

LLPD Chapter 781

Chapter 781 Running towards Love Together

He walked more than gently and slowly, probably for fear of waking the woman on the sofa.

It took him nearly a minute to walk the short twenty or so steps to the couch, and that carefulness alone was enough to make one's heart flutter.

Arriving at the sofa, Jared crouched down slightly and stared at the woman on the couch.

Amber was lying on her side on the sofa, her arms were folded under her head as a pillow, her legs were slightly curled up, and she was sleeping soundly.

She was probably a little cold, though, as she shivered occasionally.

Noticing this, Jared got up and headed for his desk, grabbed the air conditioning remote and turned up the temperature.

After doing so, he went to his lounge, took out a thicker blanket, and covered Amber with it in case she got cold.

Knowing that Amber might not wake up for a while, Jared didn't linger on the couch much longer. After ruffling her hair out of her face, he headed to his desk, ready to work on his papers and wait for her to wake up.

It was a two-hour wait.

When Amber woke up, it was already 3 pm, and her stomach was starting to growl with hunger.

She opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was an expensive and luxurious coffee table.

At first, her mind was a little confused about where she was.

But then she saw the black tea on the coffee table and realized that she was in Jared's office.

After sending Jared a message, she sat here and fell asleep without noticing.

There was no telling how long she had been asleep.

Amber was about to reach for her phone to check the time when her hand moved and something fell off her and onto the floor in front of the couch.

"Hmm?" Amber looked down and realized that it was a blanket!

But how could there be a blanket on her?

When she fell asleep, there was nothing on her, so the blanket must have been draped over her by someone.

And since she had locked the door inside Jared's office earlier, naturally, only one person could have come in and draped a blanket over her - the owner of this office.

Jared!

So, he'd come back from a meeting?

With that in mind, Amber immediately sat up, picked up the blanket and turned her head from side to side, looking for him.

However, after looking around, there was no sign of Jared.

So, he didn't come back?

Or had he come back but had left again?

Amber's eyelids drooped, and the loss was visible on her face.

Suddenly, there was a sound of a window opening behind her.

Amber stiffened, immediately dropped the blanket she was holding and turned around.

Jared came in off the balcony with his phone, closing the balcony door as he whispered something to the other end of the phone, not noticing that she had woken up and was looking at him.

Amber had happiness written in her eyes and a big smile.

Great, so he was back and not gone, just on the balcony on the phone.

It was so cold on the balcony, and it was even harder up here.

But he chose to go to the balcony to make a phone call. He didn't want to wake her up.

What a silly man!

"Jared!" Amber took a breath, collected her emotions, and called out to the man in front of the balcony's floor-to-ceiling window in a soft voice.

The man was stunned for a moment and took the phone away from his ear, and turned his head towards Amber in the next second.

Amber was standing there, smiling at him, her smile bright and sultry in its beauty.

Jared's pupils contracted slightly, returning to their natural state but with a darker hue.

He raised his hand and waved at her to show that he heard her, then back to the phone again and said a few words to the other end of the line before hanging up the phone and walking quickly towards her.

Amber suddenly reached out with a few steps left to go, "Don't move!"

Jared subconsciously stopped in his tracks, "What's wrong?"

"You've taken as many steps as you can." Amber dropped her hand and smiled under the man's puzzled gaze, "Love runs both ways; you've taken so many steps towards me; let me take the remaining steps and get close to you."

With that, she lifted her feet and walked forward.

Jared knew what she meant now, and a slight smile appeared on his face.

Two-way-running, that was a word he liked.

Amber came to Jared and looked up at him before opening her arms straight away and hugging him around the waist, pressing her face against his chest.

Jared, however, intended to push her away, "Don't hug; I just came in from outside, it's drizzling and windy outside, I'm covered in cold air, it's cold for you to hug like that, you'll catch a cold."

As he said this, he pushed her.

But the movements were all very gentle, afraid that she would be in pain and fall.

Yet even when Jared did so, Amber still held him close, not letting go at all, and smiled instead, "It's okay, it's warm in here, it won't freeze me, I won't catch a cold!"

She even lifted her head and gave him a severe wink to convince him.

She had almond eyes, which were already large and a little round, and her pupils were dark and large, so when she looked at people like that, they were spotless, and it was mind-blowing.

Jared had known from early on that her eyes were beautiful, and when she looked at someone like that, it was as if they could suck their soul in.

Even though he'd been looking at them for so long, he still couldn't help but be drawn to those eyes of hers.

Especially when her eyes were so sincere at the moment, making his heart unconsciously soft and wanting to give her everything he had.

"Ahem." Jared coughed uncomfortably, clenching his fist against his lips and looking away with his afterglow, his voice slightly hoarse, "You can't blame me if you catch a cold."

She was the one who was holding on and not letting go.

Although, he was happy that she had taken the initiative to be close to him.

"Okay, I don't blame you." Amber smiled and nodded.

Jared drew his gaze back and looked down at her, his eyes softening down, "When did you wake up?"

"I just woke up and was about to look for you when I saw you come in." Amber smiled again, "We kind of have an understanding here, don't we?"

"Of course." Jared nodded and wrapped his arm around her waist, leading her back to the couch and sitting down, "Hungry?"

Amber looked down at her stomach, a little shyness on her face, "Yeah, a little hungry; what time is it?"

"Three o'clock in the afternoon," Jared replied as he lifted his wrist to check his watch.

Amber exclaimed, "It's three in the afternoon?"

"Yeah."

Amber's mouth twitched, "I can't believe I slept for so long."

She had checked the time before she went to sleep.

She had only wanted to take a nap, but it had turned out to be a three-hour sleep.

No wonder her stomach was so hungry.

"It hasn't been long." Jared laughed lightly before taking out his phone and dialling Ben's number, "Want something to eat?"

"Assorted seafood," Amber replied.

Somehow, she had a massive craving for seafood and couldn't stop her mouth from watering just thinking about it.

Jared nodded dotingly and ordered over the phone, "You heard it; go ahead and order it for two."

"Noted," Ben replied on the other end of the line.

Amber looked at the man beside her in surprise, "For two? You haven't eaten lunch yet, have you?"

Jared pursed his lips and didn't say anything.

The smile on Amber's face narrowed and changed to disapproval, "Why not? It's late in the afternoon. Have you been busy until now?"

Jared shook his head, "No."

"Then what is it?" Amber frowned, her eyes looking at him with displeasure; seeing the twinkle in his eyes, she suddenly realized something and opened her mouth, "You're not, by any chance, waiting for me to join you, are you?"

Chapter 782 I Have the Proof

Jared didn't answer, clearly indicating that she had guessed correctly.

Amber was curious and a little warm inside.

She knew that he just wanted to have lunch with her instead of having it by himself first.

Sighing, Amber's eyes softened, "Why are you doing this? You know I'm sleeping while you still wait for me. Do you know how long I'll be sleeping? If I stay asleep until the end of the day, you shouldn't have to wait until the afternoon, right?"

Jared chuckled noncommittally, "It's not a big deal, don't look so serious."

"This isn't a big deal?" Amber's red lips pursed, and her voice rose, "It's not good for your health if you don't eat on time, do you know that? And you had an accident last night."

"It won't be." Jared shook his head slightly, indicating that one meal being late wasn't a big deal.

Amber saw his stubborn look and slapped him on the thigh in exasperation.

Jared grunted in pain.

Amber grunted back, "Serves you right!"

"Pissed off?" Jared rubbed his thigh, which was sore from her slap, and looked at her, slightly inclined his head.

