

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 346

After parking his car, Derrick got out of the vehicle and went to the back seat to help Oscar out, with the latter mumbling Amelia's name over and over again.

Derrick had a hard time getting that strapping man off the car. It took him a while just to get him back to the apartment Oscar used to share with Amelia.

Pulling Oscar into the room, Derrick pushed that bulky man on his bed. He clicked his tongue in frustration while looking at the unconscious man before proceeding to help Oscar remove his socks and put a blanket over the latter. "You know what, Mr. Clinton? We've been through so much together we should actually be friends, but we each have people we need to protect. If it were not for that, we could be very good friends."

Glancing at the man lying on the bed, he sighed. Then, he closed the door behind him before heading downstairs to rest. He was so spent he did not even take off his clothes, but just hit the sofa and dozed off.

Little did he know that once he went out of the room, the sleeping man, who was supposed to be drunk, opened his eyes wide with all alertness.

Oscar took out his phone to make a call. "Hugo, someone called Derrick just now. I need to know where that call was made."

"Yes, Boss."

Ending the call, Oscar rolled over to get out of bed and walked to the window. He looked into the night, falling into deep thoughts.

His grip tightened around his phone as he pondered. "Amelia, I'll find you soon."

As expected, within the next half an hour, Hugo dialed back. "I've just gotten the location. The call was made from a public phone booth in Beshya. It's near Principal General Hospital."

Hearing that, Oscar was alarmed. His gaze darted around as he thought hard. "Hugo, I need to be on the next flight to Beshya."

"Yes, Boss."

Despite how anxious Oscar was, things did not go as planned. It so happened that the next flight to Beshya was fully booked, so they had to wait until nine o'clock in the morning to fly over.

Oscar was dismayed when he found out about it, as he intended to be in Beshya as soon as possible. "Get my private jet ready."

"But Mr. Clinton, it's not too late to depart tomorrow morning. She'll still be there by tomorrow morning if she's really residing in Beshya," Hugo advised carefully after some thought.

"Since when do you have so much to say, Hugo? Just do as you're told." Oscar was in a foul mood.

"Yes, Boss," Hugo replied in his dutiful voice again.

Knowing that Oscar did not appreciate his opinions, but expected him to get the task done soon, Hugo got to work immediately.

The whole bedroom fell back into silence after Oscar ended the call. His eyes glistened in the dark room with anticipation. He had a feeling that he would meet Amelia tomorrow, but he completely forgot that Derrick was still in the house.

Derrick was almost asleep on the couch when he decided to check on Oscar one last time, in fear that the drunk man would puke after drinking so much. When he got upstairs and was about to open the door, he heard Oscar's voice from inside the room. He moved closer stealthily, pressing his ear against the door to listen to what Oscar was saying.

As someone trained in martial arts before, he had a keen sense of hearing. Although he could not hear everything Oscar was saying, it was enough for him to figure out that Oscar was on Amelia's tail again.

He swiftly went back downstairs and left the apartment without making a single noise. Fishing out his phone, he called Tiffany right after.

As he had planned earlier on, this phone would be used exclusively for him to contact Tiffany. Even his parents did not know this phone number. In fact, not even Tiffany knew about its existence.

"Hi, may I know who's speaking?" Tiffany's voice came from the other side.

"It's me, Tiff."

"Mr. Hisson?"

"Yes. Listen to me, Tiff. Oscar found out that both of you are at Principal General Hospital in Beshya. He's taking his private jet over now. You and Kurt need to bring her away as soon as possible."

"But Amelia just finished her surgery. She can't even walk now. What if something happens to her? What if she gets injured in the middle of all of this?" Tiffany was anxious.

"Calm down, Tiffany," Derrick comforted gently. "I'll ask Mr. Jackman to pick you guys up at the hospital. I'll notify the hospital so they get rid of all Amelia's records, so even if Oscar does go to the hospital, he won't be able to find a thing about Amelia. Don't worry about it, okay?"

A short pause followed as Tiffany thought about their arrangement. "All right. I'll leave it to you, then. Thank you so much, Mr. Hisson."

Hearing that, Derrick smiled widely. Tiffany's gratitude put him in a phenomenal mood. "Well, you should at least stop calling me Mr. Hisson if you're really thankful. It feels like you're still treating me like your higher-up. You should call me 'Derry', or just something like 'Darling'."

A longer pause ensued this time, but Derrick was not in a hurry, so he waited patiently.

His smile deepened as the pause stretched out. As he expected, Tiffany's voice came again after a few seconds. "Derry." Tiffany felt a gush of embarrassment overtaking her. "This is so cringy. I prefer calling you Mr. Hisson. This is already like a term of endearment to me. Of course, I can call you 'Derry' if you want, but I will still go with 'Derrick' when there are people around," she continued as she looked around the hospital. "All right, I got to go check on Amelia. Talk to you later."

"Sure. See you, Tiff."

