

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Novel Read Online

## Chapter 332

And so Amelia officially moved into the apartment that Kurt had purchased for her. She and Tiffany had offered to pay him back, knowing that the apartment, which was situated in one of the prime locations in the center of Beshya, must have cost the man millions at the very least. However, Kurt staunchly refused the offer whenever the topic came up. He repeatedly assured the two girls that the house was a gift and that money was not an issue.

It took some convincing, but Amelia and Tiffany eventually acquiesced and dropped the matter after realizing that Kurt had meant every word.

Meanwhile, Oscar was in the midst of tracking down his missing wife. Sitting behind the desk in his office, he steepled his fingers together as he waited for Hugo to report on the progress of the search. "Any news?"

The latter nodded. "I heard through the grapevine that Mrs. Hisson took a sudden trip to Beshya some time ago despite not having fully recovered from her illness, and she had kept the trip a secret from her husband. Apparently, it was to meet her son's new girlfriend. I've gathered information on said girlfriend. The descriptions of her matched that of Tiffany. What's more, following the trip, Mrs. Hisson has mentioned that she doesn't like the prospect of having a novelist as her daughter-in-law. Hence, it's highly likely that Derrick Hisson's girlfriend and Tiffany Winters are one and the same. She's currently staying in a villa owned by Derrick in Beshya."

Oscar's dark eyes drilled into the other man with laser-sharp focus. "Are your sources accurate?" There was an almost imperceptible tremor in his voice.

"Yes, sir."

Unable to sit still for another second, Oscar leaped to his feet. "Book me the next flight to Beshya."

Hugo was on it at once, fingers moving swiftly across the screen of his cell phone as he searched for the next available flight. Within minutes, the task was complete. "I've booked us tickets for a flight in two hours. Should we leave now?"

"Let's go," his boss said.

The duo took the elevator down to the lobby, where they bumped into none other than Isabella. Contempt flashed across Oscar's eyes as he saw her coming toward them, but he managed to school his expression into one of cool apathy.

"Ignore her," he told Hugo.

They walked past Isabella as if she was non-existent. Rather than taking the obvious hint, however, the latter was determined to make her presence known.

"Ah, if it isn't Oscar!" she greeted eagerly with a smile. "Where are you going?"

However, there was no response from Oscar. Without pausing in his stride, he gave Hugo a look. The bodyguard got the message immediately and extended an arm to stop Isabella from following his boss, who was making a beeline to the door.

The woman glared. "Move aside."

Hugo did not budge. "A word of advice, lady—keep your cheap, toadying ways to yourself. No one will take you seriously if you continue to be this shameless."

Isabella's face burned with anger and humiliation. Riled, she raised a hand to slap him in retaliation, but he caught her arm before the slap could be delivered.

She tried to break free but to no avail. The curious looks and whispers from the onlookers, many of whom were staff of Clinton Corporation, were making her increasingly embarrassed and affronted. "Let go," she demanded as haughtily as she could. "Are you Oscar's assistant or something? I'm going to tell Mrs. Clinton about this and get you fired."

"Like I care," Hugo said coldly as he released her and walked away without a backward glance.

Upset to see that her threat did not have the intended effect on the man, Isabella could only clench her fists, her pretty facial features warped in resentment. "What're you looking at?" she barked at the gossiping onlookers. "Mind your own damn business."

The staff who knew Isabella in Clinton Corporation agreed silently to what Hugo said. However, none dared to voice it aloud. They all knew that Isabella had connections and was in the good graces of Olivia. Objectively speaking, she was very good-looking and not lacking of suitors. If not for the fact that she was so fixated on Oscar, she would have long found someone who would be a good match for her.

Whatever happened to Isabella was the last thing on Oscar's mind. He had already forgotten the encounter with her as he and Hugo rushed to the airport. Fortunately, they got on the flight to Beshya just in time.

Once there, they headed straight to their destination—a villa located in the city suburbs. Having identified all of Derrick's properties in Beshya, Hugo was very certain that this was the one that housed Tiffany and Amelia.

Their car was stopped by the security officers stationed in front of the villa's gates. Hugo got out of the car to speak to the two men. Whatever he said had worked, and the officers granted entry to the car without further delay.

Oscar knocked on the door, which opened to reveal a wary-looking Jeremy. "Yes? How can I help you gentlemen?"

"Sorry for the unannounced arrival. I'm looking for my wife, Amelia Winters," Oscar said politely. "We had a fight a while ago, and she left with our child in a fit of anger. I was informed that she's currently staying here. Would you be able to let her know that I'm here? I would like to see her."