Amber didn't want to look him in the eye and turned her head to the side, "What do you think? Can't I be mad at you for not eating on time and not thinking it's a problem? I'm so worried about your health while you are the one to think otherwise."

"Not at all." Jared reached out and laid hands on her shoulder, seeing her turn back, his voice gentle, "I did take it seriously and took your words in, it's just that I don't think a meal not being on time is going to do any harm, and besides, I'd much rather be with you than eating by myself, it's the two of us that make it delectable, isn't it?"

Amber raised her eyes at him, "That's true, but you could have woken me then."

Jared laughed a little, "You were sleeping so heavily, and your face was so pretty; how could I have wanted to wake you up."

The comment made Amber's face flush, and she gave him an unpleasant glare, and the anger in her heart dissipated instantly.

He always had a way of calming her anger.

"Forget it; I'll let you off the hook this time, don't wait for me in the future; you're making me afraid to come to your place to rest." Amber's mouth squeezed, and said helplessly.

Don't dare to come here?

How can that happen!

Jared's expression froze, and his tone immediately got serious, "Okay, it won't happen again; this is the last time."

"Really?" Amber raised an eyebrow.

Jared nodded, "Really."

"That's good." Amber finally smiled, and then she continued, "Even if I don't come here, you still have to eat on time; I've heard from Ben earlier that sometimes you get too busy to eat; how can you do that? Your body won't be able to stand it; if you have any health problems, I'll have to dislike you."

She threatened him.

Jared had a rare gloomy look, "Then it looks like I have to take good care of myself so that you don't dislike me and I don't get abandoned by you."

"That's for sure; you're several years older than me; of course, you have to take good care of yourself; otherwise, when you get older and while we walk out, people will say you're a generation older than me." Amber looked at him and smiled.

Jared's expression stiffened slightly.

A few years older than her...

When they walk around, people comment on him as a generation older than her?

He didn't like either of those statements and had the feeling that he seemed to be getting old.

As he thought about it, Jared couldn't help but raise his hand and touch his face, then look at Amber's again.

Amber's face was white and clear, her skin was superb, without a single fine line, and although she was twenty-six or seven, she looked like she was in her early twenties.

And his own ...

Jared couldn't see his face now, so he wasn't sure if he had any wrinkles on it.

But the hard fact that he was several years older than her made him wonder if he was that old.

"What's wrong?" Amber asked with a curious wave of her hand when she saw Jared's eyelids drooping, looking like he was lost in thought and wondering something.

Jared's eyes flickered for a moment and sobered up, avoiding her gaze, coughed lightly, his voice a little cold and hard as he replied, "I'm fine; I'll take care of myself and not let myself live like your elders."

Hearing the tone of the man's voice with a bit of gnashing of teeth, Amber quickly realized why he was a little upset and couldn't help but cover her stomach and laugh, "Well, fine, then I'll wait for you to take good care of yourself, hah."

Jared sighed helplessly at the woman who laughed happily before flicking her forehead, "Okay, stop laughing; you're laughing off."

Amber nodded while laughing and slowly stopped, raising her hand to touch the man's face, "Don't worry, you're not old. Even if you don't take care of yourself, we'll not be misunderstood when we walk out."

Hearing her say that he wasn't old, Jared raised both eyebrows, and although he didn't answer, his thin lips curled up in satisfaction.

That was more like it.

"By the way, did you read the WeChat I sent you earlier?" After laughing for a while, Amber finally remembered the business, looked at Jared, and asked hurriedly.

Jared nodded, and his expression condensed, "Yes, it was done by a director of my group called Sam Smith; I have already instructed Ben to investigate this matter; after finding the evidence, I will deal with these assholes."

When he said this, the coldness in his eyes flashed, the atmosphere around him plummeted, and his face was even written with disgust.

It could be seen that this Sam Smith had totally made him angry this time.

"You want proof; I have this," Amber said.

Jared looked at her in amazement, "You?"

"Hmm." Amber nodded, then frowned, "What, what's that look? Do you doubt my word?"

"No." Jared shook his head, "I'm not doubting; I just wonder where you got the evidence?"

"I certainly have my way." Amber smiled at him, then pulled her phone out of her bag, tapped on the recording and played it.

Jared's eyes narrowed as he heard the voice on the recording.

It was one of Sam Smith's managers.

Earlier, he had asked Ben to investigate whom Sam Smith had sent into his office, and Ben had found that it was this manager.

There was nothing to be gained from knowing this as there was no proof that this manager had entered his office to look for documents; or that he could have argued slyly that he had come in to take a look and that nothing could be done to him.

Even he couldn't do it.

After all, the manager was Sam Smith's underling, and Sam Smith was an old director of the group and had been instrumental to the group in the early days.

If he could not present evidence and just dismissed Sam Smith's pawns and Sam Smith like that, some of the group's shareholders would have a problem with it.

That's why he instructed Ben to look for evidence. If it were other shareholders, he wouldn't have been so patient. Instead, he would have just dealt with it.

It turned out that before Ben could find any evidence of Sam Smith's pawns coming in and rummaging through the documents, Amber handed him the evidence. It was such a valuable piece of evidence as a recording.

This made him ... Angry!

When the recording finished playing, Jared's thin lips pursed into straight lines and his face darkened as he looked at the woman in front of him.

The woman put her phone down triumphantly, not yet noticing the change in the man's expression, and was smiling while saying, "How's my evidence? Good enough? I'm sending it to you now; I was thinking of sending it to you along with those messages, but you were in a meeting at the time, and I was afraid that if you put it out directly in the meeting, it would be dangerous if some of your group heard it and leaked it."👁👁

Chapter 783 Pleased to Help You

She found Jared's WeChat and sent the recording over as she spoke.

Jared heard his phone vibrate and didn't take it out of his pocket, still staring at her intensely, "Danger? Do you still know danger?"

His tone was off.

Amber looked at him suspiciously and saw his grim expression; her smile slowly froze and finally disappeared, feeling a little uneasy, "What's wrong with you? That horrible look on your face, I didn't piss you off, did I?"

Jared sighed and removed the phone from her hand before grabbing her wrist and yanking her forward, wrapping her into his arms and hugging her very, very tightly, "Amber Reed, do you have any idea how dangerous this behaviour of yours is?"

This time, he was calling her by her full name.

He had been calling her by a nickname for the past few days, and Amber had gotten used to it.

When she heard him call her by full name, she was a little uncomfortable, and after a moment of bewilderment, she realized that he was angry with her for calling her that.

And she probably understood what he was angry about, none other than the recording she did.

Not that she shouldn't have recorded, of course, but that she had recorded with no regard for the danger she was in.

He was angry with her for not protecting herself appropriately.

After thinking this through, Amber's stiff body gradually softened, and she lifted her hand, hugging Jared back, knocking her chin on his shoulder and smiling back slightly, "I know, but don't worry, I'm fine here, aren't I?"

"Yes, you're fine now, but if something happens, will you still be able to talk properly in front of me?"

Jared held her out of his arms and stared at her, "Do you know how nervous and worried I was when I saw these messages you sent me after the meeting? I was worried that Sam Smith's men had found you out. That man, I know, is already a ruthless one; if he found out about you, he would not let you go; my heart was almost on the edge of my seat as I raced to the office. When I arrived at the office, I found the door was locked inside, and I didn't know whether you had locked it yourself or whether the man had done it, all I knew was that my hands were shaking when I opened the door, just in case I opened it and saw you in danger, and ..."

He didn't say the rest of the words, as if he was afraid to tell them or didn't want to.

But Amber understood the meaning; he was afraid to see her without breath, not alive and well.

