

LLPD Chapter 881

Chapter 881 The Worst One

Speaking of which, Jared's hand on the steering wheel clenched even harder.

Amber could see the ridges of veins on the back of his hand.

"Actually, my parents never slept with each other." Jared said something amazing.

Amber covered her mouth in surprise, "No way!"

"It's true." Jared nodded without expression, "My mother wrote it herself in her diary. She had always had a penchant for keeping a diary. My mother did not love my father, so of course she could not accept him, and my father was too proud to force such a thing. Therefore, after they got married, although they lived in the same house, one of them lived in the master bedroom and the other one in a modified cloakroom. They never slept with each other, and of course it was impossible to have me. But their mission was to produce an heir to the Farrell family, so they went through IVF behind everyone's back and had me."

Apparently, what Jared said came as a shock to her.

"Did The old Mrs. Farrell know about it?" Amber asked.

Jared shook his head, "She didn't know, and I didn't even know I was born this way until I read my mother's diary."

Amber put her hand on the back of Jared's hand and looked at him lovingly.

Yes, lovingly.

He was not born by a loving union of parents, as was the case with ordinary children, but by a mission, by man.

It was as if he was born, not as expected by his parents, but as a tool for his parents to accomplish their tasks.

"Jared..." Amber's voice was broken. She wanted to comfort him, but she didn't know how.

She was afraid that she might strike a sensitive spot in his heart.

Jared saw what Amber was struggling with and took Amber's hand behind his and let out a chuckle, "Come on, they didn't want me to be their child, but they did what they were supposed to do. They didn't turn their backs on me just because of how I was born. On the contrary, they love me very much, so I did not lack care in my childhood."

Her mother was kind to her when she was alive. Even after his mother died, Shonna appeared to give him a mother's love.

His father's attitude toward him didn't change just because he married his stepmother.

So, he didn't see anything sad about the way he was born.

She could tell that he was telling the truth and that he wasn't just trying to reassure her.

Amber breathed with relief, "That's good."

She nodded, then added, "Your mother did this for Connor Stockert, didn't she?"

She remained chaste for Connor Stockert.

Jared nodded, "Yes, my mother wrote in her diary that she had a deal with Connor Stockert. She would marry my father, produce an heir to the Farrell family, and then, when the heir was old enough to understand her desire to pursue her own relationship, she would find reasons to divorce my father and get back together with Connor Stockert. And my mother had already told Connor Stockert that she would produce a Farrell heir through IVF, that she would have nothing to do with my father, that she would remain chaste for him, and that she expected Connor Stockert to do the same."

"Did Connor Stockert say yes?" Amber looked at him and asked.

But as soon as the question came up, she realized how superfluous she had been.

If Connor Stockert had said yes, there would have been no Alice Stockert.

"My mother wrote in her diary that Connor Stockert agreed, and that they would remain chaste for each other until my mother left the Farrell family and got back together again. I still remember the joy and excitement of my mother's words that I read in the journal, but..."

Jared suddenly looked a lot colder.

Amber gently squeezed his hand, "But though Connor Stockert said yes, he betrayed your mother and had Alice Stockert. So, when you were in the police station, and you heard that Alice Stockert was Connor Stockert's illegitimate daughter, and that she was only three years younger than you, you were so wrong and so angry."

Jared was noncommittal. His eyes were full of storm, "Yeah, that's exactly what made me angry. My mother was chaste for Ten years for Connor Stockert, who betrayed their promise three years into the bargain. He fathered an illegitimate daughter and kept it a secret until now. And my mother died without knowing that the man she loved had betrayed her, probably from the beginning, even before she married my father, while they were still together!"

Amber had nothing to say about it.

Because a lot of men were like this. They said they loved you, but they slept with other women.

That kind of guy might think that their love for you didn't conflict with their sleeping with other women. There were even some shameless men who would say, "I gave my body to another, but my heart to you."

Disgusting!

Connor Stockert might be one of those guys.

Amber's eyes flashed with disgust, "Sorry for your mother, she never knew the man she loved was like this."

If he could not keep it, he should not make such an agreement with a woman.

All he did was sound hypocritical.

Now, she was taking back her belief that Connor Stockert didn't have to stick around for Jared's mom because she was married.

Jared's mother remained chaste for Connor Stockert throughout her life, so that she could give Connor Stockert a clean, intact self.

Connor Stockert, meanwhile, cheated on Jared's mother with another woman and fathered a child out of wedlock.

She felt really bad for Jared's mom.

No wonder Jared's mom killed herself.

At first, she couldn't figure out why Jared's mother would kill herself or how she could do it.

Jared's mother fell in love with Connor Stockert and eventually broke up to marry Jared's father, which made it perfectly normal for Connor Stockert to marry other women.

Now she knew that there was a secret agreement between the two of them.

Jared's mother had been following through on a deal to divorce and return to Connor Stockert.

Connor Stockert cheated on Jared's mother many years ago and said he was going to get married in the process of Jared's mother divorcing his father.

Jared's mother had waited so long, so long for hope, to hear such desperate news. How could she not fall apart?

Ten years of faith, ten years of persistence, but was destroyed by her lover. So, she couldn't take it and killed herself.

Maybe by then, Jared's mother had realized that her 10 years of waiting was a joke, but she couldn't go back and she couldn't move forward, so she ended up taking her own life.

She was really a poor soul.

Amber took a long, sad breath at this thought, "Connor Stockert is indirectly responsible for your mother's death. He, too, was a murderer. He should not have promised you mother, and should not have betrayed her, twice, once by fathering an illegitimate daughter, Alice Stockert, and once by marrying another woman. Even though her death eventually led Connor Stockert to call off the engagement, she was never coming back. He gave your mother hope, and then he ruined it. He..."

"He deserved to die!" Jared cut her off and squeezed out three words full of endless chill.

Amber nodded, "You're right. Philanderers are the worst."

She didn't know how Connor Stockert felt about Jared's mother right now.

He might or might not have feelings for her.

But even if he did, it was just gross.

Chapter 882 Don't Betray Me

"I'm at fault, too."

Suddenly, Jared unbuckled his seat belt, wrapped Amber sideways around him, puts his chin on Amber's shoulder, and his voice was filled with remorse. "If I had found out at an early age that Connor Stockert had betrayed my mother, she might not have waited ten years, or given up her life in despair at the sight of hope. Maybe if she had known that Connor Stockert was cheating on her, she would have gotten over her relationship with Connor Stockert sooner and really accepted my father."

Amber, sensing his loneliness and guilt, patted him on the back lovingly, "Don't say that, it's not your fault, you were a kid at that time, how could you have thought about it so much, so it's really not your fault. Don't blame yourself. Your mother loved you, and if she knew that you were trying to pin her death on you, she'd be devastated, too, and you wouldn't want that, would you?"

Jared didn't say anything, but silently held Amber closer and buried his head deeper into her neck.

Amber continued to pat him on the back, silently calming him.

Even though he was so high up and powerful, and he seemed to be able to do anything.

But stripped of all the glamour, he was just another man.

An ordinary man with feelings like ordinary people.

