

LLDP Chapter 551

Chapter 551 Conversation with Mrs. Lyon

Amber curled up her lips into a sneer. "No."

"What?" Makayla's expression stiffened.

Amber looked at her coldly. "I won't collaborate with you. Just leave."

"Why not?" Makayla approached her in confusion. "Makenna is your mortal enemy. She has escaped. I'm sure she'll take revenge on you. If we work together, it'll be easier to deal with her."

"That's correct, but I don't have to work with you." Amber snorted. "What power do you have? Even if you do, I won't agree. Don't forget you've betrayed me once. Do you think I'll still trust you?"

Makayla was rendered speechless, looking annoyed.

She knew she had betrayed Amber, so Amber wouldn't trust her anymore.

However, she indeed wanted to work with Amber this time.

It was challenging for her to find Makenna by herself.

As Amber said, Makayla had no power, connections nor much money. She could only work with others to find Makenna.

Hence, the person she turned to was Amber, who had a feud with Makenna.

However, Amber refused.

"Ms. Reed, I'm sorry for last time, but things are different. Can we put away the past aside for the time being? The most important now is to find Makenna as soon as possible. She's a huge threat to both of us if she's still out there, so..."

"Stop it," Amber raised her hand and interrupted her impatiently. "Like I said, I won't work with you. I'll look for Makenna myself. My friend is here. You've taken her seat. Get out of here. Now! Or do you want me to ask the waiter to send you away?"

"You..." Makayla glared at her in anger.

Amber parted her red lips and said in disgust, "Get lost!"

"You're gonna regret it!" Makayla couldn't bear Amber's attitude. Trying to suppress her anger, she stood up and stormed out.

When arriving at the entrance, she almost bumped into Mrs. Lyon, who was entering.

Fortunately, the latter reacted quickly to move aside, so she wasn't knocked over by Makayla.

Seeing Makayla stride away as if nothing had happened, Mrs. Lyon frowned in disgust.

"Auntie!" Amber waved at her. "Here."

Mrs. Lyon heard her voice and turned to look over. She put away the disgust on her face and walked to Amber with a smile. "Sorry for keeping you waiting so long, Amber. There was a traffic jam on my way here."

"Not really. I've just arrived as well." Amber stood up and pulled out the chair for her.

Mrs. Lyon patted the back of her hand dearly and sat down.

Amber sat down as well. Pushing a cup of coffee to her, she said, "Auntie, this is your favorite iced Blue Mountain Coffee."

"Thanks, Amber." Mrs. Lyon picked the mug up and took a sip joyfully.

She suddenly asked, "By the way, Amber, who was the girl leaving earlier? When I got down my car, I saw you two talking. Do you know each other?"

Amber nodded. "Sort of. She is Trenton Gardner's eldest daughter, who has returned home recently."

"His eldest daughter?" Mrs. Lyon understood. "I see. No wonder she's so rude."

Amber nodded in agreement.

"All right. Forget it. Let's talk business. Amber, do you know why I've asked you out?" Mrs. Lyon put down her mug and looked at Amber.

Amber stopped stirring her coffee. "I could only guess. It's for Cole, isn't it?"

Mrs. Lyon nodded. "Yes, Amber. Cole has been pretty abnormal recently. When he came home two days ago, he stank with alcohol"

"Did he drink?" Amber raised her voice in surprise.

Mrs. Lyon hummed. "Right, a lot. When he returned home, he was so wasted that he fell from the stairs."

"Is he OK?" Amber asked anxiously.

Mrs. Lyon said, "No, worries. His forehead was injured. but he's fine."

"Really?" Amber muttered, feeling pretty guilty.

She hadn't expected Cole to react fiercely after their conversation two days ago. He even got drunk.

"Amber." Mrs. Lyon looked at her and continued, "You should know Cole has a crush on you, right?"

Amber bit her bottom lip and hummed slightly. "Yeah. I figured it out when talking to him two days ago."

"Were you scared?" Mrs. Lyon asked with a smile.

Amber cast down her eyes. "Yeah, I was, a bit. Over the years, I only regard Cole as my best friend. Although the way Cole calls me is too intimate, we get along like friends. I never thought he would have a crush on me."

"Right. I've seen how you guys get along. On your wedding night six years ago, Cole got drunk. If I hadn't heard him crying and expressing how much he loved you, I wouldn't have known his feelings for you. He's too good at hiding it," said Mrs. Lyon. She took a sip of the coffee.

"Six years ago?" Amber gaped. "Since six years ago, Cole has been..."

"Not exactly." Mrs. Lyon shook her head. "Since he was a teenager, he had fallen in love with you."

Amber gaped at her.

Teenager?

That was over a decade ago.

She realized that Cole had liked her for years.

Amber couldn't tell her feelings at this moment.

Surprise, sentiment, and guilt stuck her, but she wasn't moved.

She still couldn't love him like a woman loved a man.

Although Cole had loved her for almost twenty years, she was moved, but she couldn't love him in return.

Mrs. Lyon had been studying Amber's face all the time.

She purposely told her when Cole had started loving her, so she could see if Amber would be moved by the truth.

However, she was disappointed.

"Amber, you have rejected Cole, right?" Mrs. Lyon asked.

Amber shook her head and nodded. "Sort of. Cole didn't confess his love to me two days ago. I only figured out his feelings for me when talking to him, so I didn't directly refuse him. I hinted to him indirectly that we wouldn't be together. I hoped he could give up on me and find someone who suited him."

"No wonder he suddenly got drunk that night." Mrs. Lyon sighed, having a migraine.

Amber held her mug tight. "I'm sorry, Auntie. I didn't want to hurt him in that way..."

Mrs. Lyon smiled. "You don't need to apologize, Amber. I'm not blaming you. It's good for him you've refused him because you don't love him. You didn't do anything wrong or harm him. It was Cole's fault. He was too fragile..."

She wasn't saying this just to make Amber feel better.

She really didn't think Amber had done anything wrong.

Amber had the right to directly reject someone she didn't love.

If she didn't reject Cole for fear of breaking his heart, she would be really fooling around with Cole, who would think he still had a chance to win her heart. In the end, things would go too far. By then, Cole would be hurt severely.

Chapter 552 Ticket to Abroad

Amber felt warm because of Mrs. Lyon's understanding and consideration. "Thank you, auntie."

"Why apologized? You did nothing wrong, Amber." Mrs. Lyon took a sip of coffee and added, "The fault is on me and Cole's father."

"What?" Amber was taken aback, confused.

Mrs. Lyon rubbed between her eyebrows. "Cole's father and I had treated him too strictly when he was young, so he had seldom made his own decisions. Now, Cole lacks courage in many things, either in his private life or at work."

She took a sip of the coffee and heaved a sigh. "I wonder if we had treated him less strictly and let him make his own decisions, probably, Cole would have become braver. He might have confessed his love to you after realizing his feelings."

Amber pouted a bit in silence.

Mrs. Lyon looked at her. "Amber, tell me honestly. If Cole confessed to you several years ago, would you be with him?"

Amber was shocked by this question. After a long while, she parted her lips and answered, "I don't know. If he had confessed to me before I met Jared Farrell, I would probably say yes."

After all, she hadn't taken Cole as her best friend yet at that time. Probably, she would fall in love with him.

Upon hearing her answer, Mrs. Lyon shook her head in regret and was disappointed in Cole. "Sure enough, Cole is too useless. He has missed the chance."

Like what Amber said, if he could have confessed to her, Mrs. Lyon believed they would probably be together.

However, Cole lacked courage.

