

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 351

A picture popped up on the screen of the cell phone. It was Amelia. She was dressed in hospital robes and propped listlessly against some white pillows. There was a sickly pallor to her skin, and her eyes had glazed over.

Despite her feeble state, she turned toward the camera and forced a smile.

Her tone was mellow when she spoke. "Hi, Oscar. It has been a while. Are you doing all right? I must look pathetic now. To be honest, I feel quite conflicted that you've come to Beshya to see me. I'm glad that you still care for me, but at the same time, I'm worried that you are propelled by resentment for how I deprived you of a relationship with Tony."

She paused momentarily and brought a hand to her head. "Oscar, you should have known by now that I underwent brain surgery a few days ago. It hurts quite a bit, and I don't want you to see me in such a miserable state. We've been married for five years; you know better than anyone how much appearances matter to me. I look hideous right now, so I have to leave before you arrive," she continued, her warm smile twisting into something more rueful.

Amelia faltered yet again. The color drained from her face, turning it a ghastly white. Tiffany entered the frame and asked Amelia if she was doing all right.

Instead of replying, Amelia shook her head and urged Tiffany to leave. She composed herself before squeezing another smile at the camera. "Oscar, I look ugly, don't I? I must be worlds apart from the sexy, alluring woman in your memories. I wanted to clean myself up before making this recording, but time is running out. I just wanted to tell you that I miss you, and don't look for me. I'll return once my eyes are healed. If, when the time comes, you're still looking for a wife, we can rekindle this relationship. However, if you've found another person to make you whole, I'll bless you with all my heart and never appear in your life again."

With that, the video ended abruptly.

Oscar caressed the image of Amelia's face with a thumb. A myriad of emotions churned within him as his eyes reddened.

"Stupid woman!" His voice cracked with emotion.

He could not speak for a long time after. His suppressed sobs seemed to reverberate through the otherwise silent room.

At that moment, his strong facade crumbled. He was never invincible—Amelia had always been his Achilles' heel.

"If this is what you truly want, I'll respect your decision. However, I'll only give you a couple of years, and that'll be the end of my patience. If you're not back by then, I'll bring you back myself," Oscar vowed hoarsely.

After collecting himself, Oscar summoned Hugo.

"Yes, Boss," Hugo answered.

"Hugo, go to Mr. Jackman and ask him to relay a message from me to Amelia. Tell her that I'm going back tomorrow and that she should focus on getting her treatment. After I get back, I'll search the ends of the world for a cornea donor that suits her. If she can't fully recover in Beshya, I'll find a donor for her. Even if it means giving up everything I own, I'll make sure that she regains her eyesight. Also, tell her that I'll never give up on her," Oscar instructed. His voice rang with resolution.

Noticing Oscar's grim expression, Hugo asked tentatively, "Boss, are you sure you don't want to bring Mrs. Clinton back?"

Oscar shook his head. "Not for the time being. Tell Mr. Jackman to give her the best treatment he can offer. Warn him that if anything happens to her, I'll thrash his clinic and destroy his life's work."

Hugo could not comprehend his employer's decision. We spent so much time, energy, and money just to retreat without achieving anything. What is he trying to do?

"Boss, your mother might not be glad if we found Mrs. Clinton but did not bring her back." Hugo decided to vocalize his thoughts after some hesitation.

"Did we actually find her?" Oscar countered.

Stunned by his response, Hugo glanced at Oscar and persuaded, "Boss, if we act more assertively, we'll find Mrs. Clinton in a matter of days. It all depends on whether you are

willing to do so. Aren't you worried that Mrs. Clinton would escape elsewhere if you let this golden opportunity slip through your fingers?"

"She won't. She promised to return, and I trust that she will. Besides, did you really think that I'd let her slip back into hiding now that I know where she is? I'll assign someone to follow her. I can't just sit back and relax while my wife is undergoing treatment," Oscar stated.

Hugo mulled over his words and eventually nodded his assent.

"I'll take my leave, Boss," Hugo announced.

Just as Hugo reached for the doorknob, Oscar's voice rang behind him. "Hugo, tell Mr. Jackman that I'm willing to invest in his research regarding eye treatments. If he accepts the offer, tell him it's a thank-you gift for taking care of Amelia. She will still need his help in the future."

Hugo paused for a moment, but eventually nodded.

After Hugo left, a heavy silence settled upon the suite.

The next day, Oscar met up with Simon before his flight back. In the private lounge, Oscar raised his glass in a toast. "Simon, thank you for all the help you've provided in the past few months. I appreciate the effort you've put in to help me look for my wife. I've prepared a gift for you as a token of gratitude. It'll arrive at your company by tomorrow, and I'm sure you'll like it."