He would be sad, he would blame himself, he would feel guilty.

And he could use a little comfort and companionship.

It wasn't until a cop knocked on the window and told them not to stop for too long that Jared released Amber, started his car, and drove away.

On the way back to Kelsington Bay, Jared was driving quietly, staring straight at the road, and not saying a word.

At Kelsington Bay, he pulled into the parking lot. When he was stationary, he let go of the wheel and looked at Amber next to him, "You can rest assured that I will never be a man like Connor Stockert."

"What?" Amber paused as she undid her seat belt, as if wondering why he would say such a thing.

Jared took her hand and looked serious, "I will give you my heart and soul, and I will never be a hypocrite like Connor Stockert, who says one thing and does another in secret. I won't hurt you the way he hurt my mother, and that's my promise to you. Trust me."

As a man, you should keep your promises and agreements.

If you said yes, you must do it.

Jared was brought up not to be a person who broke his promises. When you loved someone, you should love them with all your heart and you two had only each other.

Even if you didn't love each other, you should continue to be loyal as long as you were not apart.

This was to respect each other, but also to their own moral responsibility.

Of course, there would never be a time when he didn't love Amber.

So, for people like Connor Stockert, even though he was a man, he was sick to death.

He told Amber that because he wanted her to know that there were plenty of men in the world. There were plenty of guys like Connor Stockert out there, but there were also plenty of good ones, and Jared was one of them.

He didn't want her to hear about the disgusting things Connor Stockert was doing and suspect him of doing the same thing out there, too. After all, he had made promises to her in the past, and he was worried that Connor Stockert might make her think his promises were unreliable.

Then he would be really vexed.

So, he couldn't wait to make it clear to Amber that he was not Connor Stockert, and he certainly won't be Connor Stockert.

She was supposed to believe him, right?

Jared pursed his lips. In his eyes, which had always been as dark as two black holes, there was an obvious hint of apprehension.

He was worried, that she wouldn't believe it, and that she was really going to think that he was going to do the same because of Connor Stockert.

Amber covered her lips and chuckled at his taut face, "Okay, come on, I don't think that's gonna happen to you because of what Connor Stockert did to your mother. Everyone is different, and I've always been aware of that."

The man's mind was too easy to understand.

She could tell immediately that he was worried about something. Although she felt that his concern was totally unnecessary, she was touched by his immediate consideration of her feelings and his immediate reassurance that she might be confused.

"The world is multifaceted, and so are people. There are good people and bad people. Just because Connor Stockert is a cheating man doesn't mean that all men in the world are cheating men and will be just like Connor Stockert. That's not fair to the good guys. So, you don't have to worry. I won't think anything, and I won't suspect you of anything. Even if I don't have faith in you, I should have faith in my own choice. I believe the man I chose is not a duplicitous cheater who plays with women's affections. What do you say?"

Amber smiled and looked at him.

Jared nodded very firmly, "Of course, I won't make you think you're wrong about men."

“That’s good. That’s enough.” Amber gently pinched the man’s finger.

The man was relieved.

Good thing she wasn’t affected by what Connor Stockert did.

If she was affected, he was gonna kill Connor Stockert right now, and that was it.

Then, Amber’s next sentence caught Jared’s attention.

“But…” Amber squinted, her eyes twinkling.

Jared had a bad feeling, “But what?”

His Adam’s apple stirred and his voice was hoarse.

Amber beamed at the man with a sly look in her eyes, “But if you do, if you betray me while we’re still together, and you lose my trust in you, don’t blame me for destroying your tools.”

With that, she made a cutting motion, looking down and settling on the spot between his legs. Jared’s pupils shrank and his face changed for a second. He sat in his seat, his legs splayed unconsciously under her gaze and threat.

Apparently, he didn’t expect her to say that.

That was a bit harsh.

Looking at Jared’s silent, tight-lipped face, Amber leaned her head and said with a half-smile, “What? You think I’m out of line? But I don’t think I’m out of line, and if you don’t do those things, I won’t either. Do you think I’m out of line because you’re gonna do to me what Connor Stockert did to your mother?”

“No!” Jared scowled and blurted out, “I’m not gonna be like Connor Stockert.”

“Then why didn’t you say anything? I said, if you don’t betray me, you won’t think what I said was too much, because you won’t have that day, and naturally you don’t need to worry about anything.” Amber stared into the man’s eyes.

The man sighed, “I don’t think you’re out of line. I’m just taken aback.”

“Taken aback?” Amber tilted her head.

Jared nodded and said, “Although I am not afraid of what you just said, nor am I afraid that I will come to that. But don’t let your eyes fall on me, and don’t be so serious. You make me feel like you’re gonna ruin me the next minute. You know, men really care about this, after all…”

His eyes moved.☹

Chapter 883 A Bold Bad Man

Amber has a bad feeling, “What?”

Jared gave her a little chuckle, leaned in, bit the lobe of her ear, and whispered, “After all, that’s what makes you happy, and you don’t want to ruin it, do you?”

Boom!

Amber felt something explode inside her head and blushed until she almost bled.

She opened her eyes, looked at the evil smile on the handsome man in shock and embarrassment. She opened her mouth and it took her a while to say, "You..."

What the hell was he talking about?

What brought her joy, she couldn't bear to destroy it?

Bah! She didn't...Well, that kind of thing, she did feel great. Yeah, but he didn't have to say it out loud.

This was private. How could he say it openly?

Oh, no! He just did it!

All in all, that was a lot sluttier than he used to say.

Amber took a deep breath, squashed her irritation, and glared at him, "Jared, just shut up and stop saying those things."

She covered her hot face, knowing that she must be terribly blushed now.

Jared looked at Amber's embarrassed face and chuckled again.

His laugh almost came from inside his chest, sultry and sexy, "Okay, I'm done. I just want you to know, there are some things you can't say, some things you can't think about, okay?"

Amber looked away from him.

She was afraid that her eyes on him would make her face even more blushed.

"As long as you don't do me wrong, I certainly won't say or think about that." Amber snorted, "But if you do cheat on me, especially when we're still together, then I might as well cut your baby like I said I would."

She made a scissor gesture.

But this time, she was going the other way, not Jared.

She was afraid that if she made any more moves at him, and annoyed him, he would take her straight to the car and do the thing to her.

Jared reached out and smoothed Amber's hair, "Don't worry, there will not be that day, my baby, I will only be with you forever."

He breathed hot air in her ear.

"Stop it." Amber gave him a look of coquettishness. Her whole body was already burning with embarrassment at his words, but now he was blowing her neck so itchy that she winced and laughed.

Jared's eyes dimmed as he saw her dodging and laughing, and he felt like he had found something new. So, he leaned in and continued to breathe, sometimes planting a kiss or a bite on her neck.

Jared smiled as he looked at the hickey he planted on Amber's neck. Apparently, he seemed to be in good mood.

But it wasn't enough, just one hickey, too few to satisfy him.

There was such a blank space in her white skin. It was so monotonous with only one hickey. If it was full of it, it would look pretty, wouldn't it?"

So, Jared squinted, reached under Amber's seat, and hit a button.