"I see." Mrs. Lyon smiled bitterly. "You and Cole can't be together for sure, right?"

Amber nodded and hummed. "I'm sorry, Auntie. I've never thought of being with Cole."

"Okay. I got it." Mrs. Lyon stirred the coffee. "I asked you out today because I wanted to know if you guys could possibly be together. I would beg you to give Cole a chance shamelessly if there was still a possibility. If not, I would go home and convince him to let go. Otherwise, there'll also be pressure on you."

"Thank you, Auntie..." Amber felt touched, tears welling up in her eyes.

Mrs. Lyon patted the back of her hand dearly. "Don't mention it, Amber. I'm doing it not for you only but also for Cole. You don't like him. If I force you to be with him, he won't be happy. Hence, I'd rather convince him to let go."

"You are right." Amber nodded.

They chitchatted for almost an hour in the cafe.

Later, Mrs. Lyon received a call from her friend, inviting her to do a spa in a beauty salon. She bid Amber farewell and left the cafe.

Amber walked her out to the roadside. She watched Mrs. Lyon sit in the car and return to the cafe to pay the bill.

Then, Amber planned to return to the company.

Right after she left the cafe, she received Jared's call.

"Hello, Mr. Farrell?" Amber answered while walking to her car.

Upon hearing the way how she addressed him, Jared frowned.

Instantly, she distanced herself from him.

He decided to let her change it later.

"The bodyguards told me Mrs. Lyon had a meeting with you," Jared said, standing in front of the French window of his office, peering out the prosperous city outside.

Amber frowned. "Mr. Farrell, are those two bodyguards spying me under your instruction?"

Jared could tell she was unhappy from her tone. Only then did he realize that his words made her misunderstand. He explained. "I didn't ask them to spy on you. They won't report anything to me no matter what you do except if the matter is related to your safety."

"My safety?" Amber opened the door next to the driver's seat and sat in. She closed the door and said unhappily, "I came out to meet Auntie. Why is it related to my safety?"

"Don't forget you've almost broken up with Cole Lyon. I was worried she would make trouble to you for her son." Jared turned around and walked to his desk.

Now Amber understood what he meant by her safety.

She didn't know whether to laugh or not. She chuckled, "Don't worry, Mr. Farrell. Mrs. Lyon isn't that kind of woman. She's sensible. It was indeed my fault t this time, but she didn't blame me; instead, she comforted me."

"Did she?" Jared squinted, still worried.

Amber turned the car key to start the engine. Then she put the phone between her ear and shoulder, pulled the safety belt, and fastened it. "Of course. She asked me not to blame myself."

"So she didn't ask you out to scold you, did she?"

"Of course not."

"That's good, then." Jared nodded, relieved.

Amber put the phone on the phone rack and put it in hand-free mode. Then she started the engine and asked, "Did you call me just because of this?"

"Ehn," Jared answered, "I was worried about you."

Amber glanced at her phone with a faint smile. "Save your kindness. All right. I'm driving. Talk to you later."

"Okay. Be careful," Jared reminded her.

Amber answered with a smile, "I know. Bye."

She hung up the phone and sped up the car.

Half an hour later, she arrived at Goldstone Co.

Amber entered her office, followed by Sheila.

Arriving at her desk, Amber sat down. "Sheila, please book me a ticket flying to Country K three days later."

"Okay, Ms. Reed," Sheila answered with a nod. Then she recalled something and asked, "Shall I book the hotel for you as well?"

"No, thanks. My friend will provide me with the accommodation," Amber said, turning on her laptop.

Sheila pushed up her glasses. "I see, Ms. Reed. I'll book the ticket now."

Then she pulled out the phone and tabbed on it.

Half a minute later, she sent the ticket code to Amber and said, "Ms. Reed, the ticket has been booked. It's the first-class seat, two o'clock three days later."

Amber nodded in satisfaction and answered, "Thanks. Nothing else. You can go back..."

Before she finished her words, the office door was knocked.

Amber tilted her head and said, "Come in, please."

The door was pushed open by Cole. He looked panicked, as if something critical had happened.

Sheila saw him. Her expression changed dramatically. Then she hurriedly lowered her head, afraid that Cole would notice her. She tried to be as invisible as possible.

In fact, Cole didn't see her at all.

He entirely concentrated on Amber, ignoring others.

He strode to Amber and pressed his hands on her desk, panting slightly.

Amber looked at him in surprise. "Why are you here, Cole?"

In the recent few days since they had "broken up", Cole didn't show up on her face at all. She called him and texted him but received no response from him.

Hence, Amber was worried he would be heavily blown and do something stupid.

Especially when Mrs. Lyon told her that Cole had been drunk, Amber felt more concerned.

Hence, she was delighted to see him here.

"Did my mom come to see you?" Cole asked, still gasping for breath.?????

Chapter 553 Sheila's Determination

Amber nodded and didn't hide. "Yes, she did."

Cole looked annoyed instantly. "What did my mom say to you?"

"Nothing much. She just talked about our current relationship," Amber answered while looking at him.

Cole clenched his fists. "That's my business. She's so nosy!"

Seeing that he was unhappy about his mother, Amber frowned. "Cole, Auntie did it for our own good."

"I don't need her to meddle in." Cole seemed to be quite angry, his face reddening.

"Cole..."

"All right." Cole took a deep breath, trying his best to suppress his irritation. He said calmly, "All right, B... Amber, you've got time?"

Amber nodded with a smile, "Of course, Cole."

Cole finally looked less annoyed after hearing her answer. "I'm sorry. I must have startled you just now. Mom called me earlier. She said she had a talk with you and asked me not to waste any effort on you. I was worried she might have scolded you, so I came here."

Amber understood and nodded. "Don't worry. Auntie didn't scold me. She's always kind to me."

"I'm relieved, then." Cole breathed a sigh of relief.

In the past two days, he had been in a lousy mood. He drank, refused to go out, and looked haggard, but it was all because of himself.

When hearing that his mother had talked to Amber, he was afraid his mother would blame Amber.

Fortunately, his mother wasn't as unreasonable as he had imagined.

"Cole." Amber stood up. "Are you upset that Auntie is involved with our stuff?"

Upon hearing it, Cole looked a bit annoyed. "Sort of, but it's fine."

He had to admit that he was being too hesitant and cowardly when he secretly admired Amber for many years.

However, he was thirty years old already. He didn't need his mother to meddle in his love.

He felt ashamed.

That was why he reacted so fiercely after knowing that his mother had talked to Amber.

"Auntie is worried about you." Amber tried to convince him.

Cole checked his watch. "I know, Amber. All right. It's late. I must go now."

With those words, he walked to the door.

After taking a few steps, he suddenly saw Sheila in the office, squinting. "Hey, you, come out with me."

Sheila trembled, lowering her head more. She answered in a low voice, "Yes, Mr. Lyon."

They walked out of Amber's office one after another.

Amber looked at their backs, tilting her head in confusion.

She felt Sheila was afraid of Cole.

It was too weird.

Sheila used to work for Cole before. She was his secretary for several years. Only a few months ago, Cole let her work for Amber.

Hence, Amber could tell Sheila always respected Cole but never feared him.

She wondered why Sheila feared Cole now.

What on earth had happened between them?

Outside her office, Cole stopped at the elevator.

He turned around, looking down at Sheila. In a cold tone, he asked, "You didn't tell her what had happened that day, did you?"

Sheila knew what he was referring to.

She immediately shook her head. "No. Absolutely not. Even if you don't tell her, I won't tell Ms. Reed either."