Simon clinked his glass against Oscar's. "It's an honor to receive a gift from you, Mr. Clinton. I thank you in advance. If you ever need me again in the future, all you need is a word, and I'll be at your disposal."

Oscar responded with a close-lipped smile.

The men continued to socialize over drinks. The conversation lasted for two hours, so it was already two in the afternoon when they left the lounge.

Oscar and Simon stepped out of the hotel side-by-side. "Mr. Clinton, Beshya is currently developing at an exponential speed. Do you remember when I proposed the idea of starting up a company? Would you be keen to collaborate with me? With your abundant monetary

resources and my capabilities, I have faith that we can globalize Clinton Corporations. All I'm waiting for is a green light from you, Mr. Clinton," Simon pitched.

"Send me a copy of your draft proposal through email. I'll have a meeting with the board, and if it's satisfactory, I'll invest in your company. The only condition is that you promote Clinton Corporations as you market your new company. In other words, you would be a representative of a Clinton Corporations branch," Oscar replied.

Simon's face lit up with unbridled joy. He had a dark past where he mixed with the wrong crowd, and he fully intended to escape their lawless clutches. However, he never had the chance to do so. Now, with Oscar backing him up, he could see the light at the end of the tunnel. He hoped fervently that he could emerge from the shambles with a fresh start.

"My men and I are deeply grateful for your kindness, Mr. Clinton. With your support, I believe we will be able to succeed," he thanked Oscar earnestly.

"Treat it as another gift from me. It also pains me to see a talent like you working a mundane job as a manager in another company."

A broad grin stretched across Simon's face. Things were starting to look up for him.

"I'll be leaving now. As for the new company, I'll have someone go over the details with you once I've talked to the board," Oscar promised.

"Take care, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar nodded in acknowledgment and slipped into his car.

"Boss, are we heading to the airport now?" Hugo inquired from the driver's seat.

"No. Let's drop by the clinic."

"Mrs. Clinton is currently away. You won't be able to meet her even if we went."

"I just want to immerse in her lingering presence."

Hugo dutifully obeyed and drove to the clinic.

This time around, Collin greeted Oscar at the door. He regarded Oscar with a hint of hostility in his gaze. Oscar's brilliance made Collin feel small. He had hoped to pursue Amelia while she received treatment at the clinic, but much to his dismay, she was married. The fact that Amelia's husband was a fine specimen of a man and the heir of Clinton Corporations only added insult to injury. Collin was well aware that he could not hold a candle to the man who was far more handsome and influential than he, and the knowledge of this left him bitter and dejected.

Collin's animosity toward Oscar was palpable, but the latter paid him no heed. "Where's Mr. Jackman?" he asked, emanating an air of intimidation.

Collin inhaled sharply and replied with strained civility, "Mr. Clinton, Amelia was forced to make a hasty leave because of you. She just endured a difficult operation, and her condition will worsen if she doesn't get the chance to recuperate. If I were in love with her, I can't bear to see her suffer this way. I believe that you're a rational person, so if you truly care about Amelia, please give her some space. After all, the two of you are divorced, aren't you?"

Collin put extra emphasis on the word "divorce."

The comment was below the belt, but it succeeded in capturing Oscar's attention. Leveling a stare at Collin, he asked in a formidable tone, "Who are you to speak to me this way?"

Collin was rendered speechless.

He felt defeated. He and Amelia had met by chance and were mere acquaintances—not quite friends, but not complete strangers, either. Their relationship would be most accurately described as one between a medical assistant and a patient, amiable but nowhere near affectionate. He had feelings for Amelia, but he knew that she was out of his league. Furthermore, the outstanding men that constantly surrounded Amelia crushed his self-esteem.

"I would appreciate it if you refrained from commenting on others' marriage like a pompous snob," Oscar said impassively.

Collin's expression darkened. His enmity for Oscar solidified as he squared his shoulders and retorted, "Mr. Clinton, although I may not rival you in terms of social status, I genuinely like Amelia, and I'm pursuing her. I am confident that I can take good care of her."

Oscar scoffed at the younger man's bold words. He glowered at Collin, his eyes glacial. "Kid, take my advice—before you even think about pursuing anyone, you should regard her as a woman, and not as an older sister."

Collin's face flushed crimson.

"I think you're just charmed by beauty, kid. It's all just an infatuation. Do you even know what love is? You're not mature enough to give her the life she deserves. Perhaps after a couple of years in the real world, you'll be able to give a younger girl her happy-ever-after. As for Amelia, she's out of your reach. That woman is destined to be mine," Oscar declared suavely after giving Collin the once-over.

The younger man's ego had been ruthlessly trampled on. Collin parted his lips to rebut, but words evaded him. Though Collin was a capable man with a reputable family, he could only admit defeat when pitted against someone like Oscar, who was not only blessed with good looks but also an impressive background.