The next moment, Amber felt the seat beneath her suddenly dropped, taking her body with it. Startled by the sudden sensation of weightlessness, she let out a cry.

Jared clapped his hand over her mouth and said in a husky voice, "Don't worry, I put the seat down, it'll be fine, just lie down."

Amber was relieved to hear this. Her heart fell back to where it had been, and her body relaxed, not stiffly, and she leaned back with confidence on the flat back of the seat.

Jared got on top of Amber and ran his hand gently over her face and hair. His eyes were dark, but in the depths of the dark there was a faint glow of fire.

Amber's alarm bells went off when she saw Jared was like that.

And she had every reason!

It was not like she hadn't seen this kind of Jared before, and it was during those nights when he was screwing her up.

Now he had the same look on his face as he had done the other nights, and the fact that he had suddenly lowered her seat and got on top of her made her think twice about his intentions.

With this thought, Amber gulped and stared warily at the man overhead, "Jared, what are you doing?"

Jared squinted a little bit, "Little Leaf, don't you think it's exciting to do it in a parking lot?"

Amber was so shocked by his words that she could not return to her mouth and senses for a moment.

She thought he was just trying to press over her and give her a kiss.

She did not expect that his real purpose was even more audacious than she had thought.

She was already a little uncomfortable kissing in a public place like a parking lot, afraid of being seen and embarrassed.

It turned out he wanted to go straight...

Sure enough, her imagination was a little more timid and more reserved than his.

Amber took a deep breath and tried to compose herself. Her little face swelled, and then she lowered her voice to a warning whisper, "Jared, you're crazy! This is a parking lot! A parking lot!"

She repeated the words parking lot, "So don't mess around."

She reminded him emphatically.

Jared, still serious, rolled his Adam's Apple and replied calmly, "I know."

"Then why don't you get down here?" Amber nudged him.

But he was pushing so hard, and with the top of the car behind him, she didn't dare push him hard.

She was afraid he'd hit his head on the roof if she pushed too hard.

After all, the roof was so hard, if he'd hit his head on it, who knew what would have happened.

Otherwise, she wouldn't care so much. She might directly push him out of the car.

Jared didn't listen to Amber. When he got off her, he put his head down on her forehead and came closer to her, "Rest assured, the parking lot is empty."

Amber nearly choked on her saliva, "Just because nobody's here now doesn't mean nobody will be here later, so Jared, you need to get down there and be careful. It would be a shame if anyone came by and saw it. You and I will be the joke of the world."

Not to mention that they were public figures, even if they were just two ordinary people, having sex in a public place would be enough for them to be in the news, let alone the two of them.

She was pretty sure if anyone caught them having sex here, they would be on the front page of the news tomorrow.

In doing so, they would disgrace not only themselves, but also the Farrell Group, Goldstone Co., and friends and family behind them.

Just thinking about it made Amber's scalp tingle.

However, while Amber was scared, Jared seemed unfazed by the consequences.

He lowered his head and placated Amber with a kiss on the corner of her mouth, "Don't worry, it'll be all right. The car's glass goes one way. You can't see in from the outside, so nothing you're worried about will happen, trust me."

With that, his lips moved from the corners of her mouth and caught her full.

Amber's eyes widened.

Damn! He meant it!

Like she said, it was a public place, it was a parking lot, people walked by all the time and they would see it.

However, he didn't care about it at all and insisted on having sex with her.

Should she say that he really didn't think anyone would find out, or that if they did, he wouldn't care?

Chapter 884 Be Caught

Either way, she had to stop him.

He had no shame, but she did.

“Well...”

With her lips plugged, Amber couldn't speak but grunt. She pushed the man with her hands, trying to push him away.

The man's eyes were red and he was clearly losing his sense.

Instead of pushing Amber away, Amber's push was flirtatious to him.

So, the man held her more tightly.

Amber's face turned red and she started to feel faint from the kiss.

By the end, she was pushing less and less, moving slower and slower, and her strength was clearly waning, and her eyes were fading.

It was obvious that she had fallen with men.

Such things, after all, were inherently seductive, and when one party intended to be seductive, the other would eventually fall into it.

Gradually, Amber's sense of reason became so blurred that she completely gave up fighting and forgot that she was still in the car and parking lot.

Her taut body relaxed and she lied back in the chair, held tightly by the man.

Noticing Amber's response, the man paused to kiss her, then smiled.

Moments later, the motionless black Maybach began to shake. It was very strange in the dark parking lot.

People who didn't know will think something supernatural had happened.

At this moment, footsteps were heard from a distance. If you listened carefully, you could hear the sound of high heels and shoes.

It was a young man and a woman coming out of the basement elevator of a building in the parking lot with their arms around each other.

Suddenly, the man saw something, then he stopped and exclaimed, “Oh, my God!”

When the woman noticed that the man suddenly stopped walking, she also stopped, “Hey, honey, what's going on?”

The man took out his cell phone and excitedly pointed at the swinging Maybach in front of him, “Look, honey.”

The woman looked suspiciously in the direction the man was pointing. Her eyes widened in surprise when she saw the scene opposite, “Wow...”

“Amazing. I don't know who's in such a hurry. They did what I wanted to do but was afraid to do. What a role model.” The man rubbed his hands excitedly and walked over to Maybach.

Seeing this, the woman asked, "What are you doing?"

"I'm gonna shoot a video, and it's gonna make headlines, and I can't let it go." The man walked quickly forward without looking back.

This woman was not as irrational as this man. She looked at the man's back, then looked at the maybach, which was not common even though she could not see the license plate number, so she stamped her foot and quickly trotted to him, "Honey, don't mess around."

"I won't mess around. Don't worry." The man said and held up his phone to shoot at Maybach.

Amber, debilitated by the men in the car, suddenly heard voices outside. Her face changed. Her body shrank and stiffened, and a cold sweat broke out on her back and head.

Someone was coming!

Someone spotted her and Jared, and they were taking pictures!

Oh, no! Now she was so humiliated that she could not be seen.

Amber could already imagine tomorrow's headlines. "Shock!!! The chairman of Goldstone Co. was desperate and had sex with the chairman of the Farrell Group in a parking lot."

With that thought, Amber's mind raced, she nearly passed out, and her panic grew.

Feeling her stiff body, he squeezed her hand on her waist and said in a low, husky, sultry voice, "Honey, take it easy."

Amber clearly has no idea how hard she tortured the man and was in no mood to care.

It was the two people out there that she cared about.

Amber turned to look out the window, where she could clearly see the two people outside. She knew that they could see her, but she was embarrassed and ashamed to be naked.

It seemed to her that nothing was hidden from the glass, and that people outside could still see her.

Especially when she saw the mobile phone held by the man outside, her face began to turn pale, "What do we do, Jared? Someone's filming us!"

Her voice dropped to a whisper and she clutched the arm of the man on her. Her voice was flustered and quivered, with a tinge of tears in it.

It was Jared's fault for doing this in here, seducing her, seducing her into compromise.

It was her fault, too, that she was so restless, so useless, that when he kissed her, she was so dizzy that she had lost her mind and her sense.

