

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 27

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Indeed, Tiffany was the best shopper amongst freelance writers. She towed Amelia and shopped her way from the first floor to the third floor. They even bought several clothes before heading to the baby area on the fifth floor. The two then bought strollers and shoes for baby girls and boys. By the time they were done, they had bought five carts' worth of items.

Massaging her temple as she stared at the carts, Amelia queried, "Tiff, don't you think you're buying a little too much?"

Tiffany let out an awkward laugh. "It is, but don't worry. We can get them to deliver these to your doorstep. You won't need to carry them yourself."

Huffing in amusement, Amelia took out a card from her bag, about to make payments. However, Tiffany stopped her in the next second. "My dear, these are the gifts I'm buying for my godchild. You can't fight with me on paying for these, or else I'll never forgive you for this."

Amelia then kept the card back into her bag.

In the end, Tiffany was the one who paid for everything. It was worth tens of thousands. Fortunately, although Tiffany was a freelance novelist, her novels sold well. The royalty fees she received were quite the amount, so she had much money saved in her bank account.

Amelia started, "Tiff, your book—The Flower's Secret—should be selling quite well, right?"

Tiffany nodded. "My readers are very supportive, so I've sold hundreds of thousands of copies. I've got quite an amount of commission for it. If you divorce Oscar, you and I can raise the kid without any problems."

Feeling touched, Amelia teased, "You're gloating."

Tiffany then hooked her arm around her shoulders. "My dear, your darling's outstation. Do you want to stay at my place for a few nights?"

After a quick thought, Amelia nodded.

The two then left the mall together. After having dinner in a nearby restaurant, the two headed to the underground parking lot. However, right at the entrance of the parking lot, an Audi was speeding toward

them. Their eyes widened at it, but Tiffany was the first to come back to her senses. She shoved Amelia aside and shouted, "Be careful!"

Amelia had to stumble several steps back before she could stop herself from falling. She could do nothing but watch as the speeding Audi crashed into Tiffany, sending her flying. Instead of stopping, the car sped off and soon disappeared into the night.

It took Amelia a long while before she rushed toward Tiffany. Crouching down and looking at the bloody Tiffany, Amelia cried out, "Tiff!" But there was no response from the woman.

As tears streamed down her face, Amelia took out her phone and tried to call an ambulance. Yet, her hands trembled too much for her to press those three numbers. Sobbing, she pleaded, "Can you call the ambulance for her?"

The passersby that crowded around her told her, "Miss, don't panic. We've called the police and the ambulance. The ambulance will come soon."

"Thank you!"

Two ordinary-looking women squeezed out from the crowd and uttered, "Miss, we're both doctors. Let us administer first aid to your friend."

In agitation, Amelia pulled them over and choked out, "Doctor, please, save my friend."

The two doctors then briefly checked Tiffany and gravely said, "Miss, your friend's injuries are quite severe, so we can't guarantee that we can save her."

The colors drained from Amelia's face.

Fortunately, the ambulance soon arrived. With Tiffany getting carried into the ambulance, the two doctors and Amelia then boarded it as well.

Arriving at the hospital, Tiffany was sent straight to the emergency room as Amelia collapsed against the wall weakly.

She stared at the doors and pleaded in a soft voice, "Tiff, please be safe. What do I do if you're not fine? How am I going to break the news to your parents?"

Amelia did not know how long she spent waiting outside when two police officers came to her. The female officer politely said, "Hello, we're the

officers in Jadeborough District. We're here to find out more about the details of the accident. Your friend was the one in the accident, right?"

Hearing that, Amelia took in a deep breath before she wiped away the frown on her face. Reaching out to shake her hand, Amelia mumbled, "Hello."

The female officer returned the handshake and asked, "Did you see the plate number of the car?"

Amelia nodded. When the car had driven off, she had reminded herself to take a look at it. As she had an excellent memory, she was able to tell the female officer the number immediately.

Nodding her head, the female officer reassured, "All right. That's all we need for now. Don't worry. We'll find the driver as soon as possible to bring justice to your friend."

Amelia nodded again. "Thank you, officers."

The female officer then took a while reassuring her before leaving with the male officer.

Once the two left, Amelia fell back against the wall like a puppet whose strings were cut. And once again, her gaze was fixed on the doors to the emergency room.

Time ticked away, and soon, five hours had gone by. Those five hours were the worst and slowest time Amelia had to endure. Every single second was torture to her soul, and she kept praying that Tiffany would be fine. However, the speed of the Audi was too fast, and in the recesses of her mind, she knew Tiffany might not survive.

