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Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 566

Chapter 566 Find The Culprit

Raising his hand, Joseph wiped the sweat from his forehead. Awkwardly, he said, "Oscar, I'm afraid this conversation won't go anywhere if you are unwilling to cooperate."

Oscar stared at Joseph with dark eyes.

"Dr. Jenkins, your abilities were highly praised by Julian. Is this the best you can do?" A dangerous glint flashed across Oscar's eyes as he narrowed them.

Joseph was acutely aware of the dangerous aura emanating from Oscar. He smiled, "Calm down, Oscar. Let's chat like old friends. Don't think of me as a psychiatrist. Let's take this one step at a time, okay?"

Oscar's expression suddenly changed like the unpredictable weather in June. He'd always had a temperamental personality. Even an experienced psychiatrist like Joseph could not help but cower before him, not daring to make a fuss.

"This way, please. Let's have a good chat." Since the hypnosis wasn't working, Joseph resorted to having a heart-to-heart conversation in hopes that he would be able to get a grasp on his patient.

Oscar's heart was heavily barricaded. He constantly had his guard up and his mental strength was many times stronger than an ordinary person's, thus making it extremely difficult for someone to work their way in. It was a process that would take a lot of time. Only a fool would think it was an easy task.

Oscar adjusted his clothes and replied icily, "No need. I don't think I require a psychiatrist's help as the service is really subpar. I'll be taking my leave."

Despite his mixed feelings, Joseph did not dare stop Oscar.

"My door is open anytime you feel the need to talk to someone," Joseph said as he walked Oscar out. The latter nodded briefly and strode away.

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Oscar went downstairs and called Julian on his phone. "I'm downstairs. Come pick me," he said the moment the phone connected.

Julian drove the car to Oscar's location fast as he possibly could. After entering the car, Oscar put on the seatbelt.

Julian gave Oscar a strange look. "That was quick. You were only inside for half an hour. What did you discuss?"

Oscar gave him a look as he said, "The psychiatrist you introduced, I'm afraid he's just a smooth talker and has no ability whatsoever."

Julian was utterly dumbfounded.

"Oscar, don't forget he is a trained professional who needs to be able to speak well with his patients. Since there's nothing wrong with you, don't overthink it. Come, let's go have a meal. Your relationship with Amelia is fine, don't overthink it and scare her away or you'd be left crying," Julian reminded him.

Oscar massaged his head. He had been stressed over work lately, and it didn't help matters when he witnessed Amelia interacting with another man. Although he professed he didn't care, it was just a strong front. How could he not care when it came to the matter of his beloved?

Julian looked at him worriedly. "Hey, just take it easy. It's not helping Amelia or yourself if you're so tightly wound up all the time. She's a sensitive one and as your partner, she's sure to find out."

Sighing suddenly, Oscar closed his eyes and leaned back against the passenger seat. "Julian, I feel infuriated whenever I see the men who appear beside Amelia. I can't help flying into a rage, and the urge to kill them would arise. I know it's not right and this cannot continue. That's the reason I've asked you to arrange an appointment with a psychiatrist. However, I can't bring myself to trust the man."

It was then Julian realized how severe the situation was.

Oscar's mind had always been more mature than everyone else. Never exhibiting strong emotions, he usually acted cold and indifferent. Julian had never seen him act this way.

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Perhaps Oscar's body had reached its limit, or perhaps there was a problem with his relationship with Amelia. However, the second option was less plausible as the two of them were as thick as thieves.

After a moment of thought, Julian said, "Oscar, what if I accompany you to the doctor? It would be fine if there isn't a problem, but we should get it treated as soon as possible if there is. I'm sure you won't want your negative emotions to affect Amelia and Tony."

Oscar was silent.

"Okay, okay! Pretend I didn't say anything. It must be hard to be in your position since you wield such authority over so many staff members. Obviously, it has taken a toll on your body." Julian softened his tone as he tried to mollify Oscar.

"Turn around and head to the hospital." After a long pause, Oscar finally replied.

Shocked, Julian momentarily lost his grip on the steering wheel and the car nearly veered off the road. He spun the car around and drove in the direction of the hospital. "Oscar, you're really planning on going?" he asked.

"Weren't you the one asking me to go?"

"Um, no. I was only joking." Once again, Julian didn't know if he should laugh or cry. He certainly did not expect Oscar to obediently do as he was told.

Following that, Oscar shut his eyes and pretended to nap, thereby ignoring Julian as the latter dutifully delivered Oscar to the hospital. Oscar had requested Robert arrange a private doctor to give him an examination.

Once at the hospital, Robert personally tended to Oscar and found a residue of a drug in his body. If taken in large quantities, it was a drug that could make a person easily irritable, and they would also lose their memories. It was harmless if taken in small doses, but once it accumulated to a certain amount, it made a person violent and lose control of their temper. It could also erase important memories.

