

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 348

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.