She dared not think of it. She was afraid that Tiffany would die in her place, and that was something she would never be able to forgive herself for.

Right as Amelia was mulling over the possible futures, her phone rang and made her jump in surprise. Shaking, she dug out her phone from her bag. When she saw the name on the screen, her eyes reddened, and something in her snapped.

Picking up the phone, she choked out, "Hello?"

Oscar's voice traveled out of the speakers. "What's wrong? Are you crying?"

Like an anxious lost child, Amelia burst into tears. "Oscar, T-Tiff, she was in an accident. I'm so scared. I'm terrified."

Through the phone speakers, Oscar's voice sounded deep, but it was enough to comfort her. "Just breathe and calm down. I'm going to ask you some questions, and you'll answer them one at a time, all right? Are you hurt?"

Amelia took in a deep breath. It was as if she had found her pillar of support. With Oscar on the phone, she felt the mountain on her chest lifting a little.

"Tiff pushed me away before the car could hit me," Amelia explained.

"I'm glad that you're fine. I'll send Jimmy to pick you up later. I'll take the earlier plane back, so stay put and don't overthink it."

Amelia was touched by Oscar's attitude. Although they were only husband and wife on papers, Oscar had still managed to console her in a situation like this.

"Thank you, Mr. Clinton," Amelia sincerely uttered.

Oscar fell silent for a moment before replying in a lower voice, "You're legally my woman. It's only appropriate that I express my concern when my woman was nearly in an accident. All right, stop overthinking it. I'm still in a meeting right now. Once the sun rises, I'll take the plane back. I'll end the call now."

With that said, Oscar ended the call.

Although Oscar did not patiently console his panicking wife like other husbands would, for him to send someone to her meant that he was not completely unconcerned about her.

Finally, Amelia found her heartbeat returning to its normal rate after the call with Oscar.

Soon, the Jimmy that Oscar mentioned came. Jimmy was a tall young woman in her late twenties. When she walked toward Amelia, she politely greeted, "Hello, Mrs. Clinton. Mr. Clinton sent me here. I'm Jillian Yarrow. Everyone calls me Jimmy, and you might want to call me that as well."

Flashing her a smile, Amelia apologized, "I'm sorry to trouble you to come in the middle of the night."

"Mrs. Clinton, please don't. I'm Mr. Clinton's subordinates, and since I'm getting paid, it's my job to settle all difficult matters for him, not to mention a personal one. Mr. Clinton has told me that if I can lift your spirits, he'll give me a bonus." At that, Jimmy even winked at her. It made her seem less aloof and cheekier, and it made Amelia smile.

Jimmy breathed a sigh of relief at that. "Mrs. Clinton, you've smiled. That means I'm halfway to succeeding in my task."

Pointing at the chair by the side, Amelia muttered, "Please take a seat."

Jimmy replied, "Mrs. Clinton, please sit. I'm fine standing."

"We're both about the same age, so it's fine if you don't call me Mrs. Clinton. It sounds strange. If you don't mind, please call me Amelia," Amelia offered.

Jimmy's eyes glistened, and she uttered sincerely, "Mrs. Clinton, you're much more easy-going than I thought you would be."

Patting at the seat beside her, Amelia repeated, "Sit."

Instead of rejecting her again, Jimmy sat down. Right then, Amelia made a rare teasing comment, "Why, am I a ferocious beast to you?"

Jimmy shook her head. In the quiet night, the two spoke freely as if they had been friends for years.

"No. You look pretty, but it's the aggressive kind of pretty. No one will deny that you're a seductive lady, so I thought you'd speak and act like a rose with thorns. I didn't think that..." Jimmy trailed off.

"You didn't think that I'd be that amiable. Are you disappointed that I'm different from what you think I would be?" Amelia was the one to voice Jimmy's thoughts instead.

Hearing that, Jimmy felt embarrassed.

Amelia squeezed out a faint smile. "I dress only to impress. Mr. Clinton hopes to have a beautiful wife that'll get rid of the pretty birds that flock around him. Since he's paying me, I'll have to play the role well."

At that, Jimmy turned to look at her in surprise.

Amelia's eyes remained by the doors of the emergency room as she mumbled noncommittally, "For Mr. Clinton to have sent you here means that you're someone he trusts. I'm sure you know well many of his things."

Those were the words Jimmy could not deny.

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Tiffany's operation had been going on for about nine hours before the red lights above the door finally extinguished. As the group of doctors walked out of the operating theatre, Amelia rushed up to them and asked anxiously, "Doctor, how is my friend?"