Seeing the woman on the verge of tears, Jared let go of her waist and gently wiped tears from her eyes.

After wiping it off, he put his hand to his lips and gently licked the remaining tears from his thumb. Then he lifted his eyes, turned the passion back, cast a cold glance at the men and women outside, and spoke calmly, "It's okay. It's okay. They can't see us, they can't hear us, they wouldn't dare do anything. Even if

they did, they were afraid to post it, and they would even quickly delete it as if they didn't know anything."

"Really?" Amber asked, startled.

Jared's lips twitched and he was about to answer when the woman outside suddenly turned pale as if she had seen something terrible. She gasped and went pale.

She seized the arm of the man beside her and cried out in a frantic voice, "All right, stop filming!"

While talking, she even directly grabbed the man's mobile phone, and deleted everything the man shot.

The man saw this and roared angrily, "What are you doing? Are you crazy?"

He snatched it back and hurried to see if all the content he had filmed had been deleted and could be salvaged.

However, the man stared at the woman angrily after seeing the content he had taken had been completely deleted, "Are you crazy? Are you out of your mind? Why do you have to delete it? If you don't give me a satisfactory explanation, I'll break up with you!"

The woman looked at the man's furious eyes and got angry, too, "How dare you break up with me? I'm trying to save your life, you know?"

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 885 Of Course I'm Saving Your Fucking Life

"Save me?" The man scoffed at the woman's words, "I'm not in danger. Why are you saving me?"

She was about to die of rage at man's foolishness.

"Of course I'm saving your fucking life!" The woman trembled with anger, "Aren't you afraid the people in the car gonna be upset when you shoot the video?"

The man waved his hand and smiled heartlessly, "Why should I? They can go after me if they can, but will they?"

The man glanced disdainfully at the passenger window.

Amber caught the man's eye. Suddenly, her body tensed again.

Because she felt like the man could actually see her.

Even though, as Jared already said, people outside couldn't see or hear them.

But she could not rest assured.

After all, she could see out clearly, which made her feel as if others could see her, and her sense of shame soared.

Amber's nerves were taking their toll on Jared.

Amber's body was starting to relax, and he was not so uncomfortable anymore.

But when someone from outside suddenly approached the window, she was startled and Jared fell back into the same agony.

Those two out there, fuck them!

Jared narrowed his eyes and watched the woman and man outside coldly.

The man was the closest to the car and shuddered, feeling flustered.

It was strange. Why did he feel like he was being targeted?

Was it an illusion?

The woman was ok and did not feel anything, but when she heard to the man's provocation to the people inside the car, she suddenly gasped again, almost fainting.

But she held it in. She took a deep breath and suppressed her fear before her. Then she reached out and grabbed the man by the ear, "Open your fucking eyes and see if I'm trying to save you! If you're going to die, don't take me with you!"

With that, the woman grabbed the man by the ear and led him to the back of the Maybach.

The man struggled and shouted in pain, "Crazy woman, you pulled my ear. You..."

Before he finished, the woman slammed his head down in front of Maybach's license plate, "Open your eyes and see what this plate means!"

She caught the man's ear off guard and brought it to the plate. The content of the license plate naturally greeted the man's eye.

The man was not a fool, though he was cynical, and could see the meaning of this plate.

Suddenly, the man's face changed with fear. He straightened up and backed away, "It's..."

The man looked at the license plate, his mouth opened, but he was speechless with surprise.

This..... How did this plate end up here?

So, the person in the car was...

The man looked up in horror to Maybach's compartment.

He could not see what was going on inside the carriage, but his inability to see made him even more frightened.

Because he didn't know who was in there.

But whoever it was, he felt it was beyond him to mess with.

The Maybach was no longer shaking, and it was clear that the people inside knew they were outside, and might even have seen everything they did and heard everything they said.

Weren't the people inside starting to hate them already?

Thinking of that, the man swallowed. His forehead was covered with cold sweat and his face was terrified, "Honey, what should I do?"

He turned stiffly to the woman beside him.

The woman bit her lip and looked at him resentfully, "How could I know? It was all you. You had to do it. Oh, that's great now! We're in trouble!"

As she spoke, the woman's eyes turned red and she was clearly about to cry with fear.

The man winced and whispered, "I... I don't know. Who would have thought someone like that would come to our place?"

If the owner of the car lived in Kelsington Bay like them, they wouldn't be afraid.

After all, the people who lived here were alike.

When the woman heard the man's words, she stamped her feet in anger, but she didn't know what to say.

Olkmore was one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world, and it was fair to say it was expensive, so there were a lot of rich and powerful men.

Kelsington Bay was not one of Olkmore's more affluent neighborhoods, but it was also an upscale apartment block. People who lived here, though not necessarily rich, were definitely rich compared to ordinary people.

So of course they were more knowledgeable than the average person and knew a lot of things, like license plates.

Olkmore's license plates were special, especially for the biggest ones, whose numbers were all one number.

She did not know who the owner of the license plate was, but she knew that this man must be one of the biggest men.

If they took a video of the them and if they sent it out, she was sure they would be dead.

It was too easy for these bigwigs to make someone disappear.

The more she thought about it, the more terrified she became, and the woman's body began to shake.

But the fact that she found the license plate before the man proved that she was much more careful and sensible.

She bit her lower lip, squeezed her palm, and finally pulled the man out of the passenger seat, "Come on, whether they forgive or not, it's always good to apologize first."

Maybe if he apologized, the bigwig would let them off the hook?

The man thought what she said was reasonable, and then he bowed with the woman. Ninety-degree bow, their posture was very standard, and they looked very sincere.

They apologized quickly, hoping for forgiveness.

And said that they have deleted the video, and there was absolutely no way to send out.

Inside the car, Jared was so crushed that sweat was pouring out of his temples.

But Amber couldn't relax.

He knew she couldn't really relax if two men were still there.

Taking a deep breath, Jared swallowed his anger and hit a button on the car.

Then Amber hears a voice overhead.

She looked up and saw the skylight open.

For a moment her face was terrified.

He was crazy!

He left the skylight open!

Although it was just a crack, but wasn't he afraid that people would jump on the hood and look down through the sunroof?

Amber was so nervous that her fingernails dug into Jared's flesh.

She was about to tell Jared to close the sunroof, when Jared spoke up in a husky voice with a bit of suppressed discomfort. He roared angrily, "Piss off!"

When the people outside heard Jared's roar, they started to shake in panic. Realizing that the people in the car had let them off, they looked at each other and quickly ran away from the situation.

As they left, Jared closed the sunroof again. He looked down at the nervous woman and gently touched her face, "There you go. They're gone. Relax."

Amber's pale face is flushed again.

She glared at the man in shame, "You deserve it. I told you people would pass by, but you didn't listen to me."

She was almost out of her mind.

It was all his fault!

However, Amber gently adjusted her mind and relaxed her body. Otherwise, she would be the one to suffer.

Wait! What was she thinking?☹

Chapter 886 Shameless

She was not going to lose. He had nothing to do with her.

Amber was thinking shamefully.

