

LLDP Chapter 651

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 651 His Arm Recovered

Makayla's body stiffened for a moment. Then, she slowly stood up from the ground and replied timidly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Farrell. I... I was just too impulsive. It was too painful to see my father like this, so I couldn't bear it. I really didn't do it on purpose!"

"You know in your heart whether it was intentional or not. I also know that you don't want Trenton to die. If Trenton dies, everything you have now will end up in bubbles. Therefore, you want Trenton to live more than anyone else. When you see Amber, you choose to let Amber save Trenton." The corners of Jared's mouth curved up coldly, mercilessly exposing her hypocrisy.

Makayla's neck shrank. She wanted to explain that it really wasn't like this, but when she looked at Jared's emotionless eyes, her throat seemed to be choked again. She couldn't make a sound.

Jared took out a decorative handkerchief from his chest pocket and slowly cleaned the hand that had pinched her neck. "You should be glad that you didn't tell Amber her true identity directly. Otherwise, I would have killed you right now."

When he thought about how Amber might collapse because she knew her true identity, his heart subconsciously clenched, unable to accept it.

Fortunately, this woman was too greedy and unwilling to give up her current identity. Otherwise, things would be troublesome.

When she heard the words 'killed you', Makayla felt a chill run down her spine, and a strong sense of fear appeared in her eyes.

He actually really had a killing intent towards her.

And she had been really close to dying.

Because at that time, she really almost couldn't hold back and told Amber's true identity.

In other words, if she had told her everything, then she would really be...

Makayla didn't dare to think further. She bowed and promised, "I know I was wrong. Mr. Farrell, I really know I was wrong. I won't dare to do it again in the future. I really won't do it again!"

"Remember what you said. If you still dare to think about Amber's kidney, I will kill you first. A person like you who climbed up from the bottom is the one who cherishes life the most. You should understand what I mean, right?"

Because she had suddenly become rich from poverty, her mentality had completely changed.

She had seen the prosperity that she had never seen before. She had lived a life that she had never dared to think about before. Therefore, she wanted to live. She wanted to live more than anyone else. Only by living could she continue to enjoy all of this. And if she died, there would be nothing left.

Therefore, for such a person, death was the best threat.

Sure enough, when she heard that Jared wanted to kill her, Makayla hurriedly nodded. She was afraid that if she was too slow, she would not be able to live. "Understood, understood. I will never plot against Ms. Reed in the future."

Jared pursed his thin lips. "Although you guarantee this, I still won't believe you. So, I will have people monitor you all day. Once you make any moves..."

Jared did not continue, but both sides understood what he meant.

Makayla did not expect him to be so ruthless as to send people to monitor her.

In this way, she really could not do anything.

Makayla lowered her eyelids, covering the flashing look in her eyes, and responded as soft as a mosquito, "Yes, I know, Mr. Farrell."

Jared did not say anything else. He turned around and left.

He had only come here to warn her, and he did not intend to do anything else.

Even if he wanted to, he could not do it in a place like a hospital. However, after leaving, he could still let Ben teach this woman a lesson.

It was impossible for him to let Amber donate her kidney, and it would not end with such a simple warning. He was not so generous.

When Jared returned to the CT room, Amber was playing a game.

When she heard the footsteps and smelled the familiar scent of the man, she put down her phone and looked up. "You're back?"

On the way back, Jared had already sorted out his emotions, so at this moment, he only showed a gentle expression when facing her. He no longer looked as cold as when he was facing Makayla.

"I'm back." He nodded and sat down beside her.

Amber looked at him. "Why is it so long? Did something happen to your company? If so, you can go and deal with it first. I will wait here for your results."

"No need." Jared raised his hand and tidied up her hair which had fallen down because she had been playing the game. "Nothing happened to the company. It was just that we chatted for a little longer."

"I see." Amber did not doubt it. She nodded and did not ask.

At this time, the door of the CT room opened. Elias was wearing a white coat. One of his hands was in the pocket of the white coat, and the other hand was holding a folder. He walked out of the room. The hem of the white coat rippled in the air as he walked. It was very beautiful.

If not for his sharp and cold eyes telling everyone clearly that he did not look like a good person, he would also be an extremely charming man.

"Dr. Lansdale, is the result ready?" Amber stood up and asked with concern.

When Jared saw that she was so concerned about the results of his examination, his thin lips curled up happily. He also stood up, but he did not look at Elias. Instead, he kept looking at Amber. No matter how he looked at her, he could not see enough.

When Elias saw the silly smile on Jared's face, a trace of disdain flashed through his eyes behind the lens but disappeared in the blink of an eye.

This was the man who had fallen in love. He looked extremely stupid.

Fortunately, he was destined not to fall in love with anyone. Otherwise, if he had become as stupid as Jared, he would definitely kill himself.

"Yes." Elias nodded slightly.

Amber's eyes fell on the folder in his hand. "What about it? Did the bones in his arm heal well?"

Elias looked at Jared, then put the folder under his armpit. From the pocket of his white coat, he took out the scalpel that he usually played with, and quickly cut the strap on Jared's neck.

Immediately, the strap that was tied to Jared's neck, which had been hanging on his left arm, was broken, and Jared's left arm hung down.

Seeing this scene, Amber was shocked at first, and then hurriedly held up Jared's left arm. She was afraid that his left arm would have problems because of the severe drooping.

"Dr. Lansdale, what are you..."

Before Amber could finish her words, Jared patted her back gently with his warm right hand. "It's fine. Since he did this, it means that my arm has almost recovered."

"Really?" Amber's eyes lit up as she looked at Elias expectantly.

Elias turned the scalpel and put it back into his pocket. "He is right. Otherwise, I wouldn't have done this."

As he spoke, he took down the folder under his arm and handed it over. "Look at this. This is the CT photo of his arm. The bones of his arm have healed well. Although they haven't fully grown, there is indeed no need for such a thing. In short, as long as he doesn't carry things that are too heavy or exercise too much, there is basically no problem."

Hearing this, Amber smiled happily. "That is great. Jared, did you hear that? As long as you don't carry heavy things and don't exercise violently, your arm will be fine."

Chapter 652 He Had Feelings

She looked at his left arm and patted it gently.

Jared moved his arm a little and said gently, "I heard it, but I don't know if I can remember it. So Amber, can you supervise me next?"

"Supervise you?"

"Yes." Jared raised his chin. "Make sure I don't lift anything heavy and don't move violently. Let my arm recover as soon as possible."

Amber's red lips moved slightly and she was about to say something.

Elias, who was at the side, pushed his glasses and said lightly, "What he meant was for you to stay by his side more in the next few days."

The temperature on Jared's face instantly dissipated and turned into terrifying ice. He looked at him gloomily. "If you don't speak, no one will think you are mute."

"I just don't want her to be fooled by you." Elias shrugged without fear.

Jared was so angry that he wanted to punch him.

Was this a lie?

This was just a love affair between lovers.

What did a damn single like him know?

Seeing the two of them go head-to-head with each other, Amber did not know whether to laugh or cry as she held her forehead, "Alright, stop messing around."

She rubbed her temples and said to Elias, "Dr. Lansdale, thank you for your kindness, but I know what he means."

She was not a fool. It was impossible for her not to understand Jared's real purpose. He wanted her to stay by his side more.