"Things are not looking so good. While we managed to save her, we still need to observe her for forty-eight hours in the intensive care unit. If she can wake up then, she'll be fine. Otherwise, she might just remain in a vegetative state. Miss, I suggest that you make some preparations."

Amelia was completely dumbfounded. Clutching onto the doctor's arm, she continued asking worriedly, "What do you mean, Doctor? What do you mean by 'vegetative state?' She's such a good person; she can't be reduced to that state!"

Tiffany was her best friend and her family. While she could con money out of anybody with her face and her words, Tiffany was that one person that she could never lie to. In this cold and unfamiliar city, they only had each other to rely on.

Now that Tiffany was about to fall into a vegetative state because of her, she found herself driven to the brink of insanity. Her stomach knotted up in pain as beads of perspiration dotted her forehead.

Jimmy came forward to support and console her, "Mrs. Clinton, calm down. I'm sure Ms. Winters will be alright."

The doctors were also sympathizing with her as they said, "Miss, please calm down. We will definitely do all we can to heal your friend."

Amelia leaned weakly against Jimmy as her stomach hurt more by the second. In the end, she lost consciousness.

When she finally opened her eyes, she found herself on a hospital bed with Jimmy staring at her. When she saw that Amelia was awake, she said, "Mrs. Clinton, the doctor says you're three months pregnant."

Amelia's pale face turned cold and she looked at Jimmy defensively. "What are you trying to do?"

Jimmy looked at her curiously and said solemnly, "Mrs. Clinton, this is good news. I'm sure Mr. Clinton will be overjoyed to hear it."

Amelia calmed down and stared at Jimmy quietly. "Jimmy, let's be frank with each other. You know my relationship with Mr. Clinton very well. If he finds out that I'm pregnant, he'll definitely ask me to abort it. You're a woman too; I don't think you can bear to see a child being denied the very basic chance to live, right?"

Jimmy nodded and broke out into a smile. "Mrs. Clinton, I understand where you're coming from. My job here is to take care of you, and it does not include telling Mr. Clinton about your pregnancy. Therefore, you don't need to worry."

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief and said sincerely, "Jimmy, I'm so sorry for misunderstanding you. Also, thank you!"

Jimmy shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "Don't say that; I didn't do anything anyway. Even though I've never had children, I do like them. Anyway, as an outsider, I'm in no position to help you decide whether to tell Mr. Clinton about your pregnancy."

Color finally returned to Amelia's face.

"No matter what, I still want to thank you," Amelia said earnestly.

She then continued, "Oh yes, how long did I sleep for? And how's Tiff?"

Jimmy said, "You were asleep for about three hours. The doctor said that you were too agitated, hence you fainted. But don't worry, your baby is fine. About your friend, the doctor says they need to observe her for another forty-eight hours first."

The atmosphere became chilly instantly.

Jimmy faked a cough and changed the topic. "Mr. Clinton called and said that he was already on the plane. He should be able to come and see you within two hours."

Amelia merely nodded. "Can I be discharged now?"

Jimmy shook her head. "The doctor says they have to observe you a little more, and you can only be discharged if they're completely certain that you're fine. Don't worry, I told Mr. Clinton that you sustained a minor injury from the car accident as well. He won't suspect anything."

Amelia smiled weakly and said, "Thank you, Jimmy!"

"Mr. Clinton pays my salary and it's my job to take care of you. Don't keep thanking me, or it'll just get awkward."

"Alright."

Oscar arrived an hour earlier than expected. When he came into the room, he looked at Amelia and said coldly, "Why didn't you mention that you were injured yesterday?"

Amelia smiled coquettishly and said, "Mr. Clinton, are you worried about me now?"

Jimmy left the room quietly when she saw that they were launching into some flirtatious banter.

Oscar removed his jacket and draped it across the chair before sitting down to ask her, "Where's your injury?"

Amelia glanced at him and suddenly opened up her arms while feigning weakness. "I was nearly shocked to death by the accident yesterday. I thought I would never see you again. Could you give me a hug, please?"

Oscar's eyes grew chilly but he still stood up and drew her into his arms. His right arm hovered for a good ten seconds before it lowered to pat her back gently. "With me here, no one will dare to bully you."

Amelia leaned into his chest quietly. The warmth from his body helped to calm her nerves, which were rattled by Tiffany's unconscious state.

A vague smile emerged on Oscar's face at the rare sight of her being so compliant and submissive.

