

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 595

In the house, Tiffany struggled out of Derrick's embrace. Folding her arms across her chest, she asked, "Derrick, what does she mean? Did all the investors for the movie adaptation of my novel pull out? Why? I thought everything was going on smoothly."

Tiffany cared more than anyone else about the production of the movie that was adapted from her novel. She would not allow anyone to delay her work as she regarded her work as her children.

Tiffany was very sure that Oscar would agree to help her if she asked Amelia. He would definitely be willing to invest in her movie. In addition, with the Clintons' connections, many investors would also rush to invest in her work, but nevertheless, Tiffany still wanted to know the reason why the investors changed their minds all of a sudden. Is it because my novel isn't good enough or is something pulling a trick behind the scenes?

Tiffany did not want anyone to belittle her work.

Derrick replied, "I will resolve this issue. Don't worry about it."

"I just want to know the reason. Why did they pull out?" Tiffany cast him an intent glance and said.

Derrick pursed his lips, and a conflicted look flitted across his face. When Tiffany saw his expression, a bitter smile hung on her lips. She finally understood what happened.

"Did Old Mrs. Hisson pressure the investors to pull out?" Tiffany asked softly.

"Tiff." Derrick was put in a tough spot.

However, Tiffany looked at him and shrugged. "I'm sorry, I just want to know if Old Mrs. Hisson was behind this."

It was then Derrick finally nodded, confirming her suspicions.

Tiffany regained her composure and smiled. "Old Mrs. Hisson must dislike me a lot. She even wants to destroy my work."

Derrick raised his hand, wanting to touch her face, but his hand stopped in mid-air.

"I'm sorry. I will try to resolve this as soon as possible."

Tiffany smiled. "It's all right. Earlier on, Amelia asked me if I needed her help in making the movie, and I declined her offer. I can always ask her again. I'm sure she'll be more than willing to help. If Oscar steps in, I'm sure the other investors will also be willing to pump in their money for this production. I just want Old Mrs. Hisson to know that even though my family background and education are not the best, I am still worthy of your love. I am Oscar's godsister and Amelia's best friend. I want the Hissons to know that I am good enough for you."

Derrick's eyes were filled with sympathy for her.

"Tiff, I'm so sorry. Two years ago, I made a promise to protect you. But in the end, you still got hurt," he said softly.

"My mentality is extremely strong. How can I be hurt so easily? I still want to marry you and have your family accept me. How can I be defeated by this small setback? If I crumble so easily, I am really not worthy of your love," Tiffany declared confidently. The more problems she encountered, the stronger she became.

Perhaps if no one provoked her, Tiffany would carry on with life as it was. But now that someone had gotten under her skin, she vowed to get stronger as she would never admit defeat.

As the saying goes, birds of the same feather flock together. It was no wonder she was best friends with Amelia.

Derrick was tickled by her response. "You..."

"Don't you find me adorable?"

"You are indeed very lovable."

Tiffany gave him a prideful smile.

"Other than the investors dropping my screen adaptation, are the novels of the other authors affected?" she asked.

Derrick placed his hands around her waist and tried to change the subject by saying, "Let's go upstairs to take a shower. It's getting late, so we should turn in soon."

"Derry, we are a couple. I hope you won't hide anything from me from now on. Otherwise, I'll be very unhappy." Tiffany pressed Derrick for a response.

"There are some problems with the company's operations. Although we're still growing, it's still a small setup compared to the Hissons. My mom is serious this time. She is bent on making me give in to her. Don't worry. I will settle this." Derrick tried to assure Tiffany.

Tiffany let out a laugh.

"Old Mrs. Hisson is really determined to break us up." Tiffany cupped Derrick's face in her hands. "Derry, what if the company is forced to go bankrupt one day? Will you give in to your family and marry someone of their choice?"

Derrick snorted.

"If I'm someone who gives in so easily, I wouldn't have set up a publishing company myself and built the business up single-handedly. I've already told them that I will only go back to inherit the family business on one condition, and that is to marry you. I am certain that Granddad will give in eventually unless they do not wish to see the family business flourish."

Derrick sounded very optimistic, and Tiffany broke into a smile upon hearing his words. "Looks like you are really confident."

"Otherwise, how can I marry you?"

Tiffany was finally won over by his sweet talk.

"Can we go take a bath and sleep now? It's late."

Tiffany nodded.

It was a dreamless night.

The next day, Tiffany went to look for Amelia.

"Babe, I need your help," Tiffany asked Amelia directly.

The latter looked at Tiffany as she held her teacup, feeling amused.