It seemed that this time, it had scared him.

A flash of guilt rose in Amber's heart as well, and she hugged Jared, "I'm sorry; I should have ended the message I sent you by telling you that I was fine; I didn't think of that at the time and made you worry about me."

Jared stroked her hair, "Yeah, I was worried, but thankfully, what I saw when I opened the door was a good you."

Amber smiled anew, "The guy didn't spot me, to say the least; I was pretty lucky; I finished my cake and went to the bathroom to wash my hands; I was just about to go out after that when I heard a commotion outside. I thought it was you at first, but then I heard the man talking then I realized it wasn't you, but someone hostile to you. The man spoke to someone on the phone and said he was looking for some document; I knew I couldn't go out or be found out; otherwise, that person would turn against me. So, I stayed quietly in the bathroom with no intention of going out; I took out my phone and recorded it until he left. I locked the door to your office, just in case that person came back with a kill shot, to say the least; I was pretty grateful that person didn't look for another room. Otherwise, I would have been found out. "

After hearing Amber's description, Jared's heart contracted.

Although she described it plainly, as if what had happened had passed and she didn't care anymore, his face tightened when he heard about it.

She knew she would be in danger of going out then, so it could be imagined how scared she was to be alone in the bathroom.

Thinking about it, Jared gathered his arms and wrapped tighter around Amber again, so strong that he wanted to take Amber into his blood and bones; an emotional loss was hinted from his voice, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have left you alone in the office, back then, it scared you, didn't it?"

He should have insisted in the morning on not letting her come here.

If she hadn't come, she wouldn't have come across such a dangerous thing.

Although she had been lucky and happened to go to the bathroom at the time, what if she hadn't?

Or what if she had gone to the bathroom and had come straight out without hearing any movement outside?

Or what if the person hadn't just rummaged through his office area and all the rooms?

He couldn't imagine, nor did he dare to think about it.

Anyway, it was something he never wanted to experience a second time.

One such time had nearly driven him mad.

Amber didn't know what Jared was thinking, and when she heard his words, she bit her bottom lip slightly; a trace of fear flashed in her eyes, "Well, I was a bit shocked; it was the first time I'd ever encountered something like that, I was inexperienced so that I would have been scared for sure, but then I quickly calmed down, didn't let myself make a sound, nor did I go outside, and calmly recorded it on my phone, and finally locked the door behind me, which, to put it mildly, makes me feel pretty brave."

With that, she laughed.

Jared knew that she was laughing on purpose to tell him not to worry, that it was all behind her, and she was safe and sound now.

Jared stroked Amber's hair, his eyes so gentle that they seemed to melt, and his voice was much lower and huskier, "Well, you were brave and did well."

His office wasn't like this; it was initially an office with a bathroom and no other rooms.

Ben thought it was too monotonous and changed it for him.

At the time, it was too much trouble, and he didn't even want to convert it, but now, he was happy that Ben had insisted on converting his office.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have had anywhere to hide.

This time, he had Ben to thank for that too.

"So, are you still mad at me now?" Amber looked up at Jared.

Jared shook his head, "I'm not mad at you anymore; I'm only mad at myself that I didn't better keep my office guarded. No one in the whole Farrell Group would dare to trespass in my office, so I just ignored that someone would sneak in and, therefore, didn't put security around my own office."

"There's nothing to it." Amber shrugged her shoulders, "You're not a god; how would you anticipate this? If it were me, I wouldn't have thought that someone would dare to sneak into my office either."

Jared looked into the void behind her, his eyes narrowed slightly, the endless killing intent in them, "I'll give you an explanation for what you've been put through this time, and I won't spare any of these people."

Amber knew he was about to get serious with the person who had trespassed on his office and the person behind, and she didn't see anything wrong with it.

After all, this kind of business enemy who eats out of the company's pocket should be appropriately handled.

Otherwise, he would be the one in trouble in the end.

"You don't have to give me an account; it's your enemy; it's up to you to deal with it, though it's freaking me out; I'm happy about it," Amber said.

Jared wrinkled his brow, "Happy?"

He didn't understand; what was there to be happy about.

Amber nodded, "Yeah, happy, I'm happy that I can help you; all this time, I've had you helping me with things, I've never helped you, but this time I'm helping you, of course, I'm happy because I know that I can do something for you too."

Chapter 784 Love is In the Air

Jared's pupils shook slightly at her words, "You ..."

So, she was this happy just because she was doing something for him?

She was too easily satisfied!

An enormous warmth rose in Jared's heart, and he looked at her, his Adam's apple twitching slightly and voice low and husky, "Really so happy?"

"Yeah." Amber nodded, "Of course, I'm happy; this way, I know I'm not someone who can only let you help, but someone who can do the same in turn; it's called running both ways, isn't it?"

She looked into his ink-like eyes.

Jared's eyes darkened even more, "Running both ways ..."

Amber tilted her head, "What's wrong with that word?"

Jared shook his head, "No, it's nothing, well said, I like it."

Amber smiled, "The most passionate and sincere relationship is going both ways; in our current relationship, you've always given the most; I've seen it all. I've been thinking about how to make it up to you, but you don't lack anything nor need me to do anything, so I've always been helpless, but now, well, I finally have a chance to do something for you, which makes my heart, finally, a little more balanced."

She patted her chest, a happy look permeating her eyes.

Jared looked at her for a moment and then pinned her down on the couch with one hand.

Amber was startled and looked at the man on top of her with widened eyes, "Jared, you ..."

Before she could finish her sentence, the man captured her red lips.

"Mm ..." Amber grunted first, and the next second, the man's tongue pried open her teeth and dug in, taking her tongue with it in a communal dance.

Jared's kiss came suddenly, fiercely, and passionately.

Amber couldn't resist and was soon kissed to the point where she had little strength left, finally wrapping her arms around his neck and losing herself.

She probably knew why he was kissing her at this time; he was touched by what she had just said.

This man is like that; when the soft spot in his heart is poked, he will prove how excited and happy he is by his actions.

Indeed, words can't describe such a moving event, not even the feeling inside.

And to express it in practical terms is by far the most appropriate and the best way to let her know that he is happy.

Amber was amused that she had made this man so happy just because she had a recording and a few short sentences she said for him.

A thirty-year older man could be exceptionally sentimental at times.

Amber's hand around the man's neck tightened slightly.

Jared sensed her encouragement and kissed her with increasing devotion.

In time, the temperature in the office rose rapidly, and the air emitted flirty pink bubbles.

Without realizing how much time had passed, long enough for Jared to let go of Amber's lips and kiss Amber's neck, long enough for the clothes on Amber's body to become less and less, long enough for Jared to be left with only a thin shirt on him, when suddenly there was a knock on the office door.

The knock on the door was like a basin of cold water suddenly poured over them in the throes of lovemaking, which instantly brought them back to their senses.

Amber then remembered that Ben had gone to order lunch for them, and it was almost time for him to arrive; with a blush on her face, she immediately pushed the man on top of her away and sat up.

The man's eyes widened by her abrupt push and looked at her incredulously, obviously upset at what she had done.

Amber glared at him and gasped slightly, "Okay, stop it, it should be Ben; go get the door."

She said as she straightened her messy hair and picked up the clothes on the floor next to the couch, putting them on.

She knew that Jared had kissed her out of happiness, and as his girlfriend, she was willing to satisfy him.

But she started, obviously, with the idea of just kissing him and didn't intend to go any further.

The result was that Amber's expression was indescribable in the end, and he almost stripped off her clothes.

The sexiness of the man is harmful.