"Were you really shocked? And what's this whining all about? You're a full-grown woman, aren't you?" He was being unusually gentle as well.

Amelia looked up at him through her bleary eyes.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Nothing, it's just that I feel that you're extra gentle today. You're behaving just like a husband who is caring tenderly for his injured wife."

Oscar flicked her forehead. "You silly girl. I'm your husband, aren't I?"

Amelia was astounded. Is this really Oscar? Or is this a stranger who just took on Oscar's appearance?

“Did you hurt your head in that accident?” Oscar smiled.

She shook her head and feigned nonchalance. “Mr. Clinton, if you had been this gentle to me from the beginning, I’d probably have fallen head over heels for you by now.”

Oscar merely shot a glance at her and said, “Rest well. I’ll go find out more from the doctor.”

She clutched his arm and pleaded, “Mr. Clinton, stay with me. The doctor said that I was just shocked, that’s all.”

He then sat down. “Did they arrest the culprit?”

She shook her head and said despondently, “It was a hit and run. He better pray that Tiff is fine. Otherwise, I’ll hunt him down to the ends of this earth to make him pay for what he has done.”

Oscar was amused to see her ferocious side.

“I’ll definitely get the police to find that culprit immediately,” Oscar said.

Amelia got up and attempted to get off the bed, only to be stopped by Oscar. “What are you trying to do?”

“I want to go and see Tiff.”

“I’ll come with you.”

Oscar accompanied Amelia to the intensive care unit located on the third floor. Through the glass window, Amelia looked at Tiffany, whose body was surrounded by tubes. She could not help but be overcome with sorrow, as Tiffany would not have been so severely injured if not for her.

Oscar drew her into his arms and said, “With a good friend like you looking after her, she’ll be fine.”

Amelia’s eyes were red as she murmured, “I’ve known her for a long time. She’s a freelance writer and her days and nights are usually reversed. However, whenever something happens to me, she’ll sacrifice her sleep just to be with me. This time, she got so seriously injured because she pushed me away from danger. I’ll never forgive myself if anything happens to her!”

Oscar looked indifferently at the woman in the room. “Don’t cry. I’ll make a call to the best doctor from Anglandur to come and perform surgery on

her. In Anglandur, James is the most authoritative specialist in this field. With him here, your friend will be alright.”

To be honest, Oscar did not know Tiffany very well. They had shared a couple of meals and to him, she was a pretty yet quiet woman. Other than that, she had not left much of an impression on him.

“Mr. Clinton, I thank you on behalf of my friend,” Amelia said sincerely.

“You’re my woman.”

Amelia’s heart was warm. Even though she did not know how sincere he really was, she was still his wife at this very moment. That was all she needed now, and she could only handle the rest one step at a time.

At night, Tiffany started to convulse wildly, setting off all the machines. All of the doctors and nurses were there and they immediately pushed her into the operating theatre. The medical team hired personally by Oscar had also arrived. They went into the operation theatre after a brief exchange with Oscar.

Amelia stood in front of the operating theatre with her pale face and clasped hands as she muttered, “Tiffany, you need to get better. You must survive this.”

Oscar’s heart ached to see her in this state. He pulled her into his arms and comforted her, “Relax, she’ll be fine.”

Finally, Amelia broke down and sobbed, “How do I explain to her parents if anything happens to her? When she came to the city with me back then, I promised her parents that I’d take good care of her. But now, she’s in this state because she tried to save me. What should I do?”

Oscar frowned and was flustered because of Amelia’s tears. “Don’t cry. With me here, I guarantee that she’ll be fine.”

Amelia continued crying as her coquettish behavior vanished. Instead, she was just a normal woman who was overcome with fear of her family member leaving her.

Oscar held her tight and kept her company as they waited outside the operation theatre. Because of Amelia, he was also silently worried about Tiffany. He did not know where these emotions came from, but he just did not want to see Amelia cry.

His conclusion was that Amelia was still his woman. As a man, he should not allow his woman to cry.

The operation took five hours. When the doors finally swung open, the doctors and nurses walked out with exhausted faces. Amelia ran up to them and clutched the leading doctor's hand, "Dr. Leonard, how's my friend?"

Dr. Leonard smiled. "She's alright for now. We'll observe her for another twenty-four hours. If she wakes up, she can be transferred to a regular ward."

Amelia cried out emotionally, "Thank you, doctors!"

Dr. Leonard continued, "You don't have to thank us, Mrs. Clinton. Mr. Clinton is a major shareholder of this hospital, and your friend was saved because he pulled some strings to bring a notable doctor like James here."

