yes, Dad." Finnick stood up to answer.

Terrence was revered by the Hisson family, so anything he said was equivalent to an imperial decree.

Once the gifts were ready, Kate tugged at Finnick's arm and said, "Darling, Dad has quite a temper, and he's used to getting his way in our family. I heard that Oscar is pretty aloof despite his young age. Do you think that Dad will get riled up by Oscar if he comes along?"

Amused by his wife, Finnick assured, "You have to stop treating my dad like a frail old man. He's been involved in the business scene for decades, so he's been through more than we can ever imagine. He wouldn't be so easily aggravated. Moreover, I've met Oscar before. Although he is quite distant, he's polite and respects his elders. He's not the delinquent you think he is, so don't worry about it. We, the Hissons, have fought through many challenges, and we are to be feared instead of being fearful of others."

Kate opened her mouth to rebut but was ultimately rendered speechless.

That afternoon, Terrence personally paid a visit to the Clintons, accompanied by Kate and Finnick.

Owen and Olivia were taken aback when the Hissons showed up. After all, the two families rarely had any contact in business, and the Hissons only occasionally made it on their guest list for parties. The fact that they would visit out of the blue indicated that there was a hidden motive.

In spite of their confusion, the Clintons welcomed their guests with open arms.

After exchanging pleasantries, Olivia escorted Terrence to his seat. "Mr. Terrence, we haven't seen you ever since you passed on the company to your children. We miss your presence a lot. How are you doing lately?" she asked with a warm smile.

"I'm doing well. I hope we didn't bother you by visiting you on such short notice," Terrence replied.

"Of course not! Mr. Terrence, you're a legend of sorts. It's hard for us to meet you without reason, so it's an honor to have you visit us." Olivia was courteous as ever.

Humans were weak against compliments, and Terrence was no different. When he heard her flattery, he let out a hearty laugh.

After they were seated, Oliva voiced tactfully, "Mr. Terrence, surely you didn't come all the way here just to have a casual chat with Owen and me. There must be something big that warranted this visit. Please be open with us. If it's within our abilities, we'll definitely help you out."

Terrence met her eyes and chuckled. "It's nothing much. My rascal of a grandson disappeared after returning from a business trip to Beshya. My subordinates found out that he had gotten into a car the moment he left the airport, and the car just so happens to belong to your son, Oscar. We haven't heard from Derrick in five days, and his phone has been switched off. He hasn't been to the company either, so I took it upon myself to come and ask Oscar where he has been keeping my grandson."

Olivia was astounded by that piece of news. "Mr. Terrence, it must be a misunderstanding. Oscar barely knows your grandson, and kidnapping someone is simply not in his nature. No one from the Clinton family would stoop so low as to harm another individual for monetary gain."

Terrence merely smiled. "I, too, hope that this is a misunderstanding. My guess is that the two youngsters are just playing around. However, five days is long enough. I'm getting bored without Derrick around to play chess with me, which is why I'm here to ask for him."

Owen and Olivia exchanged glances.

The latter turned to look at Terrence. "Just a moment, Mr. Terrence. I'll call Oscar right now and ask him to come home. If Derrick really is with him, we'll make sure that Oscar lets him go home. If not, then it must have been a misunderstanding."

"Thank you."

Olivia nodded her acknowledgment and quickly contacted Oscar. After ending the call, she informed Terrence, "Mr. Terrence, please wait a while. Oscar is on his way home as we speak."

Terrence simply smiled and remained silent.