Although he did not say it explicitly and used supervision as an excuse, she did not feel that she was deceived.

Because this kind of situation was very common among lovers.

Sometimes, it was better to beat around the bush than to be blunt.

This was where the taste was.

However, Elias had never been in love before, so he did not understand the twists and turns in this.

However, it was good that he didn't want her to be deceived. She was quite touched about this.

"You know?" This time, Elias was surprised.

"Of course," Amber replied.

Jared put his arm around her shoulder and threw a disdainful look at Elias. "How does it feel to be flattering someone in a wrong way?"

The corner of Elias' mouth twitched, but he did not say anything.

Amber nudged the man beside her with her elbow, signaling him to stop talking. Then, she smiled at Elias in embarrassment. "I'm sorry, Dr. Lansdale. He..."

"Alright. I don't understand the thoughts of you people in love. Why can't you just say it directly? It's really troublesome to make so many twists and turns. Fortunately, I don't have a girlfriend. Otherwise, I would be annoyed to death."

He had been diagnosed with a sociopathic personality and emotional deficiency since he was young, so he had been hated by his parents and the people around him. He was also called a demon without feelings.

He did not understand why he had no feelings. It was not until he grew up and saw there was something invisible between people that could pull them closer and make their relationship better that he realized that he really had no feelings and could not understand them.

So from that moment on, he had a strong interest in things like feelings. He wanted to know what feelings were and why they could shorten the distance between people.

Therefore, after he graduated from university, he studied feelings for a period of time. However, after studying, he found that there was not only one kind of feeling. On the contrary, there were many kinds.

However, the more he studied, the more he was confused about feelings and emotions. He felt that human feelings were so complicated that he really could not understand them, so he gave it up.

He knew that no matter how much he studied it, there would not be any results.

Therefore, he just did not know what Jared said to Amber was not a lie, but a strange way of getting along between lovers.

"Dr. Lansdale, who said you have no feelings? You do." Amber looked at Elias.

"What did you say? You said that I have feelings?" Elias asked.

"Yes. Your protection of me is a kind of emotion. If you didn't have any feelings, why would you think so highly of me?" Amber nodded.

She had also heard some rumors about him.

After all, he was very famous.

Everyone in the circle said that he was a freak who lacked feelings.

In the beginning, she had really believed that he did not have feelings. After all, he had seemed to have no respect and awe for the law and human life.

However, when she saw his care for Makenna in the past and his care for her now, she realized that it was not that he did not have feelings, but he had different ways to express his feelings.

However, she was very sure that his feelings for her were not loving, or friendship. It was a kind of faith, a kind of faith in light.

Thinking of the experiences that Elias had when he was a child, Amber roughly understood why he believed in her. It was probably because she had saved him and let him understand that there were people in this world who did not hate demons.

"Is what you said true? I... really have feelings?" Elias pointed at himself. His eyes, which had always been shrewd and calculative, actually showed a trace of confusion at this moment.

"Of course it's true. Your feelings are just more indifferent than others, but it's not that you don't have feelings, so you are not a monster that others talk about."

Hearing this, Elias' heart suddenly jumped twice, and then he stared at Amber.

Jared was unhappy. He took Amber's hand and pulled her behind him. Then he took a step forward and completely stood in front of Amber. He stared at Elias expressionlessly. "Have you seen enough?"

"This is the first time someone told me that I am not a monster. Amber, you are indeed an angel." Elias ignored him.

When he was young, he had fallen into the pond. The cold water overflowed over his head. He could not swim, so he could only struggle and cry for help in the pond.

However, none of the passers-by were willing to stop to help him. Instead, they glanced at him with disgust and quickly left as if they were afraid of being killed by this emotionless monster.

However, they did not know that he had never been interested in ordinary people like them. He was only interested in those who had committed great crimes, and only controlling the life and death of those people could make him feel excited.

However, these people had never given him the chance to say this.

As he gradually lost his strength and was about to sink into the bottom of the pond, the angel appeared.

Amber found a wooden stick and reached it out to him. He grabbed it and she saved him.

At that moment, he suddenly felt that he was not so annoying in this world. At least, there was someone who looked at him with no disgust, but full of concern and anxiety.

It was from that moment that he swore that he would protect her for the rest of his life and be good to her because she allowed him to see this world afresh. Not all of it was black and white, but there were also colors. If he lost her, then his world would once again become black and white.

For this reason, he had even thought about why he did not have feelings. If he did, he would definitely fall in love with her.

Now that she said he actually had feelings, he also knew that it was definitely not love or friendship that people were familiar with, but another kind of rare emotion.????

Chapter 653 Are You Staying?

But even so, he was happy.

At least, he wasn't emotionless.

"Angel?" Seeing Elias calling herself that, Amber stuck her head out from behind Jared in surprise.

She was about to ask why he used such an embarrassing title to call her when a big hand suddenly appeared on top of her head and pressed her head back.

"Stand in the back and don't move. Don't look around. It may burn your eyes." Jared turned to look at her.

Amber pulled a wry face.

They both knew it was because he didn't want Elias to see her.

It's just that Elias stared at her emotionally because of her words. And Jared was jealous of all that.

Elias wouldn't fall in love with her, so why bother.

Although she thought so, Amber obediently stood behind him and did not move.

She knew that she should show respect to him in public.

Moreover, he was jealous, otherwise, it will be even harder to make up.

Seeing her being so obedient, Jared turned his head back in satisfaction, then looked at Elias coldly, "That is too strange. Stop calling her that."

Only he could call her that.

Amber was his angel, not someone else's.

Elias raised his eyes and replied coldly, "It's none of your business."

Jared snorted, "Of course it's my business. As long as I ask her for that, will you not follow her words?"

He knew that the reason that Elias was good to her was not because of love, but because she saved his life.

Otherwise, he wouldn't allow Elias to approach her.

However, it did not mean that Elias could call her that.

Elias pursed his lips when he heard Jared's words. He was rendered speechless.

Jared and Amber are an item now. If he asked her to do this, she would agree.

And he would never let her down, so he could only agree in the end.

In other words, the final winner is Jared.

Elias felt aggrieved for the first time. He stared at Jared and a cold light appeared in his eyes.

Jared was not afraid of him. On the contrary, when he saw him like this, he smiled. Not to mention how proud and happy he was.

Because he won.

Elias will no longer call her Angel again.

"We should go." Jared turned around and took her hand.

Amber looked at the satisfaction in his eyes and said with a smile, "You are so childish."

Jared said confusedly, "Childish?"

"It's nothing, let's go." Amber smiled and shook her head.

She should not say that. To stop him calling her that, Jared told her on him, which was quite childish.

If she said that, it will be difficult to see him like that in the future.

After all, that was kind of cute.

She looked at Elias and said, "Dr. Lansdale, we should go now. Goodbye."

"Bye." Elias nodded.

Then Amber and Jared walked towards the elevator.

When she walked out of the outpatient building, she saw Braylee in the garden not far away and she slowed down her steps. Braylee was sitting on the sun lounger in a hospital gown and talking to someone on her phone.

Jared followed her sight and saw Braylee, his eyes narrowed, "Do you want to go there?"

Amber was silent for a few seconds and finally shook her head, "No, if I want to know her condition, I'll just ask Dr. Lansdale. There's no need to go there in person. Otherwise, a fight is inevitable. We are in the hospital. I don't want to make a scene."