Amelia continued smiling.

Tiffany was pushed out of the operating theatre by the nurses. Amelia followed them as Tiffany was brought back to the intensive care unit. As she looked at Tiffany through the glass window once more, she finally felt a lot more relaxed.

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"Oscar." They heard a man's voice and both looked in that direction. Their gaze landed on a very tall man, and Amelia could recognize him as one of the specialists from Anglandur.

Tall and handsome, he looked very attractive in his doctor's coat. One could easily believe that he was a professional model when he removed his doctor's attire.

"James!" Oscar walked up to him and greeted him heartily.

"I haven't seen you for a few years, Oscar. You're looking better than ever. However, you're not a very good friend, are you? If not for your wife's accident, you might not have remembered me, your old friend," said James.

Oscar smiled and introduced Amelia to him, "This is my wife, Amelia. The one you saved was her friend." He then introduced James to Amelia, "Amelia, this is James, my schoolmate back in Anglandur."

Amelia reached out her hand and smiled. "Nice to meet you, James."

James gave her a warm hug and kissed her cheeks. "Wow, you're really Oscar's wife? What a pity, I was about to ask you out on a date. I didn't expect you to be unavailable. Looks like it's not my lucky day!"

Amelia smiled graciously and said, "There are plenty of pretty women here. With your qualifications, you could get any woman you want."

James chuckled. "I hardly ever come to Chanaea, but you're making me very excited, Amelia. Come on Oscar, let's hit the bar!"

Oscar looked at Amelia, who smiled and uttered, "Go ahead, guys. I'll stay here to watch over Tiffany."

Oscar nodded. "All right. I'll get Jimmy to come and keep you company."

"There's no need, I'll be fine on my own. Go ahead with James. When Tiff recovers, I'll cook up a storm to thank James properly."

"Come with us, Amelia. I'll get two nurses to take care of things here. Don't worry, I brought them here with me, so they'll definitely care for your friend well."

Amelia shook her head and smiled. "Please go ahead. When Tiff recovers, I'll personally cook up a feast for you to repay your good deed."

"I eagerly await that then."

After James and Oscar left, Amelia continued standing at the glass window to watch Tiffany. It was another hour before she left to return to her room.

The next morning, the nurse told her that Tiffany was awake and had been transferred to a regular ward.

Amelia was so excited she immediately sped out of her room to Tiffany's.

The moment she entered the room, she saw that Tiffany's eyes were opened. However, her friend still looked pale with the oxygen mask covering her mouth.

Amelia walked closer to her and exclaimed, "Tiff, you're finally awake. I was so afraid for you!"

Tiffany could not move any part of her body, but she did blink at Amelia, which indicated that she was fine.

Amelia did not know whether to laugh or cry at that. Finally, she said, "Tiff, if not for you, my child and I may not be alive today. You're my child's savior. Thank you!"

Tiffany attempted to move her arms but she had no strength at all. She shook her head slightly but this little movement shocked Amelia.

"Don't move, Tiff! You barely survived this ordeal; what if something happened if you moved?" Amelia immediately stopped her.

Tiffany merely looked at her quietly. After a brief moment, Amelia caved in. "Fine, I said the wrong thing just now. We're family, and we shouldn't say this kind of unpleasant things."

Tiffany kept blinking her eyes blithely.

In response, Amelia smiled. The gloom in her heart dissipated.

The next day, Oscar went to the hospital and instructed Amelia to meet him outside her room. Dispassionately, he said, "I'm going to Coldbridge. When I return, we'll discuss the divorce. Your friend is fine now, and I've asked James to pay special attention to her, so you don't have to worry about that."

When she heard that, she was slightly disappointed. She had thought that when Oscar rushed to her, it meant that there was hope for their marriage. Turned out her feelings were not reciprocated.

However, she could not ignore the fact that he had helped her with Tiffany, so she smiled and said, "You should go on with your work, Mr. Clinton. Just give me a call when you reach Coldbridge."

He nodded. "Take care."

She nodded and watched him as he left without even turning back.

Amelia smiled bitterly to herself when he had truly vanished from her sight. Caressing her belly, she whispered, "Baby, your Dad is bent on divorcing me. Seems like it's just gonna be you and me from now on, buddy."

Suddenly her phone rang, derailing her train of thought. It was Oscar.

She raised her eyebrows in confusion as they had been apart for barely ten minutes. She picked up the phone only to hear his domineering voice say, "I've already hired the best lawyer for your accident. When we bring the culprit to court, I'll make sure that the guy loses everything that he has."