Cole relaxed a bit. "That's good. You've promised me. You can never let her know."

"I remember, Mr. Lyon," Sheila answered in a low voice.

Cole looked at her, a trace of complex feeling flashing through his eyes. "Have you taken the pill?"

Sheila felt a sharp pang in her heart. Clenching her hands, she answered, "Yes, I have."

"That's good. There's nothing else. You should go back to your work." Cole breathed a sigh of relief, turned around, and pressed the elevator button.

He had to admit that he was being an asshole to Sheila.

However, he didn't think he must take responsibility.

That night, he was drunk and mistook Sheila for Amber, so he pulled her into the box.

However, Sheila was supposed to be sober. She knew what he would do to her, but she didn't struggle or push him away. Instead, she naturally had sex with him.

Hence, they slept with each other upon willingness. Cole didn't think he had forced Sheila.

If he had, he was willing to take the responsibility. Even he didn't love her.

However, he didn't force her at all. After they calmed down, he also gave her some compensation. Hence, he didn't think he owed her anything.

He also let her take the morning-after pills to avoid her getting pregnant.

He knew the pills were harmful to her health, but that was the only way to prevent her pregnancy.

Heaving a sigh, Cole was about to walk into the elevator.

Sheila bit her bottom lip and called to stop him, "Wait, Mr. Lyon."

Cole paused his paces. "What else?"

Sheila pinched the hemline of her blouse, took a deep breath, plucked up her courage, and said, "I like you, Mr. Lyon. I have had a crush on you since long ago. So... Can you... Can you give me a chance? I..."

"No, I can't," Cole answered without any hesitation.

Sheila paled.

He refused her without thinking twice.

He indeed didn't want to give her any chance.

"I don't like you, so I won't give you any chance. It's for your own good. If we're together and I still love another woman, it'll be unfair to you. What do you think?" Cole turned to look at her.

Sheila parted her lips and said bitterly, "I know, but I'm willing to tolerate it. I can wait for you to forget her."

"That won't work. I don't accept it." With those words, Cole walked into the elevator and left directly.

Looking at the slowly closing elevator door, Sheila was overwhelmed by the sorrow in her heart.

Amber stood at her office door and watched the scene not far from her. She heaved a sigh and shook her head.

Although she couldn't hear what they talked about, she could roughly guess it from Sheila's expression.

She guessed probably Sheila had confessed her love to Cole, but he refused her.

Amber heaved a sigh and walked over. "Hey, Sheila?"

Upon hearing her voice, Sheila raised her hand in a panic. She took off her glasses and wiped her eyes. After ensuring there were no tears, she put on her glasses and turned around. "Yes, Ms. Reed?"

Amber pulled out a bag of tissue from her pocket, handing it to Sheila. "I guess you need the paper towel."

Sheila looked at it in silence. Then she took it over and said, "Thanks, Ms. Reed."

"You are welcome." Amber smiled and glanced at the elevator. "Did you confess to Cole just now?"

Sheila paused a bit and hummed. "But I was refused."

"It's all right, Sheila." Amber patted her on the shoulder. "You can try again next time. I'm sure you'll move him one day. You must be persistent on something before succeeding."

Sheila looked at Amber with her reddened eyes. "But, Ms. Reed, Mr. Lyon has loved you for many years. He still didn't succeed, did he? Can I succeed if I hang on to my love for him?"

She doubted it.

Amber cast down her eyes and smiled. "If you don't try, you'll never know. Besides, I disagree with your point. Cole did love me for many years, but he had never shown his love to me. I had never known about it. He had never confessed to me either. That was why he failed. Your case is different, Sheila. You've confessed him. Keep on pursuing him. Probably, you can move him."

Upon hearing her explanation, Sheila was lost in thought. She said, "Ms. Reed, maybe you are right."

"Hence, just do it." Amber withdrew her hand from Sheila's shoulder and walked back to her office.

Looking at her back, Sheila clenched her hands in hesitation.

After a moment, she inhaled deeply and raised her voice to say, "Thanks, Ms. Reed. I know what to do."

Chapter 554 Airsickness

Sheila agreed with Ms. Reed. She would never know if she didn't try.

What if she succeeded eventually?

Upon hearing Sheila's words, Amber turned to look at her. She saw Sheila's eyes lit up in hope. Amber smiled. "That's good for you. All right. Wash your face and go back to work."

"Yes, Ms. Reed," Sheila answered, nodding hard.

Amber turned around and entered her office.

Three days later, Amber dragged her suitcase and arrived at the airport alone.

There was still an hour before her flight took off.

Waiting in the VIP lounge, Amber was waiting for the boarding notice while reading on her phone.

Right then, the door of her lounge was knocked.

Amber put down her phone and looked over at the door. "Who is it?" she asked.

"It's me." Jared's deep, pleasant voice sounded at the door.

Amber was taken aback, a trace of surprise flashing through her eyes.

She recognized it was Jared, wondering why he was there.

Amber stood up and went to open the door. Sure enough, Jared was standing there.

He was in a suit with a black coat, dragging a suitcase. Seemingly, he was on a trip.

Amber looked at his suitcase and asked in confusion, "Where are you heading to?"

"Country K," Jared entered the lounge and answered in a low voice.

Amber was taken aback. "Are you also going to Country K?"

"Yep."

"What are you doing there?" Amber squinted at him and asked in doubt.

She wondered if he was going to attend a friend's engagement ceremony as well.

Otherwise, it was way too coincident that he would go to Country K today, just like her.

Jared could tell Amber had guessed where he was going. His eyes twinkled. With a smile, he answered, "I'm on a business trip there."

He deliberately didn't tell her that he was attending a engagement ceremony.

He would like to see her expression when she saw him at the engagement ceremony.

Upon hearing his answer, Amber nodded. "I see. How did you know I was in this lounge?"

All the VIP lounges were individual boxes for each passenger.

Hence, she knew Jared must come to her purposely.

Otherwise, he would have entered another empty lounge.

"The bodyguards told me you were here, so I came to find you," Jared answered, putting down the suitcase, sitting down.

He purposely booked the whole first-class cabin to take the same flight with her.

Otherwise, he would've taken his private jet.

Amber curled her lips. "Didn't you deny that you asked them to watch me? How could they tell you about my lounge?"

Although she was unhappy, she wasn't angry.

Jared poured himself a glass of water. "I took the initiative to ask them. I can't help it because I care too much about you. I'll feel uneasy if I don't know your whereabouts for a second."

Amber blushed, rolling her eyes at him.

When she was about to retort, they were informed that they could board the plane.

Amber stood up. "It's time to board the plane now."

Jared calmly put down the glass. "Yeah. Let's go."

He also stood up and dragged his suitcase.

Amber seemed to recall something. She looked over at his ankle and asked, "Have you recovered?"

Jared moved his ankle a bit and answered, "Still recovering, but I'm fine when walking."

"That's good, then." Amber nodded, feeling relieved.

If he still couldn't walk, she would borrow a wheelchair from the airport.

There would be facilities ready for the disabled at such a big airport.

Hence, she could borrow a wheelchair easily.

They walked out of the lounge, took the elevator, and went to the boarding gate.

After checking in, they took the shuttle and headed to the parking apron.

Soon, Amber followed Jared into the first-class cabin.

She found her own seat, pulled out a pill for airsickness, and was ready to take it.

Jared saw that and frowned. "Do you have airsickness?"

Amber hummed. "A little bit. Not serious."

"Why didn't you tell me before? You never mentioned it in the letters," Jared said, sitting on the seat next to her. They were separated by an aisle.

