

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 350

In the meantime, Oscar drove to Boris' clinic from the restaurant. The clinic was well-furnished and grand. Oscar felt an urge to just run down before his car even pulled up. Rubbing his chin, he looked at himself in the mirror to check if he was cleanly shaved. "Hugo," he called, turning to the side. "Do I look okay? Still as handsome as always?"

Hugo was speechless. He found the whole thing hilarious, as he had never seen Oscar being so unsure of himself before. He had always been confident and decisive around his men.

He felt Oscar actually looked adorable, behaving like this.

"You look dashing, Boss, but I think you'll look even better if you gain more weight, but I'm sure Mrs. Clinton will still think you're handsome no matter how you look," he responded earnestly.

Oscar could not help but smile. "You really think so, Hugo?"

The man nodded.

"You look perfect, Boss. You're a little thin but still as attractive as always," Hugo replied, giving him a thumbs up. "You should get going now. I bet Mrs. Clinton has been waiting for some time."

Oscar rolled his eyes at him. He was over cloud nine, so it did not matter to him that Hugo was making fun of him. In fact, he liked Hugo even more now.

After arranging his suit and tie, Oscar sat up straight before getting out of the car. "Let's go."

Hugo followed after him. Once they got into the clinic, they bumped into an old man in his seventies—Boris.

"Hello, I'm guessing you're Oscar Clinton?" the doctor asked, checking the man out.

Oscar stared at him, not surprised at how the other man knew his name. After all, he figured Charles must have informed them about him knowing where Amelia was. Oscar was not afraid of Amelia running away again because she was too kind-hearted. She would not want everyone to go through the hassle of moving again because of her.

"Yes, I'm Oscar Clinton. And you are?"

"Jackman. Call me Mr. Jackman."

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Jackman. I'm sure you already know the purpose of my visit. I'm here to pick up my wife. Do you think it's a good time she goes home with me?" Oscar asked, trying hard not to sound too impatient.

With a smile, the doctor took out a phone from his pocket. "Mr. Clinton, Amelia has a message for you. She left with Kurt before you went to see Charles. She asked me to pass this message to you. If you insist on seeing her even after seeing this video, she promised she will go and meet you on her own when the time comes."

Oscar's hands were shaking when he took the phone from the doctor.

"So she left?" he asked in disbelief.

"You can search the premise if you don't believe me," the old man said, moving to the side.

Gripping the phone, Oscar turned toward Hugo.

"Search this place," he ordered.

At Oscar's word, Hugo and his men set to action.

On the other side, Boris was not disturbed at all. His gaze was still fixed on Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, I can tell you're a successful and promising young man, but speaking from experience, I think you should just let Amelia be. Both of you are already divorced, so she has nothing to do with you anymore. What you're doing now is not a display of your love for her. If she really cares for you, she will not have remained hidden so far. All relationships are built on the foundation of reciprocity. You're only making things difficult for her if you keep pushing her. If you truly love her, you should give her some space."

Even though Oscar felt wronged, he still tried to force a smile.

"Mr. Jackman, my relationship with Amelia is not as simple as it seems. I thank you for your advice, but you have no idea what had happened between the two of us. Only those who are involved know exactly how it feels. You're not Amelia, so how would you know if she loves me or not? I know she refuses to see me because of her blindness, but to me, her

blindness does not matter at all. She's everything I care for. I hope you can help me relay a message when you see her. Until she agrees to see me again, I will be here. I won't force her to come now, but I won't give up either."

Boris' weak eyes glimmered in tears after listening to Oscar. His gaze turned gentle and soft. "No wonder Amelia told me you're one good man before she left. She said you're a rare gem, and you deserve all the love you receive. I think I finally understand what she meant. She said that if you're still unmarried, and that if she regains her sight one day, she will gladly return to you, if you're still willing to accept her, but this is still not the right time. She wishes that you allow her to preserve her last bit of dignity for now."

A slight frown settled on Oscar's brows as he let the words settle.

At this moment, Hugo and his men were back.

Seeing Hugo shake his head in disappointment, Oscar turned back toward the doctor with a sigh. "I'll see you around, Mr. Jackman."