The man was moved by lust; his eyes were dark, cheeks slightly red, behaviour powerful, and whole-body exuded hormones that drove women crazy. She was just an ordinary woman and was naturally attracted to such a man and eventually became addicted.

So, at that moment, she was so carried away by Jared's sexiness that she forgot that this was an office and that someone would be coming later.

Luckily, they hadn't reached a critical point yet, but if they had, and someone suddenly knocked on the door, it would have been a sour feeling.

She was fine as a woman, but a man would be more damaged than she was and more prone to problems.

Amber's eyes felt burnt, and she hurriedly averted her gaze, her heart beating like thunder.

Nothing should be wrong, right?

Without knowing what was going through Amber's head as her eyes fidgeted, Jared bent down to pick up his tie and suit jacket from the floor.

He just put the jacket on without the tie.

Once dressed, he straightened his collar and cuffs while frowning and saying in a hushed tone, "He picks his time to come."

His tone was full of displeasure, clearly unhappy that Ben had arrived at this time.

After all, who would be happy to be suddenly interrupted when they were about to have sex?

Amber looked at his darkened, upset while handsome face, covered her lips with a smile, and stood on the couch and smoothed his hair, "Well, stop complaining; meet you tonight?"

Hearing this, Jared froze for a moment, then jerked his eyes up to look at her with a glint.

Amber's face burned even more, and she turned straight to the side before pushing him forward a little, "Well, get your ass to the door."

Jared knew she was shy and didn't ask if what she said was true.

After all, in his mind, if she could be shy, that meant that she did mean it.

The gloom on Jared's face instantly disappeared, and the mood around him went from cloudy to sunny, and he was in a perfect mood.

"Okay, I'll get the door." He walked briskly towards the front door, his pace carrying a breeze.

It was evident how happy her words had just made him?

Amber shook her head in mirth, then hurriedly got off the couch and sat down, taking a sip of the long-cooled black tea on the coffee table in front of her, moving gracefully and elegantly, as if the panicked look she'd had when she'd rushed to push Jared away when the knock on the door had sounded was an illusion.

Chapter 785 Seafood Feast

After all, an image is something you can't mess around with; it has to be kept up.

It's especially not something like that; it's even more important not to be noticed; otherwise, how embarrassing.

With that in mind, Amber pursed her lips again.

Over there, Jared arrived at the office door, grabbed the handle and turned it, unlocking the door.

The person outside the door was indeed Ben.

Ben smiled respectfully at Jared when he saw him and then lifted the oversized food box in his hand, "Mr. Farrell, your and Miss Reed's lunch has arrived."

Jared had now put away his excellent mood and faced Ben with another grim, dark face.

He gave Ben a cold sweep and said in an impatient voice, "Why are you so late?"

If this man had come a little earlier, he would not have interrupted him and Amber.

But this man had come not too early, not too late, just in time to spoil his day.

How could he make him look good?

Ben saw Jared snapping at him, while he was confused, blinking with a dumbfounded look, "I ... wasn't late; I brought your lunch over as soon as it arrived."

So, how can you call this late?

It hadn't been half an hour, had it?

It hadn't even been half an hour, and Mr. Farrell thought he was late, so he was treating him like a flash?

Ben felt a little aggrieved, but at the same time, something didn't feel right.

Mr. Farrell was not the kind of person who would say he was late for no reason.

But Mr. Farrell was saying that at this time.

There must be some particular reason for this.

What was it?

Ben looked suspiciously past Jared and saw behind him.

On the couch, Amber was sitting there, not far behind him, sipping her coffee elegantly but with an unnatural stiffness to the elegance.

It was as if she had done something wrong and was trying to conceal her panic and keep her composure.

After all, Miss Reed hadn't even looked towards him but kept her head down, which was not Miss Reed's usual style either, reinforcing that Miss Reed was being vain about something.

Ben couldn't tell exactly what was on her mind yet, so he turned his attention to Jared.

And noticing that Mr. Farrell's tie was missing, the collar of his shirt was crumpled as if someone had scratched it with their hands, and there was something red on Mr. Farrell's throat that looked like he had been bitten.

Wait, a bite?

Ben's eyes widened, and it all became clear at once.

No wonder Mr. Farrell said he was late and was black-faced at him.

He had come at the wrong time to disturb Mr. Farrell in the middle of something.

Ben was instantly embarrassed and asked with a strained smile, "Well, Mr. Farrell, this lunch ..."

"Put it in." Without looking at him, Jared turned and headed for the office.

Ben sighed and followed him in with his head down, knowing that Mr. Farrell didn't like him at the moment.

He didn't dare to look around on the way in for fear he might see something he shouldn't.

After all, these two had just been doing that in the office, and although he didn't know exactly how far it had gone, in case it was the last step, there must be something strange in that office.

So, he tried not to look around, lest he see something that got him sore eyes, neither of it worth getting scolded.

With that in mind, Ben took a deep breath and placed the food box on the coffee table before squeezing out a smile and saying to Jared and Amber, "Mr. Farrell, Miss Reed, lunch is here, enjoy yourselves."

Amber loosened her red lips and gave him a polite smile, "Okay, Ben, sorry for the trouble."

"Should've." Ben waved his hand to show that it was no trouble.

Jared took out his phone and operated it a few steps before instructing Ben, "I've just sent you a recording; listen to it when you go out; I believe you know how to handle it. I am not asking for much; I want Sam Smith and his people out of the Farrell Group; also, pay attention to Sam Smith when he gets out, buy back his shares, especially the one percent of the initial claims, and do not let him be cornered and resell to others!

Ben stopped thinking about some nonsense after hearing these words, and his expression became serious.

Although he did not know what kind of recording Mr. Farrell had sent to him, he said that he could directly kick Sam Smith out of the Farrell Group together with his men, so he guessed that the recording must be the decisive evidence to make Sam Smith unable to turn over a new leaf.

Although he didn't know where Mr. Farrell got it from, it didn't matter as long as it was helpful for him to get Sam Smith and his men out of the way.

"Yes, Mr. Farrell, I'll arrange everything and won't let you down," Ben replied severely.

Jared lifted his chin slightly and hummed, "I'll leave this matter to you; when we get the shares back from Sam Smith hands, throw him and his people all to jail for the crime of commercial espionage theft."

"Noted!" Ben answered again, then turned around and left.

After Ben left, Amber opened the food box and set out the sumptuous seafood feast inside, then poured two cups of black tea and handed one of them to Jared, "It's not advisable to drink alcohol when eating seafood, it's easy to get gout, so I'm using tea instead of alcohol, congratulations on your upcoming resolution of a group assholes."

She said with a smile.

Jared laughed lightly and took the black tea, "I'm the one who should be thanking you; you helped me get the decisive evidence to do it so quickly, or I would have wasted some more effort."

At the very least, it would take a while to find the evidence.

Amber heard the man's thanks and lifted her black tea to clink glasses with him, "In that case, I congratulate you, you thank me, and we celebrate together."

"Good," Jared responded gently and drank the black tea in one refreshing sip.

Finishing her tea, Amber sat down and urged, "Jared, sit down and eat; it's been so long; aren't you hungry?"

"Coming." Jared hooked his lips, walked to the seat opposite her, and sat down.

Amber couldn't wait to take a piece of the prawn and put it in her mouth.

The springy shrimp burst in her mouth, and the taste was terrific.

Amber's eyes narrowed in happiness, and she couldn't help but wiggle her little legs.

It was a habitual gesture; she liked to wiggle her legs whenever she ate something delicious or felt happy.

Jared was also aware of this little movement and felt it wiggling under the coffee table.