Amber broke the pill into two and swallowed it without water. "It's not worth mentioning. Just a small sickness. I'll be fine after taking a pill and having a nap."

Jared pressed his lips tightly.

Her words made sense, but he hoped that she could tell him everything without hiding so that he could know everything about her.

It seemed he still didn't know her well.

Jared decided to take it easy to know more about her.

Ben told him there was news about a suitable cardiac source.

If it was confirmed to match him, he would have a whole life to know her.

The pill took effect pretty soon. Shortly after, Amber felt dizzy and fell asleep.

Looking at her soundly sleeping face, he raised his hand to press the service button above him.

Soon, an airline stewardess came in. "Sir, what can I..."

"Please keep your voice down," Jared pressed his index finger on his lips and whispered, looking at Amber, "Don't wake her up."

The airline stewardess turned around.

When seeing Amber, the airline stewardess looked a bit envious.

She could tell this gentleman must love this lady deeply. His eyes were full of tenderness when he stared at her.

The airline stewardess had planned to leave her contact number to Jared earlier.

Now, she changed her mind.

"Sorry, Sir. What can I do for you?" with a polite smile, the airline stewardess lowered her voice and asked.

Jared put down his finger. "Please give us two blankets."

"Okay, sir."

A few minutes later, she came back with two blankets.

Jared took them over and waved at the airline stewardess to let her leave.

After she was gone, he unbuckled his seat belt, walked to Amber, and sat next to her. Then he opened a blanket and covered her with it.

Jared also put down Amber's seat so that she could lie down and sleep more comfortably.

Looking at her, he stroked her cheek gently and tossed the hair on her face away. Then he pulled out his phone and took a few pictures of her sleeping face. Finally, he put down his seat, lay down, and wrapped around her waist, falling asleep.

A few hours later, Amber was shaken to wake up. Faintly, she heard someone calling her name.

She frowned, slowly opening her sleepy eyes. Then she saw a face.

However, she was still drowsy, so her eyes were bleary. She didn't recognize the person in front of her until a while later.

It was Jared.

"Mr. Farrell?" Amber parted her lips and called him.

Jared sat up and asked, "Are you awake?"

Amber hummed. She raised her hand to rub her temples. "What's the matter?"

"The flight has landed," answered Jared, reaching out his hand to her.

Amber was taken aback. "Landed?"

"Ehn." Jared nodded.

Amber patted her cheeks to get rid of the remaining side effect of the pill for airsickness. Finally, she was sobered. "I'm sorry. I didn't know. This pill works too well."

If he hadn't woken her up, she would still sleep.

She also felt weakened all over.

Hence, Amber didn't refuse Jared's hand, putting hers on it.

Jared gripped her and slightly pulled. She sat up.

Looking at the blanket, Amber was surprised. "The blanket... Did you put it on me?"

Chapter 555 Someone Who Had Done Plastic Surgery

Amber recalled that she didn't ask the airline stewardess for a blanket before falling asleep.

Hence, she guessed Jared must have put it on her.

Sure enough, Jared nodded. "Yes, I did. I was afraid you would get a cold, so I asked an airline stewardess to bring you one."

Amber felt warm in her heart. "Thanks."

"My pleasure. Can you walk?" Jared looked at her and asked.

He could tell she was weak when sitting up.

Hence, he was worried that she couldn't walk now.

Amber moved her feet and answered, "Yes, I can. The pill made me feel weak, but the side effect will fade as long as I'm sober. No big deal."

"That's good, then. Let's go." Jared picked up her handbag.

Amber thought he picked it up to put it on her shoulder.

However, the next second, Jared put the handbag on his own.

He was almost six feet three, looking handsome and overbearing.

However, he was carrying an exquisite handbag, which looked hilarious somehow.

Amber giggled in amusement.

Jared looked at her. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Amber waved her hand and reached for her handbag. "Mr. Farrell, I can carry it."

"It's alright. I'll carry it for you. Let's go," Jared refused.

Amber raised her eyebrows. "It's my handbag and it's not that heavy. Mr. Farrell, please let me carry it."

"I want to carry it for you, Amber." Jared looked at her. "I heard usual a man should carry his girlfriend's handbag. Although we're not in love yet, I can do it in advance."

Amber blushed. "As you said, a man should do it for his girlfriend. Are you doing it because you believe we'll be together in the future?"

"Of course." Jared smiled faintly. "I'm confident. My intuition also told me we would, and it would happen pretty soon."

With those words, he walked to the cabin door.

Looking at his back, Amber curled her lips. "Stop talking nonsense. It's impossible," she retorted.

However, she didn't speak those words loudly, somehow. Instead, she muttered, sounding lack of confidence.

Outside the airport, Jared looked at the car that came to pick him up and asked, "Where will you stay?"

"My friend has arranged the accommodation for me. What about you?" Amber checked her wristwatch and asked.

Jared answered, "Hotel."

Amber nodded. "I see. Then we're not going the same way."

Jared was silent.

It turned out Amber accepted the accommodation arranged by the couple-to-be.

If he had known it earlier, he wouldn't refuse. Probably, they could stay in the same place.

Jared regretted it a lot for a moment, looking a bit annoyed.

Right then, Amber saw the sign with her name. Instantly, she turned around and said to Jared, "Mr. Farrell, I've seen the person who came to pick me up. Bye for now."

Then she dragged her suitcase to the person with the sign.

Jared watched her go there. Amber exchanged a few words with that person and sat in the car. Jared pulled out his phone and dialed a number, pressing his thin lips. "It's me. Give me a room."

The person on the other end of the line was taken aback. "A room? Didn't you tell me you wanted to stay in a hotel?"

"Cut the crap. Give me a room. I want to stay opposite or next to a guest."

"Who?"

Jared said Amber's name. Then he immediately hung up the call without giving the other party a chance to refuse.

A few minutes later, Jared received a text message which contained an address.

Seeing that, Jared smiled in satisfaction.

On the other side, Amber had arrived at the place arranged by her friend. It was a villa given to her friend as a gift from the woman's fiancé.

After she sorted out her belongings in the room, she wanted to go shopping for the sober-up pills to be ready for the banquet at night. Then her friend called her on the phone.

She told Amber that another guest would stay in this villa as well. It was a man.

Upon hearing it, Amber frowned.

Her friend told her that this villa only belonged to her earlier and no one else would move in.

However, her friend broke her words and arranged for a male guest to move in. Amber was a bit upset.

She had to tolerate it.

After all, this was her friend's villa, so she couldn't refuse her friend to arrange for another guest to move in.

Amber decided to bear it.

Fortunately, she would stay for two nights. Hence, she would protect herself during the two nights.

Thinking of that, Amber felt better, up away her phone, and went out.

After finishing shopping, it was already dark outside.

Amber carried the shopping bag, heading back to the villa to get changed for the banquet tonight.

When she walked out of the drug store, she bumped into someone.

"Ouch..." Amber frowned, taking several steps back.

The other party fell to the ground on the butt.

Seeing that, Amber kept her balance, rubbed her shoulder, and walked to that person. She reached out and said apologetically, "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean it. Are you OK?"

It was a woman. She wanted to blow up. However, when she heard Amber's voice, her eye pupils shrank. She instantly raised her head.

Seeing Amber clearly, the woman's hands clenched under her wide, oversized sleeves. She trembled all over slightly.

After confirming it was Amber, the woman couldn't help wondering why Amber was there.

Seeing the woman sitting on the ground motionlessly while staring at her, Amber was confused.

