

# Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 349

"Boss, I'm so sorry!" Hugo gasped. "I lost him. I'm so sorry!"

When Oscar arrived, he looked at the alley and talked calmly, "You said he vanished here?"

"Yes," Hugo confirmed.

"Send more men to check out this area."

"Right away."

With that, Hugo called Simon and got him to send more men to ransack the area.

"Hugo, I need you to set up a meeting with Amelia's doctor. I need to talk to him."

Hugo nodded, but quickly realized something was off. "What about the director? Are you still meeting him?"

"Yes."

Nodding, Hugo proceeded to make necessary arrangements, but he could not contact the doctor in charge.

Truth was, the hospital director already sent the doctor to another city for a conference. It was said that the doctor was informed just yesterday that he was to attend this conference. As for other doctors who had participated in Amelia's surgery, they were all sent to other hospitals to help up for different reasons. It was as if everyone related to Amelia was sent to other places overnight.

"You said all the doctors were sent away?" Oscar inquired with a frown.

"Yes, Boss. I'll send my men to find out more about this. It seems like the doctor we're looking for really didn't go to work this morning. Besides, the nurse who came to see us earlier was fired as well. I heard the director sacked her himself, so everyone who knows a thing or two about Amelia dares not breathe a word now. They refuse to say anything about what they know."

"Now I must see this director myself," Oscar muttered with a rigid smile.

"I've already invited him to meet up at seven this evening."

"Got it. Any news from Kurt or Simon?"

"No."

"Okay, then. You may leave now."

"All right."

For the remaining day, Oscar stayed at the hotel until six o'clock in the evening. When the time came for him to meet the director, he put on his best clothes and went to the restaurant with Hugo.

A waitress came over and greeted them courteously, "Good evening, do you have a reservation?"

"Yes. I booked a private room. 208," Hugo replied.

"Mr. Clinton, is it? Please follow me," she said with a smile.

Oscar went after her without losing a moment. He did not even have the mood to look at the decoration and setting of the restaurant.

When they reached the room, the waitress knocked at the door, waiting for permission to usher Oscar in.

"Mr. Clinton, please."

Oscar went in ahead while Hugo waited outside patiently.

When Oscar entered the room, he spotted a well-mannered young man in his late twenties waiting for him. He had a pair of gold frame glasses on, making him look all the more classy.

Oscar found it unbelievable that someone like him would actually be the director of Principal General Hospital, as he was expecting someone older and more experienced.

"Hi, I'm Charles Jensen, the director of Principal General Hospital," the young lad said, standing up. His curious gaze surveyed Oscar from the head to the toe. "May I know who you are?"

Oscar carefully observed the man without trying to hide his intention. After some time, he held out his hand toward the director. "Oscar Clinton. I'm Amelia's husband."

Upon hearing that, the young man was startled, but he quickly collected himself and smiled gently. "Amelia? I'm afraid I know no such person, Mr. Clinton."

Taking a seat, Oscar spoke to him candidly. "I will not beat around the bush, Mr. Jensen. I'm looking for my wife, Amelia, and I found out that she was admitted to your hospital, so I took a flight over just to see her. However, when I went to your hospital yesterday, it seemed to me that she was transferred to another hospital with your help. Do you mind explaining what the case is?"

Charles retained the smile on his face as if he was totally unfazed by Oscar's words. In fact, he looked as if he was someone without any temper.

"Mr. Clinton, I believe there's a misunderstanding. I don't usually get involved in matters pertaining to patients. I don't probe into patients' privacy as well. I have no idea about the woman you mentioned, and how is it that you're under the impression that I am the one who transferred her to another hospital," he said slowly and lightly.

Narrowing his eyes, Oscar smiled as he took another purposeful look at the director.

"Mr. Jensen, I have to admit that I wasn't expecting someone as young as you to actually be the director of the hospital. Now that I've seen you myself, I have to say I'm impressed," Oscar stated, taking out his name card before giving it to Charles. "This is my name card. I hope you'll be able to be of assistance to me after getting to know me. It's understandable that important details sometimes slip our mind when we have too many things to take care of."

Charles read the name on the card before looking back up at Oscar again. "So you're from Clinton Corporations. I have to say you are equally successful—young and successful— but I don't see how your line of business has anything to do with my hospital. May I know I can be of help to you?"

Oscar did not lose his patience. Instead, he took out a picture of Amelia and showed it to Charles. "This is my wife. There are some misunderstandings, and she left home. She lost her

sight because of a car accident, and I would like to know where she is so I can bring her overseas, where she can get better treatment. I found out that she was a patient at your hospital. You're a sensible man. You can understand my situation, I'm sure. I've been looking for her for some time, and I'm worried. I really hope you can tell me which hospital she is at now. It's true that Clinton Corporations is not based in Beshya, but I still have my connections here. I'm sure you don't want to make an enemy out of me. After all, you still have a whole hospital to take care of."