"No..." need. Before she could finish her sentence, he had already hung up.

Amelia smiled wryly and thought to herself, This is really the way Oscar is. Everything has to be done according to his whims and fancies. It was like that when we got married, and he was also the one that decided on the divorce. It's as if I have no say in this entire matter at all.

How did I fall in love with such a domineering man?

Anyway, it's too late for me to think of all these things now.

She then composed her emotions and walked into her room.

Soon, one month had whizzed past them and Tiffany could remove her oxygen mask. She could also finally eat some soft food.

Amelia had her helper Molly prepare some nutritious food to bring to the hospital.

With a pleasant smile on her kindly face, Molly brought her meal into the hospital room and said to Tiffany, "Ms. Winters, I've brought you some food. How do you feel today?"

Tiffany raised her skinny arm that looked devoid of muscle and replied, "Molly, I've become as strong as an ox thanks to your excellent dishes."

Clearly, Molly really liked Tiffany's personality. She laughed and answered, "You're such a jokester, Ms. Winters. I've been cooking all kinds of food for you this month, and you've been eating quite a lot. However, I don't see you putting on any weight at all. You must be like Mrs. Clinton, the type that never puts on weight."

Tiffany giggled as she sat cross-legged on the bed and asked, "So what did you prepare for me today, Molly?"

"I made you some beef and vegetable soup, together with a couple of side dishes."

Tiffany laughed out loud. "I've been craving beef and vegetable soup! Thank you, Molly, you've read my mind. I'm sure I'll have put on a few pounds when I leave the hospital. While others lose weight in the hospital, I'll be the only one gaining."

"A few pounds wouldn't hurt you. You're so skinny now, just like Mrs. Clinton. It's good to look a little plumper, and you'd look healthier too," Molly said as she scooped a bowl of soup for her.

"Molly, it's the trend to be skinny these days. Everyone can't bear to have an ounce of fat on them. However, I do prefer to be plumper, just that I can't put on weight no matter what."

Molly replied disapprovingly, "That's the thing, all you young people go on crash diets blindly and end up looking all skin and bones. You could be blown away with just a gust of wind."

Tiffany burst out laughing and gave her a thumbs up. "Molly, you've hit the nail on the head."

Molly liked Tiffany a little more now.

Tiffany munched happily on the beef and said, "Molly, you've really changed my palate this month. After I had your cooking, I realized that I've been eating crap before this. What will I do without you from now on?"

Molly said, "You can go to Mrs. Clinton, and I'll cook for you too."

"I'll pass. It is Mr. Clinton's personal space after all. I don't think he would welcome an outsider like me."

Molly knew Oscar very well and did not insist further. She merely smiled and said, "If you like my cooking, I'll just ask Mrs. Clinton to bring it to you when I cook more."

Tiffany smiled. "You're the best, Molly!"

Actually, Tiffany was far from being a bad cook. In fact, her cooking was on par with five-star hotels. However, she just enjoyed basking in someone else's care and concern. Even though she earned enough as a freelance writer, she was incredibly introverted. She kept to herself so much that she did not have many friends apart from her editors.

Tiffany had just finished eating when Amelia came in. "You're already eating?"

Tiffany smiled. "Amelia, you're just a tad bit late. Molly's cooking is getting better and I'm getting addicted. In fact, I'm sad that I won't be able to eat all this delicious food after I'm discharged from the hospital."

Amused, Amelia offered, "Why don't I lend Molly to you? However, her salary is rather high and I don't think you can afford her on your writer's paycheck."

Tiffany glanced at her and said, "Are you looking down on me now? I'm still a bestselling author, and I can sell thousands of novels easily. Therefore, I

can still afford a helper. Molly, Mrs. Clinton has already sold you to me, so just name a price. I can't wait to be an empress and be waited on hand and foot."

Like a kind parent, Molly watched them as they argued. She then smiled and said, "Mrs. Clinton, I'll leave you to chat with Ms. Winters. I'll head back first."

"Take your time, Molly. You don't have to bring lunch for Tiff later," Amelia said.

Molly laughed. "That was just a little banter. Are you really stopping me from bringing food to Ms. Winters?"

Amelia replied, "Don't misunderstand me, Molly. I'm getting her discharged from the hospital this afternoon, and that's why you don't have to send a meal to her."

"So soon?"

Amelia nodded. "I've just asked the doctor, and he said she's basically recovered. She can go home to rest now."