Jared chuckled, "OK, you're the boss."

"Let's go." Amber took him by the hand.

Jared's eyes widened and the joy in his eyes was revealed unabashedly.

Even if Amber didn't look at him, she could feel his good mood at the moment and couldn't help but chuckle.

She just took the initiative to hold his hand and he was so happy.

He was so easy to be satisfied.

The two left the hospital and got into the car.

In the car, Amber received a call from Sheila and talked about some business affairs.

Jared also took out his phone and called someone.

After a while, he put away his phone and started the car.

An hour later, they arrived at Goldstone Co..

When getting out of the car, Amber suddenly thought of something. After unbuckling her seat belt, she looked at the man, "By the way, are you going to stay at my place tonight?"

He had spent the night with her for some days. Even though she never asked him to stay, he still managed to stay.

So tonight, there's a good chance for him to stay there.

In this case, she should buy more food, after all, there is not much to eat at home.

Hearing her words, Jared's eyes brightened for a moment, "Are you inviting me?"

A trace of shyness flashed in her eyes, but soon disappeared again. She coughed and replied, "Of course not."

Jared looked at her nervous look and chuckled, "Okay, then I'll take it that you are inviting me. If it was a normal day, I'd be happy, but this time, I won't go. Because tomorrow is..."

He lowered his eyelids and became depressed. He said with a strange voice, "Tomorrow, I have something to do."

Amber was about to ask about it when she suddenly remembered.

Tomorrow would be the anniversary of the death of his mother.

Thinking of his grandmother's words, she took a deep breath and said nothing about it. Then she asked as calmly as possible, "Then where are you staying tonight? I heard that you rarely go back to the Farrell's Mansion these days."

Jared nodded slightly, "In the past two months, I have been staying at the penthouse at the Zenith Building, which is very close to the Farrell Group."

It's not too far from her house at Kelsington Bay.

That's why he chose there to live at first.

Amber noted down the name of the building in her head and planned to visit him there tomorrow.

As for the other details, she wasn't about to ask now.

Asking too many questions might give her away

She was afraid that after he knew that she wanted to accompany him on that day, he would suddenly hide in a place that no one knew about, which would be troublesome.

After all, that's when he was most vulnerable, he might not want her to see him like that.

Therefore, she can only ask some simple questions now and leave the rest till tomorrow.

Thinking of this, she closed her eyes and said, "That's fine, then I'll go up first. You should go back to the Farrell Group. Drive safely."

"Amber." Jared suddenly stopped her.

Amber took back the hand that opened the door, "What's wrong?"

"Can you kiss me before leaving?" Jared looked at her with dark eyes, "Just kiss my face. Maybe your kiss will bring me great strength and help me overcome all difficulties."

Her heart quivered.

She knew what he was talking about.

He meant to say that if she kissed him, he might have the courage to face tomorrow alone.

It seemed that he knew what he would be like the next day.

Amber looked at him. Her lips moved, she wanted to say something, but in the end, she didn't say anything, she just opened her arms and hugged him.

Jared was stunned, "You..."

He didn't expect that.

That was a surprise.

Jared smiled lightly, then raised his hand and patted her back, turned his face slightly to her ear, and asked gently, "What's wrong?"

Chapter 654 A Deserted Gift

She didn't say anything and just hugged him tighter.

In her view, he used to be so gentle, and now he is a bit more aloof. Although it was like two extremes, he could never be vulnerable.

But the fact is, he can.

A strong man who seems to have no weakness has his Achilles heel. Witnessing his mother's suicide has caused such a huge shock to him that every year on the anniversary of his mother's death, he will be flooded with grief.

And if he couldn't undo the knot in his mind, then he will be like this for the next year or even decades.

If his enemy knew about it and used it, it would also be fatal to him.

Thinking about that, Amber felt more sympathy and pity for him in her heart.

Jared felt it. His eyes darkened for a moment and soon returned to normal. He gently rubbed her shoulder with his chin, and said in a low voice, "Don't worry, I will be fine."

What he meant was that he would spend the day peacefully, and there would be no trouble.

Hearing what he said, Amber immediately knew he had guessed the reason why she was suddenly depressed and hugged him.

At first, she was worried that when he knew that she was clear about his mother's death, he would react badly.

But instead, he was surprisingly calm.

He didn't seem to mind that she knew that, nor did he mind that she knew what would happen to him on the anniversary of his mother's death.

It could be seen that her previous scrupulousness was unnecessary.

And he might have guessed that she would go to him on the day of his mother's death.

That's fine. If he guessed it and didn't ask her not to go, it meant that he didn't mind her going and seeing what he would be like, then she could go to him tomorrow. She didn't have to worry that he would become agitated when he saw her.

Amber gently let go of him, raised her eyes, and stared at him for a while, "I hope so."

Then she raised her chin and kissed him on the cheek, "I've given you what you want. I'll go first."

She opened the door and got out.

Jared sat in the car, touched his face, and chuckled softly.

Then he rolled down the car window and stopped her, "Amber."

She stopped and turned her head to smile at him, "What's wrong?"

Her smile was bright like the sun, which could make people feel better when they saw it.

Jared shook his head slightly, "Nothing, I just wanted to call you."

Amber rolled her eyes at him, "Don't be such a baby. Just go. There will be traffic jams in a while."

She waved her hand and urged him to leave quickly.

Jared said, "Okay, I'll go."

"Ok."

"I'm going," Jared said again.

Amber was amused, "Okay!"

Jared pursed his thin lips, rolled up the car window with reluctance, and drove away.

Amber stood there, waving and watching him until his car was gone and could no longer be seen, then she put down her hands and turned around and entered the building.

When she came to the top floor, Amber took out her card and prepared to open the door.

When she just walked to the door, she saw that Sheila's office next to her was open, and she was sitting inside, frowning. It seemed that something was bothering her.

Amber put down the card, raised her hand, and knocked on her door.

Sheila raised her head when she heard the sound. When she saw that it was Amber, she stood up instantly, "Miss Reed, you are back."

Amber nodded with a smile, then lifted her foot and walked in.

Other secretaries and assistants in the office also got up and greeted her.

Amber smiled back at them, "I'll leave you to it."

"Okay." Hearing her words, they sat down to work again.

Amber went to Sheila.

She gave her a chair and said, "Please sit down."

"It's ok. I'll be leaving in a while." Amber shook her head.

Then Sheila sat back.

After all, they are friends in private, so there is no need to be so polite.

"Do you have anything to do with me?" Sheila asked curiously.

Amber put her hand on her desk, "It's not about work. I just saw you frowning, so I want to know what's wrong with you?"

Hearing her question, Sheila's eyelids drooped sadly.

Seeing this, Amber became more worried, "So what's the matter? If you have any difficulties, you can tell me, I can help. I'll do my best."

"No." Sheila shook her head, "It's not like that. I gave Cole a scarf that I knitted by myself. Then I called to ask him if it was suitable, but he threw it away."

After being encouraged to take the initiative to go after Mr. Lyon, she thought about it and felt that what Amber said was right.

If you don't take the initiative to go after the person you like, then don't think that you will be with your crush. Because it is impossible to get others' responses by doing nothing.