Tiffany shrugged her shoulders. "It's always good to be polite."

"Go on, tell me what happened," Amelia badgered her friend.

"The investors for my screen adaptation have pulled out. I would like to ask if Oscar is interested in the movie. I can let him be my major investor," Tiffany explained.

Amelia took a glance at Tiffany as she placed the teacup on the table. "What happened? Didn't you say that there are many people who are keen to invest in your movie? Isn't that why you didn't need Oscar's help? Why did they pull out suddenly?"

Tiffany laughed bitterly. "What else? It's the Hissons. The investors pulled out because they didn't want to offend them."

Amelia looked at her with interest. "That's quick. Looks like they can't wait to take action."

"Babe, don't tell me you're gloating over this!"

"Of course not. I'm just curious what will Derrick do. Will he choose this Cinderella, or give in and marry someone his family chooses?"

Tiffany rolled her eyes. "Babe, are you happy to see me suffer?"

Amelia merely smiled but did not say a word.

"Babe, I really want to have this novel adapted into a movie. You have to help me this time. I want to show the Hissons that Oscar did not take me as a godsister for nothing, and we are really best friends," Tiffany vowed.

"Don't worry. I've spoken to Oscar earlier. I told him to help you if your film runs into any problems. I know this novel is very important to you, and I won't sit around, doing nothing about it. Coincidentally, Julian just set up his own entertainment company. He has already read your fantasy novel and likes it very much. He's also keen on investing. I didn't tell you about it as you rejected my help earlier. Now that you're asking me for help, I can arrange for a meeting between the both of you." Amelia took a sip of her tea.

"That's wonderful, Babe! Thank you!" Tiffany was elated and kissed Amelia on her cheek.

"Stop using those terms from the internet. My face is now full of your saliva." Amelia wiped her face, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

Just as they were bantering, Amelia's phone rang. It was Dominic.

Frowning, Amelia answered the call. Dominic's voice was trembling on the other end of the phone. "Amelia, come to the hospital quickly. Spencer just threw up, and he's now unconscious."

"Dad, don't worry. I'll go over now." Amelia hung up immediately.

"What happened?" Tiffany ran after her.

"I don't know. My dad said Spencer vomited again. I didn't go to the hospital yesterday as I was afraid my mom might get agitated if she sees me. Oscar did not want to bother with this matter as he did not want to see me suffer. Now, something has happened, and I don't know what's going on." Amelia tried hard to stay calm as she explained to Tiffany.

"Babe, I don't think you should go to the hospital. Mrs. Winters is not in a good mood. Why don't I go and take a look on your behalf?" Tiffany suggested.

"It's all right. I can handle this."

Since Amelia insisted on going to the hospital herself, Tiffany could only accompany her there.

Amelia quickly walked up to Dominic when she arrived at the hospital. "Dad, what happened? Didn't you tell me over the phone yesterday that Spencer is awake? Why did he vomit again?"

Before Dominic could reply, Melanie already rushed up to Amelia. Raising her hand, she struck Amelia on her face.

"You jinx! It must be you! My son wouldn't be in this state if not for you!" Dominic tried to restrain Melanie, as she berated Amelia.

"Enough! Are you satisfied only when you've pushed Amelia far away?" He tried to stop Melanie from scolding Amelia.

However, Melanie continued to glare at Amelia viciously.

Tiffany pulled Amelia behind her and turned to Melanie. "Mrs. Winters, it's been ten years since we last met, but you haven't changed one bit. You are so blatantly accusing Amelia. If I were Amelia, I would have torn you into pieces long ago."

Melanie looked at Tiffany, puzzled. She could not remember who this person was.

Raising her eyebrows, Tiffany taunted, "Mrs. Winters, have you forgotten who I am? I don't blame you. You've even forgotten that Amelia is your daughter when all is well at home. Now that something happened to your son, you start finding fault with her again. It's bad enough that you've always treated your daughter like a cash cow. Now, something's happened to your son, and you're blaming Amelia for it. You're so thick-skinned that I'm rendered speechless."

Melanie's face turned pale when she heard Tiffany insulting her.

"Y-You are so rude!" Melanie stuttered.

"I'm nothing compared to you." Tiffany continued to sneer at her.

Melanie turned to look at Amelia, who was hiding behind Tiffany. "Amelia, are you going to stand by and watch your friend bully me?"

Amelia tugged at Tiffany as she emerged from behind her. "Mom, can we go take a look at Spencer first? We can talk later."

Upon hearing that, Melanie finally calmed down.