He bent down slightly, and his eyes darkened when he saw her wobbling two feet.

If it weren't the wrong occasion, he would have wanted to grab both of her feet, hold them in his lap, shackle them, and touch them fiercely.

They were so cute and should be caressed and loved by him.

"Is it that good?" Jared asked without looking any further, bringing his gaze back to Amber.

He was afraid he wouldn't be able to hold back if he looked any longer.

Otherwise, she should kick him.

Amber didn't know what was going through the man's mind for the hundredth time; she repeatedly nodded, "Of course, it's delicious; I haven't gorged on seafood so happily in a long time."

Firstly, she was too busy with all the problems since she took over Goldstone Co. to eat and play.

The second thing was that it wasn't much fun for her to go alone, and Cole and the others were too busy to spend much time with her.

So over time, she gradually had regrets in her heart.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 786 Crack the Crab for You

Jared could tell from her expression that Amber was upset, so peeling the shell off, he put a shrimp on her plate and said, "You haven't had seafood for a long time. Just help yourself and enjoy the food. From now on, if you want someone to eat seafood with you, I will be the one, at any time you like."

What Jared said moved Amber, and she nodded with a smile on her face. "I see. Don't you break your promise when you are busy."

"I won't," Jared said, shaking his head, "I will eat with you even if I am working on files or holding a meeting if you think that's alright for you."

"What?" Hearing his description, Amber couldn't help but laugh. "How can you eat seafood with me when you are working on files or holding a meeting. You are kidding me." She found it amusing to imagine Jared sitting in the meeting room with a plate of seafood on his desk, peeling the shell of the

shrimp, yet continuing to talk about the topic of the meeting to hundreds of employees below. How ridiculous!

Amber laughed so hard that her face turned red, and Jared reminded her, "Hey, I know it's funny but don't laugh so hard or you will be choked on your laugh."

Amber nodded, "Okay, okay." Then she took in a deep breath to calm herself down.

Picking a crab and putting it on his plate, Jared said, "Do you feel happier now?"

Raising her eyebrow, Amber said, "So what you said about eating seafood at a meeting was to make me happy?"

"Yeah." Jared put on gloves and opened a box with crab-cracking tools in it.

Amber was touched and she said, "I am happier for sure. Your joke is so amusing and I have laughed so hard. But I have never expected you to coax me."

"You are my lover and I want you to be happy for sure or who do you expect me to coax?" Jared glanced at her and said softly before lowering his head to crack the crab.

It was the first time Amber saw Jared cracking a crab. It was hard work and often ended up in a mess. Many celebrities in the entertainment business even considered it something vulgar. So, the crabs they ate were already cracked and prepared by others, and in this way, they would save themselves from the labor and the risk of being vulgar which would possibly make them laughingstocks.

Even Amber, when she was invited to dine, would not crack the crab herself; only when she was eating on her own or with Cole would she do it. Therefore, she thought Jared would not do this kind of work. But it turned out he was doing it right now and even doing it in such a clean manner that Amber thought it nearly graceful. She couldn't help but fix her eyes on him.

It was incredible that Jared could do something so elegantly, which celebrities in the show business would give up without hesitation. The expression in Amber's eyes turned into admiration.

Knowing Amber was staring at him, Jared raised his head to look at her. Noticing the admiration in her eyes, he was secretly pleased but didn't say anything and kept handling the crab with a faster movement. A few minutes later, the big crab was taken apart with all the meat and roe being stacked into the shell of its head. The shell was filled with yellow roe and white meat, and it looked so delicious that nobody could resist the temptation to scoop up a spoonful of the meat and have a tasty mouthful. That must be a bite of delicacy.

Amber swallowed at the tempting crab but managed to look away from it; if she kept staring at it, she was afraid she would grab the crab onto her plate and finish it, so she decided to crack one herself.

Just when she put down the chopsticks and was about to take a crab, Jared put the shell filled with roe and meat on her plate.

Struck by surprise, Amber first looked at the delicacy on her plate then turned to look at Jared with her mouth open, and she asked disbelievingly, "Is this...Can I eat this?"

Jared was cleaning his hand with tissues while he smiled at her and said, "This is prepared for you."

Amber's eyes widened. "For...me? Really?"

"Of course," Jared answered, nodding, "Give it a try or it will not taste so good when it turns cold."

Amber was reassured that this crab was especially cracked for her and she can have all of it. She had been thinking of stealing his crab and it never occurred to her he was cracking the crab for her. Greatly moved, Amber's expression became soft and gentle and she said, "Thank you."

Jared sipped on the black tea and said, "It's just a crab. Try it. But eating too much crab is not good for health, you'd better stop after finishing this one."

"Okay." Amber nodded, happiness written large on her face.

Jared put down the black tea, took up the chopsticks, and also started to eat. Seeing the happiness on Amber's face filled Jared's heart with pleasure. Though the crab was not cooked by him, he was satisfied to see Amber eating the crab cracked by him joyfully, and he felt content with Amber's recognition.

"Oh, by the way, Jared, I am wondering how can you crack the crab in such a clean way?" The question popped up in Amber's mind, so she asked Jared curiously. She didn't think Jared was the type of person who would know how to crack a crab and he didn't even need to do this by himself – others would prepare for him. It turned out he not only knew how to do it but also could do it in a professional way. His movement was clean and neat, which could only be mastered after lots of practice. This was not his way.

Jared was cutting an abalone from a dish with knife and fork while he smiled and said to Amber, "I have learned it specially."

"Why will you learn how to crack a crab?" Amber was bewildered. "This is not a necessary skill and it couldn't help you with your career." Amber thought what Jared learned would be professional skills for the elite rather than something strange like how to open a crab. Even though he was learning how to cook, it didn't mean he should know how to handle the crab. These two things seemed irrelevant to her.

After finishing the abalone, Jared put down the cutlery and wiped his mouth when he said, "Yeah, you're right. It will not help me with my career, but it will help me in our relationship." Saying this, Jared dropped his eyes on Amber, and she could feel the love hidden behind his gentleness.

"Are you making fun of me?" Amber felt her ears hot at the passionate expression in Jared's eyes and she couldn't help but lower her head to shy away from the eye contact.

"No, I am serious. I try to learn about your hobbies and the skills relevant to them, so one day I can help you or have the chance to chat with you about the things you like. I have learned how to open a crab because I know you like eating seafood. So, when we are eating seafood together, I will have the chance to crack the crab for you, and you can enjoy the best part of it without much effort."

"I see." Amber was greatly touched and her voice was quivering. In fact, she had known Jared must do many things for her without telling her. But she didn't expect he would learn to do such a trifle yet tedious thing just for her. Amber was so moved that she didn't know what to say.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 787 Flipped

Amber thought it was not her fault that she would fall in love with Jared again. He not only knew about all her habits but also tried to learn more about them so he could prepare surprises for her. His considerate attitude really enchanted her. Perhaps not only her but every woman will be moved by his thoughtfulness.

Woman is considered to be more sensitive to emotions and if there was a man who would think about her and do many things for her, she would fall for him despite herself.

But Jared did even better than most men. Many of them, though they would express their love by words, would never turn the words into action and would even get tired of their lovers at the end. But Jared, though being a big shot, would still try to learn something new just for Amber. Realizing this filled Amber's heart with happiness, she scooped up the meat, handed it to Jared, and said, "Here, try some."

Jared paused for a moment but then he realized what was going on, and he asked humorously, "What? You want to feed me with the spoon?"

"Of course." Amber nodded.

Jared laughed and he waved the spoon away gently, saying, "Thanks, but it's all for you."