She wondered if there was anything wrong with her own face.

Why did the woman look at her without a blink?

Thinking of that, Amber bent over a bit and wanted to ask the woman if anything was wrong with her face. Suddenly, she saw the woman's face, a trace of surprise flashing through her eyes.

The woman's face was wrapped with a bandage like a mummy.

However, it only meant the person had done plastic surgery.

No wonder the woman's body was fully covered by the clothes, and she also wore a scarf and a big hat. It turned out they were used to cover the bandage on her face.

Amber didn't have any discrimination against people who had plastic surgery. After all, everyone had the right to become beautiful.

Hence, she put away the surprise on her face and returned to normal. With an apologetic smile, she said, "I'm sorry. Did you get hurt?"

She was afraid of having hit the woman's face earlier.

If something went wrong, she couldn't afford the compensation.

The woman seemed not to hear her words, lowering her head.

Seeing that, Amber breathed a sigh of relief.

She could tell the woman's face should be fine.

If not, the woman wouldn't be so calm.

"Well... Can you stand up? Let me help you." Amber reached out to the woman again, trying to help her up.

However, the woman stared at her hand in hatred. Then she patted Amber's hand away fiercely.

"Hey!" Feeling the pain, Amber hurriedly withdrew her hand. She lowered her head to check on the back of her hand, gasping.

It reddened.

She could tell that woman must have used much strength to hit her.

Besides, Amber could also tell that the woman slapped her with... hatred.

She was confused. She didn't think she knew the woman, but why did that woman hate her?

When she was about to ask the woman, the latter stood up, glared at her, and trotted away.????

Chapter 556 Encounter in the Ceremony

Amber looked at her receding back, tilting her head in confusion.

What a weird woman! She didn't only behave strangely but also hated Amber for no reason.

If she hated Amber because Amber bumped into her earlier, she would be way too petty.

If not, Amber wondered why that woman hated her so much.

While Amber was lost in thought with a frown, her phone vibrated.

She was brought to her senses, pulled the phone out, and checked on it. There was a text message from Sheila, updating her about the factory construction.

Amber replied: Wait till I get back. Then she put away her phone and hailed a taxi back to the villa.

She opened the door and arrived at the porch.

When she was putting on the slippers, she was surprised.

She saw a pair of man's slippers on the porch.

The front of the slippers was faced out, so Amber realized that the male guest had arrived, but now, he was out.

Amber frowned, feeling a bit uneasy.

After all, she had never shared the same house with an unknown man before. She also didn't know what kind of person that man was, wondering if he was decent and easygoing.

She rubbed between her eyebrows, feeling a migraine.

Then she decided to stop overthinking.

No matter if it was a good man, Amber decided to avoid meeting him as much as possible.

It wasn't like she was gonna keep in touch with him in the future.

Exhaling, she changed into her slippers and entered the living room.

An hour later, she dressed herself up. Then she picked up her clutch bag and went out.

Her friend's engagement ceremony was held in a resort manor.

When Amber arrived, it was already nine o'clock in the evening.

The ceremony would officially start at ten, so she wasn't late.

After entering the manor, Amber pulled out a sober-up pill from her clutch bag and swallowed it. Then she picked up a glass of wine from the long dining table before stepping to a corner to look at the guests at the banquet.

She was looking for a tycoon in the mechanical industry, which was why she had agreed to attend this ceremony.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have come here.

Although she used to be the bride's classmate, they hadn't been in touch for many years. Not much friendship had been left.

Even if she hadn't accepted this invitation, it would be reasonable.

Amber took a sip of wine and gazed at the banquet hall entrance.

She hadn't seen the tycoon yet, so she guessed that her target hadn't arrived.

She didn't think she would miss him if she kept watching the door.

However, while she watched, she saw a tall, sturdy figure that looked quite familiar to her.

Jared?

Amber's hand shook. The wine almost sprayed from her glass. Her red lips were parted in surprise.

She wondered why he was here.

In a hurry, Amber put down her goblet and walked to Jared.

Soon, she stood behind him and called, "Mr. Farrell?"

Upon hearing her voice, Jared smiled. Then he turned around, only to find that she was agape at him. Amusement appeared in his eyes.

Although he knew she would be like this when seeing him, he was delighted when seeing her expression in person.

"We met again, Amber," Jared looked at her.

Amber pressed her lips. "Right. We did. Didn't you tell me you came here for a business trip? Why are you here now?"

Jared chuckled. "It's also a business for me to attend a friend's wedding banquet."

Amber snorted, "Nice move, business man."

"You're welcome." Jared nodded.

Amber took a deep breath. Flames of anger surged in her heart. She felt that she had been tricked by him.

"Come with me!" She grabbed his arm and dragged him into a corner.

They were standing near the entrance, where many guests passed by. If they continued talking there, it would be too eye-catching.

Looking at her angry face, Jared smiled even more happily.

He knew she would be angry when seeing him here.

However, he felt that she looked so adorable in anger.

Arriving at a corner, Amber stopped and released Jared's wrist. Then she turned around, raised her head, and glowered at him. "You knew I came here to attend my friend's wedding, but you didn't tell me that you came here for the same purpose. Jared Farrell, are you deliberately fooling with me?"

Jared shook his head. "No, Amber. I just wished to see how you would react when seeing me."

"What?" Amber's lips twitched. She looked confused. "What's so interesting about my reaction?"

"Of course, it is." Jared nodded. "I wanted to see if you'd be delighted to see me."

Amber rolled her eyes at him. "You're kidding! How could I be delighted to see you?"

"Aren't you delighted, Amber?" Jared stared at her.

Amber's eyes twinkled. She nodded and answered affirmatively, "Of course not."

However, she knew she had lied.

She felt surprised, and joy, when seeing him enter the hall, although she didn't know why.

Jared could tell the fluster on her face. Without exposing it, he chuckled. "All right. All right. You are not happy to see me."

Amber frowned.

She felt awkward when hearing his doting tone.

Especially when it actually dispelled the anger in her heart.

Amber tightened the grip on her clutch bag and glared at him. "I'm not in the mood to talk to you."

With those words, she bypassed him to leave.

Jared pulled her arm and asked gently, "Where are you going?"

"I'll go find the person I'm looking for." Amber glanced at his hand on her arm but didn't shake it off.

Of course, it wasn't because she wanted to be gripped by him.

She just thought that his other arm hadn't recovered fully yet. If she shook this arm off, the other one would get injured.

Jared knew who Amber was looking for. He smiled at her and said, "Mr. Hahn from the mechanical industry is resting in the lounge now."

"The lounge?" Amber was taken aback. "How did you know?"

Jared stared at her. "Before I came here, I had asked about him for you. Let's go. I'll take you to meet him."

Then he released her arm and took her hand, taking her to the other exit. The elevator there could enable them to reach the floor where the lounges were.

Amber didn't expect him to take her hand. She was taken aback for a moment. Then she moved her fingers, wishing to pull out her hand from his big palm.

However, Jared seemed to have expected her reaction. He kept gripping her tightly, so her fingers couldn't move at all.

Amber failed to withdraw her hand, but she didn't dare to shake off his arm. Glared at the back of his head, she said, "Jared Farrell, let go of me."

"We can walk faster this way," Jared said without looking back at her.

Amber pressed her lips tightly. "I can walk faster without being pulled by you."

"Oh? Can you?" A trace of shrewdness flashed through Jared's eyes. He quickened his paces.

Amber had to trot to follow him in this way.

Jared looked back at her. "What about now? If I hadn't taken your hand, you would fall behind at this speed."