Jared had no idea what was going on in Amber's mind, but when he felt her body relaxed, he was relieved and more comfortable.

He moved a little and looked at her and smiled, "I told you, it's gonna be okay. As you saw, they were too afraid to offend me"

Amber pursed her lips, "You knew how those people would react if anyone found us?"

Jared would not confirm or deny.

Amber's eyes glinted with surprise, "How did you know that?"

She was full of curiosity.

Those two guys had no idea who was in that car.

Neither of the man and the woman saw them, but they suddenly became scared of them and immediately deleted the video and apologized.

It was a surprising turn of events.

Jared looked at Amber's dazed expression and thought it was cute.

He kissed her eye and explained, "It's because of the license plate!"

"License plate?" Amber was stunned.

"Yeah, Jared said, "People who lived in Kelsington Bay were more or less privileged, so they knew a lot more than ordinary people, and knew that some of Olkmore's big names had special license plates. It just so happens that your man, me, is one of the big shots. They saw my special license plate, and they knew they didn't want to mess with me, so they apologized"

"Oh, | see" Amber patted her forehead, "I forgot all about it"

She had never imagined that she would one day be so bold as to be in a parking lot with a man, to have...

If anyone had told her she could do this before, she would have laughed herself to death and thought it absolutely impossible.

So, for the first time, she really let herself go and did things with Jared that she would never have thought of or done before.

She was excited and frightened at the same time. She was afraid of being found out and would be a disgrace.

So, when she saw someone outside the car, her mind went blank and she completely forgot about Jared's license plate.

It was not really fair.

They were both protagonists of events. Why was she so frightened but he remained calm and unhurried?

Was he really not afraid that people out there wouldn't understand what the license plate meant, and they would send out the video, and someone could find out who owned the license plate and knew it was them?

Amber looked at Jared with curiosity.

Her thoughts were written in her eyes. It was easy to understand.

So, Jared immediately read her confusion and put his forehead against hers and said, "Even if the person outside the car couldn't see the meaning of the license plate and posted the video, wouldn't the platform that sent the video know about it? Even if they don't know, it doesn't matter. My license plate has security measures, and its security level is very high. It can't be checked by others, so all your worries are unnecessary.

Amber looked up at the man, "No wonder you had to be here. You've figured out all the possible outcomes. You know even if we were found by others, it won't affect us"

Jared would not confirm or deny.

Amber was furious with him.

If he had thought of all this before, why had he not told her earlier?

He was happy to see her there scared of someone, wasn't he?

Wait!

Realizing something, Amber twitched the corners of her mouth.

She was crazy. Why would she want him to tell her?

Made it seem like she was enjoying being here with him, too.

No, she didn't like it!

She is a woman of pure love.

He was the reason she was here with him. That was definitely not her intention. Absolutely not!

Amber thought, blushing and guilty.

Jared saw that she was distracted and clearly not thinking about him, so he narrowed his eyes and moved his back.

Amber's eyes widen and she groaned unintentionally.

But the next, she covered her mouth and glared at the man in shame and irritation.

He did it on purpose. He definitely did it on purpose.

He was just getting back at her for stopping him.

Although, telling a man to stop before he had an orgasm was a bit of a turnoff.

But she did it for their own good.

After all, it was never a glorious thing for such things to be seen. Even if people outside couldn't see them, didn't know who they were, and dared not offend them because of the license plate.

But she couldn't stand it.

She always felt shameless about performing such things in public.

This man, on the other hand, had no shame.

Yeah, well, the man who could propose to have sex here, and then did it, couldn't be ashamed.

He wouldn't be embarrassed!

Sensing Amber's concentration lapsed again, Jared frowned disapprovingly and nibbled her lip. It didn't hurt, but it brought her back.

Jared was breathing heavily and sexy, "Baby, seriously, when you're distracted doing something like this, it's disrespectful of me, you know? You make me feel like I'm not doing my best, or how could you be distracted, huh?"

Amber's hands were tightly wrapped around the man's shoulders, her nails digging into his flesh, "Jared you bastard.."

Jared smiled, "Okay, I'll be quiet. As long as you're focused, rest assured, I'll be quick"

But he didn't do what he said he would.

He said it would be over soon, but so soon that Amber didn't know how long, maybe a century. She was about to faint when he finally finished.

Amber was slumped in her seat like a boneless mass of soft meat. She didn't even want to lift an eyelid, let alone lift a finger.

She was beaten to the point of exhaustion.

Good thing he was kind of sweet.

After dressing himself, he began to clean Amber.

There was no water in the car to do a full cleanup, so Jared wore a suit jacket with nothing underneath as he wiped Amber down with his black shirt.

Chapter 887 Ben Is Complaining

Amber looked at the black shirt serving as a towel with a sudden sense of amusement.

But she could not smile, because there was no energy. She could only pull the corners of the mouth to show that she had laughed.

Jared saw it and whispered, "Why are you laughing?"

"I'm laughing because I'm lucky enough to have a \$100 billion CEO grovel at me and give me a \$100 million shirt as a towel. How could I not laugh?" Amber replied, looking at the man.

The man was wearing only a suit jacket.

The suit only had two or three buttons underneath his chest, so she could see Jared's chest, his muscular chest, and his perfect curves.

In addition, after some exercise, the pink and sweat left on his skin make him very sexy now, full of masculine temptation.

Amber felt like she had been less shy now. At least when she saw Jared like this, she was not blushing as easily as she used to be.

Now she could calmly admire him and calmly let him clean her body.

In the past, she would never have made it.

But now, she could.

Since she didn't have the energy to move and she didn't want to be sticky, the only way to do it was to let the man who was still full of energy clean it up.

Besides, what was wrong with having a billionaire wait on her like a servant?

At least her pride and vanity were greatly gratified.

And as he had said before, he had looked at her and touched her all over, so what should she be ashamed of?

Anyway, whatever.

Jared listened to Amber and gently removed the stains from her body, "It's a privilege to serve you. For me, to serve you and take care of you is not a servile thing, but an honor. I would be willing to serve you all my life. I can also order a special batch of towels with the same value as the shirts for you"

"Don't!" Amber put up her hand as hard as she could to stop the man, "If you're willing to wait on me for the rest of your life, of course, I'm happy, but I'd rather not buy such expensive towels"

It was all money!

Jared looked at Amber with a faint smile in his eyes, "All right, whatever you say"

If she didn't want to use that towel, she could use his clothes.

And he would rather serve her with his own clothes than towels.

He was hot as he watched his clothes brush against her body.

With that on his mind, Jared's hand on his shirt tightened slightly as if he was holding something back.

But soon, with a small breath, he quelled the restlessness.

He must not do it again.

if he did it again, her body wouldn't be able to handle it.

Jared rubbed his temples and put his thoughts away. Then he picked up Amber's clothes, which were lying in the driver's seat, and began to put them on her one by one.

He enjoyed dressing her, especially the way she leaned into his arms and let him move. It made his heart melt. At the same time, her softness and lack of resistance made him want to bully her.

So, she was supposed to get dressed pretty quickly, but Jared dragged her out for a long time.