"Hey," Amber frowned and said unhappily, "I know you mean to give it all to me but I also want you to try it. You won't be happy if I rejected you when you offer me the crab so it is the same for me. Besides, cracking the crab is tough work, and it will be meaningless if you don't eat it. You give the crab to me so I will be the one to decide who can eat it. Come on, or I will be angry." In the end, she even tried to threaten him.

Amber's expression was so serious that Jared couldn't help but laugh. He nodded and said, "Okay." After all, it was because she was concerned about him that she insisted he eat it, and he wouldn't let her down. So, he leaned toward Amber and ate the meat in the spoon.

Amber was satisfied and took her hand back, asking smilingly, "Is it delicious?"

"Good," Jared swallowed down the meat and said, "I think it is because you fed me with the spoon that it tastes even better."

Amber blushed at his word since she didn't expect him to make fun of her, and she retorted, "Hey, stop it." While Jared laughed heartily at her shyness.

It was not until an hour later that they finished lunch, and Jared called his secretary to clean the table. The secretary was deft and left at once after cleaning, with which Jared was content.

Jared then turned to look at Amber who was lying on the sofa lazily. She felt warm and soft with her stomach full, and she didn't want to move at all but crouched on the sofa, like a cat bathing in the afternoon sun. Though Jared thought her quite cute, he grabbed her hand and reminded her, "Don't lie down just after lunch. You should walk around."

"But I don't want to." Amber rejected and was staring at Jared with her big watery eyes. "Don't pull at me. I don't want to get up. Just let me lie down on here. Please, darling." Then blinking at him with her puppy eyes, Amber wanted to withdraw her hand from his.

Jared was softened at her expression and let go of her involuntarily, while Amber immediately turned to grab a cushion and changed a position to lie more cozily. After realizing what he had done, Jared was surprised at himself. How could he be enchanted by her cuteness and give in so easily?

Jared fell into a short silence and began to doubt himself. "When do I become so softhearted? Am I weak in determination? No, it shouldn't be. I am a man of firmness but I will only compromise to her." He believed he would be persistent if he was with others, but when facing her and her puppy eyes, he would give in without hesitation.

Jared looked at Amber, who was lying comfortably and was about to have a nap, and understood that he simply couldn't do anything with her, then he sighed in his mind. "Well, just let her sleep. It will not hurt the stomach even if she does this once or twice. I will stop her the next time." So, taking out a blanket, Jared tucked Amber in and said, "Have a nap. I need to work on the files and then we can go home together in the afternoon."

"Okay." Hugging the cushion, Amber nodded with her eyes closed.

Jared was a bit upset since Amber didn't even look at him. She should at least take a look at him when he was speaking. But soon he found he couldn't be mad at her because she was the one who he cherished so much. Thinking of this, Jared shook his head with an expression of happiness on his face.

Before leaving, Jared bent down and kissed Amber gently on her face. This time, Amber opened her eyes immediately, exclaiming, "Hey!" She was about to complain when Jared ruffled her hair and said, "Have a nice dream. I should go to work."

Walking back to his seat, Jared didn't sit down directly but looked at the sofa where Amber was still sitting with her hand covering her face. Jared chuckled and began to read the files.

He used to be impatient when he was working on the files and would make a noise when flipping the papers. But since Amber was staying with her, he tried to be good-tempered, so this time, he kept his movement gentle when reading the files. If Ben, Jared's assistant, was here, he must be moved to tears by the unusual gentleness of Jared.

Amber had intended to take a short nap but it turned out she had fallen into a deep sleep. In fact, she had almost been sleeping for the whole day; she had been sleeping the whole morning. After lunch, she turned to have a nap but hadn't been awake until the night fell. When she finally woke up, she found herself not in the Farrell Group but in the room of her house in Kelsington Bay. It was Jared who didn't wake her up when he finished the work but directly carried her home.

Feeling dizzy from the sleep, Amber sat up from the bed and began to rub her head while mumbling, "Stupid Jared. Doesn't he feel tired when carrying me?" Though she seemed to be complaining about him, she was delighted deep in her heart since she knew it was his considerateness that stopped him from waking her up.

But where was he? Amber put down her hands and looked around: The lamplight gave off dim yellow light and the bedroom door was left open while out in the parlor, the room was bright with white lights.

Amber thought he might be in the parlor. So, without a second thought, Amber threw back the covers, put on her slippers, and went out of the bedroom. Then, she spotted Jared squatting before the washing

machine blankly. It was funny to see such a tall and large man squatting before a washing machine with an expression of disbelief on his face, so Amber chuckled helplessly.

Jared turned around at her laughter and the serious expression on his face disappeared at the sight of her. Then, he rose up and walked to her, saying, "You're awake."???

Chapter 788 A Call from Logan

"Yeah, just awake." Amber nodded.

She was dizzy and limp since she slept too long in the daytime, and she couldn't even walk steadily. Frowning at this, Jared quickly walked to Amber, put his arm around her shoulders so that she could lean on him, and looked down at her concernedly, asking, "Are you okay? What ails you?"

"Nothing," Amber answered with a smile, "I am still dizzy from sleeping. I think it will be better if I rest for a while."

Though she said so, Jared was still worrying and didn't feel relieved until he put his hand on her forehead to make sure it wasn't a fever.

"I have told you not to lie down but walk around, haven't I? It was you who insisted to lie on the sofa." Jared flicked her forehead warningly.

Covering her forehead with her hands, Amber smiled and said, "Okay, it's all my fault. But the seafood is so delicious and I am too well-fed that I am lazy to move around. I won't do that again."

"Oh, don't you ever think about it," Jared grumbled. "I will remind you the next time. Sit down on the sofa and have a rest and when you feel better, we can have dinner."

"Sure." Amber nodded.

Jared helped her to the sofa and got her a glass of water. Amber took a sip and she could feel the warm water running from her throat all the way down to her stomach. Then, the warmth dispersed from the stomach to the whole body, which made her feel better.

"Oh, wait, Jared. Why did you squat in front of the washing machine just now?" Amber pointed at the washing machine and asked.

There was a glint of embarrassment in Jared's eyes, but he answered calmly, "I was preparing to wash the clothes."

"Why, you just put the clothes into the machine and switch it on. Why would you squat in front of it?" Amber was bewildered.

Jared knew he had to tell the truth or she would keep asking. So, clearing his throat, he said, "Well, I have searched on the Internet and it seems like the washing machine should be spinning while it is washing clothes. But I didn't see it spinning after waiting for a long time. I think the machine must be broken."

Twitching the corner of her mouth, Amber retorted, "Are you sure? Does it ever occur to you that it is not working because you don't know how to use it?"

The room suddenly fell into a dead silence.

After a while, Amber covered her mouth and laughed happily, "I think it is because you don't know how to use it."

Still embarrassed, Jared had to admit, "Well...I have never used it before."

"I see." Amber didn't make fun of him but patted him on his shoulders. She knew that his clothes will be handled by the housekeeper while expensive clothes will be maintained by their designers and unnecessary clothes will be thrown away. It turned out he didn't really need a washing machine so she could understand why he didn't know how to use it.

"Sorry, I think sometimes I am just an idiot," Jared said, rubbing his eyebrows. He thought himself an idiot without some basic common knowledge.

But Amber said smilingly, "Hey, don't say that. You are the smartest person I have ever met. If you are so clumsy as you said, how can you be so successful and make such a large fortune? It is because you are rich that you can hire others to take care of the housework and that's the dream life of most people. So, don't you ever say yourself an idiot. You can earn money. You know how to cook. And, hey, you know how to crack a crab. I don't think there is any successful businessman who knows so many skills and can take care of his career and family at the same time. So, cheer up, you are the best."