Although she made the first move, the love may not be mutual. But at least she has taken the shot hard and would not be regretted later. If she did nothing, then there would be regrets.

She just didn't expect that the first time she plucked up the courage to give him a gift, she got such a result.

Hearing her words, Amber was stunned and frowned, "What? Did he throw away your gift?"

"Well, yeah." Sheila nodded, his eyes behind the black-rimmed glasses were full of sadness, "Mr. Lyon doesn't like me, so he doesn't like my gift. It's completely understandable."

Amber's face darkened, "He's gone too far. Even if he didn't like it, just return it. He has no right to throw it away. Why did he do that? I'll ask him."

"No, don't." Sheila quickly took her arm and shook her head pleadingly at her, "Amber, don't ask him about that. Mr. Lyon doesn't treat me like he used to, he hates me now. If you asked him why he threw away the scarf, he would think that I have told you on him and hate me even more."

Amber was speechless.

Indeed, she knew from her that he threw away the scarf.

If she asked him about it, he would know that it was Sheila who told on him.

In this way, Cole would hate her even more.

"Ms. Reed..." Seeing that Amber didn't speak for a long time, Sheila felt uneasy and her hand holding Amber's arm tightened slightly, "Are you still going to ask him?"

Amber looked at her nervous and scared look and sighed, "No, I won't."

Sheila breathed a sigh of relief, "Thank you."

Amber looked at her and asked, "But are you ok that he threw it away. You knitted it with all your heart..."

"It's okay." Sheila pulled a wry smile, "I've seen that he would throw away my gifts already. It is more possible that he will throw it away than return it.

Amber was silent for a few seconds, then poked her forehead, "You stupid girl. ??????????????????"

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 655 His Birthday

Sheila smiled awkwardly, "It's a bit silly, but isn't that all women in love are like? You used to be like that too."

Amber was speechless.

Yes, women who are in love are all fools, so was she indeed in the past.

Now that she thought about it, she felt that she had been a fool, but she did not hate it.

Because the past one was the purest, who had never experienced these hardships. She was only obsessed with one thing, that is, loving Jared and waiting for his response.

So sometimes, she actually misses her past quite a bit, because now she can't love someone so persistently anymore.

Now she's, like, sober.

We can be in love, but we should not lose dignity and turn ourselves into a puppet with no other thoughts.

True love should be equal. When you love each other, you stay together, give to each other, and support each other. If you aren't in love anymore, you should separate without resenting each other.

And she told Jared about this very clearly.

Now she loves him and he loves her, so they are together.

But in the future, no matter which one is not in love first, tell the other party that they will separate peacefully, and will not pester and torture each other.

Amber patted Sheila's shoulder, "You're right, I used to be stupid, just like you, but now I'm not, of course, I can't persuade you to change your love now. After all, each stage has its value, if I force you to change, it might not be a good thing. Maybe only after you have experienced great emotional pain, will you change like me."

"Is that so?" Sheila said, confused.

Amber knew that she didn't quite understand her words, so she smiled lightly, "Okay, don't think about it. Don't worry, I won't ask Cole. It's just the scarf, you..."

"I've contacted my past colleagues and asked them to pick it up for me." Sheila said in a low voice, "Probably it will be delivered tomorrow."

"Ok." Amber nodded, indicating that she understood.

Then, she thought of something and asked again, "By the way, I want to know, why does he hate you? Just because you like him? If that's the reason, it's a bit outrageous. I grew up with him and I know him very well, he can't possibly hate a girl just because she likes him."

Cole is good-looking and has a good family background, and his personality is not that bad.

So, there were always girls who liked him and told him that, but Cole always rejected them politely, and the gifts given by those girls were also well returned. They never felt embarrassed.

Therefore, he always has a very good reputation among girls.

When she heard that he hated Sheila, she was so puzzled and couldn't figure it out.

It stands to reason that Sheila has been Cole's secretary for many years, and they are also friends. Even if Sheila told him she liked him, Cole wouldn't hate her.

But now Cole's attitude was really strange.

Hearing Amber's question, Sheila panicked for a moment, then lowered her head quickly to cover the panic on her face, "Probably because I'm not right for him..."

After having sex with him, his attitude towards her took a turn for the worse.

He felt that she took advantage of the occasion to sleep with him, so he hated her.

Although she was very aggrieved and wanted to say that she was not like this, she indeed was selfish at the time and did not push him away and then she slept with him.

Now that she thinks about it, she regrets it.

If she pushed him away and stopped him at the beginning, although he still wouldn't accept her, at least he wouldn't hate her.

Thinking of this, Sheila covered her face, and her voice choked up, "It's my fault. I deserved it..."

Seeing her like this, Amber narrowed her eyes, "What happened between you two?"

Sheila sobbed and shook her head, "Please stop asking, Ms. Reed. I'm sorry. I can't tell..."

Seeing her in so much pain, Amber sighed helplessly, "Okay, I won't ask. Just tell me when you want to talk, I'm more than willing to be your listener."

"Thank you." Sheila took her hand off his face and smiled gratefully.

Amber handed her a tissue, "You don't need to thank me, maybe if I hadn't persuaded you to take the initiative to go after him, you wouldn't be like this."

"No." Sheila took the tissue, wiped her tears, and said softly, "It's not your fault. Even if you didn't persuade me, this would still happen. It's inevitable."

Because she had sex with him before she persuaded her to go after him.

The problem between them was indeed not caused by Amber.

Amber looked at Sheila, sighed helplessly, and stopped talking.

Sheila managed to force a smile and took a deep breath, "Okay, I'm fine. Thank you for comforting me for so long. I know you're busy, so I'll let you go."

Seeing that she didn't want to continue talking about things with Cole, Amber said, "Okay, then I'll go back to the office first. As for what happened between you two, I won't ask about it. You should handle it yourself, of course. If you need any help from me, you can tell me at any time."

"Thank you." Sheila nodded.

Amber patted her on the shoulder again and left.

Back in the office, she pulled out the chair and sat down, rubbing her eyebrows.

She didn't expect that the relationship between Cole and Sheila would become so complicated.

Cole hated her and threw away her gift. It can be seen that Sheila really did something that stepped on his bottom line.

But the fact that Sheila gave him a gift made her remember one thing.

That is, Jared's birthday is coming soon, she should prepare a gift for him as well.

Amber tilted her head and thought about it, clothes?

Didn't seem like a good idea!

His clothes are all custom-made, and each set is worth millions.

She can afford it, but after buying it, she would be broke.

After all, her current deposit was only about one million.

So she couldn't buy him clothes.

In that case, she'd have to buy some smaller stuff, like shoes, or tie clips, etc.

But he had a lot of these things, and the ones she could give them are far cheaper than what he had.

It seems inappropriate to give him those.

Of course, she knew that he would wear it, but he would be laughed at by his rivals in business by then about him wearing such cheap accessories.

In short, she couldn't give them the chance to laugh at him because of her gift.

She still didn't know what to give him.

Amber scratched her hair, then exhaled, picked up the phone on the table, and texted Jared saying: You arrived?

Jared quickly replied: Just got off the car.

He closed the door happily and stared at the phone as he walked toward the elevator.

He was about to send her a message when he got out of the car, but unexpectedly, she sent it first.

Did they have a couple's connection now?

Seeing his message, Amber was reassured and she asked: Ok, by the way, what gift do you want????????