Robert's face hardened. "Oscar, it seems like you've been taking this drug for at least a year. You need to be more careful, as someone gave you this drug with ill intentions."

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Upon hearing Robert's words, Oscar clenched and unclenched his fists. To think there is such a person near me.

"This person must be close to you for them to be able to meddle with your food and drink. Apart from family members, only the housekeeper and people from the company have close contact with you. It seems like this person is also cautious and bides their time by only giving you small doses each time. Otherwise, you would have imploded long before now. You can even lose your life if you take too much of the drug." Robert finally spoke after a moment of contemplation.

Although Oscar's expression remained calm on the surface, he was a ball of rage inwardly. How audacious of this person to drug me so boldly. They are going to pay dearly when I discover who they are.

To Robert, he asked, "Mr. Lancaster, are you certain I've been taking this drug for over a year?"

Robert nodded in response. "We will need to perform a gastric lavage procedure on you. You will also need to watch what you consume in the future as this person has managed to drug you for over a year while remaining undetected," Robert said.

Oscar narrowed his eyes in thought and nodded.

After the procedure was done, Oscar left the hospital after resting briefly.

Inside the car, Julian eyed him worriedly. "Are you okay? Do you want to go rest at a hotel suite?"

Oscar nodded in response. He could not return home in the state he was in right now lest he made Amelia worried about him.

Julian drove them to a five-star hotel nearby and arranged for a presidential suite. Together, they rode the elevator upstairs.

Once inside the suite, Julian tossed the keys onto the bed and turned to ask Oscar, "Do you have anyone you suspect?"

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Oscar rubbed his forehead wearily. "I've already sent someone to investigate," he said.

"Do you need my help?"

"No, it's all right. You've already accompanied me all morning. I won't forget this."

"Don't give me that. I can't possibly accept your ardent feelings."

Oscar sat on the couch and crossed his legs.

"What do you plan to do next?" Julian asked.

"Investigate. Once I find the culprit behind this, they will rue the day they crossed me." Oscar said all of this in a calm voice. If one were to ignore the killing intent in his eyes, it was as if he was discussing what to have for lunch that day.

Julian clenched his fists and added, "Let me have some fun too. I haven't had a chance to play around in a while. I'll make sure they regret their actions."

Oscar got up and approached the windows, staring at the view outside. "Julian, I've been a businessman for many years, and I've made countless enemies. Who do you think has the ability to get so close and secretly drug me over such a long period?"

Julian pondered the question. "You threw yourself into work when Amelia left you a year ago. You were completely preoccupied with work and searching for her that you've let your guard down. It was easy for someone to take advantage of the situation then."

Oscar silently clasped his arms behind his back.

"Oscar, I think you should lay a trap to bait the snakes. That person drugged you to drive you mad and infuriate you. Their target is probably Clinton Corporations. Regarding the matter of memory loss, I say it's bullsh*t. I don't believe our technology is advanced enough to wipe a person's memories. It's all a load of bull." Julian took out a cigarette and held it between his fingers, unlit. A look of disdain flashed across his face.

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He did not believe it was possible for a person to lose their memories after being drugged. The technology they had now was not advanced enough to erase a person's memories. However, it was possible for a type of drug to cause a person's memory to decline rapidly.

"I don't care what their aim is because I won't let them have their way. Once I find them, I will make their life a living hell." Oscar narrowed his eyes threateningly.

"I'm with you," Julian said.

Oscar rested in the suite for about two hours before returning to his apartment.

"Amelia, I hope you're not mad I hogged your husband the entire morning," Julian joked as he followed Oscar into the room.

Nonplussed, Amelia laughed as she shoed them inside. "Come on in! It's such a hot day today. I made you guys some pudding to cool you off."

Julian let out a whistle. "That's very considerate of you. Oscar is such a lucky man to have a wife like you. In fact, it's my dream to marry a wife like you."

Amelia smiled as she led them into the kitchen and served the pudding.

Julian politely obliged and ate two servings of pudding. After wiping his mouth, he smiled. "Thanks for the delicious food, Amelia. I'll take my leave now. Won't want to hang around as a third wheel."

He then left after a quick goodbye.

Amelia walked him to the door before returning to their apartment. Amelia and Oscar both sat down on the couch.

"I heard that you went to the hospital with Julian? Were you looking for someone?" Amelia decided to ask directly instead of beating around the bush.

"No. I accompanied Julian to the doctor. Even a man can get sick from time to time," Oscar replied without batting an eyelid.

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Amelia nodded understandingly. "I was worried you weren't feeling well. I'm glad to hear that's not the case." Amelia did not probe any further. "I'll put these away in the kitchen. Will you take a nap with me afterward? I'm feeling a little sleepy."

"Okay."

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