Boris smiled at him. "I like you, young man. I think you and Amelia make a perfect pair. Do tell me if both of you really end up together again. I want to congratulate you both in person."

"I will," Oscar responded, nodding.

Since they had no business left at the clinic, Oscar and everyone else left.

Oscar was upset as he did not manage to see Amelia.

"Are you leaving just like this, Boss? Should I ask all the men inside to—" Oscar raised his hand, signalling Hugo to stop.

"It's fine. We should just leave." With that, Oscar went into the car without waiting for a reply.

Hugo hurried up after him and sat in the driver's seat. "Why don't we catch that old man and use him as bait? It's obvious that Mrs. Clinton trusts him. I'm sure she will meet you willingly if you have that old man."

Oscar sunk into his seat at the back of the car.

"Just drive."

Hugo said no more as he drove on.

He was disappointed. They did everything they could and asked for help from everyone they knew just to locate Amelia, only to end up fruitless.

"Are we really giving up? It has only been a few hours. I doubt they can go far with Mrs. Clinton still recovering. We just need to get our hands on that old man. I bet Mrs. Clinton won't just leave him be." Hugo was still disgruntled.

"We're not doing that," Oscar replied, his voice low and unhappy. "She doesn't want to see me now. She would not be glad to see me even if I were to hunt her down now. I want her to come back to me on her own accord. Forcing her to stay by my side has no meaning to me."

Hugo looked at Oscar from the rearview mirror. He knew just how much Oscar had given up for Amelia.

"You've changed so much, Boss." Oscar used to be a man with principles. He would not go easy on anyone who crossed his bottom line, but when Amelia left without even telling him, Oscar was broken. If it were any other woman, Oscar would have given her a hard lesson just so she would not do it again, but she was Amelia. He had been making compromises all this while.

Closing his eyes, Oscar responded, "You'll understand when you love someone. You'll be willing to change because of that person. You'll even do everything you can just to make her happy—even when she has done something to hurt you. No matter what, you just want to be kind to her.

Hugo was never in a relationship, so he could not relate to how Oscar was feeling.

"I'm sorry, Boss. I'll spend the rest of my life serving you. Love, to me, is irrelevant. I don't even know if I'll ever meet someone I love," he said honestly.

Oscar did not reply.

By the time Hugo reached the hotel, Oscar was still resting with his eyes closed at the back. "Boss?" Hugo was not sure if he was asleep.

Oscar opened his eyes and looked out. "Tell Simon and his men to join me for a meal tomorrow."

"Roger."

"Also, give each of them a big tip. They've helped me a lot," Oscar added before stepping out.

"How much?"

"Give them a hundred thousand each. As for Simon, I'll get him something on top of that."

"Yes, Boss."

Opening the car door, Oscar headed out silently. He went over to the elevator, waited for it to bring him up to his president suite before closing the door behind him. The hurt he felt was suffocating.

He stared at the phone in his hands, not knowing how to react. "Am I going to find the answer in this, Amelia?"

A bitter smile curved on his lips. "You know full well I can't bear to make you unhappy, but still, you used my weakness against me just so I leave you alone. You knew I could just force you to come back to me, but I love you too much to do that. I don't want to do anything to make you sad."

He held the phone close to his face as if it was the last thing he had of Amelia. "You're a fool, Amelia," Oscar whispered, the agony in his heart intensifying. "You left me because of your blindness, thinking you did it for me, but this is the worst punishment for me. How am I supposed to sleep peacefully when you left without even saying goodbye? How long are you planning on dragging out my suffering? Do you know how much I've changed ever since you left? How could you do this to me?"

His voice cracked as he talked on, "Fine, I'll give you just a little more time, but when the time comes, I will search you out and bring you back on my own."

The exquisite room fell into dead silence after that. It was as if Oscar had given in to the grief and pain that had haunted him all this time. Before long, he added, "Don't make me wait for too long, Amelia. I can get hurt, too."

Oscar drilled his piercing gaze into the phone, and when he was finally ready to see what Amelia had to say, he switched on the phone.