Chapter 656 An Amusing Meme

Gift?

Jared was stunned for a moment, then chuckled and sent a voice message, "Why, do you want to give me a gift?"

"Your birthday is coming," answered Amber via voice message as well.

Only then did Jared remember that his birthday was indeed approaching.

No wonder she suddenly asked him what gift he wanted.

He said softly, "As long as it was given by you, I like it."

He didn't expect that she still remembered his birthday and offered to give him a birthday present.

The more he thought about it, the happier he became, and the smile on his face gradually brightened.

There were other employees of the Farrell Group in the parking lot, and they were shocked to see his smile from a distance.

They all knew that Jared was always putting on a poker face. Some older employees who have been in the Farrell Group for ten years said that they have never seen him smile, and they even suspected whether he knew how to smile.

But now, they saw him laughing so happily, which was shocking.

However, his smile was indeed charming. Instead of being indifferent as he usually was, he exuded gentleness like the breeze in Spring.

Was it the power of love?

These employees couldn't help thinking of the news on the Internet over the past two days.

Amber didn't know what was going on there. She took a glass of water and took a sip, "That won't work, you have to tell me what you want, otherwise, I don't know what to buy, and you can't refuse it. I need to do this or I will not be happy."

Since they were together, it was always him who had been paying.

So she wanted to give him something on his birthday.

Must tell her.

Jared blinked.

In fact, he didn't know what he wanted.

Because he lacks nothing.

And he didn't want her to buy it.

But he didn't expect that she said that in advance.

It seemed that he had to let her buy something.

Jared shook his head and laughed, "Then let me think about it, and I will tell you later."

Hearing his answer, Amber nodded and texted back: Ok.

After sending it, she stared at her text.

Seeing this word alone, she felt that it was too simple and cold, and then she texted a few more words, "Waiting for your reply".

Followed by an orange little cat making heart gestures.

Seeing this meme, her face turned red.

This was the first time she had so boldly sent him such a cute expression, so she was kind of nervous and embarrassed.

On the other side, Jared saw this meme and his pupils shrank slightly. He was surprised by this meme.

But soon, he calmed down, laughed softly, and then long-pressed and saved it, ready to reply to her.

But when he opened his emoji column, he was silent for a while.

Because he has no other memes at all except those emojis that come with the system.

So if he wanted to send it, he had to search for it himself.

Fortunately, he could search for it easily, so it didn't take long for him to find a large number of memes expressing love.

He swiped repeatedly, and finally chose the cutest one to save, and sent it to her.

Amber thought that he wouldn't reply to her, so she put down the phone to take a drink.

As soon as she took a sip, she saw the phone on the desk suddenly light up and vibrate.

She put down the cup and picked up her phone, and she suddenly spurted out a mouthful of water all over her phone, then she couldn't stop laughing.

God, he would send her such a cute meme, which is not like him at all.

Amber compares the meme she just saw with Jared.

How funny it is!

According to his appearance and temperament, he should have sent the memes that elder people used, such as the emoji that came with the system.

Girls like these cute memes more.

Unexpectedly, he actually sent it out. It was quite funny and at the same time, it seemed that he was a little silly.

Amber stopped laughing to take a deep breath and wiped the tears, then got another tissue and wiped the water off the screen.

And then she saw that meme again.

She could not help laughing again.

She was pretty sure that there was absolutely no way that there would be any other memes on his phone except the little yellow faces, and it was even more impossible to have such cute ones.

Therefore, it is obvious that it should be found in the few minutes he disappeared.

Thinking of his serious search for that, Amber felt both amused and heartwarming.

After all, if a man can be serious in this kind of thing, instead of using the usual emojis, it is quite moving.

"That's hard for you to do so." Amber smiled and shook her head, and saved the meme.

On the other hand, the Farrell Group.

Jared walked out of the elevator and saw several of his male assistants standing in the corridor, talking.

The one in the middle is holding a scarf and showing off proudly, "What do you guys know? What's wrong with pink? It's so pretty. My wife gave it to me as a gift. Don't be envious."

As soon as these words came out, the others snorted and rolled their eyes at him.

Jared stood in front of the elevator.

Wife?

What did his wife give him, which made him so happy?

Seeing that it was noisy over there, Jared pursed his thin lips in displeasure, "What's going on there?"

Hearing his voice, their faces changed at the same time. They did not dare to continue to gather together. They quickly stood in a row, and looked at Jared nervously, "Mr. Farrell."

God, why did he come back at this time?

Just in time to catch them here.

This is the end. Even if they were not going to be fired, they would get a demotion.

Jared walked over with a sullen face and glanced coldly at these people.

When these people saw that, they became stiff.

Jared's said with a cold voice, "Why you are not working in the office but chatting around here?"

"We're sorry, Mr. Farrell."

They quickly admitted their mistakes and apologized.

Jared snorted coldly, "I'll deduct your bonus this month. Just leave here."

"Yes." They responded quickly and breathed a sigh of relief at the same time.

Great, just losing bonus, neither losing job, nor getting a demotion.

That's quite a silver lining.

Then they turned around quickly and went back to the office.

Just as the man wearing the scarf was about to leave, Jared suddenly stopped him.

The secretary who was stopped, he blanched at Jared's words in an instant and had a bad feeling.

Would Mr. Farrell want to punish him harder?

After all, he was the one who caused this noise.

So, he wanted to make an example of him by punishing him harder.

Others had the same idea when they saw that he was asked to stay.

They could only silently pray for him in their hearts, but they did not dare to stay longer.

Chapter 657 A Scarf Knitted by Her

They were afraid that if they walked slowly, they would also stay there.

By then, it will be miserable!

Soon, in the corridor, only Jared and the secretary were left.

The secretary didn't dare to look up at Jared, so he could only bury his head deeply, and his body was trembling slightly, obviously afraid of him.

Jared looked down at him and asked in a low voice, "You were just saying that your wife gave you a gift?"

Hearing his question, the secretary was stunned for a moment, then raised his head, and asked in surprise, "This is what you want to ask?"

Jared nodded.

The secretary was relieved at once.

And he stopped trembling.

He exhaled lightly, and then calmly replied, "Yes, Mr. Farrell, my wife recently learned how to knit, so she knitted a scarf for me."

He touched the pink scarf around his neck gently when he was saying that.

Then he held the scarf and asked Jared, "Mr. Farrell, isn't it pretty?"

Jared didn't speak and just stared at the scarf.

This guy, he's not showing off, was he?

Oh, there's nothing to show off.

It's just a scarf from his beloved. Did he have to smile so brightly?

Couldn't he ask Amber to knit a scarf for him?

Jared pursed his thin lips and said impassively, "Not bad. You should go back."

"Yes." The secretary put down the scarf and nodded, then turned back to the office.

Jared walked to his office as well and he started to send a message to Amber saying he had an idea about what he wanted.

Amber was working on the file when she heard the phone ring and reached out to take it.

Seeing what he had sent her, she called him directly.

Jared swiped the answer button and put the phone to his ear.

"So what do you want?" Amber's pleasant voice came.

Jared pulled out his chair and sat down, thinking about the scarf and the smile of the secretary just now, and said, "I want a scarf you knit."

When he got the scarf she knitted, he could also show it off.