Meanwhile, Jared touched Amber a lot.

Amber noticed all this, but she didn't have the energy to say anything. She didn't even want to roll her eyes.

At last, she was dressed.

After cleaning up the car a little more to make sure there were no suspicious stains, Jared got out of the car with Amber and headed for the elevator.

Amber leaned into his arms, her eyes slightly closed, embarrassed as she recalled the last few hours.

She never thought she'd be so wild to have sex with Jared in a parking lot...

Should she be complimenting herself?

Luckily, people who lived here knew a lot and she was even more thankful that Jared was driving his regular one, not an ordinary low-key one...

If it was an ordinary low-key car, the license plate was also ordinary.

If the two of them were having sex in a regular car, the couple wouldn't have been afraid of them and would have posted the video online.

And then after that, she and Jared were completely famous.

So, a good thing it was.

She was also thankful that there were no other people or cars in the parking lot behind her, otherwise, she would have been nervous again.

Amber's body relaxed. With no energy and exhaustion, she gradually fell asleep against Jared's chest.

Jared heard the woman breathing longer than usual, then he looked down and realized she was asleep.

He chuckled, drew the woman closer to him, and stepped into the elevator.

When they were back at Kelsington Bay, it was three in the afternoon.

Jared put Amber to bed and gently tucked her in.

He was going to wake her up and give her something to eat. But he called twice, and Amber didn't wake up, so he let it go.

He knew she was too tired to wake up, too tired to fall into a deep sleep.

in that case, he had no choice but to let her sleep.

Jared pushed Amber's hair out of her face so she could breathe more easily.

Then he got up, rummaged in Amber's closet for a suit of his own, and quietly left the room and headed for the bathroom.

After getting out of the shower, Jared wiped his wet hair, pulled out his cell phone, and made a call.

Soon the phone was answered, and Ben's voice sounded tired, with a hint of bitterness in it, "Mr. Farrell, hello?"

How could he not complain?

Approaching the end of the year, the group was busy.

But Mr. Farrell, the boss, did not come to work during this busy period.

Of course, he knew why Mr. Farrell was not coming, and he understood.

But why did Mr. Farrell dump all the work on him?

He was so busy today that he didn't have a rest and his brain almost exploded.

As if he didn't hear the complaint in Ben's voice, Jared said flatly, "Come to Kelsington Bay after work, take the car, take it to the shop and clean the interior.'

"What?" Ben was a little confused, "Cleaning the interior?"

"Yes"

"But we just cleaned the interior the other day." Ben looked puzzled.

Mr. Farrell was a clean man, so his car was cleaned once a week or so.

Now it was less than two days, and Mr. Farrell wanted to clean it again. It was hard to understand.

"Mr. Farrell, is there something dirty?" Ben asked.

Jared's face went down and his lips were clenched, "There's no dirt. You do what you're told. Don't ask too much!"

Ben was scolded and touched the tip of his nose lamentably, "All right, Mr. Farrell, | get it. I'll drive it after work"

"Okay" Jared said, "Bring a backup key. Don't go up and ask me for it"

He sounded like he didn't want to be disturbed.

"Yes, Mr. Farrell" Ben responded with a smile on his face, but inside he rolled his eyes.

Not go up and ask him for it?

Oh, he said it like he wanted to go up.

He didn't want to go up there. He would be crazy to want to go up there to see how close they were!

Chapter 888 Strange Call

"Mr. Farrell, is there anything else | can do for you?" Ben asked again, holding back his complaints.

Jared looked down for a moment, "Did you get any strange phone calls or people today?"

Strange phone call? Strange people?

Ben shook his head in confusion, "No, Mr. Farrell. Did something happen?"

"Alice Stockert's lawyer is the group's former head of the legal department; Jared said.

Ben thought back and remembered a face, "You mean, York Wall?"

"Yes." Jared lifted his chin, "He was hired by Connor Stockert for Alice Stockert, just to try and get me to let Alice Stockert go, but the deal fell apart, so Connor Stockert could have called you and asked you about me, or find someone else to spy on the group"

All in all, Connor Stockert probably wouldn't be contacting him easily.

After all, he was Hendrik Farrell's son.

Who wanted to be in touch with the son of a rival?

"Oh, | see" Ben nodded, "Don't worry, Mr. Farrell, | haven't had any cold calls or seen anyone strange today"

Jared nodded, "That's good"

"Oh, Mr. Farrell" Ben seemed to think of something. So, he pushed his glasses and asked, "What is Connor Stockert's relationship with Alice Stockert? Why would he do so much for Alice Stockert? Are they really father and daughter, as we thought?"

Jared scowled and didn't answer.

Ben's eyes widened as he realized something from his silence, "Really? Father and daughter?"

Jared let out a sneer, "Just an illegitimate child"

Ben gasped, "Illegitimate daughter... Alice Stockert is twenty-seven this year if I remember correctly. Doesn't that mean..."

Ben's eyes widened and he stopped. He felt sorry for Jared's mother.

He was one of the people who knew about her past.

So, it was hard to be at peace now that Connor Stockert fathered a child out of wedlock in the third year of Mrs. Farrell's marriage.

What about the deal that he would wait for Mrs. Farrell and never get a woman?

Eventually, not only did he find another woman, he even got an illegitimate daughter.

People at the Capital were still saying Connor Stockert was a good guy, saying that he always loved Mrs. Farrell, and he didn't get married because of Mrs. Farrell.

But in fact, behind the scenes, he did just everything.

It was foolish of Mrs. Farrell to fall in love with such a man.

Thinking of that, Ben swore at Connor Stockert over and over, then asked with concern, "Mr. Farrell, are you all right?"

He was so angry to hear that Alice Stockert was Connor Stockert's illegitimate daughter.

Jared, the son of the old Mrs. Farrell, was understandably even angrier.

Now Mr. Farrell's heart was getting weaker every day, and he must not get too angry or too emotional.

So, he was worried about Mr. Farrell's health.

"I'm ok" Jared squinted. His eyes were full of storm, "I had a guess, so after knowing about everything, I was prepared. I'm not that angry to want to kill him, and there is Little Leaf with me, I'm fine"

Ben's face was expressionless and he rolled his eyes.

Sure enough, he could not avoid hearing how much they loved each other.

He couldn't figure it out. He was concerned about Mr. Farrell.

Why did Mr. Farrell brag about how much they loved each other?

That was biting the hand that fed you.

The conversation couldn't go on anymore. He'd better hang up!

Then, Ben rolled his eyes and said as if nothing had happened, "Good. Well, Mr. Farrell, I must go. I have some urgent paperwork"

"Okay." Jared gave his chin a cool, dignified lift.

Ben put the phone down and hung up with a blank face.

Not knowing what Ben was feeling, Jared put the phone down and threw it on the couch next to him, wiping his wet hair.

After wiping a while, he threw the towel on the arm of the sofa and walked to the kitchen without the slightest intention of drying his hair.

He went to the kitchen to make some nutritious soup for Amber when she woke up.

After several physical exercises, her strength and endurance were all much better than at the beginning, but she still could not meet the standard he set up and she was still too weak.