Amber's lips twitched. "Jared Farrell, you're being unreasonable. We're going to meet someone, not to catch a bus. Why are you walking so fast?"

Chapter 557 Re-encounter Braylee Reed

Jared smirked. When he was about to retort, he heard something.

He squinted and pulled Amber to turn away, hiding behind the staircase door.

Since Amber was wearing a thin dress, Jared feared she would feel cold if her back clung to the wall.

Hence, right after entering the staircase, he wrapped around her waist and spun. Then his back clung to the wall.

Amber raised her hands to press on his chest, nestling in his arms.

"What..." She widened her eyes and was about to ask him what he was doing.

Jared shushed her and said, "Don't move. Be quiet."

Seeing him so solemn, Amber nodded subconsciously. Although she was confused, she shushed obediently.

When she stopped speaking, she overheard some voices.

She heard a man and a woman flirting with each other.

Through the door's crack, Amber could see a man and a woman walking in their direction while holding each other. While walking, they kept touching each other. Amber was sickened by this.

"Are you cold?" Jared asked in a low voice.

Amber shook her head, pointing at the door crack.

Although Jared couldn't see what happened out there from his position, and he didn't know what she had seen, he could roughly guess it through her disgusted expression and the voices outside.

"Don't look at those filthy things," said Jared in a low voice.

Amber nodded in agreement.

When Amber was about to withdraw her gaze, the man and the woman got closer to the door. She could see the man's face through the crack clearly.

Seeing it, Amber gaped in surprise. "He is... my friend's fiancé. I've seen his face on their invitation card. But that woman isn't my friend."

Although that woman pressed her face on the man's chest and Amber couldn't see it, she knew it wasn't her friend.

Her friend was a model, almost five feet nine. The woman wasn't that tall.

Hence, Amber realized that her friend's fiancé cheated on her friend on their wedding night.

Jared wasn't surprised when hearing her words.

As soon as he overheard the voices, he could tell who that man was.

After all, he was pretty much acquainted with the bridegroom.

He didn't know who the woman was.

"Do you have the phone with you?" Jared lowered his head to ask Amber.

Amber nodded. "Yeah."

"Record the scene. Send it to your friend later," he reminded her.

He came to the wedding banquet as he wanted to see Amber. Otherwise, he wouldn't have come here.

Besides, Jared only knew the bridegroom but didn't get along well with him. Hence, Jared didn't feel guilty at all that his friend's wedding banquet might be ruined.

He only cared if Amber would be happy.

Upon hearing his reminder, Amber understood and nodded. In a hurry, she pulled out the phone. "You are right. I must keep the evidence and show it to my friend. I wonder if she'll collapse after listening to it."

"You can disclose it a bit to test her. If she's strong enough and quite determined, you can tell her about it. If she's too weak to hear it and willing to forgive her fiancé, you can delete the recording," said Jared.

Amber nodded in agreement. "You are right. Okay. I'll do it."

She was willing to record the evidence that her friend's fiancé had cheated on her for their friendship in the past. She didn't want her friend to be bullied by the man.

However, if her friend wouldn't appreciate her kindness, Amber would delete the recording and fake it as if she had seen nothing.

Right then, the man outside pinched somewhere on the woman's body. The woman let out an exclaim coquettishly, "Oh! You bad boy!"

As soon as Amber recognized the voice, she was dumbfounded.

Jared noticed her stiffened body. He whispered, "What's wrong?"

Amber didn't answer. She peeked out from the door crack.

The man and the woman happened to stop outside the staircase behind the door.

The man wrapped around the woman's waist, raised her chin, and said with an evil smile, "Do you really hate it? I can tell you like it."

"Bull crap! I don't. You are bullying me." The woman blushed. She faked being upset and hit the man's chest coyly.

The man laughed loudly.

Amber saw the woman's face clearly, biting her bottom lip.

It was really her, Braylee Reed.

When Braylee was laughing earlier, Amber didn't recognize her.

When she spoke, Amber did.

Although Braylee's voice was different from six years ago, her hypocritical, coquettish tone had never changed, making Amber sick.

However, Amber was surprised, wondering why Braylee was there.

Last time, Braylee returned to Olkmore and only stayed there for two days. Then she went to Country A and disappeared.

Amber had thought that Braylee wouldn't appear again. Much to her surprise, Braylee appeared again, came to Country K, and became the third wheel between Amber's friend and her fiancé.

Thinking of that, Amber's face turned gloomy.

She was upset that Braylee didn't have self-respect. How could she become a mistress?

Of course, Amber didn't care about Braylee. She cared about her father.

When her father was alive, he treated his two daughters fairly regarding education and materials.

However, what did Braylee do to their father? Once Goldstone had the sign of going bankrupt, Braylee and her mother stole the remaining money and ran away. Their father failed to pay the debt and jumped off the building in despair. Braylee didn't even attend his funeral.

Now, she had become a mistress. Amber was so furious.

Clenching her hands, Amber trembled in anger.

If she hadn't been afraid to attract others' attention when there was a fuss to ruin her friend's wedding, Amber would go out and slap Braylee, take her back, and make her kneel to their father's tombstone.

Looking at Amber's reddened eyes, Jared moved his hands on her waist and patted her back to calm her down.

Although he didn't know why she was so angry, he was sure it must have something to do with the woman outside.

When Amber saw the man, her mood wasn't changed at all. Suddenly, she almost lost control, which must be because of that woman.

The man and the woman talked again outside the door.

Braylee circled on the man's chest, looking at him in a hidden complaint. "Congratulations! You'll get married tonight. In the future, if we date again, we have to keep it secret like what we're doing now. Although it's exciting, I don't really like this."

"Well, you are not from an influential family, or else, you'll probably be the one I'm gonna get engaged with tonight."

The man grabbed her fingers.

Braylee glared at him. "You are so blunt."

The man chuckled. "I marry that woman because of our families. It's not because I love her."

"How about me? Don't you love me at all?" Braylee looked up at him.

The man caressed her lips with his thumb. "I can't deny I have feelings for you. Otherwise, I wouldn't have spent much money on you and helped you save someone from jail. If what I've done is found out by others, I'll be so doomed. After all, I can't win against that man at all. Whether in terms of power or personal abilities, I can't compare to him."

Help her save someone from jail?

Amber captured these key words.

She wondered who Braylee had asked him to save from prison.????????????

Chapter 558 Unexpected Kiss

Braylee's voice pulled Amber out of her daze.

Braylee rested her head on the man's shoulder and quavered flirtatiously, "You are the best. You will dump your fiancée and marry me after I get my family property back, right?"

"Sure, we'll talk about it after that," the man replied, fondling a lock of her hair.

Amber's face fell.

What the hell? Braylee was thinking about snatching away the family property again?

Six years ago, she ran away with all the Reed family's fortune. Their father plunged to his death after failing to accept the harsh betrayal. Now, she was coveting Goldstone? No frigging way!!

Hatred towards Braylee, for old and new wrongs, welled up in Amber's heart.

Jared loosened his clasp on Amber's waist and rubbed her forehead with his free hand. "Stop frowning. You'll get wrinkles," he murmured.

"None of your business," Amber spat.

Although she said that, she still listened to him and smoothed her knitted brows.

Seeing that, Jared grumbled a laugh.

He didn't know where did Amber get that adorable arrogance from.

The way she blushed and scowled when she was doing that made her cuter all the more. Jared couldn't help but having a urge to rub her face all of a sudden.

Jared's gaze got intense as he swallowed, holding back something in him.

