

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 562

Once Kurt's operation was successful, he was declared to be out of danger before being directly wheeled to a high-end, private ward.

Oscar had Jolin stay behind to look after Kurt while he went home with Amelia and Tony.

Upon returning to the condominium, he carried his son, who was already fast asleep, to bed. Afterward, he went downstairs and added honey to a cup of warm water for Amelia. "Here, take this to soothe your throat."

She received the glass from him and took a sip. "Too many things are happening all at once in the past few days. I'm feeling quite overwhelmed."

He patted her head and said, "Finish this and go upstairs for a nice, warm shower. Then, get some sleep. Don't think too much."

Amelia gave him a glance and nodded.

The two of them showered in different bathrooms. Once they were done, he tucked her in and went to make a call in the study.

"Jasper, bring a few men with you to Anglandur to look for Jean's corpse. By hook or by crook, you have to bring her body back. Then, get to the bottom of this matter and find out if the failure of their mission was caused by an intentional or accidental mistake," Oscar ordered coldly.

"Yes, Boss."

After he finished giving his instructions and ended the call, he held his phone and looked outside the window. His gaze was deep and impenetrable like the ocean. No one could tell what was on his mind.

Oscar spent a long time in his study before going back to the bedroom. The moment he saw Amelia's and Tony's innocent sleeping faces, the frustration within him vanished into thin air.

A smile appeared on his face as he walked toward the bed and lay down. Then, he hugged them close in his arms.

It was a dreamless night.

The next morning, Oscar and Amelia were getting ready to visit Kurt at the hospital when Jolin called to tell them that Kurt was missing. That took them by surprise.

As soon as the call ended, Amelia said anxiously, "How could an adult disappear when he's still injured and unconscious?"

Oscar only looked at her silently.

Amelia snapped back to reality and realized that she had overreacted earlier.

She tried to explain herself. "Oscar... I didn't mean it that way. I just—"

His gaze darkened as he replied, "I understand."

She sighed inwardly. It seems like my concern for Kurt will become a hurdle between us.

Just when Amelia wondered where Kurt could have gone, the doorbell rang.

She went to answer the door and saw the man in question standing outside. Immediately, she pulled him inside and exclaimed, "Kurt, why did you run out of the hospital when you're hurt? What if your wound opens up again? Come on, let's go back to the hospital now! Stop fooling around! You're an adult!"

The solemn expression on Kurt's face softened up a little after he heard her concern toward him.

"I'm fine, Amelia. I have to tell Boss something," he said patiently.

Lifting her head, she had no choice but to give in when she was how determined he looked.

She brought him into the house. "Okay. You should come in first."

Kurt walked toward Oscar and unexpectedly got on his knees while keeping his back straight. "Boss, it's completely my fault that the mission in Anglandur failed and that Jean died. I'm willing to accept all punishment. This has nothing to do with Hugo, so please spare him. This happened because of me."

Oscar looked at Kurt's chest, where blood was seeping slowly, and said in a deep voice, "Go back to the hospital first. I've already sent some men to look into the matter in Anglandur and will find out who is at fault. If it's your fault, I won't spare you for the sake of Amelia."

Kurt pursed his lips, and a hint of anguish flashed across his eyes.

He put both his hands on his head and said guiltily, "Jean's dead because she took the bullet for me. If I had remained focused, she wouldn't have died. We've been colleagues for so many years, yet I let her die in front of me. I'm responsible for her death! Boss, please kill me."

That night was a nightmare that he refused to recall in his lifetime. He had watched as Jean took the bullet for him, yet he could not even bring her body back because he was busy running for his life, causing her to die in another country and become a wandering soul.

Jean's death became the biggest regret in his life. He did not think that there was any way for him to forgive himself.

"Get up and go back to the hospital now. You know my temper. Don't make me repeat myself," Oscar said with a grim expression as he looked at Kurt.

Yet, Kurt continued to kneel on the ground.

Oscar narrowed his eyes, and a menacing gleam flashed across his eyes.

The second he was about to blow his top, a glass of lemonade appeared in front of his eyes. He looked up and saw it was from Amelia.

"Drink this, Oscar. I'll talk to Kurt," she said with a faint smile.

Oscar received the lemonade from her and took a sip.

Amelia walked up to Kurt and tried to pull him up, but he remained obstinate, keeping his knees firmly pressed to the floor.

"Kurt, let's talk after you get up. You're still wounded. Stop making us worry, could you?" she implored gently.