Jared's ears turned red at Amber's compliments and he had forgotten all about the embarrassment.

Pressing his lips together, he gave out a cough as if to hide his shyness and he said in a low voice, "Yeah, I get you. Just stop it. You must be hungry. I will go get the dishes for you." Then, he walked to the kitchen, steering by the sofa.

Watching him walking away, Amber raised her eyebrow. It is such a pity that he escaped from her since it would be so rare for Amber to see him being shy. Shaking her head at her ridiculous thought, Amber came to the washing machine. She had to check on the machine because she was afraid that Jared, who didn't know how to use it, had actually broken it.

Opening it, Amber first looked at the clothes inside the machine, which were all hers and had been in there for three days. She had prepared to clean them yesterday but when she heard the bad news that Jared had a car accident, she went to him immediately, forgetting all about the laundry.

It turned out that Jared spotted the clothes and wanted to help her with the laundry. Amber smiled and thought, "Well, is Jared going to take on all the housework for me?"

Then she began to figure out why Jared said the machine wasn't spinning and finally she found that Jared didn't switch on the bottom to let in the water. The machine wouldn't start working without water in it. After a while, she also found that he didn't even add laundry detergent. What was he thinking? He must have expected that doing laundry was to throw the clothes into the washing machine and all was done.

Amber sighed, switched on the button, and added detergent and laundry beads before going back to the sofa and opening the television.

Not long after opening the television, Amber's phone rang.

Amber took it directly without looking at the screen. "Hello, this is Amber."

"Hey, Amber! Wait, wait, no, sister-in-law!" The person on the other side of the phone said in a loud voice which shocked Amber.

Who was this guy? Why would he call her sister-in-law?

Amber frowned and she thought the person must have called the wrong number. But when she was about to hang up, she glanced at the screen and saw it was from Logan. She was surprised since Logan had gone abroad for a competition for two or three months, and he didn't contact her since then, while she didn't hear others mention him either.

At first, she thought she didn't recognize him because she had not seen him for so long and had forgotten about his voice but then she realized it was because Logan was at the age of puberty and his voice was also changing. When he went abroad, his voice was still hoarse but it sounded brisker and more pleasant. So, no wonder she didn't recognize him at the beginning.

Amber put the phone back to her ear and said, "What are you talking about, Logan? I am not your sister-in-law."

While on the other side of the phone, Logan was resting in the changing room just after the semi-final. He sprawled on the bench, wearing a loose basketball jersey with a towel around his neck, and was now wiping the sweat on his face with one hand while holding the phone with the other. His face, which had been round and innocent, now became hard and angular. The muscles on his arms and legs were firmed up and he looked much stronger than before. He was growing up from a boy into a man.

Logan grinned happily with excitement written large on his face, and he said, "Stop distracting me. I know you have been together with my brother again. So, you are my sister-in-law undoubtedly."

Amber could tell Logan must be quite satisfied with his witty response and she couldn't help but roll her eyes. "Well, when I was your brother's wife, you never called me sister-in-law. Now we are together again after the divorce and you become so active this time. What's wrong with you?"

Logan knew Amber was taunting him but he didn't get mad. If it had been months ago, he must feel his self-esteem being offended and would certainly lose his temper since he had always been doted by others and would never control his bad temper. However, after entering society, he became more mature and more tolerant.

So, he responded to the taunt with good-natured laughter and said, "Oh, you still remember that, my dear sister-in-law. You should know that I was deceived by Makenna by then."??????

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 789 Logan Felt Guilty

If Makenna hadn't deceived him, Logan wouldn't mistake Amber for the other woman between his brother and Makenna and wouldn't hate Amber so much before then.

Though he used to be bad-tempered, he knew Amber had been kind to him in the past six years. But he had told himself to ignore Amber's kindness because he thought Amber was his brother's mistress. Therefore, he had been treating her with bad manners. Only in this way could he remind himself that

Amber was a home-wrecker who ruined the happiness of Makenna and his brother and he must not be softened by her kindness.

The reason why Logan hated this kind of person so much was that his mother, though a little bit different, was a mistress of his father. So, when he was a child, people around him condemned his mother as a mistress and also called him a bastard, which made him angry but he could do nothing to stop them. It was because of his mother's disrepute that people always laughed at him and they also picked on his parents, saying his mother was a vulgar woman who was in luck for being the mistress of Farrell while Mr. Farrell was a moron who didn't choose those elegant ladies of noble names but fell in love with a barbarous woman. All these rumors hurt him like a sharp knife and distorted his young mind, so he became even more rebellious in his adolescence to hide his feeling of inferiority.

In the past six years, he treated Amber appallingly and, because he hated Amber for destructing the relationship between Makenna and his brother and he was afraid that people would laugh at his brother for marrying a mistress, just like his father. In this way, he hoped to warn Amber to give up the engagement between Jared and her and stay away from the Farrells.

But only after Amber left did Logan come to realize that Amber was not the other woman but the one who his brother truly loved, while Makenna was the mistress, the one who tried to break up the relationship between Jared and Amber. When he finally found out that it was he himself who helped the mistress to drive away his brother's true love, he was overwhelmed by the feeling of guilt.

He had wanted to apologize to Amber ever since then but his vanity had stopped him and he was also afraid that Amber wouldn't forgive him. Therefore, he didn't screw up his courage to visit Amber and apologize even when it was time for him to go abroad for the U17 competition. While Logan took it as a chance to escape from the Olkmore City, thus escaping from the apology and the guilt in his heart, so he packed up and went abroad at once. However, when he did escape, he felt even more guilty and he started to loathe himself as a chicken who didn't have the courage to apologize.

But fortunately, after months of competition, he got to know different people and grew more mature after many failures. He finally made up his mind to call Amber and this time he would sincerely apologize to her. Thinking of this, Logan clenched his fist to encourage himself.

As if knowing what he was thinking about, Amber sneered and said, "You can't use it as a justification for what you have done to me."

Logan couldn't deny it. He was deceived by Makenna because he believed her so easily and he should be blamed for what he had done since he did that of his own will. There was no justification and he was guilty in the end.

Logan fell into silence and his breath became heavy from the condemnation, while Amber said coolly, "What? Feeling upset?"

"A little bit. But I know I deserve it." Logan admitted. Though he was just seventeen years old, Logan was very tall perhaps for the reason of playing basketball, and with his height of 1.9 meters, he was 2 centimeters taller than Jared. He was large and tall when sitting on the bench, but the timorous expression on his face was so opposite from his huge figure that made him ridiculous.

There was a glint of surprise in Amber's eyes, and she said smilingly, "Look at you, Logan. A lot more agreeable than before."

Though she didn't meet him in person, she could tell Logan had changed a lot. Logan used to be ill-tempered and sensitive, and his pride was so strong that he couldn't bear any criticism or sarcasm. He would have been as mad as hell once he heard anything bad about him. The expression in his eyes had always been cold and the tone of his speech always sharp. Though she didn't know whether his expression was cold or not, his manner of speaking definitely changed, which was no longer sharp but patient and gentle, and he didn't even angry even if she picked on him just now. He really had changed and changed a lot. Amber wondered what had happened to Logan in the past few months.

What Amber said about him becoming more agreeable cheered Logan up, he asked joyfully with a simper on his face, "Amber, does it mean we can be friends again?"

Amber sneered and said, "What are you talking about? I haven't forgiven you yet. If you want to be my friend, at least you should prove yourself." She wouldn't change her attitude just because Logan became a bit different.