Focusing on the conversation happening behind the door, Amber, however, was totally unaware of Jared's change of expression.

She heard Braylee replying to the man, "Don't worry. Give me two months. After everything is settled here, I'll go back and meet my half-blooded sister. I heard she is the biggest shareholder now. That's not fair. We are both our father's daughter. Why didn't I get anything? She is hogging my share of the company!"

"Looking forward to the day when you get your share back." The man chortled, then lifted her chin and kissed on her lips.

Braylee was always brazen. Just as the man lifted her chin, she wrapped her arms around his neck and turned it into a passionate French kiss.

The sexual and intense kissing sounds reverberated in the entire room.

The man cornered Braylee with his body until her back bumped against the door with a bang.

Then, they started humping each other.

The sudden puff of force made Amber fall forward.

She was already in Jared's arms. Now, her body rammed into Jared's.

Amber could feel her perky breasts flattened by Jared's chest.

Blood rushed to Amber's cheeks. She buried her head into Jared's chest in bashfulness.

Jared was well aware what was it that felt so soft against his chest.

He shifted his gaze to the woman in his arms.

Since Amber was ducking her head, Jared could only see her bouncy jet-black hair. But the tip of her ear that was turning red gave her away.

Jared's lips curled into a smile as he pictured the adorable expression that might be on Amber's face in his mind.

The horny pair seemed to have reached the climax as Braylee's moan sounded from behind the door.

The wooden plank caved towards Amber a little, scaring the heck out of her. She raised her head in trepidation.

That was when her voluptuous red lips met Jared's.

Since Jared was gazing at her the whole time, it just happened naturally.

Amber's eyes widened in shock.

Jared was also in a daze. He didn't expect this would happen. It was an accident.

A pleasing accident.

Something flashed across Jared's eyes, he pried open her mouth with his tongue and deepened the kiss before she could react.

Amber finally came around a while after. She panicked and tried to push him away.

Sensing her resistance, Jared broke the kiss and whispered into her ear, "Don't move. You don't want them to catch us, do you?"

His words ringed as a reminder. Amber calmed down and stayed put.

Jared also stayed in line.

Although he had a chance to kiss Amber when she was in trance, he curbed his burning desire.

Now that she had come to her senses, he couldn't possibly try to kiss her again.

Or else, she would get mad.

Anyway, he was grateful for the heaven-sent accident that allowed him to get intimate with her.

Jared wiped the mess he left on the corner of Amber's mouth with his finger.

Realizing what he was doing, Amber turned her head and wiped it off herself.

Looking at her blushing face and her hurried reaction, Jared chuckled, putting his hands down.

The two thirsty people behind the door had also quenched their desire. They stopped banging the door.

Amber heaved a sigh of relief and stepped back, creating some distance between her and Jared.

Although she was still technically in his arms, at least they were not that awkwardly close anymore.

"Mr. Pratt, you are awesome. My lady parts are so sore right now," After finishing the business, Braylee leaned against the man's chest and said in a flirtish grumble.

The man gave a smug smile after hearing her flattery, feeling like the king of the world.

Jared scorned in his heart.

Awesome?

He finished it in less than five minutes.

That was clearly the opposite of awesome.

Suddenly, someone's phone rang.

Amber almost jumped. She quickly checked her phone.

Seeing the recording interface, she was relieved. Then, that Mr. Pratt's voice sounded from behind the door. "Got it. I'll be right there."

The man gently pinched Braylee's cheek. "Okay. My parents called. It's my turn to give a speech. Let's get out of here. It would be bad if someone finds us together."

"Fine." Braylee nodded reluctantly.

Soon, they walked out of the room and headed in the same direction they had come.

Hearing their footsteps disappearing in the distance, Amber finally relaxed her tense body.

She quickly took a few steps back, stepping away from Jared's embrace.

Seeing that Amber was intentionally avoiding him, Jared pursed his lips. "Sorry about that."

Amber froze for a second then turned to glare at him. "That's right. You just took advantage of me! Jerk!"

...

Thinking about that kiss, Amber's face turned red again.

Jared didn't get to see her blushing when they were hiding behind the door.

Now, he finally caught a glimpse of her face. He found Amber even more gorgeous when she blushed.

Jared looked down at the floor, trying to hide the burning urge in his eyes. "I didn't mean to. Those two were doing it. The moan... I was just caught up in the heat of the moment. Besides, you were in my arms... I couldn't hold back," he croaked.

"What a lame excuse!" Amber pointed at him, trembling in anger.????

Chapter 559 Earthquake

Caught up in the heat of the moment?

Such a weak argument! She was also there!

Why wasn't she affected? Instead of being aroused, she even found it revolting!

Jared was just making some lame excuses for his taking advantage of her!

Jared patted on her head gently when he saw Amber's teary eyes. "Okay, I admit. That was not entirely true. But the last part is true. I found it hard to restrain myself with you in my arms. Plus, you kissed me first."

Hearing that, Amber stopped her attempt to wriggle free of Jared's hand. Her face turned rosy red as she put down her hands and murmured, "I... I wasn't trying to kiss you. Those two were bumping against the door. The force pushed me forward and... It was just an accident."

"I know." Jared nodded then continued, "Did you get hurt?"

"I'm fine." Amber shook her head.

She basically flattened herself against the door.

Therefore, when it pressed down on her back, there wasn't that much impact.

"Good." Jared nodded, easing a little.

"You know that woman?" He asked.

His question distracted Amber from the miff. She nodded a positive response.

"Who is that?" Jared gazed at her.

Amber took a deep breath and answered solemnly, "Braylee Reed."

"Braylee Reed?" Jared furrowed his eyebrows. Why did this name sound so familiar?

Soon, he remembered who it was. A hint of surprise appeared on his usually emotionless face. "The second daughter of your father?"

He didn't say that she was Amber's younger sister.

He knew that, to Amber, Braylee was nothing but a stranger, an enemy even.

He still remembered what Amber mentioned in the letters. Her stepmother and this "sister" of hers had bullied her over and over in the past.

That was not what a sister would do. So, Jared simply addressed her as Hugo's second daughter.

"Yes." Amber clenched her fists, her eyes filled with anger. "Six years ago, she and her mother, Beatrice Sitwell, absconded with company funds. I thought they would just swanning off with all that money. But here she is, selling her body. If dad knows that Braylee is a home wrecker, he would be so pissed that he might crawl out from the grave."

Amber patted her forehead. "Right. I almost forgot. I have to get this recording to my friend before the speech. Or else, it would be too late."

If she didn't get it to her friend on time, her friend would be officially engaged.

"Then go," Jared fixed Amber's hair as he said. "I'll be waiting at the elevator. When you get back, I'll take you to Mr. Hahn."

Hearing his encouragement, Amber nodded with a smile on her face. "Okay. I'll get to it."

"Go on now," Jared hummed a reply.

Amber squeezed her phone and click-clacked down the corridor.

Jared watched her walking away until she was out of sight. Then, his face relaxed into his usual cold expression and made a call. "Hello, sir. It's me. I want to talk to you about your son after the engagement party."

Amber soon found her long-lost friend.

They were both pumped to see each other.

After chatting casually for a while, Amber took out her phone, explained why she was here, and played the recording.

To Amber's surprise, her friend didn't seem shocked at all.

Amber turned to look at her in astonishment. "You know he was cheating on you?"

Her friend raised the goblet and smiled. "Yeah. I know everything."

"Then why would you get engaged with him?" Amber was puzzled.

Her friend looked down at the floor mirthlessly. "Because everyone thinks we are good together. Because our parents settled this engagement. I don't love him at all. The man I fell head over heel in love with... had died."