Kurt lifted his head to look at her. With mixed feelings, he said, "Amelia, I'm sorry. I feel miserable that Jean died because of me."

Amelia felt a little sad when she saw him acting that way. What exactly happened in Anglandur that caused the usually reticent Kurt to make such a despairing expression? He even disregards the fact that he's injured and had just undergone an operation for many hours yesterday.

"Kurt, get up first. No one blames you for Jean's death. None of us want her to die. But think of it this way. All of us will die one day. I'm sure she didn't want to see you look so miserable when she saved you. Let's go to the hospital now, shall we?" she comforted him patiently.

Oscar walked forward and yanked Kurt up forcefully. "You're a man! Stop acting like a s*ssy! Go back to the hospital now, or I'll kick you out of my bodyguard ranks! Then, you can forget about seeing Amelia or Tony again!" he thundered.

Kurt lifted his head and looked at him with bloodshot eyes. In the end, the years of being under Oscar's despotic rule made it impossible for him to object to his command, so he obediently went back to the hospital with the couple.

When Jolin heard the news, she quickly rushed over and punched Kurt's wound in exasperation, causing him to grunt in pain.

"So, you still know what pain feels like, huh? Do you know how worried I was when you were gone? Are you planning to make Boss yell at me on purpose? Can you stop making others worry about you? You're an adult, for God's sake," she grumbled.

"I'm sorry," Kurt said with a straight face.

"I don't want your apology. What I want is for you to cherish your life a little more. Now that Jean is dead, and her body is nowhere to be found, can you take care of yourself? Don't make others worry about you."

After a pause, Jolin continued in a low voice, "In the recent years, a few others that grew up with us are gone, and Jean's dead too. I treat you as my brother, so you should stop making me worry. Boss' very strict with us, but he would never force us to die."

Kurt's expression twisted into a grimace of pain as he listened to her. His eyes reddened uncontrollably, and a single drop of tear rolled down his cheek.

Jean taking the bullet for him was the ultimate blow for him. After all, he grew up with her, and the two of them had worked together on many dangerous missions. There was no way he could be cold-blooded and indifferent when she died because of him.

After the doctor re-dressed his wounds and examined his body to ensure that there were not any infections, the doctor said to Amelia, "Mrs. Clinton, don't worry. The patient is healthy, so he's going to be okay."

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief and turned to look at Oscar.

"Oscar, can you go outside for a bit? I want to talk to Kurt. I won't do anything intimate with him, I promise."

Oscar put his hand on the back of her head and kissed her forehead. "I'll wait for you outside," he said through clenched teeth.

Amelia knew it was the biggest compromise that he could make.

Once Oscar and Jolin left, Amelia pulled a chair over and sat down as she cleared her throat. "Kurt, I don't think you're a reckless person. Why did you run out of the hospital today?"

Kurt's head was lowered, so she could not see his expression.

"Kurt, didn't you wish to see me yesterday? Isn't that why you called me?" she asked.

He finally lifted his head and cast her an unfathomable look with red-rimmed eyes. His lips moved a little, but no words came out. It was as if there was a lump in his throat.

Staring at him, she asked, "Are you feeling guilty because of Jean's death?"

Kurt propped his forehead in both his hands. At that moment, he seemed utterly forlorn.

"Kurt, life and death are predestined. All of us are deeply saddened by Jean's death, but there's nothing we can do to change it. So, stop acting like this, will you? I'm really worried about you."

He ruffled his hair and sighed before saying, "I'm fine, Amelia. It's just that my heart feels really heavy. I thought that I was incredible, yet I had to rely on a woman to save me."

There was an unmistakable hint of suppressed sorrow in his voice.

Amelia looked at him thoughtfully.

"Kurt, I think she must be in love with you," she said.

Kurt did not say anything, still maintaining the same posture.

"Since Jean was willing to give up her life for you, I'm sure she wouldn't want to see you live in guilt for the rest of your life. Stop being like this, okay? If you stay this way, your friends who care about you will feel bad," she consoled.

After a moment of silence, he said, "Amelia, I'm fine. Don't worry. I won't do anything stupid."

That had Amelia heave a sigh of relief.

"I'm glad to hear that. Don't forget that you still have me, Tiff, and Tony by your side. We genuinely have your best interests at heart."

Kurt cast her a deep look, and the corners of his lips lifted in response. At that instant, he seemed to be in a good mood.