Logan sighed dejectedly and said, "Oh, I thought you forgave me."

"Don't be silly," Amber answered coldly.

Logan pouted unhappily and asked, "Why can't you forgive me, Amber? You have accepted my brother so you must have forgiven what he did. But why..."

"Hey, stop it," Amber frowned and interrupted him, "How can you compare yourself to your brother? You don't know what he has done for me these months. I can forgive him and accept him again not because of his sweet talk but because of his actions. What about you? You haven't done anything to apologize and you want me to forgive you. You must be daydreaming."

Logan could only answer dejectedly, "I...yeah...I take it for granted. I am sorry." He did take it for granted that Amber would forgive him because he was Jared's brother and she loved Jared. Besides, he had thought since she had forgiven his brother, she would forgive him easily. But he had never thought of his brother's efforts to win back Amber's heart. Though Amber didn't say too much about it, Logan could tell from her serious tone that Jared had done many things for Amber to forgive him and accept him. Logan knew compared to what his brother had done, it was shameless for him to ask for Amber's forgiveness without an apology.

Rubbing her temples, Amber said, "Logan, just go straight to the point. Why are you calling me?"

Logan answered, "Nothing important. Well, I have been busy with training and competition these months and my phone was taken away as required, so I have no chance to know you are with my brother again. In fact, I have just heard about it when I took back my phone after the competition, and I am happy about this news so I just want to talk to you and offer my congratulation."

Chapter 790 The Boy Had Grown Up

Logan laughed and continued, "So are you happy, my dear sister-in-law?"

Amber couldn't help but retort, "Why should I be happy only because you call me? Who do you think you are? My sweetheart?"

Logan answered in a loud voice, "Well, I am not your sweetheart, but I am your brother-in-law."

Amber retorted, "But I don't remember I have a brother. Don't you pretend to be my folk."

Logan exclaimed hastily, "What? No, I am not pretending! You are my brother's wife, so I should be your brother-in-law!"

Hearing Logan explaining anxiously amused Amber, and she said, "Okay, my bad, just calm down. By the way, why do you call me rather than your brother once you get the phone? Your brother will be sad if he knows this."

Logan pouted and said, "Oh, I am one hundred percent sure that he will not be sad. Besides, we don't have much to talk about. Every time I call him, he will ask me about my schoolwork. I am afraid of him. He is too strict, nearly a demon to me."

Amber squinted her eyes and chuckled. "A demon? So now you are talking something bad about him, right? You are doomed, Logan."

"What?" Logan paused, a sense of foreboding taking his heart.

Amber took the phone away from her ear and yelled to the direction of the kitchen, "Jared, your brother has called me and he said you were a demon."

"Shit!" Logan stood up from the bench at Amber's word. He was so shocked that his face turned pale and he thought, "Oh my god, Jared is staying with Amber. How can she tell Jared about what I said? God! I am doomed!"

While Logan was feeling uneasy, he heard Jared's voice through the phone. "What? I am a demon?" Though small, it was Jared's voice indeed. Knowing the fact that his brother was staying with Amber made Logan sweat.

As if she knew Logan was frightened, Amber looked at Jared, who was holding the dishes and walking toward her, put the phone back to her ear, and asked smilingly, "Logan, your brother was here. Would you like to talk to him?"

"No...no...please. I mean...I am busy. I have to train for the final. So, I think it's about time to say goodbye. We can have a talk later maybe. Wish you a happy night with my brother, bye!" Shaking his head, Logan rejected hastily.

But when he was about to hang up the phone, Logan remembered something, something he had to do. There was an expression of guilty in his eyes and he flushed at the feeling of embarrassment, but finally, he managed to speak in a low voice, "I am sorry, Amber, for what I have done to you before. I apologize."

Once he finished, Logan hung up the phone as soon as possible. Though his heart was pounding fast, he breathed a sigh of relief. Finally, he managed to apologize. He didn't know whether Amber would forgive him or not, but at least he had apologized and shown his sincerity. If she still wouldn't forgive him, when he returned home after the competition, he would use his action to move her and do

something for her so that she would forgive him just like what his brother had done, and realizing this eased the sense of guilt in Logan's heart.

"Logan, it's time for training. The coach is calling you." One of Logan's teammates came to the lounge, knocking on the door to remind him.

"Yeah, I am coming." Putting his phone away, Logan smiled at his teammate, threw away the towel around his neck, and left for the training ground with his teammate shoulder by shoulder.

Back in Kelsington Bay, Amber was half surprised and half amused that Logan was so afraid of Jared that when he heard about speaking to Jared, he hung up the phone immediately. But what truly surprised her was the apology from Logan. She knew Logan was apologizing for what he had done to her in the past six years. Born with a noble name, Logan had been living a privileged life so he had grown to be overly proud. Even if he did something wrong, he would never apologize and never be blamed, but it would be the victim to apologize to him. So, it was a great surprise that Logan actually apologized to her, which was quite gratifying since it proved that the boy had really grown up!

"What did you say? I am a demon?" While Amber was still thinking about Logan, Jared had come to her and put dinner on the table. Staring straight, he looked at her unpleasantly, since he mistook Amber for calling him a demon.

Amber knew his thought at the sight of his angry expression, so she had to explain, "Hey, it wasn't me. It was your brother."

"Logan?" Jared frowned.

Amber nodded. "Your brother called me just now, and when we talked about you, I asked him whether he would like to talk to you. Guess what? He said you were a demon and he won't listen to a demon, then he hung up." Amber just told him exactly what happened.

Jared's face sunken at her words. "He said I was a demon?"

"Yeah," Amber answered, "He also said that every time you called him, you would ask him about his schoolwork. You know he doesn't like studying. No wonder you are a demon to him." Amber began to make fun of him.

While Jared pinched on her cheek gently and asked, "You think this is funny?"

Amber nodded with her eyes glinting, "It's just so amusing. It's my first-time hearing somebody calling you a demon."

Jared could do nothing but flicked on her forehead. If others dared to laugh at him, they would certainly be in trouble. But Jared had always been patient to Amber.

"Okay, stop laughing and have some dinner. Aren't you hungry?" Jared pushed the dishes toward her, then said, "As for Logan, he will pay for what he said."

"What are you going to do?" Taking up the chopsticks, Amber asked.

Jared's eyes squinted dangerously and he said, "I will send him several workbooks and test papers and I will tell his coach to watch over him. He is about to play in the final soon and he will be back next week.

Once he comes back, I will check on the workbooks and papers, and if he doesn't finish, he will have to quit playing basketball."

Amber gasped, and gave him a sign of thumbs-up, saying, "Demon!"

She even began to feel sorry for Logan and she thought, "Is it possible to finish so many workbooks and test papers in a week? Well, if there is someone who can do it, it will never be Logan. That kid is weak in learning after all." What a terrible punishment for Logan. So, what other businessmen said about Jared was right: He was mean and merciless, the Death in business. He could be so strict even to his brother, so no wonder he was so terrifying to others.

Jared chuckled at Amber's comment, and said, "It will do Logan no harm. By the way, why did he call you."

Amber took a sip of the warm soup and said, "It's no big deal. He said he knew our rapprochement and came to congratulate."

Jared nodded and said, "Well, don't talk to him too much."

"Why?" Amber was bewildered.

Pressing his lips into a line, Jared said, "Because he is a guy."

Amber was rendered speechless and after a while, she finally managed to say, "You can't be serious, Jared. He's just a kid and he's your brother! How can you be jealous? Come on."

Looking into her eyes, Jared repeated, "But he's a guy."

Amber didn't know what to say.