"Died?" Amber froze.

Her friend nodded. "Yes. I met him years ago. He loved me. Honestly, he was not my type. But he was persistent. In the end, I gave in. There wasn't anyone on my mind at that time anyway. So I thought I might give it a shot. After all, he was so nice and considerate."

Her eyes welled up with tears. "Not long after I got together with him, he got into an accident and lost his life. Only then did I realize that I had lost the person who loved me the most. I'll never be happy anymore. No other man would ever spoil me and protect me as he did. Amber."

She held Amber's hand. "Do you have feelings for someone?"

Something in Amber's eyes flickered. "I... I don't think so."

Sensing the uncertainty in her tone, her friend added, "Then, is there someone who appreciates you?"

"Yes." Jared's face flashed in the back of Amber's mind.

She shook the thought out of her head.

Weird. Why did she think of Jared all of a sudden? He was not the only person in this world who adored her. There were also Cole and Jeremy.

Why was Jared the first one that popped up in her mind?

Her friend continued in a serious tone, "Amber, I just want to tell you this based on my experience. If you have someone on your mind, go for it. But if you didn't, just be with someone who really likes you even if his feeling is not reciprocated by you. He will make you happy. Take my story as a cautionary tale. Don't take it for granted and regret not cherishing it when it's already gone."

Be with someone who really liked her?

Amber was a little lost in those words. "Thanks for the advice."

"No worries. As your friend, I want you to be happy. Thank you for recording this. I'll have to make a toast now. Do you want to come with?" Her friend let go of Amber's hand and straightened up.

Amber shook her head. "No. I have somewhere to go."

"Then I'll have to go now."

"Okay."

Her friend dried her tears, took a deep breath, and walked out of the dressing room in her gown with an elegant smile on her face.

Amber was left alone in the room. She checked her phone and was ready to go back to meet Jared.

Just as she stepped out of the room, the ground began to shake.

Since she was in high heels, she lost her footing and tumbled over.

Fortunately, the corridor was covered with soft red carpet, so Amber didn't hurt. Amber stayed where she was, supporting her upper body and laying on the ground. The shaking didn't stop, she would possibly fall again if she stood up immediately.

What was going on?

Was it an earthquake?

Amber scanned her surrounding and noticed the chandelier that was swinging violently. Then, she heard people shrieking in panic. She was almost 100% sure that there was an earthquake, and a major one.

"Earthquake! Run!"

"Hey! You are stepping on my foot!"

"Stop pushing me!"

A group of people swarmed out of the elevator, running for their lives.

Seeing that, Amber's face became pale when she thought of Jared.

Chapter 560 Feelings Are Mutual

He was still waiting for her at the elevator!

His foot hadn't recovered yet. What if he lost his balance and got hurt again?

Amber was worried. She tried to straighten herself up.

However, the shaking didn't stop. She almost fell forward again before she could stand up.

Finally, she held on to the wall for support and regained her footing.

"It would take forever to get to Jared in these shoes." Amber thought.

Then, she took a deep breath, took off her high heels, and ran towards the elevator.

Although she wavered a little when she ran, she didn't slow down.

She had to make sure that Jared was okay.

God, please don't let anything happen to Jared!

Amber prayed.

Jared was leaning against the wall with a cigarette in his hand waiting for Amber.

Unexpectedly, an earthquake came out of nowhere.

It was fortunate that he had the wall for support. Otherwise, he would have fallen to the ground.

With a deft flick of his wrist, he extinguished the stub.

After throwing it in a trash bin, he walked down the corridor trying to find Amber.

Amber must be frightened right now.

Jared thought. His face stiffened a little with worry. He picked up the pace; obviously he didn't care whether he would hurt his foot again.

He just wanted to be with Amber, protect her, and tell her everything was going to be fine.

Soon, Jared turned at the corner and saw Amber coming from the opposite direction.

"Amber!" Jared exclaimed.

Hearing his voice, Amber stopped and raised her head to see the man leaning against the wall. She called out in surprise, "Jared!"

Amber didn't care how did he get here.

She only cared that Jared was here right now and didn't get hurt.

Amber let go of the wall and ran towards Jared as fast as she could.

She didn't stop even if she almost stumbled because of the earthquake.

Seeing her wobbling her way, Jared was on pins and needles. He straightened up and hurried over.

He opened his arms, ready to catch her.

Amber naturally fell into his embrace.

Because of the earthquake, Jared staggered and fell backward, still holding Amber in his arms.

Amber lay face down with Jared under her as a human pillow.

Fortunately, the soft carpet saved Jared from getting hurt.

Fearing that Jared might get hurt, Amber propped up her upper body and asked urgently, "Jared, are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Jared shook his head and tried to sit up.

Amber held on to his arm to support him.

"Why are you here?" Amber sat beside him and asked.

Jared collected himself and replied, "I was worried about you."

Amber froze a little. "You also came here because you are worried?"

"Also?" Jared stressed the word. He raised an eyebrow and stared at her intensely. "So, you were also worried about me? You were so worried that you even lost your shoes on the way looking for me?"

He looked down at her bare feet.

Feeling a little unease under his gaze, Amber pulled at her dress and hid her feet under it. She turned her face away and blatted, "Nonsense. I kicked off my high heels because I was scared of spraining my ankles. That's all."

Jared chuckled. "Okay. So, you didn't lose your shoes. But you didn't deny that you hurried here because you are worried about me, because you are, aren't you?"

Amber dodged his gaze and fell silent.

Jared rubbed her hair. "You don't have to say anything. Amber, I'm happy about it."

"Happy? Don't you think you look a bit overjoyed?" Amber grumbled.

Jared pulled his arm back to his side. "Of course not. You were worried because you cared. You have feelings for me. I know our feelings are mutual."

"No, I don't," Amber vigorously denied, as if being caught red-handed.

Jared knew she was being stubborn again. He gave out a chuckle and shook his head helplessly. "Alright. Alright. You don't." he said dotingly.

Amber grunted and let it go.

Moments later, the earthquake was over. Everything went quiet.

Amber looked up at the chandelier that was hanging still, then heaved a sigh of relief. "It's over now."

Jared nodded. "Yeah."

Amber straightened up and pulled Jared up from the ground. "It's good that this building has been reinforced to withstand earthquakes. If it had collapsed, we would be buried alive..."

The thought sent a chill down her spine.

Jared flicked her forehead gently. "Earthquakes happen a lot here. All well-known buildings are designed as earthquake-proof. As long as the scale is under 12, we will be fine. Don't worry."

"Okay, I got it. Keep your hands to yourself," Amber pulled his hand away and said, irritated.

Jared put his hand back into his pocket. "Fine. I'll stop. Where are your shoes?"

"By the door of the dressing room." Amber pointed in the direction where she came.

Jared said, "Let's go get your shoes."

With that, he held her hand and led the way.

Amber was in a daze. His hand wrapped around hers like a warm and comfortable cocoon, which made her kind of hate the idea of shaking it off.

So, she simply let him.

Soon, they arrived at the dressing room.

Jared spotted the pair of high heels scattering on the floor before he even got to the door.

He let go of Amber and walked towards them.

Amber studied her hand that was now free of Jared's grasp and pursed her lips.

He let go of her hand. She should've felt relieved, right? But why did she feel a bit dejected?

"What are you doing?" Jared retrieved her high heels and asked, curious about why was Amber staring at her hand.

Amber put her hand down, fought this weird feeling, and forced a smile. "Nothing."