

Love Letters, Divorce Papers Chapter 4

Back in the car, she was the elegant and confident Amber again.

Cole smiled softly, “The Vault has a couple of good-looking men coming in today. Would you like to go and have a look?”

The Vault he mentioned was called “Euphoria Vault”, and it was a place for fun and lavishness.

Amber was speechless, “What’s wrong with you? I’m just getting back to being single.”

He winked and whispered in a pretentiously mysterious tone, “Actually, there’s someone here to see you.”

“Who?”

“You know this person too, and you’ll know when you go.”

Amber pondered for a moment and nodded, “Okay.”

Cole had exclusive private rooms in the Vault. When the two entered, the man on the couch also stood up and looked over.

He was around his early twenties, extremely tall, with an angular face, while his eyebrows were a little sharp. Upon seeing her, a bright light flashed across his eyes.

“Amber, we meet again.”

The young man in front of her struck Amber as familiar, but she couldn’t recall where she’d seen him before.

“Have you forgotten? You and your dad sponsored a poor student in Ensford Town six years ago?”

It was only after Cole mentioned this that it dawned on Amber.

“You’re ... Jeremy Lynch?”

The young man’s sharp eyebrows softened and the corners of his lips curled up into a charming smile, “It’s me.”

Jeremy was a very talkative man, and Amber had heard from Cole that he was now a popular model, long out of the slum and a regular feature in Olkmore City magazine.

Back then, Amber were so preoccupied with the Farrell family that she had paid little attention to the showbiz circle. It was a relief for her to think that the once poor little boy had become a successful man.

After chatting for a while, the three of them prepared to leave.

But just as they made their way past the bar counter, a wine bottle flew towards Amber’s head.

Surprisingly, Jeremy was quicker than she was and shielded her in his arms first. The bottle hit him hard on the back with a clang.

“Are you all right, Amber?”

Amber rushed to check his back. Thankfully, he was unhurt. She turned her eyes coldly to the direction the bottle had come flying from.

Surprisingly, it was Logan Farrell!

“Damn you woman! How dare you cheat on my brother behind his back!”

Logan was drinking with a group of friends. He had seen Amber go into the private room with two men and take a long time to get out. He didn't know what they had been up to. When he saw them talking and laughing, he threw the bottle out in a fit of rage.

Cole rolled up his sleeves and was about to go up to him, “Hey! Does this kid want a beating?”

Amber pulled Cole back, “Let me do it.”

She took a step towards Logan.

Logan curled his lips, “I didn't hit you!”

Amber remained expressionless, and her gaze was calm to the point of making his flesh creep, “There's something I've wanted to say to you for a long time.”

“What?”

“Do you know how annoying you are? I've been married to your brother for six years and you never respected me as your sister-in-law. How many times did you call me bitch? I have to take care of you when you go to school, and I have to take care of you after school. Normally, you are either telling me what to do or speaking out against me. You've been in school for seventeen years. How can you still be so uneducated?”

Hearing her scolding, Logan raised an eyebrow, “You b...”

“Shut up.” Amber interrupted him harshly and continued, “Your brother and I are divorced, and I have nothing to do with your family. This is none of your business. You are in no position, nor do you have the right to ask anything. If you continue to provoke me, well then, you’ll have to take a trip to the police station.”

Logan’s face turned red and he choked on his words.

Amber stopped looking at him and turned to leave.