Jeremy gave the visitors a once-over. "I'm sorry, sir, but I have no idea what you're talking about," he said, adopting a confused look. "I've never heard of this Amelia Winters. I'm hired by the owner of the villa to look after the house while he's away working in a different city. No one's staying here except the owner, and he doesn't even come here that often. There must be a misunderstanding. I do hope you find your wife, sir, but wherever she is, it's not here. If you don't believe me, you're welcome to come inside to take a look for yourself."

Oscar frowned slightly, though he maintained his gentle tone. "Well, in that case, I'll take you up on that offer." He cast a glance at Hugo, who went inside once Jeremy opened the door fully.

The latter looked on placidly as Hugo checked the rooms, coming out empty-handed after each round. However, by a stroke of luck, the bodyguard caught sight of a discarded photo under the bed in the last room. He bent down to pick it up, his eyes widening slightly when he realized that it was a photo of Amelia.

He pocketed the photo before leaving the room, acting as if nothing had happened. "No sign of Ms. Amelia, Boss," he said apologetically.

Oscar's jaw tightened, and his mouth was set in a hard line upon hearing the disappointing news. Regardless, he still remembered his manners. "I'm sorry for our intrusion," he told Jeremy quietly.

The butler assured them that all was well. After the pair left, he called Derrick right away to tell him what had just occurred.

Derrick expressed his approval of how Jeremy handled the matter. "You did well," he said. "One of them was, in fact, Amelia's husband, but that was in the past. They got a divorce a few months ago. He's only here to get custody of his son. Let the other servants in the villa know not to reveal anything related to Amelia. If any one of them breathes a word, not only would they be fired immediately, but I'd also personally ensure that they remain jobless in Beshya for a very long time."

"Certainly, Mr. Hisson," Jeremy replied dutifully. "Not to worry. I've already told all the maids here. They won't tell a soul about the two ladies."

"Good. See to it that it continues to be the case. I'll stay with Tiffany and Amelia till they've fully settled down, but I won't be going back to the villa after that. It's in your good hands. Feel free to invite your son and daughter-in-law for a stay if you want to. I've been entertaining the idea of gifting the villa to you

anyway. You've been working for the Hissons for most of your life, and you deserve to be rewarded accordingly."

"I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Hisson," the butler said smilingly. "With all due respect, however, a villa is not necessary. I'll go live with my son and daughter-in-law after I retire in a few years. A villa is too grand a place to live for a humble family like ours. In any case, don't let me take up any more of your time, sir. I'll make sure to take care of everything over here."

Derrick nodded and hung up after a quick goodbye.

Meanwhile, in the backseat of a taxi speeding away from the villa, Oscar was looking out the window with dark eyes and an unfathomable expression.

It was then that Hugo showed him the photo. "Boss, I found this in one of the bedrooms in the villa."

Oscar gave it a fleeting glance, then did a double-take when he realized who it was in the photo. He snatched it from Hugo's hand, looking at the latter with raw hope in his eyes. "How did you get this?"

"I found it under the bed in the room," Hugo said. "It's just my speculation, but if Ms. Amelia's photo was there, it means that she must have some connections with Derrick, and his girlfriend whom everyone is talking about must be none other than Tiffany Winters."

Oscar was silent as he took in the bodyguard's words. All of a sudden, he smashed a fist into the seat, heedless of the surprised look the driver sent him through the rearview mirror.

"I gave specific instructions to monitor Derrick Hisson's movements closely," he said through gritted teeth. "Why did your men let him slip away under their noses? I'm not paying all of you to loaf around on your jobs. I was this close to seeing my wife today, but it turned out to be a fruitless endeavor. If any of you is even half as good as Kurt, this wouldn't have happened. I don't need useless men who couldn't even complete a simple surveillance task."

Hugo lowered his head. "I'm terribly sorry, Boss. I take full responsibility for this."

The outburst proved to be a cathartic release for Oscar. He took in a deep breath, pinching the bridge of his nose tiredly. "I just need you to do your job, got it?" The long search for Amelia was wearing him down both mentally and physically, and he had to rely on sleeping pills to help him rest at night.

He thumbed the photo of Amelia longingly. "I'll only say this one more time—keep a close watch on Derrick. I want my wife back," he murmured, closing his eyes. Perhaps calmed by her presence, albeit only in the form of a photo, Oscar's breathing evened mere moments later, and he fell into a slumber gradually.

"Drive slower," Hugo told the taxi driver when he noticed the peaceful countenance of his boss. "Feel free to take a detour. I'll pay double the fare." It was the first time in ages since he saw Oscar sleep so well during a car ride, and he was not about to interrupt such a hard-to-come-by rest.

"No problem," the driver answered carefully.