She needed more nutrition.

Jared thought as he worked quickly.

Amber was woken up by a ringing phone.

She took her hand out of the bed and, without opening her eyes, moved directly in the direction of the bedside table.

Even though she didn't know where she was right now, she just got through with just muscle memory.

With no difficulty, Amber swiped her thumb across the screen and held the phone to her ear, her voice husky and sleepy, "Hello, who's that?"

*.." There was nothing on the other end of the line.

Amber frowned, then nervously opened her eyes.

The room was dark. She held the phone up to her, the shiny screen shining so brightly in the dark room that she was almost blinded.

She quickly closed her eyes and put the phone back to her ear.

It was only a fleeting moment, but Amber could see what was on the screen.

It was an unknown caller, no location, just a string of numbers.

Apparently, the location of this number was hidden by the other party.

However, Amber was not surprised because she had to answer several cold calls a day from hidden locations, either for sales or clients.

Amber's expression did not change and she continued politely, "Hello, can you hear me?"

Still no response on the other end.

Amber would have thought the other person had hung up if they weren't actually talking.

Amber didn't force the other person to speak. She covered her lips and yawned. Her spirits rose a little, the sleepiness dissipated a little, and she tried to make the sleepiness less in her voice, "Hi, if you have nothing to say, I'll go now. If you are a customer who wants to cooperate with Goldstone, you can call me back when you have the language ready. | will be on 24 hours a day. Bye"

After politely saying this, Amber put the phone away, hung it up, opened her eyes again, and blinked a few times, acclimating to checking her phone in the dark.

When she saw the time on the screen of her phone, she gasped, then sat up in bed with wide-eyed eyes, "Oh, my God. It's 7:00 p.m.?"

She scratched her long hair and then looked in the direction of the French window. The curtains were closed so she could not see outside, but there were lights at the bottom of the curtains that showed her that she had read correctly and that the time on her phone was correct. It was already 7 p.m.

It always got dark early in winter. It began to get dark at six o'clock, and now at seven o'clock. It was all dark outside, and the neon lights were on at night.

So, the light she saw was the neon light outside.

Amber lifted her forehead incredulously.

To her surprise, she slept until it was dark.

Of course, she knew how she fell asleep during the day. She was too tired.

She just didn't expect to sleep so long and went straight into the night.

Before she went to bed, she thought she would just sleep for a while and go to Goldstone in the afternoon.

But now ...

Oh, no!

Chapter 889 It's All Jared's Fault

It was all Jared's fault.

If it hadn't been for him, she wouldn't have fallen asleep or slept so long. She slept through her afternoon trip to Goldstone.

She was so pissed off!

No, she was gonna go after him!

Amber turned to her side and turned on the bedside light.

For an instant, the room was as bright as day.

Amber could see clearly, too. She put down her phone and pulled back the covers to get out of bed.

As soon as her feet hit the ground, her legs suddenly gave way and she fell to her knees with her hands on the ground.

Fortunately, there was a thick carpet on the floor, and when Amber fell to her knees, it didn't hurt. She was only blushing and embarrassed.

The reason why she would be like this, in addition to a day without food and lack of strength, was more because of some uncomfortable places. As she was going down, she tore into it, and that was why her legs gave way and she fell to her knees.

Looking down at her knees and her hands on the floor, Amber started to say Jared's name over and over again as her eyes turned red.

It was Jared! It was his fault!

If it weren't for him, would she be so wronged and fall to the ground, and kneel on the ground?

The more she thought about it, the more she felt angry and wronged.

Amber bit her lower lip, tears literally welling up in her eyes.

She had never been so embarrassed in her life.

And since she met this guy Jared, she had been through all kinds of things.

He was really her Nemesis. She owed him in her last life!

Amber took a deep breath, held back her tears, grabbed the edge of the bed with both hands, and gently pulled herself up. Then

she sat down on the edge of the bed.

She was wearing pajamas, which Jared probably changed after he brought her back.

She bent down and scooped up the legs of her pajama pants to see if her knees were all right.

After all, it was pretty loud a bang when she went down on her knees.

Sometimes even though it didn't hurt, it could leave a mark.

So, she needed to take a good look.

She picked up her trouser legs and revealed two slender white legs, which looked particularly attractive under the light as if they

were white jade.

Amber took a close look at her knee and found that it was fine. With relief, she lowered her trouser leg and got up to support the

wall as she made her way out of the room.

She had to!

She was so weak and hungry, and she had no strength, if she didn't hold on to something, she might fall again.

It was after 7:00, Jared was not in his room, and she didn't know if he was in the living room or outside.

If he had been in the living room, she would have bitten him up to vent her grievance over the fall.

Amber walked out of the bedroom and into the living room, holding on to the wall.

The lights in the living room were bright, suggesting that Jared was in the apartment.

But there was no one in the drawing-room, so he was either in the kitchen or in the second bedroom which had been converted

into a study.

Then, Amber leaned against the wall and changed direction toward the study on her left.

She went to the door of the study. The door was ajar, and a beam of light seeped out of the crack. And there was the faint sound

of keyboards.

This made Amber absolutely certain that the culprit was inside.

Amber took a breath and pushed the door open.

She opened the door very quietly, almost noiselessly.

So, the men in the study did not know that the study door was open. He was still sitting behind the computer, looking serious about business.

Amber stepped softly into the study, leaning on the wall, as if afraid to disturb the man.

In the past, the study was hers alone. She could enter it if she wanted to. She was not afraid of the heavy steps, because they would not disturb anyone.

Now the study was half divided. There was a desk, a computer, a chair, and, most of all, a shelf full of books she didn't like or understand.

And all the extra stuff was Jared's.

Jared had so much more stuff than she did, that her desk and her computer were all in one corner of the study. It only took up a third of the study, and the rest was Jared's.

It was as if she owned the study and Jared took it from her, making her a little assistant with just a little office space.

More than that, when she came in, she had to be very quiet, so as not to disturb him.

It made her feel a little unbalanced.

But then she thought about the closet in her bedroom. Her clothes made up about two-thirds of it, and Jared's clothes made up only about a third.

His clothes, which were far more expensive than hers, were confined to a third of the wardrobe. Her mood suddenly got better at the thought.

Amber lifted the corner of her mouth and coughed.

The man behind the plush desk heard the noise, stopped tapping, and looked up at the source.

Jared's solemn, expressionless face softened and his eyes brightened with joy as he saw Amber standing a short distance across, "Hey!"

He got up, pushed back his chair, and strode over to Amber.

He stopped in front of Amber and looked at her, "Why didn't you call me when you woke up?"

Amber glared at him, "How do I know where you are? How do I call you?"

"You can call me on the phone?" Jared said.

Amber shook her head, "No need. I can get out of bed without calling anyone. Besides, why should I call you? I'm not crippled,

why should I ask you to take care of me?"

"Crippled? Don't talk nonsense!" Jared poked her between the eyes and frowned, "You're fine. I'm just happy to take care of you. Are you hungry?"

Amber looked down and touched her stomach, which gave a powerful growl.