Adjusting his glasses, Charles cleared his throat. "I really don't understand what you are trying to get at, Mr. Clinton."

At that, Oscar glared at the man. He's more intractable than I thought.

Fishing out his phone, Oscar played the recording of the conversation he had with the nurse earlier on. "Mr. Jensen, this is what someone from your hospital told me this morning. Her name is Kayla White, and I even know that she worked at your hospital for four years. I also know that she's actually your relative. I heard you dismissed her after she paid me a visit at the hotel I'm staying at today. Correct me if I'm wrong."

The smile on Charles' face remained unchanged. He was still calm and cool, even when Oscar laid all his cards. The latter could not help but respect this man.

"Kayla did something wrong, so I did what I had to. I fired her because she had been selling the IV drips our hospital uses to people outside. I'm the director of the hospital, so I can't just turn a blind eye to her mistake just because she's my relative. I have to be fair. You can always run a check on this to confirm my words," Charles said in all seriousness.

Oscar smiled again. Since Charles did not want to say a single word about Amelia, Oscar decided to just play along. "It seems like you're fixated on not telling me anything about Amelia."

Charles shrugged. "I'm sorry, Mr. Clinton. I can't be of help. My hospital has never taken in your wife. I believe you're looking for her at the wrong place. If she was really at our hospital, I would have told you as the director."

At this moment, Oscar knew he had to use his trump card. Pulling out a few photos from his pocket, he threw them all before Charles. "Make up your mind after seeing these photos. I'm not interested in your family member's private life, but if these make it to the public, I think you'll have a hard time trying to salvage your mother's reputation."

Charles glanced at the photos, and there was finally a hint of perturbation in his eyes.

He took up one of the photos, and his gaze turned cold and sharp.

"Where did you get these from?" he asked.

"I thought you wouldn't even care one bit. Now that you know your mother's involvement with another man, I hope this can help you make a better decision. It doesn't seem to me that you're ready to let everyone know what your mother is doing, so shall we continue our discussion about my wife?"

Ripping the photos into pieces, Charles glared at Oscar. It finally registered what kind of a person he was dealing with. He's able to get an upper hand over me, although we've just met. I must be extra careful.

"Mr. Clinton, you must understand that I'm doing this all for a friend. He requested my help to transfer a friend of his to a better hospital. By now, she should already be on her way to another hospital. My friend had found a few ophthalmologists abroad who can cure her."

Oscar stood up from his seat and looked down at Charles. "Mr. Jensen, I think it's best I leave if you can't be honest with me. As for these photos, I will hand them over to be published on social media. I believe your dad will be in for a little surprise. After all, this is shocking, isn't it?"

With that, Oscar turned around, ready to leave the room.

"Hold on." Charles stopped him before Oscar could walk out.

"Have you suddenly decided to be honest with me?"

Staring at the other man, Charles let out a sigh. "Mr. Jackman picked Ms. Winters up yesterday. She's at his clinic now."

"And their address?"

Charles told him.

"Thanks, Mr. Jensen. I apologize for making our first encounter a less pleasant one. I'll make it up to you in the future, but for now, I should get going. My wife is waiting for me." With that said, Oscar hurried to leave.

"Mr. Clinton, I wasn't expecting myself to give in to you. I have to say you're one resourceful man." Oscar stopped at the door.

"Thanks," he replied with a smile and left without turning back.

Charles slumped into his chair and sighed. After some time, he took out his phone to make a call. "Derrick? I'm sorry. I messed everything up. Mr. Clinton came to me, and I told him everything. He's one cunning man."

"Has he met Amelia?" Derrick asked after a pause.

"He hasn't, but he already knows where she is. I'm so sorry, Derrick."

"It's okay, Charles. If they're meant to be, they'll still meet each other, no matter how hard we try to stop them. I can tell they still love each other, so in a sense, it's good for them to meet up and talk things through face to face," Derrick remarked over the phone.

"All right, then. I'll get going first. I'll see you another time when you come to Beshya."

"Sure thing. Thanks for your help, Charles. I'm forever indebted for what you did for me. I'll treat you to a meal when I see you in Beshya."

Ending the call, Charles poured himself a cup of tea. After having a drink, he proceeded to leave. Oscar and he talked for about half an hour, but neither one of them ordered anything, yet Charles still paid a handsome amount of tip. He pulled out a few banknotes that amounted to three grand and left everything on the table before leaving.