"Huh?" Amber was stunned when she heard his words.

A scarf that she knit?

Amber did not expect that what he wanted was this.

She also thought that even if he couldn't think of what he wanted, he would eventually let her buy any accessories or a razor.

Unexpectedly, it turned out to be a scarf.

Hearing that Amber did not say yes, but instead asked again, Jared lowered his eyes slightly, "Is it too much?"

Amber shook her head, "No, it's just I'm curious about why do you want it?"

Men rarely ask their girlfriends to knit a scarf for them.

Let alone him, who has always been wearing designer items.

So if he suddenly asked for this, there must be some special reason.

Then Jared replied, "Someone was showing off to me."

"Show off?" Amber tilted her head.

Jared nodded and then told the conversation he had with the secretary in the corridor outside.

After hearing this, Amber couldn't help laughing out loud, "This is not showing off. He just wants to share his happiness."

Jared pursed his lips, "Isn't this just showing off to those who haven't got?"

Amber held her forehead, "Okay, it's showing off, so you are jealous of him, right?"

Jared raised his chin, "I am the boss, how can I lose to my subordinates, and I want everyone to know that if they have it, then I'll have it as well. Can you knit a scarf for me?"

Amber said, "Okay, I happen to know how to knit, but are you sure you want it? You know, it's not worth much at all."

"No." Jared shook his head slightly, "As long as it is made by you, it is a priceless treasure to me."

Amber smiled, "Since you said that, then okay. What color do you like?"

Hearing that she agreed to knit a scarf for him, he smiled, her face alight with happiness.

"Whichever you choose."

"Well then... Black would be good." Amber thought for a while and said, "This color suits you best."

"Ok." Jared nodded with a smile.

After that, Amber told him about the pattern she was going to knit for him, the width and length of the scarf, etc., and then hung up the phone.

Jared put the phone on the desk, leaned back, and became relaxed and happy.

When Ben came in with a stack of documents, he happened to see that Jared was so lazy. He pushed his glasses and asked, "Mr. Farrell, you seem to be in a good mood. What is it?"

"Amber is going to knit a scarf for me." Jared raised his eyes and said, although his voice was like usual, his tone was unabashedly showing off.

A muscle twitched at the corner of Ben's mouth.

Well, he wanted to slap himself for asking that.

Great, Jared showed off to him.

Although he hated him like this, Ben still kept a smile and pretended to be surprised, "Really, that's great, congratulations!"

Jared enjoyed it and raised his chin slightly, "It's nothing, just a scarf."

Hmm. How interesting!

Just a scarf?

Since you said that you don't care so much, don't show it off just now, shit!

Ben pursed his lips and coughed. He thought he'd better change this subject before he become sadder.

"Mr. Farrell, this is the document received by various departments and needs your signature. I will put it here." He pointed to Jared's desk.

Jared nodded, "Ok."

Ben put the document down, then took a step back, "Mr. Farrell, if there's nothing more, then I'll leave first."

He was afraid that if he didn't leave again, he would have to experience that again.

"Wait." Jared stopped him.

Ben froze for a moment and soon returned to normal. He said with a professional smile, "Mr. Farrell, is there anything else I can help with?"

Jared sat up straight and his expression became serious, "Withdraw those people looking for Talon Rylands."

"Stop looking for him?" Ben was surprised by his order and asked, "Why?"

"Amber already told me the day before yesterday that Talon was tortured by Jeremy inhumanly and he is not planning to stop yet. I guess that if he continues to do that, Talon will not live long." Jared said seriously.

The night before, after they watched a movie and returned to Kelsington Bay, Amber told her that Jeremy had sent her an email.

It was only at that time that he knew that Jeremy had already made a move.

Although he was a little unpleasant that Jeremy was one step ahead of him, he was actually quite pleased to see him do that.

Talon pushed Amber off the cliff and nearly killed her, so he deserved to end up like this. If it were for Jared, he would not show mercy to him either.

Chapter 658 Knit a Scarf

Most likely it would be more ruthless than what Jeremy did.

"I see." Ben was a little affected by what happened to Talon.

They had underestimated how crazy Jeremy was.

Jeremy looked like a cheerful and friendly guy, but what he did was too scary.

However, Talon deserved it. He shouldn't have kidnapped Amber.

Jeremy valued Amber, so how dare Talon kidnap her!

Therefore, Talon deserved what he got!

"By the way, have you found anything unusual about Connor Stockert?" Jared lowered his eyes and asked expressionlessly.

Ben adjusted his glasses. "No. Every day he is either fishing or playing chess, or just stays in the villa and doesn't come out. I haven't noticed anything strange about him."

Jared narrowed his eyes and said nothing.

In his view, that was the strangest.

Connor Stockert was Jared's mother's first love, and they fell in love with each other when they were young.

Jared even found out that Connor had once visited the Farrell family and had a conflict with his father, Hendrik Farrell. It was unknown what the conflict was. However, it was said that Connor left in anger, so it should be the trigger for Connor's grudges against Hendrik.

Therefore, Connor might well be the murderer of Hendrik.

In addition, Connor, as the head of the Stockert family and the president of the Stockert Group, stayed in a villa all year round instead of going to the company. This was too weird.

Thinking of this, Jared tapped lightly on the desk with his fingers, making rhythmic clicks.

"Continue to keep an eye on him. He may well give himself away one day," Jared said in a low voice.

If Connor did kill Hendrik and was responsible for Jared's car accident, he would reveal something one day.

Jared was sure of it.

"Yes, Mr. Farrell!" Ben stood up straight and nodded.

Meanwhile, in Goldstone Co.

As Amber put down her phone, she called Sheila in.

"What can I do for you, Miss Reed?" Sheila stood opposite Amber's desk and asked respectfully.

Sheila completely got herself together, which made Amber less worried.

Amber smiled and said, "Sheila, where did you buy the wool for the scarf you knitted for Cole before?"

Hearing this, Sheila asked in surprise, "Miss Reed, do you want to knit a scarf?"

"Yes." Amber nodded. "Jared was envious after he knew that his subordinate got one, so he asked me to knit a scarf for him, saying that he didn't want to be outdone."

Sheila was amused. She said, "That is so funny. It's so easy for Mr. Farrell to get envious."

Amber shook her head with a shrug. "As a 31-year-old man, he is too childish. I have no choice but to agree."

"I envy you, Miss Reed." Sheila looks at her enviously.

Jared took the initiative to ask Amber to knit a scarf for him.

On the contrary, Cole threw away the scarf Sheila knitted for him without hesitation.

That was quite a difference.

Looking at Sheila's upset expression, Amber knew what she was thinking. Amber stopped smiling and said guiltily, "I'm sorry, Sheila. I shouldn't have talked about this with you."

Cole had just thrown away the scarf knitted by Sheila, so what Amber said upset Sheila.

"It doesn't matter, Miss Reed." Sheila waved her hand and said with a smile, "I don't think there is anything wrong."

Sheila was almost the only single among her friends. Thus, if she was that vulnerable, she would have been mad long ago.

"Really?" Amber remained a little worried.

Sheila nodded. "Yes."

Amber stared at Sheila for a while and was relieved by Sheila's serious expression. Amber heaved a sigh of relief. "That's great."

"Miss Reed, you want to know where I bought the wool for the scarf, right?" Sheila asked.