Derrick gave Boris and the hospital director a call respectively after that. After briefing them on the situation, the two set to work. Boris was quick to act. He immediately asked Collin to

drive to the hospital. As for the hospital director, he made arrangements for the nurses to delete every single copy of Amelia's medical report. He even asked the hospital staff to not breathe a single word about Amelia, in case anyone probed into the matter.

Not long after everything was put in place, Derrick saw Oscar rushing out of his apartment and hopping into his own car before driving out.

Derrick watched his car pull off until it completely vanished out of his sight. He did not follow Oscar. Instead, he waited for him to drive off before starting his own engine and drove out of the neighborhood slowly, heading in the opposite direction.

By the time Oscar reached the parking slot he had bought specifically for his own jet, Hugo and the others were already waiting for him.

The moment they spotted Oscar, they approached him and informed, "Everything is ready, Mr. Clinton. We can take off anytime."

Responding with a nod, Oscar went toward the jet with him.

"Let's go." After settling down, Oscar gave them the order and closed his eyes to take a nap as the jet slowly took off.

Two hours later, the plane landed on an empty land in a suburb in Beshya. A few cars were already waiting for their arrival when they landed.

Oscar exited the jet quickly, and everyone greeted in unison, "Mr. Clinton."

"Let's get going."

The man, who was first in line, took a step forward and pointed at one of the cars. "Over there, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar walked over in large steps, with everyone else following closely behind.

When they almost reached the car, the first man behind Oscar hastened his step to open the door, gesturing at Oscar to enter.

"To Principal General Hospital." Oscar cut to the chase right after he got into the car.

"Yes, sir."

With that, the car pulled off immediately. Oscar tried to take a rest again, but his heart was fluttering. "Faster."

"Yes."

The driver stepped harder on the pedal and went at full speed, yet regardless of how fast they were going, there was still a distance to go before they reached the city center.

It took them an hour before they arrived at the hospital.

Once they pulled up beside the hospital, the other cars following behind stopped as well.

Getting out of the car, Oscar turned toward Hugo. "Bring your men and search the whole hospital. Report back to me if you see her."

"Yes, Mr. Clinton."

With that said, Hugo and the others made for the entrance, but their leader was hesitant. "Mr. Clinton, are you sure this is the best thing to do? Barging in right now will only attract too much attention. The police might even come. Besides, this is not your territory. I heard that the hospital director has a bit of background. Do you think it's wise offending him? I'm just afraid this might evolve into something serious."

Oscar glared at him, which was enough to shut the man up. He did not dare to say otherwise after this.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Clinton. I shouldn't have said that."

Not bothering to reply to the other man, Oscar walked straight into the hospital. When he got in, the hospital was as usual, as if Hugo and his men had not even come in. The staff on the night shift were dozing off at the counter, so they did not even realize so many men came into the hospital.

When the man who earlier on challenged Oscar's decision saw the situation, he realized he had misjudged. After all, Oscar's bodyguards would never barge in and create a ruckus like some gangsters.

"I'm sorry for what I said earlier, Mr. Clinton," he admitted sheepishly.

Glancing at him, Oscar uttered, "Simon, thanks for picking me up this late at night. I owe you one. I'll return this favor when I find my wife."

Simon nodded without shying away. "I hope you find her soon, then. I can't wait to see what reward you have for me, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar nodded back without another word.

Their conversation awakened one of the nurses on duty. When she saw a handsome young man before her, she quickly wiped her mouth, afraid that she had drooled in her sleep.

Simon went forward and teased the nurse, "Don't worry. You look just fine. There's nothing on your mouth."

The nurse went red as she glared at him.

"May I know if you're here to visit someone, or are you here to register for yourself?" The nurse was being extra gentle when talking to Oscar.

Flashing a charming smile at her, Oscar informed, "I'm looking for someone called Amelia Winters. Could you help me check her room number?"

A fleeting glint of wariness showed in the nurse's eyes, but Oscar saw through her.

He knew she was trying to hide something.

He leaned closer, wearing his most attractive smile. "I hope you don't mind helping me check her room number. What about we go for some late-night snacks after I swing by her room? I'll let you know once I'm done. Do you mind giving me your phone number?"

Oscar was usually aloof and distant toward women, but because he badly wanted to know where Amelia was, he was willing to charm his way through just to get some information out of the nurse.

His affection made the nurse blush. She lowered her shifty gaze and started poring over the files. "I'll look for it."

After some time, she looked back up again in disappointment. "I'm sorry, mister, but there are a few Amelias on our records. These are the ones I found. What about you take a look yourself?"

Oscar took the files over, looking through every detail. To his dismay, he could not find the person he was looking for.

"Is this all?"

The nurse nodded.

Reaching out, Oscar lifted her chin playfully. "You look too pretty to be a liar," he teased in a tantalizing tone. "Come on. Tell me if there's a certain Amelia Winters in your hospital. I'll go for dinner with you tomorrow as well."

The young nurse almost fell for it. If she had not snapped herself back, she would have told Oscar everything she knew.