

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 347

"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.