Amber nodded. "Yes, I haven't knitted for many years, so I don't know where to buy the wool. It will take many days to get it delivered, but I don't want to wait that long."

"I see." Sheila adjusted her black-rimmed glasses and said, "I bought it at the store near our company. I'm going to deliver the documents in a while. I can buy some for you, Miss Reed."

"That's great. Thank you," Amber said with a smile.

"You're welcome." Sheila waved her hand, and then asked, "Miss Reed, what color do you want?"

"Black," Amber replied.

"Got it. Miss Reed, what else can I do for you?" Sheila pointed to the door.

Amber said, "That's all I need."

Sheila turned around and left.

Before getting off work in the afternoon, Sheila brought the wool to Amber.

Amber took it out and found it was pure cashmere, which had a soft and comfortable texture.

Amber was very satisfied. After transferring the money to Sheila, Amber left work with her handbag.

When Amber got back to Kelsington Bay, it was half past six.

Amber went to the kitchen and made some food for herself. After eating, she sat on the sofa and began to knit with the cashmere wool.

Amber hadn't done these for many years, so she was a little slow and out of practice at first.

But gradually, Amber grew skilled and faster.

It was not difficult to knit a scarf, and it did not take long. If Amber kept knitting it, she could finish it overnight.

Those who were more skilled could even finish it within only five or six hours.

Amber kept knitting without sleep all night. When it was dawn, a beautiful scarf was finished.

Amber spread the scarf and looked at it. After confirming that there was nothing wrong with it, she put it into a bag and put the bag away, deciding to give it to Jared on his birthday.

Just when Amber put away the scarf, it suddenly started pouring rain and the wind began to blow.

As the howling cold wind blew in from the floor-to-ceiling windows, Amber couldn't help shivering.

Amber hurriedly closed the window. Hardly had she heaved a sigh of relief when the phone rang.

Amber walked to the sofa, bent down, and picked up the phone from the coffee table. Seeing the caller ID, she was a little surprised and quickly answered the phone.

The call was from Lady Georgia. As soon as it was connected, Georgia asked, "Amber, are you with Jared?"

"No." Amber shook her head.

Georgia asked again, "Then do you know where Jared is? I asked Shonna just now but was told that Jared didn't return to the mansion. I can't even get in touch with Jared or his assistant, so I have to turn to you. "

Hearing Georgia's anxious voice, Amber panicked, but she took a deep breath, trying to remain calm, and said, "Grandma, don't worry. I probably know where he is. He is in Zenith Building."

Hearing Amber's words, Georgia gave a smile, patted her chest, and said, "Well, that's good. Amber, please hurry up and see how Jared is going now. If he has self-harmed, you must save him. If he hasn't, you must stop him. He doesn't allow anyone but you to approach him, so you are the only one I could turn to. "

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 659 Looking for Jared

Amber stood up from the sofa and walked quickly to the bedroom. "I see, Grandma. Don't worry. Even if you don't call me, I have planned to go there."

"That's great, Amber. Please hurry up. Call me if anything happened," said Georgia.

Amber nodded. "Don't worry. I will."

"Well, then I'll entrust Jared to you." Georgia clenched her cane in one hand and her mobile phone in the other, with an old expectant face. "You must stop Jared from self-harming. If possible, please talk to him and get him out of his obsession with his mother's suicide."

"I'll try my best," Amber replied.

Georgia hung up the phone in relief.

Mrs. Murphy made a cup of coffee for Georgia and said with a smile, "Lady, don't worry. Ms. Jones will definitely help Mr. Farrell recover."

"I hope so." Georgia took the cup and sighed. "I have faith in Amber. However, Jared has been haunted by his mother's suicide for more than ten years. He can't disentangle himself from it easily."

"But I believe that Mr. Farrell will be better if he could listen to what Ms. Jones said," Mrs. Murphy walked behind Georgia, rubbed her shoulders, and said.

Georgia nodded. "You're right, so I just hope Amber can see Jared today. As long as she can see him, what we said will come true. If not..."

"It's gonna be alright. Ms. Jones will definitely succeed." Mrs. Murphy added, "Mr. Farrell loves Ms. Jones so much, so he won't refuse to see her."

"I hope you're right." Georgia lowered her eyes and blew the coffee gently.

In Kelsington Bay, Amber changed her clothes, took her umbrella, and was ready to go out.

As soon as she opened the door, cold air blew on her face, which made her shiver all over.

"It's so cold!" Amber rubbed her arms, her face turning pale with cold.

But no matter how cold it was, she must go to Zenith Building.

Amber took a deep breath, shook hands, and decided to go.

But before Amber could step out, she thought of something. She retracted her foot, turned around, and walked towards the apartment again.

A minute later, Amber got a bag in her hand. And then she went out, walked to the elevator, and made a call to Jared.

Jared promised her that he would not turn off the phone today.

Thus, Amber should be able to contact him.

However, Jared's phone was off.

This made Amber angry and worried.

Amber was angry that Jared went back on his word.

She was worried because she didn't know what happened to him.

Amber had no choice but to call Ben.

Luckily, Ben answered it. "Miss Reed, what can I do for you?"

"Ben, is Jared in Zenith Building?" Amber asked without greeting.

After all, she was very worried about Jared, so she didn't bother to do anything else.

When Ben heard Amber's words, he nodded quickly. "Yes, Mr. Farrell is in Zenith Building and has not come out. I am downstairs. I knocked on the door many times, but Mr. Farrell didn't open the door. I called Lady Georgia just now, but for some reason, it couldn't get through."

Amber realized why Georgia couldn't get through to Ben. When Georgia called Ben, Ben was also calling Georgia, so the phone lines are jammed.

"Well, I see. I'll get there right away." After Amber determined where Jared was, she was slightly relieved.

It was good that Jared was indeed in Zenith Building rather than somewhere unknown.

"Okay, Miss Reed. I'll wait for you here." Ben was surprised when he heard that Amber was coming.

They couldn't see Jared, but Amber was different.

After all, Jared valued Amber.

"Okay. By the way, do you have the key to his apartment?" Amber asked again.

Ben shook his head regretfully. "No, Mr. Farrell rarely lived here before, so I don't have the key."

"I see. Then I need you to find a locksmith," Amber nodded and said.

"A locksmith?" Ben was surprised.

Amber nodded. "Neither of us has a key. If Jared doesn't open the door, we will have to ask the locksmith to open it."

"But..."

"Don't be afraid. Nothing is more important than Jared's safety. It doesn't matter if he gets angry afterward. I will take the responsibility," Amber patted her chest and said.

When Ben heard this, he no longer hesitated and nodded. "I see. I'll do it right now."

Amber was right. Even if Jared was annoyed. Jared's safety should be given top priority.

Besides, Amber would take on everything.

Jared wouldn't snap at Amber.

Then, Ben needn't worry about anything.

After hanging up the phone, Ben immediately called a locksmith.

Amber got into the elevator.

In less than an hour, she arrived at Zenith Building.

Ben stood at the door with a locksmith. When he saw Amber, he immediately waved at her. "Miss Reed, we are here."

Amber walked to them quickly.

Ben made a gesture of invitation. "Please come with me, Miss Reed."

"Okay." Amber held the bag and nodded to him.

Ben led the way, Amber followed, and the locksmith brought up the rear.