Jared chuckled, "You look hungry. Let's go have dinner first"

He took her by the hand and led her out.

Amber looked over her shoulder at his desk, "Aren't you busy? You are so serious, and I guess you still have some work to do.

Then why don't you go on, | can make my own food”
“No, it’s not very important. | can do it tomorrow.” Jared opened the study door and answered dryly.
His work could never be as important as she was.
He wanted to spend more time with her than with work.
In the living room, Jared pulled back the chair at the dining table so Amber could sit down.
When she had sat down, he said, “Give me a minute. I'll get you the food from the kitchen”
“What?” At this, Amber stiffened slightly and looked at him, “Dinner’s ready?”
Jared nodded, “Yeah. It’s ready. Just wait a minute”
Patting her on the shoulder, he turned and walked back to the kitchen.
Soon after, Jared arrived with a dinner of meat and vegetables and a delicious chicken soup.
Jared handed her the cutlery, “Please enjoy it”
“What about you?” Amber asked.
Jared sat down opposite her, “I've already eaten. Go ahead, try some of these dishes. | just learned them”
Amber paused slightly and looked at the man in surprise, “You made it?”
“Of course” Jared lifted his chin slightly with undisguised pride.
Amber gave a laugh, “I don’t even need to taste it to know it tastes good. You're a quick learner, and | trust you on that”
With that, she put a piece of meat in her mouth.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 890 Don’t Call Me Baby

As expected, it was delicious.
Amber couldn't help nodding her head in praise of the man.
The man smiled brightly, “Eat more if you like it”
With these words, he used another pair of chopsticks specially designed for her to pick food to her plate.
After one dish, another dish.
By the time Jared finished, Amber's plate was almost piled up.
But the man didn’t seem to want to stop. He seemed to be addicted to that.
Amber grabbed his wrist and shook his head, “Okay, stop it. Are you trying to prop me up?”
Jared took a look at her plate and realized he was overstuffing.
He seemed embarrassed and put down his chopsticks and coughed a little, “I’m sorry. Go ahead”
Amber then let go of his hand and started eating again.
As she ate, she suddenly became aware of something, and her chewing stopped a little.
Wait, when she got up, didn’t she say she was going to bite this man for making her so weak to fall?
Why hadn't she done that yet?
Amber looked suspiciously at the abundance of food on the plate before her and attributed it all to the man being too seductive
and too good at pleasing girls.
Well, for the sake of the delicious meal he prepared for her, she might as well let him go.
With that in mind, Amber continued eating without any stress.

She would never admit that she was so easy to buy.

She was just too kind.

Well, yes, too kind.

Jared saw her nod, his eyes narrowed, then reached out and rubbed her soft hair, wondering what was going on in her head.

Amber was in the middle of her dinner when she got a hand rub on her head. She glowered with anger, "Jared, what are you doing?"

Jared smiled, "Nothing. | just can't help it because your head is so cute"

Instead of feeling happy, Amber was creeped out.

The corners of her mouth twitched slightly, and unconsciously she moved her chair a little farther away, away from this pervert.

He couldn't help it because her head was so cute.

He said it as if he thought her head was so lovely that he could not help but tear it out.

Jared blinked in confusion as Amber pulled up the chair, "What's the matter?"

Why did she suddenly move her chair?

Of course, Amber couldn't tell him that she misinterpreted his words. She shook her head slightly and replied, "Nothing. | just felt uncomfortable in my previous seat, so | moved to another one"

Jared lifted his chin and was noncommittal.

After dinner, Jared cleared up the dishes for Amber.

Amber, seeing that he insisted, collapsed on the couch to rest.

After all, someone was willing to do it for her, so why not?

Amber stretched comfortably on the sofa.

Suddenly, her phone vibrated.

Amber reached into her nightgown pocket and pulled out the phone which made her stomach numbing and itchy. It was Cole.

She couldn't believe he was texting her at this hour. Was there something wrong?

Without delay, Amber sat up on the couch and clicked Cole's message. It was just one sentence, "Amber, my mom wants to know if you're free tomorrow. She wants you to bring that Jared to my house for dinner."

At this, Amber smacked her forehead.

She couldn't believe she forgot about it.

Cole had told her a few days earlier that his mother knew she and Jared were getting back together and wanted her to take him to his house for dinner.

She agreed and said she would come the next day.

But because she was suddenly busy those two days, she didn't make it.

Mrs. Lyon was also very reasonable and said she could come when she had time.

In the end, she forgot about it.

And that was something she hadn't talked to Jared about yet.

She probably wouldn't remember if Cole hadn't texted her now.

Tomorrow...

Amber looked over her schedule for the next day and found she was available.

But she didn't know about Jared.

Amber put the phone down, turned around, knelt on the couch, grabbed the top of the back of the couch with both hands, and yelled toward the kitchen, "Jared..."

Jared was cleaning up the kitchen right now.

He was wearing an apron, pulling sleeves, and with a rag in his hand, scrubbing the counter carefully and painstakingly, like a man who had been doing housework for years.

If Ben were here right now, seeing Jared like this, seeing Jared's hands, which were supposed to be used for signing billions worth of documents, doing this kind of work, he would probably cry himself to death.

But Jared not only did it, he did it expertly and happily.

Hearing Amber calling from outside the kitchen, Jared threw off his cloth, turned on the tap, washed his hands, and took off his apron.

"What's the matter?" Jared asked softly as he looked at the woman on the couch in the living room.

Amber shook her phone, "Just got a message from Cole, asking if we're free for dinner at Lyon's tomorrow"

"Dinner at their house?" Jared frowned, clearly confused about why he was going to his house for dinner.

There was no way Cole sent them there.

Cole would only invite Little Leaf, not him.

So, someone else should have invited him.

Jared raised his eyebrows at the thought of Cole's parents, "Mrs. Lyon invited us?"

“How did you know that?” Amber looked at him in surprise.

This man was really too smart. She said the first thing about a lot of things, and then he guessed the rest.

No wonder the Farrell Group had gone from strength to strength under his leadership.

With such clever people in charge, how could the group not improve?

Jared looked at the surprise in Amber's eyes and gave a little chuckle as he explained, “It's simple. Cole hates me. There's no way he's gonna invite me. There are only him and his parents, so his parents are the only ones who would invite me, and his father, being a man, could not have invited us over for dinner for no reason. That would have left Mrs. Lyon”

“That's a hell of a line of reasoning” Amber said, “If you weren't born a Farrell, you'd be a detective”

Jared walked over and sat down, put his big hand on the back of her head and planted a kiss on her forehead, “Thanks for the compliment, babe”

This made Amber's skin crawl.

She rubbed her arms and blushed, giving him an embarrassed stare, “Don't call me baby. It's embarrassing”

She was 27 years old. She was not a toddler or an immature girl who loved to be called “baby” by her boyfriend.

Anyway, she was not used to being called babe.

It was like an old woman pretending to be young.

And where did he learn that phrase?

He was usually aloof, and he didn't look like someone who would call someone “baby”

But now it had come out of his mouth in a low, sultry tone that embarrassed her and, at the same time, flattered her.