A few minutes later, they reached the top floor where Jared's penthouse was.

Ben brought Amber to a door. "This is it."

Amber nodded and then looked at the locksmith. "Please open it."

"Yes, Miss Reed." The locksmith put down the bag from his shoulder, opened it, and took out the tool to start unlocking it.

Soon, the door was unlocked.

Amber quickly pushed the door open.

The next second, something rolled over beside Amber's feet.

Amber looked down and found it was a red wine bottle.

Amber frowned, bent down, and picked it up, only to find it was empty.

Thus, Jared finished a whole bottle of wine in one night!

Amber's frown deepened. After putting the wine bottle on the shoe cabinet, she strode into the door.

And then a strong and pungent smell of wine came over. Besides, there were also several wine bottles lying on the floor of the living room.

Hence, Jared drank a lot of bottles of wine.

Maybe he drank more than Amber saw.

What was he thinking!

Amber's face turned grim.

She looked around the living room for Jared, but without success.

This apartment, which covered an area of more than 8600 square feet, boasted many rooms, so it would take a long time to look everywhere.

Therefore, Amber asked Ben for help.

Thanks to that, it didn't take a long time before Ben found Jared in the study.

"Miss Reed, here." Ben stood at the door of the study and shouted to Amber, who was in another room. ??????????????????????

Chapter 660 Jared Is Drunk

Hearing Ben's words, Amber immediately got out of the room and walked to the study.

Arriving at the door of the study, Ben pointed in. "Miss Reed, Mr. Farrell is there."

Amber nodded, looked inside, and saw Jared.

Jared was sitting on the ground with his back against the desk, motionless. With his head lowered, Amber couldn't see the expression on his face and had no idea whether he was asleep or awake.

Amber pursed her red lips and walked in, gradually seeing what he looked like.

Jared's clothes were wrinkled, with his tie hanging loosely around his neck. The neckline of his white shirt was stained by wine, and even his hair was messy. He looked as scruffy as a tramp.

Seeing this, Amber got worried.

When she reached Jared, she was overwhelmed by the strong and pungent smell of wine.

Amber frowned slightly, tried her best not to wave her hand, squatted down, and lifted Jared's head.

His eyes were tightly closed, his brows furrowed, and he seemed to be asleep.

Amber gently patted his face and shouted worriedly, "Jared? Wake up!"

Jared did not respond.

Amber put her hand before Jared's nose and was relieved when seeing that he was still breathing.

Behind Amber, Ben was also observing Jared. He said, "Mr. Farrell must be drunk."

Amber nodded. "You're right. It's no wonder he's drunk after drinking so much wine, but fortunately, it is red wine with low degrees. Otherwise, he would have died! "

Thinking of the wine bottles she saw when she came in, Amber was both worried and angry.

Amber was worried about Jared's body and angry that he drank so much wine without caring for himself.

Ben sighed. "Mr. Farrell always drank spirits like whisky and cognac before. However, he suffered from alcohol poisoning and was sent to the hospital for gastric lavage. Lady Georgia almost died in fear, so later, she took away all the spirits from Mr. Farrell and forbade the winery from sending any spirits to him. Mr. Farrell also felt guilty for scaring Lady Georgia, so he didn't buy those spirits anymore. Since then, he only bought wine."

"I see." Amber nodded.

"But..."

Ben was a little hesitant. Seeing this, Amber put Jared's head on her shoulder and asked, "But what?"

Ben rubbed between his eyebrows. "Mr. Farrell drinks wine today to drown his sorrows. In the past, with the spirits, he could forget everything for the time being. But now, with low degrees, wine is not enough to numb himself, so Mr. Farrell resorts to self-mutilation."

"Do you mean he didn't self-harm before?" Amber looked down at the man in her arms.

Ben nodded. "Yes. Mr. Farrell began self-harming since he was stopped from drinking spirits."

"I see." Amber bit her lower lip and then put Jared flat on the ground. "Ben, please help me check if he has any injuries, and I'll cook some soup for him."

"Okay." Ben nodded and stepped forward to check on Jared.

Amber straightened Jared's messy hair, then got up and walked out of the study to the kitchen.

Then, only Jared and Ben were left in the study.

After Ben checked Jared for injuries, Ben helped Jared up, put him on the sofa, and looked at him with a sigh.

According to Jared's tolerance, Jared shouldn't have been drunk after drinking red wine.

The reason why Jared was drunk must be that his heart couldn't bear it.

Otherwise, Jared would have injured himself, instead of sitting on the ground unconscious.

Ten minutes later, Amber walked in with a bowl of sobering-up soup.

Seeing Jared on the sofa, she put down the soup and asked Ben, "How is he going? Did he self-harm?"

"Don't worry, Miss Reed. Mr. Farrell didn't self-harm, maybe because he got drunk before he did that." Ben shook his head.

Amber felt relieved. "That's good. Help me get him up, and I'll feed him soup."

"Yes, Miss Reed." Ben nodded, walked over, and helped Jared up.

Amber picked up the soup, sat down on the edge of the sofa, then scooped up a spoonful of it, gently blew, and got it to Jared's lips.

However, Jared's lips were closed. Amber couldn't put the spoon into his mouth. As a result, the soup flowed down the corners of his mouth and was all sprinkled.

"Miss Reed, this doesn't work." Ben frowned when he saw this.

Amber pursed her red lips and put the spoon back into the bowl.

Ben was right. It didn't work.

Nonetheless, Amber couldn't give up.

Jared had drunk so much wine, which would be harmful to his stomach if he didn't eat anything else.

Amber had only one way to do it.

But...

Amber looked up at Ben hesitantly.

But soon, she made up her mind.

The top priority should be given to Jared's safety, so Amber couldn't care less about the embarrassment.

Thinking of this, Amber picked up the bowl, raised her head, and took a sip of the soup.

When Ben saw this, he was stunned. "Miss Reed, you..."

Amber ignored him, put down the bowl in her hand, took Jared over from Ben, bowed her head, and kissed Jared's thin lips. She pried Jared's thin lips open with her tongue and fed Jared with the soup.

Seeing this, Ben was startled.

He didn't expect this.

No wonder Amber suddenly drank the soup. She wanted to feed Jared mouth to mouth.

Although it was a little surprising, it was the best way at present.

Under the gaze of Ben, Amber successfully fed Jared with the soup in her mouth.

Then, she looked up from Jared, ready to take the second sip.

Seeing this, Ben quickly picked up the bowl and handed it over. "Miss Reed, here you are."

Amber was shocked for a moment, then smiled embarrassedly, and took the bowl. "Thank you."

"Don't mention that. It's all for Mr. Farrell." Ben looked at Jared and waved his hand.

Amber pursed her lips with a nod. She took another gulp of the soup, lowered her head, and fed it to Jared.

After doing so repeatedly, the soup was finished.

Amber put down the bowl and heaved a long sigh of relief.

Ben quickly helped Jared back on the sofa.

Amber fixed her hair and asked, "Get a blanket here and cover Jared with it. The soup will take a while to work, so we'd better prevent him from catching a cold until he woke up. "

"Sure. I'll get it right away." Ben nodded, got up, and walked out of the study to the cloakroom in Jared's bedroom.

Soon, Ben came back with a blanket and handed it to Amber. [?][?][?][?]